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THE WISCONSIN

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Col. Vilas---A Student Editor

College Spirit and Patriotism - Charles McCarthy

Champion Prospects - Charles Pelton Hutchins

The Chosen People - - Eleanor Bell, '11

Champions of the West - Voyta Wrabetz, '04

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Founded in 1903 and Published Monthly by Students of the University of Wisconsin. Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter of the second class.

VOL. VI

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 2

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**To the Uarsity eleven,
To "Mac", "Doc", "Tom" and
Our championship hopes,
We dedicate this November issue.**



DR. CHARLES McCARTHY

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

NOVEMBER, 1908

Number II

GEO. M. SHEETS, Editor
118 S. Mills Street
Phone S. 8652

DOROTHY MARIE BURNHAM, Asst. Editor
216 W. Gilman Street
ERNST JUNG, Exchange Editor,
644 Frances Street

ASSOCIATES

WALTHER I. BUCHEN ELIZABETH F. CORBETT
FRANCES LUNDQUIST RALPH BIRCHARD
ALICE L. WEBB

CARL H. JUERGENS, Business Manager
531 State Street—Phone B. 2162; S. 3409

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COLLEGE SPIRIT *and* PATRIOTISM

CHARLES MCCARTHY



HERE isn't any money in college spirit. It won't make you a "captain of industry" to wave your flag or sing your college song or stand by the team or have your heart filled with emotion when you hear of the success of comrades of your old college. For that matter there isn't any money in shouldering a gun and going out to get shot. To the eye of the Chinese or the purely commercial fold such things are all classed as preposterous and irrational. There is no money in them. There are no fine houses, automobiles, etc. But take this kind of spirit out of life. What is left? Take the patriots, the poets, the dreamers and idealists out of life and what have we? Take patriotism away and what have we?

The love of a man's college—of the success of "our fellows" is as pure a patriotism as any other, and the boys and girls who can't find time to have enthusiasm over what the college is doing or who can't sacrifice a little are just as bad citizens in

our little community as the Chinese with their lack of patriotism are in the nation. The boy who supports a losing team will fight hard for a losing cause in life, and all great causes are losing in the beginning. It was by losing that Christianity won. For weary years our liberty was fought for—a losing battle for years. Garrison fought a losing battle and was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist.

The joy of success all can share. The true man fights hardest with a forlorn hope. Fair weather friendship and fair weather patriotism are alike. Sacrifice and adversity are the real tests.

“Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched
crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be
just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,

And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.”

Wealth is useless unless it adds to the happiness of mankind and education is worse than useless if it does not turn out *men* and *women*. If it turns out merely cynical, sordid money makers it is useless. If it turns our moss-backed, owl-eyed machines for acquiring knowledge—it is useless. No real civilization was ever built on such material. When commercial interests overrule idealism and patriotism—a nation and a civilization does not last long. Idealism is the strongest force in the world. Was not Christ's life ideal? Is there any greater force in the world? Patriotism goes hand and hand with idealism. We owe everything to the unpaid sacrifice, toil and suffering of patriots.

What these are to civilization college spirit is to our little group—our college. It is the spirit that prompted our great Babcock to put aside riches. It is the spirit which has kept

many a professor in poverty while wealth and ease lay before him on the other path. It's all alike—from the same source. It is the spirit which cannot be bought and cannot be manufactured, but must come with the beating of the heart—it is akin to love.

I found a verse this summer which our regents and professors could learn and see to it that no one passes through our halls without its spirit.

“To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor while you strike him down,—
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.”

If young men leave college with that ringing in them we need not fear for this nation in times of stress or darkness. We need not fear the enervation of prosperity or the corrupting power of wealth which destroyed the fairest civilizations of antiquity. We have the essentials—patriotism and idealism.

THE CANOE

F. N.

I. THE MYSTIC VOYAGER

I built behind the house, unseen,
A white canoe, my swift canoe,
And letters at the bows I drew,
"The Mystic Voyager" in green.

And on a morn I bore my craft
Aslant upon my head with skill,
Down pasture lanes, by marsh and rill,
And launched it in the lake . . . and laughed.

II. THE LAKE

'Twas by a birch grove cool and dun,
And boulders did a pier supply,
And in the cockpit clambered I,
And paddled outward to the sun.

Then all the day from cove to cove
I dallied in enchantments glad:
I plucked from every lily pad
The pinkest bud for treasure trove;

I marked beneath the crystal roof
 Of emerald waters, in and out,
 The shiner and the horned pout
 In realms forever lightning-proof;

I marked the redwing o'er the reeds,
 O'er purple flags and cat-tails brown;
 I heard from thickets by the down,
 The thrasher with the throat that bleeds;

I heard the very clouds that stole
 Through the blue vaults of pristine air:
 Till o'er the broad earth everywhere
 The sunset made an aureole—

Till the gold circle round the sky
 A glory made o'er shade and pall,
 And in the everlasting All
 I felt me strong to live or die.

III. THE BUILDER

I was the builder and knew best
 To make my own creations then,
 My dwelling place apart from men,
 Triumphant by the perfect test:

For what I builded took me near
 The things the gods before me made—
 The goodly things for which I prayed
 As life had deepened year by year;

I builded true to earth as given,
 And true to my immortal mind,
 And found without a thought to find
 The ancient heritage of heaven.

CHAMPIONSHIP PROSPECTS

CHARLES PELTON HUTCHINS



THE YEAR 1908 dawned auspiciously for football in the middle west. The fears generated two years ago, that the confinement of intercollegiate athletics to those who are primarily students, would cripple the game and dwarf interest in it, have been proved groundless. The situation has been similar to General Lew Wallace's description of the chariot race at Antioch: "the blow fell, the thousands in the galleries poured forth their protests; the wild running, the lurching seemed beyond control, but the fever subsided and the race was on again." 1908 football has reached the place side by side with the old game and the old order, but with the sympathy of everyone "not a Roman."

No more amazing news ever flashed over wires than the virtual victory over Minnesota last fall. No more splendid effort has ever been made by a team for its University than crowned the season of 1907. The impulses sent abroad by that event stirred the athletic world to wonder and touched the hearts that hold Wisconsin dear. It was not the victory; it was not the surprise; it was the triumph of hard work, of contending for an ideal greater than the individual, greater than the mass—alma mater. What makes football the greatest of college games? Why does it find its greatest perfection in college teams? Because it cannot be played well for compensation, for self-glory, for individual preferment. Through sacrifice, through abstinence, through toil and patience comes the victory that is well won and worth having.

And thus Wisconsin began her season this fall. With a coach who, by temperament, experience and ability, is well equipped for the situation; with a nucleus from the 1907 team and the acquisition of several able players from last year's freshman team; with a feeling of unity and co-operation in the student body, the promise for the year is excellent.

Though Lawrence was defeated by a generous score and Indiana kept from the cardinal goal line, the hardest work is ahead. Marquette's record thus far stamps it a most formidable opponent. Minnesota has made tremendous strides since the game with Lawrence. The Nebraska team, heavy and almost intact from last year, was held to an even score and reported as outplayed. It seems today as if Chicago will have to be at top speed to defeat Minnesota, and Chicago will even then be further advanced in play on October thirty-first. Minnesota will continue to improve, and the Wisconsin game at Minneapolis gives every indication of being as closely contested as that of last year.

Then comes Chicago—"our friends, the enemy"—fresh from the hoped-for victory over Cornell. With the opening of the season Chicago jumped into eminence. The staying power of the maroon team made the victories over Purdue and Indiana decisive. Illinois' strength does not mean Chicago's weakness. The team that defeats Chicago this year will have earned the victory, for it will be hard won.

The little "if" is larger than ever this year. Before the ink is dry on this page prophecies may be dross. But the prospect is pregnant with interest for Wisconsin men, and Wisconsin should never need more advantage than an even chance. The well-drilled team, trained to the hour, carrying on the field the hopes and anxieties of all Wisconsin men, will do its utmost. And Wisconsin cannot ask more.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

ELEANOR BELL, '11

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" The chatter hushed for a moment as the girl's voice came from the hall.

"The 'phone! Excuse me, Graham?"

"Anything—almost."

She smiled faintly as she crossed the room. The 'phone call was opportune. Two minutes more and she might—she surely would have——! The moist night air from the open door refreshed her. It was close in the room and—she wished there were no telephones.

Graham Ford studied a carpet pattern with much attention. He rose with an air of satisfaction and sauntered across to where the couples were numerous. A golden haired infant was trying to appear interested in what an advanced law student was saying. She knew it was absorbing. He belonged to one of the best fraternities in school. The drip of the rain outside was distracting. Why did it have to rain—and on a Sunday night, in May, too?

A youth stopped a flow of witticisms long enough to ask, "What do you think of the new stroke on the crew, Graham?"

The circle turned to listen. A man who had been chairman of the junior promenade was certainly entitled to consideration. Besides, Ford had recently shown marked attentions to Elizabeth Olney, the sorority's star senior, and most of the girls thought the match as good as made. So they hung on his lightest word.

"Good man, I guess. A good oarsman, I mean, of course."

"What bunch is he in?" inquired she of the golden hair.

"None. He is a non-fraternity man."

"Oh!" She heard the rain drip again. The listeners turned to each other; the subject was apparently exhausted. They looked up in surprise when Ford said:

"Yes, he's a barb, but what of that? He's a man and I'm not narrow enough to look down on anyone just because he's not in a fraternity. There are lots of good men outside of fraternities. Why, I can think of—three or four, anyhow."

"Oh, of course they're good men—but!" said a thoughtful girl.

"Yes, that's it," said Ford. "But—! We don't like them, that's all. We know they are smart and that they do lots of things, and we appreciate their work and admire them, but—They're not like us and they never can be."

"And if I were you I'd be glad of it, Graham," said one of the girls as she came close to him.

"Why?"

The girl pointed significantly to the hall where Elizabeth had gone.

"There's a certain barb who comes here often to see her."

"I know that—but it doesn't worry me any!"

"Well, don't be confident, Graham. Robert Hartley is not to be despised. I think there is something between him and Elizabeth—something none of us know about. I don't notice it so much of late as I did."

"Thanks for your solicitude," said Ford dryly, "but I think I can take care of myself."

"Good luck," said the girl, "and try hard, Graham. I'll never forgive you if you let a mere barb beat you out."

Elizabeth came quickly across the room.

"Graham," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Anything."

"Then go."

"What, now?"

"Yes, now, Mr. Hartley is coming. I tried to put him off but he wouldn't be put off."

"Naturally, Elizabeth, I am very anxious to leave so Mr. Hartley can enjoy himself."

"I know it's a sacrifice, Graham, but if I were you I'd make it.

"You're not me,—I stay. Come over to the window seat where it isn't so noisy."

The others had gathered around the piano to sing. The vicinity of the window seat was deserted.

"What is this Hartley doing around here on Sunday night," inquired Ford when they were seated.

"Mr. Hartley is coming to see me. He isn't coming to see you. If you don't like it—"

"I can get out. I see. Elizabeth, do you really enjoy having him here? Are you at ease? Does he fit? Don't the girls laugh at him—and you? Of course he can't help it that he is rough and—a little uncouth, perhaps,—in short, a barb—But don't they?"

Elizabeth could think of no reply. The truth is hard to answer.

"All right," said Ford, rising. "I'll go—and he can come. Hello, he's here now."

He walked across to Hartley, who stood awkwardly by the door, looking around the room for Elizabeth.

"Hello, Hartley. Is it true what I heard—that you were going to join the Theta Psis?"

"No."

"No? Sorry. I was just going to congratulate you. Well, I have to go meet a train. I shall be back inside of an hour. In the meanwhile I'll leave Miss Olney with you. I understand you're quite a parlor entertainer."

He stepped jauntily down the hall, oblivious to Elizabeth's reproachful glances.

It seemed to Hartley that he felt a silent yet palpable protest from the gathering of which he was, for the time, a part.

He seemed to hear them say, "You are among us but not of us. Can you not see that you are unwelcome—undesired?"

Their manner was courteous enough. There was no one thing that could be seized on as a cause of offence. But the courtesy was not that which they used in their daily intercourse with each other. A certain indefinable something, intangible, but palpable enough, was always present to remind him that he was in some way different. The world-old distaste of the commoner for the aristocrat grew strong in him—the distaste of the efficient man who does a good work and does it well, for those who set themselves apart.

He would show them that, although he was of another people, he could win for himself whom of them he chose.

There had been an understanding between him and Elizabeth that was the virtual equivalent of an engagement of marriage, although at her request they had told no one of it. He would ask for her permission to announce it. Ford's air of assured ownership had caused his gorge to rise.

They sat down by the open window. The group at the piano became more noisy than ever.

"Beth," said Hartley, "I wish you would let me announce the understanding we arrived at last winter."

"But why should we?" said the girl. "Things are well enough as they are. I would hate to have every one point me out as an engaged girl. I would feel as if I were a piece of property with a big 'No Trespass' sign on it. It would spoil my good times and I do not see what we would gain by it. Why not leave things as they are?"

"But am I not worth as much as your good time? I have never asked anything of you. I have held to it that what you gave I would receive thankfully, and what you withheld I would not ask. I have thought this over carefully, though, and I realize perfectly what I am asking. You are not afraid to give me all your trust and confidence in private—why should you be afraid to do so before every one. A good time for a

month is, after all, a very little thing and besides, is it so good?"

She turned to answer a question from one of the girls in the other room. After that she stared thoughtfully for some seconds at the toe of her boot.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I think it is very good. You have done a great deal for me, Robert. You saved my father his position in your father's firm the time he—did what he did. If it had not been for you I would not be here now. I know you did it without any thought of reward and I am very grateful for it. More grateful than I can say. In June when we graduate we can announce our engagement and it will be just as well. Let us leave things as they are."

"I'm not asking to change things at all. Let us leave things as they are—but let people see how they are. Do you think I'm not human—that slights like you heard Ford give me to-night don't hurt me?"

"But you are foolish, Robert, to be jealous. You know there is no cause."

"Oh, no, there is no cause. But I'll tell you, Bess, why I'm asking this so insistently. It is because I want you to choose between the people you associate with and me. The real reason for your stand in this is not what you have said but because you are half ashamed of me. You think—you know—that they, out in the other room, will sneer at me and therefore at you—when they hear it. 'Engaged to a barb—common barb!' That's your reason and you know it is. And that is why I am asking you to choose between them and me. Choose. Choose, Elizabeth. Choose, now."

She gazed into the blackness the window framed. The noise of the piano ceased abruptly. In the stillness she heard the measured, monotonous drip of the spring rain. When she answered it was in a low, gentle voice.

"You are a bold man, Robert, and because you are bold, and brave, and good I will tell you just what I think. To one of us here I would not tell it so frankly because we do not use

overfrank truths; that is why we get along so smoothly and are—what we are. I have been learning it since last winter—that what I promised to be to you I can never be. It would be sheer folly and injustice to you. These are my people. You see them. You know them. You can do many things they cannot do, you are now what they can never be, perhaps—but you are not their equal, and you never will be. You lack something that they have—I cannot say exactly what. And try as you might you could never get that something. You could never be one of our kind. You have told me to choose. You are here and my people are here. I see both plainly, and—I choose my people.

She rose at the conclusion of the sentence. They walked silently into the hall. When he had opened the outer door, he turned and looked her in the eyes:

“I thank you for what you have taught me, Beth,” he said. “You have been good to me, and I thank you. Out there,” he made a little gesture toward the night, “they judge a man by what he does. I think I am a fighter born and will do things worth while before I die. I can walk my path alone without whining. Good-bye.”

He went out with a light step, shoulders braced back and head erect. But when he reached the street his chin sank to his breast and his shoulders drooped as he slouched wearily homeward through the drizzling rain.

CARMEN COMES

HARRIET MAXON, '11

A silvered laugh,
A half-breathed song,
A sudden pause
In the gay-clad throng.

The smoke-wreathed sparks
Of the cigarettes,
Then—the far cling-clink
Of the castanettes.

A mocking pair
Of half-veiled eyes;
Smooth-curving lips
Where the wine's red lies.

Through the mists of smoke
A fire-spark shows
In her hair's dull cloud
A heart-red rose.

A light strain wakes
To match her dance,
A heart's chord breaks
At each wayward glance.

The loud strain droops
To a minor key
The music throbs
Its melody.

Like a lingering breath
From a rose-filled jar,
Comes the low, quick note
Of a far guitar.

A fan's quick snap
Then, smiles that chain,
A dash of steps
To a light refrain.

A ringing laugh
On the south wind blows
As he stoops to seize
A heart-red rose.

FOOTBALL FUSSING

DOROTHY MARIE BURNHAM

"Oh, what a crowded car! Don't you think we'd better walk? . . . Well, all right, only my hat . . .

"Did you see that rude man? He nearly knocked me over! . . . No, I can't reach the strap, and besides I have my hat and my muff too . . . Thank you, I will take your arm. I can do that without dropping my muff.

"See that bunch of people in the corner . . . No, those with the streamers on. Don't they act self-satisfied though? I suppose they think their team— . . . Oh, are we there already? . . .

"Just see how squashed my bow is! Is my hat on straight? . . . Are you sure? . . . Jack, you're not looking at my hat at all! I'm sure I don't know who that big beefy looking man is,—what I want to know is if my hat—

"Oh, there's the band! Let's hurry and get in. Are we near the band, Jack? . . . How horrid to have it in front of the rooters' section. Why don't they have it where the girls are? I think it would be much more courteous.

"Why don't we hurry? . . . Well, I don't see why it takes them so long just to walk through a gate. Goodness, Jack, look out! You nearly broke my feather! Do watch it and don't let anybody break it . . .

"Thank goodness, we're in! Oh, they've begun! . . . But I see them running around out there! . . . Well, I think they are very silly to try to show off before the game. Are they our men or theirs? . . . I thought they weren't ours,—they look so mean and rough . . .

"Do you think its safe as high up as this? . . . Well, but perhaps somebody would exchange with us, as long as you couldn't get them lower down. There, I see two fellows you know over there, wave at them, Jack! . . . Oh, are *those* rooters? . . . Why do they call them that? . . .

"Oh, here comes our team. Don't they look nice? So different from those other men. Has the game begun yet? . . . You ought to tell me a little about it, Jack, so I'll understand . . . No, I don't know anything about it but a touchdown . . .

"Oh dear, now they've begun and I don't know what they're doing! Who's ahead, Jack? . . . *Nobody*? But one or the other must be! . . . What are those men doing, running up and down with those sticks and a string? . . . Well, but what dif—oh, did you see that? That great big brute knocked that little fellow right down! Why don't they put him out of the game? . . . Well, I don't think the faculty ought to allow tackling . . . Oh, was it a Wisconsin man? . . . Well, I'm sure none of our boys would tackle unless it were absolutely necessary.

"Oh, *Oh* look Jack! See that man run! That was in our favor wasn't it? . . . Just look at that horrid man! What is he,—the umpire? Look at the umpire making them go clear back! Isn't he mean? I'm sure he's favoring their side. What right has he to do that, Jack? . . . Well, but what's an off-side play? . . . How did they get the ball? Who gave it to them? That horrid referee again? Answer me, Jack . . . Very well, I won't say another word to you, then! . . .

"Now the band's going to play . . . Oh, dear, I wish it wouldn't play Varsity so often. I drop my handkerchief every time I get up.

"*What* happened, Jack? I can't see a thing. Did we win? . . . A touchdown? Oh goody! . . . Hear them yell! . . .

"Is it over? Did we win? . . . Well, but they are all going off the field . . . O yes, I remember now about the halves.

" . . . No, I don't mind if you smoke. I'm covered now with cigarette ashes and peanut shells and tobacco, so I won't mind a little more. How can any one be so vulgar as to eat in a place like this, do you suppose? . . . Oh, did you bring some bittersweets? Well—I think they are different from peanuts, don't you? . . . Now Jack! I mean they don't crackle or get all over you . . . Oh, I forgot about my veil. I can't eat them unless I take it off. Do you suppose you could unpin it, Jack? . . . Why, its perfectly simple, you just take out the butterfly hat-pin and the ball hat-pin, and the ends are tucked under the illusion . . . Yes, that's right. Ow, you're pulling my hair! There, thanks awfully. Will you put it in your pocket, please? *Not* with a sack of Bull Durham. I always use lavender sachet.

"Is this the second half? . . . They don't look as clean and fresh as they did in the first . . . Oh, look! Is that their man or ours that has the ball? Look at him go . . . Their man, you say? Oh, dear! Yes, he's made a touchdown . . . *What* did you say, Jack? . . . *What are* you saying "Oh well" for? You don't sound very cheerful . . .

"Now what is he going to do? . . . Can he kick that far? . . . I should hate to be the man who is holding it. Suppose he should be kicked instead! . . .

"It didn't go over, did it? . . . Does that count anything for us? . . . I wish our men would hurry and make some touchdowns . . . Yes, I know we're ahead, but I want our score to be about thirty . . .

"Jack, do you like this hat on me? . . . Very well, then, *don't* look . . . Why, of course, I supposed you came to see the game, but you might look at me once or twice, I should think. They'll yell if any thing happens . . .

Well, what did you bring me for if you can't talk to me or look at me? . . . What did you say, Jack? . . . *What did you say?* . . . Yes, you did, you muttered something under your breath. I heard you. What's everybody getting up for? Oh, 'Varsity again.

"Isn't it cold? . . . Why I am too! I've got on furs and a thick suit! . . . Well, I never wear high shoes except in the dead of winter. Anyway, my feet aren't cold! . . . What's the matter? . . . It isn't *over*? . . . But it's a tie now. Won't the umpire let them play it off? . . . Isn't he mean? I should think they'd make a fuss. *I* would.

"Oh dear, this awful crowd! I know my feather will be broken. Do watch out for it, Jack. Never mind *me*, just the feather . . .

"Yes, I am rather tired . . . Yes, sort of cold . . . No, I don't believe I like it *very* well. Perhaps now that I understand the game I'll like it better . . . Yes, I believe I *would* rather go to a party next week, Jack!"

MOSES VERSUS SAUNDY

WILLIAM BILTON KEMP

“Na, na, Jean, I canna bide yon Jew fellow, I canna bide him. I dinna like the ill look o’ ’im. See sic a mess as he’s made o’ his garden,” he continued slowly and meditatively, at the same time pointing through the window, “an’ only here a week. It’s a heap o’ iron here an’ rags thonder, an’ rubbers an’ auld bottles a’ about. I canna bide thae ragmen wi’ a’ their litter. Na, na. We used t’ keep it lookin’ guid about here, but it’s nae use t’ try noo.”

“Saundy Robinson,” rebuked his wife, “Saundy, man, dinna be sae doon hearted about it. They’ll no’ bide.”

“D’ye think no’?” he answered eagerly, d’ye no’ think it? He canna gang too soon for me. ‘Twill be a guid riddance. He’s a daft like lookin’ brit. I’m no sae sure he’ll bide content wi’ what’s his ain. I’m thinkin’ he’s no’ what he might be, ye ken. We’ll see, Jean, we’ll see.”

He paused a moment and looked out upon the gathering disorder. Then he suddenly straightened up and stepped back from the window. An expression half of anger and half of disgust passed over his face before he gave vent to his feelings.

“Jean, d’ye see yon load? He’s comin’ again wi’ twa mair auld stoves, an’ a stack o’ rags. We didna ken what we’d get when Johnnie sold oot. Sic a low doon guid for naethin’ whelp. I canna bide him,” he repeated as he turned away.

“Oh, dinna mind, Saundy, dinna mind him. We needna care if he keeps t’ his ain yard. Come awa’ man, come awa’ an’ dinna glower at him. It does nae guid.”

With an ill concealed sigh he sank into his chair and feigned an interest in his newspaper. His finger nervously packed the tobacco in his pipe and he puffed the smoke toward the window before which he had been standing.

Moses Goldstein was not the sort to make the most agreeable neighbor for Saundy. There was nothing meek about his appearance, yet his manner was usually as smooth and unostentations as befitted his vocation. With him Saundy had little trials un-numbered. Of all the garden troubles and the irritable conduct of the Goldstein cow it is useless to relate. Something occurred daily. To recount all would be a tedious and thankless undertaking. Let it suffice to say that when nothing was actually in progress, Saundy speculated on the probable course of events for the next few hours.

One evening he sat as usual by the open window evidently enjoying himself in the feeble, quiet twilight, for Moses had been gone all day. Suddenly two pistol shots rang out and there came a great rush upon the walk. A man sprang up to the door and pounded loudly for admittance. While Saundy rose to his feet and hurried to open it his wife hastily lighted a lamp. As the door swung back a dark form thrust itself into the room where it stood trembling and gasping for breath. As the light brightened and illumined the room, the shape resolved itself into Moses.

"Oh, help! Pity a poor man," muttered the frightened rag peddler hardly above a whisper. His chattering teeth broke up the words unevenly. "Help! Help! They do murder me! They have guns. Help or they shoot me. What shall I do? I am a dead man. Oh! Help a poor man! Help!"

"Tut, tut, man, haud yer tongue. Dinna let it wrack ye. Whare did they gang?"

"My wagon—They have it. What now will I do? If I go they kill me. Help a—

"Get oot o' here, ye bletherin' skellum. What hae I tee do wi' yer auld rags? They'll no' hurt ye. They wouldna tak

the pains. Gang oot like a man an' they'll a' skeedadle when they see ye. Gang along noo an' dinna be feart."

"Help a poor man."

"The diel help ye. Get oot. I canna do onythin' for ye. Gang oot an' get yer auld iron. Gang awa'."

Moses, not having received much enlightenment from Saundy's vocabulary, stood irresolute on the threshold. He glanced doubtfully first at the gathering darkness outside, then at the Scotchman standing beside him. He was too terrified to think. Saundy seeing the opportunity slammed and bolted the door as he shoved the man outside.

"Gang awa' noo, ye auld fool." laughed Saundy as he returned to his chair.

"Saundy, I'm sair 'shamed o' ye. Treating ony man in sic a way is no meet for the likes o' ye. Saunders, why did ye no help the pair man in need?"

"Oh, he doesna need it," as he laughed quietly and watched her intently for some moments.

"Na, Jean, dinna be fashed about *him*. He's nae mair need o' help than I hae mysel'."

"He's no', Saundy?"

"Na, he's no! An' did ye no' hear the laddies? I heard ilka word o' it. I dinna blame them. He's nae business takin what folk dinna wish t' sell nor gie t' him. I canna see why they sudna try t' get it back. It's a guid ane on Moses. They'll hae it an awa afore he's back t' his aiver an rags. It was weel warked."

Saundy watched from the dark window while Moses, still nervous, drove home and unharnessed the horse. Saundy could appreciate the whole humor of the situation as even the quilty boys could not.

"He maun weel tak' a heed an' no pick up a' his e'e an' haun' fa's on," said Saundy with a peculiar quavering determination in his voice.

The treatment which Moses received at the hands of the Scotchman on this occasion was not conducive to any greater

intimacy except of a hostile nature. The intrusions of the hungry cow became more frequent and the piles of scrap iron began to infringe upon Saundy's lot. Open hostility was evident. The Scotchman did all in his power to render the junk dealer miserable in the hope of freeing the neighborhood of its stigma. As fast as the iron crossed the boundary he flung it back wherever he could break the most bottles or do the greatest general damage. All his actions, however, seemed in vain. The anchorage of scrap iron which held Moses grew from day to day, and the heap of old bottles was replenished faster than Saundy's ingenuity could break them. To move Moses without the equipage was out of the question and to get rid of the scrap anchor would have puzzled Hercules.

One day in the early autumn Jean noticed that Saundy entered the house with an expression of quiet determination. He marched to the old bureau in which he kept his ammunition and fishing tackle.

"Are ye goin' t' kill a dog, Saundy?" inquired Jean.

"I hope no'," growled Saundy, "but I'll gie him an awfu' fright I'm thinkin'."

Out into the wood-shed he went without another word, but he did not take the gun.

Jean wondered what he could be doing. She had seldom seen him in this "glum", determined mood. All her surmises, however, were far from the truth. Saundy surprised her by his remark when he returned,—

"Here, Jean, here's an armfu' o' wood. Dinna gang oot for ony yersel. I'll get ye a' ye need an' if ye want ony ca' me. Ye'll mind about it?"

"Aye, Saundy," she answered in vague wonder.

Ye'll ken a' about it in a wee," he promised as he noticed her deep concern.

Every day the wood-box was full and, mysteriously, it remained so. It was a new experience to Jean, but she liked the arrangement and said nothing. She could not formulate any reason but "daftness" for Saundy's conduct.

Finally the crisis came. It was early in the forenoon. Saundy was coolly surveying his garden and watching the junk through one small corner of his eye. Suddenly there was a muffled explosion and a great clatter, followed by a yell of fear from Goldstein's house. Moses literally shot out. He came from the door like a puff of smoke from a cannon. As he ran he shouted at the topmost power of his lungs,—

"Murder! I will be in my own house killed! Help! Murder! My stove it iss blowed all up; all ofer my house in pieces it is. What can I do? It iss to kill me. My house it burns. Help!"

This time Saundy helped with a will. He rushed out a garden hose and turned the water into Goldstein's kitchen. The flames were easily extinguished. As he stood in the dripping room before the shattered stove, he turned to Goldstein and remarked in a tone of cold, Scotch sarcasm—

"Mair junk, an' no need t' haul it here wi' yon aiver either."

When Saundy entered his own kitchen, Jean noticed his air of self satisfied importance.

"Weel," said he slowly, as if enjoying the sound of every syllable as it was uttered, "weel, Jean, ye'll maybe no' believe it, but Moses gangs awa' frae the toon at the month's end. Aye, he gangs awa' wi' rags, rubbers, auld iron, bottles an' a'," as he straightened up to his full height and deliberately folded his arms across his chest.

"He's a gae queer, toom headed, guid for naethin' thon, an' an awful length I had t' go t' be rid o' him.

"I dinna like him, Jean, I canna bide him. It's guid there's no' mony mair like him."

THE OLDER ARTIST

WALTHER BUCHEN

“Yes, I did that. Men call it a good work—
At least they gave me somewhat of their gold
To show their judgment. The good coin was cold,
Oh, cold and hard—and caused my young soul irk,
Uneasiness and tears, because I thought:

‘A mess of pottage for God’s gracious gift?
Uplift the race at so much per uplift?
Is art a chaffered thing now sold, now bought?’

I nursed some fine ideals when I was young—
They make me smile now when I think of them.
O youth, so swift to praise and to condemn!
Young feet so swift to right another’s wrong—
You make me smile, you make me smile—and sigh.

The things I did and that I meant to do
Are far apart. Ideals were frail and few—
To bring a truth home I have had to lie.
If you would win attention, make men glad—
They’ll listen to you if you jest and jape,
That’s nature in these grandsons of the ape!

No greater god than I have now, I had—
Nor yet a lesser. Shadowy and dim—
Nor kind, nor cold, but void of love and hate—
He sees unsmiling what his law of fate
Works and unworks, creates and kills, for him.
I have not feared nor loved him, nor despised,

But as I knew his law read, so I wrought.
I made my thought a dream, my dream a thought.
My art was life, unguessed at—unsurmised!

Well, in the end I took the proffered gold—
I built a house with it and lodged a love—
And later, when the hunger came to rove
Found I could melt men's blued-steel hearts and hold
Them faster with it than my right hand's craft.
I tell you, lad, it is a fairer mark,
That aureate goal that flashes through life's dark—
Though all the Old Ones sneered at it and laughed—
Than art's red shield hid in the rosy haze
Of visions, dreams, and all but vain desire.
Is it so warm, this so much lauded fire
Of soul? So great the vaunted crown of bays?

Boy, when the men who make our world today
Part with their money for the thing you do
They think it is a noble work, and you
May take their cash—and thank your gods—and pray
For strength and wit to turn the trick again.
Go, get their money, that's the surest test
Of you, your art, and what you call her best.
Gold is the cold criterion of men."

GEORGE GISSING

AFFA HUBBELL



HE WORKS of George Gissing are so influenced and dominated by his life that they are to a great extent autobiographical. He was born in 1857 to a life of hardship, of poverty, of pessimism, which is plainly revealed in many of his stories. His career is one of many occupations,—a clerkship in Liverpool, a “searing experience” in America, gas fitting in Boston and private tutorships,—all of them indicative of poverty and insult. Often without employment other than what the editors would give him, he led a life that a tramp would have scorned. He tells of standing before bake shops unable to purchase one pennyworth of food. It is, perhaps, the memory of his early misfortunes which causes his pessimism.

The life of Gissing can, however, be best indicated by the character of his books. His best work is found in his short stories, which are included in the volume of “The House of Cobwebs,” the one exception being “The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.” “Topham’s Chance” is an instance of experience taken from his own life, as far as regards the character of Topham. A poor, over-worked, underpaid, or rather unpaid tutor in a correspondence course which has but two on the staff of instruction, is the hero of the story. Starkey, the head of the course, is a hard, unfeeling man, who appreciates the value of Topham, but not enough to insure decent treatment of his subordinate. The latter is in birth and breeding superior to

his employer, and he chafes against the insults he receives. Finally he asks for the money due him on the ground that he desires a shave. Starkey tosses him a six pence and leaves. A visitor is announced, one Abraham Wigmore, who wishes to study to be a curate in order that his daughters, who have married well-educated men, may not be ashamed of him. Topham, masquerading as Starkey, accepts a position as private tutor, and leaves his old employer on the spot. Later he confesses his real name to Wigmore, who takes the deception good naturedly.

"Topham's Chance" shows a man of fine sensibilities exposed, as Gissing was, to insults from coarser minded men. While sufficiently realistic, it possesses little dramatic interest, and is narrated in an almost coldly impersonal way. The sympathies of the author, while plainly not with Starkey, scarcely seem to be with Topham or even Wigmore.

"Christopherson" embodies Gissing's love for books. This lovable old book-collector has a sick wife whose sister has offered to furnish them a home if the old man will give up his books. He refuses, but when his wife gets worse, he yields. An intensely dramatic scene is that in which Christopherson, temporarily deranged, calls his books "curses," and begins to throw them into the street. All of the stories are realistic in their portrayal of utter misery or privation.

"The Lodger of Maze Pond" is one of the more peculiar stories. A man of education and refinement, in a moment of longing for female sympathy, proposes marriage to an uneducated girl who cares for his rooms. She accepts him, and they are married, although he comes to a realization of the fact that she cannot make him happy.

His first novel appeared in 1880, "Workers of the Dawn," which has been classed as rude and immature. Gissing was hampered at this time by the influence of mid-Victorian fiction.

His succeeding novels embody the morbid spirit which characterizes Gissing throughout. He did not have the faculty of separating his own personality from those of his books, and the

result is a morbid, self-analytic piece of work, unfortunately too true to the sadder part of life. In 1886-7 he published "Isabel Clarendon," in which the morbid and melancholy Kirg-cote recalls Gissing.

It is significant that the influence of Dickens was at all times strong upon Gissing. The book showing it most is "Thyrza," a story of the slums, Lambeth Walk. The most striking character is Gilbert Grail, a "tender-souled, book-worshipping factory hand," raised to the prospect of intellectual life and then by some caprice or irony of fate, plunged to unrelenting toil in the soap and candle factory. There is a passage in this book which can scarcely be equalled.

"Do you know that music of the obscure ways to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright you must stand in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for a moment be at one with those who dwell around in the blear-eyed houses, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar clanging of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half-revealed. The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labor and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigor, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen. It is the half-conscious striving of a nature which knows not what it would attain, which deforms a true thought by gross expression, which clutches at the beautiful and soils it with foul hands."

But of all Gissing's books, twenty-six in number, none is so characteristic of the man as is "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which is not a novel, not an autobiography, and yet

partakes of the nature of both. Perhaps it was written on much the same basis that critics assign to Tennyson's "Maud," that the author used this method of transcribing the thoughts he could express in no other way. But there is this difference: "Maud" is a collection of ravings against humanity, fate, woman, and for a woman. "Ryecroft" is a collection of peaceful thoughts, some sad, but all hopeful and calm. Ryecroft was a hack writer who worked hard, taking his toil as a matter of course, and rarely grumbling. For ten years this life continued until, at the age of fifty, he received an annuity of three hundred pounds. He retired from London and established himself in a cottage near Exeter, where he died a few years later. He had, on leaving London, bidden farewell to authorship, but he still wrote, and these writings form the basis of "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." They are fragmentary in character and seem to have little connection with each other.

Ryecroft is, of course, Gissing himself, and the papers are especially interesting because they give an idea of the character of the man who wrote them. No adequate synopsis of the book can be given; neither can any selection of passages be made without omitting other portions equally beautiful. The whole series gives us a picture of the quiet, scholarly man, content in his secluded home. He tells us, "My house is perfect. Just large enough to allow the grace of order in domestic circumstances." He concerns himself little with aesthetics. "As to such trifles as the tint and device of wall paper, I confess my indifference; be the walls only unobtrusive, and I am satisfied. The first thing in one's home is comfort; let beauty of detail be added if one has the means, the patience, the eye."

The very simplicity of his language is forceful, inasmuch as quiet coloring in a picture is more effective than gaudy and tawdry hues. The first characteristic gives a gentle and permanent impression to our minds; the second annoys and repels. He was a living embodiment of his definition of art—"an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life."

Gissing died at the height of his power, forty-six years of age. Like "Ryecroft," he was accustomed to the idea of death, for he makes his hero write thus:

"I could wish for another year; yet, if I knew not one more awaited me, I should not grumble. When I was ill at ease in the world, it would have been hard to die; I had lived to no purpose that I could discover; the end would have seemed abrupt and meaningless. Now, my life is rounded; it began with the natural irreflective happiness of childhood; it will close in the reasoned tranquillity of the mature mind. How many a time, after long labour on some piece of writing, brought at length to its conclusion, have I laid down the pen with a sigh of thankfulness; the work was full of faults, but I had wrought sincerely, had done what time and circumstance and my own nature permitted. Even so may it be with me in my last hour. May I look back on life as a long task duly completed,—a piece of biography, faulty enough but good as I had made it—and, with no thought but one of contentment, welcome the repose to follow when I have breathed the word, 'Finis.' "

CHAMPIONS OF THE WEST

VOYTA WRABETZ, '03; LAW, '06



THE PROSPECT of another championship season for the husky Badger team brings back to alumni everywhere, and especially to those who passed through the exciting years up to 1901, the memories of successful and glorious achievements of former Wisconsin football elevens. For the old grad these memories create new feelings of enthusiasm and exultation, when he recalls the names and deeds of the great men of past years.

Under Phil King, Wisconsin probably first settled itself into a system and style of game that distinguished it from the other teams of the west. The most important difference was the secondary line of defense which, for a time, was used only by Wisconsin. The idea was ridiculed by western critics. Nevertheless, King drilled his men in the use of a double line of defense, and history shows that opposing teams found it hard indeed to score on the Badgers. Even in defeat, the scores were never overwhelming, as was the case when the game turned the other way. Other teams and coaches have slowly but surely followed the footsteps of the "Leader" and have adopted some form of a double line of defense.

Phil King's teams, and in fact all other Badger teams were made up of eleven tried and true men. By the time of the big games, under good coaching and by willing and enthusiastic response of the players, a machine was created. Victory or defeat rested not with the success or ability of one or two men, but with the strength or weakness of a team. The

elevens were not built around a Hirschberger, Eckersoll, Heston, Hernstein or a Capron, though we have had men on our teams who were the equals of those above named. It has been stated, that in the days of Pat O'Dea our team was built about that player. In contradiction of that idea, however, it can be shown that on a muddy field, when a kicking game is almost impossible, Yale barely beat Wisconsin by a score of 6 to 0. Again in 1899, after the withdrawal of O'Dea from the game, Wisconsin defeated Michigan at Chicago by the score of 17 to 5. It can be said, therefore, without lessening O'Dea's greatness but in praise of them all, that Badger teams have been without exception, teams in every sense of the word.

Of course, even in the old days Wisconsin teams were sometimes defeated. They were defeated, but always after playing the game with utmost vigor until the end. Indeed, so valiantly did the Badgers play in defeat, that applause and favorable comment from critics and opposing teams and coaches always greeted them. Their defeat meant a well earned and hard fought victory for their opponents. "There are no quitters at Wisconsin" had even then become the slogan of Wisconsin men and the fear of western teams.

Wisconsin's success reached its climax in the season of 1901. With a very light team, the Badgers overwhelmingly defeated all their opponents in the so-called practice games. More than that, even the game with Chicago seemed in this class, resulting as it did in a score of 35 to 0. So swift, so fierce, so absolutely perfect and machine-like was the attack and so impregnable was the stone wall defense that the Chicago rooters' battle cry of "Chicago, Chicago, Chicago" ended in a low, long-drawn wailing "Oh." However, the season was not over with that game. Minnesota had a team made up of eleven giants—the heaviest team probably that was ever assembled to represent one university. Up to that time it had been invincible. Large scores were numbered in its list of victories. Wisconsin would surely be defeated. The gophers had great confidence in the outcome

of the game. Even the critics seemed to be of the opinion that Minnesota, by the records made and because of the great difference in weight, would win.

One day they came; a day just suited for a great football contest. Minnesota's great giants marched onto the gridiron in clean, new uniforms. They did seem too big to beat. Then the Badgers skipped onto the field, their football togs mud-bespattered and torn,—comparatively small men,—not heavier than our team this year. Some of the faint-hearted sighed; others, and chiefly among those others, the scrubs, gritted their teeth and smiled grimly. Oh, the memory of that day. Shall we who witnessed that game ever forget it? Shall we ever forget the plunges of Driver and "Norsky," the end runs of Cochems behind perfect interference of Driver and Norsky? Do you remember how Juneau tackled that tall, slender Dobie for a ten yard loss, how "Art" Curtis stopped Fee in his mad dash for the goal, and how Juneau got the ball behind Minnesota's goal for a safety? That play of Juneau's and the fierce and swift attack of the Badgers at the very beginning of the game, read defeat for the Gophers. They lost heart. Seventeen points were tolled against them in the first half. A careful defensive game in the second half and all over over.

The work and achievements of the season of 1901 show several things. Unquestionably it established the fact that Phil King was the greatest professional coach of football under the old rules. He knew all the details of the game, both as to team work and development of the individual. In defense, Wisconsin's teams under King were never equaled, while at the same time their offensive play was effective. One of his qualities was his great ability to make his teams play throughout a game with utmost vim and vigor. His enthusiasm and energy was infused into the players. During the last several years he was assisted greatly by McCarthy, who added much to the offensive work of the team. In the great work of that season, King was aided by the greatest master of the game. Master, not professional coach, "Mac" worked with Badgers as a volunteer and lover of ath-

letics. As such and because of what he has done for Wisconsin, the writer says as do all alumni, "Hats off to MacCarthy."

In football all that is beef and weight does not win games. While this statement may not be proverbial, yet the scores of 1901 prove that light men, even under the old rules, could win a championship. In "Art" Curtis we had a lighter man than any who played a tackle position, yet he was the superior of all. "Activity" Tratt, lighter almost than our present day quarterback, was all that his name implies. "Norsky" Larson, "Eddie" Cochems, Juneau, Haumerson, Abbott, all light men, yet none played better football at Wisconsin or anywhere else. Beside these we had stars in Emil Skow, Earl Driver, and Arnie Lerum.

One important factor in a championship team and shown to be more important than all else in the season of 1901 was that a strong squad of "subs" or "scrubs" is necessary. The wearers of the silver footballs of that season were stars, too, the non-illuminous stars, whom ordinarily the rooters do not see or appreciate. It can be recalled by the members of the team of that year, how the scrubs, using Minnesota's formations, were able to defeat the varsity by a decisive score every night for a week up to a day before the great contest. Why did we win from Minnesota? Because we had a second team strong enough to run off Minnesota's plays effectively and so enable the varsity to meet the Minnesota formations forewarned and forearmed.

After that glorious season of success our sun was dimmed because of some uncontrollable circumstances. During the season of 1902 we lost all the big games by small scores. We lacked material, not for a varsity team, but for the scrubs. Their ranks had been greatly lessened. Nevertheless we lost, playing however with pluck and courage, with honor upheld and a student body back of the team. Then came criticism of the coaching system for reasons which are not worthy of mention. Phil King did not return to us. The athletic directors then attempted a graduate coaching system, such as is used by the universities of the east. "Art" Curtis was employed as coach. Did we

change our system of coaching? We had one coach, a Princeton man, during prior years; after the supposed change we had one coach, a Wisconsin man. The writer is of the opinion that so far as Wisconsin is concerned the graduate system of coaching is still untried.

Following this change, Wisconsin has had several disastrous seasons considered from the standpoint of games won. In 1903 we outplayed Chicago, but Eckersoll's foot beat us, fairly enough, as goals from the field are a part of the game. In other games of the season we were simply beaten by better teams.

In 1904 Wisconsin received its greatest defeats, both Michigan and Minnesota winning from us by scores of 28 to 0. Wisconsin, however, still playing pluckily after having been defeated by large scores, met Chicago and won. During the same season Chicago defeated Michigan by a score of 2 to 0. The question as to who were champions for that season was rather unsettled. The enthusiastic rooter or player could interpret the scores according to his fancy and in such a manner as to make his team the champion.

Wisconsin, in 1905, again received Phil King with open arms and expected great things to follow. We defeated Minnesota but were defeated by Michigan and Chicago. Both King and Curtis were blamed for the continuous defeats. Curtis was censured most and, it seems, unfairly. He should not have been blamed for the inability of some of his players, or a lack of response to his efforts. The writer shall always think of "Art" Curtis as the best tackle and captain Wisconsin ever had, as one who had Wisconsin's interests nearest at heart and as the greatest of them all.

And now comes modern football. Preceded by a strenuous year or so of agitation and reform, Wisconsin, as well as other universities of the west, has emerged into what is called a new game. The forward pass, on-side kick, and ten yards to gain in three downs have changed some things, but not the essentials of the game. These changes have resulted in more open play,

tricks and deceiving attacks. They have changed the game, in that the strength necessary to good players has been lessened though not eliminated, and that greater cunning and luck are required. The alteration in the rules, so that only the receiver of a forward pass can recover the ball, unless touched by an opponent, takes out of the game to a large extent, the element of luck that existed last year. The passer must throw skillfully and accurately under penalty of forfeiture of the ball.

There are many things that may be said favorably to the new changes. A well executed play, involving a forward pass, requires great team work and great ability in the individual, pleases the players and spectators and creates probably more excitement and enthusiasm than a line plunge. All the possibilities of the play have not been materialized. What is to come from the fertile minds of the students of the game may prove the change a wise one.

The other really important change in the rules is the on-side kick. It seems that coaches have spent most of their time and energy in developing the forward pass, yet the on-side kick is full of great possibilities. It may be said in passing fully into the new game that the old test of strength and brains was an excellent one and will still constitute a large part of the new game.

Strange as it may seem, the western universities, younger in football history, have taken a great interest in the new rules and have perfected plays under them, to a higher degree of perfection and variety than the east. Last season, while the east was still trying to make ten yards in three downs under the old style, the west had already broken ground under the new conditions. In this pioneer work, Wisconsin was the leader under the able direction of MacCarthy and Hutchins. In Messmer, a player of great strength, courage, accuracy and faithfulness, the coaches had a man with whom they could try out their ideas with certainty as to their interpretation. Starting the season of 1907 with vague notions and new rules, in the first game, Wisconsin was defeated by Illinois. Therefrom MacCarthy's active mind

gained experience whereby the relative value and condition of things were adjusted. With such knowledge, Wisconsin turned in its path and defeated a team that had itself beaten Illinois. From then on success was inevitable. Minnesota, using largely old time plays and formations, was tied, in a most exciting game, by Wisconsin using the new plays, in better form than that accomplished by any other team east or west. The brilliant ending of that season warmed the hearts of the alumni and old players and bespoke of happy days to follow.

And thus we come to a consideration of the present. We are handicapped by a season of five games. More experience and longer training adds to the ability and perfection of any team. It is to be hoped that the "powers that be" will extend the next season to seven games.

In order to decide who will win the championship this season it is necessary to make a brief survey of the existing conditions. First of all, let us estimate our strength from the consideration of our coaches. In Barry we have a young, careful and faithful leader. He has not only a thorough knowledge of the game, but a faculty of passing that knowledge and also his energy and enthusiasm to his players. He has exercised good judgment in the management of the work of the team. Beside Barry we have the services of the great wizard of football, MacCarthy. All praises of this man fall short of their proper effect in conveying a proper judgment of his merit and capacity. The team which can count on the services of this man is indeed fortunate.

The coaches began the season with a squad of experienced men. Nearly all, if not all, of last year's successful team were on hand at the beginning. Having the experience of one year, it is but reasonable to suppose that these men will be even better than they were last season. Beside these men we have also a large number of strong players from last year's freshman team, noticeable among whom are Moll and Dean. As for material, nothing is lacking for the strongest possible combination of players.

Last but not least in the possibilities of a championship team

are the scrubs, the men who show the varsity how to play. It is an important factor to know if they are strong enough to fulfill the purpose of their mission. An observation of daily practice leads one to the undeniable conclusion that the scrubs, aided largely by the freshmen, are all that can be desired. With proper encouragement and a due appreciation of their efforts, they will maintain their efficiency and ultimately cross the goal for which Wisconsin strives.

Already we have reached the point from which a reasonably true prediction can be made. We have defeated Lawrence with ease by a score of 35 to 0, while Minnesota was able to count one lone touchdown on the same team. More than that, Minnesota was several times in danger of being scored on by Lawrence; while in the game with Wisconsin, they were never within striking distance. Minnesota has not been able to make a favorable showing in any of its games so far this season and can be practically eliminated from championship consideration. Further, Wisconsin away from home has shown itself strong in both offense and defense in its game with Indiana.

The championship can, therefore, be said to be within the reach only of Wisconsin and Chicago. The strength and capacity of the latter should not be underestimated. It is made up of a large number of veterans, and A. A. Stagg has had at unexpected times "something up his sleeve." Judging from the standpoint of the Chicago-Illinois game it would seem that Chicago as a team was not exceptionally strong. A fair analysis shows that the eleven is built about Captain Steffen. If then, all the plays and formations in which Steffen is a predominate figure, are stopped, Chicago will find itself powerless. The elimination of Steffen will be, however, a mighty task. But by Nov. 21 it will be accomplished. Our ends are even now sufficiently able to stop end runs. As for prevention of effective forward passes,—well, the writer has already called attention to MacCarthy and Barry. A word to the wise is sufficient and the secondary line of defense will do the rest. We will therefore believe and maintain that the championship will

be ours, and with a healthy confidence let us sing the old-time song with old-time vigor and enthusiasm, but with new variations:

“So hit ’em up Wisconsin,
We’ve got them on the run,
And hold them down like badgers,
For the fun has just begun.
There’s Larson, Skow and Lerum
And “Artie” Curtis, too;
With such an aggregation
We won’t do much to you.”

Let the rooters, therefore, during their spare time, show their appreciation of what the boys are doing. Let us go out to Camp Randall and convince ourselves and the players that “We’ve got them on the run.” Then surely the “husky Badger team” will be champions of the west.



WILLIAM FREEMAN VILAS
AS GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

COL. VILAS—A STUDENT EDITOR

G. M. S.

THE MAGNIFICENT generosity of Colonel William F. Vilas in bestowing on our university his entire fortune, has shown his great interest in the cause of higher education. We know that all through his life he was perhaps the most able and enthusiastic supporter of the University of Wisconsin. His influence was exerted where it could do the most good, principally in convincing the legislature that the state university was worthy of Wisconsin's most generous support. We have known that he was an able statesman, man of affairs and regent, but we have perhaps not heard of his activities as a student in the days before the Civil war, and his able editorship of the Literary Magazine of those days, "*The Students' Miscellany*."

Colonel Vilas was elected editor in May of '58 and held the position throughout the following year. His first editorial, in the May number, shows the true student poise and the additional fact that the late statesman was something of a humorist in his younger days. It reads:

"When, in electing editors, in setting up a new guide-book to direct our *maga* on the road to prosperity, an entire change is made, it is generally supposed that it is to be for the better. But, alas! How often do college students, aye, even wise and potent sophomores, deceive themselves. Sometimes it may be in mistaking a harmless and not especially lovable lamp-post for the object of their hearts' adoration, and in fondly caressing

it under that delusive impression—sometimes in electing editors.”

From another of his editorials we can imagine the struggles of the infant university against an unsympathetic and antagonistic legislature. We can also gather that Colonel Vilas in his student days was no mean master of satire. In the May number of the *Miscellany* he wrote:

“Not long since an honorable(?) senator made a report to the senate concerning university affairs, which, if an elaborated perversion of facts and absurd fallacy in reasoning be points of excellence (as our legislators seem to think) must certainly take the palm from all its predecessors. . . . The senator launches at the Boarding Department, as an unwarrantable expenditure of money is necessary to support it. The Boarding Department has done more to make the residence of students pleasant and economical than anything else ever established by the regents. We are surprised that the honorable senator did not assert that the digging of the college well was unwarrantable, or the putting of gates in the fence, for the students might have gone to the lake to drink, or crawled through a hole in the fence, which would not cost anything.”

How the old college life is depicted! Imagine if you can a picket or high board fence around the upper and lower campus, and a college well with sweep and bucket.

In another article he tells of a joke played upon him by a sub-freshman student, for in those days we did not have a long list of accredited high schools:

“Our expectations were considerably elated in looking into our contribution box the other night, in beholding deposited therein a neat little card bearing unmistakable evidence of a lady’s handwriting. Various were the emotions which thrilled our soul and many were the happy scenes in *prospectu* which for a moment took possession of our imagination as with trembling hands we seized the token of future enjoyment. Imagine our surprise as, with hopes deluded and furor exuding from every pore, the insignificant signature of Sub-Fresh. loomed up

before our astonished vision. Sympathizing reader, here are the contents of the destructive missile:

“‘Why are students during the present hard times like extremely juvenile goslings?’

“‘Because they are *pennae-less*.’

‘Sub-Fresh.’”

Colonel Vilas was also one of the best of the students having a literary turn. His style, when an under-graduate, was strongly marked by the oratorical element which characterized it in later life. We can discern in his student productions the strong influence of the old-time debating societies. He was an active and able member of Hesperia and frequently alludes to “Lit.” society activities. Most of Colonel Vilas’s literary productions, as was natural to the time, were essays. His range of subjects was very wide, including The Millenium of Society, a philosophical essay; Recollections of Greece, a eulogy of Hellenic civilization and achievements; The Literature of the Commonwealth, a criticism of Hudibras, Paradise Lost and contemporary works; The Republic—the Home of the Orator; The Second Grinnel Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, and The Song of Hiawatha. The last, in point of originality and critical skill, is perhaps the best of all. The author questions whether a superhuman, mythological being can truthfully delineate the ordinary pursuits of Indian life, and says that in attempting to picture the simple manners of the native of the forest Longfellow mistook them for the simplicity and frankness of a little child. He greatly admires the poetic beauty of the following passage:

“To the earth’s remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall—
In the melancholy marshes.”

He also comments most favorably on the massacre of the ravens, comparing the captivity of Kahgahee to “Satan floating in the

vast abyss of Hell." In conclusion the author classes Hiawatha as "the degenerate offspring of the same parent that produced the beautiful Evangeline."

In July of '58 Colonel Vilas ended his term as editor of *The Miscellany*. In a closing editorial, entitled "Vale," he parodies the Declaration of Independence to good effect as follows:

"When, in the course of collegiate events, it becomes necessary for us to resign the honorable position which we, by the suffrage of our fellow students have filled, it is proper that we should take our leave in a becoming manner and hand down to our successors in office, unfractured and unsullied, the good old easy chair that has so often supported our dignity. As we bid thee adieu a tear stands in our eye, forced from its secret source by the recollection of past pleasures associated with the painful idea of present separation. Would that this tear might crystalize that we might bestow it on thee as a memento of our affection."

Loyal Wisconsin man! All through life he showed the greatest affection for his alma mater, and when he died left to us the most magnificent legacy that the University of Wisconsin has ever received.

EDITORIAL

Every Wisconsin man cheers for the varsity team and idolizes the football hero who stars while trying to wrap up in cardinal the championship of the west. But let's give one for the other fellow, just as loyal, if not so fortunate, who helped to put the team out there on the gridiron while he waits on the side lines under a blanket; let's cheer once for the scrubs. They've taken hard knocks night after night in scrimmage; they've trained so conscientiously and tried so hard to do their best, even when it was certain they could not make the varsity. They have done it for the good of the team and the honor of alma mater. Maybe there are some who have won their "W" by the best of playing last year or the season before, and who are only kept out of the line-up by some unlucky injury or the advent of some particular star. Perhaps he was all grit and gameness, but hasn't got as much strength and endurance as the man who is now playing his position. But just the same he is as game as ever and in spirit is fighting with all his grit for the honor of the cardinal. Just one cheer for that old gridiron martyr, the scrub. He ought to have a more appropriate name.

THE SPIRIT IDEAL

Our varsity has been classified as utilitarian, as graduating men who are well fitted to grab for bread and butter but not to appreciate the higher things of life. The charge has been denied, we hope justly. There is a part of our university which seems to be animated largely by the principle of materialism, hoping as our poet says, to "Uplift the race at so much per uplift." But we have always believed that this spirit is not

dominant. Examples of unselfishness and self-sacrifice become prominent now and then, cases which have always existed but which only once in a while come to light. One of the ideal examples confronted us last week when our assistant coach refused to accept the fund which the students raised to reimburse him for the time spent in coaching the squad. In refusing he said, "The only pay I want from the students is that they go out and show loyalty to the college, win or lose." Could we have a better ideal of unselfishness? Is it any wonder that such a man could inspire a team to snatch a victory from defeat in the last few minutes of a game apparently lost. We can not find a better example of the spirit of self sacrifice, which should always be evident in the highest education.

A LIVE CONFERENCE

From the recent action of the student conference committee in investigating the sale of freshman caps and attempting to regulate other student affairs, the president's advisory council seems to be crawling out of its hole and proving to the university that a two semester hibernation will not be its life in the future. The news is very welcome. Heretofore there has seemed to be no organ to express official student sentiment on such actions as those of the commercial cap committee or the hypersensitive athletic board. Many think that the *Cardinal* should take care of this province, but the management of our college daily have not until lately been able to squeeze among their advertisements much expression of student opinion. The conference, however, has not taken every advantage of its official position. We raise the question as to whether it would not have been appropriate for that body to tell the president what the students thought about the faculty ruling in the case of one of our varsity eleven. And there will be other questions which the conference could pass upon: whether an old fashioned prom or a cut price \$2.98 imitation would be best; whether the *Badger* should have a literary section; and the disadvantage in a five game schedule. Also, if any more petty

grafts in the university happen to appear the conference has established a precedent. President Van Hise's idea of the efficacy of such a body will be recognized more and more as the student council does the work it was intended to do.

ROOTING

The rooting spirit is gradually growing among the student body and promises to be genuinely enthusiastic by the time of the Minnesota game. It is several years now since Wisconsin has shown the loyalty to her athletic teams that she should; the old enthusiasm bubbles up before a big event but subsides as quickly as it arose. This season the football management has very commendably made every Wednesday a rooters' practice, and taken pains to have yell-leaders and the band at Camp Randall to lead the U-rah-rah and the varsity toast. And the band, under student leadership at last, promises to be something else than the death watch it was last year. Although small in number, in spirit it seems to be what we have long hoped for, an able, audible band. As the students begin to realize that the cardinal eleven may be the 1909 champions of the west the bleachers may need a few more props and the eleven and coaches will see that the student body is where it should be, behind the team.

A WISCONSIN PLAY

Will the junior play contest bring out a production that can be called a Wisconsin play, representative of our university, or one that will be merely a portrayal of some particular class life? In the past a dramatic effort of the former kind would have been considered at a disadvantage, for the character of the occasion at which it was to be acted was a determining factor in the choice of the play committee. And that seems to us a wrong viewpoint. Then inducement to student dramatists offered by the play contest should be hampered neither by the time of its production nor by the character of the audience.

If any preference is shown it should be in favor of a play that is representative of Wisconsin. The productions of 1907 and 1908 were excellent undergraduate efforts. We hope they have been the forerunners of a play which will not only reflect credit on its author but also one that will be indigenous to and symbolic of Wisconsin. Such a production will go far to establish the reputation which our university should have, that of the institution offering the best liberal education of any state university.

OUR PRIZE STORY

Since our last issue we have had repeated inquiries relative to the prize story contest which we announced in the October number. The lists are open to any undergraduate until December 15, and the prize, besides the honor, comprises fifteen dollars cash. A story dealing with life at Wisconsin, such as "The Chosen People" in this number, is our ideal, although every contribution will be considered strictly on its merits. The Lit board will decide on the relative merits of the stories; so write as you would for a magazine and not for an English professor. Further details concerning the contest will be found in our October number.

CLASS INSIGNIA

The custom of wearing green caps, which this year's freshmen have inaugurated, deserves special approval. Would it not be commendable if every class were denoted by some distinctive insignia? It adds color to university life and establishes traditions of which we have so few here at Wisconsin. The senior girls' custom of wearing caps and gowns during a part of the year is the only form of class distinction we have had up to this time. What if it does distinguish the university from the town? Such a custom would be less easy to ape than that of attempting to have both ends meet in the sartorial line. We refer to coat tails and pantaloon cuffs.