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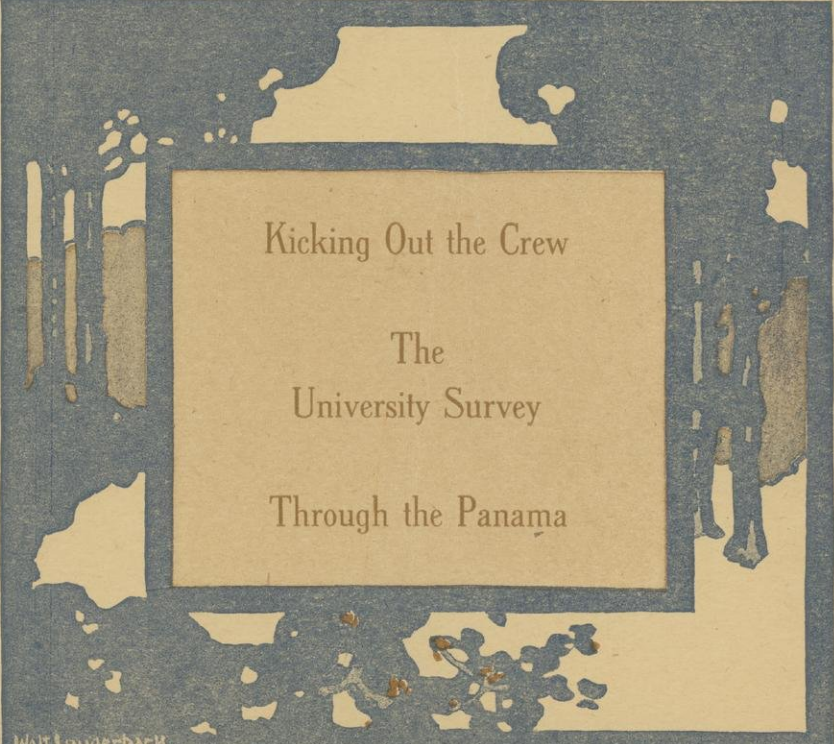


THE  
WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE

Volume XII

NOVEMBER, 1914

Number 2



Kicking Out the Crew

The  
University Survey

Through the Panama

Walt Louderback



## And Look at These Fine Holeproof Socks!

—No More Darning for You, Helen

Note the beautiful Christmas box, illustrated above, in which we are packing Holeproof Hosiery for holiday gifts.

Six pairs of Holeproofs are guaranteed to wear six months. If any of the six pairs fail in that time, we will re-  
for the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn from which Holeproof Hose are knit. Common yarn sells for 32c. But our yarn is long-fibred, pliable and soft. We use none that is heavy, stiff and coarse.

There is no other way to make a soft,

stylish, snug-fitting hose that can be guaranteed like Holeproofs. You can get Holeproofs in cotton, silk or silk-faced.

### At the Price of Ordinary Hose

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or anted three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's Holeproof silk socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's Holeproof silk stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproof for men \$1.50; for women \$2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed three months.

For Sale in Madison by

**RUNDELL** ON THE SQUARE

# Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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# The Mystery Infinite

I watched the violet fold in sleep,  
Its dewy petals dark and deep;  
    And saw the sunlight die  
    From out the golden sky,  
And gathering shadows coldly creep  
Adown the hills as night drew nigh.

All things were still for the day was done,  
The joy of its life and light were gone;  
    Around the darkness fell  
    And the soft night winds knell  
Above each low green mossy bed  
Murmured a requiem for the dead.

Out of the real to the great unknown.  
The soul must pass where the day has flown;  
    Afar into the gray  
    Of infinite space away,  
When night and death close gather their own  
From the fountains of life and day.

Wherefore this strange, unbroken rest?  
Where fled the living breath  
That left but clay, and withered leaves,  
And Silence, that is Death?  
In Eternal depths far, dim, and vast  
From thence arose that change unsought—  
That stilly hush for ages kept;  
What meaneth this—from life to naught?

—Iva N. Ketcham



*The*  
**WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE**

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*

Vol. XII


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## KICKING OUT THE CREW

Raymond C. Mackey

The commodore of the crew believes the faculty made a mistake when it abolished intercollegiate rowing and presents some interesting arguments to support his position. It's decidedly worth reading as the first printed protest against the drastic action of the faculty at the very beginning of the college year.

 OWING as an intercollegiate sport was abolished at the University of Wisconsin at the first faculty meeting of the year held September 28, 1914. The recommendation for such action was made by the medical department who have been making an investigation of the subject, the result of which leads them to believe "that the sport entails in its present form a period of too great length and an effort out of proportion to the physical capacity of the men entering rowing." In other words "the intense strain of preparation for such contests causes crew candidates to develop

hypertrophied or enlarged heart." The report of the medical officials to the faculty showed that twenty-eight out of fifty-six freshmen, and twenty out of twenty-three "W" men were found to be affected in this manner. However six of the freshmen and four of the "W" men were affected by hypertrophied hearts before their entrance into crew work.

The above report is rather startling and the drastic action taken by the faculty is warranted by it, were it indicative of the real effects of rowing. Such is not the case however.

Rowing as an intercollegiate sport is one

of the oldest in the United States. Accurate records of its effects upon the participants have been kept since 1855 and none of the eastern universities where rowing is taken part in far more extensively, and where the period of severe training is much longer than at Wisconsin, has arrived at any such results.

Dr. Geo. L. Meylan, medical director at Columbia University, whose crew won the Poughkeepsie races last June, states, "I have examined every man who has rowed on the Columbia crews since 1903 and have no record of a single case of injury to the heart from rowing."

The above statement is rather at variance with the conclusions arrived at by the Wisconsin medical officials.

Another light upon the subject comes from Dr. S. A. Munford, medical examiner for Cornell University. He states, "It has been my duty to pass on the physical qualifications of all athletes. I have never hesitated to eliminate those men who seemed to me to be unfit for strenuous exercise and I have never seen a man who seemed to suffer any cardiac damage as a result of athletics and I believe that a properly trained young man cannot dilate his heart by any of the contests permitted at Cornell. I feel that the elimination of tests of endurance would be a grave mistake."

A statement of this sort coming from the medical examiner of Cornell where twice as many men participate in active crew work each season as were examined at Wisconsin for the basis of the faculty's recent action, is rather significant to say the least.

Probably the most careful study of the

subject has been made by Wm. G. Anderson, Director of Yale gymnasium. He states, "The record covers the lives of 807 athletes, beginning with crew in 1855 and taking up football, track, and baseball as those games came to have a place. The attention is at once arrested by the fact that among the 807 athletes, who may be considered the highest type of trained athletes, only 58 deaths have occurred in the last half century. When the average of the years of the life of the sport is taken it is found that the mortality is greatest among football men. Of the 10,922 students (not actively engaged in athletics) the percentage of death rate is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  percent. Of the 807 athletes the percentage is 7.2 percent or only little over half that of the general graduate. Proof is conclusive that Yale athletes do not die early, and that heart disease is not a chief cause of death."

Investigations of this sort really show what conditions are. 807 men were examined during a period covering sixty years;—an investigation slightly more exhaustive than that made at Wisconsin.

When the medical director of Columbia states that he has examined all crew men since 1903 and has not found a single case of injury to the heart, and the medical department at Wisconsin find approximately 75% of the oarsmen affected with heart trouble, something is radically wrong.

The crew man at Wisconsin is as physically fit as those in the east, our equipment as up to date, and our coaching as efficient. Where then does the fault lie? Either men

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## LYNCH LAW

Jessee H. Reed

Another of Mr. Reed's inimitable stories of "colahed" life in the south told with a delightful simplicity that characterizes all of his work. "Lynch Law" is just another incident taken out of the experience of a man who knows southern negroes and their ways.



**S**ANDSPUR lay sweltering in the Summer day. The heat waves danced and flickered over the little square which was Sandspur's boast, transforming the whitewashed cottages and the tall pines in the rear into quivering images on a moving picture screen. The blinding glare of the sun was reflected from the white sand of the street to the white walls of the houses and back again into the square, where a few palmetto shrubs wilted and shrivelled in a desperate effort to survive. There was only one break in the blinding picture—the jail. Gray and squat and ugly with its brick walls and barred windows, it cast a sinister influence over the whole square. And today an armed guard sat upon the stone steps—grim evidence of the majesty of the law. Occasionally he shifted his rifle from one arm to the other, or pulled his straw hat down a little further over his eyes. There was no other sign of life. The town might have been deserted, yet a certain intangible tenseness pervaded the atmosphere that told of life behind the closed doors, waiting—waiting for some nameless danger.

Aunt Mandy's Jim tore up the kite he had been making in disgust. It had been a thing of beauty to him all the morning, but now, he reflected bitterly, what was the use of having a kite if one couldn't go out

and fly it? He saw through the whole petty scheme to keep him indoors, and his soul revolted.

"Ah say, maw," he announced, sidling crablike for the door, "Ise gwine out."

Aunt Mandy was too quick for him. He was jerked off his feet and deposited in a chair between Aunt Mandy's ample self and Sister Smith, who was no less ample. He twisted and squirmed and wriggled in vain. He was penned, and Aunt Mandy and her companion commenced their whispering again, glancing uneasily from time to time towards the deputy in front of the jail.

Jim detested whispering. It hurt his vanity to have any secrets around that he could not be a party to. Today there had been very little but whispering in the negro section of the town. Maneuver and listen as he might, he had only been able to pick up several fragmentary remarks not intended for his ears. Having nothing else to do, he commenced to piece them together and weave wonderful stories about them with all the darky's wonderful accuracy at guessing. He squirmed uneasily. Aunt Mandy's strident whisper cut into his imaginings.

"Lawd-a-massy, Big Jawn's done gone an' done hit now! When dat mob git heah day'll kill ebery bressed niggah on de place!"



It was another fragment, and Jim's active brain made good use of it. Big John. He remembered him as a shiny-black mountain of a man who had once shown him how to make quail traps that would catch 'em alive. So Big John had killed a man—a white man—and was sitting over there in his cell waiting for the mob. It was nothing to kill a man, he mused, twisting around to get a good view of the jail. When he was a pirate he was going to kill dozens of 'em. Nothin' in it. But it would never do for a pirate to remain shut up in the house with the wimmin' folks on a glorious day like this. Especially with wimmin' folks that whispered all the time!

"Maw," he grumbled, "Yo' needn' go to all dat trubble. Ah knows all 'bout hit, anyhow."

Aunt Mandy stopped in amazement.

"Ef yo' ain' de beatenist chile," she began.

But Jim, foreseeing a lecture, made haste to follow up his advantage.

"Heah come de mob!" he shouted shrilly.

Aunt Mandy and Sister Smith were on their feet instantly, yellow with fright, and in a flash Jim had gained the door. He paused there a moment, grinning diabolically.

"Ise gwine to see Big Jawn, he said. very softly, and was off down the road.

The guard upon the prison steps saw only a brown flash disappear around the corner, so he shifted his gun and pulled his hat down just a little further over his eyes.

Aunt Mandy's Jim, however, had an idea—a rarity with him—which must be acted upon directly. As a future pirate, he must

find Big John, and learn how to kill men in the most approved manner.

The shadows of the tall pines stretched and stretched until they covered the grateful palmettoes in the sandy square. The heat waves gradually receded, leaving a very sedate and substantial row of whitewashed houses across the way. Then the guard pushed back his widebrimmed hat with a sigh of relief, for the cool of the evening would soon come, and with it, he hoped the sheriff. A bent and decrepit little figure hobbled out across the sandy road, slowly, painfully, the tails of his clawhammer coat dragging dejectedly in the sand. The guard watched it languidly as it pattered up to the jail steps, and leaned upon its cane, in blinking uncertainty. He could not suppress a smile of amusement. Trousers six inches too long and covered with burrs, a cast off swallow-tail many sizes too large, brimless derby, enormous smoked-glass spectacles, and, wonder of wonders, a dirty white vest decorated with red roses the size of a dollar—such was the apparition which presented itself in the gathering twilight. Verily, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! But the apparition turned towards him, and said, in the quavering tones of old age.

"Please, sah, I'se done come fo' to administration de consolation ob religion to de prisonah."

The guard looked at the preacher sharply, while the latter drew from under his coat an enormous battered Bible, and fumbled among the leaves.

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# THE DANGER OF THE SURVEY

John Hascall Abbott

An article of special merit, the product of a serious investigation of an investigation that is going on among the students and the professors at the present moment. The University Survey ranks in importance to the university and the state above any similar survey that has been ever conducted here at least in our recollection.



**HOW MANY** of you students in the University realized at the time that the cards given you at registration this fall, asking about your work in the University and your relations with your instructors, were a part of one of the most important investigations ordered in recent years by the State Legislature and the most important ever conducted in this University? It is, indeed, to the University itself, the most important since it inquires into every branch of University activities, including not only the faculty and its work and the needs of the University, but the life of the students also, their relations with the faculty, their University work, and their outside interests. While this investigation of the University is only a part of a general survey of all state educational institutions, it is by far the greatest part and is worthy of the greatest consideration.

## PURPOSE AND METHODS OF CONDUCTING SURVEY

In considering this subject it would be well to explain first the purpose of the survey. As stated by the State Board of Public Works, which is conducting this survey, "the real purpose is to obtain facts or suggestions that will help the University and the State of Wisconsin when considering the numerous questions that come

biennially before the legislature and constantly before the administrative officers of the University and State." These questions as given by the Board are as follows:

## TWELVE QUESTIONS THE UNIVERSITY SURVEY SHALL ANSWER

1. What if anything is the University of Wisconsin undertaking that the state as a whole does not wish it to do?
2. What if anything is the University failing to undertake which the state wishes it to do?
3. Is the University doing well enough what it does?
4. Is it doing inexpensively enough what it does.
5. What parts of its work, if any, are inadequately supported?
6. What parts of its work are out of proportion—too large, too small—to its program as a whole?
7. Is the state's support of the University proportionate or disproportionate to state support of other public educational activities?
8. Is the University's business management—in policy, planning, purchasing, supervising, checking, and reporting—adequate and efficient?
9. Does the legislative policy in dealing with the University and other educa-

tional activities reflect adequate information?

10. What is the University's relation with and influence upon, the rest of the state's system of public education?

11. What are the standards of living—social and economic—in the University?

12. What not yet met needs of the state which the university might meet and what opportunities for retrenchment or increased efficiency should be reported to the next legislature?

If this is, as the Board says, the "only purpose in asking for the information called for in the questionnaires," it relieves the Board of a great responsibility, since all blame for damage or injury to the University which may then result must necessarily fall upon the legislature and the administrative officers of the University and State. And a certain amount of injury seems inevitable.

In order to obtain this information questionnaires were sent out to the faculty members of the University last May and to the alumni in September. In addition to these questionnaires men were sent out to inspect the laboratories and to visit classes. From their visits they made out reports on the needs of the laboratories and gave their opinions as to the value of the professors and instructors as teachers. These men were from the East. It is the questionnaire sent out to the faculty and the reports of these inspectors, however, which give us the most concern, since they are the most liable to injure the future welfare of the University.

The questionnaire consists of forty pages

of questions divided under twenty main headings covering the qualifications and teaching experience of the faculty, the relations of instructors with heads of the departments, the value of faculty and departmental meetings, the number and kinds of courses given and the seeming ability of the students to do the work, the time spent by the faculty on University and outside work, the official factors affecting their work, and the difficulties and needs of individual instructors and professors. To answer all these questions takes time and work. Furthermore, meetings have been held during the summer and this fall between the members of the survey committee and the heads of departments in the University to discuss the data collected and to check errors in the reports. All this work caused one professor to remark that he "wished the whole survey at the bottom of Lake Mendota". And there are many more who feel the same as he does about it.

#### THE DANGER IN THE SURVEY

When the legislature of 1913 ordered this survey to be made it undoubtedly thought it was working in the best interest of the people of the State. It is only right that the taxpayers should know how their money was being spent and what returns they were getting from it. However, I feel that the legislature did not take into consideration the most important effect of the survey upon the University. Such a big undertaking as this is bound to bring forth severe criticisms and no small amount of resentment against it from those who are being investigated. But in this

case those who are being investigated dare not say a word, for what professor or instructor cares to take such a chance of losing his position?

Several of the professors have been called on for their opinions concerning the survey but the great majority would say nothing for or against it. A few spoke in favor of it but refused to express their objections to it because, as they said, it would be impolitic. When assured that no names would be used in connection with criticisms, two professors gave their candid opinions of the survey, and both pointed out the one great danger.

At Harvard, less than two years ago, a similar "efficiency survey" was proposed, but, when the professors rose in arms against it, the president withdrew the proposal. There the professors could speak their minds without a heart full of fear, while here they must obey "what the State decrees, when it decrees, or get out."

From the questionnaire sent to the faculty, the University Survey appears to be, taken at its face value, very fair, nevertheless, to quote a recent editorial in *The Nation*, "there is enough in the questionnaire to warrant the gravest suspicion that we are to have in this move one more of these wrong-headed and deplorable applications of the efficiency idea which have in recent years been threatening out universities." The portions of the questionnaire to which *The Nation* here refers are the so-called time-card questions and those concerning the supervision of classroom or seminary work. And it is these same portions to which the University professors

object, and in which they see danger.

It is the work and reputations of the professorate that makes a university great, and in order to do the best work a professor must have full play of his individuality. The feeling that he is being watched and criticised by those who know little or nothing about the work of his department and that his service to the university is based upon actual time spent in the classroom curbs to a very great extent this full play of individuality. Thus, on account of certain portions of the questionnaire, we have professors in the University of Wisconsin wishing they were out of the whole affair and willing to accept the first good offer of a position where they will not be constantly interfered with in their work.

#### HOW THE SURVEY MAY HELP THE UNIVERSITY

But in spite of this most formidable danger of losing professors, the survey has its good points. For example, a thorough study is being made of the living standards of the students. If these standards can be raised that part of the work at least will have been a success. Then, too, certain departmental needs such as laboratory apparatus and more rooms for use in giving lectures are being investigated. Such things as these are a help to the University and its efficiency and should be cared for. They are important. But whether or not they are sufficient to offset the possible injury to the University through the dissatisfaction of its professorate remains to be seen. Had the objectional questions been

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# ABOUT YOUR EDUCATION AND MINE

Balthasar H. Meyer

Balthasar H. Meyer is a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and lives in Washington. There was a time though and not so very long ago when he had "classes on the hill." Mr. Meyer tells in a few words some of the things he deems essential in this college life of ours.



**D**URING my student days I often expressed my admiration to my students for the gray-heads in the faculty. I had great admiration for the younger men with whom it was my privilege to have studies, but the gray-heads had my affection, studies or no studies. The young men can electrify, stimulate. They can dazzle with the "latest" in their respective branches of learning. Occasionally the older men can do all these things as well, or better than, the young men; but they can do one thing which younger men generally can not do—impart wisdom. Therefore, exploit the younger men but do not neglect to absorb the wisdom of the older men. Every young student needs their guidance until he has grown into years of wisdom himself.

A short time ago a prospective freshman asked me regarding the course of study to pursue. I answered that he should find his course where he could find the biggest men. He had a notion that a certain course would insure a certain career. Aside from strictly technical courses, this is not true. All the courses in the university together will not make a man. All courses should, and most courses doubtless do, contribute toward the making of men, provided real men administer them. No student is too young to begin to learn that a few basal elements of character—honesty,

industry, perseverance, balance, capacity, thoughtfulness, sympathy, etc.—are essential in giving effect to everything he learns and does. I know of no better place than a great university to afford young men and women an opportunity to cultivate these traits, in their dealings with one another and with the faculty. You will appreciate this more the longer you are out of the university. If you have not already done so, turn your thoughts in this direction as frequently as possible until your day of graduation is past.

Some men still ask whether a college education is worth while; and following recent journalistic precedent perhaps judge a student body by the number of responses to stamped envelopes. Such discussions I expect alway to continue. They are harmless and sometimes useful, especially when they stimulate reexamination of courses, methods, student life and activities. I never asked the question myself. I must have been born with the idea that it was worth while. Yet a college education can be purchased at too high a price. What that price is can only be decided in each individual case. The world is open to all. Even the student who cannot complete his course however, has an advantage over those who never entered upon one. Need I add, "other things being equal?"

# ON THE FIRST BOAT THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

John W. Barrett, '17

An article written by an official of the Pan American Union on that stupendous Panama Canal recounting the incidents that occurred on the first trip made through the isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The writer, the nephew of Director General John Barrett, of the Union, has had exceptional opportunities to inspect the Canal and he tells what he saw in his own words.



WHILE in Washington, D. C., this past summer in the employ of the Pan American Union, an organization which has as one of its aims the bettering of trade relations between North and South America, it was my privilege to attend the formal opening of the Panama Canal as the official photographer of this international office.

Accordingly, I left New York on August 5th, on the S. S. Ancon bound for Colon, the Atlantic port of Panama, and after a voyage that encountered no rough weather, arrived in Colon on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 12th. Colon is a tropical city with palm trees bordering many of its streets and ornamenting its little parks. Upon its narrow streets face wide open stores and bazaars with practically no front windows but overhanging verandas which cover the sidewalks. Life moves slowly and languidly with the happy-go-lucky feeling characteristic of these sunny lands. Cabmen, commonly described as "spigoties," drive about everywhere with their rickety carriages and little scrubby horses. Notwithstanding this jumble of humanity the city presents a neat appearance and is con-

vincing evidence of the remarkable sanitary achievement under American direction. The streets are well paved and drained. They are also well policed and disorder is an uncommon thing.

Thursday I journeyed to Culebra and called upon Colonel Goethals to pay him my respects. I found him busy behind a voluminous pile of correspondence and data, and presented to him my letter of introduction from the director general of the Pan American Union. He received me cordially and then prepared and gave to me a much prized card of passage on the Ancon for the official voyage. I left his office, feeling as I departed that I had been in the presence of one the great men of the day. Then I went out on the crest of the hill overlooking the famous Culebra Cut where I spent about half hour looking down into this mighty man-made canyon with Gold hill towering in the background. It was a wonderful sight, looking down from a height of nearly 300 feet, to see the immense dredges scooping out from the bottom and sides of the canal the earth deposited by Cucaracha Slide.

The next noon, my uncle, Director General John Barrett, arrived on the S.

S. Tenadores and was met by representative officials of the Panama Government and the Canal Zone. As he had been the first United States Minister to Panama and had witnessed the very beginning of the work on the Canal ten years ago, it was indeed appropriate that he should be there, aside from the fact that as an international Pan American officer he, in a sense, linked by his official presence, North and South America.

Early the following morning we proceeded to the dock at Cristobal. There was the Ancon, lying beside the wharf and flying the Stars and Stripes and the colors of all the nations. On the very tip of the foremast, was the world peace flag, consisting of a small stars and stripes set inside of a plain white field. It was a significant feature and showed that above all things, the purpose of the canal is a peaceful one.

At just 7:08 a. m. with a gruff blast from her whistle, the Ancon slipped from her moorings, bound on her history-making trip through the canal. The boat steamed slowly and majestically out into the deep water of the Atlantic; then turning around, she slowly made her entry into the waters of the Panama Canal. In about an hour she approached the first locks, the great triple flight at Gatun. The sides of the lock chambers were thronged with sight-seers awaiting the arrival of the first boat through the canal. The vessel soon came along-side the central pier and cables were thrown to the electric locomotives, or "mules," as they are called, and they in turn slowly drew her into the first lock chamber at sea level. After the Ancon was

well inside the chamber and the cables set, the great steel gates slowly and smoothly swung shut with the ease of clockwork. Then the water was let in from the higher level, quickly and surely raising her nearly thirty feet in less time than ten minutes!

Col. Goethals, the master builder, was not on the Ancon at any time during the trip, but was right at hand on the locks in person. Dressed in the plainest of clothes, with a faded straw hat and carrying an umbrella, he paced up and down the sides of the locks, seeing that everything went along successfully, and dodging, as far as possible, our attempts to get pictures of him.

After the second lock was filled, the gate leading into the next higher lock was opened, and the boat was towed into its chamber. This operation was repeated for the last level and in about an hour and ten minutes from our entry into the locks at sea level, we passed into Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the Atlantic Ocean. From Gatun locks the ship proceeded under her own power through the wonderful artificial Gatun Lake which has a surface area of 165 square miles and the scenic charms of an inland sea. All around us we could see the tops of trees which had died when their trunks were submerged by the rise of water. In most cases only their bare limbs were left protruding above the surface and many of these were covered with myriads of orchids. On the shores of the lake rank vegetation of vines, tropical plants and palms overran everything, presenting to our eyes a real tropical jungle.

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

Howard M. Jones

**Synopsis of the first installment:** A group of university students are gathered around Head's fireplace. They represent in one way or another various types in undergraduate life. A discussion arising over the question of support for football, it is proposed that each give in turn his reason for adopting his particular attitude toward his college life. Eliot, the athlete, has just finished a plea for football; he declares that it teaches the needed lesson of loyalty.

## II.

**B**EN'S last ringing syllable died long time. Nobody looked at lasted for what seemed to be a into an intense silence which his neighbor or at Eliot. His vehemence had come unexpectedly and we were all a little embarrassed, I think, as men will be who suddenly find themselves out of their usual emotional depth. I heard a long sigh from Roberts, our engineer, and an awed expression, "By George!" It was high compliment, for Roberts is not given to effusion. Then Head suddenly reached over and grasped Eliot's hand; his action broke our tension, and we turned expectantly to David who, by program, should have spoken next. The little chap stammered as he responded to the appeal.

"I-I think I had b-better wait a little while," he pleaded. "I must study it a little more." (When moved he sometimes relapsed into a Teutonism.) With ready courtesy Head looked around the circle; his eyes rested for a moment on Ladislav, and then with his fine sense for the fitness of things, he called on Pearson, the debater.

Pearson spoke first to Ben. "That was

fine," he said with a quiet sincerity alien to his usual manner of speaking. Then he added with an exasperated laugh—the subject was an old bone of contention between them—"Ben, Ben—if you would only get a little debating training into you and talk before a crowd as you talk before us, your football team wouldn't lack support. I say that," he added, turning to the rest of us, "because it perfectly illustrates a point I'm going to make."

He stopped as if mentally mapping out a brief, while his glasses twinkled and sputtered—no other word expresses it—with reflected firelight. To me those glasses symbolized the man: his brains, his mental alertness, his lightning quickness to grasp an idea, and above all a certain watch-tower attitude, such as signalmen have, a sense of being above the clamor and understanding the confusion of engines in the yard below. He carefully placed the tips of his fingers together—a trick of his—and then his high, somewhat irritating voice broke the silence.

"That was a fine plea," he said decisively, "a fine speech and if I seem to criticize it adversely, it's not because I don't believe that the lesson of loyalty is not lacking in



the orthodox college studies, but because I want to show that fine as Ben's argument is, it isn't adequate—isn't comprehensive enough for what I believe is a truer view of college life. I believe in loyalty, I admit its need, but I don't think mere loyalty goes far enough to justify Ben's praise of football.

"And I'm perfectly willing to admit, too, that some of my opponent's arguments—" he smiled quickly at the forensic formality—"are absolutely incontestable. I need more exercise—so do most of us here. It would be easy to retort, I suppose, that most athletes need more exercise—of a less violent sort; but it would be a cheap retort, and I doubt if it would be a true one. But whether my lack of exercise is any excuse for Ben's getting too much of it is another question; and when he jumps from the premise that we need more athletics to the conclusion that therefore intercollegiate football should be encouraged, I simply don't see any connection between the two propositions.

"Ben, in spite of all you have said about the democracy of opportunity in athletics, you can't get around the fact that all this excitement, all this attention and expense and energy is centered on eleven out of some thousands of men; that your whole scheme of intercollege athletics is focussed on training a dozen men in cardinal sweaters to knock down a dozen other men in different-colored sweaters as quickly and efficiently as possible. And you've got to admit besides that the basis for a football team is incontestably sheer physical strength—strength cleverly handled, I

grant you, magnificently directed, so that often the smaller physical force overcomes the larger physical force by strategy of one kind or another—but always at the bottom your attention is fixed on brute bodies, however much the mind is in control. Ben, Ben it seems to me you can get more out of college than a kind of sublimated prize-fighting!"

He turned again to us. "What seems to me the weakness of Eloit's argument," he went on more earnestly than ever, "lies in his tacit admission that mind is still on a little higher scale than matter—the physique, that is however excellently trained. When Ben makes his plea that athletics develop quickness of intellect he clearly admits that quickness of intellect is a good thing to develop; that certain qualities of mind are desirable, and he then tries to drag football up to what he somewhat blindly feels is a higher standard, by trying to prove that football is a means of getting this desirable mental discipline. I say, why drag in football?"

"Gentlemen, to my thinking we are continually overlooking the most evident fact possible about this university: namely, that it is a place for training brains. I perfectly agree with Eloit, as I said a moment before, that a minimum amount of attention must be paid to your body to secure maximum efficiency in your brain. But it does not therefore follow that brain should be made to serve the body, and not body the brain. That's where Ben hasn't a leg to stand on. You can't get around the fact that the whole purpose of colleges ever since there were any colleges, is and has

been to train the minds of their students. It's one of those things that everybody admits the moment you say it; and it's also one of those things that everybody forgets the moment it has been said. Primarily we've all come here—even you, Eliot—to lead what somebody calls the intellectual life.

“Well, then, if that's the purpose of a university, you may say that work in the classroom is entirely sufficient. Why drag in debating? It's as much a misdirection of energy as is football.

“Why drag in debating? I'm going to give you three reasons why I believe a man should go in for debating, if he wants to make the most out of his college life.

Pearson was now standing, looking down on us occasionally, as he paced nervously back and forth, three steps each way, between Eliot and the table. Suddenly he stopped and shook out a long forefinger at his audience.

“If all the profs were perfect men, perhaps there would be no need for a debating society. But you know as well as I do how rare it is to sit under a man who makes you think. Once in a generation there comes a real teacher—a Mark Hopkins or a Lowell or an Agassiz. For the most part the faculty is one huge, solid blunder, and they know it and we know it, and everybody knows it. If this university is five percent efficient it is doing mighty well. Most of the instructors never attempt, even, to get you to think; most of the students never expect to think—complain, indeed, if now and then they have to. You put money in a slot when you pay your entrance fees;

in return you draw out a specified number of lectures, and on his side the professor gets a specified number of more or less imperfect mimeograph copies of what he has said, returned to him at examination time. If the copy isn't too bad, he passes it, and if you're the average sloth-eaten student, you're satisfied to have got through the course—never through the subject,—and pass on to the next slot-machine, provided you're sure that you'll get nothing but the same safe, sane and conservative stereotypes for your nickle.

“Do I exaggerate? Listen to the fool answers in your next quiz section and draw your own conclusions.

“Now if you're content to be one of the herd, that sort of thing will satisfy you. In fact you'll squeal with pain if somebody prods you out of your doze. But if you have any get-up-and-git, any initiative to you, you'll soon look elsewhere than in the recitation room to learn how to use the brains the good God furnished you with. I tell you, it's simply impossible for an energetic student to reach anything like maximum mental efficiency in a class where the intellectual give-and-take must of necessity be held at the level of average mediocrity.

“How go at it then? The same way you learn to walk, the same way you learn to fight—stand on your own intellectual feet. Get hold of a problem and make it your own, without guidance, without a nurse, without textbooks and syllabi. Shift for yourself! It's like being dumped into deep water before you can swim—you've either got to swim or drown. You don't know what's in you till you have to get it out of

you. And that's precisely the function of debating work. And that's my first reason for believing that debating is essential to college life—because it makes the student strike out for himself.

“But that of itself doesn't justify debating. Graduate work is supposed to do the same thing. Thesis work is devised for that very purpose, and some of the senior seminar courses as well. They possess the advantage of having a wiser man at hand to rescue you if you get beyond your depth. But as I look at it the reason graduate work is so often mere pedantry; the reason why theses are a joke, is that they lack an element essential to intellectual growth. It's the element Ben finds in football—I mean competition. That's the reason for public debating. A man may know all there is to be known about a subject, but unless he marshals all his facts like so much infantry and sends them into battle of conflicting opinion, he'll never find out which of his troops can be depended on. In classroom as in Congress it's the debater, trained to measure the value of argument by experience in the field of war, who takes the lead and carries the day. The evaluation of material is born only of such conflict as is found in debating. So my second plea for debating as an essential to the best college man is that it contains the competition necessary to growth.

“I was going to give three reasons. This is my third: It is conceivable that in time both these elements will be found in the classroom, as they are now occasionally found. And thus far in the argument I stand precisely even with the football man,

for Ben finds both these elements in an intercollegiate game. I must advance something else, to prove that debating is still superior to both. What I want to say may be phrased something like this: if what you need is intellectual gymnastics to toughen your mind for the conflict of life, it doesn't make much difference whether you get it playing football or studying Sanskrit. But the equivalent of football is nowhere found in life, and the usual classroom studies are far away from the business world into which most of us graduate. It's therefore a manifest economy if, at the same time you are strengthening your powers of mind, you can get into contact with life at as many places as possible. That is precisely what debating does. It has hold of real issues, live issues — real sociology, real ethics, real men. I figure that university classes are usually about ten years behind the time — as perhaps they ought to be. But by joining a debating club you're not merely exercising in a gymnasium, you're exercising on life and in life. So my third proposition is that debating gets you into touch with life as it is being lived at the greatest number of points.”

Pearson paused here, but indicated by a gesture that he was not yet through. I could see that Townsend and even little David were eager to interrupt and refute some of his assertions, but a glance from Head checked them, and after a moment Pearson resumed.

“I haven't said much about inter-collegiate debates — they're merely incidental in a debating society, and are not like the

varsity teams. I haven't advanced a lot of arguments you usually hear advanced — 'learning to think on your feet,' 'learning to talk fluently,' and so on. I don't believe such things are cardinal, and I think some of them are vicious and have done more harm than good. But I want to make one more point before I quit.

"In his argument for athletics Eliot worked back eventually to real life. He was right to do so. It's at once the background to measure college by and the goal to which we are working. Some way or another we are all here to get ready to live our lives out there in the world—the great, battling, chaotic world as it is, the world of business and poverty and thievery and honor and defeat. We don't talk much about it, perhaps, but just the same that's the reason why we're here.

"Ben said that loyalty was needed in that struggle for existence. I suppose it is. But as he spoke, I couldn't help seeing another side to his picture of organized business. Nobody wants to be a little man. Everybody expects to succeed. Most of us who go out from here go out to succeed in business — business! That terrific, rough-and-tumble, free-for-all fight where men scrap with brains instead of bayonets. And as I look at the picture, it seems to me that all the little men had too much loyalty, or perhaps loyalty of the wrong kind. They weren't loyal to themselves.

"Do you want to be merely one of the great mass of workers who obey orders — the privates of the army, the huge, uncomprehending, disappointed bulk of subor-

(Continued on page 22)

## KICKING OUT THE CREW

(Continued from page 4)

have been allowed to participate in rowing who should never have taken part in any sport requiring great exertion, such as football, track, or basketball, or else conditions under which the men work, such as the lack of a training table, are such that the men are not able to condition themselves sufficiently to withstand the hard work. Whatever the cause of the injurious effects experienced at Wisconsin, certain it is that the fault lies somewhere other than in the sport itself.

Dr. Ehler makes the rather bewildering statement that the abolishment of crew as an intercollegiate sport, "means that rowing will receive a new impetus and will become one of the our leading sports." Just how the purchase of "war canoes" is going to fit a man to row in an eight-oared shell, and where this impetus is coming from remains to be seen.

Dr. A. H. Sharpe of Cornell states in regard to crew men, "As far as life insurance risks go they are better than the average. Naturally only men physically fit should be allowed in any contest where the powers of endurance are called into play. Individual cases cannot be cited to decide an issue such as this; the effect on the great majority ought to be considered."

In Dr. Sharpe's last sentence he has hit the nail squarely on the head. If for any reason a man is allowed to participate in a sport for which he is physically unfit, and by the continuance of the sport injures himself, it cannot be held against the sport

(Concluded on next page)

but against those who permitted him to take part in the first place. The report of the medical department shows that ten of the men examined at Wisconsin were in the same condition to start with that is now deemed serious enough to eliminate the sport.

Other universities, believing that crew as a sport is not deleterious in any way have spent thousands of dollars to make rowing possible where the natural condition did not permit. This is the case for example at Michigan. Now does it not seem rather peculiar that crew men should be injured at Wisconsin and nowhere else? The above statements by those closest in touch with conditions in the east prove conclusively that the injurious effects are not experienced elsewhere.

Notwithstanding that Wisconsin is the guinea-pig state and that everything has to be tried on it first, a good many of us, judging by the number of letters of regret that have been received, believe that the faculty was a little hasty in their recent action. Here is hoping that they will deem it only just that conditions be investigated a little more

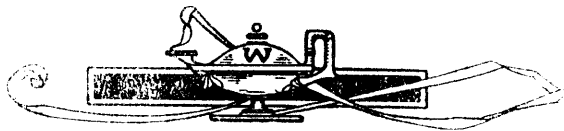
thoroughly before they kill one of the finest and cleanest of sports.

### THE DANGER OF THE SURVEY

(Continued from page 9)

left out of the questionnaire, then, surely, the survey would have been a complete success.

The University of Wisconsin now enjoys the reputation of being one of the best equipped universities in the United States, especially as regards its faculty. Is the legislature about to ruin this reputation by beginning "an intellectual thralldom likely to stifle any great soul and reduce the university to the basis of a factory?" It is to be hoped that when the final report of the survey comes out in December the State Board of Public Affairs and the legislature will not misconstrue its importance by laying too much stress upon the time card portion and the reports of the classroom inspections. For therein lies the great danger to the University and to the people of the State of Wisconsin.



## THE BREATH OF SPRING

Iva N. Ketcham

A real "breath of spring" that brings with it a fragment of a romance about a woman who waited long.



HE SUNLIGHT shone through the masses of blossoms weighing down the orchard trees. The breath of spring was in the warm air, and the grass was very green and tender. A thick coat of brown moss lay upon the stone wall which enclosed the orchard and separated it from the fields just beyond. A long row of yellow dandelions grew close to the uneven stones, and the tall lilac bushes lifted their purple clusters up almost even with the lowest boughs of the apple trees. A large body of water shimmered upon the horizon, and the path that ran through the fields seemed to lead out to it. There was song and sunshine everywhere, and the red-breasted robins hopped from limb to limb chirruping softly to each other.

A woman came to the door of the large white house which was set back a little way from the road. Her brown eyes drank in the beauty outside, and something of the freshness of the spring stole into them. A smile touched the corners of her mouth and softened the tiny wrinkles meshed about it. She sighed, after a few minutes, as if troubled by a passing thought.

A startled exclamation broke from her lips. Two men had driven up to the house just across the road. In the back of their heavy wagon were a number of boxes. She noticed for the first time that the blinds

were thrown back—all of them. The place had been deserted for—no one realized how long, but herself. A tall man in a long gray coat came out of the door and began gesturing to the men. She looked at the gray-coated figure for a moment, and then turned and fled upstairs.

She crossed the floor of her chamber with uncertain steps and sat down in a large horsehair chair that stood in the farther corner. A bird just outside of her window in the mountain-ash tree began singing. She listened during the whole melodious outpouring. A tremulous smile flitted over her face. She bent forward suddenly and opened the drawer of a small desk just in front of her. One by one she lifted the packets of letters from the sandalwood box in which she had once placed them. They were so old that the ink had faded and the paper slightly yellowed.

Another spring morning came back to her so vividly that she could scarcely believe it was only in memory. She had rushed up to her room with a wildly throbbing heart, and had listened to hear his steps upon the walk and the sharp clang of the iron gate. After a few minutes, or it may have been hours, she had placed the letters in their scented box, and had never touched them since. The house just across the road had been deserted, also, that same day.

And now after all the years, she had seen

him again. She could not mistake his strong straight form. She would have known it anywhere. She had heard that his wife had died abroad some years before, and, although she had not owned it to herself, her silent sympathy had gone out to him with her thoughts, which had always been with him.

A sharp ring of the bell startled her. It sounded again. She sprang to her feet and the letters dropped upon the carpet. When she reached the door, a slender girl stood upon the threshold. She held a bunch of white apple-blossoms in her hands.

"My father sent these to you, Miss Madeline. We have just been out in our orchard. He said your family and his were once old friends. We are going to live here now, and I should love to come over often. May I?"

The girl smiled winningly into Miss Madeline's brown eyes.

"You may come just as often as you like, my dear. This big house is very quiet—

lonely sometimes. I hope you will come in now." She opened the door wider and looked at the fresh young face.

"I will for a little while. But, my father sent me over to ask if you would not take tea with us. We are quite alone, too. You will come, won't you? It is such a beautiful day, you must come."

The girl's pleading could not hide her dimples, and she laughed softly from the sheer delight of living. At least it seemed so to her listener.

"Yes, I will come." The sweet-faced woman pressed her lips down into the blossoms. "It is the most beautiful day, and spring is the most wonderful time of the year."

"What are you saying?" The girl smiled again.

"I only said that the breath of spring makes the world young again."

And then they both went into the big house together.

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## OUT OF MY BRAIN

Out of my brain, fancy's child  
Gilded with golden merriment—  
Heavenly inspiration sent—  
Drooping and dreaming  
With wild content.

Satiated unto brim—grim joy  
Comes when passion ceases  
Haidie-lovers, soothing fleeces,  
Drooping and dreaming  
Love's in pieces.

## THE PANAMA CANAL

(Continued from page 12)

After steaming through the 24 mile channel of Gatun lake we passed, on the left, the mouth of the famous Chagres river which supplies the water for Gatun lake, and then entered the approach to the nine mile reach of the great Culebra Cut which takes the canal across the Continental divide between the two oceans. Our course became perceptibly narrow and the banks began to rise much higher. As we finally came into the deep part of the cut they towered impressibly high above the ship and made us realize the magnitude of the excavation which was necessary to permit the canal to take its way from ocean to ocean.

Culebra Cut proper, with its lofty hills on both sides, presented a sight never to be forgotten of the conquest of nature by man. After we passed by Gold Hill, the significant name of one of the peaks of the divide, we steamed slowly past the terror of the canal, the great Cucaracha Slide. This immense slide, covering many square acres, and lying south of Gold hill, is of shale formation and very loose. Heretofore, when the heavy rains have come, this mighty mass of dirt and stone, loosened by the water getting into its shelving strata, gradually moved down into the canal and almost closed the channel. At this time however, five large and powerful dredges are employed there, some of which have single buckets which dip down into the bottom of the canal and scoop out at least five tons of earth with one lift. They have already excavated a channel thirty feet

deep and will continue their operation until a depth of forty-five feet and a width of two hundred feet have been obtained. The general opinion is that the slide has about reached its equilibrium and there will be no more serious danger from it.

Having now passed through this section of the canal, almost romantic in its grandeur we reached Pedro Miguel Lock. Here the Ancon commenced her descent from the eighty-five foot level of Gatun lake and Culebra Cut to the Pacific Ocean. Through this lock of one flight of thirty feet the boat descended in less than half of one hour into the small lake of Miraflores which is only about two miles in length. Here, standing on the fore part of the ship, we could look forward to Miraflores locks, framed in their natural surroundings of the green hills and blue sky, and then on to the distant Pacific Ocean glistening in the afternoon sun. The Ancon soon arrived at Miraflores locks and here descended through two final locks of the canal to the tide level of the Pacific Ocean.

At this point we had the remarkable experience of seeing the meeting and mixing of the fresh water of the upper reaches of the canal with the salt water of the Pacific Ocean.

From Miraflores we proceeded towards the Pacific entrance of the canal, then past the new town of Balboa with its marvelous shops and new docks, and out into the broad Pacific ocean. As the Ancon passed Balboa, all the available whistles in the shops were blown, letting loose the pent up feeling of rejoicing at the successful open-



ing of the canal after ten years of tireless and almost superhuman endeavor; and as she struck her prow into the Pacific all the ships anchored along the sides of the canal, those tied up at the docks, and those anchored in the Pacific entrance, in turn, as we passed, saluted the Ancon with three blasts from their whistles. To these she immediately responded with three coarse blasts from her deep steam throat.

Standing there in the bow of the ship with my uncle, hearing these whistles all blowing, seeing the crowds of people on the shores of the canal and on the docks, I indeed experienced a thrill which I shall never forget.

Upon reaching the deep water of the Pacific the Ancon slowly turned around and steamed back into the harbor at Balboa where her passengers were delivered on shore, all of them feeling that they had participated in one of the most important events in the history of the world, affecting not only international commerce and trade, but the progress of civilization, friendship, and good will among all nations.

The entire trip was made without a mishap or hitch and the boat made the passage so smoothly that it seemed as if the canal had been in successful operation many years rather than just opened to commerce.

### THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 17)

dinates, clerks, salesmen, cashiers, what you please? By the Eternal, no! We in college — I say without boasting, for it's true — are the very pick of the young men and women of this state. We're expected to

take command, somehow, not to be commanded. We are for the commonwealth what West Point is for the army. We are here to learn to lead, to give orders, to succeed — not for ourselves, alone, but for those who follow us into the conflict, and woe to us if we give the wrong orders!

"So I say we are false to our trust if we don't learn to stand on our own bottoms, to think for ourselves—as the surgeon thinks, as the general thinks, the captain of industry, the statesmen, the senator, the political leader. And when I trace back the lives of many, many men who today hold the nation in their hands, I find again and again that they first found themselves in so ordinary a thing as a debating society. It was the laboratory that made them, not for any intrinsic merits of its own, but because it contains the food they needed to make them what they are.

"Fellows, Ben gave for football the watchword of loyalty; for me debating means leadership now and later, leadership with all its burdens, its selfishness, its generosity, its responsibilities, its deep and abiding satisfactions. Loyalty is, after all, common enough—and I do not disparage it at that. The shop-girl has it, the stenographer has it, the cashier, all the rank and file. Loyalty is what's the matter with them. But leadership is what we're here for — intellectual self-mastery, the applause and confidence of men. Leadership is the prospect that opens before the fellow who finds himself in college, and I deeply believe it is in debating that he will soonest find out the stuff that is in him, as I hope to do so far as I am concerned!"

(To be continued)

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# PURELY EDITORIAL

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Nick Grinde  
Ruth Boyle  
Jessee Reed  
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Frank Tillman

**Editor's Note**—The columns of the Wisconsin Magazine are open to signed communications regarding affairs providing they are of moderate length. Literary contributions are welcome and should be addressed to the Editor-in-chief. The price of this magazine is one dollar and fifty cents for the college year. Single Copies, 20 cents at the news stands.

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Address all communications to the Madison Office

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In a few words we will indicate what this magazine is bound to be this year. Its content will be interesting—you will want to read it every month—that's essential in the well-being of any publication. Therefore we aim to fill the magazine every month with "pep". The short stories, the poems, the dramatic sketches and the literary criticisms will be chosen from the best that the literary talent of the university can provide. There will be timely articles on the most important of the student activities written by the men who have the facts. There will be special papers on the basis of thorough investigation of branches of university work where we think investigation ought to be made public.

\* \* \* \*

Our writers will include the students

and to a less degree members of the faculty. The Wisconsin magazine will continue as the only vehicle in the university for the work of the men and women seriously interested in literature and in writing. Leaders in student affairs

**Our Writers**

will appear on these pages bringing the news of the day from Camp Randall and the "hill"—in athletics, debate, dramatics, social service, politics, student government, etc.

\* \* \* \*

To a certain extent the Wisconsin Magazine will be popularized. In no way, however, will true merit in the work be sacrificed nor the ideals for the best that Wis-

consin men and women can produce sub-  
 verted. Later in the  
**The "Mag"** season a special num-  
**Popularized** ber will be devoted to  
 fiction, another will  
 be given over to the women of the univer-  
 sity to edit and there will be others.

\* \* \* \*

The most startling innovation is the sec-  
 tion that will be devoted entirely to humor  
 and which will choose its material after  
 the manner of the late monthly publication  
 of the Sphinx. The men who will make

**An Innovation**

the fun are the men  
 who made the  
 Sphinx. Believing  
 that there should be something more than  
 a column of quips to provide for humorous  
 happenings about these parts we have  
 enlarged the scope the Wisconsin Maga-  
 zine to include a humor section. This sec-  
 tion of the Magazine is of course open to  
 contributions from faculty or students. The  
 department, called in this number "Across  
 the Styx," will be directed by Nick Grinde,  
 late of Sphinx and Cardinal fame. The  
 chief artist is Webb B. White.

\* \* \* \*

For the information of the freshmen  
 particularly, it seems desirable to announce  
 that the Wisconsin Magazine may be pro-  
 cured at the book stores or the better way  
 would be to mail your subscription at once  
 to Frank Tillman, 521

**A Suggestion**

North Henry Street,  
 Circulation Manager,  
 of the Wisconsin Magazine. The honor  
 plan of disposing the magazine in Mail Hall

has been discontinued. The price of a sub-  
 scription is one dollar and fifty cents for  
 the school year.

\* \* \* \*

Particular attention ought to be direct-  
 ed in this issue toward the feature article  
 on the tremendously vital University Sur-  
 vey now being engineered by the State  
 Board of Public Affairs. John Hascall Ab-

**An Important Article**

bot reviews the work  
 of the survey and the  
 probable results from  
 an unbiased point of  
 view and with the authority of accurate  
 information. The national magazines have  
 issued severe criticism against the survey  
 and it behooves you to take a position in  
 this most important work of investigation  
 the university has seen in decades.

\* \* \* \*

In response to considerable inquiry, the  
 official announcement of the William F.  
 Vilas Memorial Prize Short Story Contest  
 is made herewith. This competition made  
 possible by the interest and generosity of

**The Vilas Short Story Prize**

Mrs. Vilas has be-  
 come the most im-  
 portant event in lit-  
 erary activity at Wis-  
 consin. There are yearly thirty or forty  
 entries and from these are chosen several  
 that are published in the magazine in ad-  
 dition to the prize-winning stories. The  
 two prizes are of fifty and twenty-five dol-  
 lars each. The rules that govern the con-  
 test will be as follows:

1. The competition will close on Decem-  
 ber 15 at midnight. It is open to the under-

graduates of the University of Wisconsin.

2. Length. The stories must not be less than 1500 words and not more than 4000 words in length. No limit is placed on the character of the subject matter. The copy or manuscript must be typewritten and unfolded.

3. The manuscript must be mailed to the manager of the Wisconsin Magazine and shall be addressed "Business Manager of the Wisconsin Magazine, for William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest, 644 North Francis Street, Madison." Only a nom de plume shall appear on the story with the real name inclosed in an envelope.

The judges this year will be members of the English faculty and their names will be announced in the December number of the magazine. As has been explained before Mrs. Vilas does not seek to put literary talent on a mercenary basis but to encourage honest effort deserving of worthy recognition.

\* \* \* \*

Under this title H. E. Wade, of New York University tells in the "Independent" of the benefits he received from a fraternity, and gives what seems to be a frank statement of what goes on behind fratern-

### Behind Fraternity Shutters

ity walls. He entered as a freshman, "small, freckled, bashful," moneyless, obliged to work when he was not studying. His clothes were poor, his room tiny and dingy, his pockets scantily supplied with coin; and he was practically unknown.

Although he bucked hard, for lack of the guidance and aid of an upper-classman, he fell behind in his studies.

Came an event which entirely altered his life. One day, by a lucky chance, he was brought to the notice of the junior president, who asked him to his fraternity house for the evening. His visits became frequent; he formed many friendships; and at the end of the year he was asked to join. He refused on the grounds of his poverty. "It was proven to me," he writes, "that I could better afford to live at the fraternity house than in my present quarters. I therefore accepted."

He was made steward, and through the influence of alumni he was given a scholarship, the financial situation thus being relieved. At the same time, with the help of upper-classmen, he made good in his studies.

Eventually he entered politics, and in his junior year was made vice-president of his class. The light thrown upon fraternities in politics is interesting. The idea that they can put through any kind of man, he says, is wrong. Although there is a "well-defined balance of power among the societies," "no undemocratic or overbearing candidate could ever hope to be placed in any office by his class." But perhaps the most interesting part of the narrative is a picture of life in a fraternity house. His first meeting with fraternity men was, he writes, a "revelation." "The marks of luxury and extravagance that I had always connected with fraternity houses were lacking. . . . The men seemed up to their eyes in business". Delinquent members were forced to

study; every aid was given the writer in working off the conditions he had acquired in his former state of loneliness. Altogether, the article goes to show that fraternity life is not necessarily as enervating and indefensible as some popular imaginations have conceived it.

\* \* \* \*

"We regard Germany as a nation leading the way in the Arts and Sciences, and we have all learnt and are learning from German scholars. War upon her in the interest of Servia and Russia will be a sin against civilization. If by reason of honorable obligation we be unhappily involved in war, patriotism might still our mouths, but at this juncture we consider ourselves justified in protesting against being drawn into a struggle with a nation so near akin to us, and with whom we have so much in common.

Signed,

- C. G. Browne,  
*Professor of Arabic, Cambridge*
- F. C. Burkitt,  
*Professor of Divinity, Cambridge*
- J. E. Carpenter,  
*Principal, Manchester College, Oxford*
- F. J. Foulkes,  
*Jackson Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge*
- H. Latimer Jackson,  
*Rector of Little Canfield, Cambridge*
- Kirsopp Lake,  
*Professor, Leden and Harvard, Essex*
- Wm. M. Ramsay,  
*Professor Emeritus, Aberdeen University*
- W. B. Selbie,  
*Principal, Mansfield College, Oxford*
- J. J. Thompson,  
*Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Cambridge*

—From the London Times, August 1st, 1914

The letter following is explanatory of the communication inserted above:

My Dear Mr. Hollen:

Being neither a German nor an Austrian by birth and being in no way connected with Russia or Servia or Japan or France or England, I feel that I am free from racial prejudice in the present war and submit the above clipping merely in the desire for "fair play."

T. K. Urdall.

### LYNCH LAW

(Continued from page 6)

"All right," said the guard, "I don't reckon 'twill do any harm."

He fitted a key into the iron barred door, and together they went into the gloomy building.

"I dunno as 'twill do much good," he remarked, "but I'll give you ten minutes."

Then he locked the cell door and went out to resume his vigil. He was tired, perhaps he was dreaming a little about home, too, for when he opened the door ten minutes later, he failed to perceive that the preacher had grown—grown miraculously, for the coat tails no longer dragged in the dust, but flapped proudly some eight inches from the ground. Indeed, had he been able to see around the corner, he would have observed those same coat tails waving in the wake of the darky who was marathoning for the woods. But he only sat down again and swore at the relief which failed to appear.

And then there came a muffled insistant rhythm, giving an undertone to all the small noises of the night. It was a sound which once heard is never forgotten—the tramp of many feet. The lights which had begun to appear in the houses around the square died with one accord, leaving only the black shadows of the tropic night. The guard at the jail door crouched behind the coping, with his rifle at rest.

Silently the mob came on, with only the steady tramp of their march to mark their progress. In an instant the square was filled with men, their grim faces lit by the red glow of the blazing pineknobs held above their heads. There was no shouting, no crowding. The leaders conferred for a moment. Then they spoke to the guard.

“Young feller,” they said, “they aint no use of yo’ stayin’ thar. The sheriff is busy on another case. An’ he wouldn’t be here if he wasn’t. Open that door!

The guard thought a moment. It seemed to be the wisest thing for him to do, and he did it gracefully. He opened the jail door and entered. The leaders of the mob took their places on either side of the barred door, while the others formed a semi-circle about the steps. There was a tense silence. Then the latch clicked as one of the big leaders leaned over and said in a

whisper that could be heard across the square—

“Don’ let him git yo’!”

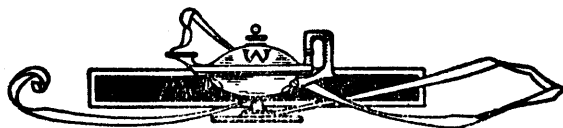
The door slid back, revealing to the astounded mob, not Big John, but a very small and very frightened darcy, whose eyes rolled as though they would fly out of his head—Aunt Mandy’s Jim! For a second the tableau remained before the angry crowd—two huge lumbermen bending gun in hand over the lanky boy, their mouths open with astonishment. The damage was done.

“Don’ let him git yo’, Steve,” came a voice from the crowd.

There was a snicker from the rear and then another and another. As the humor of the situation dawned upon them, a ripple of laughter swept across the square. On the stone steps Jim sobbed out his story.

“Ah jest wanted fo’ to ask ’im how to kill a man, ’cause I’se gwine ter be a pirate when Ah grows up. An’ he up an’ took all mah preacha’s close and said as how he’d show me allright if Ah evah tole on him. An’ then he went offen left me.”

The anger of the crowd vanished in a gale of laughter. But when they turned to seek out Aunt Mandy’s Jim, he had vanished like a black bat into the darkness.



# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE Y. M. C. A.

Lester Cushing Rogers

It presents a contradiction to the long-standing idea that the Y. M. C. A. is a bunch of "molly-coddles" and gives an adequate picture of what this highly important part of our student life is doing to make things better. Rogers is the president of the "Y. M." and the best fitted to present its aims and accomplishments.



THE UNIVERSITY Y. M. C. A. is an organization peculiarly fitted to develop in a man a quality of all-round leadership that will be invaluable to him, no matter what business or profession he may enter," declares Professor Goodnight. This fact has been recognized for years at Yale, Michigan, Penn State and many other leading eastern Universities, and is fast being realized in Middle West at Minnesota, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The apparent tardiness of the men of this section of the country in awaking to their opportunity is due largely to the comparative youth of the organization in the West. The antiquated idea that the Y. M. C. A. was a long-faced, pious group of fellows loaned to the university by Heaven for four painful years has long since been buried, and on this campus, as well as in the East, the Association claims men on its service force who not only stand for the strongest things in a moral and religious line, but who take their place in the University's honor roll in athletics, debate, and scholarship. What attracts these men? The chance to assist the other fellow, the realization that without unselfish service true leadership and true manhood are impossible.

The Association is the only University-wide organization whose purpose is char-

acter-building. Its primary aim is to make Christian ideals and standards the working ideals and standards of the student body. In order to realize this end more fully and more speedily, the Association has been organized in three distinct branches, one in the College of Letters and Science, one in the College of Engineering, and one in the College of Agriculture. The work in each college is in the direct charge of a student commission composed of the chairmen of committees who were appointed on the basis of their previous work. Each commission is assisted and advised by an employed secretary and a faculty advisory council. The work of the three college branches, while differing in details, is essentially the same in each case.

If you are interested primarily in the work among students, your opportunities begin with the arrival of the first new student in the fall. This year a committee of forty upperclassmen assisted the new students in various ways from checking their baggage to finding them rooms and board. Then the first Saturday the new men were in town, the social committee arranged to have two hundred fifty of them entertained in the homes of some twenty members of the faculty. The faculty were aided in each case by two or three of the older students. These small parties are to continue

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throughout the year at the rate of one or two each week and offer an opportunity, rare indeed in a University of this size, for men to become well acquainted with their professors.

A branch of the student work that is of growing importance is that of visiting the men who are confined to their rooms by illness. A very real act of friendship is performed by the men on the sick visitation committee as they call on these students who are "under the weather" and bring them the latest magazines or get their assignments from their professors. There is a wonderful opportunity for thirty men to fill a large need in the student quarter for the Clinical Department's list grows daily as the winter approaches.

Perhaps the two phases of student work which contribute most to the realization of the Association are the "freshmen discussion groups" and the Sunday meetings. The meetings are one hour long, addressed by men famous the country over for the things they are doing. Besides special music of a solo nature, the meetings are made more attractive by the work of a chorus of fifty men led by Dr. Mills, the new Director of the Music School. The discussion groups of ten or fifteen freshmen are dotted all through the Latin quarter. The discussion, led by a strong upper-classman, is on such pertinent subjects as student honor, chivalry, and efficiency. Here is the chance, as a leader of one of these groups, for the man who desires to see his Alma Mater judged by the character of the men she turns out. Here is his opportunity to impress his ideals, his con-

victions, and his hopes on the minds of a dozen men who, in the next few years will be helping to mold student opinion.

Your interest, however, may not lay so decidedly along student lines. The burning passion of your life may be to right social wrongs; you may be giving your energy and thought to solving the problems of labor or the problems of the tenement district. If so, the opportunity of a lifetime lies right at your door in the work among the fifteen hundred Italians and Southern Europeans working in Madison's shops and factories. These men know almost nothing about our American ideals and customs; many do not know our language; and oh the service that you can do as a man, as a citizen, in teaching a small group of them the English language and American citizenship, in teaching these boys, who come to the Longfellow gymnasium one hundred strong, the principles of fair play and clean manhood.

Perhaps the most fascinating and most useful of all the activities of the association is the work among the boys of Madison and small towns of the state. Last year thirty students acted as "Big Brothers," to as many of Madison's little Juvenile Court "roughnecks," calling on the boys in their homes, taking them to the movies once in a while, or to a basketball game now and then. By the association with these University men the youngsters learned that to be a "tough kid" did not necessarily mean to be a manly one. This year there is an opportunity for seventy "Big Brothers" who are willing to give their spare time in turning the energy

and ability of these boys into the right channels. The work among the boys outside of Madison is carried on by teams of five men who spend a week-end in one of the small neighboring towns. Last year Tubby Keeler and Walt Powell of the football team, Joe Machotaka of the baseball nine, and some twenty other fellows participated in this interesting work.

In these many and varied lines of Association activity there is a place for every man in the University no matter what

his beliefs or inclinations. Here on this campus where the solgan is "democratic service" you cannot but realize that your education is not complete, your development not fully rounded, unless you have considered the "other fellow." Be he your best friend, be he one whom society has left much in need of your assistance, or be he the youngster who may take your place in the University, whoever he is, the Association offers you a man's job in unselfish service to the "other fellow."

### BUT FOR YOU, O SUN

Rich and mellow is the light of the sun today  
 Fragrant is the rose of summer and the lily, too;  
 Bright with joy are the daffodils, and gay;  
 Perfumed the sweet breeze that blows from the lake.  
 Beautiful everything today and blithe.  
 But more beautiful still a ray of the sun  
 O, Sun, Father Sun, little we think  
 How much we owe—and that  
 We live for you.  
 Our life, our happiness, beauty and love itself  
 Would go away, away—never to return  
 But for you, O sun, Father Sun.

—Antonio Manzella.



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## AN FABLE

Once upon a time there was two bros. These bros. was the family and soul airs of there parents. The family was poor, oh vera vera poor. So poor in fact it was seen early in life that these too progeny would have to work for a living. They were given a common schooling, consisting in early tutoring, ward schools, high schools and universities. Wen they was thru they took 1 yr. to chose a profession a piece. Finaly they settled. The oldest of the twins got into the mfg. of toys for domestic consumption. The other ditto somehow became a insurance man in Urope. The insurance man did a fine business and was as busy as a one armed paperhanger with the 7 yrs. itch but his poor bro. in America could not sel meny toys because they all came from accross the drink. The ambulance chasing bro. in Urope tried to console his American bro. by telling him that he should have had more sense than to choose a business that any fool could see was no good at tall, and

why didn't he show a business sence the way he had when he went in the ins. business.

And then the war came and the Uropean bros.' business was truly russian; but it was rushing the rong way, all ging aus, und nichts heringekommen. However on the other hand the toy business picked up in the U. S. No more compet. from over across. And the oldest twin sent an letter of advice to his bro. in the Uropean hospital about business sence.

The moral to this is that a Phi Bete Key don't tell you all about the man, and even if you have got the inside track the lame horse may win.

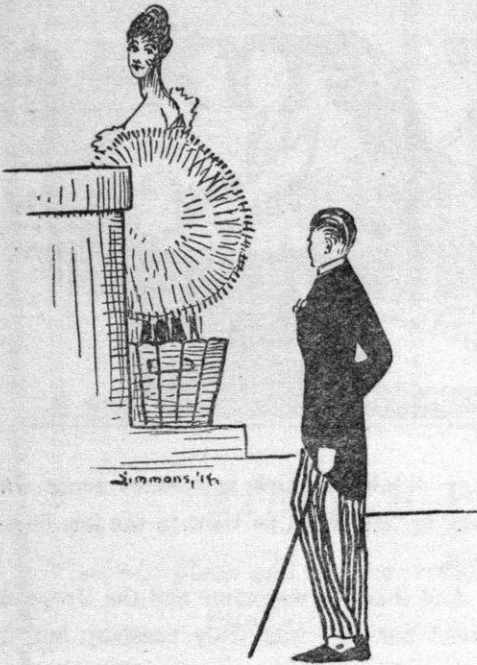
W W W

## GEOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

She grew stony as he grew boulder.  
Wouldn't that rock-a-feller?

W W W

Remember that girl you fussed last Spring, eh? Well, she's teaching school now.



A STAIR CASE

W W W

VERBOSE

As a result of intense and intimate research among specimens of the genus homo it is possible to announce once and for all the range of all possible conversations:

There are two topics of conversation for women and co-eds—namely, clothes and men, in the order of their apparent importance.

And only one for men: Money.

For male-students, two—Athletics and foof-de-woof.

And

In these whole great United States, a couple—the American Youth and his future, movies and hard times.

RECENT FICTION:

Gee but I'm glad you came over old man.  
 I'm sorry but I have to study this evening.  
 Owned and controlled by the students.  
 Polite attendants.  
 Office hours from 10 to 12 daily.  
 Safety first.  
 Probable snow flurries.  
 Decisive battle now on.  
 Always glad to help you.

W W W

QUITE NEUTRAL

White man (in restaurant)—“Give me a Hamburg steak.”

Frenchman (next to him drawing 45-colt)—“What!?”

White man — “Oh, waiter, make that, some French fried potatoes.”

German (on the other side picking up carving knife)—“What!?”

White man—“Oh, hell, give me chop suey.”

W W W



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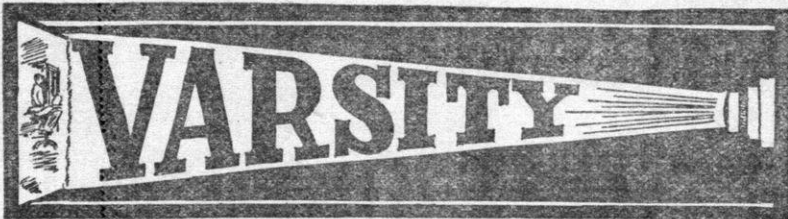


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NATIONAL PASTIMES

Thinking of a good long German name for Paris if the Germans win, and a regular La La name for Berlin in case the French get the count.

W W W



Irene—"Those are two pretty girls over there."

Pete—"Oh, not too pretty."

W W W

Oscar Pumpnickle (Chief accountant in the German Army)—"What shall I charge those Zepplins to?"

General Boofenblanken—"Overhead expense, of course."

W W W

NOR EATING CLUBS EITHER

Ex—"Do you believe in training tables?"

Plus—"It can't be done."

SOME SLENDER

"Is she slender?"

"Slender?" She can bathe in a fountain pen."

—Gargoyle.

W W W

Young Willie Wurst was much in love;
His very soul was a whirl;
He took Miss Weiner in his arms,
For he never Sausage a girl.

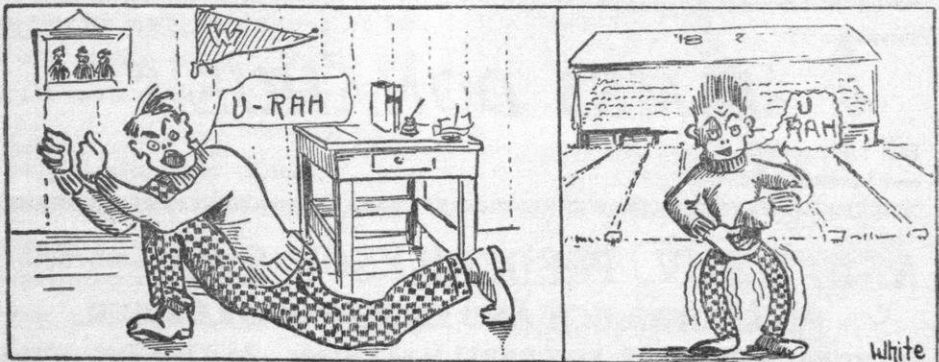
—The Yale Record.



BANG-BANG

Papa—"So you were fired from college?"

Sonny—"Yes, didn't you get the report?"



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"BY THE SEA, BY THE SEA," ETC.

I've lived by the ocean all my life  
And the most beautiful sight by far  
Is a mahogany sea—And coming at me  
A schooner across the bar.

W W W

Netty—Hear you have thrown Bob  
over.

Betty—Yes; he was such a poor letter  
writer, I was ashamed to show his love  
letters to the girls.—Stanford Chaparral.

W W W

THE THREE PRIZE WINNING JOKES  
FROM "THE HA'VA'D LAMPOON"

Hetherington—I say, ol' chappie, yo'  
sock is to'n.

DeBelleville—Truly. Haw! Well, I'll  
be darned!

Allerton-Smythe-Brown — Bosh! The  
third button of my westcott is missing,  
and Harkins is gone out! I must sew it on.

Billingshurst—You don't say sew!

Billingsbilt—My chauffer ran into a curb  
and bent the front axle of my limousine.

Billiards—Har! Axledents will happen,  
ol' top. Har!

—Gargoyle.



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**YOU KNOW ME, AL**

Pete—I see you had one of the ringers at the dance last night.

Skete—Ringer? Whaddye mean?

Pete—Yep. Telephone belle.

W W W

**LOVE**

Love and a porus plaster, son,

Are very much alike:

It's simple getting into one.

But getting out—good night!

W W W

**HARD LINES**

“You look tired, Bill. What’s the matter?”

“Been studying for a make-up examination.”

“That so? When did you start in?”

“Tomorrow.”—Yale Record.

W W W

“Anyhow, there’s one advantage in having a wooden leg,” said the veteran.

“What’s that?” said his friend.

“You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks.”—Columbia Jester.