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The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume IX FEBRUARY, 1912 Number 5

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The Wisconsin Magazine

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Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, 1912 No. 5

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 5

Editorial

OVER-ORGANIZED WISCONSIN

SOME five hundred and eighty organizations and activities, according to an actual count, comprised our student activities last year. We take it that this number has not decreased during this school year. In fact, we are inclined to believe that our organizations at the present time number close to six hundred. With this number of organizations all more or less active, at least in so far as meetings are concerned, the time for serious scholastic work is certainly reduced to the minimum. It is questionable whether the average student does apply himself seriously to his university work. Under present conditions in this university, this average student certainly has not the best environments which make for sincere application to studies.

The major recognized student organizations and activities are intensely worth while. Every student should partake in them. The great crying evil, however, are these insignificant organizations which merely exist for the sake of grouping men from different parts of the country, freshmen and sophomore secret societies, drinking clubs, dancing clubs and many other non-productive organizations. All these groups take up time and naturally when something of real vital importance takes place there is no one at large to fill the hall.

It has been argued that by the process of elimination, the survival of the fittest, the important organizations will kill the minor organizations. This does not work exactly that way, because in Wisconsin or-

ganizations are born as fast as they die out. Hence, we always have our full quota.

There is no use in attempting to kill organizations as organizations. The only remedy at all efficacious against the present status of affairs is that of limiting the number of organizations of which a person may be a member. Just which these organizations should be we are not prepared to say. It would probably be advisable to group all activities into classes. Freshmen might be allowed to participate in, say, two of Group A, three of B, or any such system. A natural result of this restriction will be the death of the inactive, inert, organization, which exists primarily for the sake of increasing someone's Badger summary.

We talk about lack of Wisconsin spirit! No, we have lots of it, but the trouble with us is that we click together in small groups, and, instead of standing united, as organization really implies, we fall divided, because we have gone to the other extreme—over-organized.

THE PRIZE STORY

TWENTY-SIX manuscripts have been submitted for the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest. This number is the largest yet received in any Wisconsin Magazine story contest. It is gratifying to know that Wisconsin is developing talent that is willing to realize openly in undergraduate literary efforts. Evidently students are just beginning to realize that they can make college life intensely interesting and practical by just such efforts as these. Our plea has always been one for competition. We believe that the person who intends to write for national publications some day, or who wants to test his literary ability, can do nothing better than to write for the college magazines and papers.

Owing to the press of manifold duties, the judges were not able to announce the prizes in this issue. We sincerely hope that they will make their announcement in the next issue of the magazine.

THE STUDENT CONSCIENCE

IS THERE such a thing as a student conscience? You say yes, and then upon second consideration you are in doubt. You know that every individual has a conscience. You know it because you have experienced in your own life the existence of a "still, small, voice" which passes judgments on your moral acts. You conclude then that every man is somehow prompted from within on motives and actions, but when you begin to speculate on a student conscience, what do you mean?

Student conscience is nothing more than the reaction on the part of students as a body to existing conditions. That is, when Wisconsin students universally condemn an act we should say that this act of condemning was a result of a student conscience. Now what about our student conscience? Naturally we look for some unified action on the part of students for evidence of a Wisconsin student conscience. Can we find any evidence? No, not much. It is a peculiar state of affairs at Wisconsin that individuals must be the moving spirit of things, be they for the better or worse. Take our elections to the conference last fall. Not even a representative vote was cast. Last year, not even half of the entire student body voted on the honor system. Take our convocations this year. Just because they are now held in the afternoon, attendance is not near as large as those held last year. Too much trouble now. Take student sentiment on the bigger questions of law and order. The big mass of the student body does not transgress moral laws, but how does this body react towards individuals who are guilty of transgressions? Apathy! apathy! The conscience is asleep. Our athlete upon breaking training may disgrace himself and his university and the student body doesn't even stir on account of it.

The trouble with us is indifference. Nothing more. How can we have a student conscience when we as individuals don't care about the bigger issues which confront student life? Men will actually go through this university without ever taking a defienite stand on student questions. They will not go out of their way

to co-operate. Some will persist on individual notions, if they have any notions at all. Indifference and individuality are the causes for the lack of a Wisconsin student conscience. Men cheat their way through the university, and the big body of students stands idly by and tolerates such a condition. Wisconsin student conscience! What is it? Where is it? What does it prevent? What does it accomplish?

WHAT STUDENTS TALK ABOUT

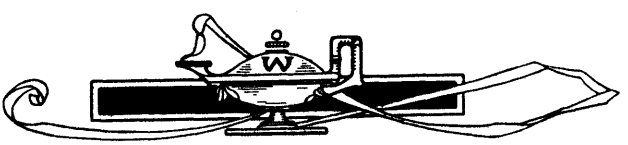
IT is a serious matter, this question of what students talk about. Frequently one is scarcely able to distinguish a crowd of students from the rabble on a busy street. We do not mean to infer that our public cannot lead intelligent conversations and discussions. Our point is: "Should not the student who is trying to develop his intellectual nature endeavor to apply his theories of culture in every-day life?" It is all very well to talk about the sports of the day and the coming social functions, but when these and similar topics engage the entire time of college men, then, we say, the matter takes a serious aspect.

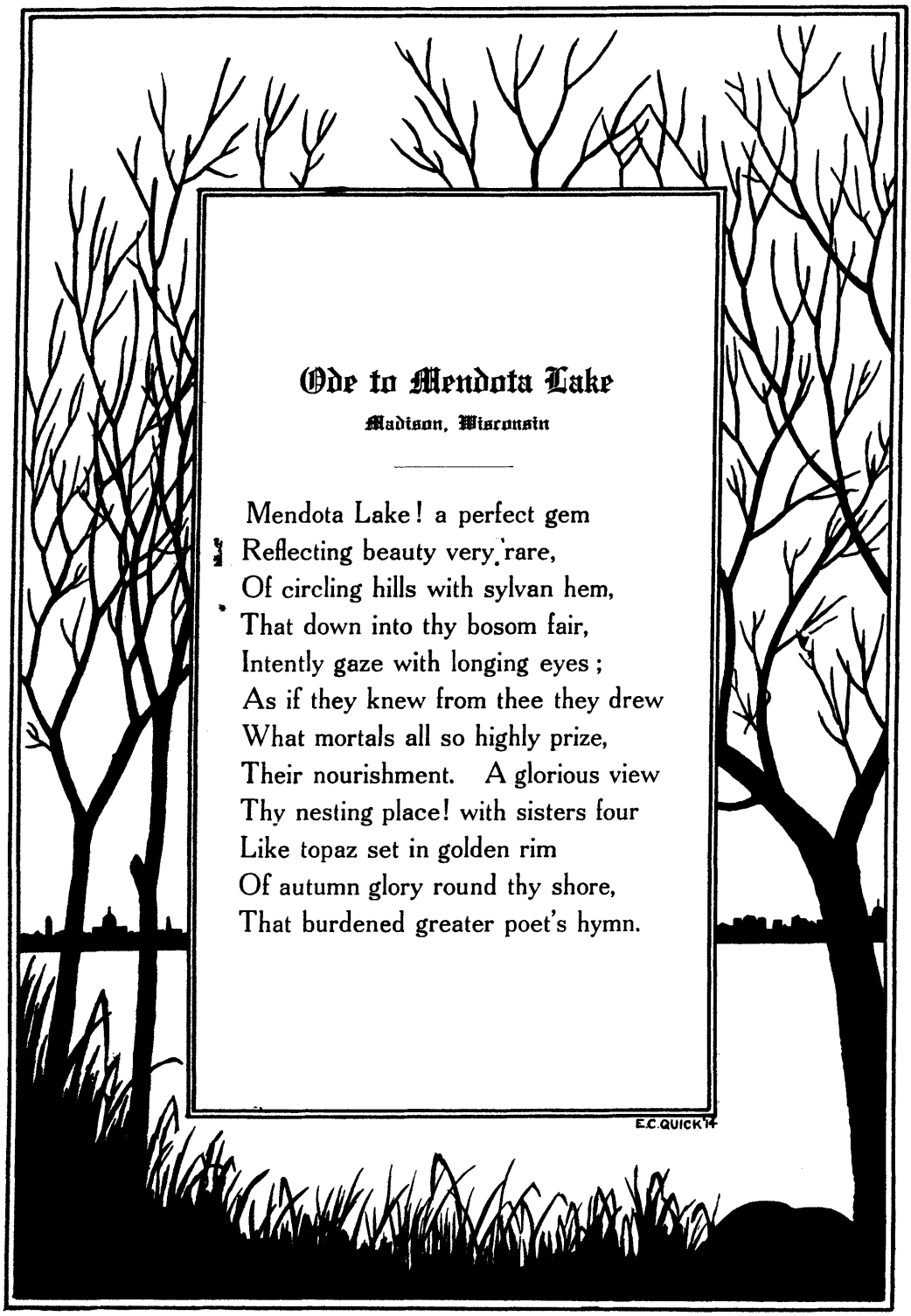
The dining-table is the greatest social center we possess. Yet, is there ever an effort made to lead a discussion of a high nature at such tables? How many students, for instance, talk about the problems that were presented in the classroom? How many students indulge in speculative discussion regarding facts and theories advanced in the various courses? We are afraid that some students' real college life ends with the threshold of the lecture hall. Judging from the depth of their talk we should be inclined to say that many college men have not absorbed even the fundamentals that make for culture.

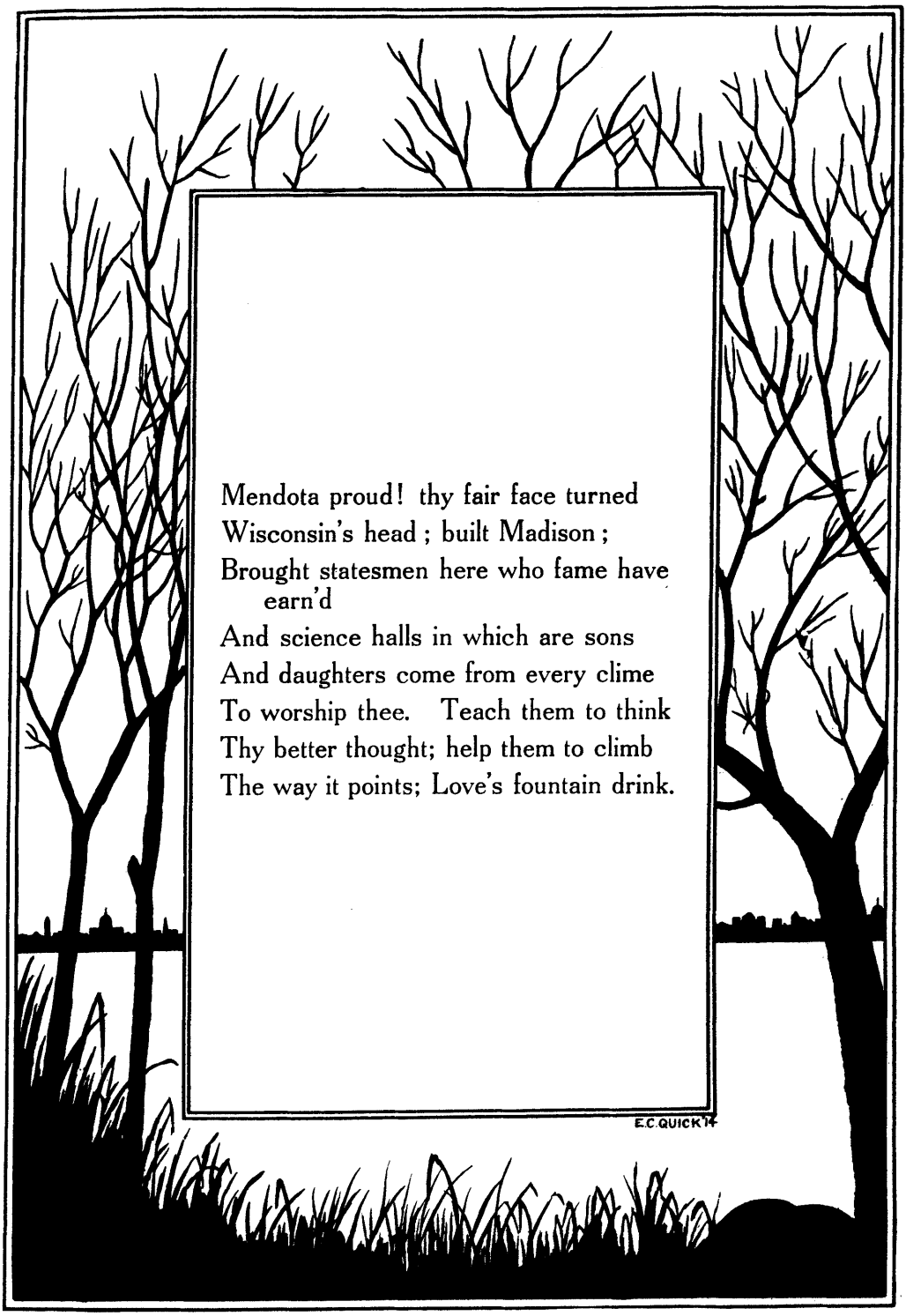
OUR DRAMATIC ZEAL

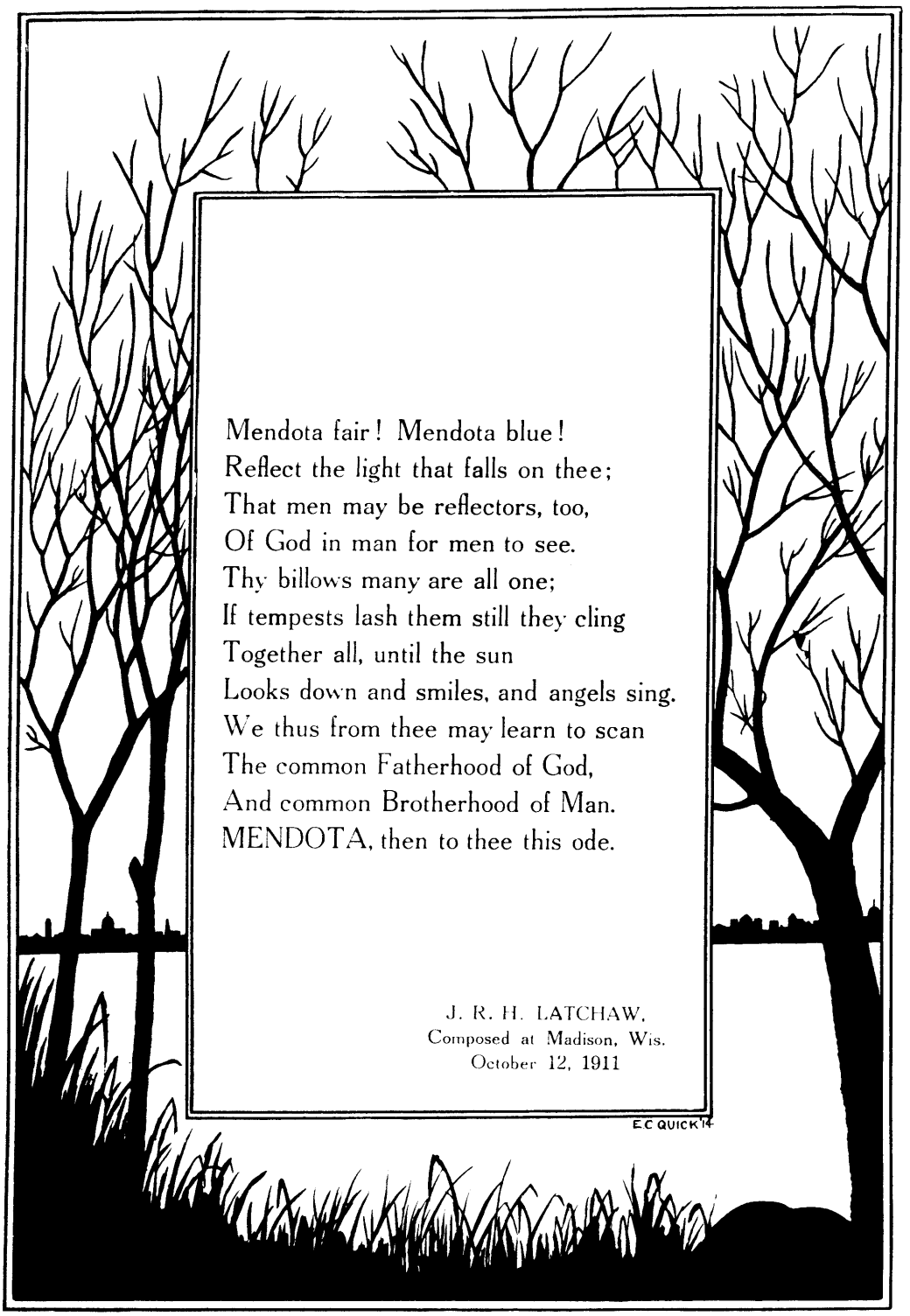
AMONG our activities dramatics stand forth prominently as the most popular. The dramatic season is growing in importance with every season. The reason for this is probably the student's natural desire to give vent to expressions and emotions which he could not give off the stage. Few of us really practice the dramatic art for the sake of art. We find that there is a certain amount of publicity connected with our appearance on the stage. There is also a great lot of sport in training for the events with a more or less congenial group. Students are attracted largely to dramatics because of the spectacular element. The showy, the emotional, always attracts young people. As a consequence, the more serious activities, such as debating, must suffer.

We often wonder whether or not Wisconsin is putting too much energy in dramatics in proportion to activities which are of a far more educational value. We want to develop dramatic art and a keen appreciation of dramatic art, but, when this development begins to overshadow academic development, we ought to pause for a second and take our bearings.




Ode to Mendota Lake
Madison, Wisconsin
Mendota Lake! a perfect gem
Reflecting beauty very rare,
Of circling hills with sylvan hem,
That down into thy bosom fair,
Intently gaze with longing eyes;
As if they knew from thee they drew
What mortals all so highly prize,
Their nourishment. A glorious view
Thy nesting place! with sisters four
Like topaz set in golden rim
Of autumn glory round thy shore,
That burdened greater poet's hymn.
E.C. QUICK '14

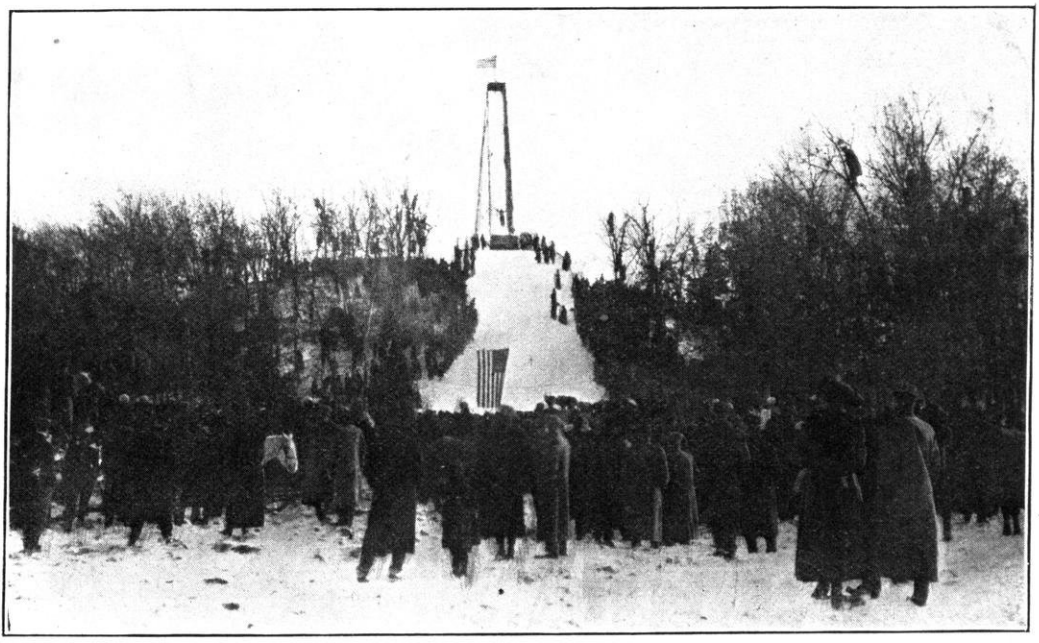

Mendota proud! thy fair face turned
Wisconsin's head ; built Madison ;
Brought statesmen here who fame have earn'd
And science halls in which are sons
And daughters come from every clime
To worship thee. Teach them to think
Thy better thought; help them to climb
The way it points; Love's fountain drink.
E.C.QUICK '14


Mendota fair! Mendota blue!
Reflect the light that falls on thee;
That men may be reflectors, too,
Of God in man for men to see.
Thy billows many are all one;
If tempests lash them still they cling
Together all, until the sun
Looks down and smiles, and angels sing.
We thus from thee may learn to scan
The common Fatherhood of God,
And common Brotherhood of Man.
MENDOTA, then to thee this ode.
J. R. H. LATCHAW,
Composed at Madison, Wis.
October 12, 1911
E.C QUICK '14

SKIERS AND SKI-SPORT

J. W. Bollenbeck

IF THE human beings who go up in the air in aeroplanes are birdmen, then the individuals who bound through space on skis are at least human grasshoppers. People who have never seen a ski tournament where sixty to eighty leaps are made by expert sliders, will admit this fact when they see a nonchalant Norwegian coast down a two hundred to three hundred-foot hill on a pair of "parallel slats" at the rate of ninety miles an hour, bound into space, and pitch through a distance of one hundred and forty feet or more before touching ground again. Ski sliding is one of the most spectacular of human sports, yet the number of fatalities is small. The genuinely well-trained skier seems to be so built that he can be shot into the air at a terrific rate of speed, and land down a hillside on the back of his neck in two inches of snow without any noticeable discomfort. When such a thing occurs—and it is not a rare occasion—the vision is filled with arms, skis, and legs disappearing in a cloud of snow. Then a voice from the clouds says, "There goes my suspender button!" and the trouble is over.



General View of the Ski Tournament at Stroughton. Seven Thousand (including men in trees) Attended this Meet, February 10, 1911 *McKillop*

The reason that there are so few fatalities or injuries in the ski-sport, is that unlike aeroplaning and auto-racing, novices do not participate. It is dreadful to contemplate the thud with which a beginner would land after being shot off the end of the average American ski scaffold. The game is such a hair-raising enterprise that no man tries it until he is an expert. There are two classes of skiers in this

country—the professional and the amateur. Money prizes averaging five dollars to seventy-five dollars for a single jump are given at tournaments for professional winners, but only presents are awarded to amateur winners.

Many people hold peculiar ideas about the manner of enjoying the ski-sport. It is a common conception that skiers shoot down a hill at the bottom of which a raised level throws them into the air. They think that the slider then moves through space for a distance of ninety to one hundred incline to another made possible by a small horizontal turn of the upper back incline.

The problem connected with the ski-sport is that of snow. A good ski hill without snow is of no avail. Snow is one of the most important materials necessary for the success of a ski tournament. Unless the snow is fresh, cold, and soft, record jumps are impossible. On February 10, 1911, Stoughton dedicated its world's greatest and steepest steel ski trestle. Everyone expected a new American mark to be set on that day. The best skiers in

A. Anderson, Milwaukee, Taking a Bad Fall at Stoughton Meet, January 1. *McKillop*

and twenty feet before he finally and slowly alights on the ground. This is not quite the case. The line of flight is downward for about two hundred feet along a forty-five degree incline, then slowly turning to a horizontal plane, which suddenly is cut off. The slider then shoots outward and downward so that when he reaches the ground at the end of his flight, going perhaps sixty miles an hour, he is moving in a line nearly parallel with the surface of the lower hill, so that there is little impact when his skis begin to slide again. The entire jump seems to be a leap from one

the country competed. But few knew that, although the snow was not sticky, it was dry, and not fitted with the best skiing qualities. There is artificial ice, but artificial snow is still to be invented.

History of the Sport.

Historians say that the first skis known were used by the Aryans, inhabitants of Central Asia, to enable them easily to cross the great plains of that continent. There it is clearly shown that the ski, like its American relative the snowshoe, was the result of necessity. Skis are next heard

of prominently in the eleventh century when the Duke of Finmark, with his archers on skis, followed King Regnar in his winter quarters at Bjarmaland, and defeated him. Prince Christian Augustus early in the nineteenth century saved his country against the attacks of invaders when he equipped his men with skis, which enabled them to have the advantage of speedy travel over their enemies. It is generally admitted that Norway would not be a free country today were it not for her skis and the ability of her natives in the use of the "long slats." Again in the early nineteenth century the Norwegians defended themselves ably against the inroad of the Swedes because skis gave them a decided advantage.

Knut Hellund, Chippewa Falls, Just Off the "Bump" at Stoughton, Sailing at Ninety Miles an Hour. *McKillop*

First Ski Meets.

Huseby hill, Norway, holds the distinction of being the first place where a ski tournament was held. Torjus Hemmestvedt, now of Eau Claire, scored a victory in the sport with a seventy-four foot leap. The first American ski meet was held in 1884 at Stoughton, a southern Wisconsin city of five thousand, which has now erected a one hundred and twenty-eight foot high steel trestle, the world's largest artificial ski scaffold. A trestle twenty-one feet high, and built of timber, was erected on a small hill. Eleif Tveiten leaped forty-eight feet. The second meet of this country was at Stoughton in 1889. Torjus Hemmestvedt, who had won prizes in Europe, took first place on a seventy-four foot leap. In 1893 the same slider jumped one hundred and three feet at Red Wing, Minn., but such a performance today would be considered childish. Sven Alled added six inches to the mark in 1898, and in 1899 it was raised to one hundred and seven feet by Asbjorn Neilson and Morten Hanson. Olaf Tandberg jumped one hundred sixteen and one-half feet in 1900, and in 1902 the eighteen-year-old Paul Nesjo astounded the skiing world with a one hundred and thirty foot leap. Nils Gjestvang, sliding at Modum, Norway, in the same year, raised the mark to one hundred and thirty-five feet. Since then jumps of various lengths have been re-

corded. Among the more recent record jumps was that of August Nordby, Eau Claire, who leaped one hundred and forty feet at Ispheming, Mich., in 1910; Oscar Gunderson, who made one hundred and thirty-eight feet at Chippewa Falls on the steel trestle; Ole Feiring, former world's professional champion, who scored a one hundred and forty-four foot leap at Duluth. Melvin Hendrickson, a thirteen-year-old Eau Claire youth, jumped one hundred and twenty-five feet at last season's national at Chippewa Falls. When Anders Haugen made one hundred and thirty-five feet at Stoughton last February, in the greatest ski meet ever held in that city, the record jump of the season of 1911 had been made, but it was only eleven days later when reports came from Ironwood, Mich., that Anders Haugen leaped one hundred and fifty-two feet and stood, thereby establishing the American distance jumping record. In the same meet Barney Reiley, for three years past, amateur American ski champion, leaped one hundred and fifty-four feet but fell. These two jumps were the longest ever made in America. This year Reily has abandoned the amateur class and is competing with the professionals. He is a short, stocky Irishman. Francis Kempe, world's professional champion, is a German.

The title of "champion" is secured by the winner of the annual national tournament, which was held at Chicago this year. Skiing is largely a game of chance, for a skier may stand after every jump on some days, but fall regularly on other days.

How They Score.

One point is given for each foot jumped in a ski scoring contest. In addition to this twenty points are given for excellency in form. The slider should have his legs fairly close together when he passes through the air, arms outstretched, and body leaning slightly forward. Should he fall, thirty points are deducted. If he stands, but touches the ground with one hand to balance himself, or to prevent a fall, fifteen points are deducted. But if he stands and displays good form, he may win from ten to twenty points for "character." Often a good jumper will lose a place because some other slider has not jumped so far, but has displayed good form, and has won points in this way.

Tournaments are held about every other day in the northwest during the winter season. Skiers, who hold menial positions during the summer in shops or on construction gangs, will spend two months taking in tournaments, winning from five dollars to fifty dollars in single meets. The greatest event of the season, however, is the "national." Among the events of this meet is a ten-mile cross-country run. In last year's national this race was made in forty-five minutes and thirty seconds. Another interesting distance record was made by a Lapp, who covered one hundred and thirty-seven miles in twenty-one hours and twenty-two minutes. The great importance of skis in a snow-covered country is shown by the fact that, in recent years, a detail of Norwegian guards covered one hundred and twenty-five miles in seven and a half days marching in heavy order in deep snow.

The importance of skis has been recognized by many European countries. Holland has her well trained skating regiments, France, Italy and Switzerland have crack mountaineers, but Norway has always stood by her expert troops on skis. Germany, Belgium, France, Prussia, and other European governments, have trained their men to the use of the "long sticks" so that snow will no longer be an impediment to travel.

One of the novel tricks of skiing, but which is not approved of by the National Ski Association, is the turning of a complete somersault on skis in the air in a sixty-five foot leap. John Rudd, Duluth, Minn., and Axel Hendrickson, Chicago, are the only two Americans who do this trick. The National Association does not care to introduce such risky experiments into the sport, but prefers to cater to efficiency and gracefulness of "character."

Skiing is indulged in by clubs, who have scaffolds, at Stoughton, Eau Claire, Superior, Colfax, Hudson, Arcadia, Nelsonville, Ashland, Cameron, Beloit, Milwaukee and Chippewa Falls. In Minnesota the skitowns are Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Paul, Fergus Falls, Red Wing, Coleraine, Hibbing, Cass Lake, Starbuck, Rushford, Stillwater. Michigan has its ski clubs

in Ishpeming, Ironwood, Scandia and Munising. Utica, N. Y., Cleveland, O., Chicago, Ill., Montreal, and Quebec, Canada, are other ski towns. Algiers, Africa, has one of the unique ski clubs of the world.

It is only in recent years that America has realized her advantages in the skifield over Europe. Although there are plenty of steep-sided hills in that country to afford excellent jumping places, this country is known for its peculiar interest in tournaments. A nineteen-coach special that carried two thousand from Madison to Stoughton's meet last season, tells about the American interest in the sport.

IMPERTINENCE

A. B. '11

SOMEHOW or other they found it difficult to be conventional. She was not far behind when he pushed open the "Libe" door and he naturally held it until she reached it. She was certainly not entirely serious as she looked at him and murmured, "I thank you."

He did not question his temerity in replying, "Please do not mention the fact."

And he was not surprised to have her overstep the bounds of conventionality (they had long been frail in this regard, as both knew) by a tempting, "Why not?"

"Because I make the request," he heard himself saying.

His attitude remained so dignified and formal that she blushed in the dark and instantly regretted her boldness, but——

"Pardon me," said he, "er-simply to facilitate the continuation of that embryo argument, might I — accompany you home?"

"You might."

"I thank you."

"Please do not mention the fact," she mimicked.

"Why not?" he followed. "But let's pass that. You have taken the cue and that's all that is necessary. We are now on equal terms. Does not that absolve us from the necessity of continuing the 'embryo argument?' "

"It does, undeniably," she said, and he felt undeniably snubbed as she continued: "It also absolves you from the necessity of accompanying me. You remember it was simply to facilitate the continuation of the argument."

"You are right. I should have seen that trap. Good night."

"Admirably contrite," she hastened to say. "You may stay. It is rather cold and icy, is it not?"

He acknowledged audibly and otherwise that it was, and he stayed. It was difficult to start again; to get the wind back into his sails.

"And the atmosphere is rather oppressive, don't you think?" she was continuing. "Are you a stranger in Madison? I do not believe I recognize your face."

That was so preposterously ridiculous and close to dangerous ground that his courage came back with a rush. "You are Miss Haddon," he said. "My name is—unnecessary."

"Is Willard North, stupid! Don't evade the issue because I did. I have the privilege of evasion, but upon you it developes to broach the subject."

"Well, I just couldn't make my eyes behave, that's all the defense I have to offer. And I hate to stand the blame alone —it's uncomfortable. Now that I have broached, why shouldn't you come in? Whenever my eyes met yours, yours were incontrovertibly meeting mine."

She laughed. "I like your frank way of putting it and your frank confession," she said. "It would be selfish if it were not so true. Let me see—it has been two months since our eyes first began meeting

across the tables, defiantly, prolongedly. Why, it was actually foolish to stare so long before—the—breakaway! Now, wasn't it foolish?"

"It might be called that," he admitted. "I know it took some will power and, perhaps, pure brazen lack of modesty to stare, especially when the range was so short—when there was only one table between."

"Well, if that is the way you felt about it, why did you do it?" she chided. "It is certainly not the usual custom."

But he was not to be embarrassed. "May I ask, why did you reciprocate? Many girls would not have done it that way."

They laughed and walked in silence for a moment. He put his hand to the pocket of his coat. "There is no moon tonight," he said, "but I have some matches here. May I light them and gaze—without the table between, and without the old incognito?"

The only answer as they stopped was the crackle of the match-tips bursting into flame.

AFTER COLLEGE—WHAT AND WHERE?

Blanche L. Halbert

A LIFE-TIME of four years is not a long one. And yet that is the extent of our college life. We come, adjust ourselves, become interested, and prepare to leave. During this busy and fascinating period, activities and interests thrust themselves upon us and draw us out into the complexities of college life with scarcely any exertion of our own. We do not even take time to sit down and think ourselves out. And it is not until the sound of the "thesis" fills the air that we arouse ourselves and begin to realize that we must soon be leaving—*But, for what and where to,* is the question?

Only a few girls have any definite ideas as to what they wish to do when their college course is ended. Only a few begin to think of the outlook of positions before their senior year. When a girl is asked what she intends to do, her answer is clothed with doubt and uncertainty. And the majority of these answers are:

"Teach, I suppose."

It is for the good of our university, and surely for the good of our state, that our teachers may not be made up of girls who are going into the profession because of lack of knowledge of other positions. Teaching has many merits; and it is surely an admirable work, but if its demands are filled with a supply that only wish to reap a harvest and not plant any crops, bad effects are bound to appear. Of the four hundred different kinds of positions that are today open to women, it seems that every college girl ought to be able to work along the line of her desires. What is then the trouble? Here seems to be where it lies. Neither our students, our faculty, nor our alumni have made any effort in attempting to help the college girl secure a position with the exception of one case—the profession of teaching. This is obviously an important need. It is surely true, that if we wish to give our state the best results of our university, we must put our graduates in the places where they will be most influential. It is true that it will take many college generations to have our state feel the effects of university training, but much can be done by scientific location.

But this necessity is making itself felt. A new day is breaking. The sound of the Vocational Conference is in the air. The Eastern colleges have taken the first step and call themselves successful. But they have not stopped with a Vocational Conference. They have co-operated in establishing an Employment Bureau for their college women. This looks like a big field of unexplored territory for the University of Wisconsin, and it is to be hoped, now that some action is started along this line, that we will not stop short of a Vocational Adviser.

WHAT STUDENTS TALK ABOUT

SO OFTEN do I hear the criticisms offered by various faculty men and others, that students do not take their work seriously, and that their minds are wrapt up with the lighter things of college life, that I am stirred to denial. Criticisms of that kind, are, I believe, based on rather superficial and unintimate observation and failure to consider all sides. For instance a stock argument is the light character of the table talk, and the promptness with which serious or "shop" talk is put down. Of course when Agric and Hill and Engineer are at one table, "shop" talk is out of the question, and properly so. It has neither common interest or benefit, and even if all at the table were of one school, it is equally undesirable.

A business man today thinks business during business hours and closes it in his desk outside of business hours. When one has spent several hours at his work, it is not only better psychologically to rest the mind, but it naturally follows that a man will do so, if he is in good health. As to the serious talk, the average student is far too practical a person to indulge in what is usually meant by "serious talk," the "high-brow stuff" that old-time learned men assured us was such a delight to great intellects.

But students do talk seriously (and critically), but on subjects that are related to themselves and their life. It is when two or three gather together—in someone's room or in the union or in the halls that they talk seriously, and then they discuss a range of subjects that would surprise some of those who saw in them a lack of seriousness. Some of their *criticisms* I have below, not because when a student talks seriously he criticises—although that is often so—but because they are a partial answer to the oft-repeated question, "What are the rank and file of students thinking? What is their opinion?" I have tried to be impartial and general. These are not opinions of the so-called "leaders" and "big men" in school, but of fellows who are seldom heard, but whose criticisms even though very often based on superficial observation are still very often clean cut and keen. Let us imagine a room full of fellows who are talking seriously.

"I'll tell you where Ehler gets in bad," said one engineer. "He fails to appreciate that athletics is for the students and not something to be run for them by him. He is a strong man and he has started out to organize student athletics in what he conceives the right way, whether it suits the students or not. He is doing lots of good things and we are grateful for them, and no doubt everything he is trying to do and has done is all right, but unless he realizes that success will only come through co-operation with his department and the students, and that he cannot gain this co-operation without their good will, he will find himself blocked and his plans upset in what will appear to him a most unreasonable fashion."

"Yes," says the athlete, "and another thing he ought to remember (and the graduate manager, too) that fellows will permit far more ill treatment and poor equipment than overbearance and overlording. They'll grumble, maybe, but they'll co-operate."

The man from Michigan spoke: "Wisconsin is the goat in this Pickering matter, too, just because your director has let himself be hoodwinked by Stagg. If Stagg lost control of the conference, Michigan would be glad to come back. Stagg would lose it, too, if Purdue's director and Ehler wouldn't stand by him. Minnesota will leave the conference, I think, and 'Daddy' Huff, in Illinois, is up on his ear, and I would not be surprised if Illinois left, too, and a new conference were formed. And Stagg isn't so spotless himself. He's just a lot slicker. There's a railroad man in Chicago that sees that

Chicago's players, in hard straits, get soft jobs, all entirely without Stagg's knowledge. One Chicago player was a ticket taker (?) at games he himself played in."

The Hill man says: "It isn't as bad as you fellows make it. Ehler isn't very tactful, and maybe he has been taken in on the conference proposition, but he hasn't been here long. Give him a chance. He isn't nearly as bad as some of the instructors on the hill. An awful lot of those fellows have got the swelled head. It's a funny thing I've noticed. Those who are readiest to hear a student's opinion and are the most willing to entertain a differing view are the professors and the men who have advanced most rapidly, while those that are least open-minded are the young instructors. They have conceived themselves the final authority in their subject, and talk *down* to their pupils. I have one instructor who is from another school and I rather suspect that this fault is the very one which caused that school to let him go. He is a very brilliant fellow, but he entertains a mean opinion of the mental calibre of his pupils. This is due somewhat to his own habit of splitting hairs. Instead of stopping when he sees that a student has the meat of the matter he insists on a certain concise statement which follows after a formula of his own. This often slows up his classes so that they cover too little ground. He has not got the good will of his pupils. They are worried and annoyed by his pedantic exactness and treat his scholarly affectations as a joke. They dislike him for his unconcealed attitude of superiority. He has not got their co-operation, as Bob said about Ehler. I know the *professor* in that course, and I know that he could have the co-operation of the section and would get better results than the instructor. The instructor is a failure as a teacher."

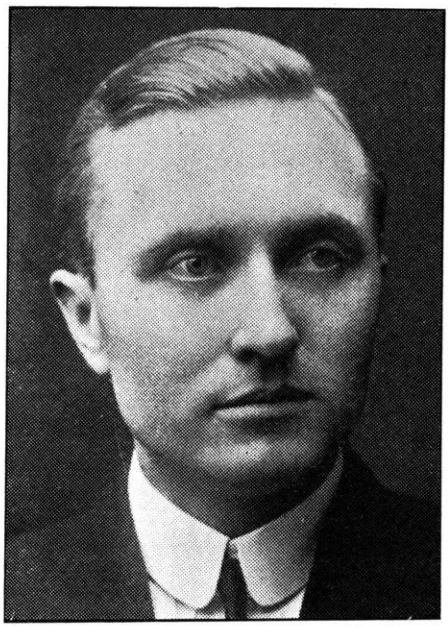
Nearly all the fellows had similar experiences to tell, each differing in detail, but all simering down to one or two things. The instructor lacked co-operation with his classes, either because he overrated himself and underestimated them or because he could not accept black as black, until there was a certain definite outline.

Later conversation turned to fraternities, and an absurd stiffness became apparent. The matter wasn't freely discussed by the crowd, but rather in three groups. One group agreed among themselves that fraternities were harmful and that they should drive them out. Several of them belonged to a closed society, which obtained members by invitation, which was more or less sub-rosa, and which intended to drive out fraternities. This institution appeared at least to practise all the evils of which they accused fraternities. The institution was laughed at by the fraternity group for its apparent inconsistency, but for the most part they maintained an artificial attitude of indifference. In reality it served to open their eyes and to correct some of the difficulties. They agreed that in their inter-fraternity rivalry, which resulted in their greater activity, they seemed to have an unjust proportion of offices and honors and they agreed most thoroughly that there were snobs among them, but also maintained that any lines drawn between fraternity and non-fraternity men were drawn by the latter. The third and greater group discussed the matter with fair impartiality. They agreed that fraternities were not necesarily bad institutions, as such, but that there had been a tendency on their part to monopolize activities, and that there was among a great many of them an air of superiority and arrogance that was distasteful in the extreme. They also agreed that one of the bad effects was the feeling entailed among those, not in fraternities, of envy, regarding their own lack of opportunity for amusement, inspiration and close comradeship, compared with that of fraternity men. They further thought that it was no more than right that they should organize, and that they should provide such inspiration and amusement, if they could. They recognized that men of similar tastes would get together to the exclusion of others, whether as fraternity men or not, and that to remove fraternities would in a great measure only remove a name.

In the forgoing I have tried simply to place before the reader what a great many fellows in the university are thinking. I could find a lot more that is less striking, less destructively critical, but these I believe are worth while considering. I have tried to suppress the personal element and

wish no one to consider any opinion in here as my own, although I believe many of them. I tried to tell a couple of things that students talk about.

WISCONSIN IN THE ORIENT



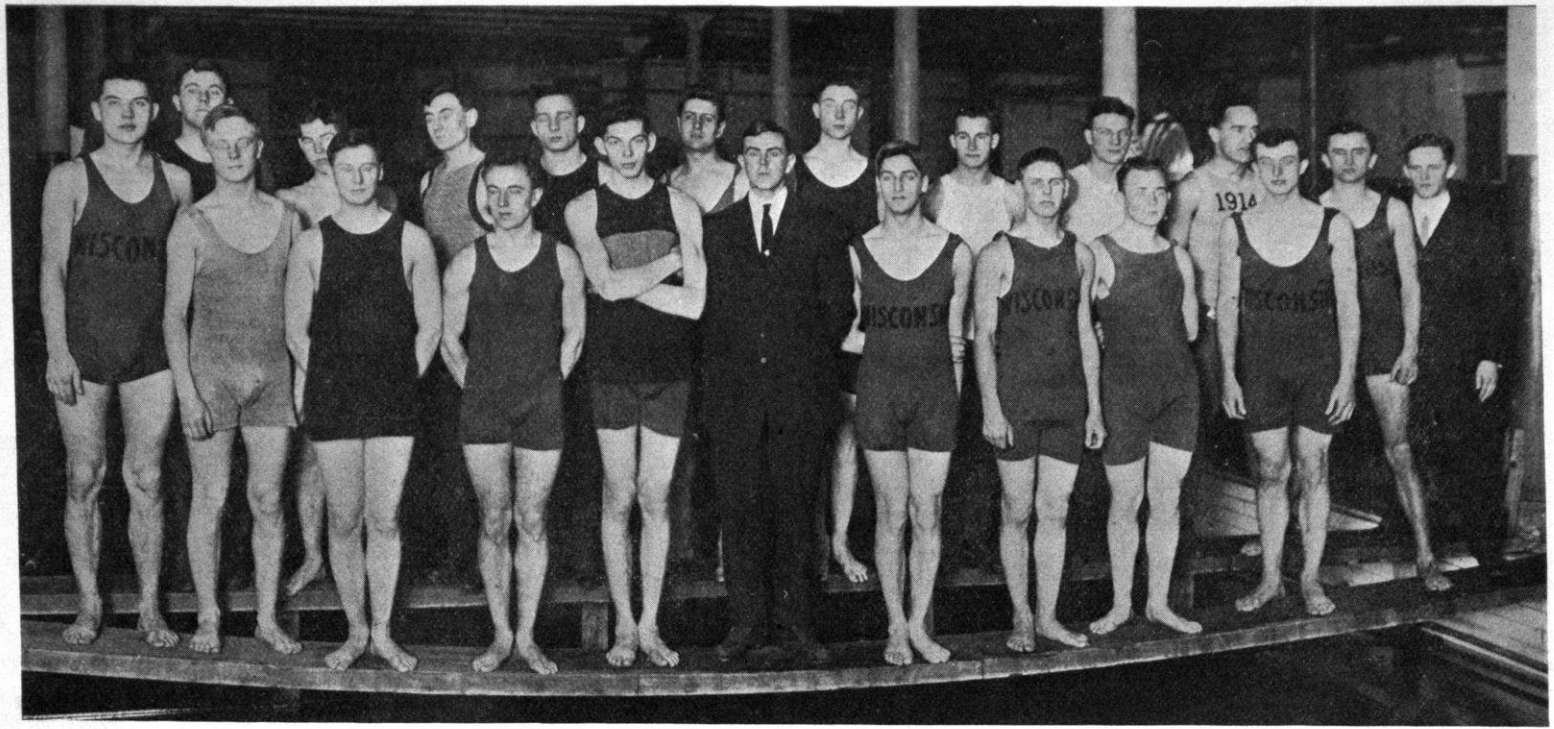
Arthur P. Jorgensen

"OPPORTUNITY is the greatest gift which God can give a man," is the statement of a man who was made "Sir Knight" by the crowned head of England because of his work of service among the rough fishermen of the north coast. Henry V. Lacy, a Wisconsin graduate student, believes in the truth of that statement sufficiently to let it be the propelling motive of his life. All of us desire a big opportunity. In our best moments we realize that opportunity in life means a chance to be of some vital importance to the human family. How many of us have enough good moments to let our desire for opportunity lead us to a work in China for the Chinese, even as it has commanded Lacy?

OCCASIONALLY a university gains a son not through graduation but by adoption. Arthur P. Jorgensen did not obtain his degree at Wisconsin, but his three years of unswerving loyalty to the best interests of the institution have won for him the undisputed right to be ranked as a Badger. His work here will not soon be forgotten by the many undergraduates who came in contact with him. Some of his principles and methods have been inculcated into the very life of the university.

Tokyo with her thousands of needy students is to be congratulated on having obtained him. It is our earnest hope that he will remove difficulties there even as he removed them here. We expect him to do large things, and have confidence that the $1,000 which has been raised for his work will be invested to the best advantage.

Henry V. Lacy



McKillop

THE SWIMMING SQUAD

Wisconsin took the first swimming meet of the year from Chicago by a score of 37 to 21. Northwestern was defeated by a score of 31 to 27
Coach, C. A. Hyatt; Captain, Edwin C. Austin; Manager, A. L. Himmelstein

WANTED—A CONSTITUTION

Morris B. Mitchell

THE underlying reason for the existence of a state university is the desire of the state to have an electorate who can vote and govern intelligently. Other considerations, such as research work, the maintenance of culture among the people and the co-operation of the university with the government and people of the state in the betterment of conditions are also very important, but without the first reason, it is doubtful whether the state university would exist in anything like its present form.

The desire of the state to teach the students of its university the principles and practice of government, accounts to a great extent for student self-government at Wisconsin. The authorities of the university have reached the conclusion that if the students are not able to govern themselves while in college, they will be ill-fitted to do so when they become an active part of the larger commonwealth, the state. Consequently, the faculty has delegated the power of inflicting penalties for misdemeanors to the Student Court and consented to the assumption of the legislative power by the Student Conference, in order that the student body may gain practical experience in governmental matters through these sources and be better fitted on graduation to form a unit in the government of the state.

On examining the history of our present governmental system more closely, we find that, like Topsy, it just grew. Through the evolution of a student committee composed of representatives of organizations, whose purpose was to confer with the president and give him the student view-point on questions of student government, we have the Student Conference of today, a body which legislates on practically all matters concerning the life of our student community. From an inquisitorial committee, replacing and having about the same procedure as the old faculty Discipline Committee, has evolved our present Student Court, with rules of procedure modeled in part on those of a regulation court of law. Our Union Board, elected and operating under a system drawn up by the Y. M. C. A. authorities at the inception of the Union idea, now has control of practically all the all-student social events and has the rather difficult task of raising enough money for an adequate Union Building. In short, we are running the different branches of our student government by different unconnected, antiquated and inadequate methods, designed for a time when our present small commonwealth was an inconglomerate mass of nebulous branches. There is no unity to our system. The relation of the various branches to each other is not defined and our whole system has never been put together to work as an entity. We are in the dark as to the exact status of the various branches.

Here, for instance, are a few questions which arise as to our present system. First, from what source does our Student Conference derive its power? The representatives, it is true, are elected by the student body, but it is a matter of grave doubt whether a majority of the student body even vote in these elections. Some of the leaders in the present Conference, for instance, were elected by a very small number of cast votes, one of them receiving only six. Probably if the question were put to a vote as to whether the student body wants a legislature, it would win out by a large majority. But such a question has never been put to the student body and there is certainly room for grave questioning as to the sources from which their supposed legislature derives its power. Other questions still to be answered satisfactorily are: What is the relation between the Conference, supposedly

deriving its power from the students, and the Court, deriving its powers from the faculty? How far is the Court to go in enforcing university traditions? What constitutes a crime sufficient to render a man subject to expulsion? Who is to serve as prosecuting attorney for the Court? Is the supposed power of the Conference to legislate on student affairs unlimited? Can the Conference legislate on affairs which have previously belonged solely to the classes?

These are only a few of the queries which arise in the minds of one who dives into the maze of our local self-government system. That a change is necessary to some comprehensive system which will place these various branches in juxtaposition, determine the powers and limitations of the various branches and make our whole system operate as a unit, is evident to anyone who has carefully considered or worked under our present system.

In trying to outline a locally practical system of this kind, one naturally turns for guidance to the state government under which we now live, the principles of which are based on years of governmental experience and which has proven for both the nation and the states, to be the best practical political system. The basic principle on which these governments are founded and to which they, in a large measure, owe their success, is the balance of power between their three branches, the legislature, the judiciary and the executive. It would seem that, if we were able to inculcate this principle of the balance of power into our student government and reorganize it on this basis, we would have accomplished two things—first, the placing of our student government in the miniature form of the larger government, in which the various actual problems which are confronting the state and nation today could be fought out and experimented with and, second, the organization of the whole system on a working basis, with a firm foundation on which to base its operation.

To inaugurate such a system, it would first be necessary to create these three branches of government, between which the balance of power could be instituted. We already have two of these, the legislative, represented by the Student Conference, and the judicial, represented by the Student Court. The executive is the missing branch. A brief outline of a possible organization of our government along the lines suggested above, with a brief description of the functions and powers of each branch, follows:

1. The Legislative Branch.

This would consist, as at present, of the Student Conference, and the elections to this body would not be changed. This body would have the power to legislate on all matters of student interest, except perhaps, over strictly class affairs, such as the Junior Prom, Play and Badger and the Senior Play. Their powers would, in general, be the same as those of a state legislature. They would also have the power of impeachment of the executive officers and of the Student Court justices by a two-thirds vote, after a trial on a definite charge. Before any appointments which the executive branch might make, became official, they would have to be concurred in by the Student Conference.

2. The Judicial Branch.

This would also be constituted as at present, in the Student Court. A change might advantageously be made in the matter of the selection of the justices, by having them appointed by the executive, with the approval of the Conference, instead of elected directly by the Conference, under which latter system the most widely known and most popular man is usually elected, while men less prominent but with sounder judgment and more brilliant minds, may not be considered. The power to have final jurisdiction over all cases of student misconduct, would be the same as before.

3. The Executive Branch.

This, being the new branch, would be the hardest to formulate. It might be feasible to have this consist of an executive commission of three men, on the order of the city commission recently agitated for Madison. One of these men would probably be the President of the Wisconsin Union, another the President of the Athletic Board and a third, elected by the student-body-at-large and to have the title President of the Student Body.

The general functions of such an executive commission would be to determine the various things needed for a greater Wisconsin and to direct the activities of the various organizations along these lines, keeping them all working in the same direction, instead of against each other. They would co-operate with the Conference in this work, would inform the Conference of needful legislation, and would have charge of the enforcement of Conference legislation. They would be a unit around which the other parts of the government and student affairs could revolve and a constant force pushing ever for a better Wisconsin. As an aid to this unifying power, they might be given the veto power over Conference legislation, such vetoed legislation to become valid only after being passed again by a two-thirds vote of that body. These men, in return, might be impeached and removed from office by the Conference by a two-thirds vote of that body, after a trial before them on definite charges.

Two of the members of this executive commission, the Presidents of the Union Board and of the Athletic Board, would be elected as at present, by the members of these boards. It might be advisable to introduce some changes in the method of the election of the candidates to these boards, having them chosen on the basis of efficiency shown in try-out work, by an impartial committee composed of two members from the Union Board, two from the Student Conference with the Chief Justice of the Student Court as the other member, instead of being elected by the board itself, as is at present the case in the Union Board, or by the Student Body, as is the case in the Athletic Board. The Union President would have charge of the administration of all university social affairs, including the administration of the Union, being assisted and advised in all these by the members of the Board. The President of the Athletic Board would have charge of all class athletics, the awarding of insignia and all other matters now attended to by the Athletic Board. In these matters, he would be assisted and advised by the members of the Athletic Board.

The other member of the executive commission, the one elected by the student-body-at-large, would be the chairman of that committee. He could have a system of committees working under him, to carry out the details of the Conference legislation and to assist in the various matters of administration. He might also have a body of appointed marshals or sheriffs working under him, whose duty it would be to bring cases of student misconduct to the notice of the Student Court and to collect evidence on such cases, instead of requiring the court to do this, as at present. The chief of these marshals, who would be appointed by the Executive Committee, would be the Prosecuting Attorney in all cases brought before the Student Court.

4. A Constitution for Student Self-Government.

Whether the rather imperfect system briefly outlined above or some other system is adopted as a method of unifying our present various conflicting branches, a comprehensive constitution, outlining some form of government, defining the powers and limitations of the various branches, and laying down a few fundamental principles of government, would first be necessary. In the enforcement of such a constitution, the Student Court would be the judge as to whether the legislative or judicial branches had exceeded their constitutional powers, and it could, by a unanimous vote, hold acts of the legislature or executive unconstitutional and void on this basis.

To place our student government in this constitutional form, would necessitate, first, the calling of a constitutional convention by the President of the University, on petition from the student body, or by the present Conference. All lines of activities, all political factions and all branches of the present government should be represented, in order to get the widest view-point possible. It might also be well to have the faculty represented. This convention could first discuss the various forms of government possible to introduce here, and then elect certain of their number to draw up a working instrument of government. This constitution would have to be accepted, first, by the conven-

tion itself, and then by the student body, at a special election called for this purpose.

The object of this article is not to lay down arbitrarily a system of government which is claimed to be better than the present system, and perfect in all its details. There are undoubtedly many flaws and defects in the system here briefly outlined, but it is only suggested as one of the many possible plans for unifying our governmental system under a constitution. If this article brings forth suggestions and plans from other sources, which will culminate in the calling of a constitutional convention, it will have served its purpose.

One thing seems certain, however. Our self-government is at present in a beautiful state of chaos and something radical must be done if it is to remain as student self-government and we are not to revert back to our old system of faculty discipline and faculty control of student affairs. Self-government was given to the student body on trial. It has reached its crisis. Recent events seem to indicate that we cannot operate much longer under our present system before a crash comes and the whole system goes up in blue smoke.

The outcome lies with and depends upon the action of the student body. Self-government can be saved if it is put on a firm footing. But action is necessary and whatever form this may take, it will have to be radical, comprehensive and immediate.

WISCONSIN WAR CRY

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.

When all the world is cow-ring still
Afraid to send a leader out,
Wisconsin calls from off her hill
And dauntless hurls her challenge shout,
WISCONSIN DARES.

When halts the world and hope is dead,
The star-bright flag of progress furled,
A blazoned leader leaps ahead,
And loud the cry defiant hurled,
WISCONSIN DARES.

All through the world in fight and fray,
Where dangers leave no space for fear,
Where dauntless men must lead the way,
There sounds the cry out loud and clear.
WISCONSIN DARES.

And in the world through all the fight
Her sons and daughters scorn to fly,
But staunchly stand in conscious might,
And upward hurl their battle cry,
WISCONSIN DARES.

FLOWER-OF-HELL

Sidney H. Small

THE odorous red flower-of-hell twined sensuously round the rough gray trunk of the straight growing narra, and threw its long white tendrils far out over the path to swing and sway to every stir of the heavy-sweet air of the tropical forest. The narra itself steepled high through the maze of honey-sweet vines that hung aloft on every limb until it reached the cool bay-swept air above. Under the matted canopy of vines that cut off all access of the wind the trumpet-flower and huela threw their dull fragrance listlessly upon the satiated air. From a high branch of the narra a feather, red-green, fell from a paroquet's nest, and swung idly down in long circles, sweeping back and forth long before it finally pushed through the heavily-laden forest air. On either side of the path long-stemmed manzanita held a rich debris of fallen blossoms, and added to the tired air its own burden of weary fragrance. Save only the idle twisting of the white-fingered tendrils of the flower-of-hell all the things of the wood were in heavy-lidded slumber. No bird swayed in eerie flight; no jaguar slipped shadow-like across the heavy jungle grass; no bee buzzed near; for all around was the flower-of-hell with its seductive tendrils beckoning silently to every wood-thing to come and be embraced, and its sweet penetrating breath sighing of burning kisses to be had for the asking. Many creatures have sought the arm; the embrace it gives is the embrace of death, and to the embrace is added the hot breath of the blossoms as they kiss the entrapped creatures with the kiss of death. Many come into the forest. None leave. Only a deserted paroquet nest speaks of love and life and death. A second paroquet feather drifts lazily down, followed suddenly by a heavy body —the paroquet itself, with claws outstretched as if to ward off the slow sweet kiss of the flower-of-hell. The paroquet thuds hard against the manzanita, and sleeps again the sleep of death, never heeding the shake of the narra, as the wind from the laguna sweeps across them. Slowly from above a great red blossom of the flower-of-hell drops silently, trailing perfume. It falls upon the paroquet, moves an instant, and then is still. Now all the wood lies sleeping.

Through all the long weird sweet hours of the Philippine night we had tramped heavily onward, marching automatically, striving to shake off the languidness found only in the orient. Two hours before three pack-bearers had discovered that there was a quart of liquid in one of the packs. The bearer was a Filipino. The liquid was whisky—and now both were gone, together with most of our tinned food. Therefore we were marching by night to reach Baguio, food and water. For miles and miles we had tramped through forests rich with fragrance. Once I had remarked that nothing could be sweeter, nor stranger, nor more wonderful. Pedro, our muchacho, only answered, "Poco, señor; soon we come to the most strange of all, the flower-of-hell. Red it is, and of a great sweetness. Its perfume is like the breath of a maiden. My father has said—perhaps the señor cares to hear the story?"

The señor cared.

"My father, señor, was a man of wealth. The señor looks at me? Strange are the turnings of fortune, and no road is always straight. Now I, the son of my father, am a 'muchacho' to you, señor. I thank la Senora del Espana that I am permitted to serve one like thee, señor. It is easier—*es muy fácil.* The señor is my father and mother—but the señor wishes to hear the story.

"Ten thousand years ago when the world was young, there lived upon Luzon

a most marvelous maiden. Her eyes were dark, dark as the skin of the betel-nut. Her lips were red, red as the blossom of the huela. Her hair was shadowed sunlight—so had my father told me, as his father told him. I, having no seed, tell you. Señor, I have, in my time, seen many fair maidens. Perhaps the señor remembers Juana? He does not? It is no matter. He remembers Maria? I beg the señor's pardon. I had thought he knew her. It matters not. Señor, every time I have wished to take a woman to wife my father has said, 'Bah, what is she? Fair? Remember the flower-of-hell.' I have remembered. The señor is not married? So? The señor is lucky! May ten thousand children bless his old age. I myself will make for the first-born—I will continue, señor, I am an idle prater of shallow words.

"We are men, you and I, señor. Therefore I will say that her eyes were dark—so was her soul. Her lips were red—red with the blood of her lovers. Her hair was shadowed—well might it be! Señor, her arms were forgetfulness, her lips were death.

"Has the señor ever heard of Dra-Shin? He has? Yes, that is he, the yellow curse of China. Does the señor remember the tale that is told of him? Then I must tell it, for on it is built my story. Dra-Shin married a Filipino maiden, black of hair and red of lips. She ran away with another lover from Luzon? It is a lie—a Chinese lie. All Chinese are liars! Dra-Shin beat her and she ran away with her brother. I know, for did not my father tell me? Who would question the word of my father,—Sigi, you Pablo, you are always muy poco!—What did I say, señor? Yes, yes, of Dra-Shin. The maiden ran away from him for he beat her. She went in her brother's banca, and came back to Luzon. She married again. Who? I do not know. It is no matter. Now Dra-Shin took to himself another wife, a yellow cockroach she was. All Chinese are animals. The señor disagrees? The señor does not know. He married this yellow curse and she was a sorceress—a magician—I do not know the word exactly. Ah—enchantress. I thank the señor. Although Dra-Shin had beaten this maid of Luzon, he still loved her—if a Chinese can love. Why did he marry this second woman? Who knows the ways of a Chinese, señor? Soon this Chino woman found out of this love. How? She was a woman, señor, and an—how do you call it?—enchantress.

"This Chino she-devil came over to Luzon in a great junk to find the maid of Luzon, who was called the flower-of-heaven because of her sweet goodness and beauty. Flower-of-heaven loved all things. The Chino she-devil was—a Chino. It is enough. The Chino she-devil—it is a good name, she-devil, is it not? Vampire, the señor calls her? So? It is good. This Chino hid behind a great narra tree, and waited, with the astígo in her hand. Astígo? It is the rod of magic, señor, most mystic and strange. I cross myself, señor. Poque? Santa Mariá will suffer no harm to me.

"Soon comes the flower-of-heaven. Under the great narra tree—see, see, señor. It is the tree! Santa Mariá! Santa Mariá! The flower-of-heaven raised her arms, and called aloud to Dra-Shin—she still loved him, although she had run away. Such is the way of women, señor. The Chino heard her call, and wild with anger, raised the astígo. Suddenly—Cindado, bobo! There is glass in the pack!—Suddenly Flower-of-heaven moaned once—twice—thrice—and was gone, disappeared. But on the great narra hung a vine with blood-red blossoms and betel-nut black stem, and white tendrils. It sweeps to and fro in the wind—see it swing, señor. Yes, we will stop a moment—not so near señor! Why? I will finish my tale. The breath of this vine is death. The caress of the tendrils is strangulation. None escape. How did it happen? Some say that the Chino transformed the Flower-of-heaven into this cursed vine. Others say that the husband, Dra-Shin, angered by the death of the maiden, changed his wife into this Flower-of-hell. Which is correct? I do not know. The señor thinks so? So do many others? What do I think? Santa Mariá, I do not think. If you—careful, careful, tú perroí Not so near! Come back! Señor! But

go not near—ah—ah—He is dead, poor dog! He has been kissed. It is the curse of the Flower-of-hell.

"Let us depart. The señor feels faint? The dog's death has hurt the señor? It is the perfume? Let us go—quickly. We are near the edge of the woods now. The señor likes my story? It is true. The kiss is death, the embrace strangulation. The señor has seen. My story is done."

A long silver stream of light flooded the path. The trees were already growing thinner above and here and there I could see the gleam of a star. At last, far below, the moonshine danced on the lagunita. The narra-trees were all aglint with starshine. A soft slow wind swept in from the Pacific, miles away. The lap, lap, of the waters of the lagunita sounded soft on the stirring air. With it came the swish of the waves against the long gray tules, and the splash of a tiny waterfall on the far side of the lagunita. Afar off a woodbird crooned to its mate. A star shot across the star-studded sky, leaving a trail of shimmering light behind it. Then all was darker than before. Only the waters lapped ceaselessly against the cold stones, and swished among the gray tules. One last breath of air swooped into the valley, hot, seductive, laden with the perfume of the kiss of the Flower-of-hell.

All was silent—for all the world lay dreaming.

WISCONSIN SPIRIT—"GETTING TOGETHER"

Carl Beck

THE Previous discussion of Wisconsin Spirit, like a brightly colored picture with its glow and impressionistic exaggeration, had for its sole purpose attracting attention and focussing it on the community situation as it exists today in Wisconsin university life. The picture did not take in the whole scene. The canvass was not large enough. Student life was the objective point. A painter in painting is neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He just paints. The discussion of Wisconsin spirit, as a portrayal, had for its message this: When we have open-mindedness, democracy, progressiveness, initiative, enthusiasm, efficiency and service expressing themselves at all times in all places with co-operation, correlation, and concentration, it will give us the greatest Wisconsin spirit in the history of the institution, if not the most dynamic spirit of any educational institution in the world. Collect these forces into a solid phalanx and the attack is worth trying. To take the stand that Wisconsin spirit as good as it is, and as bad as it is right now, cannot be made greater, is hardly a position many men would care to take. Though there are already here and there, groups of men working for a greater Wisconsin spirit, to deny, that the more at it is not the better, is minimizing and localizing progress. We want maximum progress, with everyone at it and all together. The "Forward" of Wisconsin is a living thing. Forward Wisconsin—we can't get away from it! It spells greater! Greater! Greater!

For the present what is this "Greater"? It might be the application of the "Wisconsin Idea" to student life,—its formulation and expression. First of all, "Greater" might be a greater attention to our university problems from a greater viewpoint over a greater area. It is impossible to divorce from each other many of our university problems that at first hand appear independent. It is impossible, for instance, to divorce the problem of conflict between the inter-collegiate debate interests and the joint debate inter-

ests; from the problem of conflict between the athletic interests and the military interests; from the problem of conflict between multicplicity of student activities and educational interests; from the problem of conflict between Conference and student Union; from the problem of conflict between a Bascom Memorial service and parallel social events; from the problem of interesting every senior in the Alumni Association, and from the problem of conflict that peculiarly exists between faculty and students to the handicap of the greatest educational achievement by our university. Every separate problem involves a complexity of social questions. Each problem is packed full of propositions concerning open-mindedness, efficiency, service and co-operation. The need is urgent—right attitudes, better methods, greater ideals, and "pulling together." Muster these into a solid sphalanx with the "Wisconsin Idea" at the front and our educational conquest would know no end.

Right attitudes, better methods, greater ideals; "pulling together" are unattainable in any community or any in university except on a basis of unity of action. If Wisconsin is to be soundly and permanently developed, in the way her future buildings have been architecturally developed, the university must be developed as a social whole. It must be regarded as an organism, having not only individual and group problems, but a social problem of the whole. The university has potential men to build up every single activity and interest in the university, but some of these activities and interests, to be built up as they should be built up, in proper relation to each other, should have the co-operation of all. Scattered and unrelated interests are not able to produce an irresistable force for the promotion of the good of the whole. A solid phalanx is co-operation. To produce a solid phalanx to give attention to the social problems of the whole, a new psychology must sweep through the whole university. We must broaden our viewpoint and do community thinking.

As in a community, the progress of the university is in direct proportions to the common consciousness of its part and their direct co-operation. The common consciousness at Wisconsin that we need right now is Wisconsin first, organization second, and ourselves last. The living spirit of Yale is: "God, Country and Yale." Our social fallacy has been to boots "our stunt," "our club," "our specialty" without recognizing the obligation which rests on every "specialty" to boost also Wisconsin as such. The jealousies and cross-purposes that sometimes arise are painful. It is a fallacy, also, to expect out of the complexity of university life a repeated group of rooters at the station to send off teams. If we could get the right understanding and the "boost" spirit instead of the "knock" spirit into every man and woman at Wisconsin, we could "get together" and solve the big social problems that are today bewildering the universities of the nation.

For many of our problems are national. The influences of increased extravagance, multicpilcity of organizations (it is said we have some five hundred and eighty at Wisconsin), and diminishing regard for scholarship, afflict all American universities. President Lowell of Harvard, in advocating competitive scholarship in a Phi Beta Kappa address, said: "By free use of competition, athletics have beaten scholarship out of sight in the estimation of the community at large and in the regard of student bodies." It was Woodrow Wilson, as president of Princeton, who charged the "side shows" of college life with swallowing up the "main circus." At another time he exclaimed: "I know the colleges of this country must be reconstructed from top to bottom, and I know that America is going to demand it." Reconstruction may not be necessary. Wisconsin is one of the last universities to complain of biological degeneration of her complex organism and consequent weakening of spirit. Like the rest, is Wisconsin going to take a powder and a pill now and then and leave it to faith to make her feel better instead of in a modern, scientific way get down and diagnose her case and apply specific, constructive remedies? Not if Wisconsin is still the camp of progressives! If we all "get together" and roll up our sleeves and devote a reasonable share of our time and work out a

modern plan of co-operation and survey and analyze the situation in the university, we will do what no other university in the country has yet undertaken or scientifically done. Here Wisconsin in another field would assert her leadership. If we get our phalanx working, Wisconsin would be the model university of America from every point of view. We can do it!

We can do it if we "get together." But first we must awaken love for Wisconsin. If it is not infringing on the rights of sentiment, we must make Wisconsin more lovable. That means more beautiful, more spiritual. We must show up and emphasize her loving traits. That means boost Wisconsin and more pride. We can even dream how Wisconsin can be the greatest "people's university" in the world and yet retain our modesty. That means getting our ideas working and get an ideal. But all of this is of little or no worth, in fact, it may be a positive harm, unless it leads us to action. We must do something. We must construct, imaginatively and materially. We must all have a share in it somehow. We must do it "together." Co-operation is a basic principle absolutely necessary for the best kind of construction. Co-operators must settle upon some common ground on which to erect their superstructure. There must be some common ground on which we can get together. If necessary, we can agree to disagree on some things. But there must be some things on which men, women, barbs, frats, Catholics, Protestants, Socialists, Republicans, students, alumni, faculty, and regents can "get together" for the greater advancement of Wisconsin. Our irresistible phalanx for university betterment must have the spirit and good will of every Wisconsin man and woman.

A common work for the phalanx to tackle could be a piece of social engineering in the form of a graphic survey of student life and conditions, to see where we are at, and where we are going, and in what direction, in all our complexity and multiplicity of organization. That's the "Wisconsin Idea." In a more official way, that is the very thing that Wisconsin as a state is doing in her Board of Public Affairs. Our general is the "Wisconsin Idea." In our phalanx for university betterment the IDEA is our esprit de corps. It expresses itself in working in concerted action toward some common ideal. That ideal might be a one-centered commons, union, and auditorium. Until we drive the phalanx of our common consciousness to this, or some other end, it can hardly be said to exist. Civic spirit expresses itself only in finding an outlet. With a common ideal to work toward we express our Wisconsin spirit. We express it and thereby make it greater. Wisconsin spirit can be cultivated like civic spirit. That means mutual aid in solving university problems. How shall all latent power for good be made a real dynamic force in our university community?

The answer is, do the same as some communities in the country are doing to create a civic phalanx to boost spirit and make things more efficient and better. We are a miniature community. We need not be slow to adopt the proved methods of some of our American communities and adapt them to our own needs. We would do well to do something like Boston in her "Boston 1915" movement. That movement, begun by Louis Brandies, in 1909, is a great movement toward greater spirit and greater efficiency. A brief summary of that organized movement will show its effectiveness:

"It has secured, through organization, the practical co-operations of 1,200 leading organizations upon anything that is acknowledged to be for the general benefit of Greater Boston.

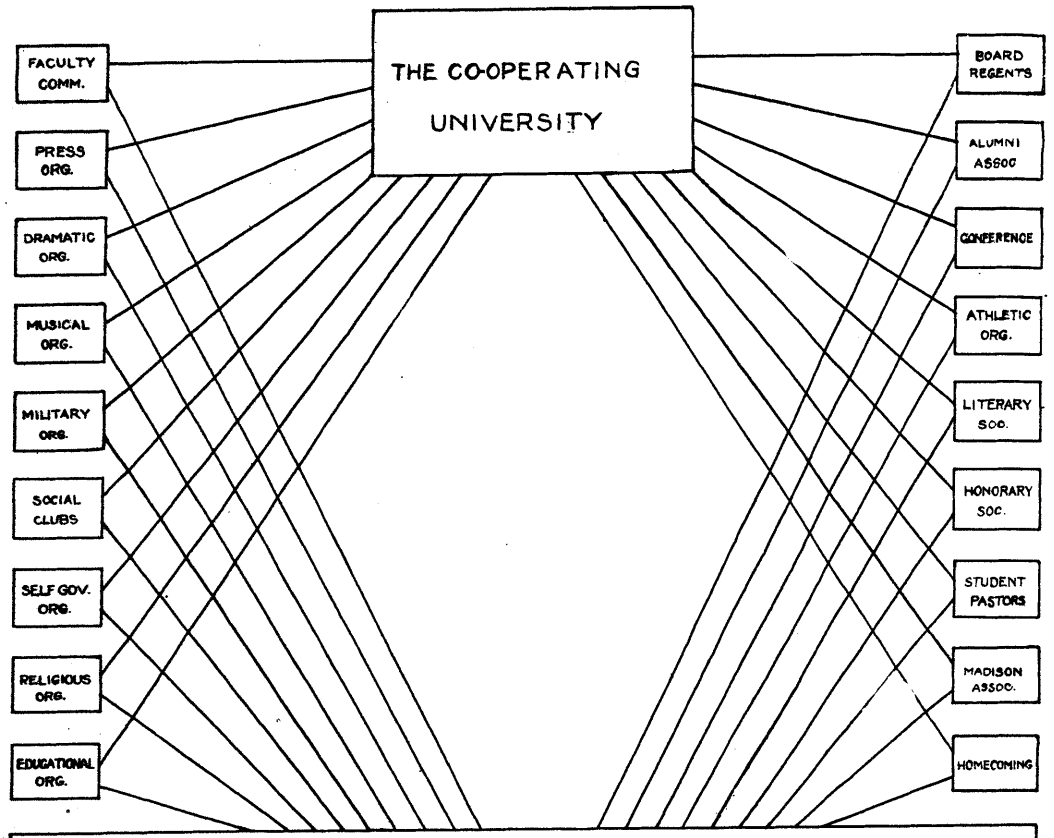
"It is conducted on a business basis, in 1909, an Exposition attended by 200,000 persons, which not only helped the public to appreciate what the health, educational, transportation, philanthropic and other problems of a city are, but also made plain the need of a getting together of individuals, organizations and communities to work those problems out.

"It has made a careful study of the housing problem in Boston, has published an excellent report regarding it, and is employing an expert to follow up the work with a view to a better understanding of existing regulations and, if necessary, to new legislation.

"It gave essential assistance in establishing vocational direction in the Boston

WISCONSIN SPIRIT GETTING TOGETHER

AFTER THE MANNER OF "BOSTON - 1915"



WISCONSIN SPIRIT - "GETTING TOGETHER"

UNIVERSITY SURVEY

?

UNION - COMMONS - ASSEMBLY

CONFERENCES

WORKING COMMITTEES

ORGANIZED CO-OPERATION

schools, and in starting the various co-operative engineering, industrial and business schools that are now carried on under public or private auspices.

"It is co-operating with experts in establishing a Bureau of Information and Research, which shall collect and disseminate information concerning municipal research and development.

"It is making plans for a central Civic Building to bring all the public and private charities and civic organizations into close co-operative relations. Also for a Civic Auditourium for great popular gatherings, similar to those in Denver and St. Paul.

"It is making a study of co-operative distribution with a view to lessening the cost of living.

"It is making preparations for a Civic Campaign in November, which shall rouse the people in all sections of Greater Boston to an appreciation of what they can do and ought to do through co-operative effort for the real city of Boston, the tenth largest in the world."

Doesn't this point the way? Can we rouse ourselves, every Wisconsin man and woman of us, to a greater appreciation of what we are, and what we can do, through co-operative effort, to still further advance Wisconsin? Madison is the very radiam of progress. Conference after conference are held here to discuss and originate movements. State after state have adopted that "Wisconsin Idea," the Legislative Reference Bureau. Australia sends over an official to get the "Wisconsin Idea" of agricultural education. Japan has transplanted this very idea on her own soil. England decides to democracize the aristocracy of education of her Oxford and Cambridge. Immediately she sends a representative to Wisconsin to study the greatest idea of democratic education in the world—our Extension Division. What great forces these are. Great is the "Wisconsin Idea." And how much greater the University of Wisconsin would be if down into her very student life and very educational environment the great "Wisconsin Idea" were everywhere a dynamic force. We see the forces that already exist that make Wisconsin in spots great. Marshal these forces into organized co-operation with the "Wisconsin Idea" leading the way to further advance the social whole of Wisconsin and it would give us an irresistable phalanx of Wisconsin spirit of such powerful, educational attack that nothing could stop the "Forward" march of making the University of Wisconsin the model university of America, and fulfilling her destiny, while it hangs over her of being the greatest "People's University" of the world. The forces are here; the ideas are forming; the ideal is before us; organized co-operation will do the business.

FAREWELL, WINTER STERN

(From Japanese)

Farewell, Winter stern!
For on yonder rain-wet hill,
With hands soft-clasped up looks the fern,
Tender yet fearless of the chill.

Farewell, Winter stern!
With the Camelia red above,
The silent pool, dead like an urn,
Loosens its bosom as for love.

Farewell, Winter stern!
From meadows where my young love dwells
The playful airs toward me turn,
Breathing that of the violet's smells.

Farewell, Winter stern!
To my O Kin-san in her prime
With blooming checks and lips that burn,
To her I come, I come. 'Tis time.

ISLAND OF ICE

Murray Ketcham

IT was not yet time for dinner, but she was already dressed. A gown of pale blue satin, cut with skin-like tightness, seemed molded to her plump figure, and the short train lay in a shimmery mass upon the rug. It was low at the neck and revealed her white throat. A heavy pearl ornament, wheel-shaped, with many beaded spirals narrowing to a single stone at the center, was suspended from each shoulder, and a larger design of the same pattern glistened at the point of her V shaped bodice.

She stepped back from her dressing-table and gave a searching glance at the imaged woman in the mirror. A mass of light puffs was piled at the top of her head, and three small curls fell down over her left ear. A jeweled bandeau was pressed over the part of her hair and fastened close to her forehead. It gave a girlish look to her fair face and hid the wrinkle lined across her brow. She bent forward and pulled a loose strand down still lower. The small ringed hand, as she held it for a moment poised above her head, seemed a trifle too plump and too soft for the hand of youth. The fingers were slightly thickened and the rings made little dents in them.

Slowly she opened one of the many glass-topped jars upon her table. Very carefully she rubbed a touch of its creamy contents under each of her large, dark eyes. It softened the tiny lines about them. Then she dipped her finger into a white liquid, thick and slightly perfumed. She passed the finger back and forth in a half circle for a few seconds in the hollows at the corners of her eyelids. It blotted out the lines.

Taking up a silver-backed brush with fine hair bristles she rubbed her cheeks and lips until a wave of color surged into them. Then she covered a dainty powder puff with rouge and passed it lightly over her face several times. She looked into the mirror and scanned the pictured face anxiously. The transformation was quite wonderful—and yet it was not what she wished it to be. The face was fair enough, the eyes deep and soft, the cheeks quite round and fell, but she could not deny, even to her partial eyes, that it was there. The haunting spectre sent a chill to her heart. There was something in the face that she feared to see. It was something she looked for more closely every day. In spite of its beauty of contour, youth was gone. Art had erased the lines and arranged the pretty hair, but it could not bring back that which Time had taken away.

Seizing a small hand-glass, she crossed over to the window, her blue gown swishing softly about her. The light of the setting sun shone in through the wide window pane. She drew aside the heavy curtain. She held the glass up straight before her. In the searching light the lines shone through the rouge in faint depressions, and the sallow tinge of approaching middle age took the fairness out of her cheek. The small hands also were covered with fine lines, and they seemed now not to be so plump as soft and flabby. A bitter sigh broke from her lips. She dropped the heavy curtain. She turned quickly and laid the glass down upon the table with the jars and silver-topped bottles.

The horror that had so often come to her during the past few years, and in this last year more than in any of the others, rushed over her. She stared wide-eyed at the woman in the mirror, with the frightened eyes of a child who sees something coming toward him he cannot escape from. She clasped her hands tightly before her. Was there a day coming, and soon, when Art could no longer ward off the savage onrush of the years that were overwhelm-

ing her? Was there nothing she could do to despoil Time of his prey? Was there no way to win back the youth that had stolen so quietly out of her face, and—yes, out of her heart?

She had never owned to herself what that strange lassitude that was creeping over her meant. She realized vaguely that there was no longer any real enjoyment in her round of social gaities. There was only a semblance, a pretence of pleasure; but she had pretended so long and in so many things that at times she scarcely realized the difference between the real and the shammed. There was no more any novelty or zest for her in the dinner parties, the theater parties and the varied entertainments that she and her friends still gave, year after year.

Beautifully gowned, smiling and always welcome, she moved among her large circle of friends. There were none who knew her real age, and none who would have hinted it within her hearing, for she was well liked by them and still admired. But there were times when she could have cried out that life had been unfair to her; that the world was filled with a great loneliness and heart hunger.

When she was alone in her home life, a home which had only herself for its occupants and its family circle, at times a languor that she could not throw off came over her. She was a musician, but she could not bring herself to keep up her daily practice. There were days when the very sight of the piano was distasteful to her. Her hands refused to pick out the intricacies of a new and difficult composition, and she would rise in disgust and throw it aside. Often, then, she would pick up some old familiar piece which was beautiful and simple and which she had learned once, and she would play it over many times. Sometimes when she sang the sound of her voice seemed strange to her, and then she would not sing again for days.

There was one thing, however, in which she never wearied. Instead, it became a growing passion with her. It was her care in dress. She spent hours in planning designs and carefully combining colors. Fashion was alway followed, but modified to give the look of youthfulness to her face and form. Year after year, as the number of articles upon her table had increased, the size and variety of her wardrobe had grown with them. She denied to herself the Voice within her that seemed to be whispering something she would not hear, but which she could not help but understand.

She knew it was an uneven fight, and sometimes she felt almost too tired to take it up again.

But this last year the miracle had happened. For days she had forgotten that a battle was being fought; a battle in which she must be vanquished. For the first time in her life she had loved someone else besides the Child. The Child, although she had long ago ceased to be a part of the mother's daily life, had never ceased to be the one thing about which all her tender dreams and living memories clung. The sound of her name and the sight of her pictured face above the glittering table wrung from her lips the cry that whispered in her heart. It was the cry of Despair, for nothing in the world answered the mother. The flower-like loveliness of the little girl had been a source of new joy to her, and she had poured out all the wealth of her tender affection and adoration upon her. She had loved, and planned, and dreamed for ten long sweet years. Then one summer, even now, she trembled as she remembered that summer, a widowed aunt, her husband's elder sister, came to live with them in their city home. The widow had never liked her brother's wife, and she made no effort to conceal it. Her dislike increased as she realized by intimate association the difference between the beautiful woman who always treated both she and her brother so kindly and considerately, and themselves. This woman possessed, unconsciously and by right of heritage, what her husband had been trying for the past few years to affect, or to purchase by ill-fitted bon comraderie.

The little Janette was too much like her mother to win any affection from her aunt. But when the latter saw how the mother idolized the Child, and how she secretly despised her ill-mated husband, a way suggested itself in which she could cruelly wound this woman whom she knew cared as little at heart for herself as she did for

her brother. The Child was not robust and the aunt insisted that she leave the city.

"The life her mother leads, and living here in the city is not going to help her health any. Janette ought to be brought up in the country. A girl can't stand this kind of life. It would be different if Janette was a boy," she told her brother, and then added in a lower voice:

"Perhaps you two will find more time to be sociable to each other."

He agreed with her. In spite of sobs of protest from the Child and the silent, heart-rending grief of the mother, Janette went away with her aunt to live in the country.

The first two years of her absence the mother saw her several times, and her increased strength and growing charm lightened the bitterness of the separation. But one day in winter a short telegram came and the mother rushed across the country to the bedside of her child. Her white face questioned dumbly of the hard-lipped woman who met her at the door. The aunt had changed little, and her enmity had not lessened.

"Yes, its surely the typhoid. Come right in. You can see her, but she don't know anybody. It is the fourteenth day of the fever, and the doctor says the crisis will come to-night. The fever will either break or there won't be any hope."

Night came and in the crisis the flame of the candle of life was burned out.

Then, as the beautiful woman flung herself across the small and wasted form upon the bed the other turned away, as if she did not wish to look upon the fullness of her vengeance.

If Janette's father missed her or mourned over her loss he gave no evidence of his grief. Once, and it was the cause of the only bitter quarrel between himself and his wife, he made the ill-chosen remark to some of his friends who were offering condolences that "It would have been worse of Janette had been a boy."

He never forgot the light that flashed into his wife's eyes, or her scathing words of grief and rage, as she bade him never to speak the Child's name in her hearing again. He never did. The Child passed out of their lives as if she had never been a tie which had bound them together.

Now, he had slept in his well-cared for, but unmourned grave for a number of years. There was no son who inherited his wealth, nor bore his name.

She was alone in the house and in the world. Sometimes his short, thick figure and his heavy face seemed to go with her as she passed through the large rooms, and she would stop unconsciously, as if expecting to hear the sound of his voice near her. It was always with a sense of relief she realized that only the silence spoke to her.

And now, after the years of idleness, the squandered years, in which her youth was extravagantly poured out upon the baubles and the froth of life, love had come to her. She had had many admirers, but she had never loved any of them. She had enjoyed her freedom and the flattery of the first few years with a sense of elation and pleasure. The Child never ceased to be a vital part of her existence, and she had vainly tried to stifle the sorrow and hurt that would not heal.

She was growing older, and, as she counted the years their number frightened her. She began to scan her face anxiously in the mirror for the first time. There was something in it that was changing and growing different. There was something, too, that was passing away. Since her first realization of the cold fact she had striven with all her might to keep the thing that was leaving her; passing as surely, if as slowly, as the falling of the grains of sand.

It seemed to her that there was only one life that she could live. It was the life she had always lived; life filled with friends, admirers and varied amusements. That life must end when she grew old. There were still a few years left of it, and she looked at the vision of the future that rose before her, not only with the eyes of regret, but with wonder. What would fill the empty years that lay beyond the end? What should she do when there was no longer a place for her in the only life she had ever known? What would become of her when there was nothing left but the loneliness which even now she shrank from, when it was not yet a reality?

Love! Ah, a sudden joy thrilled in the starved heart that had never known it. Life would not be a barren thing then. Left outside and isolated from the world of youth and pleasure would not be lonely, nor sad, nor empty, if love and home were there. But it was then the fear that lay hidden in the depths of her heart rose up like an accusing shape, and she covered her face with her hands.

He was young. He was full of the hope and the joy of youth. His boyish face was frank and handsome. There was nothing concealed nor hidden in it. He was strong and straight and tall; a splendid specimen of manhood. She had singled him out in the drawing-room the first night of their meeting.

He had come straight across the room to her, and, as he bent his fine head over her gloved hand, something stirred within her that was new and strangely satisfying. A great tenderness rushed over her, and the discontent and the faint disgust with the whole evening vanished as he smiled into her eyes. He swept her away into the strains of a waltz which throbbed with the heart beats of melody. Once more, after the centuries, the strange and beautiful music sang the love song of the dead master, Strauss. Its passion and sweetness, the subdued softness of the lights and the face that smiled down upon her seemed no longer reality, but a dream she had dreamed somewhere in the forgotten years. It was the dream of happiness which all dream, but which few awaken to a realization. When the music stopped he led her out upon a balcony where the moonlight shone down upon the grounds and the carefully graveled walks and drives. The click of the horse's hoofs upon the hot pavements below, out in the streets, and the roar and life of the great city came up to them as out of a distance.

She wound one arm about the white column in front of her and leaned her head against it. The moonlight touched her face and hair, her blue gown and her white shoulders. He thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. One of her small hands crept caressingly over the white stone. How should he know, as he stood there looking at her, wonderingly, that the gray hairs were only carefully concealed beneath the shining brown ones. How should he know, in his complete surrender to her that her beauty was the triumph of Art over the decaying forces of Nature. The mystery of the night was upon her and she had forgotten it. They only realized that they loved one another.

But, now, as she stood alone in her room she remembered, and she could not take her face from her hands. Outside in her garden trees a bird trilled softly to its mate in the nest. It was spring, and the world was thrilling with the new life and the love of spring. For a long time she sat very still. She was trying with all her might not to think. She must shut the spectre that had cowed her out of her heart, if she would live—now.

"Only give me the chance to be happy. Let me happy, if only for a little while."

It was both a blind prayer and a sob.

She could leave the coming years to themselves and be happy in the present. How often in the past, she had left the future to itself and refused to see what lay beyond. The haunting face of the little dead child had almost driven her mad with longing, until she had steeled herself to put it away among the sacred things of memory. Why should she not live and fill with happiness the years that were left before age should claim her—there were still a few of them?

Slowly, her hands fell into her lap. The new moon was softly lighting up the sky. Once more she crossed the room to the window. The light of the sunset had scarcely died in the west, but the moon hung like a silver sheath among the white stars. How beautiful, how tender, and green, her garden looked. She stretched out her hands to the young world and the night.

Again the bird trilled softly.

A great weariness came over her and a longing to lie very still, and to rest out there among those fresh growing things, took the strength from her limbs, and she sank down beside the window, with her head buried in her arms upon the sill.

"Some day," she said faintly, "I shall die in the spring."

The warm night wind rose up out of the grass and blew over her.

Strange thoughts flitted through her brain. There was one she could not put

away from her. It was the fragment of a story that the great Tolstoy had told of a vision he had seen in a dream. He had dreamed that he saw an island of ice floating in the sea. Thousands of happy people were laughing and skating upon it. And all the while the island was melting, in the rays of the sun, into the sea. The water rose up higher and higher about it. He was filled with horror at the sight; but the people did not seem to know, or to care, if they did know, but kept on laughing and skating together, while the island melted away into the ocean.

She knew that she was one of the thousands who were living with their eyes closed to the truth, like the doomed people upon the island.

But, oh why, when it was so late had the happiness of life come to her? Too late. She could not at any price, with any prayer, with any sacrifice, bring back the years that had passed. The hopelessness of it and the utter defeat crushed her.

"Oh, it's all so terrible—terrible—" she cried weakly. "It's all so terrible," and she shuddered convulsively in the warm wind, blowing over her as if it had been an icy blast of winter.

It grew darker and darker and the slim moon and the stars grew brighter. Gradually a quiet and calmness stole over her. Her bitter thoughts passed, numbed by the restfulness that stole into her mind. After some moments she raised her head from her arms. Then she stared quietly and unseeingly across the garden for a long time.

A strand of hair blew across her face. Mechanically, she carefully tucked it back into place. After a short time she arose slowly to her feet.

She glanced into the mirror. A dimly outlined form looked back at her. It looked slim and straight. She sprang to the side of the room and switched on the lights. Her eyes were large and bright, and her lips stained as with a fever. In the soft radiance that filled the room, the face of her girlhood smiled back at her. She clapped her hands softly. In the front part of the house a bell sounded faintly. She pressed her jeweled fingers together tightly, and stood quite still. Her eyes were fixed upon the face of the Child above the table.

The bell sounded again. Too late? Ah, but she could not lose them both. Then, with shining eyes, she went down to meet him.

A SONG TO WISCONSIN

(Tune, "Mandalay")

By the shores of fair Mendota,
On a hill-top's lofty crest,
Proudly stands our alma mater,
Reigning Queen o'er all the West.
And wherever we may wander,
Though in distant lands we roam,
We shall ne'er forget Wisconsin,
Our grand old college home.

Alma mater, all for thee,
So our song will ever be,
And we'll strive for fame and glory,
Fair Wisconsin, 'varsity.
Alma mater, all for thee,
Hear us pledge our loyalty,
And we'll strive for fame and glory,
For Wisconsin, 'varsity.

CAPTAIN DONOHUE

Roger D. Wolcott

THE last night for ten weeks," he mused. "Well, it must be a cheerful one. I must keep up and help my dear wife to bear her part; for, after all, is it not harder on her than on me?"

He smoked on in silence for a time, blowing rings one through another, watching them hang in the air, and melt away into the drowing dusk.

He thought of what he had gone through. He had graduated from the government Naval Academy at Portsmouth in 1882, then worked his way up steadily to a captaincy, and had been transferred to the subsidized merchant marine. He had been appointed captain of the Castle lines' new greyhound, Armadale Castle, in '99; and, since then, he had plied back and forth between Southampton and Calcutta, carrying passengers, express, freight, and, last but far from least, his royal majesty's mails. Yes; it was hard, bearing this terrible responsibility of human life and untold wealth for ten weeks at a stretch, piloting these throngs of tourists, pleasure-seekers, merchant-princes, and army men over the Atlantic, and guiding his ship up the treacherous bay, to a dock in far-away India. The journey home was somewhat lightened by the prospect of two weeks with his dear ones at the little villa in Netley, just out of Southampton, which was his home. It had been hard work saving up to buy this place; for even a captain's pay is pitifully meager; but it was with pride and satisfaction that he saw the shillings grow into pounds, until he had a tidy sum, and felt justified to claim his sweetheart's hand.

Presently, his reverie was interrupted by a cry:

"O, Daddy, I say, do come out and see the bully snow-man Jim and I have made. He, he's got brass buttons all down his coat, an', an' Mother says he's a capital officer man. Do come."

Daddy picked up the dear boy and gave him a hearty smack, rubbing his grizzled, storm-beaten face against the child's soft cheek. Then, he said: "Why, yes, let's do, Tootsey!"

Having put on his reefer and cap, for it was bitter cold even for February, he went out to amuse "the kids," as he called them, and, much to their delight, played and romped with them until Mrs. Donohue came out and called them all into tea.

Two weeks later, while sleeping in his homelike cabin, dreaming, no doubt, of the dear ones back in England, his mind free from all the cares and worries that had so prematurely brought out the gray hairs and deepened the furrowed creases in brow and cheek, Donohue was awakened by his man, who said:

"Mr. Founesdale sends his respects, and says that it's thickened up considerable and is blowing stiff off the port quarter, and looks like we're in for some weather."

"Give Mr. Founesdale my respects, and tell him I'll be up immediately," the Captain replied, jumping into his clothes. "And, O Joseph, is it raining out?"

"Driving hard from the S. E., sir."

Ten minutes later, Captain Donohue, in sea boots, cape, and sou'wester, was anxiously pacing the weather-bridge, peering out into the darkness for any sign of danger. The fog was thick enough to cut, and extra lookout men had been stationed in the crow's-nest and bow-head before his arrival, and now the whistle thundered its ten-second blasts every two minutes. Every precaution has been taken; they were off the coast of North Africa, and, as the breeze, though blowing a gale, was off the shore, there was little sea.

"With this gale blowing, our whistle can't be heard more than two miles off," said the third officer, "and God knows how many vessels are out in it. The wireless has reported twelve since three."

"Yes; it's nasty," said the Captain, and he wheeled about and into the pilot-house. "What's the course, Mathews?" he inquired.

"South by west 7½ degrees west, sir," was Mathew's answer. On examining the barometer, he muttered: "She's dropping fast. We're in for it O. K."

Then came another hour of ceaseless watching and anxious waiting. Four bells had just struck. When, suddenly, the Captain shouted:

"Jam her hard aport. There's a light dead ahead!" and the lookout men confirmed the awful news.

Immediately, the junior officer jerked the telegraph over, the indicator bell tinkling madly, and the good ship shuddered with the strain, then gradually slowed down, and would have backed; but it was too late. A terrible grinding, smashing crash ensued. The turmoil and confusion on the other ship's bridge could plainly be seen by the flare of the costens, which now blazed on the bridges of both liners.

"Pipe the men to the boats and see that order is kept at any cost!" shouted Captain Donohue, to the first mate, who had run out from his cabin at the first crash.

Seizing a speaking-trumpet, Captain Donohue called: "Ship ahoy! Who are you, and how do you fare?"

"We are the Penzance of the Franco-African Line, Captain Artois, and you've caught us squarely amidships and smashed both bulkheads. For God's sake, don't move an inch or we'll swamp before the boats can be launched!"

"How many passengers have you?"

"Six hundred ninety-two first-class, and nine hundred steerage!"

"Lord!" groaned Captain Donohue; but he kept his cool, calm self. "Yes; they will float as long as our prow don't pull out; but we are going fast!"

The officers had apportioned the boat's crew and they were doing all they could to aid their beloved commander.

"Women first!" he cried. "Back, you cowardly dog!" as a big man pushed his way into a boat and crowded a woman out. It was pitiful, her cry; and, when she sank into the tumult of water below, Captain Donohue was frenzied with rage.

"You, you damned cowardly hound!" he cried, and seized the man with iron grip; but, here, a pistol barked, and the Captain released his hold and turned pale.

"Are you shot, sir?" cried Founesdale.

Although the Captain rallied and seemed strong, though pale, the blood on his cap answered the officer's question. With an oath, the second officer drew his gun and shot the mad passenger. Discipline is discipline the world over, especially at sea; but here it meant life or death.

At last the boats were filled and launched. Now, it was the officers' turn. Their dory was quickly swung out on its davits, and they waited for the Captain to take his seat.

"Go on, men. It's no use; I'll stay by her."

In vain, they argued and pleaded; he was adamant, and time was flying. They made him put on a preserver, and left, promising to stand by and do their best to pick him up.

The Captain stood there alone on the bridge, illumined against the dark sky by the danger-signals burning on the boat-deck; wounded, alone with his ship, his charge, and the furious gale, and the sea. Long before this time, even the officers had left the Penzance, and both vessels were quietly sinking.

Captain Donohue's breath came fast; for the wound was sapping his life; but his thoughts came faster. Could he have averted it? He thought not; he had kept to his course; the cowardly French captain had showed his worth when he had deserted his ship. Why had he not blown his fog signal? God, it was awful! He wondered what drowning was like; would it be painful? After all, the sea was as a mother to him. He was tired, and was it not fit that he should go to rest on her bosom?

Now that all was over, he could think of Nellie and "the kids." He groaned and prayed. But she would see it right, and he had done his duty. He could never have faced her, discharged from the service, a ruined man. No, this was the better, and she was provided for. He drew a photograph from his pocket, and kissed it again and again.

The officers, true to their word, hunted for him, and found his body. His spirit they could not claim; for it rested in the soul of God. The quiet face seemed sublimely peaceful and happy in the knowledge of his duty fulfilled.

OUR DRAMATIC SEASON

THE beginning of the second semester finds the university dramatic season half over. The Edwin Booth, Red Domino and Union Vaudeville productions are enjoyed memories of the past while Junior and Senior plays, Engineers' Minstrels and Haresfoot opera are yet to come.

Gauging the future by the past the present season is to be one of signal successes, and one which will contribute its mite toward improving university dramatics. Purely student organizations cannot and should not strive to improve the drama at large, but should devote their energies toward producing plays designed to please university audiences and not to teach moral lessons. From the standpoint of the Prom-time audience, last year's Junior play, "The Servant of the People," fell flat. It was not designed to amuse an audience of gay promenaders. It was a serious play with a serious purpose. Mr. Kellar's "Cousins" promises us something eminently fitted for the Prom season. It has a well-defined plot and is at the same time a clever satire on local class politics. On paper it is the typical Junior play. Inasmuch as fully fifty per cent of the Prom show audience is "foreign" to the university, a satire on ourselves is duly appreciated.

Edwin Booth's performance of "Tom Pinch" was praiseworthy to the extreme as a tribute to Dickens, but as an attempt to cater to the taste of an university audience, it was ill-advised. Dickens in a tabloid drama is not Dickens, but rather a tenth carbon copy of him. Personally many of us prefer our Dickens undefiled by the class dramatist's hand, but this is not meant as a disparagement of the Edwin Booth show. It was well acted and no doubt pleasing to many. The choice of a vehicle is all we deplore.

Unless unforeseen changes take place Union Vodvil is now an assured entertainment of future years. The rise of the variety stage has been remarkable in the past ten years and it is not strange that its popularity should pass to amateur university productions. The bill this year was pleasing and of moderate variety, and most enjoyably free of those banes of the professional variety stage—animals and acrobats.

At the time this is written the performance of "Her Own Way" has yet to take place. It is assumed that in view the personal interest of the university population in the young ladies taking part the production will be an enjoyable one. However, "Her Own Way" was never startling even when played by Miss Maxine Eliot.

Of plays to come details of the Engineers' Minstrels will be found in another column. The Senior play will be some past professional success, probably along the lines of "Going Some," which made such a hit last June.

Three years of Haresfoot operas have taught the university what to expect in this regard and so it will not do to judge prematurely.

Of the organizations which are not purely student in character, the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, the Germanistische Gesell-

schaft and the Romance Language Club are giving creditable entertainments in their respective lines. Inasmuch as their work is more or less specialized in character, interest in them is not felt throughout the whole university community.

In conclusion, therefore, it is understood that the season has been and undoubtedly will be a success from every angle.

The greatest needs of dramatics at the University of Wisconsin at the present time are the production of original plays and the development of undergraduate playwrights.

HARESFOOT CLUB

"THE Pi Eyed Piper of the Delta Pi House?" a musical comedy in one act and given at the time of the Union Vodvil, marked the Haresfoot Club's first appearance of the year. In contrast with "The Wisconsin Bubble," presented in 1911, the piece was tolerably free from localisms, being a satire on sororities in general. Six musical numbers and some novel dances made it a complete minature musical comedy.

At the request of the club the act was considered by the judges in awarding the prizes. The piece was not entered in the competition because it was felt an unfair advantage would be taken of the individual acts gotten up especially for the Vodvil, inasmuch as the Haresfoot club is a regularly established dramatic organization.

The cast was as follows:

Mazie Rosenkrans, A Rushee..B. I. Kinne
Billy Batter, a Jewelry Salesman.....
.....E. J. W. Walker
Mrs. Rosenkrans, Mazie's Mother.....
.....M. Pierce
Mr. Rosenkrans, Her Henpecked Husband .....W. Kietzman
Ethelbert, Engaged to Mazie...N. Bassett
Nora, the Delta Pi Maid.....C. Talbot

Scene—Delta Pi Sorority.
Time—Fall Rushing Season, '12.

JUNIOR PLAY

"COUSINS?" the 1913 Junior play, by Herbert A. Kellar, graduate student, will be given at the Fuller Opera House February 8th, the night preceding the Junior Prom. Rehearsals have been going on nightly since the beginning of the new year under the direction of Herbert P. Stothart.

"Cousins" is a typical prom-time comedy, its scenes being laid in Madison and its situations and plot dealing with Wisconsin university life. Class election complications and co-eds are bound to furnish just the kind of laughs Prom guests expect.

The cast will be as follows:

Jack Barnard.....John E. Sheridan
James Meanwell Barnard..C. C. Chambers
Pen Newton.....Richard C. Nevin
Bess Langley.....Fay Kent
Tom Willoughby.....F. V. Hoag
Victoria Langley.....Ethel Mansfield
Tom Biddle.....Erwin Fraser
Higgins.....H. W. Brightman
Biggins.....E. E. Fiske
Nibbins.....F. R. Wahl
Mabel .....Mary Nicolls
Grace .....Hazel Chapman
Alice .....Helene Peck
France .....Katherine Ryan
Prof. Usted.....A. W. Klieforth

ENGINEERS' MINSTRELS

AFTER an absence of two years the Engineers' Minstrel Show will again make its appearance this year. March 15th and 16th are the dates set for the local performances and preparations are well under way for the event.

Many new, novel and original acts are promised as well as the latest songs, the most recent jokes and most startling features. Production rights have been secured for the most successful ballads and quips now being heard on Broadway, while scenery will be secured from the Pabst Theatre, Milwaukee.

A dollar a minute for the most acceptable sketch, twenty-five minutes or under, was the prize awarded at the end of the past semester, while monetary rewards were given for the best jokes submitted.

Herbert P. Stothart will direct the production, while William A. Kietzman, '12, will act as general chairman of the committee in charge.

SOME DAY

SOME day people will be discussing, as one of the most important events in American stage history, that there was once produced in France a play of great humorous, ethical and pictorial powers, but that it was not the joy that all beauty should be, because it was put before the public for its sex significance, as is too often done with too many French plays. But by the people who tell this story, it will be added that afterwards this play was lifted from the plane of mere sex to the realm of pure imagination by a little woman with the courage of sound convictions; and they will call the play "Chantecler," and the woman Maude Adams.

Scene in *Ein Deutsches Weinachtsspeil*—Germanistische Gesellschaft. *McKillop*

UNION VODVIL

THE second annual Union Vodvil, as produced at the gymnasium January 10th, was a signal success—so great a success in fact that there is now no doubt that in future years it will be one of the big events of the university dramatic season.

From the score or more in the preliminary tryouts, eleven were chosen for production and these vied with one another for the premier honors and accompanying prizes. Lewis D. Jones, '12, and Norman D. Bassett, '14, won the Union Board cash prize of $25, while L. Albert Zollner, '13, and B. I. Kinne, 13, in "Them Papers," were chosen by Mr. Marcus Heiman to appear at the Orpheum. "Them Papers," having been given at the Vaudeville in 1911, was not considered in awarding the Union prize.

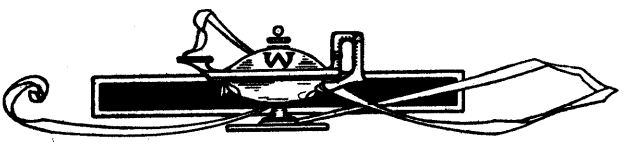
The programme as given follows:

A. Overature .....Vodvil Orchestra
B. Easy Money—One-act Farce.....
.....Elder, Jamison and Ketter
C. The Pi Eyed Piper of the Delta Pi House—One-act Musical Comedy.....The Haresfoot Club
D. The Dago Fiddler....M. G. Simonds
E. Throwing the Case—One-act Playlet.....Zollner and Ringling
F. Antony and Cleopatra.....
.....Jones and Bassett
G. That Italian Band.....U. W. Band
I. Original Songs .....
.....Esau, Haukohl and Foster

J. Axem's Dying Models.....
.....Head and Grinde
K. Billy Conway.
L. Girls' Glee Club.
M. Publicity.....Maurice Pierce
N. Them Papers.....Kinne and Zollner

STAGE ENGLISH

EDUCATED foreigners on learning English, acquire, if not a better pronunciation, certainly a richer, more exact and expressive vocabulary than native Americans, who had been brought up on the tongue. Thus one of the best masters of vigorous, idiomatic written English at Harvard is Professor Hugo Munsterberg, who, on leaving Berlin to accept his call to the Philosophic Department of Harvard twelve years ago, could write, but not speak, a word of English. Yet he mastered enough of the speech of the language between June and September to deliver, on his arrival, a set of lectures to freshmen on Elementary Psychology. Professor Munsterberg's speech still has an accent, but his conversation is built of the best idiomatic English—there is less lost between his thought and expression—than in the case of any other member of the Harvard faculty. Among stage celebrities of current fame, to a great extent, the same fact is true of Madame Alla Nazimova, who, knowing no other tongues than Russian, German and French, suddenly resolved to master English six years ago. Today Madame Nazimova's utterance is not entirely free of an accent. It would be a pity if it were, because it is an accent that gives color, cadence and distinction to her speech. But along with this charming accent, her conversation is flawless in its choice of words. Nothing is lost between her thought and the statement of her thought—which is the final test of exact expression. Consequently she is probably the best subject for interviewing of all present-day actresses. Her ideas are fresh, abundant, pungent; and her phrasing of them crisp, direct and unmistakable. And this was the way Madame Nazimova came by her store of good English; she learned only the best of the language. She did not, like the average native, go through a period of slang, of slipshod, clipped speech, but began with the best and adhered to it. Warned in the beginning against vulgarisms of speech, she began with a definite stock of good English which she has ever since increased by association and careful reading. And, even tested by her pronunciation of single words, Madame Nazimova is one of the very few persons on the contemporary American stage who does not say "eggs-it" for "exit."



FACULTY LIGHTS

CHARLES KENNETH LEITH. Professor of Geology. Wisconsin B. S. 1897, Ph.D. 1901. Alpha Chi Sigma, Sigma Xi, Acacia.

Professor Leith took part in no activities during his college life because the work that he did allowed him no extra time. For five years he worked his way as a stenographer for the United States geological survey.

The university at that time was in the transition stage, under President Adams, and Dean Birge as acting president. There was a general growth and development, with no distinctive features. In athletics Wisconsin was in the ascendency, and hero-worship was strong among the students. It was the day of Richards and Cochems and Mayberry. Wisconsin men were dissatisfied if they could not sweep the boards in any athletic contest. Many records were made in track, and then suddenly Wisconsin men were disqualified on various charges, and these records disappeared into oblivion. There was no conscious intention of professionalism, but more tolerance of the principle among the students as a whole. The school lived in a haze of athletic glory.

Professor Leith was brought up in Wisconsin. Being a local product, he naturally entered the university when the time came for it, without making any hitch. His scholastic life was all lived at Wisconsin. Since completing it he has traveled the world over.

He is glad he had to work his way through college. He was brought up in the college atmosphere and his college life does not stand out in his memory as a distinct period. It does not mean as much to him as it does to the man who leaves home to go to college, and sets aside four separate years for that purpose. He likes geology, because geologists stick together the world over. He was closely associated with Charles R. Van Hise in his work before the latter became president of the university.

He would choose Wisconsin if he had it to do over because of the peculiar nature of his vocation. His work is scattered to the four corners of the globe. In order to get a good foundation he could not scatter his training.

He took up geology because chance led him into the employ of the geological survey. He became interested in the work, and stuck to it. He grew up a geologist from that time. He believes that many vocations are chosen in the same accidental way.

Professor Leith would follow the same course if he could take his college course over again. It was no hardship for him to work, and he had plenty of money. He was a "green freshman" with the rest of them, and appreciated the need of discipline to get him into the proper shape. It was the same proposition which has been repeated many times.

JAMES FRANCIS AUGUSTINE PYRE
Associate Professor of English. University of Wisconsin, B.L. 1892; Ph.D. 1897. Beta Theta Pi.

Professor Pyre was a member of the glee club and Hesperia literary society. In the latter organization he followed oratory, winning the junior and senior contests, and taking second place in the intercollegiate contest in 1892. He played some football, and rowed on the crew. Dramatics were not strong then, the principle pursuits being plays which included town people in the casts.

University life was much simpler at that time than it is now. The northern oratorical league was organized at this time, and the college oratorical contests and joint debate were the great events of the year. Inter-collegiate debating had not begun. Inter-collegiate football and rowing also had its inception during this time. Baseball was the most popular sport, and literary societies interested a much larger element than they do now.

Professor Pyre considered going to Beloit, which then was of about the same size as the state university. However, he finally chose Wisconsin. He was a Wisconsin product. At that time the courses were much more limited, however, with greater emphasis on the classic studies.

He would choose Wisconsin again under the same relative circumstances, because it still holds the same position. He would not cut down on any of the outside activities which he followed, but would consider following some of them more closely. At that time the activities were much simpler. He believes that at this time students undertake to do more than they can do well. The student is inclined to let "politics interfere with business" and pay more attention to the incidentals than the primary idea of a real education. Each student activity enriches a man's experience, but there is a tendency to scatter the work through the elective system in scattered courses. The fundamental idea is the discipline to be derived from college work.

Professor Pyre drifted into the work of English through a natural taste for literature, which he had studied a great deal outside the class work. He took no specialized course. He had favored journalism, and almost took a position that was offered. However, he finally decided in favor of English, because it gave him the greatest opportunities to follow lines that he enjoyed.

WARREN J. MEAD—Assistant Professor of Geology, University of Wisconsin; B.S. 1906; A.M. 1908. Sigma Nu. Sigma Xi.

Professor Mead was a member of the art committee of his Badger board, but took active part in no other activities because of lack of time due to scholastic work.

During his period student self-government had its inception. The Student Conference was organized, first being composed solely of representatives of different organizations, without the class representatives. The Student Court has not yet been formed. Self-government, the idea of President Van Hise, was begun very soon after his inauguration, the S. G. A. had been in existence for some time. During this period a movement to control the lake rush was started, which finally resulted in its abolishment. Athletics began the movement down hill which is only now being reversed. The extension department was in its infancy.

Professor Mead came to Wisconsin because he was a native of the state, his father was an alumnus, and he never considered going any where else.

If he were to take his college course over, he would do exactly as he did the first time. He would take the same courses and follow the same line of work. Professor Mead has been connected with the university almost consecutively since he first entered, and sees no appreciable change in the life at Wisconsin from the time when he was here. He took up geology from a natural liking for the subject. He started in electrical engineering, but changed to geology his third year.

The University of Wisconsin

The College of Letters and Science offers a General Course in Liberal Arts; a Course in Pharmacy; a Course in Commerce; a Course in Music; a Course in Journalism; Library Training Courses in connection with the Wisconsin Library School; the Course for the Training of Teachers, and the Course in Chemistry.

The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

The College of Law offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

The College of Agriculture offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

The College of Medicine offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

The Graduate School offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University.

The University Extension Division embraces the departments of Correspondence Study, of Debating and Public Discussion, of Lectures, and of Information and General Welfare. A Municipal Reference Bureau, which is at the service of the people of the state, is maintained, also a Traveling Tuberculosis Exhibit and vocational institutes and conferences are held under these auspices.

Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

The Course in Commerce, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers.

The Courses in Pharmacy are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy.

The Course for the Training of Teachers, four years in length, is designed to prepare teachers for the secondary schools. It includes professional work in the departments of philosophy and education and in the various subjects in the high schools as well as observation work in the elementary and secondary schools of Madison.

The Course in Journalism provides four years' work in newspaper writing and practical journalism, together with courses in history, political economy political science, English literature, and philosophy, a knowledge of which is necessary for journalism of the best type.

Library Training Courses are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

The Course in Chemistry offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

The Libraries at the service of members of the University, include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 380,000 bound books and over 195,000 pamphlets.

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**

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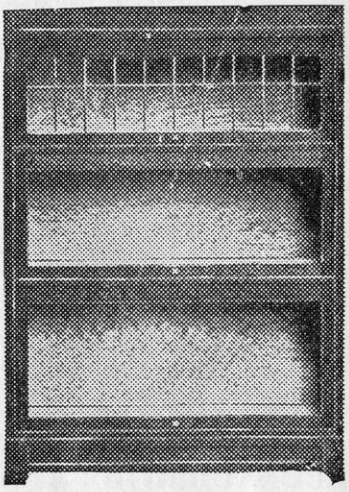

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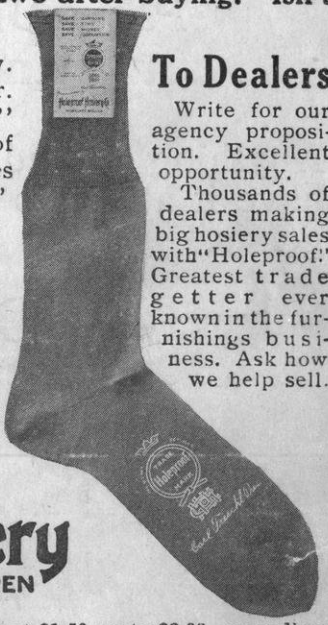

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