LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN–MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. II, No. 3 December 1904

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], December 1904

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:
http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright

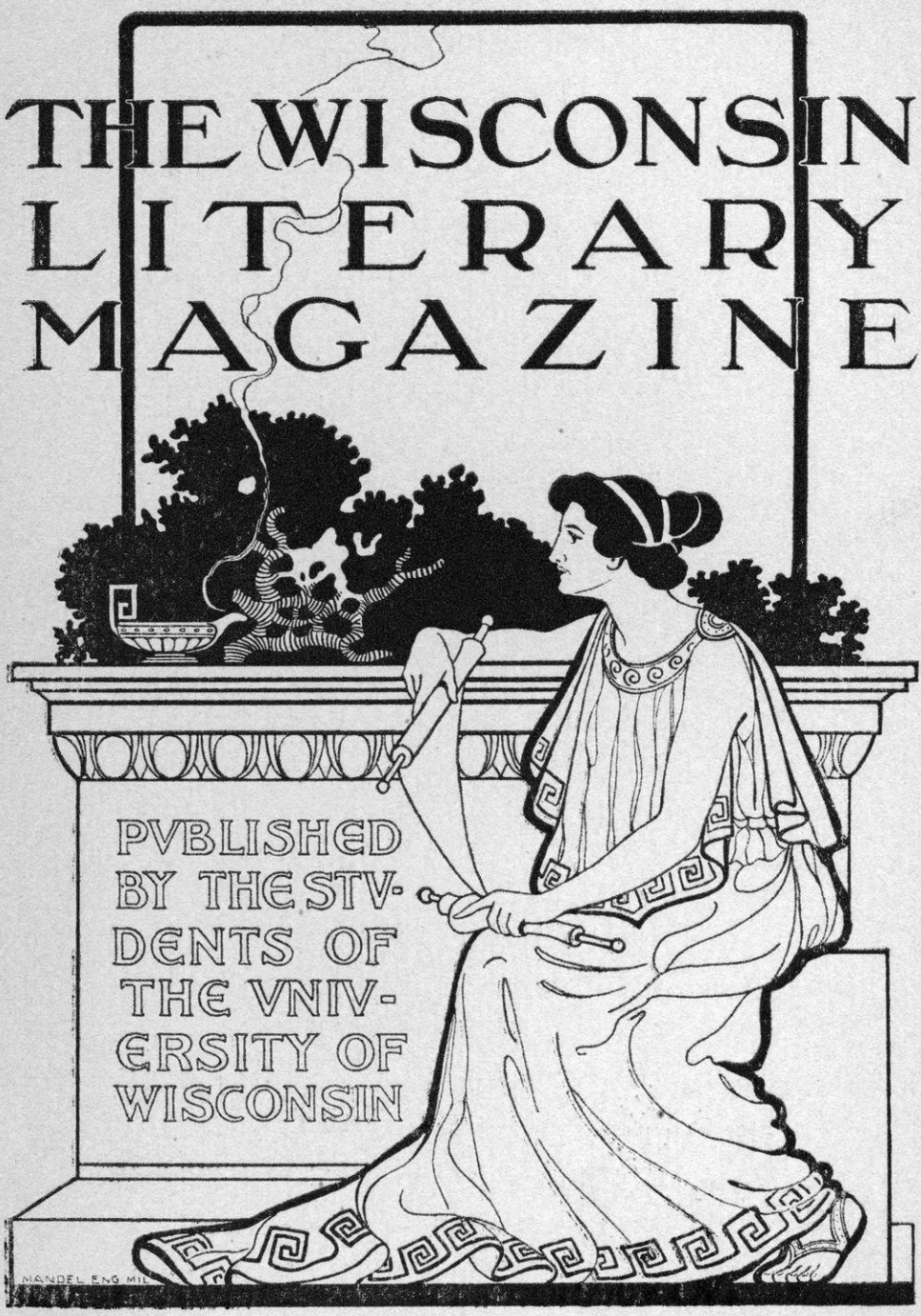
The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

728 State Street | Madison, Wisconsin 53706 | library.wisc.edu

LWV
W75
2
3

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1904

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly during College Year at Madison, Wis.
Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter
of the second class

Vol. II **DECEMBER, 1904** **No. 3**

CONTENTS.

Xmas

at the

Co-Op

Novels
Bibles
Standard Works
Skates
Sweaters
Boxing Gloves
Fencing Outfit
Pennants
Emblematic Pins
Fobs
Vases
Pocket Knives
Fine Stationery

Drop in and see us. We will be pleased to show you what we have and get promptly anything not in stock.

The CO-OP

504-506 State St.

Students

should be discerning. There is all the difference between a die-cut, mathematically correct and artistic pennant that there is between the production of a Bond Street tailor and an Indiana county hickory vestment.

We make the finest line of **PENNANTS, CAPS, GOWNS, PINS** and **COLLEGE NOVELTIES** in the United States, barring none.

For sale by student agents and leading stores.

Have you our new U! Rah! Rah! Wisconsin poster?

THOS. CONWAY

Student Agent

Columbia Graphophones

The Best Talking Machines Made

Cylinder Machines, $5 to $100 **Disc Machines, $12 to $65**

25c COLUMBIA Gold Moulded Cylinder Records 25c

COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS.—7-inch, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen. 10-inch, $1 each; $10 per dozen. Grand Opera Records (10-inch discs only), $2 each

The Graphophone pleases old and young alike

ENTERTAINS EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Write for Catalogues

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

Chicago, 88 Wabash Avenue. Milwaukee, 391 E. Water St. Minneapolis, 13 Fourth St.
Detroit, 272 Woodward Ave.

"May Good Digestion Wait on Appetite, and Health on Both."
—*Shakespeare*

To insure the appetite, the good digestion and the health, buy all your MEATS, LARD, SAUSAGES, Etc., from

WALTER & SCHULZ, 224 State Street
MADISON, WIS.

STANDARD PHONE 1334 BELL PHONE 5311

"Mens tastes are growing more artistic each year."

We strive to meet their tastes in cutting and making Men's Clothes.

We show an exceptionally fine assortment of Woolens in Plain and Fancy Effects this season.

E. J. SOUTHWICK, Mgr.

M. H. McCARTHY

Merchant Tailor

4 South Carroll Street

KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

Of New York

Drawing Materials

Surveying Instruments

111 Madison Street — CHICAGO

A. D. & J. V. FREDERICKSON

Pine, Hemlock and
Hardwood Lumber

Builders and Manufacturers of Builders' Material

MADISON, WIS.

RIDGEWAY

Photographer

17 West Main Street

Printing, Binding
Card Index Supplies
Cabinets, Filing Devices
Note Cards, Paper

DEMOCRAT PRINTING CO.

South Carroll Street — MADISON, WIS.

Established 1856 Incorporated 1896 Reorganized 1903

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

A Community of Business Activity where every advantage is provided for securing

THE BEST INSTRUCTION

in

Bookkeeping **Shorthand**

Typewriting **Penmanship**

English and Advertising

by

a Permanent Faculty of

Six Specialists

Students registered for as many hours per week as they have at their command.

Day or Evening Session.

For full particulars, call, phone, or write the

"FOUR C" COLLEGE

MADISON, WIS.

UNIVERSITY

School of Music

ALL BRANCHES TAUGHT BY

Fourteen Competent Teachers

Students received at any time.

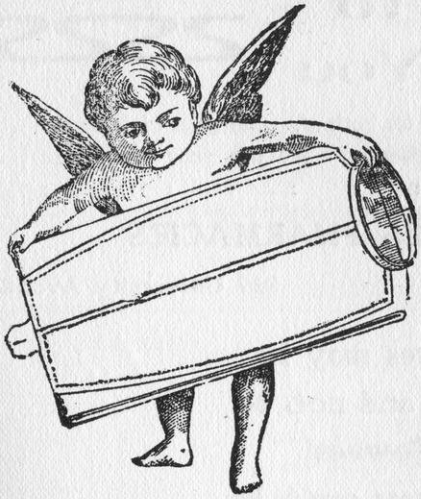
Courses suited for students of any grade.

Open alike to those who desire to take musical studies only, and to those who wish to take other studies in the University.

No fee except for musical tuition.

For extract from the catalogue, or any information, apply to

F. A. PARKER, Director, or
MISS BESSIE BRAND, Secretary
MADISON, WIS.



We want your laundry wash. We ask you to let us have it because we have the facilities and experience that enables us to do all kinds of work — work that is satisfactory to you in every respect.

ALFORD BROS.

Phone 172 **113-115 N. Carroll St.**

Crook & Sikes

Watch Specialists

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

It will cost you no more to have your watch repaired by specialists than by a "Jack of all trades," and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your work is done right.

Our principal business is doing work for other Jewelers, but we will do yours. Try us next time.

We Want to Introduce You

There is something in this for both of. Our plan of business will always give you satisfaction. We win your confidence and attract your trade : : : : : : :

THE MENGES PHARMACIES

28 West Mifflin Street 829 University Avenue

Gloves may be
right and not be
Fownes
but they can't be
Fownes
and not be right

GEO. W. KINDSCHI, Prop. *F. H. MARTY, Manager*

The
Perfection Cushion Shoe
for Women
at
$3.50

Fully guaranteed to give relief to Tender, Aching Feet. Unexcelled for Fit, Style and Wearing Quality. : : : :

EXCELSIOR SHOE STORE

109 State Street

We Pay Express on Mail Orders MADISON, WIS.

THE

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1904

VOLUME II NUMBER 3

A. B. BRALEY, EDITOR
505 N. Carroll St.

ASSOCIATES

EDWARD S. JORDAN FRED W. MACKENZIE WILLIAM T. WALSH
CHARLES B. KUHLMAN
STANLEY R. LATSHAW, BUSINESS MANAGER

EDWIN R. BIRKHOLZ, Circulation Manager

Terms $1.00 a year in advance. Contributions should be addressed to Editor. Business communications and subscriptions to the Business Manager, 28 East Gilman Street.

THE ADOPTION OF GNIGNO

"Well, what the deuce! Must be something doing on the campus. There goes Tootsie," remarked the red-haired engineer to his companion, known in the law school as "Buck,"—probably because he didn't.

The Law looked up just in time to see a very small, yellow-haired girl climbing up the place where the campus steps had been before the celebration of the preceding night. In a moment, she was trotting with a bouyant flutter of extremely short-skirts, up the long slope of the campus toward a group of students. Others were hurrying to join the crowd in spite of the fact that the hands of Library Hall clock pointed menacingly near to ten.

"Told you something was on. Tootsie's a sure sign. Queer how that kid's in everything," remarked the engineer as he took the steep incline at the foot of the campus in two enor-

mous strides and then turned to wait while the shorter Buck made his way up.

Side by side, they panted up the slope, Buck throwing himself forward with a spring at each stride to keep pace with his tall companion. Tootsie was hovering on the skirts of the crowd. Suddenly, she found an opening and darting, head down, between the knees of a bow-legged man, disappeared from view.

As the Law and the Engineer approached the group, they heard a gentle pizzicalto of stringed instruments being tuned; a bow was drawn across the strings of a violin in quick experimental chords. Then the crowd began to drop, one by one, to the ground, disclosing the object of its gathering; a wandering Italian trio. There was a man who played the violin, and a boy who played the harp; but the third figure was the one that attracted most attention. Close to the man stood a small boy,—a very small one—with a violin, and, as they played, his cap, set on a shock of black hair, scarcely reached high enough to touch the man's elbow. The two friends settled down into a vacant space: the Law at full length on his back, the Engineer curled up as best he could to keep his long legs out of other people's way. Over at one side, the girls were sitting. Around the players quite an open space had been left, within which three small children and a little white dog had boldly ensconced themselves in a row. Tootsie was circling slowly around and around the musicians, looking them over from head to foot as they played.

The clock struck,—ten deliberate strokes that sent half-a-dozen conscience-stricken freshmen and would-be Phi Beta Kappas hurriedly to their class, followed by the cry of "Quitters!" "Quitters!" Again the campus was quiet excepting for the music, and one delighted shriek from Tootsie when the little boy dashed into a series of arpeggios that fairly made his short coat stand out as he put the finishing flourishes to "Cavaleria Rusticana."

"Great kid, that," remarked the Engineer, shifting his head and elbows to get a better view.

"He sure is, Slim. That's what I call music."

The violins began again: this time, the "Holy City." A professor who had found no class to lecture to came tip-toeing across the grass to seat himself on the far upper edge of the audience. "Music hath charms," he thought, looking down upon the faces, several hundred of them, turned so attentively toward the music; and he wished the people who think the whole aim and delight of the college student is to tear up sidewalks and get himself arrested, might see this. He caught sight of the Law and the Engineer, and smiled. The reputed leaders of every deviltry concoted within student circles were very quiet now. And two blue eyes beneath a heavy shock of red hair were shining with a queer light while they watched the little boy. He was playing, not like an automaton as so many children do, but as if he thorougly enjoyed it.

"Nava, Nava, My Navajo,

I have a love for you that 'll grow," the violin sang, and a hundred voices took up the chaunt.

They called for "Hot time" once, and again, and then a third time, until the little boy was grinning broadly as he flashed his fingers merrily over the strings.

"He knows fun when he sees it," said Buck, approvingly.

"Ain't much the kind of a musical kid you read of in story-books, is he," Slim remarked, estimating with his eye the probable weight of the chubby little eight year old, and scrutinizing carefully his round brown face.

"Not exactly pale and inter—est," the rest of the word was jolted into a big "Uh!" as the next man gave Buck a vigorous poke in the back and an emphatic request to "shut up."

Presently, the ten o'clock goers began to straggle out from various quarters, down toward the group, where they stayed, or lingered longingly while they dared. "Bedelia" was in

full swing when Slim began to unfold his great length, by sections, like the unfolding of a carpenter's rule.

"Y' aren't goin' to quit, are you?"

"Got to, Buck," responded the other aggrievedly, "Uncle Billy's jacked me up proper already for cutting over-allowable. I'm not hunting for any special exams. Le'go my leg! I got to go, I say," and he twisted himself free from the hand Buck had around his ankle.

The fellows were so amazed that they almost forgot to yell "Quitter!" after him. It was incomprehensible that Slim should be leaving a thing like this for a class. You could have classes every day, but not such experiences as the present one. On the steps of the engineering building, Slim turned to look back across the green. Then, the clock began to strike eleven, and he opened the door and went in.

Some five minutes later, Buck felt a slight movement near him, and turned his head to find that Slim had dropped quietly down beside him again. The Law's eyebrows went up inquiringly.

"Big class!" answered the other, "Three fellows: me, and Jaecks who hasn't any ear, and Littleton who wouldn't cut for the crack o'doom. Fine crowd! Uncle Billy,—well, he's just behind me."

At half past twelve, the players were preparing to leave, when some ingenious spirit gave them strong inducement to serenade a member of the law faculty who was obdurately holding a class. This resulted in an urgent request from the professor that the music cease. Thereupon, the crowd yelled; but it had the good grace to withdraw, and the lecture on "The Adjudication of Equitable Jurisdiction" went on. Slim, somehow, had got close up to the little boy, and now, he caught the child up, violin and all, and swung him high on his shoulder.

"What's your name, kid!" he queried.

"Gnigno."

"What's the matter with Gnigno," came so forcibly that the jerking of it nearly sent the small boy from his shoulder.

"He's all right," howled the crowd.

Then for full five minutes they yelled for Gnigno, the "U, Rah, Rah," and again for Gnigno, until the indignant law professor was forced to shut the window with a bang.

There had been a mass meeting of the engineers in Library Hall, ostensibly for a single purpose,—peaceful and commendable enough—of making arrangements for the part the engineering school would take in the Jubilee. Convocation Hall had been so crowded that one wondered how the mass found breathing space to yell in. But it did. Indeed, the shouting of it had been such that the insistent banging of the score of pianos in the building was as nothing in comparison. That was at nine o'clock. At one, Buck accosted Slim:

"What was the nine o'clock row! See it!"

"See it!" Slim jeered, "Why, man-alive!" his fists were clinched, his elbows up. "Here, now boys! Hit 'er up! Three cheers! Three—" he brought his voice abruptly down to a conversational level and looked furtively around. The campus was deserted excepting for the bent, scurrying figure of the Sanskrit professor.

"We were just making preparations for the Juble in June, you see. And, incidentally, for one tonight. Read that. There were Profs at the meet. You understand." He thrust a piece of paper into Buck's hand and silently awaited results.

"Great document!" was Buck's comment as he returned the paper. "So its' tonight. I'm in for it, of course."

"Couldn't get on without you, old fellow."

They had gone some distance down University Avenue when the wailing of a violin broke in on their low-spoken plans.

"Say, Buck," Slim exclaimed, at the sound, "I wonder what kind of a life a kid like that Gnigno lives. He looked happy. Do you know I took a fancy to the little shaver," he acknowledged shamefacedly.

"Huh! Anybody could have guessed that the way you looked at him. Talk about angelic expressions! Why, your own mother wouldn't have known you."

"Ah, turn off the sentiment, my boy," the other interrupted the half bantering, half serious voice of his friend, "That spiel doesn't go, here."

"Well, it's so," persisted Buck who, his chum said, was just like a woman — or a lawyer — for wanting to get in the last word.

About half-past nine o'clock that night, two figures in white were trotting stealthly down a dark side street. The shorter of the two you might have taken, at a distance, for a belated tennis player. The other had on a loose white garment that flapped about his extremely long legs much in the style of the Chinese. Across the lower campus, other white figures were hurrying, by twos and by threes, toward the gymnasium. Here and there they darted out of houses and went scurrying along the street. Presently a shout arose in the vicinity of the gym. The two who were jogging down the side street quickened their pace.

"They aren't beginning without you?"

"Told Fink to if the crowd got rambunctious. Well, what the deuce! What ails you, little chap?" The tallman bent, as he spoke the last words, over a something black huddled up in the corner of half a dozen broad stone steps that led up a terrace.

It took a bit of a struggle for him to raise to the light of the street lamp, a brown, tear-stained face, with tightly shut eyes,— that sought to bury itself again in the protection of two little arms.

"Le' go me," a sobbing voice pleaded, striving to be firm.

"Its' Gnigno, Buck."

At the name, the little boy's eyes flashed open. A laugh broke from him as he looked up at Slim.

"Why, I didn't know it was you," and he allowed himself to be drawn into the Engineer's lap. This process brought to view a green bag that had been lying near him.

"Fiddle?" queried Buck, sitting down and picking up the bag.

"No," came the indignant reply, "Violin!"

"I stand reproved," laughed the Law.

"Why aren't you at home and in bed?" Slim's voice was stern.

The question produced a fresh series of sobs.

"Oh, come, now, brace up and be a man. That's no way to act." This from Buck.

"What's the matter? Where's your father?"

At length they gathered from the child's half articulate answer to their questions that the man he had been with was not his father; his father had died last summer; and that the man, angry because Gnigno had not succeeded in learning a new piece well that afternoon, had left him, declaring he could not be bothered any longer with such a good-for-nothing.

"What do you say, Buck?"

"Keep him, of course."

"Then you're ours, Gnigno. Do you understand?"

For answer, Gnigno snuggled a little closer and murmured a contented, "Um, hum."

Meanwhile, the shouting down by the gym had increased steadily. It was mingled now with the beating of the pans, the ringing of bells and wild blasts from the horn. Above it all rose the thin wail of bagpipes.

The Law and the Engineer arose, the Engineer still holding the small boy in his arms.

"What's that noise?" asked Gnigno.

"That, my son, is a pajama parade, as the polite phrase goes now-adays. I am obliged to call it a plain, old-fashioned night-shirt parade," he added, glancing down at his white garment from beneath which protruded the swelling folds of a pair of ultra-fashioned trousers and two very tan shoes.

"You ought to be in bed, but we've got to take you along."

As they approached State street the noise grew more distinct; and then, under the arc light at the corner passed a strange procession. First, came three white-clad lantern bearers. Next, a high, rickety wagon, drawn by six or eight more white figures, and surmounted by an enormous sign,

"Only A Joke."

Behind the wagon, a great, turbulent crowd swayed and surged and howled to the jangle of bells and rattle of tin, until, if the night caps had been red instead of white, you might almost have believed that this was Paris in '89.

"I say, Slim, put the kid into the wagon, and let him fiddle — violin, I mean."

A moment later, the procession had stopped and crowded around the wagon while Slim established his protege on the box to which the standard of the army was nailed. Buck carefully opened the green bag and gave the violin and bow into the hands of the small boy. Then he gravely put the bag on Gnigno's head, commanding him to "violin."

"Hot time," someone shouted, and Gnigno laughing, played it, while the crowd sang. This over, the procession started on its way again, with the violin shrieking and wailing in a manner that bade fair to out rival even the bagpipes.

About eleven o'clock, weary of limb, hoarse of voice, but still unexhausted in spirit, the mob poured into the lower campus. Then, detachments reconnoitred for the "making" of a bonfire. There ensued sounds curiously like the ripping up of sidewalk. When a Langdon street man tried to persuade one foraging party that he needed his shingles more

than they, he was informed that that could not be, for they were going to celebrate "the joke."

The bonfire was crackling merrily, with the shingles to give impetus to the heavier wood of the sidewalk, when Slim, who was sitting on the ground with Gnigno close besid him, leaned over and asked of the little figure still crowned with the green bag,

"What's that? Sleepy? All right. Here, Buck!"

Buck came from his vigorous poking of the fire.

"Take this. The kid's tired," and he handed the Law the violin and bow.

Then gathering the child up in his arms, he rose to his feet and started to make his way out of the circle about the fire.

"Aw, y'aren't goin' to quit yet?" someone called out.

"Parental duties, boys! Got to put the baby to bed," he answered, swinging off down the street, with Buck close in the rear.

ETHAN EMMETT'S CHRISTMAS

"Stop, you are all full of snow" shreiked Nancy Ann arcoss the freshly scrubbed kitchen floor. Bolting forward she seized a broom and flourished it over her step-father's shoulders, he stopped short and peered at her under his arm thrown up to guard his head. He removed his hat and a shower of flakes fluttered across the wet pine boards.

"There now," she cried, flushed with the vigor of her assault, "Id like you to stay a spell on that there rag strip by the winder. There's no need of your puddling around in the snow on Christmas."

Ethan Emmett wiped his thin beard free of icicles and forced his bandana back into his pocket with a meekness that manifested complete submission. Nancy clattered imperiously around the stove and frequently opened a door with her apron to see how the turkey was browning. As her face assumed a more benignant look Ethan noted the change with a display of satisfaction. His had always been the attitude of a man in the pillory.

Absently, hopelessly he looked out through the gaunt geranium stems and contemplated the falling snow. Nancy sunk into a rocking chair at the side of the stove and regarded him intently. "Don' seem like Christmas 'tall" she mused.

"I never had no Christmas these five years back" groaned Ethan, and he raised his bandana to his nose to give a feeble blow. It lingered there a moment. Then he turned and reached for his hymn book on the brown and musty clock shelf.

"You go out and put on your biled shirt, Ethan," Nancy

orded as she spread out the spare red table cloth and smoothed down its frazzled edges. "It's most two o'clock and the Rumseys 'll be here afore you know it."

The old man ran over the pages of the hymn book, drew a faded blue envelope from between the thumb marked leaves and silently caressed it in his hands. Nancy Ann scowled at him from her seat near the stove. Ethan involuntarily winced under her stare. He felt her presence like a poised weapon. His fear of her overruled his will and her dominance affected him like an hypnotic influence. Her cool and conquering eye had always drugged him into submission.

"There aint no use reading that letter" she railed. "If that dootiful daughter of yourn had half the heart she pours in it she'd 'ha acted a sight different. That't jes' like them actresses."

Ethan's head sank on his breast and Nancy's voice rose. He saw in the haze of the falling snow a little child dancing around a Christmas tree. Her blue eyes were filled with gladness and her yellow hair in careless profusion about her shoulders had broken from its braids as she romped on the floor. A swirling blast carried a cloud of snow across the yard and he looked again. The room where once the child had been was empty. Her dolls were in the garret. He remembered the day when the grocer came back from the city and told how he had seen her on the stage with a bevy of ballet girls and his bandana found its way again to his eyes.

The barking of the dog on the doorstep roused Ethan and Nancy cried: "There the Rumsey's are coming and you in that shirt." She saw the top of a carriage above a ridge of snow and filled with anxious excitement pushed her stepfather into an adjoining room.

Ethan seated himself in a settle by the fire and vainly endeavored to call back the vision in the snow. There was a creaking on the front step, a rustle of dresses in the hall and the door flew open.

"Jane," the old man cried.

A tall graceful woman in a cloak of brown threw her arms about his neck and pressing her lips to his, whispered, "Father."

The house cat arose from the hearth, rubbed herself on the long brown coat and purred while Ethan Emmett wept.

SNAPSHOTS OF A WESTERN UNIVERSITY

An incident in the history of the early days of California is told which has for its setting the Sierras and for its hero the founder of Stanford University. When the question of a railroad across the mountains into California was broached, the engineers searched up and down the "Range of Light" for a suitable pass and finally declared the idea visionary, the railway impracticable. Leland Stanford then set out with his wife, on horseback, and together they braved the elements. Then said he, "Where we have ridden, the railway must follow."

Later, when he proposed to found a university in memory of his cherished son, people thought the idea a beautiful one, but again impracticable. California, they said, did not need another university. At the opening of its doors, however, four hundred students were knocking for admission. Anyone can trail; what the world needs is pioneers.

The sounds have long ago ceased in the big laboratories and the weary student rises from his dissection, in the fading light, nerves, muscles and bloodvessels fast becoming inextricably mixed. Hastily putting his instruments away and his much mutilated *abalone* in the alcohol, he issues forth under the arcade and in response to instinctive promptings makes for the athletic oval. Half way across the "Quad" he stops suddenly while he drinks in the sweetest music that falls on the ear of the college man. The "rooters" are cheering on their doughty veterans of the "pigskin." As usual they have

begun on the last song, "Toast to the Team," a fond parting for the day:

"*Up* with the grand old Cardinal; down with the Gold and Blue" comes vigorously across the campus from hundreds of throats; and the listener turns almost with a start toward the western mountain rim and beholds great red banners in the heavens, auspicious portent, at the close of the day, displacing the gold of the sun and the blue of the skies.

While standing there meditating on the sun, his eye takes in a beautiful picture, brought out in its best light; a picture of long lines of pillars that form the arcades, pleasing array of quiet, sombre sentinels; the mingling of the red of the tile roof and the buff of the stonework; the great central quadrangle with its circle of waving palms; and above all the crowning glory, the Memorial church, a massive pile, resplendent in its mosaics, proud in its gorgeous windows, and high over all a great, gleaming, gilded cross, many a long still night the "tryst of sundered stars."

> "And heard once more in college fanes
> The storm the high built organs make,
> And thunder-music rolling shake
> The prophets blazoned on the panes."

Footsteps echo along the corridors now and in the subdued light several groups are approaching. Eh! What is that — cowboy? No, not here. 'Twould be like a fish out of water, finding the plainsman here. Sombreros and corduroys — there they come, with measured tread, quite dignified, not knights of the lariat at all, but serious spectacled Seniors with the weight of three years of their

Alma Mater's wisdom and learning heaped upon them. Not bowed with the weight of it, their faces are turned, beaming with hope, toward the hills where they shortly will pass to dig for other treasure.

"Oh Heidelberg, dear Heidelberg, thy sons we'll ne'er forget,
The golden haze of student days is round about us yet;
Those days of yore will come no more, but through our manly years
The thought of you so good, so true, will fill our eyes with tears."

O ho! what have we here? Can it be a group of old Blaine campaigners? Hardly, they would scarcely be so lively, but surely there is the same old gray hat. What? A fight? I'm sure I saw one make a pass at the other's head. Why there is a "stove" in his hat! Yes, there is one there, more than one for that matter. They really are several days old, however, those blows, and these are three jolly Juniors, pride of the 'Varsity. As they draw nearer, one finds that the hats are not gray all over, but fantastically painted. On the crown is usually found a large red "S," on one side " '05," on the other side some insignia, such as those of the Greek letter fraternities. If the student is in the department of geology and mining, there will be a hammer or pick, transit, a picture of some fossil, generally an *ammonite,* or a crystal. At Stanford the "plugs," as they are called, are dedicated on a special night set apart for this custom. On the memorable night of the "Plug Ugly," which usually comes in October, some time, the Juniors present in the open air an original farce, a burlesque, on certain per-

sonages and rules of the University. At the conclusion thereof, they formally don this novel headgear and wear it the remainder of the year on every occasion. The donning of this unique bonnet is the signal for a terrible melee, for it rouses the dignified Senior, and all the ire that has lain dormant since the Juniors first came to college is expressed audibly and tangibly on this night. The Juniors form in a body and make a rush for the quadrangle around which they commence the traditional march. Once around they go and every inch of the way is fought over. The madness of the stampede out on the prairie is like the rush of children out of school compared with it. Each senior endeavors to smash a "plug," the Juniors, wielding those stiff, bruising weapons, just as strenuously pound their assailants. The court seethes with humanity enjoying the passing spectacle, the dust ascends in clouds, the gray walls send back strange, startling cries, the mass moves on slowly and with it a defiance that one would think loud enough to wake the Indians sleeping far up on the hills. No hats are "swiped," no fists drawn, but, though the scalp may get a severe scraping or the eye a beautiful iridescent ring from a hat wafted downward by a strong arm, fair play is the rule.

At the University of California the Seniors are distinguished by the black "plug" and the Juniors, as at Stanford, by the gray, usually a seedy affair though, for there the hats are handed down from class to class and never leave college. You can see them sometimes almost in shreds, maybe a pasteboard crown, a later edition to these interesting relics. The "paintings," too, may be quite different from the Stanford ones. There are no works of art adorning the Seniors' crown, but on the hat

at Berkeley may be seen beautiful landscapes, as the sun dipping into the Pacific in the Golden Gate, weird visages of old Chinese Gods that one sees in the Joss houses in Chinatown, warships, or lines of infantry, (due, no doubt, to their love of military drill; California is a state university.)

But this group passes on and a still stranger sight claims the attention of the spectator in the "Quad." Perhaps that fellow yonder is the young Prince of Siam, or the son of some Turkish Bey. No, it is a real, live American,—Californian, Mexican, Indian, or maybe he hails from the "states." He belongs to that category which takes in a large number, a metamorphic or transitional form he is, somewhat grown out of green Freshmanhood, not yet having the sense of a Junior; post-embryonic you might say. *He is a Sophomore,* and the Californian species may be known by the red Fez with white tassel. The Juniors scoffingly term it, in a song of theirs, the "Sophomore fiz."

That big-eyed, staring youth wending his way over to Encina dormitory is, of course, a Freshman. He needs no distinctive clothing, no fantastic headgear.

The next group, if two may be called a group, a young, rising instructor and a laughing senior maid in flowing black gown and mortar board, needs no particular comment. Yes, lovers, if you please. Like the poor, we have them with us always. And as they pass, they and their sweet nothings and rippling laughter, a lark that has built its nest somewhere in the palms breaks forth in an ecstacy of caroling.

Our lone individual turns and wends his way toward

Palo Alto beneath the huge memorial arch, around whose mighty top goes an endless procession of heroic figures. Cut in heavy bas-relief it tells the story of the progress of civilization. At the beginning stands Civilization as the ultimate goal, at the end Civilization, the "heir of all the ages." And so on through the rich foliage of the arboretum. What wonder that he should naturally fall to musing on the things that he has just seen and build again in his mind the great college stage and people it again with the rich varied life about him, array again before him the columns and arches, the great protecting church with its cruciform plan, the gables, the flying buttresses, the twelve-sided belfry and in the background the hills eternal.

Mayhap his thoughts follow a different channel and he recalls his Sartor Resartus: "the first purpose of clothes was not warmth and decency, but ornament."

These musings are somehow cut short — Listen!

"O California, we've got it on you,
It's not the first time, nor yet the last time
That we put old California on the bum, bum, bum, etc."

Coming from Roble? Yes, sometimes from Roble, too, but now from Encina, the hall of the oak, the boys' dormitory, whose lights are now twinkling through the fog. Beautiful are these lights of the valley all around you on a soft Italian-like night. 'Tis almost as if one were looking over a great Wisconsin marsh and the fireflies had all suddenly become still. Up the foothills they creep, becoming scarcer and scarcer as the eye leaves the valley, until higher up on the mountain only here and there

from a stray ranch house can a gleam be seen; beyond, the dark folds of the Coast Range.

The next day takes us to a lecture room in the department of Natural History. Promptly on the hour a great, well-known figure strides into the crowded room, where may be found old and young, Heathen and Christian, Californian, Japanese, Spaniard, great broad-shouldered athletes, with "S's" on their sweaters, silver haired matrons and young girls, some with black mortar boards, others with red; yes, even a Presbyterian minister. The aisles are filled and some of the boys "hold down" the floor.

"Parallel with the laying down of sediments and making of rocks goes the procession of life, and as a certain period of the Past is known by a particular fossil, so tomorrow will the Palaeontologist uncover in the sediments a broken beer bottle that will stand for our time." We wonder if the young man with the "S," or without it, who celebrates and "sees the town" after the game, takes in the full meaning of those words. You know already the speaker, the president of the University, David Starr Jordan, or, as the students good-naturedly call him, "King David." He is giving a lecture in Bionomics and to-day we have the evidences of evolution from Palaeontology. The sentence above, which is not exactly in his words, but very close to them, is the key to his character. He is a large man physically, a large man mentally, a clear, keen thinker, lucid in his talk, a lover of clean living and clean thinking. The professor of first hand knowledge on fishes, he is a general philosopher as well. Might we not place a higher interpretation on his words and quote Mephistopheles:

"In vain that through the realms of science you may drift;
Each one learns only — just what learn he can:
Yet he who grasps the moment's gift,
He is the proper man."

The moment's gift and the gift of many moments is what he has to give to his listeners. He is equal alike to all occasions, from dedicating a new library to playing first base in the annual game between faculty and seniors.

One thing is continually making itself felt here at Stanford, the happy mingling of types, and this is true also of Berkeley. At Stanford, the Moorish, the Romanesque, Gothic and Greek architecture all are used, though the simple plan of the old adobe missions is domannit.

Stanford's men and women, too, possess the native element, and sometimes this is mingled with the best that comes across the mountains or through the Golden Gate, large and strong, and, above all, liberal.

Let Kipling speak for the climate here: "Well, if I lived in fairyland, where cherries were as big as plums, plums as big as apples, and strawberries of no account, where the procession of the fruits and the seasons was like a pageant in a Drury Lane pantomime, and the dry air wine, I should let business slide once in a while and kick up my heels with my fellows. The tale of the resources of California — vegetable and mineral — is a fairy tale. You can read it in books. You would never believe me." The Garden of Eden as a college site; that is California.

WARREN D. SMITH, '05.

A STUDY IN ROULETTE

In a big university, the incoming class, each fall, is composed of a mess of individuals of very nearly every kind. As the class sorts itself out some of them individually come into prominence at once, either because of their abilities or their oddities, but still more wait for time or opportunity to show what they are made of.

Of this latter type was Willard Carey, who entered a year after I did. Big, almost handsome, he had that ultra-reserved bearing that made one hesitate to speak to him before being introduced. I finally met him in my French class — the instructor introduced us, just as we were going out.

Carey's manner was anything but cordial, and the opinion I formed then of his nature as cold, and probably self-centered, was only heightened when a few days later, more out of curiosity than anything else, I called on him.

Carey was alone in his room reading. The door was open, and when he saw me he quietly asked me to come in and be seated, and then paused, as if to inquire my errand. I felt a little ill at ease and hastly began to talk about a case of professionalism which was exciting some interest in varsity circles. Carey took up the subject in a matter of fact way, talked on its various phases and led on to other themes. I have never met a better conversationalist, yet in not one topic he took up did he show the slightest degree of animation. He had been everywhere, seen everything, read everything, it seemed, and he took no more than a passing interest in it all.

I stayed longer than I had intended, and left, quite resolved to see more of the man. But the 'varsity is a busy place. I put off another call as we all put off things — till it was wholly beyond my intentions.

It was as much as two months after that, I think, that Frank Blake met me on the street and asked me if I had heard about "that man Carey." I told him, of course, all about the evening I had spent at Carey's room, and started to theorize a little about his indifference, and lack of companionship, but Blake laughed and said I was behind the times.

"Your diffident friend is running a game of roulette at his room," he said, "and incidentally absorbing the funds of a few little fools who imagine they're sports."

"Where did you hear that?" I asked him, unbelieving.

"Hear! I've seen it." And then he went on to tell me how he had met Carey through a fellow named Stearns, who had played at his room, and how he had gone there himself and had seen Carey calmly run the wheel as if he had done it all his life, and take in the money and pay it out with no concern at all. And he said the players would squirm in their seats, and try to conceal their excitement and pass it all off as a joke, but that it was a poor exhibition. He said, too, that they were going to play that night.

At eight o'clock, Blake and I were at Carey's room.

There were four of them there; Carey, a law student named Moore, whom I knew slightly, and two freshmen, Brown and Sanborn. A little latter Stearns came in.

They were playing poker when we got there, but Sanborn the freshman complained that the game was dragging, and proposed roulette. Carey leaned down and took a small roulette wheel from under the table. It was a curious board, very old, with the colors and numbers inlaid. He put it down in front of him, and Stearns, who had just come in, sat at the table with the others. Blake and I did not play.

It was a queer picture they made — the circular table with a rich oriental covering; the old wheel of chance lying on it; the four eager, excited players, and Carey, always indifferent — all flooded in the soft light of a cluster of shaded electric bulbs.

The four men placed their bets, Carey spun the wheel and the lead ball raced around the upper edge of the board, and then shot down into one of the red spaces. Sanborn and Stearns won. All bet again, and the little marble flew around once more. This time Moore doubled his money and Brown stayed out. Again they bet.

Steadily the pile of bills and silver change in front of Carey grew, and one by one the players dropped out until only Moore was left. He had become quite excited, and from fifty cents and a dollar had increased his bets to two and three dollars, winning occasionally, only to lose all he had won and more.

The matter was becoming interesting. To Carey, the matter of winning or losing appeared to be of no importance. Mechanically he kept the wheel going, while Moore, trembling with nervousness, bet first on one of the low chances and then another, laughing foolishly, every time he lost.

Finally he could control himself no longer. "Your machine is fixed to win, Carey," he said hotly. "It would be a different story if I ran it a while."

The board slid noiselessly across the table to Moore and Carey said in a low tone, "I place one dollar on the double zero."

Moore startled at the suddenness with which his bluff was called, hesitated for a moment; but a glance at the rest of us, watching him with the intensity of interest that gambling commands, nerved him, and he spun the wheel.

Carey lost. He was taking the hardest chance on the board, but if he won he won thirty-five times his money.

"Two dollars on the double zero," he said.

Moore turned the wheel and won again.

Five dollars, ten dollars,—Carey lost each time, and Moore began to flush with an over-early confidence.

"Twenty dollars on the double zero," said Carey.

Moore gave the wheel a quick blow, the ball circled around the board, nearer and nearer the pins each time, hit one

finally, wavered the tinest part of a second, then rolled into the space marked double zero.

"You owe me seven hundred dollars."

No one said anything after Carey spoke, but all turned to Moore, sitting in front of the old game board. He was very white, and seemed to be trying to comprehend what had happened. After a while he said, "This night will cost me a year at college." Then he wrote out a note to Carey for seven hundred dollars, less the little pile in front of him, and went out.

Shortly after, the rest us of left.

* * * * * * * * *

Nobody knows who talked, but in a few days everyone in the 'varsity seemed to have heard about the affair, and we realized that it was only a question of time when the faculty would learn of it, and start an investigation.

The blow came sooner than we expected. On Monday morning (the game had been played Thursday night) the faculty called up Carey, Moore, Sanborn, and poor Blake. How the other three of us escaped we have never been able to discover. It was an anxious enough time for us, those next two days, with the faculty questioning and cross-questioning their men, and we never knowing when our names might slip out.

Wednesday morning the announcement was made that Carey had been expelled, and the other three suspended for one semester; and it became known that Carey had taken all the blame on himself and done his utmost to get the others off. It was like him. I can imagine him today, standing up before the faculty, unemotional as the night he took Moore's money, telling them in detail how it was his room they had played in, his implements they had played with, and that his was the responsibility. Carey was a man we had learned to know too late.

Before he left I went over to see him. He was packing up. When I tried to thank him for not bringing my name

into the affair, he looked up a little from the trunk he was filling, and said simply, "There has been no occasion," then laid some more books in the tray. But he gave me a note to give to Moore when I should see him.

That night I hunted up Moore and gave him Carey's letter. He was packing up, too. He took the letter and read it and looked at me, and read it again. Then he handed it to me.

It ran this way—Dear Moore: As I am going to let this end my college career, and as you may be back next semester, I judge you will need the money more than I.—Carey.

Pinned to the letter was Moore's note, cancelled.

—*Walter Scott Underwood.*

AN ARMY ROMANCE

(By Capt. C. A. Curtis)

II

With the descent of twilight Hugh walked back from the lake to a stationer's to make some purchases, and as he turned back saw an elderly lady pass out of the near-by post office with a handful of letters. She walked slowly in the direction of the lake and he as slowly followed. When out of the business section she broke open a letter and began reading it and presently dropped a torn evelope. It fell at the lieutenant's feet and he read the superscription, "Miss Barbara Gwynne, Conewauga, New York." He picked it up, paused, and stared at the name in perplexity.

Who could this elderly person be who possessed the right to open the letters of Barbara Gwynne and read them? He found no difficulty in recognizing her as one of the persons he had seen on the Lakeside veranda, and he felt equally sure she was not the lady of the demesne. Her companion of the morning, more substantial in figure and possessed of the proprietorial air, he had judged to be the mother of his correspondent; but this thin-visaged gentlewoman of modest, unassertive bearing he had set down to be a maiden sister or near relative of the first. But why did she open Barbara's letters?

A hotel messenger was coming up the street. Hugh waited for him to approach and for the mysterious woman to increase the space between them. When the man reached him he held out the torn envelope and asked:

"Do you know whose name that is?"

"Th' leddy's jist ahead of yez, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Do I know me own muther, sir?"

"Where does she live, please?"

"Last house on th' strate, sir; nixt th' lake—lift-hand side. Lakeside they calls it."

"Thank you. I'll return her the envelope."

The messenger hurried away, and the lieutenant resumed his walk despondently. The conviction was growing upon him that he had been the victim of a cruel deception. An elderly maiden seemed to have been masquerading as one much younger. Such being the case, he could no longer wonder that she had so strongly objected to his visiting her. To think of the long letters he had received from her—not precisely love letters, but resembling them recently as dawn resembles daylight, needing time only and favoring sky to beam in the full effulgence of the day or love-god! How could she have written such letters? How simulate youth and the impulses of youth so successfully? How could she describe balls, routs, social and domestic life and the summer life of lake and hotel unless she had been a part of it? Oh, the bitter, crushing disappointment of it all! It needed but this to show him how much he had become attached to the unknown knitter of the white stockings. What a subtle influence her beautiful letters had wrought upon his life! Why could not Barbar Langdon have been Barbara Gwynne? He would return to New York city tomorrow.

The young officer did not return the torn envelope to Miss Gwynne: that was a remark thrown out to the messenger to account for his interrogatories. He returned to his room and attempted, with indifferent success, to read his papers and magazines and once more he repaired to the balcony and took a seat near its rail. Below, revealed in the light streaming outward from the hallway, Barbara Langdon and a party stood on the steps of the veranda, evidently just returned from the lake. A young man approached, and raising his hat, said:

"Remember, Miss Langdon, the fourth and seventh waltzes are mine, and I hope you will do me the favor to wear my roses."

Capen did not hear her reply, but he asked himself for the hundreth time why this accomplished and beautiful girl could not have been his correspondent. He determined to attend the hop and indulge himself in a last look at the woman who came nearest his idealization of Barbara Gwynne.

Alone at one end of the ball room, his crutches resting in the hollow of his right shoulder, Hugh Capen spent the evening watching the waltzers and listening to the music. He had seen the two ladies from Lakeside enter under escort of Barbara Langdon and placed in comfortable seats not far from his own. As she moved in his direction he saw in the young lady's hand not a boquet of roses, but a cluster of asters, and in her corsage a single specimen of the same flower, and he recalled that he had once told the other and ancient Barbara that on account of an association of boyhood this August flower had always been his favorite. But of course flowers carried by Barbara Langdon could not have no significance for him.

Capen noticed the claimant of the fourth and seventh waltzes was prompt in seeking his partner when the music announced them. As she gracefully circled the room to the closing strains of the last she passed near his chair and a single aster fell at his feet. He picked it up and placing it in a button hole went to his room.

Having engaged passage on the evening train for New York, Mr. Capen the next morning took a lunch and started for an all day's row on the lake. He coasted along the eastern shore and at noon lunched in a shady nook by the brink of a crystal spring.

On the return trip, some hours later, he was rounding a point some five miles from town when the boat suddenly struck something solid, a thole pin snapped and he fell backward. His crippled limb being extended at length before him, the foot was thrust beneath a short, fixed thwart, and as he went back a violent strain come upon the wounded tendons and he fainted.

How long he remained unconscious he never knew. He came to himself aware of three things: first, of violent pains in his left knee and ankle; second, of water being dashed in his face and flowing in abundant rills down neck and back beneath his clothing; third, of being held in a sitting position by arms placed beneath his own.

"Eva, keep the *Ouzel* close to us," said a soft voice which he at once recognized. "Remember how I taught you to lay-to. Now, Bessie, dear, don't pour any more water on him, but assist me. Oh, never mind, he's coming to. Mr.—Mr. —"

"Capen," feebly murmured Hugh.

"Mr. Capen, please tell me what to do."

"If you can help me move back a few inches, and can remove the seat beneath me, my foot will be free."

Barbara Langdon — for it was she and her pupils — raised him, while Bessie removed the thwart, and presently he lay stretched in the bottom of the boat with a cushion from the Ouzel for a pillow.

"Thank you for your aid, young ladies," said Hugh, "I was more in need of it than I can explain." I have for a long time been suffering from an injury and ought to have been in hospital before now. I leave for one in New York tonight. When you reach the hotel, please send a boatman for me.

Barbara Langdon averted her face for a moment, and when she again turned toward the lieutenant a slight moisture suffused her eyelids.

"You are not to be left here, Mr. Capen," she said, "We will take you in tow. Eva, run the Ouzel alongside."

"I wonder what my boat ran against?" asked Hugh.

"I learned as soon as we came up to you. Oak logs have been rafted down the lake this summer, to make them float a pine log was placed between every three. A storm broke up a raft last week and a few logs possessed sufficient buoyancy to float even with the surface of the water. Our lake

men thought they had collected all of them, but there seems to have been one left for you to run against."

The young women resumed their places in the yacht, attached the skiff to its stern and bore away for the landing, where the lieutenant was taken to his room, a physician called and preparations made for his departure.

At eight o'clock the same evening Lieutenant Capen was placed in a hack for the railway station. Bolstered in a corner, with his wounded leg resting on the opposite seat, he sat waiting for the vehicle to start, his physician holding the door ajar as if expecting some one. Presently a woman approached from the direction of Lakeside and the doctor helped her in, saying:

"Miss Langdon will ride to the station with you, Mr. Capen. Good bye."

"Good bye, doctor," answered the young officer, wondering to what generous impulse he owed the presence of the young lady.

"Are you going away, Miss Langdon?" he asked.

"My mother and I leave by the same train you do. She has already gone to the station." A pause. "I fear you are not taking away pleasant impressions of Conewauga," continued his companion.

"My impressions have not been unpleasant — only my experiences."

Another and a considerabl pause.

"May I ask if there were other unpleasant experiences beside that of the lake — that is if you care to tell?"

"If you care to listen I should like to speak of them. I came here expecting to meet a young lady with whom I exchanged letters for a year or more and whom I have never seen."

"Had you made an appointment to meet her?"

"No: she had positively forbidden me to come."

"And you have not meet her?"

"She appears to have been a myth. An elderly woman

bears her name and seems to have conducted the correspondence for her amusement. I did not speak to her. It was not necessary.

"There may have been a mistake."

"Yes, a big one and one I am not likely to forget. I met one who bore the same christian name and who—may I say it?"

"If you wish to," came in soft accent from his sympathetic companion.

"Whom I widly hoped might be she, but later I learned the wished for identity was impossible. The elderly person bore the name of my correspondent and lived in the mansion she had described in her letter. The other Barbara is a stranger and can have no interest in me."

"But did you not know her age before you came?"

"I thought I did, from the truthful tone and sympathy breathed over my long suffering until I thought my presence only was wanting to bring a realization of long cherished hopes. It is a weary story which a stranger can scarcely understand. Please do not take offense. In a few moments I shall be out of your life forever; let it be a simple tribute to your beauty and the gentle sympathy and assistance you afforded me yesterday; but when I first saw you on the day of my arrival and heard you called Barbara I was sure all my dreams were to be realized; but when I learned your family name was Langdon and not Gwynne, I realized how utterly fruitless my journey has been."

Absorbed by dispondency and physical weakness Hugh Capen had not noticed that the beautiful girl beside him had shown no resentment for his half-confession of love for her Nor did her next question at first amaze him?"

"Do you know my middle name?"

"How should I, and what could it signify," answered the young officer; and then after a brief pause, a sudden, overwhelming conviction of what her presence, her questions

her manner, might mean, was borne in upon him. "You are Barbara ———? " he asked.

"Barbara Gwynne Langdon. I dropped the last name in our correspondence."

"And Barbara Gwynne —? "

"Is my mother's sister."

The following June, Hugh Capen, who had been recently promoted to the rank of Captain, and had fully recoved from the effects of the Apache wounds, wore the White Stockings on a wedding journey with their fair knitter.

BOOK REVIEWS

ZELDA DAMERON

The author has succeeded in making a fairly strong and decidedly readable story out of the following not-too-tragic elements.

Item — One miserly, hypocritical father.

Item — One wilful, impulsive daughter, not half as attractive as the author meant to make her.

Item — One glib, clever young "Promoter" whose code of morals is one of expediency, and whose swift and suave chatter is most engaging.

Item — One model young hero and —

Item — One very blunt and choleric old Uncle whose love for the daughter (Zelda) and for the Hero (Leighton), and uncompromising contempt for the "Father" are most consistent and unfailingly attractive.

There are of course several other characters in the story, but they have but little to do with the main development of the plot, which hinges, or rather swings on the gradual awakening of Zelda to the meanness and 'ornery' ways and the actual rascality of the psalm quoting old sinner, her Father.

There's a perfunctory sort of love story "in connection," and of course everyone lives happily ever afterwards, or at any rate starts out on the church aisle route, but the main interest is in the charaeter portrayal and in incidental happenings somewhat neatly vignetted by the author's pen.

It is essentially a book one would read for the story and not the style, which is simple, not to say childish.

The writer has produced a work that ought to sell well and whose purchasers will get their money's worth.

Zelda Dameron, by Meredith Nicholson. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

—A. B. Braley.

"CASEY'S" DEBUT

"Casey" was not the name that adorned the conventional bits of cardboard which reposed in the pigskin case, in the silk-lined pocket of his smartly cut serge coat. Thereon it was set down as Mr. Gerald Gray Sloane, Jr. But everyone who knew him called him by that somewhat euphonious sobriquet.

I first saw him in the Union depot at Carfax. It was registration week at Clio College. Every train was bringing in its quota of laughing-eyed girls, strutting upperclassmen and frightened freshmen, with attendant bustle and confusion. A switch-engine had just uncoupled an express car from the Daylight Limited and sidetracked it near the end of the platform. "Casey" was standing on top of a baggage truck directing the unloading of the car. At first I was uncertain as to whether the outfit was a racing stable en route, or the impedimenta of a theatrical troupe. Three negroes were transferring a driving wagon, sets of harness, saddles, huge Saratogas, leather-covered steamer trunks, chests, boxes, bags and suit cases. Lastly, was taken out a large red touring car, in sections, and two blanketed and bandaged horses, a bull dog, two beagle hounds and a crate of game cocks.

At this point Tod Williams, a Clio upperclassman, interrupted my musings as to the probable identity of the ensembe. "What do you think of that for an aspiring freshman?" he inquired with a short laugh, and a wave of his hand toward "Casey."

"Freshman!" I repeated dumbly. "You don't mean to say that our placid college life is to be thrown into a turmoil by the entrance of all that paraphernalia?"

"You can wager it will be a turmoil," continued Williams. "That eighteen year old gentleman directing the show from

the vantage point of the baggage truck is "Casey" Sloane, son of old Gerald Sloane, of Cairo, Egypt, Illinois. The car load of things which you have seen unloaded are a few of the necessities which this young blood brings with him to lighten the arduous hours of study. He's a winner all right. You can expect to hear and see much of him during the coming months. He'll take the lid off right at the getaway, and, if I am not mistaken, there will be a number of the small boys singed while trying to follow his pace."

Having dispensed this information, Williams left me to join a party of friends, and I moved toward the baggage room, to look up my modest steamer trunk and Gladstone bag.

Every student in the college knew "Casey," at least by sight, in less than two weeks. His red vests, multi-colored neckcloths and reckless displays of jewelry shone out like lurid sunrises amid the generally conservative tone of dress of his classmates. He became very popular at grill rooms, billiard halls and other resorts down town, frequented by the sporting set. We heard gossip of his winnings and losings over the roulette table, of his late dinners to chorus girls, and of his escapade in riding his saddler, "Fox," through the lobby and into the bar of the Hotel Somerset.

For two months he enjoyed himself greatly. He promptly dubbed the Clio students "a lot of dead ones," and, when speaking of the college, made facetious remarks about "the cemetry." Then, "Casey" discovered something. Heretofore he had been so occupied in living his own life that he had paid scant heed to what his fellow collegians were doing. One night as he sat in the card room of his luxurious apartments waiting for a party of friends to assemble, preparatory to an all night session of stud poker, he picked up an evening paper. He idly chanced to peruse the page of society news. He read of an elaborate reception given the night before at the home of a distinguished citizen. The names of several upperclassmen, whom he knew, appeared among

the list of those who had been present. How was it that those fellows got into that sort of thing? Why didn't he receive invitations to some of these functions which were taking place almost constantly at the best homes in the city? He was still pondering the question, when his friends arrived. He lacked his customary interest in the cards that night, and,—unheard of thing—closed the game shortly after midnight. But he didn't go to bed. Instead he sat for several hours before the fire, musing on the matter which was troubling him. During the next few weeks he daily read the social columns of three distinct papers. He read of cotillions, dinner-dances, receptions, teas, and coming-out parties with a zezt unbelievable by one who knew him.

Then, foolish one, instead of getting into the good graces of some clever college widow, by placing at her service his automobile and saddler, and a liberal dispensation of flowers, bon bons and theatre tickets, he went to an upperclassman whom he knew, and, after considerable verbal fencing told something of what was on his mind. Had he taken the first course he would doubtless have found a ministering angel, who would have refined his rude manners, given him a conventional veneer, and, even with his seemingly impossible reputation, placed him in the desired circle. Had that happened, however, this story would never have been told.

The upperclassman discussed the matter encouragingly, hinting that he had some influence and would use it in "Casey's" behalf. "Casey," much elated, returned to his apartments, while the upperclassman went to a stag dinner of the Cresent Club, a junior-senior organization, where he broached "Casey's" social aspirations amid peals of laughter. The president of the club ordered a special round of punch, and, rather undignifiedly standing on his chair, announced: "Here's to 'Casey' and his debut." Hilariously the Crescents drank the toast.

A few days later "Casey" received a faintly scented, pink envelope containing a request for his presence at a reception

to be given by Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Cobb, of 87 Sexton Place, for their daughter Elizabeth, the date being two weeks in the future. "Casey" had never heard of James Henry Cobb, or Sexton Place. That mattered little. He felt that he was on the verge of a series of dazzling social triumphs, and, in his joy, went to see his upperclassman friend. The latter congratulated him and very kindly offered to take him around to meet a very nice girl who roomed at Van Twiller Hall, and who, so said the upperclassman, would be the very girl for "Casey" to take to the reception. The details were all arranged with a smoothness that "Casey" secretly marveled at, and he firmly believed that his was indeed a path of flowers. In his dominant egotism, he never once suspected anything wrong during those two blissful weeks. On the other hand, any mention of the coming James Henry Cobb reception, at fraternity houses, clubs, or Van Twiller dormitory, caused an outbreak of irrepressible mirth. The entire college seemed aware of the coming function.

The day of the reception finally arrived. "Casey" visited a Turkish bath establishment and his barber's during the afternoon. A few hours later, as he waited for his carriage to arrive, he looked extremely fit in his evening clothes. He did not know that at the very moment two hundred Clio men, carrying mysterious packages, were secreted in the coridor of the court house, just opposite Van Twiller, awaiting the roll of carriage wheels as a signal for action. Nor could he know, as he was driven up the avenue, that on either side for a square each way from Van Twiller, sticks of red fire were placed at intervals of a few feet, awaiting the touch of torch to burst into flame. In the meantime the scene in the court house closely resembled the reception of returns on election night. At intervals the telephone bell in the county clerk's office would ring: A hush would fall upon the the crowd: A moment later, through a megaphone, would come the message: "'Casey' has had a hearty dinner

and is in excellent condition," or, "'Casey's' brougham has just left barn," and finally, "'Casey' steps into his carriage; will be at Van Twiller in seven minutes." A smothered cheer greeted this last announcement.

As the carriage pulled up before the entrance to Van Twiller, "Casey" jumped out, ran up the steps, and, pushing the bell, was admitted by a maid.

Then followed a scene difficult of description. The court house belched forth its several hundred occupants: The street became a blinding red. A half hundred dynamite bombs exploded in rapid succession, sky rockets and other pyrotechnics added to the din.

In the reception room in Van Twiller, a girl garbed in shirt-waist and golf-skirt, informed "Casey" that the James Henry Cobb function was a myth.

Someone sent a riot-call to police headquarters, and the arrival of a patrol wagon with a half dozen officers increased, if possible, the confusion. A few minutes later the mayor ordered a hose wagon and several firemen to the rescue to prevent a fire starting on the roofs of nearby buildings.

Then, the mayor and chief-of-police jogged down in the chief's wagon to see the sport. By this time the mob of collegians had been augmented by large numbers of townspeople, not many of whom knew what the rumpus was about, but who were, nevertheless, very much interested.

A spectator had but to allow imagination a little play to think the scene a part of some modern comic opera or extravaganza. In the background loomed the stately walls of Van Twiller, upon which the vivid red-fire threw an unnatural light, reflecting, in the open windows of the four upper floors, the faces of two hundred laughing, expectant girls. In the street below and on the court house lawn was the ensemble of collegians, townspeople, police officers and firemen. One fairly expected to see a bald headed orchestra leader rise up from a point in front of the portico, wave his

baton, and to hear a chorus take up the notes of the entrance march for a King Dodo, a Sultan of Sulu or a Toreador.

Instead, a big, broad-shouldered senior, garbed in slouch-hat, sweater and corduroys, jumped to the top of the steps, swung a cane over his head, and a thundering "Rah! Rah! Rah! Casey!" broke from the throats of the throng, just as that person emerged through the door-way. His habitual blase manner had deserted him; his features plainly reflecting confussion and bewilderment. In one hand he carried an opera hat, in the other, a pair of white gloves. Tumultuous cheering followed his appearance. The big senior, waving his hand in Casey's direction, hoarsely shouted through a megaphone:

"Ladies and gentlemen! I have the extreme pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Gerald Gray Sloane, Jr., of Cairo"—but the remainder of the speech was drowned in a perfect salvo of applause. "Casey" had made his debut.

—*Harry H. Hatton.*

SWEET AND TWENTY

It was chilly January
In the bleakest kind of blow,
That I saw her, like a fairy
Flitting by me through the snow—
And because I'd never met her
(What a bore conventions are)
There was hope for nothing better
Than to worship from afar.

She was sweet and I was twenty—
"Callow age," of course, and green—
But a score of years is plenty
When your love is seventeen,
(So I guessed it from the tint her
Rosy storm kissed cheeks confessed)
And despite the "dead of winter"—
Living love filled all my breast.

Then I sought her and I found her
We were introduced one day,
And enchantments halo round her
Seemed to slowly fade away,
So we met and so we —parted?
Not exactly, for, you see,
She was sweet and loving hearted —
T'was halo suited me.

Never storm our love has blighted
Love that started in a storm,
And for all these years united
We have kept the love light warm,
Dearest, though the gray is plenty
In our hair, and time still flies,
We'll be always "sweet and twenty,"
Always — in each others eyes.

—*A. B. Braley.*

The Man With The Goods

Our Custom-made Suits
from $16.50 to $22.00
are without a peer - -
Full Peg-top Corduroy
trousers with leather rolls
or plain, at prices corre-
spondingly as reasonable
as our Suits - - - -
You can rest assured its
the best for the least
money at - - - -

THE TOGGERY SHOP

Archibald

Lecture notes can be satisfactorily made only when a pen that never skips and never floods. The new spoon feed makes

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE

Purchase through your home dealer, writing us when you are not served satisfactorily

L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY

173 Broadway, New York

If it isn't an "Ideal" it isn't a Waterman

CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Why Don't You Learn ADVERTISING

The new profession is in pressing need of men and women of brains and ability. If you have the brains, the determination to make something of yourself, and the ability to apply yourself, we can give you practical advertising knowledge at minimum cost.

Our methods are endorsed by the soundest men all over the country.

Our students are given problems involving large appropriations, which have been developed in the establishment of the Mahin Advertising Company in the actual preparation of advertisement, the mapping out of campaigns, etc., which cover the advertising needs of every conceivable line of business.

You will be trained in practice, not theory. You will be studying successful advertising problems which have actually been worked out.

Good men are in constant demand.

Good salaries are waiting.

Write immediately for our Third Annual Announcement. It's free.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING

1108 Williams Bldg., CHICAGO

KENTZLER BROS.

LIVERY

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Keep the "Best Equipped Livery" in the State (no exception) and meet all the requirements of Fashionable Driving, and to this fact is due their wide-spread popularity. A fine stock of vehicles and well-bred horses constantly on hand for your pleasure.

BOTH PHONES 85

Collyer's Pharmacy

for

Holiday Goods

Stag Brush and Comb Sets, Stag Manicure Sets, Mirrors, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Gillette Safety Razors, Very Durable and practical Gifts - - - -

Don't Fail to See

Our New Line of University Stationery, University Seal, University Pennant - -

COLLYER'S PHARMACY

Cor. State and Carroll Sts. ***MADISON, WIS.***

Alexander Kornhauser & Co.

SUBSTANTIAL

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IN

FURS, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, LINENS

Whatever You Do
Do it Well

That's What
HOLLISTER'S

Rocky Mountain Tea

DOES

Makes You Well -- Keeps You Well

Cures Sick Headaches and all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. As sure as you take it you get results

Made by HOLLISTER DRUG CO., Madison, Wis., U. S. A.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official Athletic Supplies

BASE BALL, BASKET BALL, GOLF, BOXING GLOVES, STRIKING BAGS, GYMNASIUM GOODS

Plans and Blue Prints of Gymnasium Paraphernalia furnished upon request.

Spalding's Trade Mark goods are the acme of perfection; accept no goods that are not the Spalding kind; there is no substitute for a Spalding article.

Every base ball manager should send at once for a copy of Spalding's Spring and Summer Catalogue. It is free.

Spalding's Athletic Almanac for 1905, edited by James E. Sullivan, contains the Official Athletic Records for 1904 and the Official Report of the Olympic Games. Price, 10 Cents per copy.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco, Denver, Pittsburg, Syracuse, Montreal, Can., Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, London, Eng.

"A Merry Christmas"

and

"A Happy New Year"

PARSONS PRINTING AND STATIONERY CO.

The Evening Wisconsin

THE GOLDEN DOZEN

There are just thirteen newspapers in the United States to which the American Newspaper Directory accords a **quantity** of circulation of over 20,000 with the gold medal for **quality** denoted by the mystic symbol o o, the meaning of which is explained in this note:

> "Advertisers value this paper more for the class and quality of its circulation than for the mere number of copies printed. Among the old chemists gold was symbolically represented by the sign o."

The bakers' dozen of famous newspapers comprises the following:

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, New York Herald, Chicago Tribune, New York Times, Buffalo Express, Brooklyn Eagle, New York Tribune, Cincinnati Enquirer, Washington Star, New York Post, Philadelphia Public Ledger, Baltimore Sun, Boston Transcript

DIEGES & CLUST

"If we made it, it's Right"

Official Jewelers of the Leading Colleges Schools and Associations

Class Pins, Fraternity Pins
Medals, Cups, etc.
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

25 JOHN STREET
NEW YORK

MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY

111 King Street
Phone 815
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Work called for and delivered

W. J. GAMM

Optician

Jeweler

3 West Main Street
Phone No. 685

Madison, Wis.

JOS. M. GRUBER

Mounting Maps and Drawing Material

Blue Printing, Black Printing

Copying Done by Five Processes

Architects', Engineers' and Draughtsmen's Designs copied in all colors

Alhambra Bldg., 7th Floor, Milwaukee

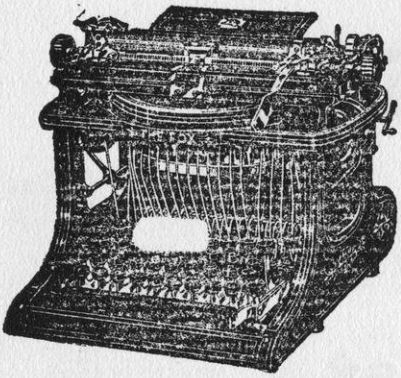
---

432 A. K. JENSEN 432
432 FINE FOOTWEAR 432
432 STATE STREET 432

Insoles, Shoe Polish, Polishing Brushes, Heel Protectors, Shoe Trees, Silk Laces, etc. Repairing promptly attended to. Special attention to Repairing of Ladies' Fine Shoes.

No Other Typewriter Has Made Such Progress in so Short a Time as the Fox Typewriter

The Fox is used to-day to the exclusion of all others by a large number of firms having a national reputation. They use it because their stenographers do more and better work, and do it with less effort.



It is a proven fact that an operator on a Fox Typewriter can do a larger amount of work and with less fatigue than any othe typewriter made. Try it and see.

Fox Typewriters are placed on trial with anyone, anywhere, free.

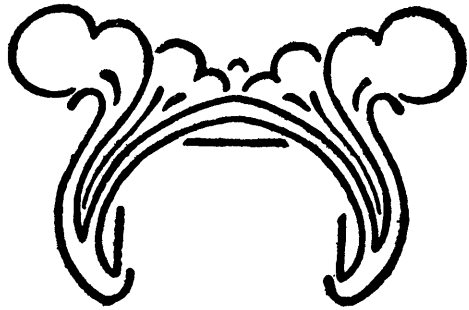
Send for Catalog

FOX TYPEWRITER CO., LTD

608 Front Street

GRAND RAPIDS, - - - MICH.

Branch Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities



Good Things to Eat KEELEY'S

R. B. SMITH A. T. ROGERS
SMITH & ROGERS
Attorneys and Counsellors
Marston Block, MADISON, WIS.
Long Dist. Phone 4532 Stand. Phone 702

W. B. NOE, D. D. S.
24 W. Mifflin St.
Over Hub Clothing Store
STANDARD PHONES
Office 7292 Residence 908

STATE STREET ART STORE
F. H. NOBLE, Prop.
316 STATE STREET
Pictures, Camera Supplies, Amateur Developing and Finishing, Picture Framing

WISCONSIN HOUSE
WM. P. BLANKENHEIM, Prop.
227 STATE STREET
Meals Served at all Hours

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms
The Students' Place
414 STATE STREET
HENRY PECHER, Prop.

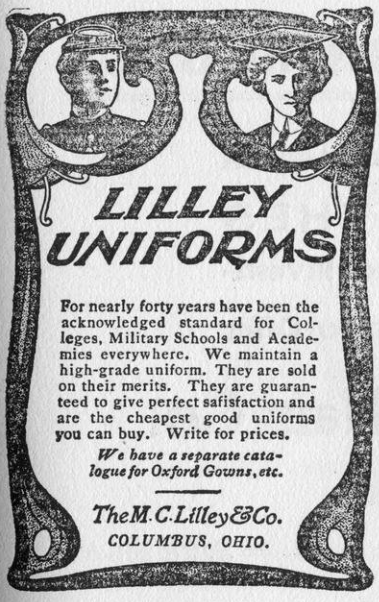
J. H. CUNNINGHAM
...Dentist...
Hours: 9 to 12 and 2 to 5
22 N. CARROLL STREET

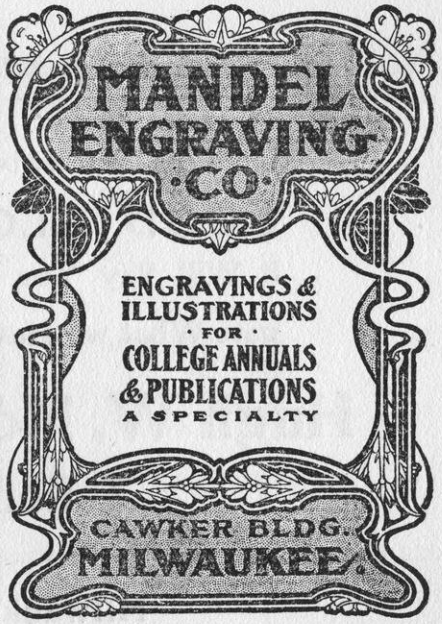
The Best Merchant Tailor in Town
LOW PRICES LATEST DESIGNS
Be sure to see
VINCENT ZACH, *404 State St.*

CARL BOELSING
TOBACCONIST
And Dealer in
SMOKERS' SUPPLIES
126 State Street

MRS. D. C. TIRRILL
303 Park Street
$3.25 PER WEEK
One O'Clock Dinner

MRS. M. E. DAVENPORT
913 University Avenue
$3.00 and $3.25





Columbia Graphophones

The Best Talking Machines Made

Cylinder Machines, $5 to $100 **Disc Machines, $12 to $65**

25c COLUMBIA Gold Moulded Cylinder Records 25c

COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS.—7-inch, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen. 10-inch, $1 each; $10 per dozen. Grand Opera Records (10-inch discs only), $2 each

The Graphophone pleases old and young alike

ENTERTAINS EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Write for Catalogues

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

Chicago, 88 Wabash Avenue. Milwaukee, 391 E. Water St. Minneapolis, 13 Fourth St.
Detroit, 272 Woodward Ave.

Nothing is Cheap unless its GOOD

If You are Interested in

GOOD CLOTHES

It Will Pay You to Investigate What we Have to Offer

Hugh W. McNair Co.

Tailors

222 Grand Avenue ═══ **Suite 201-202**

Milwaukee

STUDENTS

See our fine line of

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Before You go Home

Toys, Fine China, Games, Jardiniers, Books, Fancy Lamps, Dolls, Novelties and Fancy Goods : : : : :

The Best Goods as Well as The Cheapest

MARSH & COMPANY

Main Store, 5 and 10 cts. exclusive

Annex -- All Prices

26 West Mifflin St. **MADISON, WIS.**

"If my work pleases you, tell others. If not, tell me."

DR. A. B. OREN

will be located after November 1st in his new offices

13 and 14 BADGER ANNEX

Over VAN DEUSEN'S FURNITURE STORE

South Carroll Street

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Embraces the following Colleges and Schools

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING
COLLEGE OF LAW
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
GRADUATE SCHOOL

THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE offers a General Course in Liberal Arts, of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Commerce of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Pharmacy of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy; a Course in Pharmacy of two years, which leads to the degree of Graduate in Pharmacy; a Pre-Medical Course of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Education of two years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Pedagogy (a course especially adapted for graduates of Normal Schools who desire to pursue advanced work in philosophy, pedagogy and similar branches); a Course in Home Economics of four years, adapted for young women who expect to teach this branch or to pursue other professional work; a Course in Music of four years, which leads to the degree of Graduate of Music.

THE COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Applied Electrochemistry and General Engineering, including the Mining Engineering group of elective studies, each of which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering; and upon the completion of an additional year's study in the College of Engineering, or of three years' study in connection with approved field work, to the degree of Engineer.

THE COLLEGE OF LAW offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the State without examination.

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture; (2) a short course of one or two years in agriculture, in which exclusive attention is given to studies in theoretical and practical agriculture; (3) a Dairy Course of two terms of four months each, in which the student is taught the most successful method in the manufacture of butter and cheese; (4) a Farmers' Course of two weeks designed for busy farmers, and providing only the most practical instruction.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University. The degree of Master of Arts, Master of Science, or Master of Pedagogy is conferred upon graduates of the University, or of other institutions of equal rank, who have previously received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Pedagogy, and who pursue successfully at least one year of graduate study. The degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, or Electrical Engineer, are conferred on graduates of the engineering courses of the University, or other institutions of equal rank, who have received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering, and who pursue either one year of advanced professional study in the University, or three years of such study in connection with professional work of an approved character. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred upon successful candidates after not less three years of study, of which the first two years, or the last year, must be spent in attendance at the University.

SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE.

THE COURSE IN COMMERCE, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers, especially in such fields as domestic and foreign commerce and banking; or branches of public service, such as the consular service, in which a knowledge of business is essential.

THE COURSES IN PHARMACY are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy. The four year course, which is open to graduates of accredited high schools, gives a general scientific education in addition to the pharmaceutical studies. The two year course is confined to distinctly technical studies in pharmacy.

THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE provides for work in biology, chemistry, bacteriology, anatomy, and similar subjects prerequisite for the study of medicine. Credit is given by the leading medical colleges for the successful completion of this course.

THE COURSE IN EDUCATION consists in work of philosophy and pedagogy, and is especially designed for graduates of normal schools. A four-year course is also provided for those desiring to pursue special studies in educational problems.

THE COURSE IN HOME ECONOMICS has two purposes: First, to offer general elective courses which shall be available as a part of the general education of young women in the College of Letters and Science; second, to offer to those young women who are preparing to teach the subject, or to pursue other professional work connected with it, the opportunity to take a four year's course in Home Economics.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC gives courses of one, two, three and four years, and also offers an opportunity for instruction in music to all students in the University.

THE SUMMER SESSION extends over a period of six weeks, from the last week in June through the first week in August, and is designed to meet the wants of teachers and undergraduates who desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge; of regular undergraduates who desire to shorten their University course; and of graduates who wish to devote part of their vacation to advanced courses.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR ARTISANS AND APPRENTICES extends over a period of six weeks, from the first week in July to through the second week in August, and provides for practice shop work and scientific instruction.

THE LIBRARIES to which the students have access include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, the State Law Library and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 276,000 bound books and over 150,000 pamphlets. The State Historical Library with some 128,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets offers exceptional opportunities for students in history.

MUSEUMS, LABORATORIES, and seminary rooms for the various departments, with all the necessary equipment for special study, furnish excellent facilities to advanced students in various fields.

THE GYMNASIUM, ATHLETIC FIELD, boating facilities and Athletic Teams give opportunity for indoor and outdoor athletic training, and for courses in physical training under the guidance of the athletic director.

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

THE BEST STRING IN THE WORLD

The Celebrated PAGANINI STRING,
E, A, and D, 25 cents each . .
A Trial will convince you of the superiority of the PAGANINI STRING
Sole Agents for the U. S. . .

WM. A. KAUN MUSIC CO.

209 Grand Avenue MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"THE ONLY WAY"
BETWEEN
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
AND
PEORIA

Handsomest, most luxurious trains in the world; completely rock-ballasted road-bed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders.

THE ALTON'S 1905 GYPSY GIRL

Copyright, 1904, by the Chicago & Alton Railway Co.

Sequel to the famous "Frenchy" and "Cow-Boy" Girl Art Calendars.

ART CALENDAR

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES

SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to CEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618, CHICAGO, ILL., and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Four graceful poses in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for framing.

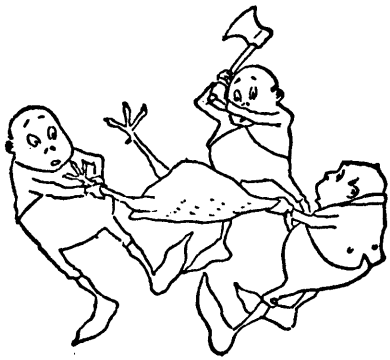
47 Systems for Business Men

THIS BOOK IS FREE

It illustrates 47 different kinds of business that are successfully conducted by the use of Shaw-Walker card and filing systems. It tells you how to improve your office systems. How to save time, money and labor. How to increase the efficiency of your employees. How to decrease your pay roll. One hour invested in reading this catalogue will pay you large dividends during 1904. Send today for this valuable 58 page free catalogue.

THE SHAW-WALKER CO.
Muskegon, Michigan

Branch at Chicago in the Marquette Building



"His goose is cooked and
needs no change.
Whose goose is cooked on a
good Gas Range."

["Cheaper to cook with Gas than
without."]

The Leading Music House of the City and State

NAU & SCHMIDT MUSIC CO.

90 Wisconsin Street

One Door East of First National Bank

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Sheet Music and Music Books.

We can supply you with any piece of music and music book in the world.

Our prices are the lowest.

SMART CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

STEVENS

THE KIND OF FIREARM TO OBTAIN

is a weapon that is GUARANTEED for QUALITY and has a RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT behind it.

When leading sportsmen the world over use the "STEVENS" in preference to other makes, it simply means that our line of

Rifles, Pistols and Shotguns

exactly suits in every particular.

Ask your dealer and insist on the "STEVENS." If you cannot obtain them, we will ship direct, *Express Prepaid*, upon receipt of price. Send for illustrated catalog. It is a book of ready reference, indispensable to all Shooters, and should be in the hands of every one interested in this grand sport. Mailed upon receipt of 4c. in stamps to pay postage. "IT CAN BE DONE!"—that new and attractive puzzle of ours, but will keep you guessing until you solve it. Try your luck these evenings. It's free. Send for it.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,

P. O. Box 3095, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

MARLIN

For quail, partridge or trap work the new

Marlin 16 Gauge Repeating Shotgun

is the ideal gun, and the lightest (6½ lbs.) and smallest efficient repeater made. It is not a 16 barrel on a 12 action, but a very fast handling, finely balanced gun of great accuracy. Our cylinder bore gun for brush shooting has no equal.

The full choked barrels are bored for either smokeless or black powders, and take heavy loads. They target better than 240 pellets in a 30 inch circle at 35 yards, using one ounce 7½ chilled shot. You ought to know this gun. Write for full catalogue description. 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co.

42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Bell and Standard Phone No. 33 329 to 333 STATE STREET

Hausmann Brewing Co.

Lager, Kulmbacher Beer and Ale in Kegs

Export, Kulmbacher and Pilsner in Bottles

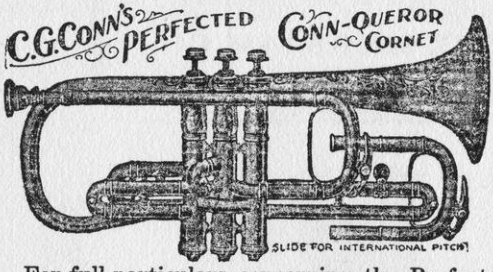
IT IS REFRESHING, NUTRITIOUS AND BENEFICIAL

Prompt attention to all orders **MADISON, WIS.**

IT WILL NOT MAKE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE
WHERE YOU USE YOUR

PERFECTED CON-QUEROR CORNET

In Band or Orchestra: Concert or Solo work, it will meet any possible requirement as no other CORNET CAN. It's an "all round" instrument with perfect adaption to general use.



Tone
Tune
Model
Mechanism

Proclaims it a Cornet for the Musician, Amateur or Professional.

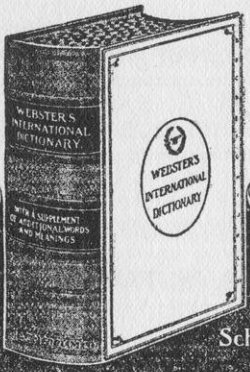
For full particulars concerning the Perfected Conqueror and complete catalogue of the Celebrated Wonder Instruments — Trombones, Saxaphones, Clarinets, Flutes, Piccolos, Violins, etc., Address

C. G. CONN, Elkhart, Ind.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY

Provides Schools of all Grades with competent Teachers.
Assists Teachers to obtaining positions. . . .

HARLAN P. FRENCH, 81 Chapel Street, Albany, New York



It is Up To Date and Reliable

It is The Best for Home School & Office

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

INTERNATIONAL

Includes in the New Edition

25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.

New Gazetteer of the World

New Biographical Dictionary

Edited by W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.,
United States Commissioner of Education.

New Plates. Rich Bindings. 2380 Quarto Pages. 5000 Illustrations.

FREE, "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlets.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,

Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

SISSON & SEWELL

394 East Water Street

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Winter Waits on the Threshold

AND FALL IS HERE

Now is your opportunity to invest in one of our

HANDSOME 3-BUTTON

SINGLE OR DOUBLE BREASTED SACK SUITS

These exceptionally FINE GARMENTS are serge lined, thoroughly worked, button holes hand worked, collars hand felled, and every detail of good tailoring is observed in their manufacture.

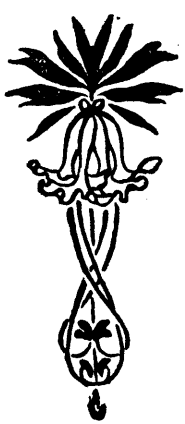
These suits are in our popular SCOTCH MIXTURES, BLACK THIBETS, BLUE SERGES, FANCY CASSIMERES, and WORSTED CHEVIOTS.

$15 ═══ to ═══ $28

PEG TROUSERS WITH ALL SUITS

"SELLERS OF GOOD CLOTHES"

Students Welcomed at



Fenner's Billiard Hall

MAIN STREET

ALWAYS OPEN

Standard Phone 658 Bell Phone 5831

MADISON TEA COMPANY

COFFEE

Strictly Pure Goods at the same price you are in the habit of paying for inferior goods. We can save you freight and drayage from Chicago.

18 Dinner Patterns .. Fancy China, Lamps, Rugs, Etc.

26 EAST MIFFLIN STREET

Grimm's .. Book .. Bindery

FLAT-OPENING BLANK BOOKS
MAGAZINES AND LIBRARY
WORK A SPECIALTY

119 and 121 East Washington Avenue
Third Floor

Telephone 469

The Hub

RICH

in Christmas Furnishings

We are Stocked with an unusually
Large and Handsome Assortment of

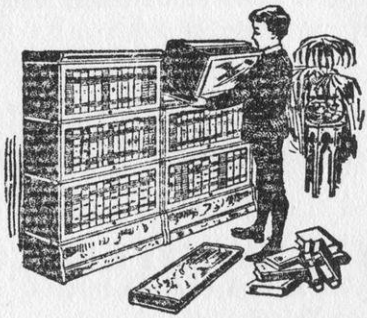
House Coats, Bath Robes, Mufflers, Neckwear

In fact anything a Man can wish for

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS in many Exclusive Designs

A. HASWELL & CO.

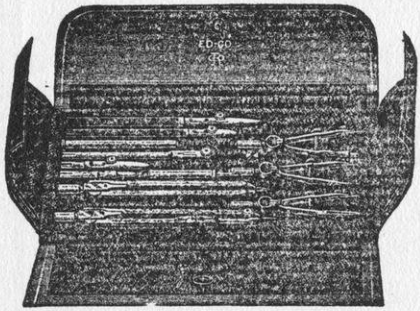
GOOD FURNITURE
26-28 No. Carroll St.
MADISON, WIS.



Small enough for twenty books or large enough for twenty thousand, is the

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase

Fitted with perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. Can't we show you its beauties?



"Gem Union" and "Richter"

Drawing Instruments

Superior to All Others

These Instruments and other Drawing Materials manufactured by us for sale at the

University Co-operative Co.
MADISON

Eugene Dietzgen Co.
181 Monroe St. CHICAGO

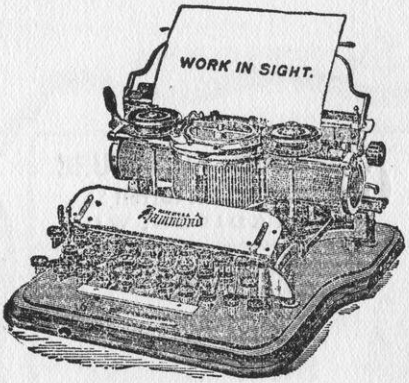
Our 416 page catalogue sent on application

ESTABLISHED 1892

STEPHEN LANE FOLGER

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry
Club and College Pins and Rings
Gold and Silver Medals

180 Broadway
NEW YORK



Do you know all the Sizes and Styles of type you ever saw are combined in

One Hammond Typewriter

We can write on a postage stamp or the widest report or insurance policy. We write **26 different languages.** All this is contained in one ordinary **Hammond.** Its past reputation as **durability** and **beautiful work** is sufficient evidence along this line. It is convenient to carry, and best for card work.

A card from you, a catalogue from us and we're both happy.

The HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

303 Security Bldg., cor. 5th and Madison, CHICAGO, ILL.

Long Distance Telephone

Note.—See large cut on back of map in your Y. M. C. A. Hand-book

Madison Salesman, PARK K. KELLEY, 201 Park Street

Columbia Graphophones

The Best Talking Machines Made

Cylinder Machines, $5 to $100 **Disc Machines, $12 to $65**

25c COLUMBIA Gold Moulded Cylinder Records 25c

COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS.—7-inch, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen. 10-inch, $1 each; $10 per dozen. Grand Opera Records (10-inch discs only), $2 each

The Graphophone pleases old and young alike

ENTERTAINS EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Write for Catalogues

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

Chicago, 88 Wabash Avenue. Milwaukee, 391 E. Water St. Minneapolis, 13 Fourth St.
Detroit, 272 Woodward Ave.

Christmas Suggestions

Your Friends at Home will be highly pleased to receive some souvenir of the University for a Christmas present.

WE HAVE

PENNANT PINS
WATCH FOBS
UNIVERSITY PENNATS, ETC.

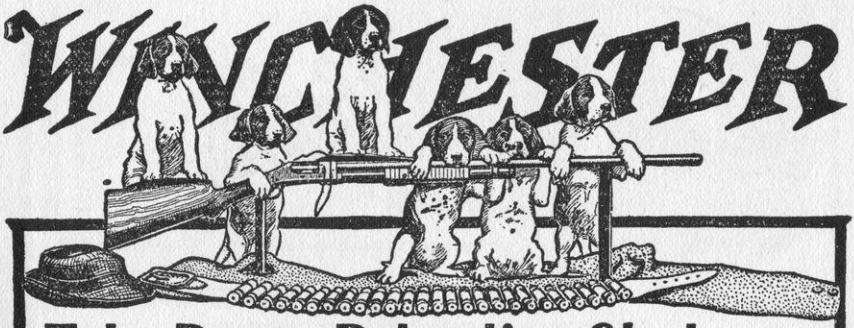
ALSO

THE LATEST BOOKS
LIMP LEATHER BINDINGS
ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS
'XMAS CARDS
PICTURES, ETC., ETC.

One of the Largest and best Selected Stock of Books in the State

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

412 State Street



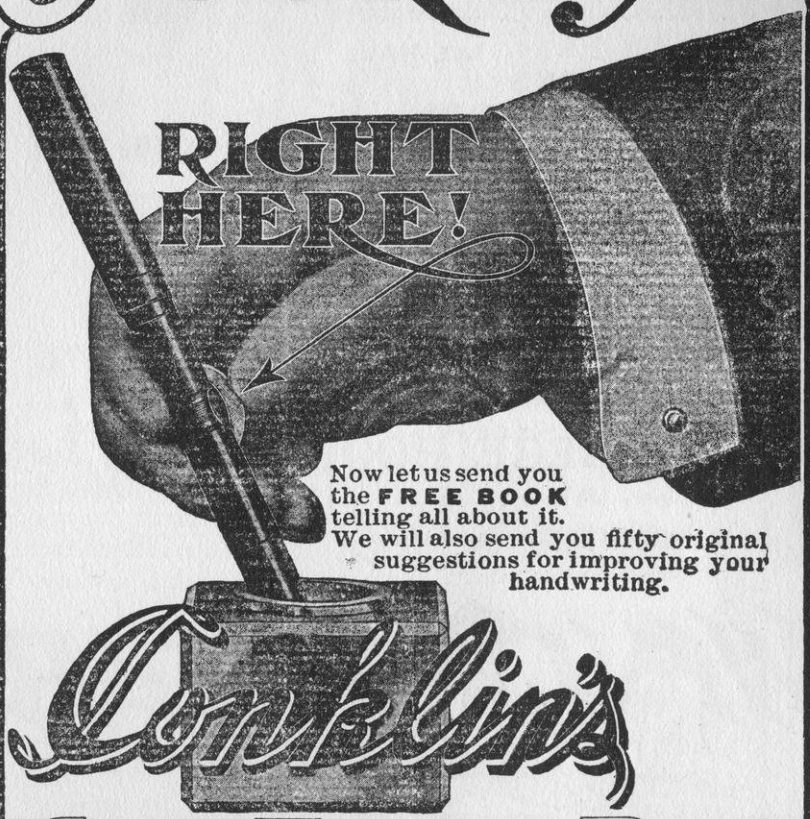
Take-Down Repeating Shotguns

The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

YOUR EYE



Now let us send you the **FREE BOOK** telling all about it. We will also send you fifty original suggestions for improving your handwriting.

Conklin's

SELF-FILLING PEN

"The Pen That Fills Itself"

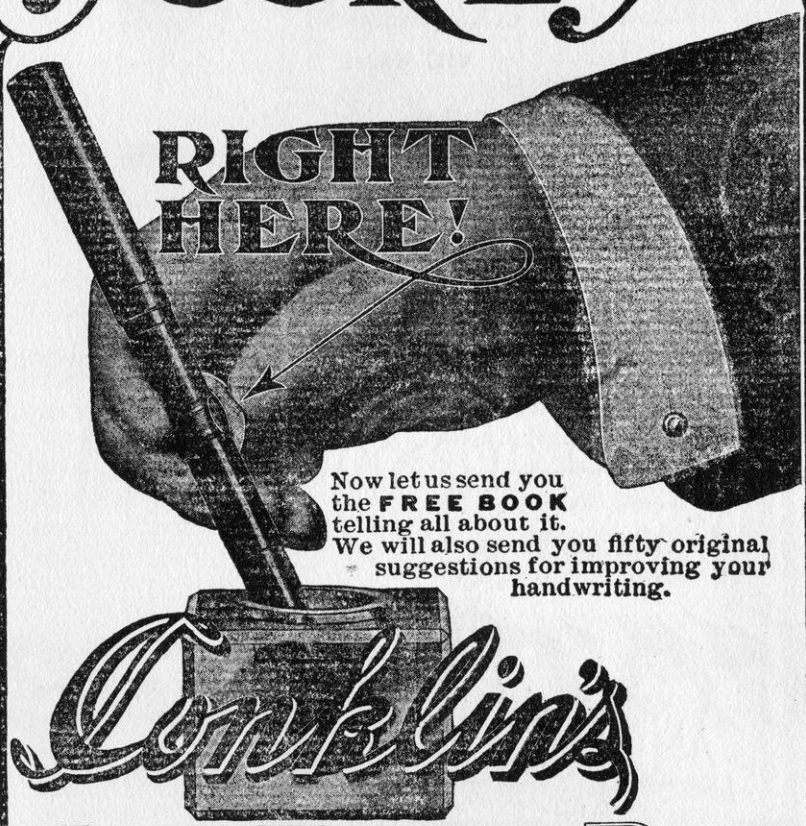
Dip pen in any ink well or any ink, press lever and operation is over. As a matter of cleanliness, comfort and convenience, don't you owe it to yourself to learn more about this perfect pen?

If you will let us send you our beautiful new illustrated catalogue, it will make you a CONKLIN enthusiast.

The Conklin Pen Co. 560 Madison Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Represented in Great Britain by American Agencies, Ltd., 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, E. C.; in Australia by Rae, Munn & Gilbert, 47 Market Street, Melbourne.

YOUR EYE



Now let us send you the **FREE BOOK** telling all about it. We will also send you fifty original suggestions for improving your handwriting.

Conklin's

SELF-FILLING PEN

"The Pen That Fills Itself"

Dip pen in any ink well or any ink, press lever and operation is over. As a matter of cleanliness, comfort and convenience, don't you owe it to yourself to learn more about this perfect pen?

If you will let us send you our beautiful new illustrated catalogue, it will make you a CONKLIN enthusiast.

The Conklin Pen Co. 560 Madison Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Represented in Great Britain by American Agencies, Ltd., 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, E. C.; in Australia by Rae, Munn & Gilbert, 47 Market Street, Melbourne.

Sonnets of a Freshman

Is Out Now

On sale at COLLYER'S, COLLEGE BOOK STORE, MENGES', MOSELEY'S and CO-OP.

The Story of a Varsity Freshman

His Triumphs
His Tribulations
and
His Love Affairs

Twenty-eight Humerous Sonnets
Twenty-eight Drawings to Watch

Souvenir Cloth Edition, 50 Cents
"Blue Book" Paper Edition
25 Cents

THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOOK OUT

THE BEER MANUFACTURED BY THE

IS ALWAYS PURE

Put up in the following brands

IN WOOD

LAGER

SALVATOR

IN BOTTLE

EXPORT

MENSAPALE

SALVATOR

TONIC

NECTARINE

BOTH PHONES No. 17

Call for FAUERBACH'S

ANTON METZ

PLUMBING and GAS FITTING

Bath Tubs, Garden Hose, Toilet Paper,
Plumbers' Supplies, Etc.

BIDS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

PHONE 164 — 115 W. Mifflin St., MADISON, WIS.

GILBERTSON & ANDERSEN

WATCHMAKERS AND
MFG. JEWELERS

DEALERS IN WATCHES,
CLOKS, FINE JEWELRY
AND SILVERWARE — *124 STATE STREET*

OPPEL'S

Famous "Donkey Oil"

Furbishes Floors and Furniture

Nothing Improves Appearance More

H. B. McGOWAN

Fine China
Cut Glass
Bric-a-Brac

14 W. Mifflin St.

ANTON METZ

PLUMBING and GAS FITTING

Bath Tubs, Garden Hose, Toilet Paper,
Plumbers' Supplies, Etc.

BIDS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

PHONE 164 — 115 W. Mifflin St., MADISON, WIS.

GILBERTSON & ANDERSEN

WATCHMAKERS AND
MFG. JEWELERS

DEALERS IN WATCHES,
CLOKS, FINE JEWELRY
AND SILVERWARE

124 STATE STREET

OPPEL'S

Famous "Donkey Oil"

Furbishes Floors and Furniture

Nothing Improves Appearance More

H. B. McGOWAN

Fine China
Cut Glass
Bric-a-Brac

14 W. Mifflin St.

ONE of our departments in which we take considerable pride, is that devoted to the making of Class and Fraternity **Pins, Badges** and **Medals.** In these we claim an originality and an excellence of execution not surpassed anywhere. There is no necessity whatever for Wisconsinites to send out of their own state to have this kind of work done, while our facilities for doing it are so great and our prices so moderate. We shall be pleased to prepare, free of charge, special designs in colors for anybody interested.

Our line of **Society Stationery** is second to none. Samples upon application.

BUNDE & UPMEYER CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Olson & Veerhusen

The "BIG" Store

7 and 9 North Pinckney Street

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS and TAILORS

The Students' Favorite Establishment