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# The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume IX

MAY, 1912

Number 8

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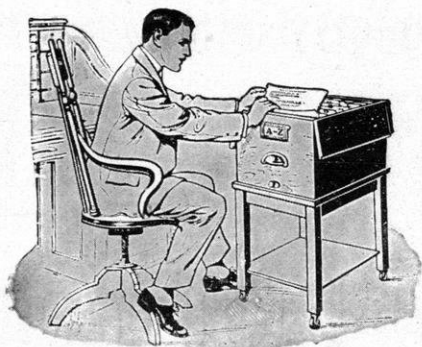
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# The Wisconsin Magazine

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Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

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No. 8

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**Terms:** \$1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. \$2.00 if paid after December 15th of the current year. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the front entrance to Main Hall, or contributions be mailed to the editor and subscriptions to the business manager. If the magazine is not delivered by the third of every month please phone the manager. The management is not responsible, however, for the non-delivery of the magazine if the address of the subscriber is changed without notice.

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# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 8

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Alvin H. Kessler . . '13  
Shigeyoshi Obata . . '13  
Charles R. Roter . . '13  
Arthur Hallam . . . '14



## UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

WITH this issue The Wisconsin Magazine closes its ninth year of activity, and it is needless to say, the staff enjoyed the work, imperfect as it may have been. Whether or not our kind readers and contributors are satisfied with this year of literary activity is somewhat difficult to ascertain, but, be that as it may, it is a positive fact that the staff made a most serious effort towards pleasing all readers, even the most critical. We have no apology to make. It is true, of course, that had we another year ahead of us in this most pleasant and enjoyable field of undergraduate literary life, many improvements could be assured, for experience does make wonderful inroads upon one's dogmatic policies laid down in the beginning of the magazine year. But that pleasure is denied us and to

many of the members of the staff who are graduating this year. Our older readers will probably have noticed that The Wisconsin Magazine has been journalized to no little extent, the original policy having been instituted about four years ago. Thus, timely athletic articles crowded out essays, in themselves valuable and instructive, but lacking the popular appeal necessary for the support of the average college magazine. Popular questions and problems of the month have crowded out stories to no little extent; faculty members and dramatics have been given considerable space, all these innovations were designed to please our readers. If they have proved valuable, well and good, if not these sins should never again be committed.

Looking ahead, we can see a greater



Wisconsin Magazine. Many of the present staff members will be regular contributors next year and with their added experience should place this publication in the very forefront of college literary publications. We can assure our readers that under the most valuable guidance of next year's editor The Wisconsin Magazine will be a truly Wisconsin production, full of life, energy, and substantial literary material of which no student need feel ashamed. There is a wealth of literary resource in our university. It need only to be mined and brought to daylight. This will unquestionably come to pass next year.

Gratified with the kind encouragement we have received from the faculty and students, and with sincere gratitude, we pass this publication on to the new staff, wishing them a greater success, and trusting that our indulgent readers will give them the same kind considerations that have been given to us. This has been a most pleasant year. May the next college year prove productive of higher ideals in college magazine endeavors. To all our readers we bid a fond farewell. Our work is done.

T. R. H.

### PHI BETTA KAPPA

**I**T GIVES us great pleasure to congratulate our fortunate friends who have been elected to this most highly esteemed organization, Phi Beta Kappa. It must be gratifying to gain this prize after three or four long years of hard application to studies. Far more gratifying than the recognition by this society, however, must be the self-satisfaction gained in knowing that one is capable of mastering the work one has taken up. This assurance of power and ability cannot but lead to noble ends. Thus the man knowing his ability will take a still more firm hold upon life and throw his whole self into his work, that through him and by him that splendid and encouraging progress towards truth may be hastened with greater and more inspiring rapidity, that the light of knowledge, which has for

centuries guided, and at the same time beckoned mankind, may shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

### RECOGNIZE THE HARD- WORKING JOURNALIST

**R**ECOGNITION for editors must soon be forthcoming from the University of Wisconsin. Today the editors of Wisconsin's all-university publications almost to a man have succeeded in getting out superior works to those of the same nature in the neighboring universities. Wisconsin's annual, her daily, her humor paper, and (we modestly are forced to include) her literary magazine, have won top ranking, and are not only adding much to the prestige of the university, but are in no small measure responsible for the attraction of thousands of students among whom are the vast majority of extra-state students.

The question of a press "W" to compare with a forensic "W" or the athletic emblem, has frequently been raised. It is objected that there is no intercollegiate press contest. Rather there is a continuous intercollegiate contest to bring out a better work, and Wisconsin is the winner. But aside from that, Illinois is solving the problem after the fashion of many eastern universities, by a campaign for the awarding of the German letter. The faculty, through its journalism department, should establish the journalistic "W."

Credit in the university for work done on college publications has frequently been proposed and has even been asked. Such credit is given in some schools. It is not a feasible plan, however. The faculty could not rightly be asked to grant credit for work over which it has no supervision. Supervision, however, of any further nature than that at present provided by the censor, would destroy the efficacy and very life of the student publications. But the credit idea leads one to the pertinent suggestion of this editorial.

Editors should be exempted from thesis work. The university should recognize

that a man who, during his senior year, is editing a literary monthly, a daily paper, or a humorous bi-weekly, of the type of the Wisconsin Magazine, The Cardinal, or The Sphinx, or who has devoted his entire junior year to editing The Badger, a man who in thus serving his university and the student body is performing a far greater task to show that he is really fitted to graduate from Wisconsin than the man who writes a thesis. Mr. Faculty, you grant exemption for joint debate—there is not even as much supervision there as in the publication censorship. Why not meet the hard-working editors, who toil day in and day out—not three weeks or a month in the fall, not during an easy summer, but who grind at their desks the whole year around—why not grant these men exemption from thesis requirement. Set certain standards. Set your journalistic head and your censor of publications jointly to recommend to the faculty who shall be exempted from thesis. But take action to bring one single ray of recognition to the craving heart of the university journalists, the most hard working, and we believe, the greatest producers, in any phase of student activity.

### FRESHMEN MUST ACT

**F**RESHMEN of the University of Wisconsin!

The student body accuses you of disloyalty and in some cases lamentable lack of Wisconsin spirit.

Let us hasten to explain. In many cases—in fact easily in the majority—the members of the freshmen class are among the most loyal, the most enthusiastic, the university boasts. But there are among you members who violate the green cap tradition, who smoked on the campus before the prescribed time, and who set themselves up as mightier than the student body which stands back of these traditions, and openly flaunted disdain of the upperclassmen who may have mentioned it to them.

What are you going to do about it?

You are the men who next year will return to Wisconsin as sophomores, who

will come back with added dignity and discarded boyishness, who will come charged with adding something to the virility of the student body and with the enforcement of those traditions which have been set down in the days that preceded. Are you going to allow some men to show a petty spirit this year—you who know them best, and can most readily reach them? Your class can still remove the stain that has been cast upon it in the minds of many upperclassmen who note the violations, but dislike to punish.

The freshmen can and must ring true.

### A NECESSARY TRADITION

**T**HE coming month would be the logical time to enact a new tradition which is really required by the physical necessities of the situation.

Freshmen should not be allowed to use the middle entrance to Main hall. Already there are too many upperclassmen and sophomores standing around the front entrance, and it is difficult to get through.

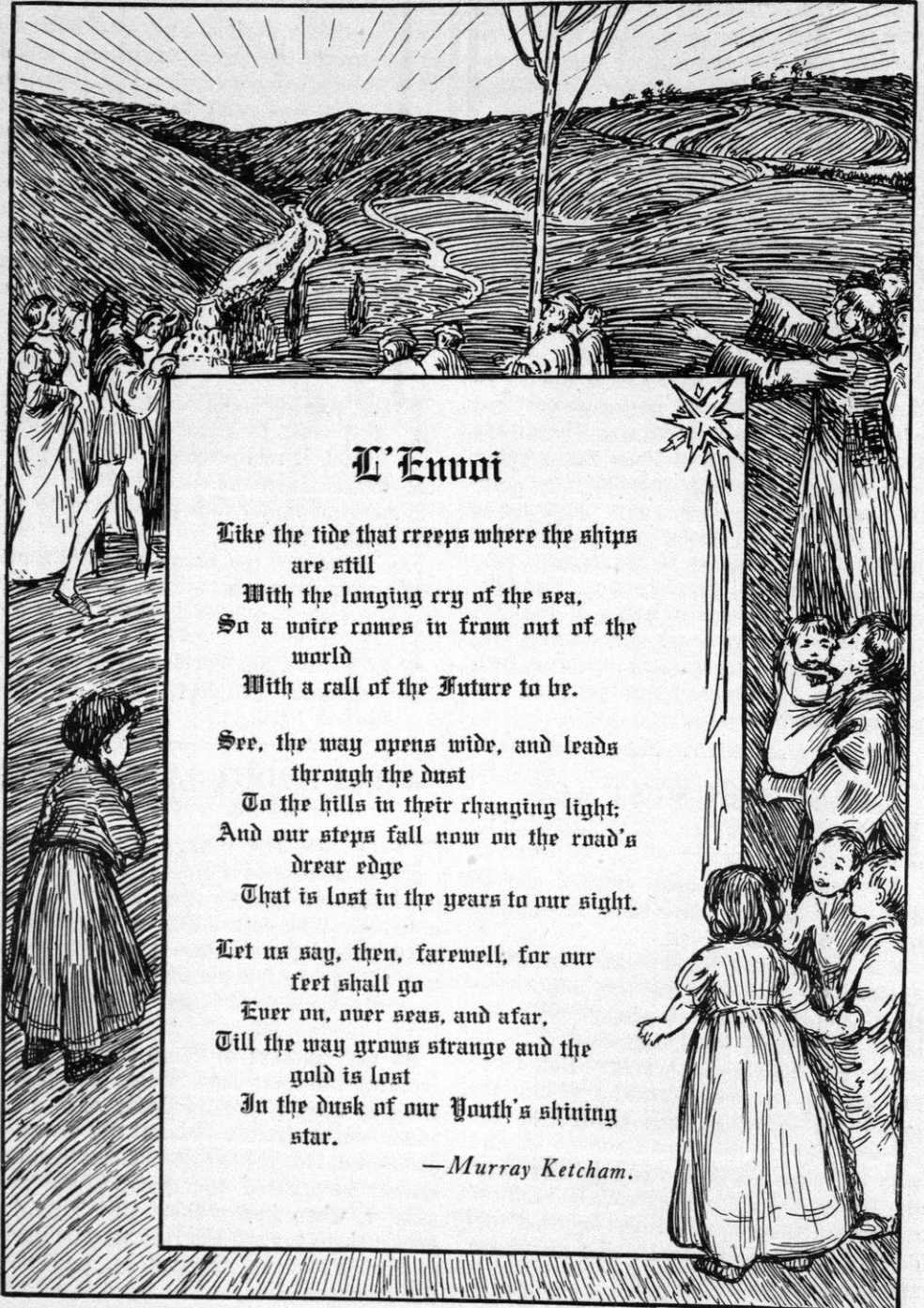
Pass a tradition barring freshmen the main entrance privileges, effective with the class of 1916.

### WHAT ABOUT SACRIFICING THESE TREES?

**T**HE new Greek theater represents a most pronounced step forward in a line of activity that should be peculiar to Wisconsin—that of the drama. It is reported that the theater is to be started during this summer, and is to occupy the slope to the lake north of North hall.

Is this another of these alleged architectural blunders that people are beginning to accuse the university of? Is it really right that a beautifully forested slope—one of the prides of the campus should be cleared to construct the new theater, when just a short way beyond a gentle slope toward the lake unrolls north of the Washburn observatory, and near the toboggan slide, with nary a tree to be despoiled?

This question may merit some thought.



## L'Envoi

Like the tide that creeps where the ships  
are still  
With the longing cry of the sea,  
So a voice comes in from out of the  
world  
With a call of the Future to be.

See, the way opens wide, and leads  
through the dust  
To the hills in their changing light;  
And our steps fall now on the road's  
drear edge  
That is lost in the years to our sight.

Let us say, then, farewell, for our  
feet shall go  
Ever on, over seas, and afar,  
Till the way grows strange and the  
gold is lost  
In the dusk of our Youth's shining  
star.

—Murray Ketcham.

## THE ROWING SITUATION—A CRISIS

H. Boguslawski



EARLY in April a member of the Varsity crew deserted the shell for the baseball field. In the crew he was practically certain of a place as a representative of Wisconsin and the west in the races at Poughkeepsie. On the baseball field he had about one chance in four to make the varsity nine.

At Cornell ninety-nine undergraduates out of one hundred would give up almost any student honor for a place in the varsity crew. In the east and in the far west, at Yale, at California, at Pennsylvania, at Washington, at Harvard, at Leland Stanford, at Columbia, at Syracuse, at Annapolis, at Georgetown, no athletic honor is valued more highly than the crew letter.

When "Dad" Vail took his oarsmen out for their early work on the water, just after the ice went out, he did not have enough men to fill a second varsity boat. Several days passed before eight second string oarsmen were on hand.

At Cornell five varsity boats were on the lake within a week of the first open water. Inside, on the machines, material for several more crews was toiling for the mere opportunity to row even in the fourth or fifth varsity. At Pennsylvania the varsity and freshmen and varsity squads at the beginning of the season included close to 150 men. At every eastern school an abundance of material was at the disposal of the coaches.

Is rowing at Wisconsin a failure?

Annually we boast of the fine Wisconsin spirit which sends the crews to Poughkeepsie in spite of

the odds against them. Annually we figure that the Wisconsin crews lose only because of their poor luck. Annually we pat ourselves on the back contentedly and say, "Wait 'till next year."

That "next year" will not come until the students of Wisconsin awake to the fact that it takes more than self-satisfied talk and a fair amount of good luck to win such a race as the annual regatta at Poughkeepsie. Under the present conditions, a victory for Wisconsin would be an accident. Only the natural physical superiority of the men of the west over those of the east makes such an event even possible.

The present situation as to the varsity crew is this: Wisconsin has eight powerful men, possibly ten, who compare very favorably with any crew in the country.

### THE YEAR IN ATHLETICS

C. C. CHAMBERS

Even the most cynically inclined among us will admit that the college year which is just drawing to a close has been a very successful one from the standpoint of Wisconsin athletics. The time has passed when Badger teams in any branch of sport have had to accept monotonous successions of defeats from their conference rivals. Not a single Wisconsin team has entered an intercollegiate contest this year with the knowledge that they were out-classed. Our teams in every sport have been on a par with the best in the conference and they have demonstrated that Wisconsin is not dead athletically, as many have supposed, but that she is just entering on a new era of athletic prosperity which will restore her to her old place at the head of the list in the middle west.

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If any of these men are lost by injury, by sickness, or any other accident, capable substitutes to replace them will be wanting. The varsity squad consists of about eighteen men, many of them only mediocre material. With the best sort of luck, Wisconsin may hope that the present eight will be kept intact. If the incidents of last year are repeated, the crew will be shattered completely, men will be at the oars who are inferior physically to a large number of students who are now inactive.

However we may deceive ourselves, the fact remains that there is something radically wrong in the rowing situation at Wisconsin. We may produce a winning crew at any time; we will make a creditable showing every year, but the credit for this success belongs not to the university, but to a few men. These men are doing wonderful work in bearing the burden of the entire school as they do, but their work will be rewarded only when the entire student body comes to the support of the crew.

Of all the American universities, Wisconsin has the ideal conditions for successful crews. Location, material, and the stimulus of the support of the entire west combined to the advantage of the Cardinal oarsmen. The present situation as to rowing in the west should encourage Wisconsin in this sport more than ever before.

Wisconsin's chief advantage lies in the wonderful "raw material" which it possesses.

"Your powerful, rangy westerner makes the ideal oarsman," says "Dad" Vail, crew coach. "The eastern schools have no material like that here, and there is plenty of material for half a dozen crews."

"I could coach Wisconsin in basketball for ten successive years," says Dr. Meanwell, "and guarantee never to finish lower than third in the conference race. Why? Because the physical build and natural athletic ability of Wisconsin's athletes is of a standard unknown in the great schools of the east. I can go through that locker room at any time, and pick a first

class team for any sport off hand, from among the men there at the time."

And still, of three thousand men, less than twenty respond to the call for oarsmen. In spite of the allurements which rowing holds out to the participant, the wonderful material of which these athletic experts speak is lying dormant. With a crew squad of the number of the Cornell squad, Wisconsin could sweep the river. With 100 of the best fitted men in the university available to the coach, Wisconsin could overcome the comparatively trivial difficulties which its crews meet, and could occupy a position in the world of the water sport as high as that which Cornell now holds.

Why not? Certainly the stimulus is not lacking. The eight men who pull at the Cardinal tipped oars on the Hudson represent the hopes, not of the university alone, but of the entire west. The men who compete as members of Wisconsin crews receive more reward in the shape of "trips" than any other athletic teams. The athletic "glory" which the oarsman wins is second to none.

Rowing at Wisconsin is destined to receive another stimulus before long. Within a few years the Badger crews will find some real competition in their home waters. The construction of dams by the government both at Minnesota and at Michigan means that these schools will be represented by crews as soon as the artificial lakes are formed. When they do, Wisconsin will meet strong competition. Our neighbors of the north have proved the power of their athletic sons many a time. The prowess of the Wolverines has never been despised here. And when these schools turn to rowing, Wisconsin must look to her laurels.

The long sought western regatta is not far off. When its time comes and Wisconsin must meet the competition of Minnesota and of Michigan, possibly of other western schools, she will have no excuses to hide behind. The advantage will be with the Badger crews, the opponents will be fighting on strange fields.

Wisconsin must be prepared.

## THE DEEP SHADOW

Will T. Gilman

This story has been awarded the second prize in the W. F. Vilas Memorial Prize Contest.



IS' IRA BENSON entered her daughter's house with her usual burst of conversation that enveloped one like a warm bath. "You might almost as well not live in Eden Valley but out in Dakota, because I don't see you no of-tener than's though you did. I ain't had a sight of you since Sunday. Where've you been?"

"Oh, I've been kind o' busy," said Jennie Olger, not looking up from the white stuff that trembled under her fingers.

Mis' Ira glanced sharply at her. "You look pale as a statue and excited as a nesting bird. You ain't sick, are you?"

"No, I guess not," she answered again with apparent constraint.

The mother was silent. Hunting for a suggestion to further conversation her eyes traveled around the room; Jennie's reticence was new and puzzling. The end of the circuit brought them to the material in the young wife's hands.

"What're you making," asked Mis' Ira suddenly.

The younger woman's face flushed as she took out a tiny garment for the older woman's inspection. The eyes of the two met—the one's in question and the other's in a growing, wondering tenderness. In the following pause the thin white cloth settled to Jennie's knee, and to her eyes came a mute appeal. After a moment Mis' Ira's gaze dropped to the gentle white folds. They waited long thus, for the mother was being taken years back to the mystery that the daughter was entering. At last Mis' Ira roused.

"Are—are you—glad?" she asked.

"Yes—I guess so," faltered Jennie. "I—I donno."

"Then, if you donno, you ain't, that's all," said Mis' Ira in such a low troubled

voice that it rasped her throat, "and—well—I'm sorry."

Jennie felt the condemnation. "I want to be," she defended herself painfully, "but—but I can't."

Mis' Ira rose and went away with her eyes fixed unseeingly. Since the day had been gray and the street had darkened toward sunset, she felt that she need not feign appearance; and she dragged along miserably under the cover of the gloom. This dynamic woman often bowed before sorrow when another did not require her cheer. But on the steps of the store she gathered herself to meet her husband with the untroubled exterior that he knew.

"Hello," her husband called out.

"Hello," she answered as she reached up for a paper sack. "Why don't you hang them bags on the moon? There! If I'd tore my waist out, I'd o' gone over and cut me off gingham for a new one."

"If it's apples you want," offered Ira while she inspected several barrels, "I'll get you out some."

"No, you won't," said Mis' Ira. "What you can't sell belongs to the pigs, and I ain't going to let you cheat them out of their just dues, and spend all my days cutting out spots."

Mis' Ira's quest for good apples led her near the window. "These must be good, because they're most bought out," she murmured as she reached nearly to the bottom of a barrel. She straightened to sample her find and saw huddled on the edge of the display window a girl. Her arms held a bundle whose nucleus from the way she clung to it could have been nothing else than a babe. Over it she peered into the night which was hopelessly closing over all the world. "Your folks is kind o' late in coming after you, ain't they?"

"I ain't got none to come," the girl answered without change of position.

"Oh," said Mis' Ira in a lower, sympathetic tone, "I thought mebbe you was waiting for somebody."

"No, resting. I'll go away in a little," said the young mother very wearily.

"But you can't go out into such a night that may rain down any minute and without nothing to eat."

"I have to do lots of things now."

"Well, then, the next thing will be to eat supper to my house and in the morning we'll see."

"You don't know me. I ain't fit," said the girl not taking her eyes from the now black pane.

"I guess I know what you mean, and fits is my look-out. You're coming, ain't you?"

"But you don't know nothing about me," repeated the girl in her worn toneless voice.

Mis' Ira laid her hand on the girl's shoulder and leaned so that she could see the face—too early set.

"You've made a mistake and a bad one, and you think everybody's going to push you down until you just get up. That's all I want to know now. If you want to tell me more about it when you're not all gone for nothing to eat, all right."

The girl's lip was quivering; so Mis' Ira moved away, because she wanted the cleansing tears on the scathed mind at another time. She lifted the bulging bag and opened the door.

"Oh, Ira," his wife called back as the two went out, "send over some all-round good apples." And Ira jumped down from the counter where he had been lengthening the string on which hung the sacks, and the men in the rear of the store laughed.

After supper while the mother prepared the badly nurtured infant for bed and while Mis' Ira made her kitchen ready for the life of another day, Jennie came in.

"I have company for a bit. This is my daughter, Mis' Olger—Jennie's her name," said Mis' Ira who did not appear to know that her guest was unnamed.

"What is it? A little girl?" asked Jen-

nie from some sense of politeness. But she turned quickly away; and her mother saw, as her face came into the light, a great wish struggling desperately under the monstrous fear that palls woman more and more from generation to generation. Jennie warmed her hands at the kitchen stove.

"Is it cold, or is it me?" she asked dismally.

"Mebbe, you've took a little cold. Lemme tuck you up a while on the setting-room lounge, and make you some ginger tea."

"I'll be tucked up, but I don't never hanker after ginger tea when I feel good; so I guess I won't have none now—No, don't bring no light. Laying down in a room with a lamp is like getting in between sheets with shoes on," she said alternately to her mother and to the girl. "Just leave the door open and give me the shadow of your light and the outside rim of your talk for company."

Mis' Ira produced a fluffy cover and took Jennie away to the sitting-room. With one sweep it went billowing over her, warmly caressing.

"Oh, ma," said Jennie catching at her wrist, "I just couldn't stay to home alone; and I can't stand it out there in the kitchen with her fussing over that poor, sickish, little thing—that poor, sickish, little thing," she ended in a sob.

The older woman's head sank to the daughter's bosom; then she rose and went away without uttering a word that would have been too rude an instrument for the moment. She had been so glad—so very glad—that she could not understand this dread under which the young wife had fallen. And not understanding, she did not know how to help.

The mother had laid her babe in the little spare room off the kitchen, and sat bending over her arms that were folded around her waist and staring into the thick shadow that was before her feet. At Mis' Ira's step she straightened herself and gave her head the nervous jerk with which many people preface personal admissions.

"I was thinking how good you was—"

"No more'n human, I guess," said her

## THE DEEP SHADOW

hostess making much noise with the stove to avoid more praise.

"Yes, you's mighty good to take me in without knowing so much as my name. I'm Huldie Aldrey from over north of the Center. I worked out until a little before my baby was born, and then I went home. My sisters—ma's dead—was all for turning me out; but my brother, Sammie, that's lame, talked pa into letting me stay and me into staying. Pa and me never could refuse him nothing, because we remember how anxious ma always was about him. I stayed some after I was sick, and my sisters waited on me when Sammie was around. But when baby was a month old, I was some strong again; and I started out, because I couldn't stand feeling my sisters feel they was giving me charity. They said I'd ought to give baby away, and I've thought I would, only I ain't see just the right place for her, and I ain't done it yet. 'Tain't because I want to shirk, but because I can't never be nothing to her but a hindrance. If I find the right place, I'll go away and work and send money to help take care of her. Mebbe, you know of some good place."

"I can't say just now, jack-'-box fashion, but mebbe Jennie knows of somebody if you think giving her up is the best thing."

But Jennie was not on the couch; she had slipped out of the front door during the recital. "Oh, there's lots of folks that needs to have a child, but we must take time to think of the best place. You won't mind if I run over to kind o' look after Jennie a bit?"

Mis' Ira found Jennie pacing her little living room with her arms wound tightly in her shawl. The womanhood in her was fighting for its right.

"Oh, ma, I couldn't stand it—her with all she had to go through leaving her troubles as troubles out of her talk and thinking only that poor little thing. And then me, that has all Christendom to stand round approving, playing coward—too afraid to be glad. Oh, ma, I wisht I could be glad."

"Mebbe, you'll find out how," the mother offered hope feebly.

Hulda stayed and helped Mis' Ira in

the house work which one woman can always divide and make enough for two. She worked well, and although the food and the home of the Bensons' absorbed and destroyed all of the poisonous sullenness, she was still quiet.

One morning Mis' Leroy Flower, who had only within the last year moved into the long vacant house back of Ira's came in neighborly to ask what would remove a boiled cream stain. She was small and brisk, and since they had lived in the country—as they called Eden Valley—her eyes had taken on a quick sound interest in everything.

"Oh, the dear. How old is she?" she asked as she stooped to kiss a little pink fist, as a woman will. "How Leroy and I have waited. And we feel that we could do so much more than some for children."

The mother sent an inquiring glance to Mis' Ira, and she nodded in reply. The girl parted her lips but drew in her breath sharply. "You," she just audibly commanded. Mis' Ira told the story to the woman whose parlor furniture and maid and husband and gowns had seemed to make her fortune so very enviable.

"You know that we must talk it over," said Mis' Flower, "but I'm almost tempted to do it without the talking."

"There ain't no pressin' rush," said the spokeswoman, "because Huldie's got to get real strong before she can leave here."

Mr. Flower came toward evening to tell of their decision. He loomed in the doorway, and Hulda liked him for the whole soul that she felt must be in the big frame. She rocked and nursed the infant near the stove in the deeper darkness of the room.

"I suppose the reason that we have never thought before of an adoption is because we have always deceived ourselves into the belief that we would have some of our own some day. But we'd like her."

"Yes, I'll let you take her," she answered. A force apart from her judgment ran through her and convulsed her arms tighter around the drowsy bundle. "Oh, you can help her like I never could, because people's opinion wouldn't never let me. But can I help by sending money?"



The man stranger wondered what part of her support this servant girl could supply for his daughter, but he told her yes. For a few minutes Hulda rocked in long, slow, rhythmic swings while the child drew its life from her. "Can—can I keep her over Sunday—to—to the first part of next week," she asked as a final supplication.

This was the question for which he had been waiting. "Yes," he said rising. "Bring her to us, then, the first of the week. In the meantime we will leave her to you; so if you have anything to see us about, come over."

He went taking—Hulda felt—half of her baby, the sole ownership of which had made her an outcast of her kind. She sat mute and motionless in her grief; then she laid down her burden and busied her hands with the sewing which Mis' Ira had thought fit to ask of her.

As each night ended another day of the few that she was to have her child, she became more restless and took to wandering into the country with the little one diagonally across her breast.

Sunday at dinner she talked tearlessly of her plan: going away where she would find work. In the early afternoon she went down Main street toward the hill road.

"I don't wonder that she wants the baby to herself this last afternoon so," said Mis' Ira from the window where she had been watching the figure swing vigorously out of sight. "She's awful brave."

"I can't make out whether it's brave or bloodlessness," said Ira behind the Weekly Center Herald.

"She's sober, because what with her sisters and herself, she's been through a lot."

Ira finished reading the paper and noisily operating a toothpick and disappeared mysteriously as men do Sunday afternoons, and Mis' Ira finished looking out of the window and snipping her nails and began reading. The Sunday afternoon rested on to its sunset before Ira returned.

"Ain't Huldie back?"

His wife answered negatively in her throat. "And it's getting late, too, but course she must grudge every minute she has to share up with anybody else."

But darkness fell, and Hulda did not come. Then Mis' Ira prepared supper. They ate, she at the window going to the table only to replenish her tea and bread.

"Ira," she said as she scraped the dishes and subsequently drowned them, "you hitch up and see if you can find her. I'm awful uneasy."

"Good idee. She's prob'ly went so far she's all done out by the road somewheres."

Ira did not find her, and they decided that the mother love had conquered, and Mis' Ira would hardly have had it otherwise since Hulda had acted for herself. In the days that followed Mis' Ira discussed the possibilities concerning the girl, and—womanlike—arrived ever at the same conclusion. Despite her reasoning she was anxious and went every day to the postoffice, but no letter came.

Mis' Flower was keenly disappointed; and, when all the pretty little clothes which she had ordered from the city arrived, she locked herself in the tiny white room off hers for half a day. After coming out she did not speak of her grief except to inquire privately of Mis' Ira whether she had received any word from Hulda.

One evening a couple of weeks later when Mis' Ira had fallen silent and when he was mutely busy with his supper, a heavy masculine knock startled them. Ira reached over his chair back to admit the visitor.

"Hello, Standard. Come in."

"No, I want to see you."

"All right," said Ira reaching for his coat and going out.

"You see I didn't want to talk before Mis' Benson. I guess I found that girl that was to your place for a spell. I was going through my hill piece where I've got that there hay stacked next to the strip of oak this afternoon, an' there she lay with her kid in her arms in between two stacks. She must've stayed up there and starved herself, because she could see the whole country from up there."

But Mis' Ira held another opinion. "No," she told her husband, "she warn't that kind. But she knew coming down meant giving up the baby and prob'ly

she just kept putting it off and putting it off until she couldn't come a-tall. And she sent Ira for the two and went to tell Jennie and Mis' Flower whom she felt had almost a mother's right to consideration.

Some hours later the three women were in the parlor. Because when Jennie was a little girl, one of her relatives had thought it proper for her to kiss the cold dead lips of an aunt whom she had never liked, she had always firmly refused to touch the dead; and her mother could not but feel surprised at the feverish way in which she insisted on doing some last office for Hulda. Unconscious of her surroundings she arranged the girl's all-awry hair. Mis' Flower had claimed the privilege of dressing the child, and she clothed it in the little robe that she had made while she had waited for the first of the week two weeks before. And Mis' Ira ex-

amined her linen in search of a sheet that was not too good to be burned afterwards.

"I can't help but think," said Mis' Flower, and there were very stern lines around her mouth, "however true your theory may be, Mrs. Benson, that she has killed not only herself but her baby as well."

"Oh, but she loved her too much to give her up," said Jennie, with all the exhalation in her voice as if she felt that she was chanting the old, old truth of motherhood.

Her mother quickly turned her head from the sheet which she was holding before the lamp in time to catch the reverential expression of a woman who understands the mainsprings of life. In a moment Jennie looked up, and at last Mis' Ira was able to read in her eyes:

"I'm glad."

## HIS DAY'S WORK DONE

Roger D. Wolcott



HE man leaned his rifle against a mossy boulder, and stealthily peeped up and down the narrow rocky road, which wound its way tortuously from the hill-crest down, down, down in graceful folds, merging into the broad pike in the cove far below. Apparently satisfied, he rose, stretching his six feet of bone and muscle, and breathed deep of the soft cool air. Pulling a twist of natural-leaf from out his jean's pocket, he bit off a generous mouthful.

Toward the east the sun was just peeping over the wooded slope of Eagle Mountain, converting dawn into day, shedding its warm light over miles of lonely ranges and retinting the checkered green fields in the valley. Squirrels chattered busily as they scampered in the tops of the scaly-

barks, and the chorus of bird songs made the lonesomeness of the place by contrast oppressive. The muffled tinklings of cow-bells rose up from the bottom-lands, nature's matins, summoning all to greet the new-born day.

The man was becoming nervous; he glanced with apprehension at the sun now an hour high, and spat viciously. What if Dad Long had given him a wrong tip? But Dad wasn't the man to make mistakes.

"Wall, I 'jes cain't see how I come fer to miss him," he drawled to himself. "Comin' back fer to git me *sure*, this time, war he? Wall, these here deputies sure has narve; we uns has been moonshinin' hereabouts long enough fer to larn them there govment men that we means business. It's us or them what will get it," and here he picked up his

long squirrel gun, fondling it almost tenderly, "and *we* don't miss, *we* don't."

Suddenly, from up above, the sound of horse's hoofs came to his ears. Quick as lightning, silent as death, the mountaineer was nestled behind his boulder, waiting, merely waiting. His breath came fast, his small gleaming eyes searched the bend in the road up above; his face was set and hard. A snatch of song was heard as the victim came on down the trail, unawares of the lurking Death. There, he rounded the bend, gay and happy as the day. The man acted quickly and surely. A sharp report echoed through the hills, a puff of smoke

melted into the trees, and the officer plunged from his saddle into the road, and lay there, a huddled quiet heap. The horse snorted in fear and ran clattering on down the path to tell the little tragedy to all who saw him. The man picked up his gun, and sauntered carelessly up the road. Coming to the body, he poked it with his boot, and looked at the pale upturned face.

"Wall, that's done now; warn't he a pretty boy though?" he sneered. Then turning his steps upward, he speeded home to breakfast, his day's work already done.

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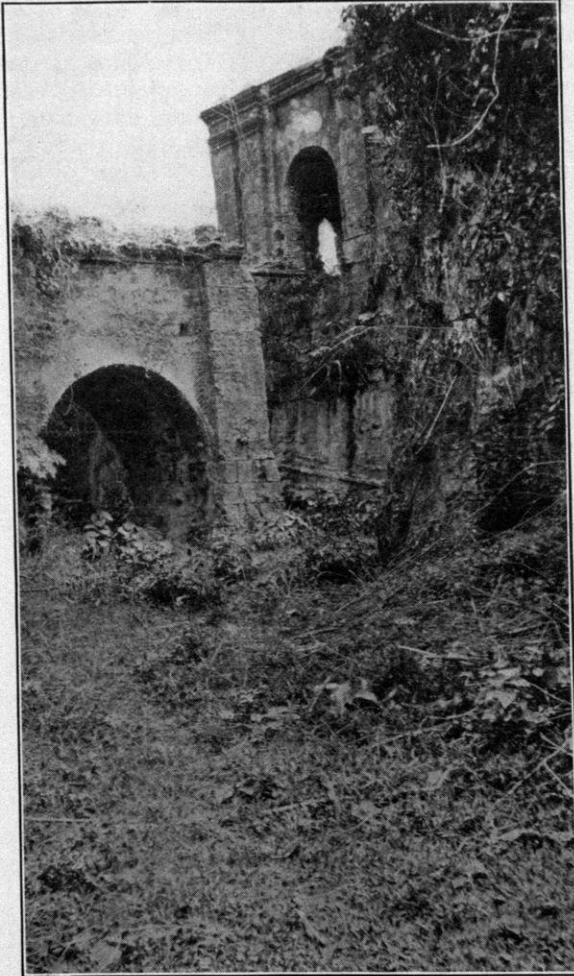
## ON THE UPPER CAMPUS

L. M. N.

*Here in the soft light and the fragrance-laden air,  
Where the muffled rustling of the half spread leaves,  
And the talk and laughter of the strolling men and maidens,  
And the music and th' applause coming from the concert hall—  
The clang of engine bells, the warning of the tower clock,  
And beyond the varied noises of the city soon to sleep,  
Make the medley music of the night, is one,  
Who, in his goings in and out among his fellows,  
Bore with excellence such larger parts  
As men at times are called upon to bear.  
Glad this piece of Earth where scene like this,  
Is graced with the presence of a man like this;  
The story of whose deeds is fixed upon a people's annals,  
Even as the bronze upon its marble base.  
And from that life, we think, those high virtues  
Willed by God to man will ever be reflected,  
As now the light of this May moon,  
Which shines upon that brow and breast  
And meets the admiring eye in steady gleam.*

# DOWN THE CHAGRES RIVER FROM GATUN TO THE ATLANTIC

E. Dow Gilman



Bottom of Moat—Fort Lorenzo



THE water upon which ships are soon to cross the Isthmus of Panama, eighty-seven feet above sea level, is chiefly the effluent of the Chagres River. This is backed up at the Atlantic side by the Gatun Dam, six miles from the ocean, forming what is known as

Gatun Lake. The surplus water from this lake reaches the Atlantic Ocean by flowing over a spillway in the dam, and through the spillway channel, finally pouring into the old bed of the Chagres River. It then leaves the line of the canal, runs out of the Canal Zone away from the scenes of great modern activity, and passes through land as wild today as it has been for

centuries. It discharges into the sea at a point which was a center of activity many years ago, but which is now entirely deserted.

At the time of the downfall of Porto Bello, the Governor of Panama, in astonishment that a small party of four hundred men were able to capture such a well protected city, sent a messenger to Henri Morgan, the buccaneer, to ask him for a sample of the arms with which he had taken the city. Morgan treated the messenger with civility and kindness, and sent him back with a small pistol and a few bullets. He desired the Governor to accept that slender pattern of the arms with which he had taken Porto Bello, and to keep them for twelve months, after which time he would come to Panama to get them. The Governor at once sent the envoy back to tell Morgan not to waste his energy in making the hard trip across the Isthmus, for assuredly the reception at Panama would be vastly different from that which he had received at Porto Bello. True to his threat Morgan, two years later, flushed with rich gains in the islands of the West Indies, with forces augmented by several hundred men, made preparations to cross the Isthmus and sack the city. His plans were laid with the greatest care. To secure a base of supplies and to protect his line of retreat, he determined first to attack the Spanish fort "San Lorenzo" and leave a force there as a reserve.

This fort was situated at the mouth of the Chagres River which flows into the Atlantic Ocean twelve miles west of Colon, that river which has become famous in the last few years through discussions relative to the Gatun Lake, Gatun Dam, sea level or lock canal schemes. In the early days it provided a means of water transportation at certain times of the year as far as Cruces, about twenty miles inland. Fort San Lorenzo, or Fort Lorenzo as it is commonly called in the Canal Zone, is one of the most interesting ruins of Panama. The massive, high, perpendicular walls, dropping to and disappearing in the dashing waves beneath, stand as a monument to the persistence and thoroughness with which the early ad-

venturers carried out their projects. The fort is the most inaccessible and consequently the least visited remains of historical interest in this country. Few Americans working on the Canal undertake the hard trip, and it is left out of the itinerary of visiting parties who often go to Porto Bello or Old Panama.

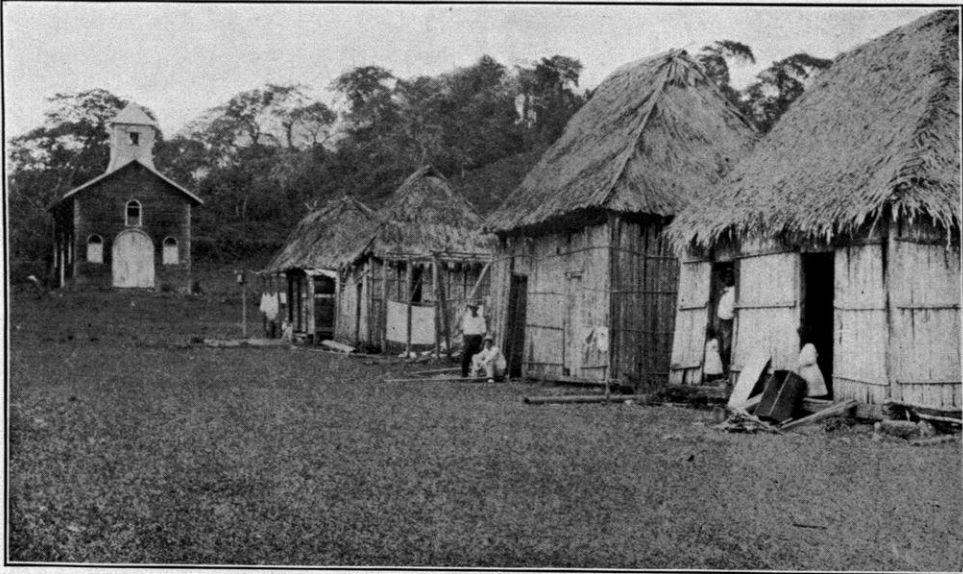
There are two ways to reach the ruins, one, from Colon by the ocean around Toro Point and up the coast; a trip which is rough and dangerous. The coast is rocky and the water shallow, making it necessary for boats to go far out to sea. The other, way is from Gatun down the Chagres. The old bed of the Chagres River at one time ran close to the village of Gatun; but the construction of the dam and spillway has made it necessary to move the river nearly two miles, and it is impossible to portage a launch from the level of the lake to that of the river.

Early one beautiful Sunday morning Chatfield, an engineer in the Atlantic Division, Burrell, an erecting engineer, and I, left Gatun in an Old Town canoe, the only American canoe upon the Isthmus at that time, I believe. We started from the American slip for unloading sand and rock, passed into the old Franch Canal, and crossed the large bay formed by hydraulic dredging for the dam. The surface of the bay was covered with thick black grease, waste from the dredges. The rays of the sun were reflected in all the colors of the rainbow, in many shapes and curves. Beautiful as it was to look upon, it was horrible stuff to get upon the canoe and paddles, and it stuck like tar. At the farther side of the bay we unloaded the canoe and made a portage of several hundred yards across the fill which separates the water in the spillway channel from that in the French Canal. Once in this channel we were soon in the old bed of the Chagres.

The passage down the river, which is forty or fifty feet wide, opened up in a wonderful manner the interior of the wild tropical jungle. A dense growth of bamboo and shrubbery, and tall, stately palms thickly hung with vines, closed us in between two walls, many times affording also a partial roof overhead. There are seventy

varieties of palms in this country, ranging from the delicate tracery of the fan leaf to the grace and stateliness of the royal palm trees, and the more awkward coconut trees. The river banks were lined with a great number of the different varieties. We came at times to places where the vegetation and undergrowth were less dense, and here we saw picturesque wild banana and papaya trees. Birds with feathers of the richest hues flew around

all of the larger animals have been driven from the Canal Zone by the continual blasting. Deer and wild boar remain, affording sport for the huntsman. We saw many small monkeys swinging from tree to tree, and several iguanas shot across the river ahead of us. These lizards had a saw-tooth back, a long tail, and with their webbed feet appeared to run upon the surface of the water. At intervals we passed small clearings in which were rude



Town of Chagres

and above our heads. Flowers of the most gorgeous coloring added harmony to the rich green of the river's banks. The tropical flowers spend all their energy in producing color and have no fragrance, nor do they live long after they are plucked.

Upon the limbs of tall dead trees vast fortunes were exhibited to our sight in the priceless and beautiful orchids, the frailty and difficulty of transportation of which make them so extremely valuable in the north. Occasionally we passed stretches of land where the undergrowth disappeared entirely, and from the tall coconut palm trees long slender vines hung down to meet the beautiful cactus growing from the bare black ground beneath. Nearly

huts built of bamboo poles plastered with mud and thatched with palm leaves. Around these huts loitered the native families in varying stages of nudeness, ranging from nakedness on the part of the children to as few clothes as possible on the adults. At one such hut we stopped to obtain bananas and pineapples, and to climb a big coconut tree for a drink of the milk. The drink from the barely ripened coconut, freshly picked, is delicious and refreshing. If picked at the right stage of greenness there is little within except the milk, any meat which has formed being quite gelatinous. At places we found rose apple trees bending over the river with the weight of the fruit. We picked many of the small pink and

yellow apples and became nearly sick with the nauseating taste of the great number which we ate. The taste was much like that of rose petals, whence the apples derive their name.

As we rounded a sharp point, the river widened, and ahead of us was the ocean; at our left was a long, low, level beach of sand, back of which were dense groves of cocoanut palms; and at our right was a high hill covered with trees and shrubs. At the base of the hill lay the little town of Chagres, where we landed. The town consisted of twenty-five or thirty bamboo houses arranged in even rows. The church, as in all native towns the only substantial building, was a frame structure of barn-like appearance with a high, square tower. Few people were moving about. The general appearance of the town typified the characteristics of the natives. Being mentally lazy these people exhibit signs of physical laziness. It is significant that the laborers employed by the Isthmian Canal Commission are not natives of Panama.

After eating the lunch which we had brought with us, we ascended the slope beyond the town, the land approach to Fort Lorenzo. At two points we passed piles of crumbling rocks all that remained of the old outposts. When we reached the ruins of the outer palisades we found ourselves at the edge of a deep ditch or dried moat, which we crossed with difficulty by way of a rough path. At the edge of the opposite side we stumbled over a large cannon pointing over the ditch, and on each side of it were others. A few steps brought us to the edge of another moat about forty feet wide into which we descended. The bottom was rough and thickly grown with weeds. The sides showed remains of masonry work. At one point an arched bridge crossed to within fifteen feet of the farther wall, upon which, opposite to the bridge, stood a square tower. We climbed upon the opposite side and looking back discovered the nature of the fortification through which we had just passed. The rear approach to the fort was protected by a double moat. The outer, the first into which we had gone, curved in a semi-

circle upon the second as a diameter, enclosing a half-moon battery. The big guns lying in the grass pointed inland, commanding all directions like the ribs of a fan. Across the moat in the rear of this outer post, the arched bridge approached toward the main wall upon which we stood. In the top of the tower were still to be seen old wrought iron pulleys, over which at one time chains operated the draw-bridge. An accompanying photograph, taken from the bottom of the moat, shows the bridge and tower.

The interior of the fort is a mass of unkept ruins, overgrown with brush, weeds and vines. Remains of large stone buildings, deep wells, dungeons, magazines, and buildings whose use could only be left to the imagination, were scattered about the court. As we walked through the dense vegetation we stumbled over cannon, cannon balls, and iron instruments and utensils of all shapes, lying just as they were left two hundred and fifty years ago. Entering the dungeons we found ourselves in a low, round-ceiled corridor. From each side at regular intervals opened narrow low doors into musty rooms which at first appeared perfectly black. After waiting some time for our eyes to become accustomed to the dim light entering from tiny slits near the ceiling, we saw instruments scattered about the floor which were horribly suggestive. Long pinchers, twisted pointed pieces of iron like corkscrews, clamps, tongs, racks, and many other curiously contrived appliances appealed to our imaginations. Shackles made of two pieces of heavy wrought iron, each bent in half-circles at two different places, and clamped together with huge bolts, were fastened by chains to the walls.

Leaving the dungeons we passed through the ruins and dilapidated buildings toward the point overlooking the sea. Here and there, in the wild, tangled growth, we saw orderly pyramids of cast-iron cannon balls, piled by hands that have been dust for several centuries. We tramped over ground and masonry floors that echoed and resounded hollow under our footsteps, and patiently wandered and struggled through the tangle, vainly try-



At the mouth of the Chagres

ing to find the entrance to the lower chambers which we knew must exist. We climbed the wide stone steps leading to the parapet at the extreme point of land projecting into the sea. Here we were fascinated with the spectacle before our eyes. The dizzy height enlarged the horizon of the ocean before us. At our left the low, sandy beach extended for miles in a long, smooth curve, finally winding over the horizon. Below, a sheer drop of several hundred feet, huge rocks met and broke the swells from the ocean, dashing the water in a powerful spray far into the air. The perpendicular wall, faced with masonry half way down, caused us to think with a shudder of the defenders who threw themselves from this height rather than submit to the uncertain mercy of Morgan. In the whole broad scope of our vision there was not an indication of present life. The ocean was a desolate, dreary expanse. The ruins in their deserted state, an indication of former life and activity, emphasized the present loneliness of the place.

Standing amid the ruins of Warwick castle, Kennilworth, Stirling, and other places famous in English history, I have noted the immaculate appearance of the

grounds: flower beds laid out in even rows; grass plots kept green and fresh with constant care; and even fallen stones picked up and neatly piled in a corner. At each of these places the image of the desolate ruins of Fort Lorenzo, standing in the hot and blazing sun of the tropics, came to mind. Is it surprising that one becomes infused with the desire to spend months in searching, digging, reconstructing, and learning about the people who built and defended this place?

On the Island of St. Catherine in 1670 Morgan layed his plans for the attack upon the city of Panama. To this end he sent four hundred men under Captain Brodely to capture Fort Lorenzo, or as it was called by the English pirates "Castle of Chagre." At the end of three days the party landed at a small harbor a league east of the castle, and marched along the shore to attack from the land side. So difficult was their passage that it took them nearly three-quarters of a day to reach the castle, during which time they lost many men by the cannon from the fort, and were ready to give up but for the fear of the wrath of Morgan. In desperation the pirates advanced with swords and fire-balls, and tried to burn the pales be-



fore the walls, for they despaired of climbing them. While they were about this, one of the pirates received an arrow in his back, piercing clear through his body. With great valor he pulled out the arrow, wound it with a bit of cotton, and putting it into his gun, shot it back into the fort. The cotton kindled by the powder caused several palm-thatched houses within the castle to take fire, which the Spaniards did not notice until the fire had gained great headway, and had caused a large store of powder to blow up. During the excitement of the Spaniards the English pirates set fire to the palisades. Many breaches were made and great heaps of earth fell into the ditch. By morning the advance post, the half-moon battery as I have termed it, was fully exposed to the fire of the pirates, and its defenders retired across the drawbridge into the castle. About noon of the second day the English had gained a breach through which they forced and fought their way against the muskets, pikes, stones, and swords of a company of Spaniards led by the Governor himself; and thus they gained the castle. Many of the surviving Spaniards cast themselves over the precipice at the end of the point and were killed upon the rocks beneath. Of three hundred and fourteen men who defended the castle only thirty were found alive, and these were badly wounded.

With the intention of having a swim upon the beautiful beach on the other side of the river, we hastily retraced our steps and descended to the little village of

Chagres. As we approached the shore we met a woman carrying a dog in her arms. The dog's hind legs had been bitten off by something in the bay. Burrel talked to her in Spanish and learned that the woman had been fishing in the bay, the dog in the boat with her, when suddenly he had jumped overboard, and before she could get him this horrible accident had occurred. This little incident rather took away our interest in swimming, but the beach was irresistible, and we had a splendid bath in water greatly diluted by the river water, and less painful to the eyes than is the stronger salt water.

On the way up the river to Gatun we were overtaken by a launch filled with a party of American hunters, many of whom were in a happy Sunday afternoon state. They kindly threw us a rope and we went madly up the river, trying hard to avoid the debris from the work on the Spillway. After our portage into the French Canal and paddle to the American slip, we had another splendid swim, under the massive cranes used for unloading sand and cement. Among the tugs, barges, docks and cranes, we swam far up the slip. Our vision was limited by the great storage piles of crushed rock which had been brought from Porto Bello, by the huge concrete mixers, and the high cableways overhanging the locks. Within the course of a few hours we had passed from an atmosphere of daring valor to one of daring enterprise; from a center of life and battle long ago, to the center and nucleus of life and activity in the Panama of today.

## THE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER

Roger D. Wolcott

*God of the Mountains, mighty Lord, supreme  
O'er pinnacles and spires and snow-crowned domes,  
Nature's cathedrals, Earth's dread dungeon-keeps,  
Hewn by the hand of Time in ages gone—  
God of the Mountains, hearken from thy throne!  
Bend down thy hoary head from out the clouds  
And hearken to a shepherd's simple plea.  
Grant me thy calm, thy quiet changeless face,  
That here below amongst the petty round  
I may be ever steadfast, strong, serene,  
Like unto thee, oh blessed Deity  
Whom Storm and Tempest rail against in vain;  
Omnipotent in Power, Eternal Calm!*

## THE TRACK TEAM

Chas. R. Roter



IT IS an unfortunate circumstance that, in the development of a winning track team, Wisconsin has always been materially handicapped by the unfavorable climatic conditions which invariably attend the late departure of a northern winter. For at a time when other teams, representing colleges located in warmer climates are already well advanced upon their season of outdoor practice, Wisconsin teams are almost always compelled to remain within doors impatiently awaiting the coming of weather favorable to work in the open. Never has this been more true than this year, for it was not until long after the teams of almost every college represented in the conference were already in the field, that the Badgers were permitted to leave the shelter of the gym annex for work in the open at Camp Randall. Even now, with the first dual meet scarcely two weeks distant, weather conditions have been anything but favorable to the satisfactory development of the team, and the candidates for the various events have been working under conditions which has rendered a clear estimate of their ability almost impossible.

Even with a squad larger than that of other years, in which an abundance of promising material exists, it is impossible to form a definite estimate of the season's prospects. All through the winter, the candidates for the dashes and distance events have been training steadily at the gymnasium with results most encouraging. But while the annex affords excellent opportunity for the development of men entered for the track events, effective work in the hammer, discus and broad jump cannot be done except in the open, and until decided by actual competition, these events promise to remain practically an unknown quantity.

Since the team began practice at Camp Randall, however, marked progress has been made, and in the two weeks which still remain there is great opportunity for the development of many point winners. There is an abundance of new material, which with the men of last year's team, who have reported again this season, affords an excellent basis for a squad which may well be a contender for conference honors.

In the dashes, Tormey, Bauman and a number of other candidates show capacity for the winning of points. At the indoor meet, held on March 23, both showed wonderful flashes of speed, and with the necessary practice in the open may be expected to do well in intercollegiate competition. In the distance events have shown that they may be expected to give good account of themselves after a season of training out of doors, while the work of the relay team at the Drake meet gives promise of an excellent showing in that event. In the Drake four mile relay, the only event in which the Badgers were entered, Captain Cleveland and his team succeeded in winning over a fast field in 18:46 $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds, thus establishing a new university record in the event. Wisconsin also received individual honors in the work of Captain Cleveland.

Among a number of candidates, Johnson, Ganyon and Benet are working well in the hurdles and with the development which they will acquire with outdoor practice should do well in competition.

The middle distance events have thus far proved to be a source of speculation. In the quarter and half mile runs, the Badgers have so far suffered from a lack of available material, but Illinois or any other opponent will be forced to work well to wrest the mile and two mile events from the Badgers who will be entered in those races.

In the high jump, the Badgers have

shown excellent form, and this event promises to be one of the best in point of Badger strength. Among other candidates, Wahl, Wiskocil and Klotsch have been doing excellent work, and this event should easily be a point winner for Wisconsin.

Mercer and Gold are again working in the pole vault after their retirement following the indoor conference meet at Evanston, and may be entered in the meets of the season. If readmitted to the team, they should round into form which will add points to the Badger score.

The loss of Pierce and Van Gent in the weight events was a severe blow to the team. Both men, who are out of the competition this year on account of ineligibility could have been counted upon for many points both in the hammer and shot. Buser and Tandberg are doing well in these events, and with the consistent practice which they are now undergoing may be expected to render a satisfactory account of themselves in competition.

Beside the annual conference meet, the Badger season will include two dual meets, dates having been scheduled with Illinois and Minnesota. The meet arranged with Chicago still stands in doubt, as Chicago has shown a desire to evade a meeting with the Badger squad. The in-

door conference at Evanston was productive of many surprises, and it is a fitting tribute to the Badger team, that Chicago, despairing in the light of the results of that meet, of an easy victory over the Wisconsin team should seek to cancel the date arranged. However, in Illinois and Minnesota, Wisconsin has two opponents, a victory over whom would end the season with all wishes for success satisfied. Both teams are reputed to be exceptionally strong and Coach Wilson is making every effort to bring the team into shape to meet them.

Handicapped as the team has been by unfavorable weather conditions, scholastic ineligibility, and physical disability, the outcome of the season still remains a mere matter of conjecture. Even a month after the beginning of spring practice, the weather has still been so cold that effective work has been almost out of the question, and a definite estimate of the team and its success is impossible. But Captain Cleveland and his squad, under the efficient supervision of Coach Wilson, are working faithfully, and they may be depended upon, in spite of all unfavorable conditions, to give good account of themselves and to be worthy contenders for conference honors.

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## MONUMENTS OF GOD

*Not in the cities with their toil and grind,  
Or in the crowds where human sufferings abound,  
But in the open, quiet countryside  
There can true monuments of God be found.*

*For 'tis the country that doth praise him most—  
The country with its wealth of light and air—  
Where nature, by her various moods  
Tells, best, of Him who placed her there.*

*Where brooks, in voices full of faith and trust  
Tell of the good which 'tis their mission to perform.  
Where woods, in evening anthems whispered low  
Give thanks for safeguard gainst the world's great storm.*

*And o'er the streams, the hills, the fields, and all  
Looks down the great expanse of heaven—clear and blue,  
And sends down answers to the rising calls  
Which are like benedictions—calm and true.*

## FUSSERS AND OTHERS

Sidney H. Small

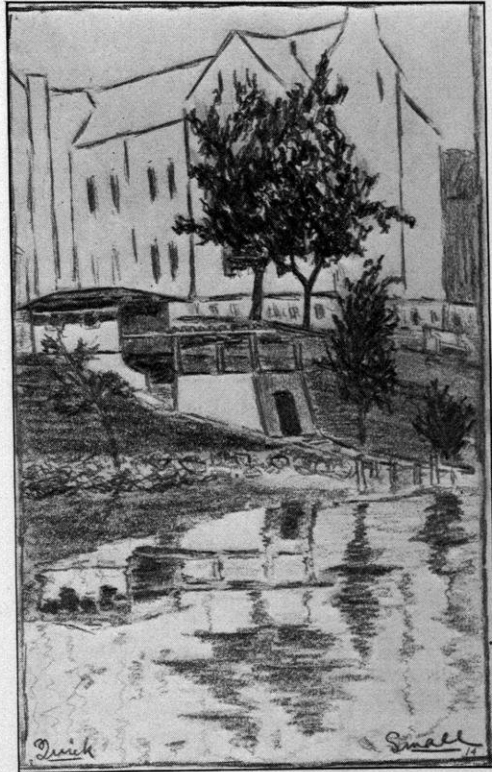


WHEN the snow melts, and we remember that a mack-inaw is rather warm, the whole college divides into two parts; fussers and others. The fussers look up their spring catalogues—not that they really need it but because they must not slip up, you know. The female of the species finds new and glorious plumage, the male finds a red and green necktie, and they are off. The others you all know. Part of them get up at about five in the morning and decorate the lower campus. The rest of them wait until the library opens and then they are lost to sight. They are swallowed up in the hallowed gloom of the book-lined rooms. We leave them their books, and also leave them there. The gloom is, however, broken occasionally by “Oh, that darn topic, if I—Why, hello Jack, gee but I am glad to see you—say are you going to the dance tomorrow”—and so on, ad infinitum, and from the worker’s standpoint, ad nauseam.

Now we have got to track the wild fusser and the fusserine to their lairs. We are well armed with pencil and drawing paper, and carry a box of chocolates in case we are caught. We go down to the lake and pull out a canoe, throw in the munitions of war, and are off. Some one suggested that if we weren’t we wouldn’t write this rubbish.

No sooner started than we saw a prospective captive on the port bow, north by northeast. The fusser was of the two by four type, and parted his hair in the middle. The fussee was slender and had a mop of golden-brown hair. She wore a sailor suit, and the tie was all awry in the warm wind. I had just commenced to get her when she noticed us, and the fusser with her called out, “whatcher-doin’?” We didn’t answer, and he commenced to paddle our way. We left.

We are now in front of that retreat of third degree fussers, the spoonholder. As it was empty we occupied ourselves with sketching it together with Prexy’s boat-house. Before we left it was filled up, but we couldn’t change a good drawing just for the sake of veracity. The spoon-



A Familiar Haunt

holder is generally used as a place of exhibition when you have a good looking girl. In the moonlight, when no one except someone looking for Badger pictures is around, it is—you know. You have been there yourself.

Sheering off we proceeded up the drive. It was well populated. We loafed around doing nothing in general until it

got dark. We were close to shore and they couldn't see us. What we got speaks for itself. All along the shore there were strange dark shadows and stranger whisperings. When we turned for home we heard a little noise in front of us and stopped paddling. The noise became a



A Canoe, a Fusser, a Girl

canoe, a fusser, a girl. The noise—she was pretty and we envied him. We were afraid to stay and sketch them for two reasons; first, he might act nasty, and second, the editor might not print it. Such is the way of the artist. "Lar poor lar" is all right, but "Lar poor coin" is better. That philosophy doesn't mean anything but it sounds good. The drive was, as I said before, crowded. As we

came back we felt like outcasts. The next time we undertake an article on fussing the management is going to have to furnish a Harrison Fisher model.

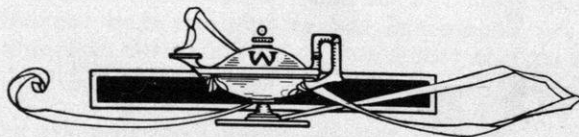
The fusser is a much-ridiculed creature, but we are all fussers anyway. When we give a skyrocket in our roughneck way for the "Fusser," we envy him, especially if the girl with him happens to be THE girl.

There is just one more kind of fusser, outside of the common dance variety, that is worth mentioning. That is the classroom fusser. One type of him sits next to a good-looking co-ed of his acquaintance and occupies half of the prof's time and all of hers. The second type sits in back of her. He gazes adoringly at the back of her neck, cribs for her when she has to recite, and suffers from acute puppylove-itis. I had it bad once. The other imitation artist refuses to give any statement to the press, but as he is an agric that is what we would expect.

Why not? When the poet gets out his pad and tells us of the "pale moon" and of the "purple and silver lake"—why not? Even the seemingly impervious engineer likes it. It is the right place, and even a dub can think of things to say when he hears the wood-things prompting him.

Once I was talking to an old grad. I asked him what he had enjoyed best at Wisconsin. He answered that it was the lake on a moonlight night. But he is prejudiced. Ask his wife why.

He says that the lake atmosphere is catching. We would like to catch it, but what would we do with it after we got it? Next time, if some one will serve as model, perhaps we will.



## THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN EDUCATED CHUMP

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.



FOR such a hopeless proposition Bugs Reynolds has done pretty well around college. He wasn't a whirlwind by any means, but he had done some things, glee club, football and all that sort of thing, and there were a whole lot of fellows who were mighty glad to say, "Hello Bugs," to him on the Hill. But all this has nothing to do with what I started out to tell. This is the way the business went:

Bugs sat himself down one evening on the porch looking out over the lake, where the stars were mirrored in its soft wind-stirred bosom. Their tipsy reflections put him in a pensive mood and he thought things all out, and pretty well, too, for a chump. Bugs sure was a chump for he could get himself into more trouble, and out again, than any fellow on the campus. He went at his musing as thus:

"Am I in love? Ten to one it comes up heads. I win and I'm crazy, head over heels, so deep that the bubbles get out of sight before they reach the top. A year ago my idea of nothing to do was to go to the phone and call up a girl who was fussed to tears five nights and six afternoons a week, blase as a tomato vine in November and wise as a fraternity bull-pup, and ask her to bore herself for two hours boring me. Now, by Gad, I fall for it like a ripe persimmon."

Bugs mused aloud because he was used to talking and liked to hear it. It didn't make any difference when his roommate, I, came on the porch and grafted the makin's. He kept right on with his musing and even let his cigarette go out, forgotten, he got so interested in himself.

He went on: "Here's the dope. I am

in love deeper than the Romiest Romeo that ever Julietted, and tonight I am going to dive for bottom and tell her. If I fetch up mud it will please the old man and bills will quit coming in. If I get doubloons and pieces of eight, I'll be pleased and it will break the aforementioned supplier of my necessities. Here is the way I am going at it. None of the rough stuff, just good clear grain all through and no slivers. If we go walking it will be too hard for me to crack and I'll have to postpone action. If it is in the house, I'll do it thus: "Ethel, I have——" Wait, we must be standing up because if she accepts how can I—none of your darned business. Quit your grinning. I'll lead her over to the window, where the light will be at my back and she can't see my face tremble, and look into her eyes. Then I'll say, "Ethel, I have——" First I must lead up to it, musn't I? How's this: "Ethel, ever since I first saw you standing——" Oh, I've read that somewhere. I can't do it that way. Here is the way, over that like a tent. Listen Ethel, I have fallen in love with you. Do you—do you care enough for me to become engaged to me?" That's it, and the two do you's will make it look like I am nervous. "Listen, Ethel, I have fallen in love with you. Do you—do you care enough for me to become engaged to me?" Now if she says "No," just plain "No," I'll say, "Why?" and it won't be hard work pulling out of it. But she won't say just "No." It'll be some of this I'll-be-a-sister-to-you conversation. Ethel would probably say, "It isn't that I don't like you, Bugs. I do, but I am not in love with you. You understand, don't you?" Either that or she will just shake her head and feel sorry

for me with her eyes. Still she may say she doesn't know and—Oh hang it all it is eight o'clock. Say this is the first time I ever wished I didn't have to go over until later. How will I fill in the time until I pop? And Bugs was gone, murmuring, "Listen, Ethel, I have fallen in love with you. Do you—do you care enough for me to become engaged to me?" The last thing I heard was, "If she says she'll be a sister to me, I'll——" and the front door slammed.

Now being the roommate I got all this straight off the griddle, hot and a little doughy in the middle. The rest of the dope I got second hand and had to use my weed-choked imagination to fill in the corners and being an agric that is not so easy.

When Bugs got over there after walking past half a dozen times, Ethel was sitting upstairs all dressed and overpowdered (because she had done it three times to pass the interval between seven-thirty and the door bell). It rang! She jumped up to answer it and then sat down again, to let him wait five minutes for the sake of discipline. Then she spent another five minutes taking off the surplus powder which she noticed in her "last look" in the glass.

When at last she came down, Bugs was being made miserable by a couple of "the girls" who regaled him with the number of other dates Ethel had had that week with other fellows. And they did it so skillfully, too; as skillfully as a blacksmith tuning a violin. But Bugs was too busy passing it off carelessly in a don't-give-a-darn way, to be artistically critical of their technique. He did not trip over the rug when Ethel came in. He had long ago located the curl in the corner and it was second nature to keep away from it. He shook hands with her, though, for the first time in three months, and said over his shoulder to the other girls, "Goodnight." Then he cursed under his breath because they giggled.

Now it is my own private hunch that Ethel had been doing a little musing on her own part, because she had a set look on her face which meant that she had reached a decision, and that was to punish

Bugs for keeping her waiting, for things in general, and for being slow about taking hints about—well, the very thing that he was wishing she would hint about. It's a funny thing I have noticed, that when a fellow is in love he keeps looking for signs, and then when he gets them is afraid to give them any but the most discouraging interpretation.

Anyway Ethel meant to punish Bugs, so she led him firmly into the dining room where six other couples were fussing and where the clock which strikes ten, the time for all sorority fussers to go home, is situated. And then she launched out with a detailed account of the good time she had had at the Orpheum with another fellow, and casually added that "the show wasn't a very good one—just the usual thing, you know."

And Bugs smiled a feebly happy smile, and wanted to hit her, mentally vowed to keep the other fellow out of Skull and Snakes, and resolved to also have had a good time at a fictitious call on a fictitious girl whom he just remembered. This he did immediately. And so the time went until nine o'clock, each getting madder at the other, and themselves, and at the situation, when Ethel—well it is always the girl that gets gracious and patches things up. Then with a sudden heart-swelling wave of fright Bugs recalled his duty. He must propose. But she was raving sweetly on about nothing, and he found himself trying to answer a question he had not heard. He ventured an "I think so," and it worked.

"I think so, too," she went on. "It seems to me a man is the blindest thing there is." He looked at her suspiciously, but she sailed on into the storm as if totally unconscious of the effect her words were having. But Bugs sweated miserably, telling himself that if she would only stop for a second, he would do it. But when she did stop, and with a most significant ending at that, and leaned toward him luringly, his mouth watered with a cold fear and he gasped as he noticed that they were all alone. He wanted to take her hand, but his was seized with a sudden paralysis and ague combined,

which spread to his knees and tongue—and then the clock chimed nine-thirty.

She was still leaning dangerously near, and looking pensively across at the wall where the plaster was cracked. Her hand slipped carelessly down beside her, just touching his. The electric shock hit him, and when he finally gained the courage to take her hand, she used it to brush back a stray hair, and asked him why he was so quiet.

"Ethel——" How hollow his voice sounded? "Ethel, ever since I read it in a book, I have become engaged——" His eyes turned glassy. His mouth suddenly dried into a brown tasting dust.

And Ethel was mad—mad clear through. Time was flying. She had played nearly her last card, and here he was talking about *books*. But self-control ran in her family, and she tried once more. She flung her ace.

"Bugs," she murmured softly, leaning closer until her shoulder pressed his ever so lightly, but almost scaring him into

complete imbecility, "Bugs, I wonder why Jack doesn't propose to Mary, if he is so in love with her as you say. If I were a man I shouldn't be so afraid."

There was the hint. Bugs saw it and recognized it. He took a long breath and shut his eyes. "Ethel, you are in love with me. I have become to be your sister—I mean you are engaged to be my pin. No, no—doggone it all. Here's my book," and he handed her his fraternity pin.

It would not be delicate if I went any further. Of course she hopped onto the pin like a bug on a fresh potato plant. And Bugs got his nerve again.

Maybe he isn't such a chump after all. Some times I think he went at it right, for she sure is some pretty girl, but, gee, when the time comes and I fall in love, believe me I am going to waltz up to the point like a man and take my medicine. I wonder if Mabel is in, now. Guess I'll call up and get a date for Friday.

## A SUGGESTED REVISION

Arthur W. Hallam



THE original intention, in the first organization of the Student Conference, was to have it composed of the representative men of the university. To that end its representatives were made up of students most prominent in university activities. A development, however, through a number of years, has been along the line of an effort to make the conference more representative, not through the channel of student activity, but through popular election. The membership, formerly all appointive, is now to be made entirely elective.

Since the main idea of the reorganization is more thorough representative, it

is no more than natural that an election, and apportionment of seats in the body, which grows in strength and prominence each year, should be made on a basis of true and equable division. In order to obviate the difficulties of unequal size of states in the representation of the legislative body the United States constitution provided two kinds of election, on separate bases. Just such a contingency arises in the university in the difference in size of the various colleges. A plan which would give equality to all colleges, as nearly as equality is given to the states, would be the establishment of a bicameral body, with a basis of representation as follows:

Do not permit the freshmen to have



any seats in the Conference at all. First year men are not allowed on any varsity team, are not elected to any staff, are not represented on the Union board, and only in rare cases are they allowed to hold positions in any other activities. Recent elections have shown that freshmen have no interest in the Conference elections, and seldom even know of the existence of the body. Foreigners in the United States are never permitted to sit in any legislature, or in the National congress during their first year of residence.

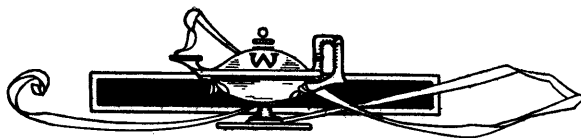
There remain about eighteen hundred male students, divided into five colleges, if one includes the school of commerce. This should be a separate college because it is larger than the law school, which is considered individually more of a unit by itself than it is a part of the hill college. Eventually it will probably have a building of its own, and be entirely apart, as distinct as any other. Graduate students should not vote as a school, but in their separate colleges, since there is little more interest shown by them in their elections than by the freshmen. A senate could be made up of fifteen members, three to be chosen by popular election from each of the five colleges, Letters and Science, Commerce, Law, Agriculture, and Engineering. This would entitle each college to a fair representation in one body, regardless of numbers. The senate could be restricted in the same way that the United States Senate is restricted. Expediency would decide as to whether or not this body would meet separately.

Representation in the other body should be made by colleges, one member to be selected for every fifty students, or major fraction thereof. In this way representation would increase automatically with an increase in enrollment. According to

the listing of the Student Directory for 1911, this would give Letters and Science approximately ten, Commerce four, Law three, Engineering nine, and Agriculture eight, making a total of thirty-four. This would make a total representation of forty-nine, which is about three less than what the present Conference contains, and ten or twelve more than it would contain under the revision as it stands.

This revision makes no distinction as to class, and makes a representation that is much more equable than the present plan of giving one hundred hill seniors six representatives, as against three to two hundred sophomores. In the eyes of the law a citizen who resided in the country all his life has no more power than one who has been a citizen only one year or five years. This arrangement would make a representation that represents, which is apparently what the present Conference is striving after.

The aim of the Conference has been to put the Student Court on an honorary basis, with the theory that men will strive for it if it is highly thought of. Some such plan ought to be adopted for the Conference, if it is to be worthy of the power which it has been gradually acquiring through the years of its existence. Another revision should be to change the meeting place of the body from the president's office to some room in the Union. This would serve to encourage a fuller attendance by members themselves, and would induce a greater inclination on the part of the student body to watch their legislative body at work. If the university is to secure a new Union building, by all means a room should be arranged for the sole purpose of acting as a meeting place for the legislative body, provided with a gallery adequate for spectators.



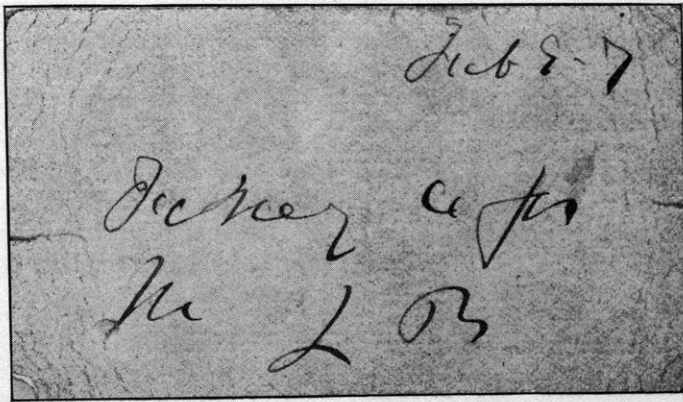
## THE FAMOUS BASCOM "203" SIGNATURE

Chester C. Wells



SIGNATURE that might readily have been written as a scrawly "203" was one of the interesting characteristics of the late President John Bascom. Martin J. Feeney, a member of the "mighty class of 1890," and at present a Milwaukee lawyer, recently

"The 'Mighty '90's,'" he says, "and more particularly the male members, were especially known and recognized by the faculty, for their loyalty to the university, and their strict compliance with all of its rules. However, this "203" issued to me on the ninth day of February, 1887, compels an admission on my part of one violation during my college course of the



The Bascom Signature

found an old excuse card bearing the famous "203" method of writing the "J. B." signature which has been most interestingly regarded among the Cream City alumni. Mr. Feeney's excuse is reproduced herewith.

Today Mr. Feeney looks back with embarrassment at the offense, whatever it was, that compelled him to go to the president for an excuse. It was in his freshman year—the last of the incumbency of President Bascom, who Mr. Feeney today regards as one of the greatest and most distinguished men of his times.

rules of the faculty. Recalling how carefully I observed all rules, I can only conceive of violating the absent rule by some physical ailment, having been subject to a weak and undeveloped physique.

"As the result of a change of residence about two months ago, I spent an evening going over my box of university relics, and I wish you to assure the readers of the Wisconsin magazine who are acquainted with my college record, that I felt very much embarrassed to learn that during my course I at one time violated one of the faculty rules."

## A STEP TOWARD SANITY IN ACTIVITIES

Belle Fligelman



THE "point system" which has recently been adopted by the women of the university is a means by which the number of "outside activities" in which a woman student may engage at any given time is limited. The system was adopted for three reasons: (1) to relieve the overburdened girl who by her own initiative has pushed forward in her freshman or sophomore year and having proved herself capable, has become the logical recipient of more duties than her health will sustain; (2) to enable the various organizations to receive the undivided attention which they could not otherwise have; and (3) since office holding in college "activities" is not an end in itself, but rather a means of training women to organize and to manage, the system has been adopted in order that a greater number of young women may have a chance to develop that executive ability which should characterize the college woman.

To this end a schedule was drawn up, designating, in a purely arbitrary fashion, the number of "points" each "activity" shall represent, the number being reckoned in accordance with the relative amount of work entailed. The schedule, which is incomplete and merely tentative, but which serves for illustration, follows:

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| S. G. A. President.....              | 15 |
| Athletic Association President.....  | 12 |
| Castalia President .....             | 7  |
| Pythia President .....               | 7  |
| Round Table President.....           | 7  |
| Y. W. C. A. President.....           | 14 |
| Glee Club President.....             | 6  |
| Red Domino President.....            | 6  |
| Pan Hellenic President.....          | 5  |
| Consumers' League President.....     | 7  |
| Equal Suffrage President.....        | 9  |
| S. G. A. Secretary.....              | 8  |
| S. G. A. Treasurer.....              | 8  |
| S. G. A. Vice-President.....         | 8  |
| S. G. A. Board.....                  | 4  |
| Standing Committee .....             | 2  |
| Badger Board .....                   | 9  |
| And Other Vice President.....        | 3  |
| Any Other Secretary and Treasurer... | 4  |
| Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....             | 6  |

No girl shall at any given time carry more than 20 points, so that if she were president of the Y. W. C. A., for instance, the other offices which she held would have to be a combination that would not exceed 6 points.

Mere membership in an organization, or any voluntary services, such as literary work or athletics, are not included in the schedule. The enforcement of the system will be in the hands of the Women's Judiciary Committee.

## THE VISION

Hildegarde Hagerman

*I watched the glittering pageantry of pride  
Pass, gorgeous, down the stately avenue,  
When with it joined a phantom company  
That hid the brilliant concourse from my view.  
It was a crowd of children, wan and worn,  
Crushed by the weight of toil too early born.*

*I heard the merry laughter of the throng  
Ring hard and heartless as the clink of glass—  
Their strident voices raised in careless song  
And ribald jest, the lagging time to pass,  
But soon far other voices filled my ears,  
Of those who cried for bread with falling tears.*

# THE DECISION

Belle Fligelman



**O**NE month to live! The great clock of eternity seemed suddenly to have slipped a cog in its ominous business of unrolling Time, and the end seemed suddenly to loom very near. So near, in fact that young Lorren felt as though he could put out his hand and touch it.

But he had no wish to hold it off. Often in his comparatively short life the thought had come to him that a man whose heart threatened to give out at any minute, was not of much use in the world, and often he had wondered why death did not come and put an end to the suspense of waiting for it. But now everything was changed. Life was suddenly telescoped, and certainty brought with it the necessity of ending the struggle over which Lorren had been dallying for nearly five months. The consternation which faced him at the thought of the sudden decision he must make, drove out all thoughts of mere death. Death would come as sweet relief and comfortable oblivion after the tremendous strain of the decision was over.

Lorren paced the floor of his modest little room and tried to think it over—just as he had done hundreds of times in the past five months. He had gone over the thing so often that his thoughts had become stereotyped—mechanical—and even the all significant fact of Willoughby's recent death could not change them.

Willoughby had left for Europe a week ago, and only yesterday a cable had come telling of the terrible wreck and Willoughby's horrible death encountered in trying to save the life of a strange passenger. All the nation was talking about the bravery of the money king today. He was dead, but he had died a glorious death. Willoughby was a Croesus, but he had died saving the life of a penniless beggar.

Truly it was magnanimous, the people were saying.

But the rut of Torren's thoughts was as of cast iron, and the big story of Willoughby's death could not change it. Tonight, as always, he started out by blaming himself for having become a reporter in the first place, instead of swallowing the silly pride that kept him from accepting the money his father had earned in Wall street speculations. And then he blamed the profession of honest journalism which bound him to respect the confidences of the men he interviewed. He had thought the thing over so many times that he no longer seemed to feel its reality. It seemed to him now only a torturing, abstract problem which he must solve at once—and by himself.

When he had been assigned to interview Willoughby five months ago, about the big deal which, according to rumor, was to be pulled off in the wheat market, he had jumped at the chance. Willoughby, the big wheat king, was an old friend of Lorren's father, and perhaps an interview with him would bring to light one or two points which had been puzzling Lorren ever since he had left his father and his father's money four years ago.

And during the course of the interview, Willoughby, realizing that it was his old friend's son to whom he was talking, grew confidential and "let out" a monstrous scheme by which in six months half a dozen Wall street men would be made rich enough by a single stroke to buy up half the state legislatures in the country, and still be money kings. It was going to be a blow to hundreds of petty farmers who would be left homeless and starving by one mighty blow.

But what of it? In the great struggle for existence, only the fittest can survive, and the fittest are the men with master minds—men who can manage and con-

trol—"and," Lorren had added to himself, "and *grab*."

It was a wonderful news story. It would not only be a scoop for "The Journal," which would bring it national reputation, but it was a brilliant opportunity to serve his country by exposing a fraud that would entail the lives of thousands, and which would drag lower the standard of national industry.

When young Lorren had risen to go, he had thanked Willoughby with profound sincerity, but Willoughby suddenly cut short his enthusiasm to say, "In confidence, Lorren—of course you understand that this must be in confidence."

And Lorren had gasped. His great story suddenly made worthless! He remonstrated. He pled. He threatened. Of course he understood that it would ruin Willoughby to have it get out. But what was Willoughby's ruin in comparison with the *Thousands* of lives that were to be ruined. Half a dozen Wall street men would be ruined—a dozen, a score—perhaps a hundred. Well, what of it? They had had their show and it was time to give the other fellow a chance. His duty as a citizen demanded that he should expose the crime.

"Yes," Willoughby had said, "your duty as a citizen; but your honor as a newspaper man demands that you respect my confidence, and naturally a man of your high principles puts the honor of his profession far above his own little selfish interests as an individual citizen."

And then somehow (Lorren never knew just how or why) he gave Willoughby his word that his confidence should be respected. He went away, satisfied, for a few days, that he had done right. But as the spell of Willoughby's powerful personality wore off, Lorren began to see crime in the withholding of the "story." There was nothing, he thought, for him to do but publish it. He began to see that his honor to his profession was, after all, only an individual affair. It was not the honor of his profession at all, as Willoughby had pointed out. It was his *own* honor, and surely he could sacrifice his own honor when there was such a ghastly price to pay for silence. He had promised

Willoughby to respect his confidence, but he was under the spell of that magnetic personality at the time. Yes, he must give out the story. There was no question about it. It would wreck Willoughby's life and the lives of a few other Wall street men, but it would save hundreds of others perhaps, and would help to build up a national standard of industrial honor.

But each time he made up his mind to expose the fraud, involuntarily he hesitated. National honor, after all, meant the honor of a group of individuals, and how could a man who so far ignored honor as to betray a confidence, ever hope to inspire honor in others. He *knew* that the story should be published, yet *could he do it?*

He had gone over the situation so often in the last few months that he seemed to lose all perspective in the matter. It was now only an abstract problem made up of a contradiction of terms. It was the honor of a professional man against the duty of a citizen—and the two facts which should have been in perfect harmony, clashed!

A hundred times Lorren had come to this stage in the struggle with his thoughts, and a hundred times he had stopped pacing the floor at this point, and had sat down at his table and tried to dismiss the question by clicking off the next morning's news on his typewriter.

But tonight he did not sit down. He stood still instead and gazed across the room and out of the window into the darkening twilight. The matter must be settled—and at once. Today the doctor had told him that his heart might last another month. Why, in another month the big deal would be pulled off! Here was a coincidence on which he had not reckoned.

But Willoughby was dead. The people in the world outside his little room were paying tribute to the magnanimity of his last act. And now must *he*, Lorren, rudely interrupt the national eulogy of the great man by exploiting the scheme that was to be worked next month by the corporation of which Willoughby was a director. Surely it was taking an unfair

advantage to betray the confidence of a dead man.

And yet—there were hundreds, perhaps thousands of homes to be saved—thousands of little children to be clothed and fed. Lorren had another month to live. Why should he not make his life count for something after all? He would do it! Yes—he had decided. He would write it up now and send it in in the morning.

He made a move toward his typewriter, but suddenly he stopped. A cold perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead, and he became as pale as death. For as he turned toward his typewriter, there in front of the door stood Willoughby, dressed in the same gray tweed suit he wore when Lorren had had his interview with him. Lorren especially remem-

bered the tie he wore, and now he noticed that it was somewhat awry, just as it had been at the interview. He looked exactly the same, even to the pleasant smile on the powerful face.

Lorren trembled violently. He had not heard the door open. He had not heard it shut after Willoughby had come in. As he stood staring, Willoughby smiled faintly and said: "It's all right, boy. Go ahead and publish the story before it's too late."

Lorren, suddenly overjoyed, took a step toward the man, and held out his hand; but before it was grasped, he pitched face forward on the floor.

"Heart failure," said the coroner at the inquest the next morning.

## THE COWARDS

M. Wendell Lanman



**B**AXTER street was thronged from end to end with a chattering mob, crowding, jostling one another to read a simple black-lettered proclamation. Near it old Rabbi Erenstein, glasses shoved far down his greasy nose, laboriously and solemnly read to the strange mass:

### "PROCLAMATION!

Having declared war with Russia, on Monday, the twenty-five of December, nineteen hundred and eleven, in the interest of the rights of the American people, and having decided that said people, rather than lose their inherent rights will stand by the government.

We, the members in Congress assembled, together with

The Cabinet and President

do call for 500,000 volunteers for one year to ship at once to Russia."

This was signed by the president.

When he had finished they broke into

renewed gibberings in Yiddish, the whole greasy throng showing closer to spell out the placard for themselves. Some passed on, others speedily took their places, and the high-strung mob quivered visibly as some tense fist raised itself high in the air and called down curse after curse on the blackest nation in the world.

From the flag-pole over Simon Kohn's butcher-shop—where only "kosher" meat is sold—a flag was broken out, its red-white-blue silken folds swaying slowly in the fetid air. The door of Simon's shop was flung open, and a tall gray-haired infantry-man stepped out with a big recruiting-office sign in his hands, tacked it up to his satisfaction, and came to attention by its side. Inside the shop-keeper wrung his hands at the thought of no pay save advertising for all of his trouble. Close by him a recruiting-sergeant awaited, pencil and paper ready. The mob began to edge away from the door slowly. From the middle of the crowd a mother cried—"Nein, Solomon,

wenn you are gone, who will it support your liebe Mutter—Ach, Gott in Himmel, mein Sohn, mein Sohn!" None entered the door. High above in a tenement a child wailed.

Out of the shop leaped a tall, black-haired man with the eyes of a mystic and the figure of a warrior. With a sweeping gesture that swung over the whole horde he screamed, "Oh, my people! What! Are the Jews cowards? It is your war, that America so gloriously takes in her mighty hand! To arms! To arms! Let the sons of Isaac and of Jacob stand together once again as one people, one race, one kind! Freedom calls! Black Russia answers! Lord God in heaven, Jews, call ye yourselves men, and stand ye here motionless—how many lost fathers in Kishnev? Oh, Vater Selig, at last your son can call an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! Jehovah has decreed—war is war—you Jews, you Jews"—his voice rose higher and shriller every second—"you are no Jews, but cowards—god has spoken—answer, answer, answer—Glory to God—In the name of your fathers who died bathed in blood, in the name of your mothers robbed of their motherhood, in the name of your God desecrated—Fight! Fight! Fight!"

High up in the tenement the child wailed again.

The spell held the rabble fast—then one white-haired patriarch cried loud, "Rachel they killed, they killed my mother, my father, my children—now, I too, go to be killed. I am old—God grant they accept this withered arm!" He stepped quietly into the meat-shop. Far in the crowd the youngster again cried "Ich auch," and his mother answered—"Mein Sohn, Mein Sohn, O lieber Gott, er ist der Letzte!" The lad tore through the crowd, and stood panting by the old man. The crowd swayed back and forth, the throng by the door increased, and soon the sergeant scarcely lifted his pencil.

At night the throng had not diminished. The Jew at last had awakened and, shaking off his four-thousand-year sleep, rose high, a gaunt, hollow-eyed monster who at last was prepared to stake all at one throw, fighting side by side with

Liberty; one armed by great cannon and warships and forts and aeroplanes, the other with the blazing anger that could and would not be stayed. All night this fire burnt, and the First Avenue "L" roared over a seething ever-changing mob that roused at last, was ready.

Far out, by Riverside Drive, the Atlantic Squadron lay swinging with the tide. The great Florida flashed light in every part, for on her the officers of the fleet were receiving instructions from the President. The other ships lay silent in the changing tide, only the torpedo boats and destroyers swept back and forth unceasingly. High up the river a myriad of lighters and launches bustled to and from great dark transports, trying to move the dense black mob of regulars collected from the New York and Boston posts. Once a dark tug, flashing fire from its smoke-stack, rushed down the river until the row of destroyers was reached, then it veered suddenly to the left, slowed down, and, accompanied by two slim black destroyers, proceeded up the river again.

In Central Park the motley horde of volunteers were being changed from unkempt, greasy Jews to khaki-clad American soldiers. Of the sixty-odd companies in Central Park, forty-two were composed entirely of Jews. They were strangely silent, these Jews. They were prepared to fight, to die. They fought not for glory—although had not Rabbi Erenstein said that Jehovah welcomed the freer of the downtrodden and oppressed—but because the blood of their martyred fathers and mothers demanded it. They had seen great Cossacks wade through slimy pools of blood that the Little Father might grow rich. They had seen whole families slaughtered that the Black Hundred might enjoy a Roman holiday. And now, God willing, they were ready. No poet sung their song. No author spoke gloriously of the martyred—as true as were the old Christian martyrs—patriarchs and women of Kishnev and a thousand other massacres.

From every part of the nation the Jews swept away all question of Jewish cowardice. Now and then a money-lender—not from choice, but because in Black Russia

he had been forbidden by the government to do aught else—sought to hamper the going away. The Jews did not mob him, nor steal his goods; but he was so completely dead to them after that even the children did not know him.

In Harvard, where hundreds of Jews sought to hide their race with a hundred lies, the president, at a meeting of the whole body of students cried out, with his long finger leveled accusingly over the whole mass of students—"If there is a single man who is ashamed to call himself a Jew let him step forward! If there be one, my son will take his place in the ranks! Men of Harvard, men of America, fellow-men, race is gone, religion is gone! We are one, one people, now and forever!"

Five thousand men roared their answer to him, and the universities of America poured their quota into the already full camps.

Two months after war had been declared two million men were under arms—the American people at last were ready, unconquerable—the boldness of the Saxon, the stubbornness of the Dane, the fire of the Spaniard, the white passion of the Jew, the hatred of the Indian, the wisdom of the Roman—all were welded together and ready—way, Russia! The Giant of Civilization steps from his cave—his iron heel will crush you, thief of the honor of a race! His fiery breath will burn you, even as you burnt to death a long-suffering peoples! Way, Russia!

Baxter street was deserted. Most of the "kosher" meat-shops were boarded up. Here and there an old peddler with his push-cart cried his wares, but only women and children answered him. At noon great wagon-loads of food were brought round to the fatherless and husbandless families. Many of the farms in the west were also deserted—and many of the women here were white and thin. Toward evening a long list was posted on the door of the school, and the wan woman stole out to spell the names of those who fell. Mothers, reading the names of their sons, walked slowly back to their homes, pale of face, with eyes dark with pain, but in-

wardly praising God that their children had died as a Jew should. Wives, reading the placard slowly, white-lipped, would reach the name of their husbands—and were carried off screaming to their homes.

On Fifth avenue and the upper West Side the streets bustled on as usual. The war concerned the "dirty Jew." He was fighting it. He was dying. What more could he ask? They told themselves, fat hands over fat paunches, that this was all. They lied. Jew fought cheek by cheek with Englishman-born and German-born and Italian-born, all Americans, at last united. And renegade Jew smiled greasily in his well-kept office and amassed money—and lost his soul.

Still the recruit-camps filled—tall farmers and scrawney alley-rats, grave workmen and laughing youths—all ready to fight for their land.

Oh Liberty—how near thou art to God!

The waterfront glistened and glinted in the hot noon-tide sun. The gay flags waved happily in the wind. The Battery was roaring with people, every Subway and "L" train poured out a new horde, mostly women. Grand lady stood by shop-girl, millionaire by push-cart man. Small launches and tugs puffed importantly up and down the river. Suddenly a great bell boomed out, another, yet another—and from behind the Brooklyn shore a great gray warship, ablaze with flags, swept into view. Whistles screamed and shrilled, people shrieked and sobbed—and suddenly the "New York" roared out a mighty salute to the President. Ship after ship blazed and thundered—and then again all was silent. On the forward turret of the "New York" the band was standing, and, with the sailors and marines at attention, played the "Star Spangled Banner."

A man in the crowd fainted.

The people were again gathered at the Battery to see the ships reviewed by the president. The night was dark, and the star-studded sky intensified the darkness. With one great blaze of red-fire the Statue of Liberty stood out in the dark harbor. She stood silently—as she will stand for-



ever—outlined in the fire of the powder.  
Slowly the fire died down, then all was  
dark.

Far adown the harbor a destroyer  
dashed across to the Jersey coast, leaving  
a trail of dense smoke behind it.

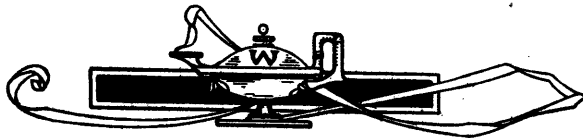
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## TO A PESSIMIST

Glenn Ward Dresbach

*O Pessimist, you cannot cloud the dawn,  
Nor make the noon grow gray!  
And with my dreams 'tis easy to forgive  
The studied words you say,  
Because I hear your lore, yet choose to live  
In my own way.*

*Yet had you sown in gardens of my heart  
Your bitter, fruitless seed,  
And blighted flowers, late to wake in bloom,  
With poison-vine and weed,  
You would remain until the day of Doom  
My foe indeed.*



## THE CRIPPLE

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.

*Oh you—you need not look away.  
I know my body's foul to see,  
But it's unkind—no, rude I say  
To show me that you pity me.  
I hate your smirking, passing glance.  
I see the way I'm shunted out.  
You give me clothes and food. A chance  
To strive and fight, to strike about  
You force away from me. Your care  
Is but a truce that's granted me  
Because I am too weak to fear.  
If I should fight, revolt to free  
My bonded self, I should but hear  
A snarl of hate and you would strike.  
I know. One blow would end my life.  
You know I want to live. I like  
This life. If I did not—a knife  
Would long ago have ended it.  
See here, I carry one. It's keen  
And long. They say that once it bit  
A harlot's heart. It's silken sheen  
Is dear to me. I long to strike,  
But dare not—yet. Some day I will.  
And when I do—someone you like,  
Someone you love—some girl—I'll kill.  
She'll travel with me, where we go  
When we are dead. Here, feel the edge.  
It's sharp. One blow would kill you know.  
The blood would run along that edge  
Of steel and drip—and stain the floor.  
I nearly did it yesterday.  
I saw the evil hump I bore  
Within the glass—but looked away  
In fear. Give back my knife. No, no—  
Blade first. Ah my Breast-biter. See?  
The name I call him? There's no show  
On here. The blade is smooth and free.  
The hilt is carved—but just enough,  
And given just a little slant.  
That makes the grip seem sure and rough—  
Just right to strike, but God—I can't.  
You're going now. No time I see  
To hear a cripple talk. Yes, go.  
I hate you all as you loath me.  
Breast-biter—sometime they'll know.*

## THE YEAR IN ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 5)

Up to the time this article is written the wearers of the cardinal have been triumphant in thirty-two contests. They have lost but two contests and have tied two. In conference meets they have two first places, three second places, one third place, and one fourth place to their credit. In addition, the Badger four-mile relay team won their event at the Drake relay meet in Des Moines, and hung up a new record for that distance. Two conference championships are in possession of Wisconsin—basketball and fencing.

From the standpoint of student participation there never has been a more successful year in the history of athletics at Wisconsin. More men have turned out for the various teams than ever before. We seem to have solved the problem of how to keep our athletes eligible, for in very few cases have men been kept on the side lines by low grades.

There was a time not long ago when Wisconsin teams were handicapped by lack of adequate equipment and training facilities. The Athletic Council has been most liberal this year and has removed that handicap. The new training quarters under the grand stand at Camp Randall have been a wonderful boon to the football, baseball and track teams. The lengthening and resurfacing of the freshman field has provided greatly needed playing space. The tennis court now in the course of construction at the east end of the camp will be greatly appreciated by tennis enthusiasts. The bleachers which were moved back from the track and completely rebuilt have made it possible to handle larger crowds and with less confusion.

Improvements in the gymnasium have almost doubled the efficiency of that building. The members of the physical training staff now have plenty of room for their offices and it has been possible to add a room for remedial gymnastics which has long been needed. The locker rooms have been trebled in their capacity and the bathing facilities have been improved a great deal. The new arrangement of the tank has made possible the holding of

dual swimming meets and water polo games. The Athletic Annex has been a blessing to the baseball team, the indoor track squad, and the crew. During the winter months over two hundred men used the Annex every day.

The old baseball cage on the third floor of the gym has proved to be a much more satisfactory room for class work, and the main floor has been left free for basketball, handball and other group games.

The student athletic board has added their share to improving our athletic conditions. After a very successful season, cross-country was raised to the rank of a major sport and the constitution of the Athletic Association so amended as to reward men of the team with the varsity "W." Amendments were also passed providing for the awarding of "W's" to members of the swimming and water polo teams. The "W. A. A." has been dignified and now carries with it an appropriate sweater. The system of awarding class numerals has been revised and placed on a more business-like basis. The matter of trophies and emblems has been taken up and more uniform regulations adopted covering the awarding of these honors.

Intra-mural sports have received more attention than at any time since their introduction at Wisconsin. The basis of division has been agreed upon as the college rather than the class. This has resulted in keener competition and more wide spread student interest.

And so the story of improved conditions might run all down the line. It is not only reflected in the success of Wisconsin teams on the field, but in the spirit which has been built up within the student body. There is less knocking and greater unanimity of action than there has been for many years. The student body has awakened to the fact that Wisconsin has just as good material, fully as competent coaches, as liberal a policy of faculty control and as good a chance of winning as any other institution in the conference. Besides that she has greater natural advantages than any other western university. Truly it may be said that the year 1911-1912 has been a successful one for athletics at Wisconsin.



## A GREEK THEATER AT WISCONSIN

Edwin Stanley Hollen

THE first movement to secure an outdoor theater for the university has, after considerable delay and procrastination, begun and the success of the preliminary plans indicate that a Greek theater at Wisconsin is about assured. The campaign will be under the direction of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society which has fostered the idea from the beginning.

The society, after a thorough consideration of the various phases of the problem of the Greek theater, determined to forward the plan, and a committee was appointed with that in view. This committee, which was selected by the board of directors of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, includes Chief Justice J. B. Winslow, Judge E. Ray Stevens, C. N. Brown, C. E. Brown, Mrs. Laura Sherry of Milwaukee, and Professor Thomas H. Dickinson. The proposition of securing an outdoor theater was thoroughly canvassed and plans were provided which were likely to produce the most satisfactory results. These plans were submitted to Dr. H. C. Bumpus, the business manager of the university, who gave them his approval.

The Board of Regents, at its meeting in April, also indicated its approval of the society's efforts and accepted the plans as submitted. The regents granted permission for an outdoor performance by the Coburn players which will occur on June 6 on the upper campus as a benefit performance for the contemplated Greek

theater. The Coburn players, prominent country-wide for their accurate presentations of classic plays, will give "Electra," from the Greek drama of Euripides. Should the upper campus prove inadequate for the performance, "Electra" will be presented in the woods and open spaces just beyond Main hall. The Coburn players will bring a large company and will furnish a remarkably complete production..

The funds realized from this performance will be used in constructing the first tiers of the amphitheater, which is recognized as the most difficult and hence most costly part of the work. The initial work of constructing the outdoor theater will probably begin early in July and it is expected that when the regular school year begins next fall a considerable portion of the work will have been accomplished. The plans for the amphitheater are now being prepared by architects and will be on exhibition at one of the university buildings within a few days.

The outdoor theater will be fashioned somewhat after the Greek theater of the University of California at Berkeley. It will be located, according to present plans, on that part of the campus lying just north of North hall. This position, facing Lake Mendota, is considered by architects to be nearly ideal. The tiers, or rows of seats, will be built into the sides of the slope. Because of the natural advantages of a gradual declivity, the expenses of excavation will be greatly lessened. The stage will extend out to the road which has been built along the lake shore.

## THE FAIRY GODFATHER

THE annual opera of the Haresfoot Club has come and gone. As a composite effort it was, by far, mechanically superior to the Haresfoot musical shows of the past three years; but from a comparative standpoint of enjoyability it fell short of its predecessors.

One reason for this, perhaps, is that "The Fairy Godfather" was billed as an extravaganza and not as a plain comic opera such as we have been used to having. The word "extravaganza" alone seems to call for filigree effects, whereas plain comic opera demands only comedy and music. "The Fairy Godfather" had more than its quota of interpolated features; there was too much "business" with the songs; too much stress was laid on the mechanical effects. As regards scenery, costuming and electrical effects the staging left nothing to be desired. In these respects the play was the most pretentious the Haresfoot has ever attempted. From a critical standpoint, keeping in tone with the fairy atmosphere and extravaganza, we presume the music was properly more classical and less popular. But if Mr. Stothart will pardon us, the score on the whole did not please us half so much as did those of either "The Dancing Doll" or "Alpsburg." There were no whistleable tunes. Evidently to bring out the words in the lyrics all the verses were recited and not sung, that is with the exception of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses." There were no solo songs the melody of which was particularly noticeable or likely to be remembered after leaving the playhouse, such as "Ethiopia" or "Edelweiss." The swinging songs of the earlier operas were also regrettably lacking. The composer has evidently sacrificed individual melodies to the *tout ensemble* of the score. From the artistic standpoint we have not the slightest shadow of a doubt that the score of "The Fairy Godfather" is the best Mr. Stothart has ever written. But its spirit is not collegiate; it lacks the spontaneity and rollicking dash of the earlier operas; in short, it is more than we want or expect in a university production.

"The Fairy Godfather" was proclaimed to be a social satire. In passing we think it well to say that extravaganza is a poor vehicle for satire. As straight comedy the situations and lines of the piece might have been amusing; but sandwiched between interpolations such as the dance of the elements and the minstrel specialty, the effect of satire is completely lost and it doesn't even make good burlesque. The majority of Mr. Winslow's lines were above the heads of the audiences and the satire was in many instances totally lost.

As a whole the parts were well taken, although there was a lamentable lack of voices. Mr. Walker in the role of *Oscar Jones* had too much to do and did not unbend in his part. The fairy godfather as portrayed by Mr. Kietzman was unconvincing. N. R. Johnson as *Dorothy* was pleasing and certainly gave a conscientious interpretation of his part. L. A. Zollner as *Pansy* was easily the star of the cast. His rendition was just what one likes and expects from collegiate actors. His co-stars seem to have aimed too high. The rest of the cast adequately filled the parts assigned to it.

The piece pleased large audiences in all the cities visited; it was a commendable and praiseworthy effort from start to finish. But from the standpoint of the undergraduate and the alumnus for whom such productions should be written, it was unsatisfying. It approximated too much an ordinary Broadway musical show. To some this may seem all that could be desired but anybody can see an ordinary musical show for a two dollar bill; the undergraduate and alumnus has a right to expect something with a little more "pep" and "Rah-rah."

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## EDWIN BOOTH CLUB

The annual spring elections to the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club were announced April 26. Those successful in the try-outs were Herbert W. Brightman, '13 and Alfred W. Klieforth, '13. The club has already started work on next year's play.

**GESELLSCHAFT**

**F**OLLOWERS of the Germanistische Gesellschaft witnessed an enjoyable performance of "Der Raubt der Sabinerinnen" the evening of May 1. This was the principal event of the year in Gesellschaft dramatics and was well attended.

The cast follows:

- Martin Gollwitz, professor.....
- .....A. P. Haake, '14
- Friederika, his wife.....Miss Buech
- Dr. Neumeister....C. R. Bodenback, '14
- Marianne, his wife..Marielle R. Schirmen
- Karl Gross.....G. H. J. Andrae, '15
- Emil Gross, his son.....B. Q. Morgan
- Emmanuel Striese, theater director...
- .....E. Friese
- Rosa, domestic.....Selma Bartmann, '13
- Meissner, janitor of school.....
- .....Max Walther, '13

**SENIOR PLAY**

**F**OLLOWING the resignation of the first play committee appointed this semester President Eckhardt has appointed the following new committee: Alice Ringling, chairman, Margaret Boyle, Myron Utgard, E. A. Seaton and Roland Coerper.

Although the first semester decided on the farce, "Facing the Music," as the piece to be presented at commencement time, it is the intention of the new committee to chose an entirely new play. As yet a decision has not been made.

**ROUND TABLE**

**B**ERNARD SHAW'S "Arms and the Man" has been selected by the Round Table literary society as its initial effort in dramatics to be given in

May instead of "The First of May" and "Mystery," as originally planned.

Chosen under the direction of Miss Helen Loomis, '12, the cast will be as follows:

- Bluntschli.....Olga Steig, '13
- Raina.....Edna Hill, '14
- Catherine.....May Whitaker, '12
- Lonka.....Belle Fligelman, '13
- Nicola.....Esther J. King, '13
- Petkoff.....Affa Hubbell, '12
- Officer.....Ruth Brereton, '13

The piece is to be given a financial benefit for the society.

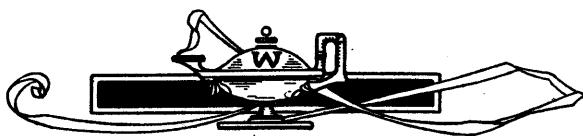
**THE HARESFOOT CLUB**

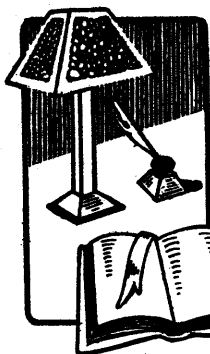
**T**HE work of the Haresfoot Club for the present season is over and crowded houses at Madison, Rockford, Chicago and Milwaukee testify to its success. This year's offering was more pretentious than any of its predecessors and set a standard for scenery, costumes and electrical effects that future productions will find it difficult to equal.

The club gave this year its first downtown performance in Chicago at the Ziegfield theater. Under the auspices of the Chicago Alumni Association the invasion of the "loop" was entirely satisfactory. It is hoped next year, however, to play at a better theater than the Ziegfield, the stage and dressing room facilities were inadequate even for the modest needs of the Haresfoot Club.

Despite the strong counter attractions of the London Symphony Orchestra and Sothern and Marlowe at Milwaukee, both performances were well attended, demonstrating Milwaukee's loyalty to the organization.

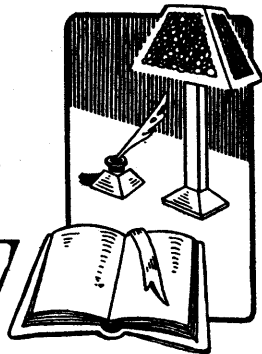
The book for 1913 will be chosen from the undergraduate competition now in progress.





# WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

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## FACULTY LIGHTS

**BENJAMIN WARNER SNOW**—Professor of Physics. Cornell University, B.S. 1885. Ohio State University, University of Gottingen, University of Strassburg, University of Berlin, Ph.D. 1892. Delta Upsilon, Sigma Xi.

Professor Snow took his fellowship at Cornell the year after he graduated, and after taking his degree at Berlin served one year at the State University of Indiana as Professor of Physics. From there he came direct to Wisconsin and has been here ever since.

Professor Snow believes that his college career was the best possible to fit him for his work. At the two Prussian universities and at Berlin, where he studied under Professor Helmholtz, he came in contact with the foremost men and the most advanced thought of the scientific world. He thinks, however, that a complete education should include biological training, of which he had little.

Desiring to devote his entire time to study, Professor Snow did not take part in student activities. During the nineteen years he has been at Wisconsin, he has continued to be completely absorbed in his work. The phenomena of physics never grow commonplace, and are as new and fascinating to him as to the student who observes them for the first time. After teaching at Cornell, Indiana, Ohio State and Wisconsin, Professor Snow says that nowhere else has he seen students with as much real earnestness as they have here. Although he has never called the roll at a lecture, the room is always well filled.

Professor Snow thinks that, consider-

ing the line of work he was to follow, the best thing he derived from his college career was the thorough scientific training.

**ARTHUR SOLOMON LOEVENHART**—Professor of Pharmacology and Toxicology, Kentucky State University, B.S. 1898, M.S. 1899. Johns Hopkins University, M.D. 1903. Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa.

Professor Loevenhart did not take part in student activities, but he thoroughly enjoyed his college life and found it anything but monotonous. If he were to do it over again he would pursue the same line of work and the same recreations. He does not consider college friendships the most important part of a college career. He thinks that just as good friends are found elsewhere and says that during the time that he taught at Johns Hopkins and Wisconsin he has had friendships just as enjoyable and profitable as any he had in college.

He believes that the greatest benefits coming from a college course are obtained by selecting some man who is a leader in the subject that he teaches, and working with him and being inspired by him; doing enough work on all subjects but making one of prime importance and all the rest secondary. He thinks that the men, not the course, are the vital part of a college.

Of all the things he acquired at college, Professor Loevenhart values most highly the ambition to advance, to do new things, and to establish facts; and the training and knowledge necessary to do these things.

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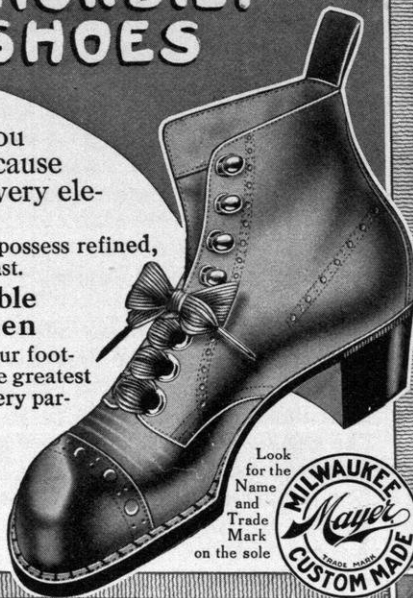
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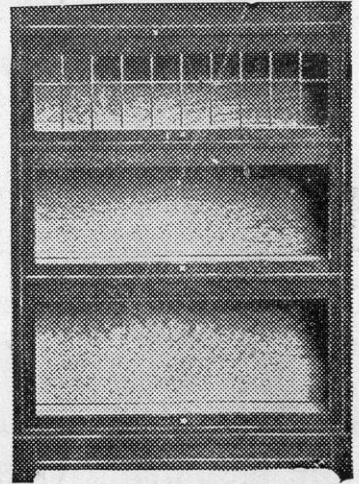
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