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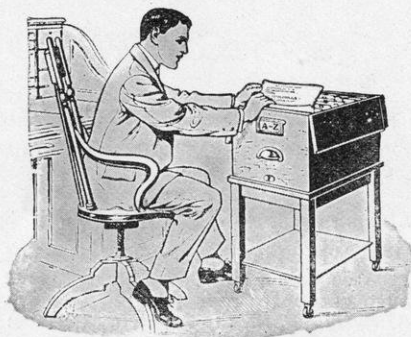
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The Wisconsin Magazine

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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 4

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A PROSPEROUS MID-YEAR TO YOU

THE New Year comes rioting in, now—perhaps a little too gay and riotous, but with a healthy holiday spirit. It is the last spurt of merriment which carries all the gaiety of the old year over into the next. But we are not really a part of all this.

To the student world the New Year comes in September while the great world's New Year goes on about us at the middle of our year and the ending of its first half. While men and women in the great world are raising their glasses and toasting new resolutions, we are setting our teeth, and, doggedly hanging to old ones, face the coming test of half a year's work. Where others are starting out gaily

on another year—the sad resolved to be joyous, the happy to be happier, the poor to gain and the failures to succeed—we are coming up to the half-way post which will show where we are and what we have gained. While others are cutting their notch off another year past, with a sigh of sorrow or relief, we are still laying our measure. It is good to remember during all this that our examinations are coming. Now is the time to take up our belts and work our hardest. Those that have put off working until after Christmas, those who have fallen behind, those who are slow and those who have been consistent—all must prepare for the test. It is the time of labor for all.

\$1,000 FOR JORGENSEN

ONE thousand dollars for a work among students living on the opposite side of the globe is at first consideration an unattractive proposition. Of what concern is it to us that the 100,000 students of Tokyo don't possess our opportunities? Professor Ross may be right when he declares that in all his travels he has met no students whose need of the Christian interpretation of life is greater than those of Japan, but what of it? Many a student weary in his thinking, or else fearful of the logical pursuit of the subject drops it at this point. And yet to no true Wisconsin man can the question be disposed of so easily. From our day of matriculation to our day of graduation we hear it repeated that the University of Wisconsin is a university of service. Now, service is a large word. It suggests big things. It recognizes no boundaries, be they geographical, racial, financial or social. It is the brotherword of world democracy. It calls into being big men, makes them do difficult things, and it can only exist where there are men of vision. To sum it all up, service is universal, embracing all humanity. Other universities with a reputation for service far less than our own have at least refused to be provincial in their endeavor. Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, Yale, Princeton, Oberlin, Pennsylvania and Cornell are a few of the universities who are serving beyond their own country. Pennsylvania is giving no less than \$10,000 annually, while Michigan is supporting five of its graduates in the Busrah Mission of Arabia. This year Wisconsin enters the list with \$1,000 pledged for Jorgensen's work in Tokyo, Japan. Jorgie has a call on Wisconsin for support to which we cannot be deaf. For three years he has labored faithfully and effectively in Wisconsin. His labor has made a real contribution to the university's welfare.

The same ideals, standards, and spirit which he carried about with him here, will be soon at work in the needy field of the Japan metropolis. "Upon the ideals of Jorgensen's heart," as Prof. E. A. Ross

recently put it, "Japan holds no tariff barrier." The Wisconsin man who refuses to help maintain him has still something to learn of the true meaning of service.

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT

REFORMS always create hardships. They always create oppositions, not so much because of the principle involved, but because of the immediate effect of the reform on individuals. Wisconsin wants to lead in the movement to place intercollegiate athletics on a strictly amateur basis. What is the result? We discover that possibly under the strict interpretation of the rules our teams may lose a man or two. This will never do. Those men have to play. Let's make the rules conform to the qualifications of the candidates.

We cannot expect that there ever will be passed a rule or regulation on intercollegiate athletics that will be wholly accepted without objections. We don't expect that a summer baseball rule can be passed without creating oppositions. It seems to us that the Athletic Council has taken a wise step in providing for a gradual introduction of the summer baseball rules which were to be definitely voted on a few days ago. The recommendations were these: Let's pass the summer baseball rule, that is, bar college men from participation in summer baseball whenever gate receipts are taken. However, since many baseball players now in our colleges will be ineligible under these regulations, let's provide for a committee whose power it shall be to pass on every player who has submitted his complete record. Men who are found to be technically ineligible, but who really ought not to be classed as professionals, should be leniently dealt with. In this wise, only the real professional man will not escape the gauntlet. For him it may be a hardship. Other players will be returned to their teams. The new generation of baseball players now growing up should study the rules of conference colleges, and within a few years the

amateur spirit will have developed to a degree of efficiency.

Let's not be near-sighted. Pure amateurism only will forever bring peace into the camp of conference colleges.

THE STUDENT JOURNALIST

THE student journalist finds himself in a unique situation. Of all the activities in the university, journalism presents more problems than all the others put together. The journalist is constantly giving this man or that man, this organization or that organization, credit for work well done, and some times for work not done. Through the columns of the press, he dishes out publicity and recognition to all who are "worthy a story." What does he get? Recognition? No. He has yet to hear of any organization voting a word of thanks for his efforts. Sometimes he becomes discouraged and gives himself a few "comp's" in his own columns, just by way of cheering his own self. But then, *Grosser Himmel*, he has violated all principles of the press. He is charged with using the press for his own gains and ends. He is "blowing his own trumpet." Again discouraged, he sits down at his desk, the day after, and wonders what crime he has committed. Then suddenly "Bill" comes in. "Congratulations, old man, nine-tenths of the fellows are with you." The groaning presses now cease their groaning; the pen runs more smoothly, and again the journalist continues to tell of the accomplishments, honors and successes of the other fellow and forgets his own self, never to become self-con-

scious again, until the time and situation demand a new stimulus.

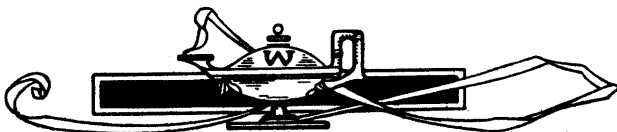
"FACULTY LIGHTS"

This department of The Wisconsin Magazine has developed a great amount of interest and attention. Readers seem to appreciate the attempt to place before the students the faculty man's view point.

Some of the traditions, organizations and activities we have with us now may seem ancient to us, but, on reading "Faculty Lights," we discover to our surprise that a wonderfully rapid development has taken place in Wisconsin within a short period of time. We live today in an entirely different atmosphere than did some of the faculty members, not very long ago either. It is interesting to note their attitude on college life, its purposes and functions. And, after all has been said, we come to the conclusion that our way of doing things is not so different from "the old grads' methods" after all. We thank them though for their kind advice, but wish that some of them might be undergraduates now that we might meet them on the battle field of equal competition in student activities.

THE PRIZE CONTEST

ON THE tenth of this month the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Contest closes. It was thought advisable to extend the time of competition, inasmuch as a month might be of some account to the competing story writers. We have placed the stories in the hands of the judges and hope to report on the results in the next issue.



HORACE, ODES III 7

"Quid fles, Asterie?" etc.

Ada N. Pence, '13

Sophomore Prize Translation, 1910

*Why do you weep, Asterie?
The fair west winds will bring to you,
In sweet Spring time,
From eastern clime,
Your lover Gyges, young and true.*

*Borne far away by southern winds
That blew on some cold Winter's day,
Sleepless at night,
He mourns his plight,
Enforced at Oricum to stay.*

*And yet his hostess' servant tries
To tempt him with a thousand wiles,
And asks him why
Should Chloe sigh,
If not for love of his fair smiles;*

*Reminds him that by false reports
And woman's treachery led on,
A trustful king
Once tried to bring
Destruction to Bellerophon;*

*That Peleus' life was almost lost
Because he scorned Acastus' wife.
Thus weaving spells,
The servant tells
Old tales that teach a faithless life.*

*In vain: more deaf than deafest rock,
Unmoved, these words he does not hear.—
You, too, take care
Lest, unaware,
Young Enipeus may grow too dear;*

*Although no other horseman skilled,
Inspires such wonder and esteem,
And though, in truth,
No other youth
Can swim so well the Tuscan stream.*

*At fall of night close fast your doors;
Hear not his plaintive serenade;
And pay no heed,
Though oft he plead,
And call you a hard-hearted maid.*

BASKETBALL

W. E. Meanwell, M. D.

Assistant Professor of Physical Education



WITH the exception of basketball, probably all of our great popular games have originated in the past spontaneously in response to the intense, instinctive desire of associated youth for vigorous motor-play activities, though the present day degree of formalization and development of such games is the result of careful direction and promotion.

Basketball, however, appears to have been a laboratory product, a deliberate creation to meet the great need for an indoor game, athletic in character, that would fill the void between baseball and football seasons. The need was, indeed, long felt, and numerous attempts were made to produce a satisfactory game with but meager results.

CHARACTERISTICS.

When Dr. James Naismith, the originator of basketball, began on the game, he had definitely outlined for his guidance seventeen different conditions to be complied with. Among them he had decided that it should be a ball game, played with a large, soft ball, playable on almost any kind of surface and by large numbers at a time, productive of general all around exercise and development, so pleasurable to participants as to be played for its own sake, free from unnecessary violence and danger, easy to learn, pleasurable for beginners, while at the same time affording ample opportunity for the display of great skill and team play on the part of the more proficient. With these conditions in mind he wrote out the rules practically as they are at present, and basketball exists today as a deliberately produced national game, second only to baseball in point of general interest and of numbers participating.

BASIS FOR POPULARITY.

The game took hold immediately and spread rapidly in the Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the country, upsetting old established methods of procedure based on the gymnastic ideal and demoralizing the



Walter A. Scoville, Captain

McKillop

work in dozens of associations. Athletic clubs and then colleges adopted it until now it is played by innumerable "fives" representing churches, business houses, settlements and other institutions for social service that afford opportunities for such activities.



W. E. Meanwell

It was not, as at first supposed, the indoor character of the game that accounted for its immediate popularity, for there had been indoor games without number long before its introduction, none of which, however, had secured sufficient hold on the interests of young men to insure permanent popularity and continuance. Basketball earned its popularity and became a traditional game because its chief characteristics are those that appeal most strongly to the inherent play tendencies of young manhood, namely: vigorous *natural* muscular exercise, that affords strenuous competition and large op-

portunities for co-operative activity and the development of team play. These are also paramount features of those other great perennial games of Anglo-Saxon youth and environment, baseball, cricket and the varieties of football.

RULES.

During the twenty years of its existence, the rules of the game have been frequently modified to secure cleaner and more open play. Under the collegiate code now in vogue unnecessary roughness has been lessened, the game is now much faster than formerly, and fewer technical fouls are committed, thus enabling a continuity of play and development of team work impossible under the A. A. U. code. At the last meeting of the College Rules Committee on Basket Ball but few modifications were adopted, the most important changes being those in reference to dribbling the ball and to unnecessary violence in playing an opponent about to throw for goal. The new rules, apparently not as yet well understood by spectators, permit a player to dribble in any direction and for any length of time until the ball comes "*to rest in one hand or is touched by both.*" when the ball must be disposed of by a pass or shot for basket. The penalty for infringement of the rule is a free shot as formerly. To discourage unnecessary violence resulting from the playing of the man rather than the ball, a personal foul will be called and *two* free throws awarded the opponents of the player "charging into another player who is in the act of throwing for goal."

STYLES OF PLAY.

Along with the evolution of the rules of the game, the style and method of play has changed very materially also. The floor congestion was lessened by decreasing the number of men engaged from nine on a side to seven, and later on to five players, with a resulting increase in the speed of the game and the possibilities for the display of team work.

The early plan of confining the operations and responsibilities of each player to a limited and rather sharply defined area in the court, making of the game a more or less connected series of individual contests for possession of the ball, gave

way with the advance in team play and strategy to the necessity of the player dashing to various parts of the court as the needs of a particular play demanded. It is this feature of the game that has converted it into one of the most strenuous, taking games we possess, one that requires continuous effort throughout two twenty-minute periods, resulting in a vast expenditure of energy.

where to be and what to do under certain circumstances at the right time, are essential requisites to basketball greatness that are required only after years of participation.

TEAM WORK.

As in football, so in basketball, team work is the basis of success. Absolute submergence of self for the common good is necessary. The "five" must work to-



McKillop

THE SQUAD

Top row, left to right: Harry R. Kimbark, '14; Halbert L. Kadish, '12; Conrad E. Van Gent, '14; Edwin C. Austin, '12; Dr. W. E. Meanwell, Coach. Middle row, left to right: Robert S. Dewey, '14; Maurice H. Bent, '14; R. J. Moore, '12; C. B. Bradish, '12; Marion Phelps, '12; Alvin Johnson, '12; Carl Neprud, '12; W. W. Hubbell, '14; M. E. Skinner, '14. Bottom row: John C. Van Ripper, '13; Otto A. Stangel, '12; Walter A. Scoville, '12, Captain; Frank N. Youngman, '13; C. S. Harper, '14; E. O. Lange, '14; E. H. Hoppert, '14.

PLAYING QUALITIES.

There are few of the mental, physical or character attributes of the successful athlete in other sports that are not required of the basketball player, while the stamina and immense reserve fund of vitality necessary are absolutely dependent upon the possession of a high degree of organic development and efficiency. In few sports, if any, is perfect condition obtained through long and careful training, so essential. Ability to timely and opportunely think and act the game, plus a certain hard to define basketball intuition, if it may be so called, that prompts a man

gether as a unit to accomplish results that will appear well in the percentage column. Forwards must pass to uncovered team-mates in more advantageous positions than themselves rather than make the long, hazardous shots that mark the work of the individualistic star; they must be willing to work doubly hard should a team mate strike a snag in the person of a particularly effective guard. Guards must play their rather thankless position secure in the knowledge that accurate passes and strong defense of the basket are as essential to victory as the numerous goals of the offensive trio. The

center, with height, weight, speed and versatility at his command should guard his opponent like a "sticking" guard as well as indulge in the more pleasing and restful pastime of "losing" him for shots at the basket. Above all, good fellowship and cheerfulness among the members of the team are to be striven for at all times, and the confidence in one's mates that comes from the knowledge that all are honestly striving by earnest practice,

strict observance of training rules, and serious attention to academic work, to render their full measure of service.

On the other hand, men who honestly size up to the responsibilities they assume as members of the team, or of the no less important squad, and who continue throughout the long season of training with its resultant labor and self-denial, well deserve the respect and honors bestowed upon them by those they represent.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HUNGER

Carolyn E. Allen



REGGLINS, Omicron Sigma, stopped before a comfortable-looking, well-lighted house on the country-road and grunted,—

"I wonder if we can't sponge on these people for something to eat, I'm hungry as an alligator."

"Uh?" asked young John Paulus, "nuh! she's an old lady—she won't have anything decent."

Regglins grunted again—"Oh, you old Indian, old women always have pantries full of stuff—preserves, and pies, and cookies"—and realizing it did sound rather slim,—“Oh, come on, anyway, she can fill us up.”

Paulus, weary and hungry, uttered, "All right, old man."

They were stunned to behold a decidedly young and lovely girl, in answer to their knock. All the nice young-man speeches Regglins had planned to make faded away. How the deuce to explain himself? The young lady said rather haughtily, but in a very sweet voice, "Won't you come in?"

"Yes," Regglins said quickly, "we will." He thought fast. What was that old lady's name? As he had met her only once and had not heard the name then, of

course he could not remember. Could he call her "Auntie?"

"Ah! Reggie, you bright boy!" he said to himself, and then to her, with his frank manner:

"This is Paulus, and I'm Regglins, from the university, and we thought that auntie (it sounded awfully silly to himself) might give us fellows something to eat as she used to do. We're pretty hungry, you know, been out since morning, and no dinner."

He watched to see how his pathetic appeal would work. Gee! she was pretty! Her dark hair, fluffy and riotous, set off the faint pink on her cheeks, and the bright gleam (was it wicked?) in her blue eyes. She merely said:

"I'll get you some dinner, right now," smiled a very little, and closed the door behind her.

The fellows looked at each other, Regglins shook his head sadly and looked glum. What conventions were they breaking down? Paulus, who was on the sofa, keeled sideward, and kicked his feet in the air, shaking with laughter.

"Now, you, Paulus, there," said Regglins, "if we get out of this gracefully, all right, but say—let's beat it!"

"No, you don't, old man, not with a

warm room and good eats, and a girl like that, and a mystery. No you *don't!*"

The door opened and in came—not a dark, but a golden-haired blue-eyed damsel, who said:

"Dinner is ready; come this way, please."

Regglins gave his chum an agonized glance; another young woman!

When they were seated, the girl went out, and came back bringing steaming beans and brown bread. But Jove! she was short and round and had straight brown hair! Well, it was beginning to be funny! Before he delved into his beans, Paulus smiled faintly across the table at Regglins.

They kept their eyes on the swinging door and refrained from exclamations, as each time there emerged a different girl with a tremendously sober face, and exceedingly demure mouth. Paulus chose a fat, jolly girl to make a witty remark about, and she dived through the door in

haste, and something like a huge giggle could be heard faintly from the kitchen.

"They're playing a joke on us, old man, this must be a finishing school, or a convent. Listen! Somebody's coming in the front door!"

The strong men quailed before a tall, masculine woman who came in and stopped in amazement, before she launched forth with many and cruel invectives of two men who dared to enter a young ladies' boarding school!

"Wretches, be gone, or I'll call the police. Go out. Oh! how dare you, how dare you!"

The boys rose, and ten scared girls filed in through the swinging door.

"Madam," began Regglins.

"Be gone!" she almost shrieked, "be gone from this house."

They went.

"Regglie, dear," said Paulus, sadly, "where'd you get the sweet old lady idea, anyhow?"

WISCONSIN SPIRIT—A Discussion

Carl Beck



PIRIT" is a word that has been overworked at Wisconsin. It is sort of hackneyed. The meaning has almost been squeezed out of it. One feels like apologizing for using the word.

But spirit is the only intelligible word we have to express what we mean by "pep" and loyalty and patriotism and the latest of Shakespearean slang—"wallop."

Und recurrent thought and talk around the university these days is concerned a great deal with Wisconsin spirit and the apparent lack of it. When a debate is poorly attended, when a senior class meeting falls flat, when organizations and individuals put themselves first and Wisconsin second, when students appear indif-

ferent to important university affairs, a charge of a lack of Wisconsin spirit is vehemently made. Rightly so in some cases. It is being felt keenly among men in the university. It is found hard to arouse interest and difficult to get enough men in the university to take hold of things. Counter-attraction and over-organization are given as causes. But it is sometimes also charged that the much-heralded Wisconsin spirit is a farce and a non-entity. These charges may be all true, or they may be partly true. However, I wish to show by means of a few generalizations and a brief analysis that the noted Wisconsin spirit is not a farce nor a non-entity. In a general way I hope to show that there is a vital Wisconsin spirit here, but that it is temporar-

ily strangled by a condition, and that all that is needed is a systematic development and rejuvenation of this spirit, and then harness it.

Before proceeding, a definition of spirit and a brief analysis of the "Wisconsin spirit" will help to make things more definite. Spirit is an all-inclusive word, covering a multitude of things with various applications for various situations. To kill two birds with one stone, spirit in general and Wisconsin spirit in particular can be treated parallelly.

Spirit.	"Wisconsin Spirit."
1. Self-activity.	Initiative.
2. Peculiar ability.	Efficiency.
3. Ardor.	Enthusiasm.
4. Pervading influence.	Progressiveness.
5. Animating principle.	Democracy.
6. State of mind.	Open-mindedness
7. Peculiar quality.	Service. (<i>Sum total.</i>)

Here we have Wisconsin spirit in a nutshell. Any one of the seven express this spirit. Only when we find all seven working together do we have the full Wisconsin spirit. The sum total of Wisconsin spirit is service. We find one or the other of the seven parts sometimes in some places in the student life of Wisconsin. The trouble is we do not find all seven all of the time in all places. That's our problem.

The spirit of Wisconsin as a state is that of initiative, progress, efficiency, enthusiasm, democracy, open-mindedness, and service. It is the Wisconsin spirit that has crept into the state university. This spirit has made both the state and the university great in the eyes of the country. It is this spirit that produces winning educational features, such as the Agricultural School, the Legislative Reference Bureau, and the University Extension—all based on service to the state. This same spirit produced in student life Pat Odeas, Max Loeb, winning teams, enthusiastic class meetings, and efficient organizations, backed up by hard working, responsible students. Have we lost this spirit? Not at all! It still lives. We needn't worry. But we do need to hustle about and find the trouble. The state is here, the university is here; we must find

the right connection with both, they still have the Wisconsin spirit.

Student life at Wisconsin still has the traditional Wisconsin spirit, but it is strangled. A new set of conditions is responsible. (Let's be fair and call a spade a spade and not be pink about it.) The new set of conditions that have strangled the Wisconsin spirit are two: First, a rapidly expanding university, and second, a larger inflow of the leisure class. Of the two the latter is the most deteriorating influence and the hardest to deal with. The first is responsible for counter attraction and over-organization. A university that grows and expands as rapidly as Wisconsin recently has in increased number of students and in increased number of interests makes it almost impossible for a changing student body to assimilate and organize with the same rapidity efficiently. Out of consequent counter-attraction and over-organization, we have the disastrous result of loose organization. Organizations of the university are not centralized, and the attempt of the Student Conference to do so seems to be much misunderstood and scoffed at.

One hasn't time in a limited writing to illustrate, give evidence, and prove every point. To suggest a point and rely on general observation, and then ask that some things be taken for granted, is the best one can do to cover ground. It is being observed that greater emphasis is being put on clothes and more time and more money is being put into "dandy-stuff" than ever before at Wisconsin. It is being observed that society "stunts" and dances consume more time of more men than ever before, with the result that many men are "broke" and have not the price of admission to a debate or a concert or a basketball game. It is further being observed that loafing is a great time-killer and a great energy consumer for men who don't know what to do, and for those who don't want to do. These are the types that contribute almost wholly to the "con" congregation. On the other hand, men active in university life have sense and initiative enough to take care of their primary work of study. We find,

then, a lack of initiative and a lack of the spirit of service to organizations, to the student body, and to Wisconsin the shameful situation facing us.

Inactivity—lack of initiative! In the beginning of the year ten men showed up for cross-country as against two hundred men at Cornell. Coach Richards gets thirty to forty eligible football candidates, other western universities get eighty to one hundred. The Cardinal finds it hard to get men and women to work up on the Cardinal staff. The "lit" societies have to scratch to get freshmen material. A senior class meeting attracts sixteen members. The athletic board appoints three times and tries three times to meet once. Men of national and international reputation find half a house at Sunday afternoon talks at the Y. M. C. A. The Ethics Club draws a handful on a live university topic. The Bascom Memorial Convocation interests a hundred or so students. Convocations are a holiday for many students, the average attendance showing that they are not taken too seriously. But most indicative of the lack of initiative at Wisconsin today is the fact which careful observation substantiates that in the principle activities of student life you will find the same men and women taking the initiative and assuming responsibility. It throws the burden on a few ambitious, self-sacrificing students, who become involved in too many things. Insufficient distribution of work and responsibility is the result. It is charged, therefore, that there is a lack of Wisconsin spirit among many students who have the time and the ability to exercise themselves in university activities. But these students in turn charge insufficient spirit and attraction and force to events and activities to warrant their devotion and participation. The thought of duty and service for Wisconsin's sake is left out of it entirely. Somehow these students expect to be magnetized into activity. They expect organizations and activities and events to supply them with sufficient live-wire currents to draw them into participation. The true relationship and perspective of things is lost sight of. Organizations, activities, events in university life are machines that

should be run by student dynamos. Instead of the machine supplying current to the dynamos, it should be the other way. The student should supply the organization, the activity, the event with current. The spirit that makes for force and attraction in an event should originate in the dynamic spirit of the student. Either we are lacking in a sufficiency of dynamic students, or they are here but are not connected right. The latter is the more probable, dynamic students not rightly connected with student and university machinery.

Because, after all, we have to agree to this much, despite the condition of loose organization and leisure class, that the average Wisconsin student aims to do his best as he understands it. The fault of misconnection is rather a fault of the whole system of things at Wisconsin. We have all sorts of dynamic men and women in this university, but they are not efficiently and systematically used. The condition of loose organization and leisure class makes it all the more necessary that our working plant be more fully systematized and centralized, and that we have some system of developing initiative, and responsibility, and service to Wisconsin. If there are misconnections in the university that permit dynamic spirit to waste in over-due frivolity, loafing, and society sitting, the problem is to harness mis-used energy for Wisconsin's sake. Yes, and for the students' sake. For much valuable education comes in doing things with men and for men and applying the very things taught in the class room in the laboratory of college life. Student citizenship and self-government demand something from every man and woman in the university. The harnessing of energy into a cohesive student-citizenship is best accomplished among freshmen who are plastic material and the future material for Wisconsin spirit to take hold of.

There is already right at hand a machine with which to work in this accomplishment of building up Wisconsin spirit by developing initiative and service among freshmen. It is the upper-classmen calling system. It is yet in the experimental stage. It, too, has not

worked well because of a lack of "proper" system of drawing out service and initiative and responsibility from upperclassmen. The new spirit in American colleges of welcoming the new generation of the college with some degree of hospitality, is in itself a force to build up a greater Wisconsin spirit. It is at this point of welcoming that a greater Wisconsin spirit can be instilled. It has wonderful opportunities. It could be made a subject for an article in itself. There are several other things, however,

beside a developed upperclassman calling system that will give us the full seven elements of the Wisconsin spirit. When we have initiative, efficiency, enthusiasm, progressiveness, democracy, open-mindedness, and service, all working co-operatively all the time in all places with a unity of purpose and co-ordination of interests and a centralization of organization, then we will have what we feel in our bones we must have a GREATER WISCONSIN SPIRIT.

THE CALL OF HOME

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.

*I hate your classes and your classic hells,
Your regular hours and your soulless bells.
What care I for your books and things,
Conned to recite when a harsh bell rings,
Far from the woods and the trail of the deer,
Far from my heart-home, stifling here,
Far from the streams and river's swift run,
With my soul twisted and longing,
For the click of the reel and the crack of the gun.*

*I hate your halls and close-walled rooms,
Your petty threats and petty dooms.
What care I for your civilized ways,
Your cheap veneer and routined days,
When the woods are calling my twisted soul,
Back from the cheapness of your learned scroll,
Back to the woods and the wind and the sun,
With my heart yearning and calling
For the click of the reel and the crack of the gun.*

*How cheap your hope and ambition seems,
Your petty desires and sordid dreams.
What care I for your snobbish great,
Their vanity and pride and jealous hate,
Your learned professors and carping town,
I'm sick of your sham in Learning's gown,
And I long to be where nature and man are one.
God, but I'm longing
For the click of the reel and the crack of the gun.*

A BARGAIN IN VENICE

M. C. Otto



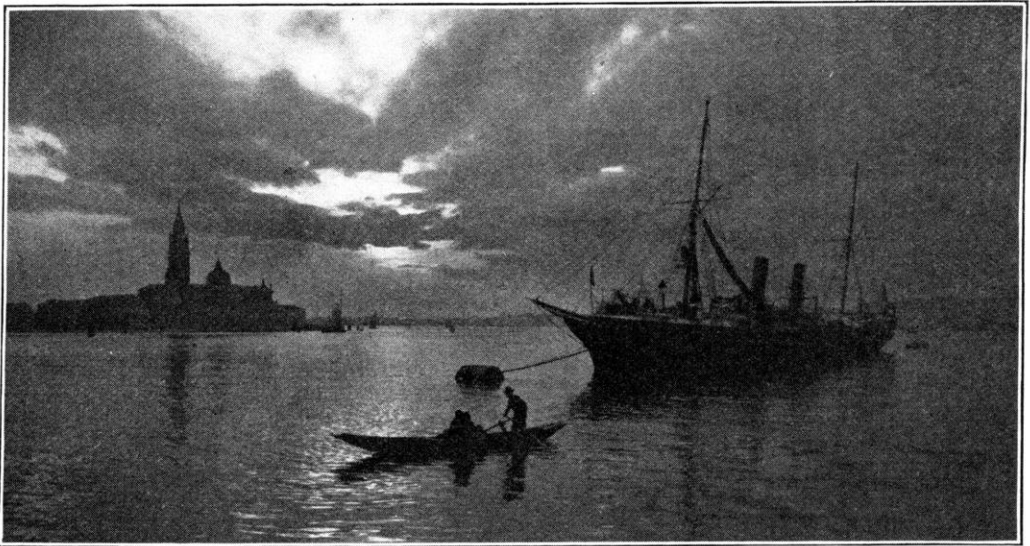
THEY were standing in that matchless piazzetta—a college man of our Middle West and a Venetian gondolier. Only a few yards away 'rose the new campanile, S. Mark's cathedral, and the inimitable Palace of the Doges, while in front, to the right and left stretched the Lagune, a riot of life and

crowds literally streaming by behind them. They were "bargaining."

"Too much," the college man was saying, "Too much."

"Ah, no too much," was the reply. "One-half franc, fifty centesimi, ten cent 'Merican money." Then with a wide sweep of the arm in the direction of the lagoon—"Beau'ful!"

It was without question a beautiful



San Giorgio Maggiore

color. The sun was near to setting, and already shadows were stealing into the Grand Canal. To the east, where the white-faced water-front sweeps far out into the bay, windows were ablaze, and the domes on San Giorgio Maggiore and Santa Maria della Salute to the south and southwest, as well as the forest of masts farther out, were rimmed with gold. But they were oblivious of all this, the college man and the gondolier; of the softened sunlight tempting gondolas from every corner, of the innumerable reflections quivering and dancing in the water, of the

picture, and therefore ten cents in American money was not much for the trip to San Giorgio Maggiore. But the college man had a Baedeker which read: "For one or two persons, fifteen centesimi," and he had concluded that for once he should not be imposed upon.

"Look here," he said, pointing to the book, "Traghetto fifteen centesimi. Why one-half franc?"

The only answer was an aggravating shrug of the shoulders.

So the college man turned his back upon the gondola as Caesar is said to have re-

fused the crown, and resolutely started off. Five steps, and the Venetian was by his side, having found his tongue.

"No gondola?" he asked in grieved surprise, as if some injustice had been done. Then with an entire change of expression and an abundance of gesture, he added: "Nice gondola. San Giorgio—over-back, one franc. Ten cent 'Merican money. No much. Beau'ful!"

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five centesimi to take me over, said the college man, weakening.

But it was of no avail. His was an exceptionally fine gondola, San Giorgio was far, a half franc was not much in American money, the scene was beautiful.

Then something happened,—the college man had an idea. He would introduce competition. He would get another gondolier to bid against his stubborn companion, and thus snatch victory from defeat, for he did want to climb that tower, and now. Alas, for theory! Gondolas by the dozen were idle, but to arouse the interest of a gondolier in the proposed trip across the bay was simply impossible. Nor did a single man of them, born and bred in the place, know where the ferrymen were supposed to be found. The gondolier laughed. It was a most ignominious defeat, and the idea retreated in disorder. So did the college man, though it is to be hoped his confusion was not apparent, as there were many eyes to see.

Where one rounds the Doges Palace into the piazza, he heard some one say: "San Giorgio, Signore, twenty-five centesimi."

"You will take me over for twenty-five centesimi?"

"Ci, Signore."

As they rocked out into the beautiful lagoon the college man wondered how the gondolier felt. "Who laughs last, laughs best," he thought to himself. And he was particularly pleased because he could now look himself in the face again. That very morning he had paid ten francs for an article which he knew, (just a moment too late), he might have had for five, if not for less, and this in face of the fact that his Baedeker clearly advised bargaining in Italy. The episode had, so to speak, laughed at him all day, and it was this

which suddenly had made him so persistent a bargainer. Now he had redeemed himself. Of course the purchase was a matter of francs and this of centesimi, but things of the spirit cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. A feeling of peace and good-will took possession of him, which not only harmonized with the beauty of his surroundings, but embraced his recent opponent as well, so that when the tip was added to the stipulated fare the gondolier had lost little through his concession.

It did not occur to the college man until he had climbed nearly to the top of the 197 campanile, that he had made no arrangements for the return trip, and then in the presence of the superb view, lagoons, canals, the Alps, the Adriatic, it was soon forgotten. On the way down, however, he remembered it; remembered in addition that he was on an island, hardly a point of vantage under the circumstances. What would he be obliged to pay?—if, indeed, he'd find anyone to hire. As if to mock him the offer of the Italian now recurred with rythmical persistence as he descended step by step: "over-back one franc; over-back, one franc."

The gondolier, all smiles, was waiting at the steps of San Giorgio. There were others, also, all claiming to be engaged, however, even if there wasn't another soul in sight. So the college man agreed to pay the franc and a half demanded, but hardly with the cheerfulness the Lord is said to love in a giver. The law of association, as the psychologists term the underlying principle of memory, had had far from a perfect record in the college man's past, but on this occasion it seemed in good working order. And it must be added that it did its work in bad spirit; for of all the thoughts which had flitted across his brain on the way over, one was persistently pushed into the foreground: "Who laughs last, laughs best."

They were nearing the piazzetta again when, all at once, the gondolier stopped. "Signore," he said in a voice charged with emotion, "moon!" Over the end of Riva degli Schiavoni the moon was rising big and yellow in a sky of pale old rose, while the whole scene took on a color which baffles the pen as it does the brush.

The silence was broken by the gondolier. "Me travel far," he said as he gently dropped his big oar into the water again,— "'England, Switz'land, 'Merica,—no moon like him."

There was something in the way he said it, something, too, in the witchery of the

scene—the sun just down on the one side, the moon rising on the other, Venice between—which made the college man feel that underneath externals so different he and this son of Italy had something in common, and when the fare was paid it was without bitterness.

A POET AT THIRTEEN

T. R. H.



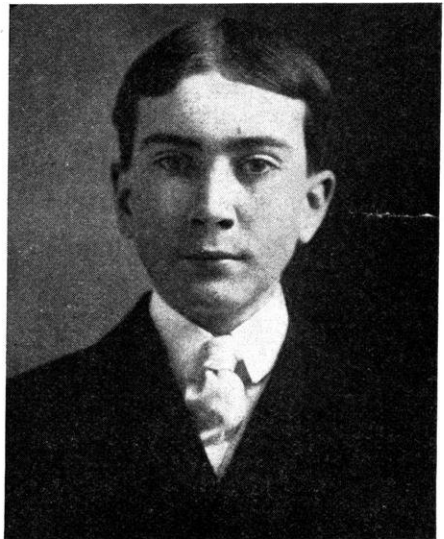
ENRY Wadsworth Longfellow wrote "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," at the age of thirteen. William Cullen Bryant translated Horace at the age of twelve, and still stands

pre-eminent as a juvenile poet. John Greenleaf Whittier, at the age of eighteen, sent "The Exile's Departure" to William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the Free Press, and thereby received his first encouragement in the poetic realms. James Russell Lowell edited the "Harvardiana," and may have inserted some poems, but at the age of twenty, his class poem was the first to be published. In dallying with verse in their early years, these men laid the foundation for higher things. "The Battle of Lovell's Pond" proved a worthy successor to "Evangeline." The translations in verse of Horace odes made possible the immortal fame of "Thanatopsis." "The Exile's Departure," developed the master singer whose description of scenery in the "Bridal of Pennacook" cannot be surpassed in plainness and grace.

We look back with profound admiration upon these young geniuses and probably with that we might have attended Harvard with Lowell, or Bowdoin with Longfellow, or the University of Virginia with Poe, or Williams College with Bryant.

Still, we had in our midst for three years, a poet who published, at the age of thirteen, a volume of ninety-eight poems,

all written in his thirteenth year—the poet, Glenn Ward Dresbach, former editor of this magazine. Dresbach was born



Glenn Ward Dresbach at Thirteen

on a farm four miles from Lanark, Ill., in 1889. His early boyhood was spent on the farm, where he roamed about the fields, learning the subtle language of nature. He hunted, trapped, read a great deal, but was no bookworm. He wrote his book while under the spell of green fields and streams. Two hundred and fifty copies were published.

Characteristic of him are the following

two verses in the poem entitled "My Gaze," which appears in his first volume:

"I look across the river dark
With dashing waves so wild,
And in it wanders through the surf,
A boy, but not a child.

As he toils through the waves of the river
dark,
He makes rhymes of his own—
And as he battles bravely, cons
Them o'er in loving tone."

While his lyrics have the lightness expected in a boy of thirteen, his serious poems equal the reflections of many older heads. His "Elegy on the Grave," a poem of twenty verses, while not in perfect meter, exhibits profound reflections of a mind capable of understanding the seriousness of life.

"Quiet and sad are the grave's dark depths
where someone's friend is lain,
Wrapt in a shroud of death's dark land, or
in the flag of the slain,
Beneath the ivy and climbing flowers some
noble heart may sleeping lay,
And know not when came night's dark
hours, or sunshine of the happy day."

In "Our Season's," he concludes:

"Death is the latest season,
For 'tis the winter of our life;
When time's bleak passage endeth,
But time ne'er endeth strife."

Prettiest of all do we regard "Daisies,

Awake!" It is really a wonderful expression of a youth's appreciation for nature. The most beautiful stanzas follow:

"The streams that lay in dusky repose
Through the long, lone hours of night,
Now laugh in the lustre which the sun-
beam throws,
And ripple in rosy light,
And the hills that loamed like shadowy
ghosts
A clearer outline take,
White sails glimmer along the coast,
Awake, sweet daisies, awake!

"The violet lifts its eyes of blue
To the bending blue above,
And roses bathed in morning dew
Are singing of beauty and love.
And the lily stooped to kiss
Its shadow in the lake,
O, ne'er was a morn more lovely than this,
Awake, sweet daisies, awake!"

Since these youthful ventures, Dresbach has written poems for the Pacific Monthly, the Smart Set, and other national magazines. He is now about to publish his second volume of poems which will represent his more mature efforts. His development in poetic fields will be watched with great interest by all who know him. Particularly will his Wisconsin friends keep informed on his progress, for he seems to be following in the trail of Wisconsin's late generation of literary lights, Zona Gale, Berton Braly, Horatio Winslow, and many others.

LOVE

Roger Dod Wolcott

*Through ages past the sages strove
To tell dull mortals what is love;
And still our wise men vainly try
To solve this riddle e'er they die.
Their fruitless labour seems to me
But Wisdom's folly; what care we
For Love in barren words defined?
Love's of the heart, not of the mind!
For me there's but one answer true,—
Which is, Sweetheart, that Love is you.*

THE MATTER WITH US



FOR several days after the Chicago - Wisconsin game the Hill buzzed with discussion of our unexpected defeat. Everybody was asking what was the matter with the team; were they overtrained; were they out-played; out-guessed or out-brained? What could have happened to upset the "dope" which predicted an easy victory over the team which had been whipped by Minnesota, 30 to 0? Many answers were given to these questions and many explanations were offered to account for the disappointing score. But it was pretty generally agreed that the real cause of the disaster was overconfidence. Overconfidence not only in the team and in the coaching staff, but in the whole student body. And with this explanation the discussion ended.

A more curious and more loyally interested person might inquire, "What have we to blame for this overconfidence?" If he could get a true and definite answer to his question he would know why it is that Wisconsin has been defeated by Chicago not only this year but in many previous years and why Wisconsin has been defeated by many other teams in other branches of athletics.

When the football season opened this fall everybody saw visions of a championship team. Material was more plentiful and more capable than for years. The first games on the schedule were won with such ridiculous ease that Wisconsin was conceded to have one of the strongest teams in the Conference. That fact was proven when Minnesota was held to a tie in a game in which Wisconsin had the better of the argument in every department. The student body hailed the team as one of the greatest that ever represented the institution. They congratulated them as Western Champions and predicted victory over Chicago by a decisive score. No one doubted for a min-

ute that the team was capable of wiping the earth with Stagg's pupils. Great plans were made for celebrating the victory by which Wisconsin was to come at last into its own. And then everybody settled comfortably down to wait for the team to bring home the scalps of the Maroons.

Except for the more mercenary who hustled around to place their money on Wisconsin at 3 to 1, the student body acted as though the season had come to a close with the Minnesota game. The team was left to practice the last week without a solitary cheer from the side lines. The mid-week mass meeting brought out but a mere handful of rooters who were content to sit quietly in their seats while the speakers lauded the team and predicted an enormous score against Chicago. The team sat upon the platform and gazed out upon scores of empty chairs, and wondered at the fickleness of student sentiment which but a week before had been responsible for one of the most successful mass meetings held at Wisconsin. The team had been inspired by that mass meeting. The fiery words of heroes of past generations had given them courage to go out and fight the greatest fight of their careers against Minnesota. They had done their part nobly and well and this was their reward.

Coach Richards was so disgusted that he refused to take a seat upon the platform or to respond when called on for a speech. Then the next morning when the team left for Chicago there were less than a dozen men at the station to bid them "God speed." One of the players bitterly remarked, "This university doesn't deserve to have a good team for they don't appreciate one when they get it." He expressed what was in the heart of nearly every man in the car. Then when they got back home they were greeted with questions and criticisms which belittled their whole season's efforts. A week later

when there was advertised a smoker which was to be the tribute of the students to the team and at which the "W" certificates were to be awarded, less than three hundred men turned out. A magnificent tribute! Had the game with Chicago resulted in a decisive victory it would have probably been necessary to hold this gathering in the gymnasium in order to accommodate the hundreds of students who would have come to honor their championship team. A winning team is always certain of an enthusiastic following, but a team that emerges from a brilliant season with one unfortunate defeat to its credit is doomed to endure the disapproval of a fickle minded student body.

Owen Johnson, in his remarkable story, "Stover at Yale," now running as a serial in McClure's, gives a splendid glimpse of the undergraduate athletic attitude at Yale. After a game in which a light Yale team had gone down to defeat fighting gloriously against a much heavier and more skilled Harvard eleven, the Yale coach says to the players as they are about to leave the training quarters, "Remember, men, Yale takes her medicine!" Victory is a minor consideration at Yale. They take pride in the good, clean fight their team puts up rather than in the number of points they are able to register against their opponents during a season.

Does Wisconsin always take *her* medicine? Isn't victory dearer to the heart of most Wisconsin students than the satisfaction of being represented by a team of men who give the best they have for their university and who put up a game fight under the most unfavorable circumstances?

The success or failure of a nation depends not only upon the men who are chosen to make its laws and administer its affairs but upon the great mass of voters whose servants these legislators and executives are. Just so with the athletic policy of this university. To attain a position of leadership in intercollegiate athletic contests it is not only necessary that the athletic department at Wisconsin contain capable men as coaches and executives, but that the student body back these men up heart and soul, not only in spirit

but in actions. It may be that at times the policies of the department will not be clearly understood by the majority of students. This fall Coach Richards carried out ideas which were radically different from any before seen at Wisconsin. Men were shifted from one place in the line up to another without regard to the positions they had previously played. Many followers of the team wondered at this and doubted the wisdom of the changes. It has become quite the custom of late years for men to doubt the wisdom of most all the policies of the athletic department. The attitude seems to be that the coaches don't know what they are talking about and that the opinions of those who sit on the bleachers and study the art of football second-hand should be given more weight than the men who have made a considerable study of the game. All the early games this year were won with ridiculous ease. They were in the nature of try-outs for the men on the squad, and it was necessary that every man be given a chance to demonstrate what he might be expected to do later on in the season. In each game the players, especially the quarterback, were given specific instructions as to what kind of plays to use. The idea was not to run up a large score by uncorking the whole bottle of good plays, but to use only those which would give the best training for the team. The bleachers failed to sympathize with this policy in nearly every game. They howled for a piling up of the score and were peeved because their wishes were not gratified. They were not content with winning from Northwestern 28 to 3, for all during the game there was a constant clamor for a score of 50 points. They protested when some of the better players were removed to give some of the more uncertain material a chance to prove its worth. Even after the Minnesota game there were heard expressions of dissatisfaction because certain plays had not been used at critical moments. So long as the student body continues to remain out of sympathy with the powers which are directing the athletics of this institution no Wisconsin team will ever accomplish all that it is capable of accomplishing.

Strict adherence to a definite policy is essential to the success of any movement. There must be unity or there can be no strength. At Yale, as shown in "Stover at Yale," the whole institution stands behind the captain of the team no matter how little they may agree with his policy. He is the man they select to pilot their team and they do not interfere in the least with his methods of piloting. A man who ventures a contrary opinion takes his life in his hands. How unlike the situation here. The captain of the Wisconsin eleven is not above criticism at the hands of the lowliest freshman. Many captains of late years have been blamed for the failure of their team to score at critical moments in big games. Their word has never carried with it the weight of authority that makes captains of big eastern teams such a factor in the life of their institutions. Many of them have even been known to comment unfavorably on the policies of the coaches and of the department, and to permit the men on the team to grumble and complain when night practice in the gym interfered with their scholastic work.

When thirty-five men reported for practice the first night this fall the whole university congratulated itself on the wealth of material. A few weeks later when Coach Richards remarked upon this at a mass meeting and said that there was no excuse for a smaller squad than one hundred men, many students blamed him for being pessimistic. Small squads from which to pick a varsity eleven have become so common at Wisconsin that they are taken as a matter of course and the students do not realize that they themselves are to blame for such a shameful condition.

Just as Coach Richards said, there are hundreds of men in this university big enough and brainy enough and nervy enough to play football better than many of the men now on the squad. Why don't they get out? Simply because the student sentiment doesn't drive them out or wouldn't encourage them if they did get out. In many universities a man of any athletic ability, or even one who looks like a possibility, is made to feel that he is shirking his duty unless he gets out for

the team. Every single student co-operates with the coaches and the captain to provide a large squad. A candidate for the team is made to feel that his efforts are appreciated by his fellow students. He is not only cheered from the side lines at practice, but as he moves about the campus and in the class room he is encouraged with pats on the back and queries as to his progress. A man who would quit the squad because he felt he had no chance to make the team would be ostracised. It is easy to see how this would tend to raise the standard of athletics in any institution.

The man of mediocre ability who gets out and plugs for two or three years to make the varsity is given very little encouragement. Only last year a man was given the varsity "W" in football for faithful service extending over his entire four years in the university. He had played on the scrubs all that time, never for a minute thinking of turning in his suit because he saw that he would never earn a regular berth on the varsity. Instead of honoring that man as a true example of Wisconsin spirit, many students laughed at his persistent efforts and pitied him for his lack of brilliancy on the field. It was only when the athletic board had placed upon him their seal of approval and when later he proved to be one of the most consistent point winners on the track team, that the student body awoke to an appreciation of what that man had done for Wisconsin. There are many more such men who come out for athletic teams in their freshman and sophomore years, but they become discouraged and drop out because they are not made to feel that they are wanted and that they have a chance for some reward. If the Daily Cardinal would give these men a little notice and devote less space to the performances of the stars on the team they would be doing a very patriotic thing for athletics.

The varsity "W" is a coveted emblem, not because it carries with it an eight dollar sweater and a pretty certificate, but because of the significance which is given to it by the student body. It would be valueless and unsought after if the student body did not look up to it as a mark

of distinction gained by meritorious work. The harder it is to win a "W," the more will it be appreciated. But those who work conscientiously and faithfully are entitled to some reward even if they do not merit a "W." To them is given a "W. A. A." For the last few years very few of these emblems have been seen around the campus. Men who have won them have been ashamed to wear them because they have been regarded not as rewards of merit, but as evidences of failure to win the greatest honor. It has been much the same with class numerals. The student body has been so narrow in their views and so stingy in their expressions of appreciation that none but the stars have felt that their work for the teams has been noticed and approved of.

Ever since the great upheaval in Conference athletics in 1905, Wisconsin has blamed most of her defeats on the antagonism of the faculty to athletics. When an athlete has been conned, the student body has been prone to regard him as a martyr to the cause. Instead of inquiring into the nature of the case to see whether or not by some chance the athlete might have been neglecting his work the conclusion has been jumped at that he was discriminated against. A more fair and beneficial attitude would be one which would brand as disloyal and undesirable any athlete who neglected his work so as to merit discipline at the hands of the faculty. Keg Driver and Bruce Bradley started a movement last spring

which was directly responsible for much of the wealth of material for the eleven this fall. That movement must not be permitted to die out. Upperclassmen should feel it their duty and responsibility to discourage by any means in their power any loafing tendencies in any athlete and to help those who find difficulties with hard courses. A conned athlete should be given no sympathy.

Players are quick to detect when student support is not accorded them. They are hurt by poor attendance at mass meetings and smokers at which they are supposedly the guests of honor. Slim crowds at games is an indication to them that the student body is not interested in what they are doing for their alma mater and they feel less like doing it. They are immensely flattered, too, by any encouragement from even short course students. They will play harder for people they can count on for support in time of defeat than for those who want victory above all else.

After all the teams at Wisconsin do not play for what each individual member gets out of it in the way of personal glory or material gain. They play as representatives of the institution defending the honor of the student body against all comers. And if the student body cares so little for its honor that it neglects and fails to appreciate the men who guard it for them, are they not deserving of seeing it trampled in the dust?

DAYDREAMLAND

Roger Dod Wolcott

*Many leagues to the South lies the island of
Love
With its beautiful valley of Dreams;
Mysterious stars shine down from above,
And the breeze softly sighing,
Now swelling, now dying,
Scarce ripples the Lethean streams.*

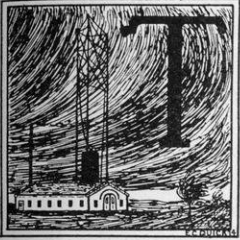
*This isle of Illusion, this Fountain of Youth
Is Beauty's and Pleasure's domain;
For in all their glory doth lie here forsooth,
Their turret-spires gleaming,
With wonders all-teeming,
All of Hope's fondest Castles-in-Spain.*

*Half hidden by palms, the meandering lanes
All wind down to Dreamland's maze,
Where the weary and care-worn wand'rer
attains,
Through the opiate perfume
Of poppies red bloom,
To the pleasures of younger days.*

*All worry and care and earthly conceit
Each mortal must banish awhile;
And oh the delight of this blessed retreat
Where they frolic and play,
Driving sorrow away,—
Then return to the earth with a smile.*

THE VOICE OF THE LIGHTNING

Edward C. Quick



HEY sat among the black, corroded tanks and planned their future. Above them stood the great chemical transformer that was to store up the lightning for him.

It had made him master of the storm; it would make him master of the world. And high up on slender masts hung the meshed aerial, a tangle of rods and wires—the brush that was to sweep the lightning from the clouds. A summer storm was piling the western horizon with bluish black, cut now and then by a stab of light. As the sky darkened, the clouds came up in a long, sweeping bow, little brownish wisps curling and twisting at its edge. The high aerial began to hum with a long, throbbing eerie note, and the girl in the laboratory at its foot sat closer to the man, looking up at him with wonder, almost with fear. That this man, who had conquered the elements, and played with the leaping lightning, could have one thought for her—it seemed incredible. And yet she felt the pressure of his arm, and heard him speaking to her. “It’s all yours,” he was saying; “all for you, Darling, what would it all amount to without you?”

The rain beat on the windows, and the building shook in the wind. Thunder came in quick, sharp peals. Lightning played in the network of wires overhead, and the big batteries hissed and sputtered with the tension. At each flash their terminals blazed with points of blue-green light, and the overflow from the arrester leaped in dazzling flame down the ground rod outside. The man watched it and frowned. “I wish,” he said, “that I could cut out the arrester and run the whole

charge into the transformer. It’s made to stand it, and I think it would. There ought to be a little more platinum in it—but you know I couldn’t get it. If I only dared try—look!”

She ran to his side and looked out. Close upon them was a great, swirling, blue-black cloud, tapering at its base into a writhing spiral that swept the earth. Straight toward them it came, its billowing top ablaze with lightning. “A tornado!” she exclaimed.

“Look,” he cried, “at that lightning! Isn’t it tremendous? I’m going to try the transformer!”

He ran to the switchboard and pulled a long lever, tipped with glass. High up in the throbbing aerial a heavy knife switch slid out of its groove in the ground rod and settled into place in the cable that led to the transformer. Down in the laboratory the man waited, his hand on the lever, while the girl watched the oncoming vortex of cloud and rain and fire, and shuddered as she felt the grip of the gale on the building and the swaying aerial. The lightning blinded her; the thunder crashed like a wierd cannonade. Nearer—nearer—and suddenly the room and the storm and the whole world vanished in hissing, blinding flame.



AR out on the lonely prairie stood a little railroad station, surrounded by a few scattered buildings. At the telegraph key in the half-lit office sat a girl. Her features were clean-cut and

youthful, but on one cheek was a deep red scar, like the burn of some corrosive liquid. Her hair was streaked with gray, and her

eyes seemed always afraid. She was watching a summer storm rise into the gray sky, just as it had risen that day when she had watched for her lover's dream to come true. She sat there dully and remembered it all; his attitude; the glint of the glass-tipped lever in his hand; the stunning shock; and how, when she had awakened in the street by the burning wreck of the laboratory, with the curious crowd about her, she had looked over and seen a doctor pick from the blackened face of the man she had loved a splash of metal that had fallen there from the melted aerial, and how bits of charred flesh had come away with it. She shivered and shrank from the wind that was beginning to whistle through the cracks in the flimsy station.

The click of the sounder roused her from her thoughts. It was only an order for a station away down the line, and she sank back again. Through the dingy window she watched the brilliant play of the lightning. Once she had loved it; now it allured her with a strange, uncanny fascination. The dimly-lit office seemed fading away; she saw nothing, heard nothing but the storm outside. She tried to fight it off, for she knew what might happen if she yielded. Once she had missed an order and let a train go by, and only by the merest chance had it been saved from wreck. So she sat with her hand on the key, trying to think of her work.

The sounder trembled and clicked weakly. She scarcely noticed it. Suddenly the lightning flashed sharply, three times in quick succession, and with each flash came a sharp, decisive click from the instrument. "S," her call! She started up, wondering. Was it only a trick of the lightning, or was someone calling her? He would surely repeat the call. Again the lightning flashed, and again came the imperious clicks. Mechanically she an-

swered. Then, while the lightning blazed and the thunder crashed outside, she heard in fast, clear Morse the words, "Darling—darling—at last I can speak to you. I've waited so long—and now—now I am master of the lightning."

The girl sat tensely over the instrument, gripping the key. Outside the lightning blazed and the thunder crashed like a wierd cannonade. "Dearie," came in sharp stacatto from the sounder, "Do you still love me?"

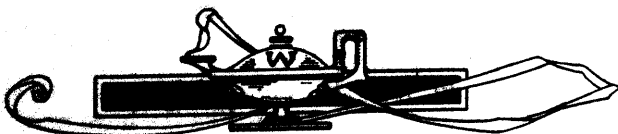
Her hand moved on the key, and the little man-made dynamos feebly answered "Yes."

Then the lightning blazed again, and the voice from the storm went out. "Ah, I've known it all this time; I've wanted to be with you—every minute, dearie. How empty everything seemed! But I have the power now; all the power of the storm. The lightning is mine—mine to use as I wish. Dearie—you do not love that man who would make you his wife—I know it. He is coming to you now. His train must cross a trestle. I can touch that trestle with my lightning, and crack it into burning splinters. Shall I do it? Shall I send him to a crashing death?"

"No, it is not necessary. You are my own; I can bring you to me. Look at the storm. See what power I have!"

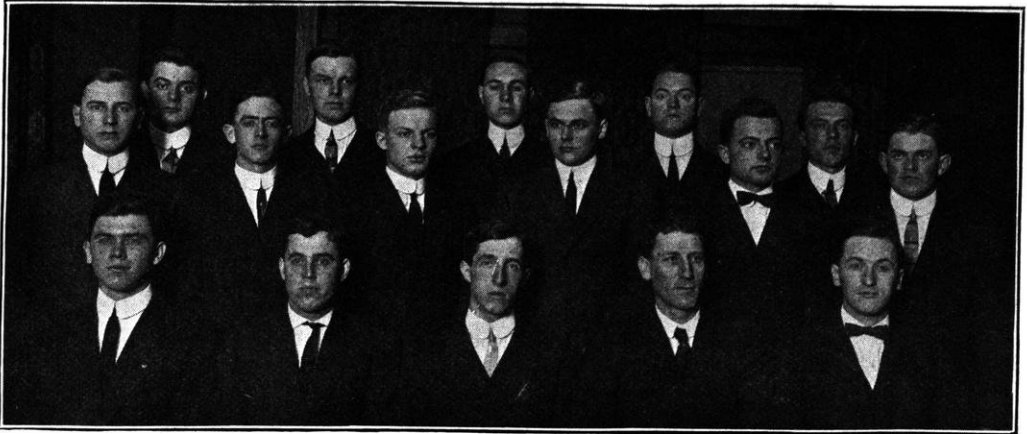
She looked out and saw sweeping across the level prairie a low, swirling, black cloud, the vortex of the tornado. Its tapering base swept the earth; its top was ablaze with lightning. "Darling," came from the sounder, "I want you—I want you with me forever." Then the single word, "Come!"

The thunder roared out in a sudden, tremendous crash; out of the key hissed a sheet of blue-green, blinding flame; and the girl's lifeless head fell forward over her blackened fingers.



THE Y. M. C. A. CABINET

McKillop



Reading from left to right, top row—Otto A. Reinking, '12; Arthur R. Oates, '13; Henry V. Lacy, Grad.; Manville F. Hendricks, '13; Elbert C. Stevens, '12; Robert D. Hughes, '13; Henry G. Arnsdorf, '12; C. C. Chambers, '13; John J. Willaman, '12; T. R. Hoyer, '12; Louis E. Schreiber, '14.
Bottom row—Herbert R. Sweetman, '13; John L. Childs, '11, Assistant Secretary; Clarence R. Cleveland, '12; Frank H. West, Secretary; C. Hoffmann.



THIRTY Wisconsin men, the retiring general secretary, Mr. Jorgensen, and his successor, Mr. West, encamped at Lake Geneva last June in a company of nearly five hundred men from over one hundred different colleges and universities in all parts of the middle west, formulated plans for the year's work in the Young Men's Christian Association.

Most of the men present were cabinet members, and when the semester opened each department of the association had a carefully worked-out plan ready to materialize. The membership campaign, conducted during the second week of school under a new plan making the amount of dues optional, resulted in over eight hundred new members for the Association. Following the work of the membership committee, came a carefully conducted Bible-study campaign, resulting in the organization of thirty-four classes with an average attendance of three hundred and fifty. Several fraternity classes have also been organized, as well as a class for faculty men and one each for the Chinese and Japanese students.

The committee on religious meetings has secured such men as Lyman Abbott, E. T. Colton, C. K. Ober, E. A. Ross, Presidents Hadley of Yale, Vincent of Minnesota, McConnell of DePau, Dr. Henry Van Dyke and others of a similar type, to ad-

dress meetings held every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. Mid-week meetings, held Thursdays from 6:45 to 7:30, are conducted by faculty men.

The mission department, having a membership of twenty-one volunteers, five of whom are women students, meets weekly for discussion of the problems confronting the foreign missionary, and is frequently addressed by persons having had practical experience in the foreign field.

The boys' work committee has been instrumental in securing the use of several of the Madison school houses, and besides its work among the boys in the Boy Scout movement, is organizing classes for those of high school age.

The deputation committee is in receipt of several invitations from nearby towns for speakers and leaders. Seven out-of-town places have thus far had speakers from the Association, and the work promises to be more extensive than has ever before been attempted.

Places on association committees are filled in a manner similar to that of any other college organization, upon the merit basis. Leaders in other activities consider this work worthy of their attention and seek these offices, not only at Wisconsin, but at Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois and at other universities. And it is in this way that the Association has come to occupy its position foremost among the activities of the busy college man.

STUDENT DAYS—Concluded

By a Member of the Faculty

III.



THE summer after my graduation from Seaport, I renewed acquaintance with an aged gentleman, once a famous New York dentist, who always passed the warm season under the Wilton elms. During the thirteen years of his blindness he had memorized many of the longer masterpieces of English poetry, among them, Shakespeare's Sonnets entire, upon which he was writing a book that interested me. He listened, the good man, to my recitations from the New Poetry; asked what were my immediate plans and prospects, and offered me a home with himself and his wife for a year at Oxbridge. I had room and board with these kindly people free, for the casual reading and walking with that sturdy old hero and scholar was after all more of a service to myself than to him. But I felt keenly my dependence, especially as the motherly wife did some looking after me. She pointed out that I had never used the bathroom, and drew a horrid inference from the fact. This is but one of the injustices that have always followed me, for I was taking at least three shower baths a week at the Oxbridge gymnasium. And I dared not smoke in the house, and winter evenings, when it was too cold for comfort behind the woodshed or on the campus, I would take a few puffs with my head out of the bedroom window—only to be called to account the next day, for the dear lady had a keen nose. With the remnants of my ancestral estate I paid my tuition. A little tutoring and my semester of teaching at Seaport across the river kept me in clothes, books and such few cigarettes as I got a chance to smoke.

The academic life that year was too strenuous for the best intellectual and

spiritual gains. Coming from another and, in a way, inferior institution, I had to take an additional course to make the M.A. in a year. When the opportunity came to teach nine hours a week at Seaport, my old professor of Latin and the Dean told me it should be a choice between my degree and the instructorship. I chose the latter, but at the end of the year, making sure that they were satisfied with the work, I showed them my master's sheep-skin, and they did not bear down on me. But it had cost me, class work and teaching included, often eighteen hours of incessant intellectual activity a day, for I was forced to study both at meal time and on my walks to and from Seaport. Though losing ten pounds, I suffered no physical harm; with the happiness and hopes of youth one can stand a good deal. But, as I said, the mental results were disappointing. I had to cram; I made few student acquaintances; I knew my professors, with one glorious exception, the great psychologist just dead, scarcely at all. My subjects were English, Latin, and philosophy, and I was beginning to worry because I did not know to which I wanted ultimately to dedicate myself. The work was piled on too heavily; I got no time for outside reading, save that which was officially assigned in such remorseless quantities. On the whole, I prefer still the simpler and freer life of Seaport. Furthermore, I rebelled at the policing of the examinations. At Seaport there had been no supervision, and not even an "Honor System." It was simply a school tradition that the cheater was a scamp, who was by the nature of things eliminated. Possibly the best thing that I took away from Oxbridge was an incipient suspicion that I had competitors in the intellectual world. I had had it too much my own way in the smaller circles of Seaport, but

here nobody paid any attention to me, either students or teachers. My classroom wisdom was frequently repudiated with callous expedition by the instructor, and my poems were once rejected by the editor of the Literary Magazine, himself a mere Junior!

But now I was face to face with the impertinence of the social order. I intended to go on some time to the Ph.D. (symbols to me then of more mystery than now, considerably); but in the meantime, I had to make a living. I joined that institution for fleecing the simple-minded known as a Teacher's Agency. For six weeks, I hung around the fraternity rooms of Seaport University, with an old chum, who, equally impoverished, was earning three dollars a week, as usher in the second balcony of a local theatre. We lived on grape-nuts, and kept up our spirits by the miscellaneous use of our respective talents—he drawing cartoons on my plight, I satirizing his in verse. At last after many interviews at the agency with many school superintendents, I accepted the first offer that was made, and went up for the rest of the summer to the foothills of the White Mountains, living with my sister and some jolly girl friends of high school days at a picturesque farm-house for four dollars per week. Here came to me an experience more intense than any in life before: the revelation of the eternity, the silence, and the majesty of mountains. The exaltation brought with it, however, its discomfort: the mountains became forthwith my subject for verse, and yet they rebuked in their grandeur the pettiness of my scribblings. I sometimes think that the poetizer is the one individual incapable of enjoying nature with his whole soul—he always has a professional eye on the subject matter and is usually disgruntled at his efforts to do it justice.

My year of teaching at Littleplace, a small farming and manufacturing town in Massachusetts, I reckon as further graduate work. For, although I enjoyed the teaching itself (Latin, English, and—astronomy) and tried to do my duty by the young people, I did not put my whole self into the school, and kept aloof from

the town, feeling that the day's work had really begun only when in afternoon or evening I was free for my own studies. The time had come when the passion for learning was conflicting with the other demands of life. But without business sagacity or social unselfishness, I had taken a position primarily neither for salary nor for service, but chiefly as a temporary means of support in a quiet place for private intellectual enterprises. It was only after becoming identified with a university that I felt with power that co-ordination between study and teaching, between learning and helping, which makes each so much more worth while. Littleplace is a blur in my memory; the only vivid recollection being my first landlady, who drove me forever out of the house, the fat termagant, with a carving knife. I had remonstrated with her for screaming up the stairs, "Ida, Ida," every morning at five o'clock, whereupon she said that she guessed she had the right in her own house to wake her own daughter, and that I wasn't a very common sort of person. I ventured the suggestion that perhaps *she was*. It pains me to record the episode, for a scholar should always be genteel.

Meantime Seaport had appointed me University Fellow for foreign study, and, after another two months in the splendid mountains, I was off across the sea, bound by way of England for Germany. Of the (to me) marvellous times that followed I will speak here very briefly. Borrowing a little to add to Fellowship money and savings from salary, I managed on \$1,000 or so to stay two years, as a traveler, and as a student at two German universities, with a long summer's study of French literature at Geneva. I had adventures enough, owing especially to my small means, which for the good of my soul kept me in third and fourth class boats and trains, close to the aborigines. The scholar of small means can not be a snob, even an intellectual snob, if he wants any comfort at all. I enjoyed mixing with the folk; but this too had, if you will, the intellectual taint; by which I mean that the spontaneous fun of being with all sorts of people had been supplemented by an in-

terest in studying them and the satisfaction of broadening the intellectual horizon. I traveled during the vacations. When my funds were nearing the bottom, I had to make a choice between taking the Ph.D. examination (the one item of big expense at a German university) and a visit to Rome. For my practical future as a teacher, the former would have been advisable; but the lure of the Eternal City was too strong.

As a German university student, I had originally intended to specialize in the classics. An excellent opening was awaiting me in Seaport University, but after a semester I shifted, a fatuous idealist perhaps, with no thought of the academic opportunity I was throwing away, to another field, having become convinced in the presence of mightier scholars than I had ever seen before that in the classics I was a mediocrity, and that in the other field I could maintain more nearly an intellectual self-respect, and more nearly achieve intellectual success. Yet I seemed unable to throw myself fully into any specialization and envied vastly my more mature American acquaintances who had come over-seas with the definite purpose of pursuing some technical investigation with some one great authority. But the vital atmosphere of a world dedicated without apology to Thought and Inquiry for their own sake, as the normal activities of man at his freest and best, and the tremendous achievements of that world—far beyond anything in my own country—stimulated me to the point of intoxication and confusion. At one time I was even investigating sexual pathology, and at another, prehistoric man, some relics of whom I had discovered when exploring caves in the Oberpfalz. Peculiarly fascinating was the process of learning to speak a new language; it was like the birth within me of a new mind. Looking forward in college to going to Germany later, I had there put my time intentionally on other things than German, directly reversing the usual procedure. I think I was justified. In Goettingen I once met a young woman, just arrived after specializing in German for six years

at Vassar. Six months among the people, in lecture-halls, parlors, streets, and shops, and among the German books in my study had made me—as they would make anyone—far more intimately acquainted with the literature and far more ready with the spoken word that she was. I say I failed sufficiently to specialize, as my fellow Americans were specializing. Analysing, however, in retrospect, I suppose my intellectual quest in Germany was chiefly for the facts and principles of art (especially poetry), of linguistic science (especially Germanic and English philology), and of philosophy (especially German systems of idealism). That I didn't altogether succeed is obvious.

Every one knows that a German university has no roll calls, no examinations (except the three hour oral for the Doctorate), and no recitations. It is a kingdom of lectures and seminaries. The students live about town, and do as they please. To me, these conditions were glorious. Opportunities came to make warm friendships with professors and students, both in and out of the academic halls. The beautiful environs of the two small university towns, the woodsy walks, and the river with its vineyards, and ruined castles, the snatches of romantic songs floating down the road or across the hills, evenings of mirth over the punch bowl, with the "gnaediges Fraeulein" chaperoning the young ladies, and all night sessions in the cafés with brilliant young writers or scholars made the long dream richer and more mellow. It was with a heavy heart that I turned home in spite of dear ones waiting for me.

And it was with unspeakable homesickness for the Rhine that I then set about the business of a Ph.D., now as Fellow of another American university, in a roaring Eastern metropolis. The contrast was too sudden and profound. And I experienced a morbid intellectual nausea, at the reaction to the business-like supervision of the academy and the intellectual superficiality of one or two of my new professors. And I felt aggrieved—I seemed to be treated like a school boy again. I made among the students only

one enduring friend; yet he proved to be the friend I had been looking for all my life, still a companion in head and heart, still a sharer of ideals and disappointments. Among the professors, one became in after years, the most sympathetic and loyal of my older friends and helpers. But at this time these potential assets I could not forsee.

I was in the metropolis primarily to write the doctor's dissertation, my long graduate studies, in spite of their diversity, having enabled me to absolve most of the requirements as to courses. By the middle of the winter I had collected a promising supply of materials and was getting over my unhappiness, when occurred the first serious set-back in that intellectual life which good fortune had thus far permitted me. Man is not altogether intellect and I suddenly found myself the victim of an overwhelming grief that shook the foundations of being. For the first time in my life I could do no work. Yet here I was, using \$650, the free gift of an intellectual institute, and making no return. The dishonesty of it appalled me. For four months I marked time. Then I borrowed money for a curative visit to my old haunts on the Rhine. I made my decision only a day before I sailed, and by a curious coincidence the ticket assigned me to the same vessel and the same stateroom that had brought me home. Abroad I collected more materials for the dissertation, and discovered that I was stranded. A German student friend loaned me without any security the means to pay my passage back. I roughed it for fourteen days on a huge tub from Hamburg, in company with three hundred second cabin ballet dancers and singers who were being shipped to America for Wagnerian opera. I landed early in October with no university now to pay my expenses and no teaching position in sight. A pretty conclusion.

But my friends of the Teacher's Agency had been busy, and I was instructed to call at Ferrytown on the Hudson where Doctor Mack, proprietor of a fashionable boys' school, would like to see me. The Reverend Doctor Mack was oily and af-

fable and wore a Prince Albert. He needed a new teacher of German. He needed *me*, he said, but of course, as an eleventh hour man, I could not, he pointed out, expect the large salary it was his custom otherwise to pay. I suggested timidly that, as I recalled the Biblical allusions, it was precisely the eleventh hour man who did get the full pay—and then I accepted him meekly at his own figures. I had to have a job. A three months' nightmare followed. The university in the metropolis was reminding me that my dissertation must be finished, but there was no finishing it in that uproar. Besides I was still nervously exhausted. A fine butt for the young demons—sons of United States senators and New York millionaires. Doctor Mack, with his eye on his patrons, would not stand behind me. I left (with his hearty consent) at Christmas, narrowly avoiding several suits for assault and battery—as I had conceived an intense desire to thrash the school bully and especially the school's proprietor. This, too, in spite of my long devotion to the life of the spirit. This experience, however, became integrated with my education and training, for it gave me my first opportunity to know at first-hand a scoundrel and a monte bank. But Doctor Mack is a story by himself.

Back to Seaport, where my people were now living, I fled, without position and money, and my academic obligations still unabsolved. I shut myself up in a back chamber of our modest apartment and wrote the whole dissertation in five weeks. A half dozen popular articles brought me a little cash. Then I got a substitute position for the rest of the year as German teacher in the high school of Belvidere-by-the-Sea, where I managed to pull through. Here I lived in a high chamber whose four windows opened north, south and east directly upon the ocean, and I always went to sleep with the rhythm of the surf in my ears. I had crossed the wide sea four times, and seen it (remote from the world of cities and trees) in storm and peace, at sunrise and moonrise and under the stars, and yet it had never so spoken to me before. What

the mountains had been years ago in New Hampshire, the waters of the great deep became to me now. I wrote many verses. And, because, I suppose, I *should* have been preparing for the Doctor's examination I began reading Spanish, which had nothing to do with the degree.

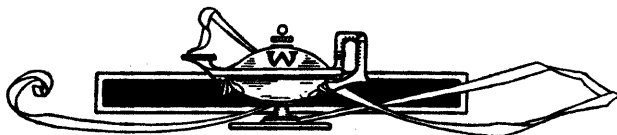
The department in the metropolis university wrote me concerning the examination. I had no money to pay for it, or for the trip, nor could I get excused from my teaching. Kind professors offered to advance me something out of their own pockets—but this proved to be unnecessary. And one Friday afternoon after school I took the seven-hour ride to the metropolis, and the next day, after a sleepless night in the hotel (with a typewriter in action till three A. M. in the adjoining room), I came up for examination before some twenty distinguished university officials around a long table, at the other end of which I took my seat. That I suffered no perturbation was an accident of the circumstances. I was simply too exhausted and discouraged to care what happened. For several hours I answered such questions as I could,—out of politeness and duty, rather than interest. The same night I took the train back to Belvidere.

I had received my degree. My intellectual life had begun to crystallize around certain problems of literature, language, and philosophy. But I was heavily in debt, and I realized but too keenly my financial and spiritual obligations to those who had helped me. I realized too that the time had come for self-support and service. I had taken; now I must stand and live and give. How to get the chance? My career had been scattered over so many places, some so far away,

that I had few academic backers. I had not played the game, I had not attached myself as pupil to some influential American scholar, by whose fiat I might have been "placed" forthwith. Furthermore, I had acquired among some good people the reputation of being one of those impractical enthusiasts so dangerous to the sober business of our American collegiate system. I lost confidence in myself. I was, I feared, an intellectual fool. An ideal universe of the spirit might have a use for me, even as some leading magazines of the ideal had found occasional use for my poems; but I had evidently gotten into the wrong world. How in after years the compromise between the absorption in the intellectual life and the legitimate demands of the social order was finally somewhat adjusted is another story, and not to the purpose of these reminiscences. I had reached full manhood and had seen and read considerably, but had then yet to meet some of the greatest teachers of man—Practical Responsibility, Love, and Death, to discover that without these fundamental experiences even the most learned must be without the deeper sympathy and wisdom of the race.

Pain and Discouragement, I then thought I already knew, but they too were still reserving their solemn messages for the future.

This informal story lacks the elements both of heroism and of genius that quietly ennobled the student lives of many of my colleagues, nor have I achieved any distinction to warrant the writing of it, as of public significance; yet, like the story of any life, it may have its use for the thoughtful young reader, if he but add the critical commentary which I have for the most part and with intent omitted.



THE DOG DID IT

Arthur Hallam



ALTHOUGH I am only a dog, I have experienced a rapid change in social standing which seldom comes to one of my kind. It's a long story which reads like a fairy tale. I'll give you my bark of honor as a dog that it's all true; besides, I'm not the hero. So here goes.

One Saturday afternoon about five o'clock I was huddled in a blind doorway of a wholesale drug house, trying in vain to keep warm, and wishing that I might die to relieve myself of that awful sickening pain in my stomach that I had been trying to run away from for a week. I had not had even a crust for two days; I didn't want it. In my misery, I heard the steady clink, clink of the time clock just within the door, and watched the heterogeneous force of toilers in the establishment walk by in a steady stream. I did not venture out, for I knew it would mean the terrible nerve-racking kick which I never could get accustomed to. They all saw me, but paid no attention for my beautiful brown coat was covered with mud, my eyes were bleary, and my nose ran with the cold. I was indeed a pitiful sight, because I had not been washed or clipped since I had left home. However, one young fellow seemed to take particular pains to spy me out in the fast falling gloom. A gleam of intelligent interest came into his eye when he saw me. "Why, that dog's sick," he exclaimed. Of course I was sick, and it had taken those poor humans all this time to find it out. But any word of kindness was welcome to me now, and I made a feeble attempt to wag my tail. "Come with me," he said. "Poor fellow, I think I know just what's the matter with you. My Billy had the same thing, and he died from it. I swore I'd never let another dog die that way if I knew what was the trouble."

I didn't object to following him, because the prospect seemed good, and with me it was a case of any port in a storm. So I trotted limply along, for he seemed to want to take me. I guess he thought I was a poor scrub that no one wanted, and that he would only be giving me a little comfort by helping my eyes. I had to swallow my pride a little at that, but just then I would have done anything. After a little while we reached his room. It wasn't much; the coachman's lodge was better. This place was in a big building, which had a sign on the front that I couldn't read. First he gave me some medicine that he had bought in a drug store on the way home. Although the stuff had an awful taste, it seemed to make me feel better right away. He made me eat some warm bread and milk, and swabbed me in a lot of old clothes till I felt so good I went to sleep. I was happy once more. Why, I would have fought any one then to protect that fellow. I slept most all night that way; in the morning he gave me some more medicine and wrapped me up again. Then he went out and shut the door. I nosed around, but since I couldn't find anything, and couldn't get out, I had to go back to my blanket and sleep again. After a long time the fellow came back. He evidently knew what he was talking about, because he exclaimed, "Why, just see how much better he is already." I was that pleased I had to bark. There was another fellow with him, who called him Paul. I afterward found that this other man lived across the hall.

Paul kept right on giving me things, until, when he washed and combed me, I felt like my old self again. This across-the-hall friend used to come to see me every once in a while, I suppose because it was close. One day, when I had been well about a week, I nearly died laughing to hear the across-the-hall man say, "Paul,

I have a hunch that that dog has good blood in him. Why don't you enter him in the dog show?" Good blood—dog show—that would be easy for me! But the only thing I could do was bark my satisfaction. Perhaps I might see some one I knew, for I was getting doggishly lonesome up there all alone, although I did prefer that to feeling the way I had before. Paul thought the idea was a fine one. I could tell that he knew enough about dogs to have an idea what I was. I guess he must have fixed it all up, because the next thing I knew he was washing me all over and combing my hair and sandpapering my ears. My, how natural it all seemed. I could just feel that there was some excitement in the air; I jumped around and barked and bit everything in sight.

Well, we went to the dog show, with me just feeling fine. It seemed as if every dog I knew was there. I knew a lot of the people, too, but I couldn't speak to them. First of all I had to tell my friends where I'd been, and what an awful time I'd had, and all that. I wasn't more than half through with the story when whom should I see coming down the aisle but the master! Why, he nearly jumped out of his boots when he saw me, and I barked and capered around and nearly broke my chain in my efforts to tell him it was really I. I could see that he was pretty mad then. He came up and looked at my number real hard, and then looked in his book. Right away he ran off and got the man who looked after us. They came up and talked real excitedly, and so fast I couldn't make out what they were saying. Master wanted to take me right with him, I guess, but the keeper wouldn't let him, saying that he must wait till seven o'clock. Master replied that he would wait all right, and so would the officer. After that he went away, and I continued my story.

Pretty soon I guess it was seven o'clock, because I saw Paul coming in the door way down at the right. He was hardly twenty feet from me when the master came around the corner with the keeper and a big policeman. Paul didn't look a bit scared, though, which surprised mas-

ter a little, I think. "Arrest that fellow," said master, pointing to Paul.

"What for?" asks the policeman, rather surprised, because he seemed to know Paul, and Paul said "Howdy" to him.

"Why, you stupid," exclaimed master, getting excited. "Can't you see? He's entered that dog as his, and it's mine. He stole it. I missed that dog four weeks ago, and never found any trace of him. He's mine, all right. See the way he recognizes me."

"That may be your dog boss," replies the policeman. "I won't deny that, but I will deny that the boy stole him. I've known that boy for five years, and he's as straight as they're built. I know where he got that dog, too. He found him about three weeks back running around the streets, covered with mud, and as thin as a soda cracker. The poor critter was almost dead. It looks to me as if the boy has fixed him up all right. That lad knows more than you give him credit for."

By this time the master had cooled down a bit, and seemed to be thinking hard. "Come to recollect," he says, "I may be wrong. About the time we missed the dog he was suffering from some disease that no one seemed able to relieve him of. One morning we found his lash broken, and he was nowhere to be seen. It never occurred to me that he might have chewed it. But you're right; he seems to be all right now. Pardon me for disturbing you, officer. I guess I won't need you after all." So the cop left with the keeper. When they were out of sight the master started to talk to Paul.

"Tell me about this," he says, meaning me.

Paul gives him the whole story, making light, however, of the fact that he had cured me up in less than no time, just because he seemed to sort of know how.

"What are you doing, boy?" master asks next.

Then Paul tells him all about himself, and how interested he is in doping things together, but he doesn't get much time on account of his work.

"Are you satisfied?" says master.

"Well," replies Paul, "I've always had an idea I'd like to be a doctor, but I guess

there's no chance. I believe I know as much as a lot of doctors right now, though."

"Say boy," says master, getting grave, "I'm a doctor myself, and in this case you were wiser than I. How would you like to go away to school and study medicine and maybe get to be the greatest doc-

tor in the country? How would that strike you?"

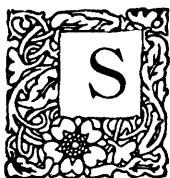
"Why," says Paul, with his eyes shining, "that would be great. But what's troubling me is who'd pay for it?"

"I would," says master.

I guess it wasn't so bad for me to get lost after all, although I was awfully thirsty for a while.

SHE CHOOSES

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.



HE trailed her hand idly in the water and gazed at him absently, eyeing the easy movement of his arms as he paddled. He attracted her strangely, this quiet little fellow with

his level eyes and mature mouth. He didn't appear intellectual, but flashes of strange phrases and uncommon words in his speech betrayed at least wide reading, and he met and solved the small problems of life with an ease and confidence that hinted at familiarity with greater ones. He was wealthy—undoubtedly though nothing he ever said or did directly alluded to it. He had social position—at least a manner and courtesy different from most of her friends, and superior. All this she recognized as she thought, but there was no clear-lined perception, no definite reasoning.

"It's good to live" she said leaning back luxuriously, "It's too good to be alive and here to think of going back to the city next week."

He swept the canoe toward the shore and as the scrape of the sand along its keel brought it to a stop, said, "I must go back, too," and he smiled his quiet smile that was a little crooked and a little teasing. "I would really look forward to going back, if——"

She missed the tenderness that had crept into his tone and broke in. "Pooh—so would I look forward to it if it were going back to college."

He steadied the canoe with his paddle as she got out and then remarked follow-

ing her, "Do you ever think of going to college?"

"Indeed not," she almost gasped. "Why I am lots older than Marie Hargate and she is married now. Why I wouldn't get through college until I was as old as—as Methuselah, especially if Daddy gets another Europe idea in his head. Where are we going?"

"Over to the Thatch to get a book I loaned Hart Mayhew. He intends to enter my college next year, did you know it?"

"Yes," she said, "he told me." With another of her lightning moods she became pensive, and they walked on together in silence. That was one of the things she liked in Bruce. He was always quiet at the right time. She was thinking of the last football game she had watched. She was thinking of Hart Mayhew, as he surveyed the field with its hopeless stretch between his team and the goal. She saw the toss of his yellow head and his quick crouch, and then, through a delirium of excitement, his thrilling flashing run through the other team to the winning touchdown.

And Hart Mayhew had boasted of his run all through the winter—boasted delicately and discerningly—basking in the admiration of the boys and the fervid hero-worship of the girls. He was older than the rest of them, handsome and ready of tongue, and he desired for himself the heart's desire of the town. And she, the heart's-desire, was walking to the Thatch with Bruce to get a book he had borrowed.

"Some day," she said to Bruce, apropos of nothing, "when I marry I am going to marry a football player."

Bruce turned to look at her. "I wonder," he said, and smiled his quiet smile that was a little crooked and a little teasing.

They came to the Thatch and got the book. And Hart Mayhew patronized Bruce and boasted delicately and discerningly, and Bess looked at him with a fervid hero-worship—but she was older than the high school girls and concealed it, so Bruce did not notice. On the way back to the boat they stopped in the softening light and she perched herself on a stump at the edge of a cornfield and looked across at the shocks, gold-tinged by the setting sun.

Bruce was silent a long time and then it came quietly and naturally. Simply and briefly as was his way he told her of his love. She still looked across at the

shocks of corn, but she did not see them. She saw the toss of a yellow head and a quick crouch, and then a thrilling flashing run. She turned to Bruce and looked at his face, gold-tinged by the setting sun. He wasn't smiling now and his eyes watched her's. Then something in her sprang into life, and grew, and she understood. She stretched out her hand tenderly, whispering, "It's you—Bruce."

A week later she stood on the pier waving goodbye to someone on the deck of the great steamer. She watched it swing out into the big lake and then turned to her companion. "I wish I knew why he had to go back so early," she said.

"Why," said Marie Hargate who was lots younger and married, "You know he is 'end' on the college team."

And Bess thought of a quiet smile that was a little crooked and a little teasing. "I wonder," she said to Marie, apropos to nothing, "I wonder."

MONOTHEISM

Shigeyoshi Obata

*Over Indian isles,
Over Persian wilds,
Fair the sunlight smiles,
The moonlight falls—God's voice of mercy calls.*

*Why, have rolled the ages,
All the West in praises,
All the East in mazes?
Has not been found our God the earth all round?*

*God has saved the millions.
For the other billions
Under his pavilions
Has he not cared?—His boundless love he spared?*

*Can a heathen blotless
Ever be so godless,
And the path he trod, less
Divine and just than his, whom Christians trust?*

*Through a Buddha's image,
Left of Christian pillage,
Our true God's true visage
Has shone clear, bright, to souls who worshipped right.*

*And a pagan priestlike,
Pure and true, must nigh strike
Any life lived Christlike.
Many pleased God—Did many, knowing not.*



OVR STAGE and the DRAMA

THE WISCONSIN
DRAMATIC SOCIETY



*THE GREEK DRAMA

THE drama is the crown of Hellenistic culture and the most finished artistic expression of the antique world of life. With the creation of their drama, the Greeks reached the highest plane of spiritual development in their history, and that embodied in itself all the achievements of that development,—celebrating in the tragedy the glorification of Hellenism, and exhibiting in the comedy the absolute antithesis to the tragical,—in this one the fullest consciousness of man's liberty and honor, at the same time, however, explaining the human limitations and inadequacy in contrast to the eternal physical necessity,—in that one, again, drawing together the complete whole in a round of Bacchaotic derision, and sacrificing all relationships to the purifying power of wit. For if Aristotle designated the purpose of tragedy to purify all ills by means of fear and sympathy, then we must acknowledge the problem of comedy to be that of accomplishing purification, refinement, "Katharsis," by means of supreme joyfulness. We find, therefore, in tragedy a portrayal of a serious battle of man with destiny, whose sway, on the contrary, he replaces by the right of his own "free-will" activities; in comedy we find a cheerful resignation to the impossibility to bring into harmony the will of man with the ethical requirements of physical necessity. Again we find in other dramas tion of contradictions, and unceasing

manifestation of the uselessness of such a continual struggle towards a reconciliastuggles. One could then call comedy—that we have in mind here only the so-called earlier, is obvious—shortly, a parody on tragedy, provided the meaning of parody does not assume a derivative relationship, which by no means took place



Theatre Mask

here, because both arts of writing developed individually, though at the same time.

The Greek drama appears to be closely related to Athens, that glorious city in which, after all, all individual beams of Hellenistic culture gathered in one burning focus, in order that they might shine forth over the entire world. In that comparatively small area of Attica's capital city, there crowded together, and within a few years, a large number of famous men, in order, favored by the liberty of a

*Editor's note. This is the fourth of a series of articles translated by the editor from *Scherr's Geschichte der Weltliteratur*. The next translation will treat on the Roman Drama.

demoncratic commonwealth in political life, to reveal in science and art a great wealth of wisdom and beauty. Athens was particularly the city of intelligence in the old world. Here a Pericles governed the state; here a Phidias developed the highest thought and appreciation of Hellenism to the noblest form, and completed beautiful artistic productions; here taught successively Socrates, Plato and Aristotle.

Out of the laws of Solon developed the democracy of Athens, which although highly dangerous, is the only state government responding to reason, because it alone develops through the rights of man, and gives every citizen the possibility and the opportunity for untrammelled development of his abilities and powers, in contrast to the pressure of want and the limitations of law. During this democracy, which during Athens' glorious role in the Persian wars represented Hellenism politically and spiritually, there developed naturally the highest artistic form of Greek poetry, the drama, in which, in contrast to the patriarchial world of gods and heroes of the Homeric epoch, the revolutionary struggles of man with the higher powers, the attempts at liberty of the individual from the influence of the "anagke," exhibited themselves, and the conflict of human passions, that is the true life of man, into which the designated destiny opened the tragical cleft, in which man disappears in order to give the victory to the god-like,—that is the ethical physical necessity. This is the form of the Greek tragedy. In comedy the attempt is made not so much to close the tragical cleft as, far rather, to jump over it with the aid of the vaulting pole of wit. In tragedy the problem is to portray the honor and the greatness of man's soul, even triumphantly in defeat; in the comedy, to set opposite as victorious to the ideal the bagatelle, and to the idealistic struggles, the home-made pedantry. Therefore, the former takes its material consistently with a special desire from the hero-world, existing in the beautified future, while the latter chooses the nearest-best occurrences of the day for its material. From this then originated, aside from the artistic view point, the various influences

of the Attic drama; tragedy required ordinary human patriotism, while comedy a special, political, partisan nature; one opens to the people—for in Athens, the theatre was really a popular affair and the admission fees, through the initiation of Pericles, was payed for the poorer citizens out of the public funds—a view into the elevated region of the ideal and a true consideration of the godly and the human accomplishments, while the other calls one's attention, in a humorous way, to the faults and absurdities of political and private life.

WE MADE A HIT

IT IS quite evident that Miss Elsie Janis, the "Slim Princess," likes college men and Wisconsin men in particular. At least she said so in a recent interview reported by Nicholas Young in *The Boston American*. Miss Janis discoursed at some length with Mr. Young concerning the relation of the college man to the modern drama and expressed an opinion that the collegian was maligned by both press and public. Being in Boston at the time of course she was inclined to give a slight preference to Harvard men, but nevertheless she loyally and generously included Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Dartmouth, and—Wisconsin students. She told of her experiences in all these places and what she said of the Cardinal supporters may best be expressed in the words of Mr. Young himself:

"Then it isn't true," I (Mr. Young) suggested, "that Princeton men wear tan shoes with evening clothes?"

"True!" exclaimed Miss Janis, "it's terrible slander, why they don't even do that out in Madison, Wisconsin."

"What do they do in Madison?" I thought that a fair question.

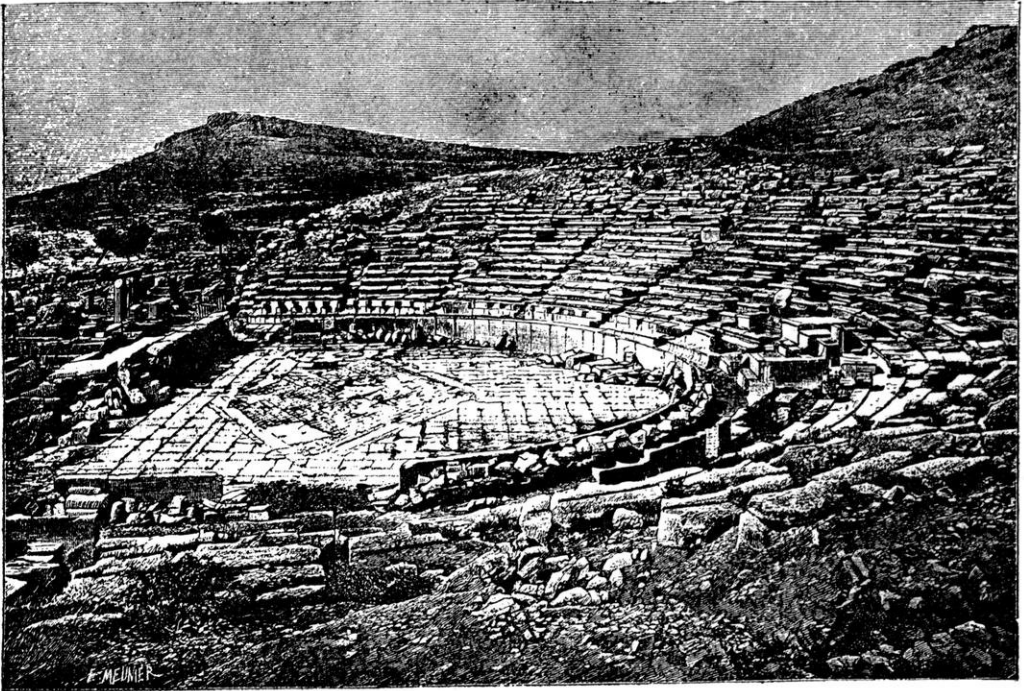
"Why, they do everything that's splendid. The University of Wisconsin couldn't behave better if it had grown up right here in Boston—and such boys; I could love them all"—

"Elsie," interrupted mother (Mrs. Janis), "not so much tempo."

"Then you were informed that in

Madison they have a nice habit of inviting popular young actresses (and their mothers) to luncheons at the fraternity houses. It wouldn't be generous to believe that Miss Janis defended Wisconsin on account of its perfect system of food distribution, but you could see without half trying that several luncheons in Madison were exceedingly well placed."

less. The club has, however, given just a hint of the character of the forthcoming production (as the press agents say) and the said hint seems to promise something just a little different from any previous Haresfoot opera. In the first place the piece is to be a step in advance of comic opera or musical comedy and will be, properly speaking, an extravaganza, which



Bacchus Theatre, Athens

What Miss Janis and Mr. Young say further does not concern us—the point of it all is that Wisconsin is being advertised in the East and it is getting an enviable reputation for its grub.

HARESFOOT CLUB

IT IS a peculiar thing about playwriting that a suitable title is often more difficult to compose than dialogue or plot. Some authors choose their title first and then write their play around it, just as a pretty sizable magazine article can be written around half a dozen photographs. And speaking of titles reminds one that the Haresfoot show for 1912 is still name-

means that greater opportunities will be given for music, farce and staging.

A fairy background will supplant the Alpine setting of "Alpsburg" and the Parisian atmosphere of "The Manicure Shop." This fairy background will surround a farce comedy centering about a magic hat, wherein will lie the fun and give rise to what is promised to be Herbert P. Stothart's best score. The contrasts of the material and the fairy world will be scenically depicted by Coney Island and the Fairyland.

The lines of the piece are said to be rich with humor and with the fanciful background as a medium for novel dances

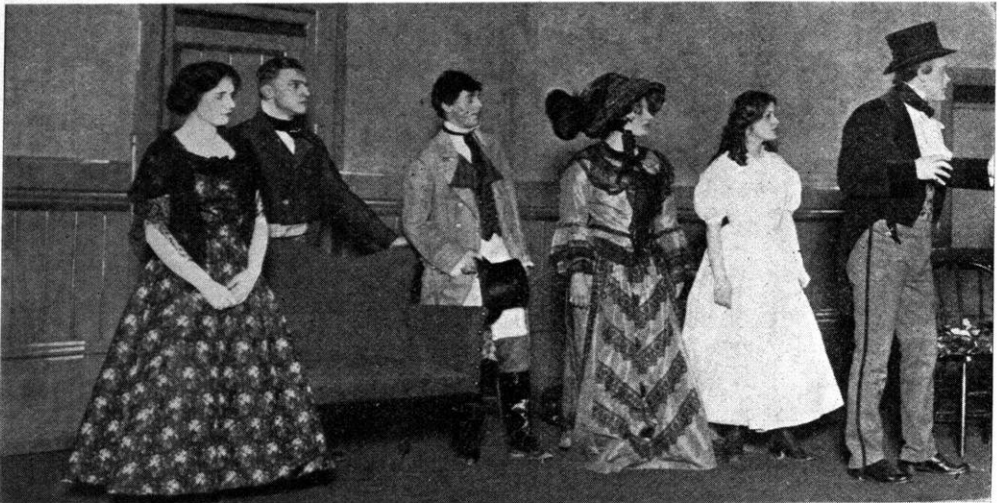
and ballets, should promise something entirely new in university dramatic circles.

The usual tryouts for principal and chorus parts will be immediately after the opening of the second semester. As yet the itinerary of the spring trip has not been arranged but the trip will undoubtedly embrace the same group of cities visited during the past two years.

William A. Kietzman, '12, has been selected as vice-president of the club to succeed Walter A. Sheriffs, '13, who left school in December.

Pecksniff, E. W. Helm, the veteran actor who directed and coached the performance, was suddenly called upon to act as understudy. Mr. Helm learned his lines in something like forty-eight hours and gave an excellent study of this so typical a Dickens character. His support was good with the exception of some few mechanical amateur defects.

The presentation was an interesting and successful portrayal of the dramatic qualities of Dickens longer works. It is to be regretted, however, that the club was un-



Scene from

EDWIN BOOTH CLUB

“**T**OM PINCH,” as produced by the Edwin Booth Club the night of December 9, carried with it dual honors—that of opening the university dramatic season and that of opening the local celebration of the centenary of Charles Dickens’ birth. In both roles it was a success.

The production was pleasing to a large audience because it was Dickens and because of the personal interest in the students taking part. But the latter may be said of any scholastic production. At this late date it is enough to say that the play was well acted, interesting and evidently appreciated.

Owing to the illness of Harvey Hartwig, scheduled to play the part of Mr.

able to give “The Only Way,” as was originally intended. It is infinitely better drama than “Tom Pinch.” The club is to be heartily congratulated for its efforts, however, and for its sympathetic and enthusiastic interest in Dickens.

* * *

Albert R. Gaul’s cantata, “Joan of Arc,” was splendidly sung by the Choral Union, December 18. Miss Minnie Bergman of the School of Music and Robert Quait of Chicago were the soloists.

* * *

The Germanistische Gesellschaft gave Falckenberg’s “Ein Deutsches Weihnachts-spiel” as part of its annual Christmas celebration on the 20th of last month. It was produced under the direction of Dr. Ernst Feise.

EDWIN BOOTH DRAMATIC CLUB

Harry V. Meissner

IF ONE is to assume that every printed criticism of a play drives home the same point only when such a conclusion cannot be avoided, the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club's Dickens' play, "Tom Pinch," was a pronounced artistic success. "Tom Pinch" was the Booth Club's big effort for the year, and it surpassed many of the previous successes of the club in

Neal Elder, Spenser Bissel, Thorlow Brewer, and Harvey Hartwig.

A somewhat universal demand, and the success of the Dickens play have brought before the club the consideration of a second public performance, of either a play, or more preferably, an evening of short sketches, which although assuming the outward form of a vaudeville, would lose none of their real art for being shorter.

* * *

The Glee Club gave its first concert of the year in Janesville, December 8.



"Tom Pinch"

McKillop

presenting dramatic art purely for art's own sake.

The Booth Club did not succeed in getting a capacity audience, but such is not longer to be expected for a production of this nature at Wisconsin. Its play was described by critics of standing as a contribution to dramatic history at Wisconsin.

Although the Booth plays have all been of an extremely dignified type, the club in itself is not a "high brow" organization, but rather a group of students of the drama in all its forms. With the play over, regular work of the year, regular programme meetings, and a series of dinner meetings will be taken up. The membership in the club has been strongly augmented this year by Clarence J. Cudahy,

JUNIOR PLAY

HERBERT A. KELLAR, a graduate student from Peoria, Illinois, has been announced as the winner of the Junior Play contest with a play called "Cousins." Roger K. Ballard, '12, was awarded the second prize.

"Cousins" is described as a live play with twenty speaking parts. It deals with student life and politics at Wisconsin and the adventures of two girl cousins in this environment.

Mr. Kellar, the author, has appeared with the Blackfriars of the University of Chicago and with the Leland Stanford University dramatic organizations in the years 1910 and 1911.

UNION VAUDEVILLE

UNION "Vodvil" plans are rapidly assuming shape and a record breaking programme of variety acts is promised for the night of January 20. About twenty-five acts will be judged in the elimination contest to be held January 5. The best twelve of these will appear in competition for the Union Committee prize on the 10th.

Marcus Heiman, director of the Fuller and Orpheum theatres, has offered to bill the winning act at the latter playhouse. This should prove an added incentive to the contestants.

Both co-eds and men will take part in the performance which will last a little over two hours. Accommodations will be provided for about 2,000 people, a mail order system of ticket sale being used.

"Her Own Way," the Red Domino play, will be presented at the Fuller Opera House the night of January 20. Rehearsals have been held throughout the

past month and an excellent performance is promised.

* * *

"L'ete de la Saint-Martin" was presented Wednesday, December 13, by the Romance Language Club in the concert room of Lathrop Hall. The following took part:

Adrienne.....	Miss Emily Winslow
Mme. Lebreton.....	Miss de la Barthe
Briqueville.....	Louis de Vries
Noel.....	Robert T. Purchas

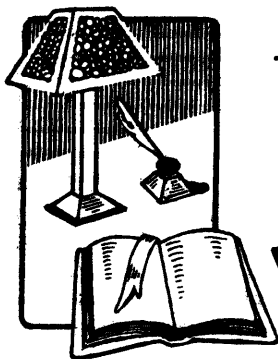
* * *

L. Albert Zollner of Apache fame and who is a member of the Edwin Booth Club was recently presented with a fob by the Haresfoot Club in appreciation of services as *Beinard* in "The Manicure Shop" last spring.

* * *

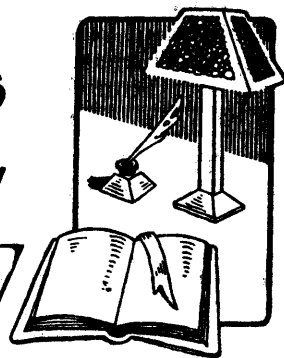
The senior play committee, of which Joseph D. Mercer is chairman, is considering a number of manuscripts for the 1912 production and a definite decision will be made early in the present month. Gaylord J. Case of Oshkosh was elected business manager at a recent meeting.





WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

"Geringes ist die Wiege
des Grossen"



FACULTY LIGHTS

JULIUS EMIL OLSON, Professor of Scandinavian Language and Literature. B.L. Wisconsin 1884. Psi Upsilon.

Professor Olson did not engage greatly in student activities, because the fact that he had to make his own way gave him little extra time. Military drill was popular, but the big thing was oratory. He was a member of the Athenae Literary society, and was elected to the joint debate, but gave it up because he had an opportunity to speak at commencement. The climax of one's college career at that time was the commencement program, when nearly every man graduating spoke. In his class there were fifteen speakers. He belonged to the glee club, which was organized for the first time in his senior year. He continued as a member during his first years as an instructor. The club took a few trips around the state, and sang at the high school commencements.

There were about 400 students at that time, and twelve professors. The gym was north of Main hall; no one had to take it, and there were only a few that used the building. The greatest achievement was the dedication of Library hall, which was the most important building at that time, and was expected to be adequate for all needs in literary, forensic and social events. The fraternity prom and commencement exercises were also to be held in the main room.

Professor Olson selected Wisconsin because he was born in Dane county and lived there all his life. He had relatives

in the city of Madison, with whom he lived while at college. This was one reason why he was not more active in student affairs, because it tended to isolate him from the school life. The other students lived in dormitories, which, though rent free, were not comfortable. However, all the men were forced out of the dormitories by the burning of Science hall in 1884. Professor Olson always considered it a mistake that he did not live in the dormitory, and thus gain a closer association with the class life of his fellow students. He would like very much to see a dormitory system established.

He would choose Wisconsin again because he has always been on the ground. The greatest thing about Wisconsin is its spirit of democracy, which gives it its reputation among outsiders. Here democracy is actually practiced, and the student who makes his own way has as good a chance as any one else.

Professor Olson took up his work because he had always expected to be a teacher. The man with whom he lived had a library in which he was able to spend much time. This was the cause of his partiality. Otherwise he had considered the study of law.

Although the university faculty was not large, the men in it had a strong individuality. John Bascom was the great man of the university and of the state. Every student, no matter whether he was a rogue or rascal, felt the influence of President Bascom.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES—Associate Professor of Political Science. University of Wisconsin, B.A. 1902; University of Pennsylvania, Ph. D. 1906. Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Phi Beta Kappa.

Professor Lloyd Jones' principal interest was literary work as a member of Hesperia literary society. He was on the freshman and sophomore debates, and was elected to the joint and twice to the inter-collegiate, but did not serve on either of them for lack of time. The school then was about half its present size; the agrics had recitations in South Hall. The new library was entered at this time from the former quarters in the back of the present Music hall where there had been one row of stacks. Football practice was held on the lower campus, with the regular games at Randall. The Minneapolis high school used to play Madison high before the Minnesota game. Those were the days of Pat O'Dea. Pat never was a line plunger because his bones were too brittle. His game was in kicking the ball from behind the line.

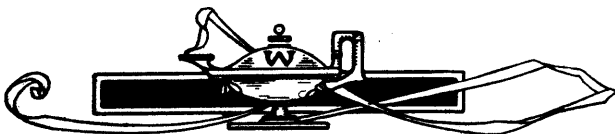
Professor Lloyd Jones had a preference for Wisconsin because his father had been here in 1872, as well as several cousins. He was strongly influenced by the presence of Professor William F. Allen, who taught history. Professor Jones, like most of the former students, was a Wisconsin product. At that time the university was still not so big to prevent students from knowing everyone at least by sight. Members of the same class were usually well acquainted. The class meetings held a more important place, and were better attended. Debating was still the big event of the year; football was just coming into prominence. The joint debate held a more important position and Wisconsin used to win the inter-collegiate. Professor Lloyd Jones believes that the great number of other activities, which take the attention

of students into other lines are responsible for the declining interest in the inter-collegiate debates. In former years the joint was even a bigger event, and still the inter-collegiates were won. There were then no three hundred various societies to take the attentions of the students on Friday nights, when they used to get the necessary practice. Social activities and theatres were also less insistent. Wisconsin is becoming sophisticated, like the East, with its diversified interests. Wisconsin is perhaps the best university in the country in which such a variety of all kinds of activities can be found, with the possible exception of Cornell.

Professor Lloyd Jones took a general culture course without specialization, which proved disadvantageous when a special line of investigation was necessary, but which gave a life more richly diversified, and decidedly "worth while." He believes that the time will come when the pendulum will swing away from the utilitarian idea of college education to the older idea of a broad culture, for the production of the best citizenship.

Professor Lloyd Jones would, if he were to take his college life over again, engage more in student activities. The great good to be derived from such a course is the contact it brings with other people, and the diversity in experience. The sum total of culture in a man's life is correspondingly greater. He would choose Wisconsin again, because, although every school offers about the same thing in general education, Wisconsin is on the firing line of the progressive spirit all the time. The school is unparalleled in its location, as compared with others.

Professor Lloyd Jones intended to take up law, but was persuaded to take up political science by Professor Paul S. Reinsch, who is accordingly directly responsible for his choice of career.





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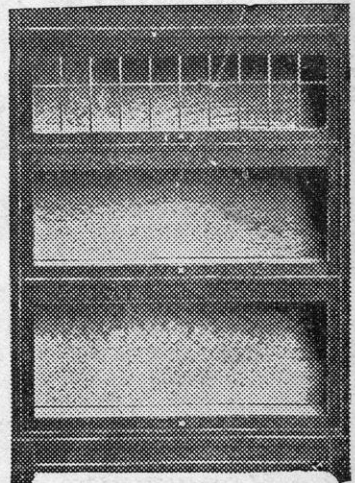
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