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*William Stearns*

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE



Vol. VII

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 5

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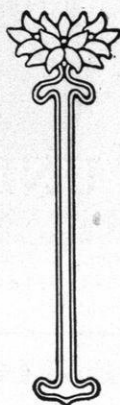
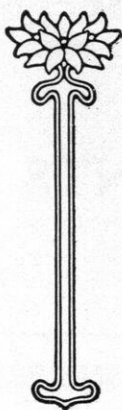
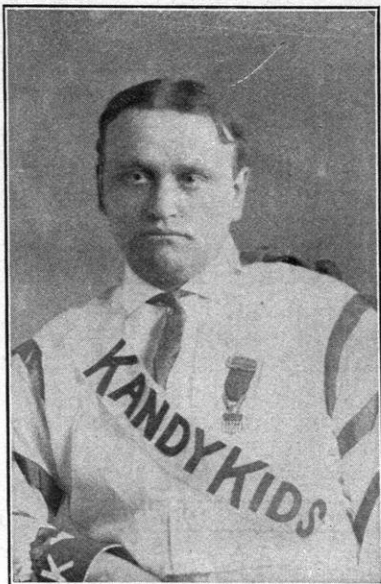
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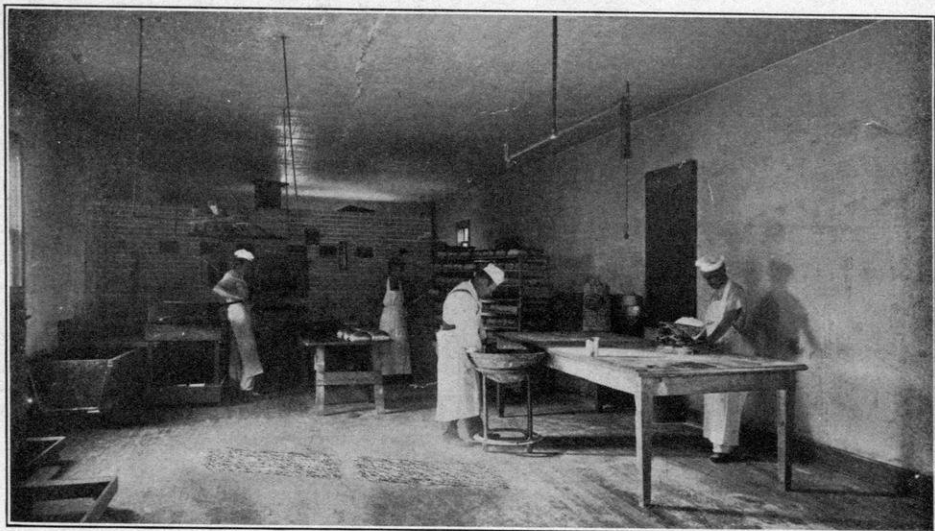
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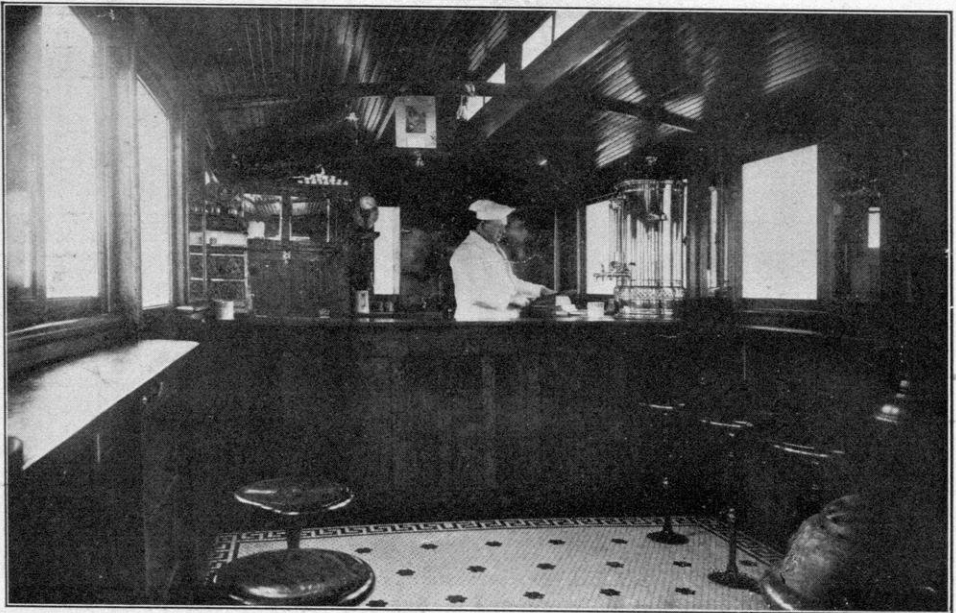


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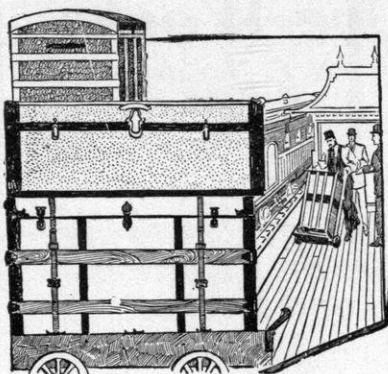
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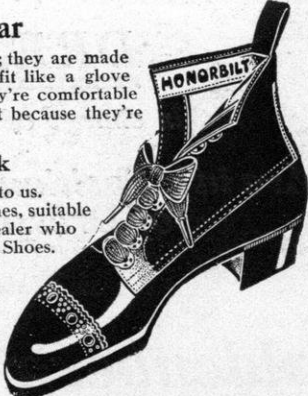
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# The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume VII.

FEBRUARY, 1910

Number 5

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## A Solution of the Wisconsin Athletic Problem

EDWARD M. McMAHON '08

Wisconsin's football season for 1909 has become history. Sufficient time has elapsed to view the situation in a calm and reflective manner—a way in which it is impossible to view it during the heat of mid-season. Viewing the situation in this manner one conclusion is apparent: Wisconsin's progress along the athletic line has not kept pace with her advancement along other lines: enrollment, oratory and debate, scholarship and journalism. That this is not a desirable con-

dition this article takes for granted. Whatever may be the opinion of a small minority of the faculty upon this point, it is sufficient for our purposes to know that the student body, the alumni to a man, and all friends of the university are season after season becoming more tired of the inferior athletic article which is being placed upon the market under a cardinal wrapper, bearing the inscription, "Made at Wisconsin."

In attempting to find the cause of this

embarrassing situation an unfriendly Madison and Milwaukee press has disposed of the problem in its very characteristic manner: "There is something wrong at our state university." The student body, ever hopeful of the morrow, has confidence in coming seasons; while the alumni and patrons of the university, not so willing to live in the better day until it has actually come, are asking the question: "What's the trouble; and what's to be done?" To attempt to answer these two questions is the only purpose of this article.

There is little serious trouble in Wisconsin's athletic camp. Taken as a whole, a better "era of good feeling" never existed among the different elements—faculty, coaches and student body. At last the faculty, as a whole, has learned that there is nothing about an athlete to justify their treating him differently than other human beings. During the last football season Coach Barry and his assistants had the respect and confidence, not only of the team, but of the student body. Those who should know, said that Barry did all in his power. If lack of efficient coaching was the cause of the unsatisfactory season, the responsibility must be placed elsewhere. It must be charged to the administrators of the university—they, who when asked for an appropriation of \$750 with which to pay for assistant coaching, appropriated the paltry sum of \$200. Through this act practically all of the burden of coaching was placed upon the shoulders of one man. He carried it as well as any one man could.

The student body at Madison, from the very beginning of athletic reform, has been willing to adjust itself, within all reasonable bounds, to the so-called "new athletic idea." An athlete coming to Wisconsin today, offering his services to the student body, providing he receives "a fair price," would receive very little coaxing to stay. That time has passed. The modern undergraduate conception of an ideal Wisconsin athlete is of a different mould. He must be more unselfish and self-sacrificing. He must be a gentleman. He must be loyal to Wisconsin in defeat as well as in victory. He must regard Wisconsin as primarily a place of

learning. If he has these characteristics, he may possess a smaller amount of "brawn and muscle and still be regarded as an ideal athlete. This is the prevalent idea among the student body.

The fact that Wisconsin is not turning out a better grade athletic commodity is not due primarily to an unreasonable faculty minority. Neither is it largely due to coaching facilities, or to an undesirable spirit among the athletes and student body. It is due to something else. Let us consider this something else.

Prior to 1904 it was considered legitimate to give to athletes who "picked Wisconsin" inducements of various kinds, providing these athletes remained in Madison during the season of the particular form of athletics in which they participated. This practice prevailed for a considerable time before the real significance of such a plan became apparent. Finally, at the instigation of the faculty, the evils of this system were made plain. They demanded that the athletic structure which had been reared upon such a foundation and by hands so entirely foreign to a university community, should be razed to the ground. A revolution visited Madison athletics of such proportions that in a single season the training table quarters were transformed into an ordinary "house for rent." The gym became a ping pong hall, and the lower campus a marble field. All of this occurred because illegitimate means had been used to get to Wisconsin a superior grade of athletic ability.

The faculty was largely responsible for this transformation. The student body began at once the task of erecting a new athletic structure. They used a style of architecture entirely in harmony with the modern idea of athletic building. They used none of the old materials. It has been a difficult task for the student body. They have had to encounter the stern opposition of an unreasonable minority of the faculty. Great progress has been made by the students, but one problem remained unsolved: the creation of a legitimate and practicable system which will bring to Wisconsin its share of athletic material. This part of a new structure—the weakness of which was the cause of the old being destroyed—remains to be built.

Lack of material was the cause of last fall's unsuccessful season. Less than one hundred men reported for practice during the entire season,—and of these many went out for the exercise. The condition actually existed of having scarcely material enough to fill the eleven positions. This was especially apparent during the second half of the Minnesota game. Why was this? Because better material was not to be found in the university. That kind of material was playing elsewhere—much material which logically belonged to Wisconsin. This is the cause of the athletic trouble at Wisconsin.

It is possible to remedy this condition before the arrival of another football season. Begin in this way: Have the university take charge of and run the inter-scholastic meet. Such a plan has, and will meet with considerable opposition from the high school principals of the state. However, the change can be made with, or without the co-operation of the high school principals. If it is not possible to secure control over the present meet the university can hold a meet of its own, and, unlike the present one, open it up to schools outside of the state. This meet would be managed and controlled by the university athletic department. Scholastic requirements and its supervision should be left to a committee of the prep. school principals. With the university in charge of the meet, a united effort would be made by the entire student body to entertain the guests, to talk athletics with them, to impress upon them the fact that Wisconsin is the home of democracy and the place for them to come. This entertaining would then not be left to the fraternities, who now do the little that is done largely for selfish reasons. Every high school athlete would be treated the same. Trophies awarded to the victors of the meet would bear the shield of the university. This would tend to keep Wisconsin in the minds of the successful athletes. The entertaining of guests would be placed in the hands of an organization of upper classmen. There is need in the university of one good, permanent boosting athletic organization. We already have two upper classmen organizations, neither of which seem to be serving any important

need. Possibly, if it could be shown that the best interests of the university would be served, these organizations would combine and assist the athletic department, not only in conducting the inter-scholastic meet, but in other ways help to crystallize a better athletic spirit. This larger, more representative and more serious boosting organization could look after the scholarship of athletes. It could see to it that athletes keep eligible to play. This in a general way is the first method by which our supply of athletic material would be increased.

But a high school athlete may be convinced that Wisconsin is just the place for him to go and still not come. He may not have the financial means with which to go to college. In one way or another he may receive offers of assistance from, or through other schools, in this way making it better for him to go there. Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota and the eastern schools—not to mention Marquette—have gotten, and are getting men in this way. Up to date Wisconsin has neither created in the athlete the desire to come, nor has she been of any material assistance in helping him to remain. If the taking over of the field meet will successfully impress upon high school athletes that Wisconsin is the place to come, it seems possible to assist financially, and in a legitimate manner, athletes who are financially unable to stay at Wisconsin. Practically all colleges and universities offer financial assistance to prospective students who, because they possess extraordinary ability along a certain line, would promote certain forms of activity. These schools establish scholarship funds in the various departments. There could be no objection to the creation of an athletic scholarship fund at Wisconsin. This fund would be used to assist high school students who, during their course in the secondary schools, have demonstrated that they possessed a superior form of scholastic and athletic ability. The president of the university, in conjunction with the officers of this new student organization, would pass upon the credentials of those deserving consideration in making the awards. This fund could be loaned to these students. The source of the fund could very easily be col-



lected in small amounts from alumni and friends of the university. Everything would be above board. The plan carries with it more than the mere idea of keeping, through technical means, an amateur athlete unprofessional while assisting him financially. It is possible to make the plan practicable in its details. Why not try it?

There is nothing about the athletic problem at Wisconsin which is impossible

to solve. The controversy over the seven-game schedule is a minor issue. The most important obstacle which must be overcome is the getting to Wisconsin a larger amount of athletic ability, and the keeping of this ability at Wisconsin eligible to participate in athletics. If the present generation of upper classmen will give to this problem the serious consideration which it deserves, Wisconsin's athletic problem will be solved.



## After the Toll

GLENN W. DRESBACH

*Weary the old days died,  
All wreathed in crape and rue.  
Watching, no sigh I sighed,  
For the new day brought me you.*

*Deep in your dear brown eyes  
Is life's own smile for me,  
Softer than twilight skies  
Low hung o'er a summer sea.*

*Within my heart is light,  
And hopes are free from fears;  
Dear heart, I hear tonight  
The love songs of the spheres.*

*Swiftly the days pass by,  
And soon the thrush will sing.  
Waiting I have no sigh,  
For, dear, with you 'tis Spring.*

# The Swell Prom

RALPH BIRCHARD

We rose from an ample dinner such as the little "Carlton House" always afforded and strolled into the "parlor." Cigars fumed gratefully; the hardwood fire in the rough grate gave forth a cheerful glow, and the soft light from the big, white-globed lamp on the table only half revealed the dinginess of the antique furniture. The reflected firelight danced merrily on the highly polished veneer of the cheap piano in the farther corner. Some periodicals of fairly recent date lay beside the lamp. The chairs were comfortable. There was a homelike air about the place such as not one of the city's splendid caravansaries could offer.

Outside snow fell with quiet persistency. Already it was three feet deep in the streets. The station agent told us that the wires were down and no trains could be expected till the following afternoon. To the dweller in cities this prospect of being cut off from civilization for an indefinite time might seem appalling, but the natives were used to it and we traveling men soon get to be philosophers. We have to. After all, climbing through northern Wisconsin snowdrifts to catch local trains of irregular schedule is weary work, and we were glad enough to have an excuse for resting from it in such comparatively luxurious surroundings.

All three of us who were marooned in the hotel had met before. We covered the same territory with different lines and it was inevitable that we should have drifted together occasionally. On this night our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and when it developed that both Farwell and Peters were college men there was a strong bond of sympathy between us.

"Yes, Wisconsin, '99," said Peters. "Quite an old grad, I suppose you would call me, if you're only 1908. Well, we had football teams, then, my boy, and we weren't bothering our heads about fancy coaches, and reform, and all the monkey work that put things to the bad in your time. We were satisfied to win and let someone else do the explaining."

"Still," I said, "we had clean athletics anyhow. You know yourself that the graft that went on in your time was something disgraceful. Of course you had the teams alright, but were they worth the price?"

"Graft, bosh!" said Peters. "What if a few of the boys did turn an honest penny once in a while acting as assistant directors at \$50 a month? They earned it alright. The little pinheads that came along in 1906 swept things so clean there wasn't a thing a decent man could do to keep away the bill collectors but wait on table or grind away for the registrar at twenty cents an hour. You lived in a stingy, narrow-minded age. It may have been moral, but it wasn't half as pleasant as when a fellow with guts could slip one over in a class election and cop out a roly-poly bunch of mazuma as often as he really needed it. Why I remember that the Prom Chairman that year went into business as soon as he graduated without doing another lick of work. And talk about Proms! Well, you fellows that lived in the two-bit era simply have no conception of what a real Prom was like."

Farwell rose and went to the piano where he drummed out an endless stream of popular airs, keeping the soft pedal on all the while. He began with "Cubanola Glide," and worked backwards through

"Baby Doll" and "Cousin of Mine," till I lost track. He was only a Chicago man, and of course he could not understand.

Peter's boasting irritated me a little but the respect an old grad always inspires kept me from replying, and after all I was not so sure but what he was right. I happened to think, too, that tonight could not be very far from the second anniversary of the last Prom I had attended, and his mention of the older one interested me. There might be a story in it. There might even be a romance.

"Tell me about the '99 Prom," I asked. "What was it like?"

"Well," he said, "it was a swell Prom. Yes it was all that and a good deal more. Of course all Proms are swell Proms."

"But what was the particular swellness of that one?" I persisted.

"Come to think of it," he said, "aside from the unusually good thing it was for the chairman, I don't know. I suppose it only seemed so because it was my Prom. Probably other people feel the same way about theirs. But it certainly was swell."

"Yes," I said sympathetically.

"Yes, it was."

"You see," he continued, "my case was somewhat peculiar. I was a good deal of a rough-neck my first years in college. I never could see anything in girls. Never tried very hard, and of course they couldn't see anything in me. You know how it is in Madison. You've got to obtrude yourself right in on them if you want any attention paid. There were always plenty of fellows who obtruded, but I didn't care to. But along in the fall of my senior year something happened. It happened at a reception. That made it all the more remarkable. You know yourself how unlikely anything is to happen at a reception. It happened when I met the girl."

He heaved a plaintive sigh and was silent for some minutes looking into the fire. The noise of dishes being washed in the kitchen had ceased and Mrs. Carlton came in unobtrusively and took a chair in the far corner. She seemed to enjoy Farwell's drumming. From time to time she smiled. "Simple pleasures for simple souls," I thought. I also thought that she must once have been a very pretty girl.

"You met the girl," I reminded Peters.

"Oh, yes," he said rousing from his memory. "Was that as far as I got? I had gone way past that in my mind. Well, I don't know just why meeting her made something happen, but it did. As soon as I saw her I knew the old gang had lost another member. I was dippy—I was foolish—I was just plain nuts about her. I was—Oh, well—you know what I mean. I guess it happens to everybody at least once while he is in college. Some have it chronically. My case came late, but it was severe. I took her to the football games. At first I was shaky about doing it, but I soon got used to being balled out and by the end of the season I was so callous the fellows quit yelling at me every time I came in with Nellie.

"I took her to parties. I spent the money I used to spend on pool and billiards and booze on flowers and candy for Nellie. The Lord only knows how much ice cream we ate. I took her sleigh riding. I rode as far as Milwaukee with her when she went home Christmas. I was Johnny-on-the-spot to meet her when she came back. I was a dyed-in-the-wool fusser if there ever was one, only that term hadn't been invented then. My studies went down and my bills went up. My friends laughed at me, reasoned with me, cussed me. I was sublimely indifferent to them all. I lived in a dream world and Nellie was its queen.

"After Christmas I had the qualms of conscience for fear I was taking so much of Nellie's time that she wouldn't last more than one semester. I insisted that she study, and she did, too, like a good little girl. She got through all her exams without a con, which was considerable more than could have been said of me. And then—I took her to Prom."

"That," I said, "no doubt explains why the '99 Prom was so surpassingly swell."

"I guess maybe you're right," he agreed. "I guess maybe that was the reason. I dimly recall now that my rented dress suit did not entirely harmonize with my style of beauty, and that I had some difficulty with my shirt bosom, but when I led Nellie proudly down the center of the gym in the grand march I had forgotten all about those minor details and I felt that the only thing I had to be afraid of was that I might lose my presence of mind

and let my feet float right up off the floor. Sounds idiotic, doesn't it, but honest, that's just the way I felt.

"For once in my life I was what I've seen called the cynosure of all eyes. Not that I myself was anything remarkable to look at except as a specimen of something in a dress suit with an almost human appearance, but Nellie was *there*. Everybody stopped to look at her when she went past, and so they had to look at me, for I was dancing as near to a straight program as I decently could that night. I think she sort of liked it, too. Well, my boy, I wish you could have seen her. It's no use my trying to tell you how she looked. My limited vocabulary couldn't do her justice in a thousand years. Blue eyes, pink cheeks, golden hair—No use. I only sound like a catalogue, or a beauty parlor ad."

"Well," he continued, after a moment's pause, "we've drifted apart since then. I don't know where she is now, and I don't care except once in a while when I remember that Prom. But I would like to see her once more, too. I've had several mild little cases since then, but Nellie Arnold was one girl that I can never forget."

And once more he paused, staring into the dying fire. Mrs. Carlton came across from her chair and poked the logs till they flamed again.

"Is it warm enough here?" she asked.

"Sure," said Peters, but he rose and

helped her put another log on the fire. She sat down in the corner behind the fireplace and looked at us. Peter's story seemed to have interested her.

"Yes," he said finally, "I would like to see Nellie Arnold again." He turned suddenly as Farwell began to pay an old waltz refrain, and listened intently.

"Play that over again, will you, old man?" he said, when Farwell had finished, and then to me:

"That was one of the waltzes they played for the '99 Prom, and every time I hear it I think of Nellie standing there in front of the box just before we began to dance, with the faint flush of excitement on her cheeks, and the ribbon in her hair—Ah, that red ribbon in her hair!"

"Red ribbon nothing!" said Mrs. Carlton standing bolt upright. "It was blue!"

"Well how do you know?"—began Peters, but just at that moment he caught a good look at her face—and just at that minute also, Mr. Carlton came in from the kitchen saying:

"Gee, Nellie, this is certainly some storm. I'm afraid those pipes will freeze."

"By jingo!" exclaimed Peters, "I almost forgot those order I've got to write up. I'm going up to my room and do it now. No, I won't be down again. Good-night, everybody. Good-night."

He hurried off up the stairs. And that was the last I heard from the man who cherished the Prom of '99.

## Mafish

MICAH

*As one who sits within his house alone,  
And sees the snow fall wearily to earth—  
Enshrouding hopelessly the wintry dearth,  
The bright, the flaunting, glamoured colors flown—  
So, drearily, I sit and view my own,  
Truly my own, life shorn of youthful mirth,  
Swathed in the wrappings of the worldly birth,  
And turn to lay within your hands a stone.  
My friend, your God, who knows the hearts of men,  
Knows that I swore no lies in those old days—  
But many years those glorious days are fled.  
A wall of change between the Now and Then  
Has been upreared. Men know not their soul's ways.  
Friendship alone I give you now—the love is dead.*

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE STUDENT COURT IS?

## Path and Aftermath

GLENN W. DRESBACH

*A night with wail of wind has called our hearts away,  
 Beyond the lighted streets, down this old river path;  
 And we are of the world, not some dead yesterday,  
 And glinting stars spread light across the aftermath.  
 And here, wild waters break with sobbing downward flow,  
 In writhing lines of white beside the grey walled mill,  
 And pass, as did the dreams that left us long ago,  
 Into the silent world with spirit voices still.  
 We all have warring hopes that startle us from rest  
 To fight life's fight anew and brave a world's disdain,  
 Yet often with the day, from east to golden west,  
 They pass with all the sweets and leave the lasting pain,  
 And we are vagabonds who follow many a path,  
 Changelings of the days of rose and aftermath.*

*We know, for we have lived, the strife of lie and truth—  
 That fancies shift as sands when winds are at their play,  
 That there are hosts of things to open eyes of youth  
 To see the master's tricks and learn a wiser way.  
 How often we are toys, mere jumping jacks of wood,  
 High sprung with lie on lie, and then soon cast away!  
 How frail, how false at times, this wide sung brotherhood!  
 How many scenes are lost behind the curtains' sway!  
 The friends of hearts pass on, the folk of fitting years,  
 Oft true and false unknown; in all 'tis much the same.  
 It seems that peace of mind is found through ways of fears,  
 And then but twilight's rest, with morning whence we came.  
 Yet through the shadows lift the silent heights afar  
 Crowned with the silver gems of one great evening star.*

*We cannot hate the world of spring and rippling rain,  
 Nor summer with the rose and golden harvest skies,  
 Nor autumn's aftermath, nor snow bound hill and plain,  
 If even love is false and half the world is lies,  
 We walk our little mile, then by the mile stone rest;  
 We raise our little dust then go to join the dust;  
 We leave our all to bless the ones we loved the best  
 And life was worth the while, with far too little trust.  
 The waters here that break with sobbing downward flow  
 From flume to purple pool and o'er a foam rimmed shoal,  
 May break a thousand years and moaning seaward go,  
 Nor victories of the lie can give the peace of soul.  
 From ways of dark and light, through weary fields afar,  
 We fare to climb the height beside our guiding star.*

# The Basketball Tournament

HASKELL E. NOYES

The steady, healthy growth which basketball has had during the past ten years as a high school sport has given it a pre-eminent place in secondary school athletics. In Wisconsin, especially, basketball has continued to increase in popularity with each additional season until at the present time there is scarcely a high school or prep school in the state that is not represented by a team. In line with the growth which basketball has enjoyed, there has gone hand in hand that ever present incentive to all lines of sport, outside of the pure pleasure of the sport itself—*the desire to excel*. Year after year, when the high school teams of the state have finished their schedules, the annual question has been popped—*Who is the state champion?* Attempts have been made to settle the ever-present dispute, but always with the same result—a newspaper controversy lasting from the close of one season until the opening of the next.

**WHY NOT SETTLE THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP?** Incidentally, why not settle the interscholastic basketball championship of the middle western and northwestern states? During a recent fanning bee these two questions were asked. The thought proved father to the deed and two words sufficed to answer the dual interrogation. **WE WILL.** **WE** mean the University of Wisconsin. **WILL** is interpreted as an innovation in western interscholastic and intercollegiate athletic circles. To-wit:

On March 10, 11 and 12 the first annual interscholastic basketball tournament to determine the champion of Wisconsin and of the middle western and northwest-

ern states will be held at the gymnasium under the auspices of the athletic board. The word "first" is used advisedly, for despite the prevalent opinion that Lawrence College has stood sponsor for a similar meet for the past four or five years, let there be no misunderstanding. Lawrence College has conducted a basketball tournament, but without disparaging the attempts of our sister institution, it must be borne in mind that the University of Wisconsin meet will be the **FIRST** at which an undisputed state champion will be picked, in addition to selecting an all-western title holder. The details of the tournament, except as to the schedule, have been arranged. The visiting fives, their managers and coaches will be the guests of the university during their three days' stay in Madison. The university, that is the students, have assumed a responsibility that should not rest lightly upon their shoulders, and it is the privilege and duty of every member of the university community to pitch in and do their uttermost to make the tournament a success and a permanent institution.

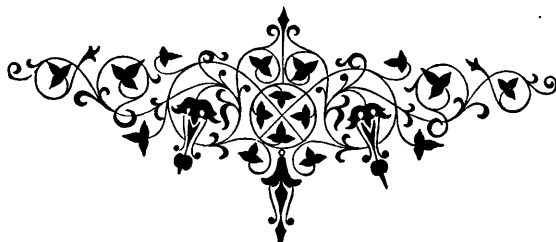
While primarily an athletic event, the coming tournament has a broader significance than that attached to pure sport. What interest, you ask, can the university as a whole have in this project? What purpose can an event of this sort serve except as a clearing house for high school athletic aspirations, which in themselves seem entirely outside our sphere of life. Listen. One, two, three and four years from now the youth who comes here as our guests on this occasion, will be here to take our places as permanent four-year citizens of the college community—maybe.

They surely will be here if we can show them that the University of Wisconsin can furnish them with what they are seeking. Every institution, be it a university or a business enterprise, must look to what might be called the clientele that will support it in the future. The high school pupils of the state and nation compose the clientele upon whom hinges the future of our university. It devolves upon us of the present generation to cultivate and hold for ourselves and posterity our resources of the future. Conservation of natural resources is a national problem. Conservation of human resources is a university problem.

The basketball meet, as planned, is in line with the progressive idea of the University of Wisconsin. It will carry one side of the university to the people of the state. Perhaps it will carry more than one side of university life back to the cities, towns, villages and farms of the commonwealth, nay even without the confines of the state, for the tournament is not local in its scope. The high school lads will be with us for three days. In that time, if our work is well done, a lasting and favorable impression of the University of Wisconsin will be the commodity carried away in exchange for our hospitality. First impressions last longest, and the impression made by any university upon the mind of a high school visitor is bound to show results at the following matriculation. Every year high school pupils of Wisconsin and surrounding states are lost to the University of Wisconsin for the simple reason that other institutions have entertained them; pointed out to them the advantages of as-

sociations in their respective spheres, and in the end induce them to matriculate. A highly desirable class of students lost through failure to take advantage of opportunities. Chicago has its distinctive interscholastic meet. Why should not Wisconsin have its distinctive interscholastic basketball tournament? High school basketball players are usually proficient in other branches of athletics. Rigid interscholastic requirements make it necessary for them to attend to the more important side of school life before they can represent their respective schools on the athletic field. What more can we of Wisconsin ask than "*mens sano in sano corpore.*"

The University of Wisconsin will, no doubt, be severely criticised by friends of Lawrence College for playing the part of the big dog in bullying the little terrier out of the bone. It will be said that the annual interscholastic track meet serves the purpose of bringing high school men to Madison to give them an opportunity to see the university. Our "oldest inhabitants" will confirm the statement that the Wisconsin interscholastic track meet has gone into a decline and no longer serves as a general university "rushing" stunt. While it may appear as if the university is poaching upon the preserves of the Appleton institution in taking over the state basketball championship tournament and converting it into an event of middle western importance, the end justifies the means. Where Lawrence fails, the University of Wisconsin has the facilities. The university wants the men. IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.



# Van Hutten

(The True Story of a Tall Dutchman Who Spoke French)

CHALMER B. TRAVER

Van Hutten stumbled up three flights of winding stairs. He did not notice that they twisted and turned, only that they went up—up—ever upward—and towards the place where he wanted to go. Reaching the top he turned down a long, low hall at the end of which twinkled a tiny red lamp of wrought iron that swayed on its bracket as he approached. Did the lamp really sway, or was it his own deceptive eyesight? Van Hutten had learned of late to disbelieve his senses. And when a man can no longer believe the senses which God gave him—what's the use? With a blind and desperate impulse he pounded on the door and waited. Pattering footsteps sounded within, then silence. Then followed more footsteps, those of a single person, cautious and light until they reached the door. Then more silence. Van Hutten had gone through the whole performance before, many times before, knew the system of the footsteps and silences by heart, and he waited patiently. The door finally opened, disclosing a brutish yellow face protruding from a fog of thin yellow smoke, at once repulsive and alluring to the nostrils. Then Van Hutten was caught into the smoke and the door closed and the tiny red lamp of wrought iron twinkled and swung gently on its bracket as before. It had witnessed many such disappearances into the smoke and yet its brightness remained undimmed.

It had been a dull Friday at the station. Perhaps the fact that it was the thirteenth of January as well as Friday accounted for the awful dearth of police news. Every phone call brought fresh hopes and every rush to the insistent instrument dashed them to the ground. A

half column of rather dull "feature stuff" from the police courts, a line or two from the morgue and the report of the police commissioners comprised, approximately, the contribution of the each man to his respective sheet up to noon. The short, wintry noon had lengthened into afternoon and, under the smoke that hung dead and low over the city, long shadows had already begun to creep over the hard packed, white snow in the streets.

Gathered around the table in the detectives' room we dealt and played our hands, with no prospect of anything more exciting until the forms closed at three-thirty—when it would be too late. The game was hearts, I remember, and the fact that I had been "stuck with the lady" or in common terms had taken the queen of spades for three successive hands only added to the ennui of the situation.

Then the phone bell buzzed again, insistently and shamelessly, and I rose to answer, throwing down my hand in disgust, without looking to see whether it contained the inevitable "lady" again. It was the desk sergeant downstairs talking this time.

"Ambulance call from 432 North street. Man found unconscious in alley. Go after it boys, go after it," Morgan urged facetiously. He knew of our plight. Ordinarily an ambulance call would pass unnoticed until the police report came in. There were generally dozens of such calls in a single day. This was the first one to-day, however, and probably the last chance for a story.

"Probably a guy frozen in a snow drift," said Halberman, cynically. But nevertheless we ended in taking the sergeant's suggestion and "got after it," pull-



ing on our coats as we clattered down the stairs. By a stroke of good fortune the auto ambulance came skidding around the corner from the barn as we left the station and Bill, the driver, good naturedly slowed up to let us pile in. Then away we flew, the chains on the drivers throwing the snow far out behind and the clanging gong making clear way through the congested traffic of the downtown streets through which we passed.

A crowd had already gathered at 432 North street, which only increased as the patrol took the corner on two wheels and stopped with a jerk in front of the house. It was lying crumbled up in a snow drift at the mouth of an alley adjoining the house, with a brown derby hat stuck grotesquely in the drift on one side and a smooth worn walking stick on the other. The snow was kicked up all around it, as if there might have been a fight. None of the crowd had as yet found courage to approach. Bill and the police surgeon and Halberman and I pulled the man out of the snow and got him into the ambulance on the stretcher and I jumped in after, telling the rest of the bunch to cover the scene of the happening for me while I covered the hospital end of the story—for it was getting near makeup time and minutes counted.

The man was fairly well groomed as far as clothes went. But he was only the ghost of a man at that. As we lifted him into the patrol he could not have weighed more than a hundred. His face, after we got him away from the staring crowd and I had opportunity of looking at him, seemed almost greenish in hue with lighter, whitish circles around the sunken eyes. And as we worked over him there in the rocking, swaying ambulance he began to gulp and sob, never opening his eyes. It was not a sight I like to remember, although one which I will never forget.

"Dope," said the hospital physician as soon as we had brought him in. I had surmised as much and had the story planned out before I heard the doctor's verdict.

It wasn't much of a story—not then. When I reached the station the others were waiting for me with their end of the

yarn. The tall blonde Dutchman had walked down North street, coming from apparently nowhere. As he approached the alley passersby noticed that he began walking in queer little zig-zags. Then, gripping his stick with both hands he had swung completely around and called "*Celeste!*" at the top of his shrill, cracked voice. Whereupon he drove headfirst into the snow, struggled violently a moment and then lay still. Some of the people that gathered thought he was drunk, some crazy, and none had dared approach him, perhaps because of the strange foreign word he had uttered, but more probably because of his face. As I said it was a face one would never forget.

The story, if there was one, obviously lay in the word "*Celeste*" whose significance none knew but the groaning and unconscious creature over at the hospital. And there were only twenty minutes before makeup time. We pieced it together as best we could and each gave it about three sticks in our papers—the story of a tall, distinguished looking foreigner, perhaps the scion of a noble family, drugged—possibly robbed—and far from home, in a strange city, without friends, who moaned unintelligible French adjectives as he lay unconscious in the hospital. It was a rather commonplace "mystery" story at the best. The morning men would get the story if there was one.

I went to sleep that night thinking of the tall blonde Dutchman who spoke French and whose face was green in the fading sunlight of the winter afternoon. I was surprised to find no "follow-up" in the morning papers and soon discovered the reason. There was nothing new. The man was still unconscious and the doctors gave small hope of his recovery.

"Rotten system. Rotten clear through—with dope," they told me at the hospital. I asked to see him. A nurse led me to the psychopathic ward—that reserved for insane and delirious patients—and left me alone with the man. He appeared even thinner than yesterday, although the greenish tint had almost left his face, having been superseded by a uniform whiteness. As I looked he gulped and opened his eyes.

"*Celeste!*" he whispered. I looked wari-

ly around. The room was empty. Here was a story at first hand if the hospital force left me alone long enough. Then I turned back to him. His eyes were still open, although totally lacking in expression.

"Celeste what," I asked bluntly.

"Celeste, that's all," he answered in the surprised and rather hurt tone of a spoiled child. I was amazed at the commonplace English words.

"Who are you?" I asked, trying another tack. It was the strangest interview I had ever conducted.

"Me? Van Hutten's my name," he introduced himself frankly. "But what—where—" he broke off and scanned the room with a vague questioning.

"You're all right," I hastened to assure him. "Now tell me what or who is this *Celeste*. You see we're——" It was cruel to goad him and I realized it too late.

"*Celeste!*" he screamed, "*My Celeste!*" and fell unconscious, groaning. The scream brought the doctors and nurses.

"Your patient is regaining consciousness, I believe," I explained rather shamefacedly to the first one and gracefully withdrew while they fell to work over him.

That afternoon I called again and was glad to find Van Hutten much better, having asked to see me in fact. The doctors gave us half an hour, all that the man's strength would allow, and I put it to the best use.

Van Hutten had himself been a reporter at one time, I found out. But he possessed the ambitions of most of us to rise higher. He passed through the stages of special assignment work, Sunday supplement work, and finally into the goal of his ambitions, foreign correspondence, having been sent to Paris by one of the New York papers to get "inside" of things that the associated press often fell down on. Exciting indeed was the life he led in the gay metropolis for two years. But the excitement proved his ruin. For one night after a long interview with a world diplomat he had resorted to a sedative to quiet his tingling nerves before getting his stuff ready to cable. The effect was all that could be desired. Even the reserved home of-

fice congratulated him on the clearness and compactness of that story. Often, after that, he resorted to the stuff which never failed to bring that clearness and compactness. True he sometimes suffered a headache the next morning, but only after the result of his labors had been rolled off the thundering presses across the Atlantic by tens of thousands and sent broadcast over the country—his own country which was proud to read his work. But somehow, as time went on, the headaches grew worse while his stuff did not materially improve, in fact became perceptibly inferior to his earlier efforts.

"Then I thought I needed a rest," said Van Hutten. "I began going to the theaters often and frequenting the cafes in search of diversion and relaxation. But the circle always ended where it began—in the pink box in my medicine chest." He paused wearily and remained silent a moment. Time was valuable and after a moment's silence I asked softly.

"And about *Celeste*? You haven't told me about that yet."

"I was coming to that," he said, "I might as well tell you now—as later. Then he told me, with many breaks, his story, an old story, but as ever important in the shaping of human destinies. He told me how a newspaper friend had introduced him to a young French actress—she was scarcely more than a girl—how he had seen much of her after that. He told of gay supper parties after the theater, long rides and drives in the afternoons—and always the girl. Then came a time when the stock company with which she played broke up in the middle of the season and she was left—stranded in Paris and with little money for, like all young actresses, she was poor. About that time Van Hutten's paper ordered him back, without giving a reason. He wondered if they didn't like his work or if it was just because they thought he would be more valuable on the other side. Experience had taught him that cablegrams are expensive and reasons are left until later for the sake of brevity. He hated to leave Paris and he hated to leave the girl—but he hated more to quit the paper which had helped him to the very top

of the journalistic ladder. Then an idea that allured him in its very daringness came to him, an idea whereby he could keep both the girl and his job. He would take her back with him and get one of his manager friends to give her a position in New York. He realized that her talents were not exceptional, but she might make good in musical comedy or in vaudeville. He would be her press agent and guardian and then—as soon as he could find a rock of comparative firmness in the changing, deceptive newspaper sea—they would be married. It was the romance of a newspaper man—the romance he had often planned for himself. He asked her, she consented, and a few days later they sailed.

And then briefly Van Hutten told how the position had been secured, how she had risen to fame in the comic opera world and how—this with an occasional catch in his voice—she had finally married the very manager to whom he had introduced her on their first day in New York and under whose admiring eye she had risen to success. Perhaps it had been his—Van Hutten's—fault. He had purposely avoided the subject of marriage, thinking to wait until he was in shape to support a queen as she should be supported—but had she not told him that she understood and would wait. Perhaps she was fickle—but he had loved her—and love is blind to many things.

"And *Celeste*?" I asked, "was that her name?"

"No, but I always called her that—*Celeste*—heavenly—and she was heavenly," answered Van Hutten with a far away look in his eyes, as if he caught for an instant a brief glimpse of the heaven he had known.

Then he told very briefly how the pink box from the druggist's had come to take *Celeste*'s place, how he had even sought farther and found the poppy with the new life it opened up for its victims—the life of dreams. Then followed his discharge from his paper, after an absence of a week. That was the beginning of the end. He admitted to me there in the dim light of the psychopathic ward that he had since resorted to fawning, begging and even robbery to gain the stuff which had come to mean his life.

"And I am weak—weak!" he kept repeating over and over again until his eyes closed. But he aroused himself once more with a spasmodic effort.

"You are a reporter and I know why you are here," he said. "Go ahead and print your story. It may do some other poor devil some good. You can even leave *Celeste* in if you want to. No one ever knew her by that name but myself. Then he closed his eyes and I tiptoed out. Rushing back to the office I wrote, wrote, wrote for it was late, and the copy boy fairly pulled the sheets from my machine as they were finished.

When the other fellows read my story and found out about Van Hutten they began to drop in and see him and the experiences which he recounted never failed to interest even the overstimulated and cynical minds of the reporters. We also found that he had written several books, which each of us surreptitiously got from the library and read after the forms went downstairs. We made up a purse and had meals brought in for Van Hutten, such as the city hospital had seldom seen. And gradually he came back to strength and new resolve to start all over again. When he was discharged we got him a place as assistant to the associated press representative in our town. Things went well for over a month.

"I will never see *Celeste* again probably," he confided in me one day. "I don't want to see her, but perhaps—there will be—another, some time—if I cut out the dope." And he set out manfully preparing to meet that "other."

But all the time he had the air of a vague waiting, a waiting for something to happen—something which did not come and which seemed to surprise him in that it did not. We thought he was short of funds and we lent to him. His pay was probably lower than any of us were getting and he spent the most freely. But he always repaid conscientiously when "the ghost walked" on Mondays.

Then one drizzling March night it happened. I was sitting in the station with some of the morning men when a patrol call came in. We heard Bill run the auto out of the barn behind the station, then throw in the clutch and go speeding away. And he brought back—Van Hutten, wild

and staring, and charged with passing a forged check for two dollars at a downtown drug store in exchange for one dollar's worth of cocaine. Although he was delirious from the effect of the drug, which he must have taken immediately, he recognized us and confessed all between wracking gulps and sobs such as I had heard him give vent to that first day in the ambulance. And in his pocket the sergeant found a pink box containing six white cocaine tablets.

"I didn't have any money," choked Van Hutten, "I could have gone without the money but I couldn't go any longer without the pills—and I wasn't going to borrow money from you fellows to get them."

They wouldn't accept bail at the sta-

tion. The man was too wild and too far gone to be trusted outside. So they put him behind the bars, weeping and laughing—long horrible peals of laughter that drove us out of the cell room and out of the station—we who had known him.

The next morning when the turnkey went around with the breakfasts he found Van Hutten lying crumpled up on his cell floor as he had found him crumpled up in the snow drift on that Friday afternoon. Only this time he was all cold and did not gasp when they picked him up.

"Dope," was the decision of the police surgeon, and perhaps he was right. But men *have* been known to die of a broken heart.

## The Women

JEREMIAH

*For their beauty of form and of face,  
Their glorious crowns of hair,  
For the lure of their bodies' grace,  
We love them—and lo! They are fair.*

*"Beware," you say, "beware?"*

*Soft are their clinging arms  
Around the neck of a man,  
And the red lips' kiss—how it warms  
The blood in the heart of a man!*

*They are good for the eyes to see,  
To love is good for the soul.  
Though the others were scorched, shall we flee  
The glorious fire's red roll?*

*"Ware toll," you say, "ware toll?"*

*Sweet are their nestling hands  
Within the hands of a man,  
And his love is worth more than lands  
In counting the wealth of a man.*

*In the works that we men have wrought—  
And many indeed there are—  
For their praise alone we have sought,  
By the light of Life's sneering star.*

*"Hold hard," you say, "they bar?"*

*Strong are their smiling eyes  
To rouse the good in a man,  
And their faith, that never quite dies,  
Can make a Man of a man.*

# The Athletic Situation at Wisconsin

EDWARD AND HENRY COCHEMS

For the past decade the athletic situation at Wisconsin has been unsettled and the average result of its activities uncertain and unsatisfactory. It has been a period of unrest with its accompanying spirit of investigation and criticism. This state of affairs is not peculiar to our university over that of other large educational centers except in so far that there appears to be a more determined effort to solve it. The problem includes within its scope the entire field of athletics as administered in educational institutions.

The superficial consideration it has attracted in the past, dealing as it has with the success or defeat in intercollegiate games and its attendant evils of professional charges, proselyting, ineligibility, unnatural excitement, scholastic indifference, etc., are the results of an artificial and unwholesome system. After mature consideration it is not strange to me that the Faculty have opposed with practically a solid front the continuance of a system so extravagant and so unnatural. Many of them, not perceiving a way to its solution, and being on the whole inexperienced, have even advocated its abolition. I am glad, that unlike many other institutions, we will not let the pot boil down but will persist in rekindling fire until the problem is ultimately decided.

There are three elements that are deeply interested in the success of this department of the university, the Faculty, the Alumni and the Student Body. Should we solve the problem every institution in the land will applaud our action. However, to bring this about we must get together. At present we have not heeded St. Paul's advice. Distrust, recrimination

and a lack of faith prevails. For my part I am sure that every one interested in the subject has the best interests of the university at heart. Ten years ago, the proposition I am about to offer, was as foreign to my mind as perhaps it now is to many who persist in the ideas of another day. I want those who have patience enough to read this article to do so unprejudiced, and I will in turn gladly read theirs with my mind ready for conviction.

It is easy to understand how difficult it is for the three elements to come together on a common basis and arrive at a common understanding when you realize that to a greater or less degree the Faculty represent theory, the Alumni practice and the Student Body sentiment. Yet on the other hand there should result from the fusion of the products of these minds a beautiful and symmetrical system.

The Faculty is the permanent body in active charge of the university work and always will be held responsible. They should so adjust matters that the Alumni will be represented at least in an advisory capacity. The students should have a voice in all deliberations. The balance of power must be with the Faculty. It would not pay to invest the students or Alumni with control since the students are too young and inexperienced and the Alumni are never in direct touch. Nevertheless the balance of power should be nicely adjusted, otherwise an impractical policy might result. All elements must be represented to insure obligations, which will insure responsibility. Without responsibility, indifference results, followed by decay. Once the students and

Alumni become indifferent the whole machinery begins to rust and the university declines.

For athletics is the one activity that is common to all and forges more than anything else the links that hold us to the university. The problems in mathematics, our essays on history, economics, etc., were disciplinary and theoretical and have no longer a place in the practical Alumni world. Athletics, however, are always fresh and keeps us constantly interested through the press of at least one phase of college life. The student conference was one move that deserves praise. While they are not so well armed as the Faculty to map out a policy and administer it nevertheless they are the most vitally interested body.

The value of athletic training is no longer a subject of debate; outdoor exercise is conceded to be better than indoor. Every student has a right to expect physical attention to the end that he will be developed not drilled. If one class of students receive attention to the detriment of another the system is wrong. The administration must include within its scope the entire student body. Calisthenics and setting up exercises twice a week are inadequate. A more vigorous system must prevail.

The plan I wish to expound is simple, economical and practical. The nicety of details can be worked out later. In the beginning it must be compulsory to some extent, ultimately it will work out on a voluntary basis through the factors of competition and incentive. The university is singularly located with its fields, woods, hills and water. This is the great campus that has been overlooked and never adequately utilized. The gymnasium, already too small for the needs, would become a mere dressing room except during unfavorable weather. Every student should come directly under the scrutiny of the director of athletics and his assistants, upon registration. Their history, in regard to athletics, should be noted and recorded. They should then be examined for physical defects and defirmities and classed accordingly. A working plan should be formulated with regard to games, contest, exercises and seasons so

that at the end of four years the student would be symmetrically developed.

Wrestling, boxing and gymnastics would be some of the winter sports as well as hockey, skating and basketball. Rowing, baseball, track, soccer, rugby, walking, running, tennis, etc., would constitute a part of the outdoor life. Records of each student's ability and capacity would be filed. The margin of the three lakes could be especially utilized in walking and running. Five hundred or a thousand students as well as one or two could walk around Monona and then Mendota as they developed endurance. Later on marathons could be planned for 10 miles and 25 around the lakes. Instead of a few men receiving all the attention on the water why couldn't the great majority be developed. I would rather see 100 gigs with 900 students sweating from work in the development of their physical body than one varsity 8 that could win the race at Poughkeepsie. Every student could learn to swim in back of the gymnasium during the early fall and in the late spring.

Obstacle races from the gymnasium to the bridge and back or farther could be permanently established and medals awarded for records. Test strength records between Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, etc., in which 1,000 or more students partook could be established, giving every one a chance to do something for his school. This would also apply to marathon runs, etc. The aggregate capacity of the entire student body would thus be fitted against the other colleges. From these few ideas I am sure a general and comprehensive system could be evolved which would include the entire student body. The details could be carefully worked out and a permanent system established. In this manner and this alone can the scope of athletics be widened on sane principles and general good result.

From this great mass of developing students the varsity star would naturally evolve. It would not be necessary to induce or proselyte players to join the team. There would be no room for professionals. The honor of being on the varsity team would be jealousy guarded. To play in

the intercollegiate matches would be the highest aim of the majority of students.

It would be an economical system since students could be placed in charge of squads on the merit system as in the army.

In detail let us take up the exercise of rowing. In the boat one develops the back, arm and leg muscles quickly. The internal organs are likewise strengthened. It is by far the best exercise for general results that exists. Instead of as at present 100 or more students training for the varsity eights and the fours then having the squad cut down to 25 or 30 just as they begin to develop and the opportunity lost, in fact absolutely cut off, why not have 100 gigs with 8 or 16 men rowing at the same time. Wouldn't this be more

likely in the end to turn out varsity stars, enhance our chances at Poughkeepsie and be a general good? Could not the varsity men be placed in charge of these various boats or gigs as coxswains and direct the work. Think of the wonderful result; every student getting a valuable development and at no especial cost to the university. Don't you think that the Faculty would favor such a widening of the scope of athletics? It would be a grand sight to see such a flotilla of boats and realize that at last all the students and the very ones that need it most and not the favored few, were being properly constructed on physical lines. This would also be true of swimming, skating, class games, walking, etc.

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## Farewell

C. B. T.

*"Farewell," The spoken word was scarcely heard,  
Spoken or breathed 'twas not for me to tell,  
But sleepy bird and honeysuckle vine  
And star specked sky all clamored loud, "Farewell."*

*"Farewell," she whispered in my waiting ear,  
Her hair against my cheek, her hands in mine.  
The brooding stillness caught the stifled sound  
And bore it swiftly from her lips divine.*

*And then the whole enshrouded universe,  
With thousand tongues that whisper in the night,  
Brought back the word with echoed magnitude,  
That startled with grim emphasis and might.*

*"Farewell," But then 'tis only for a day—  
A day—a year, for time is swift in flight.  
And at the year's end she will come again  
To reawake the echoes of the night.*

## Rose of Sharon

ZOPHAR

*Where the rivers run to the sea  
And lordly cities stand,  
The green trees grow and soft winds blow—  
Good is God's land!  
Rose of Sharon, the desert winds blow  
O'er my land of dead things, o'er my wastes of sand,  
My dreams are dust that they blow!*

*In the waveless sea of the sky,  
The white sailed cloud-ships drift,  
With none to ride and none to guide—  
God's ships are swift!  
Rose of Sharon, I would I could ride  
In the drift of the sky, with the world wind's lift,  
And be again at your side.*

*Would you lay your hand in my hand,  
If I were with you now,  
Nor ever heed the loveless creed  
To which They bow?  
Rose of Sharon, oh, why should we heed,  
In the now the blown chaff of a broken vow  
And torture our hearts till they bleed.*

*For the color, life and delight  
Of earth are fair to see.  
Oh, all her all—her wine and gall—  
Are dear to me.  
Rose of Sharon, our love is our all—  
What may be, let it bide, throw them wide—make free  
Your heart's shut doors to Love's call!*



# The Nature of the Beast

R. McT. F.

It is pretty generally agreed in Prof. O'Shea's classes and other wise places that, quite apart from their standing as individuals, groups of people have their little manners and customs just as groups. Whereby hang many history courses. Now letting the customs go for the benefit of Sphinx scribes and Junior Play aspirants, it is our purpose here to touch on the manners of the student body.

Far be it from us to say with the cheaply cynical that you can't touch on what doesn't exist. Manners are not only things that some few students as individuals seem to have a bowing acquaintance with; in wildly enthusiastic moments one is almost led to assert that as a body the students do know one or two manners by sight. No girl in this Varsity ever opens a heavy outside door for herself, unless she hits there about the same time with a prof, in which case she naturally opens it for herself and him too. Then too observation has led ye scribe to conclude that although 49 out of every 50 Wisconsin studes smoke on the street, and the 50th is usually a Normalite, 48 out of the 49 remove their smokes from their faces previous to doffing their skimmers to the ladies. There is sense as well as breeding in the custom; Julius Caesar himself couldn't give adequate attention to a pipeful of Duke's Mixture and a Wisconsin coed at the same time.

But when you have given the stude body credit for these two manners you have given it about all that is coming to it; besides, as Prof. Dodge frequently insinuates in Advanced Comp, it does people most good to be told of their failings. Let us proceed then, and frankly own that although the common stude may be

a compendium of all the virtues in his home town, a blessing in disguise in the class-room, and of more use to the state at large than the shower-baths to the Short Course, on the streets of Madison he is an unmitigated nuisance. His habit of forming himself into processions and blockades on the sidewalk is alone enough to make the innocent bystander, shoved up to his neck in the morass between the gym and the Y. M., rise up and call his name several things. Nor is the coed so blameless in this respect as in that of giving encouragement to new Social Committee rules. Five queens, linked arm in arm, their hands in their muffs and their elbows spread, take up a wider space on the sidewalk than the University Club ever shovels.

The queens have one pleasant little habit that is all their own. When some gentle bean is lecturing on the aborigines in the moon, and showing lantern slides that are supposed to keep his audience, if not spell-bound, at least awake, it is very sad for the earnest Normalite to find himself planted behind a debonair lady crowned with a neat little museum containing specimens of most extant animals and vegetables. Of course, the Normalite can ask the queen to remove the offending headgear. Gentle reader, have you ever tried it?

But if there is one place on earth where the Wisconsin stude spreads himself in all his glory, it is at the Libe. An unsophisticated Freshman occasionally hits Madison with the idea planted in his cranium that the Libe is a place where the stude should be seen and not heard. It doesn't take him long to blow that bubble out of his think tank. The Libe

is a place where coeds can go evenings to hold informal levees; Saturday morning is by general consent sacred to enthusiastic members of Hill debating societies, who are supposed to discuss things across the tables loud enough to show that their lungs need no attention from Dr. Ravenel. Annexed to the reading room are the stacks, which furnish a convenient retreat for seniors and graduate students to tell jokes that are a bit too exotic for the common air, and are provided with metal bookshelves that in skillful hands may be made to give a very fair imitation of cymbals.

The earnest stude of Lib&-going habits may in time get to the point where he does not mind noise; where he can bear

up under the four-ply squelches of the attendants at the desk for forgetting to sign his call slips; where he even forgives the individual who keeps a string on a Med. Hist. book by putting it on the Pashcology shelves. But while he has olfactory nerves in his nose, where they belong, and responds to the reactions given in Chapter two of Allen's "Physiological Aesthetics," he will neither forgive nor forget the stude whose past smokes may be perceived four tables off, nor his cousin-german, the sort of coed who is followed about by the odor of bad perfumery as the automobile is tagged by the gasoline whiff.

The moral? Well, suppose we leave the moral to George Hill.

## The White Man's Virtue

VIDAE NECIO

*In the White Man's host of his virtues white,  
That we gloat upon on each gala day,  
And brag about in our little way,  
Which one, say you, sheds the strongest light  
And keeps the throne for all our breed?  
What else, but our ancient and mighty greed?  
Our greed is great, we have had it long,  
It gilds all our sins, and it cloaks the wrong  
We do—when we need someone else's land  
And write our claims with murderous hand.*

*And our heels are ground on the Black Man's breast,  
Our hands are grasping the Mongol's throat,  
The Malay bows to the law we wrote,  
From the grudging hand of his one-time guest  
The Red Man crawls in fear to feed—  
For the White Man rules by right of his greed,  
The land whercon we may set a foot  
Is ours, for the sake of the rule and loot.  
The off-colored sons of the earth must heed  
The jeweled crown and sceptre of greed.*

*Not the sturdy will that may never fail,  
Nor the subtle brain, nor the cunning hand,  
Nor patient toiling to till the land,  
Nor reckless longing God's seas to sail,  
Have raised the White Man, nor his creed,  
But only his ceaseless, insatiate greed.  
The greed for gold and the greed for land,  
The greed for the might of the ruling hand,  
The greed for a home and its things of worth  
Have made the White Man lord of the earth.*

# The Hundredth Man

ELIZABETH F. CORBETT

Midday June sunlight made the slope of the hill luminous, and the shadow of the great oak trees that stood on three sides of the house very dark by contrast. But toward the west, where the land was treeless halfway to the horizon, a fair breeze sprang up sometimes and, blowing over the stone-walled garden that had been Dr. Weber's pride in his later years, carried the scent of roses and the spicy, old-fashioned odor of grass-pinks up to the vine-covered veranda where the doctor's two daughters sat at luncheon.

The elder of the girls, Phoebe, was a small thin woman, verging toward perpetual spinsterhood and harmless nullity of character. Her business in life was her irreproachable housekeeping, her religion the ardent guardianship of her father's memory. She was very much in awe of her half-sister Andria, but her affection for the girl was unquestionable.

Andria was the sort of woman who is more apt to inspire affection than to feel it. She was twenty-eight, imperturbable in manner, distinctly Anglo-Saxon in features and coloring, rather under the medium height, but splendidly made. She was a fine horsewoman, and knew a great deal about dogs. Men liked her better than women did, but so far no man had ever been able to say that she liked him.

Now she sat and looked out over the country with unseeing eyes. The ghost of a smile hovered about her lips, a mere reflection of the beauty of the visible world. Phoebe's eyes dwelt on her lovingly.

"A wonderful day, Andria," she commented finally from behind the tea-service.

Andria nodded silently, but did not look at her. "What are you going to do this afternoon?" Phoebe asked.

"What makes you think that I am going to do anything in particular?" parried her sister.

"Oh, the pricking of my thumbs," said Phoebe smiling. "I always have that pricking when you have promised to spend any part of a day with me. You know you said you'd read German to me this evening, so I suspect occupation on your part this afternoon—masculine occupation, I mean, of course."

"Your presentiment is justified this time," said Andria answering her smile. "I am going riding this afternoon with Professor Franklin."

Phoebe's lips puckered ominously. "Now, Andria," she said half seriously, "I am afraid that you're beginning to get in your fine work on that young man."

"On James?" asked Andria with genuine surprise.

"James is only a man, and rather an inexperienced one at that," insisted Phoebe gently.

"Oh, no! a man is a man, and James is James," said Andria with irresistible logic. Then with a sudden amused chuckle she added, "From a purely impersonal standpoint there's nothing I'd rather see than James in love. The comic effect would be great."

She rose from the table and went indoors, and Phoebe followed. As she was making ready to go upstairs half an hour later Andria came down dressed for riding and stopped her. "I'll begin that German book, if you like, while I'm waiting for James," she said. "Let's sit down here in the hall where it's cool."

She seated herself near the open front door and began to read aloud. Phoebe interrupted her once to say "What a splendid German accent you have, Andria. It used to give dear father so much pleasure."

"Yes," said Andria sweetly. "Many's the afternoon I've spent in father's study acquiring that splendid accent when I should have preferred to be out racing over the fields."

She resumed her reading, and Phoebe sat watching her. The elder woman's interest in modern German drama was slight enough, but Andria was a pet book that she could at all times pore over. Now she let her eyes travel lingeringly over Andria, trim and jaunty in her green riding-suit, and contrasted her mentally with Professor Franklin. She wondered that Andria could not see what appeared to her a perfectly obvious conclusion, and tried to gather her resources for an attack on her sister's obtuseness.

Professor Franklin came up the drive presently, and Andria put down her book and went to the stable for her horse. Phoebe went out of doors to greet the visitor. He was a thin, stooping, near-sighted young man, profoundly conscious of his own hands and feet, and horribly abashed before any woman. There was something very likable about him, though, and Phoebe felt her heart warm to him a little as she stood beside the horse-block and talked to him. Andria came cantering up presently, and Franklin got to horse again and followed her down the drive.

It was a wonderful day in spite of the heat, and Andria, glad to be astride a horse and in company with a man she felt an unconstrained liking for, though his riding was not of the best, talked and laughed and hummed little snatches of song; even Phoebe would hardly have known her, she was so gay.

It was not until late that they turned their horses' heads homeward, and it was sunset when they came up the drive. Phoebe, watching from the veranda, saw Andria lean a little bit in her saddle and flick James with the lash of her whip squarely in the face; she saw his expression when Andria did it, and her trouble of mind increased so that she almost blamed her sister.

Her uneasiness was so great that after dinner she took a step that was very unusual in their relation—a step the like of which she had not attempted since Andria was in short frocks.

They were sitting in the library after dinner, and Andria was getting on famously with the German play, when

Phoebe suddenly interrupted her. "Andria dear," she said, "would you mind putting the book down for a few minutes and letting me talk to you?"

Andria, surprised at her tone but cheerfully acquiescent, laid down her book and waited.

"I think you know a lot more about things in general than I do," began Phoebe hurriedly. "You're a great deal cleverer than I am, I know, Andria, and I'm not taking a big sister's privilege of censuring. But there are some things that my position on the outside gives me, a view that you can't get, and I know that at any rate you'll take what I have to say——"

She hesitated nervously. Andria looked at her in rather mocking good-humor. "Go on, Phoebe," she said. "Is it jam pots or tree-climbing or some other youthful peccadillo that has lasted over?"

"It's a man," Phoebe blurted out. "It's James Franklin."

Andria's laugh echoed infectiously through the room. "James!" she exclaimed. "It might better be the jam pots, sister. I haven't James on my conscience in the least."

"You ought to have," interjected Phoebe eagerly. "You do amuse yourself with men, Andria, but you never have been conscienceless about these things, and I don't want you to begin now."

"Phoebe Weber," said Andria, folding her arms on the edge of the table, "every woman who has, like me, frittered away most of her days on the other sex from an innate inability to do anything more profitable—every ordinary woman of my very ordinary sort knows, whether she formulates her knowledge or not, that ninety-nine men out of every hundred belong primarily to one class or the other, the men we fall in love with, or the men who fall in love with us. But James is the hundredth man—the man it's possible to have for a friend, without danger of anything happening on either side. I am wise enough to appreciate anything as rare as James, I hope."

"When is he coming again?" asked Phoebe with unexpected diplomacy.

"Tomorrow night," answered Andria.

"Do you really think that as busy a man

as Professor Frankin finds time to come clear over from Stoneditch two or three times a week to see a girl that he thinks of merely as a friend?" asked Phoebe.

"It does him good to get away from his everlasting work," insisted Andria. "Besides, he's going to bring me a book on soils."

For answer Phoebe only pointed at their reflection in the mirror over the mantel-piece. Andria in her dinner-dress, her bright hair shimmering in the lamplight and her expression eager and alert, was, she could not herself help seeing, a woman eminently likely to be the object of average masculine desire. She flushed and her mouth set stubbornly; Phoebe was saved from a biting retort only by Andria's being called to the telephone.

"It was Crane Whitney," she said drily when she came back. "He landed here from England today, and wants to see us as soon as he can. I told him to come out to dinner day after tomorrow, if that suits you. He is among the doubtful ninety-nine, you understand." She resumed her reading, and painful subjects lapsed.

Andria had recovered her temper the next morning, and in the evening she met Franklin just as usual. They disappeared to the kennels presently to see a ribbon-winning dog that had arrived home that day, and Phoebe heard their voices in the garden afterward.

About ten o'clock the elder sister, sitting alone in her bed-room, heard Andria go quickly and uncertainly down the hall, fumble at her own door and enter her room. She waited for the girl to come in, as she always did, to tell about her evening, but Andria did not come. At eleven Phoebe took her candle and went to her sister's room. There was no answer to her knock, so she pushed open the door and entered.

Andria, seated on the floor by the open window, looked up at her with hard, bright eyes. Phoebe set down her candle and looked back in silence. Andria's glance defied her for a moment, then fell. "It came tonight, Phoebe," she said slowly. "You were right and I was wrong."

Phoebe seated herself, and Andria began slowly to undress. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and began to sob tearlessly. "To see him standing

there!" she burst out. "To see him standing there—with that look on his face, and his eyes like a hungry dog's, pleading with me as if he were pleading for his life—"

She shook back her hair and turned to her mirror. "I've refused other men," she said more calmly. "I've even set out to captivate them when I knew that I was going to refuse them—but some men challenge you so! I never—I'm trying to justify myself now, and I know that I can't be justified, but oh, sister! you know I never meant to hurt him."

Phoebe slept in Andria's room that night, and it was daybreak before the younger woman closed her eyes. She was wan and quiet in the morning, and it was a chastened Andria who greeted Crane Whitney on his eager entrance into the drawing-room.

She was not herself during the meal, but the dinner went off very well, Phoebe congratulated herself. Whitney was in brilliant spirits, and Phoebe herself was beaming, in spite of the trouble she saw in Andria's eyes. The man was so thoroughly the sort of person that Phoebe admired, and so much Andria's match, that the elder sister caught her own glance traveling inquiringly from one to the other of her table companions more than once.

If Crane Whitney had known how Phoebe felt toward him he would have congratulated himself on the possession of an ally, for he had made a startling discovery in England, totally foreign to the business which took him there, and he only waited for a suitable moment to tell Andria about it.

Had he been in any condition to observe Andria accurately, he would have known that that evening was decidedly not the proper time to speak out what was in his mind. But speak he did, when he found himself alone with her for a few minutes after dinner; and he spoke very much to the point, hurriedly, passionately, almost eloquently. Andria listened quietly, not without eagerness, until he put out his hands and seized hers. Five minutes later he left the house with his brain in a turmoil, and Andria stood where he had left her and tugged at her handkerchief until she tore it clean across.

The next day she wrote a letter to Pro-

fessor Franklin. She showed it to Phoebe when it was finished, and the latter was thunder-struck. "You can't do that Andria," she cried. "You don't love him."

"Love!" said the younger sister angrily. "Heaven knows I wish there wasn't any such thing. I wish we were all of one sex. I wish—— What do I care whether I love him or not? I've wronged him, though I did it innocently enough. I'll try to be a good wife to him, Phoebe."

Phoebe only surmised the Crane Whitney episode, but even in the light of what she did know her heart was very heavy for Andria that summer. By main strength of will the girl succeeded in making herself an agreeable fiancee, but Phoebe knew that she was not happy nor even contented.

James took his place as Andria's future husband quite naturally, and even with a sort of dignity, but they were obviously an ill-assorted couple. Their very appearance together would have caused Phoebe misgivings, or the sound of Andria's creamy voice and crisp enunciation followed by James' thin drawl. But James himself had no misgivings; Andria's promise once given he rested secure in it, and was radiantly happy in her presence, and absolutely unobservant. If he felt her turn cold when he kissed her, he reflected from the depths of his ignorance that it was only the up-rising of the maiden in her.

Their wedding was set for the new year, and Andria alternately hurried on and retarded her preparations. Sometimes she longed to have it all over, and assured herself that once they were married quiet would come; sometimes she dreaded the approach of the day as the end of all earthly happiness.

One Sunday in September, after she had spent a restless night, James came over to spend the day. Andria, half sick, irritable, nightmare-ridden, finally turned him over to Phoebe about the middle of the afternoon, and went off on horseback by herself. These solitary gallops were getting to be the main relief of her life. Even today she felt much better when she had ridden for an hour, and presently she dismounted to lead her horse over a field and get a short-cut home. At the farther

side of the enclosure, leaning on the fence and looking idly before him, stood Crane Whitney. She had not seen him since the night when she refused him.

Her first instinct was to pass him by without speaking; then she thought better of it, drew off her gauntlet and held out her hand.

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Crane," she said, trying to speak naturally.

"No. I haven't even wished you happiness," he replied.

"You do, for custom's sake?" she asked, shifting the bridle to her other hand. She looked down as she did so, and Crane, studying her face with her guard off, noting with a curious mixture of feelings how subdued she was, suddenly lost control of himself; he seized her in his arms and kissed her again and again. He felt with a throb of delight that she kissed him hotly back. And then as suddenly as it had begun his exaltation ceased; he released her, and they stood looking at each other. Crane, fearfully abashed as he began to realize what he had done, was mute. Andria presently turned away and mounted, and then he once more took the upper hand, stood at her stirrup and said, "I am coming tomorrow, Andria."

She did not acquiesce, but she did not refuse. She looked at him once, then set her horse at a canter and went straight toward home.

She was quiet when she got there, and fully determined as to what to do. She found James in the garden, and in short, jerky sentences told him what had happened that morning. There was silence when she had finished, until she burst out, "Don't look at me that way! I can't help it, I tell you. I've been trying and trying, all these past miserable months I've been trying, to make myself believe that I might just as well care for you as for him. I can't do it, and I'm only doing you an injustice to try any longer."

He took a deep breath and spoke slowly, "I suppose you're right."

From the height of her own passion he seemed to her even in his suffering tame and rather pitiful. There was another pause, and her thoughts flew to the man

over yonder in the fields. Rather ashamed of herself she forced her mind back to James. A great wave of pity swept involuntarily over her, and she looked at him with kind sad eyes from which the fire was all gone. He understood that look, and like a flash it cleared up the past for him and opened a way for the future. He held out his hand. "At least we shall always be the best of friends, Andria," he said.

Andria, greatly relieved but tremendously puzzled to know what sort of man this was, searched his face to see if he were merely trying to carry off the situation, and then, evidently gratified by what she found there, gave him her hand. "Always, the best of friends," she said heartily. And there flashed ironically into her mind the words with which she had once attempted to reassure Phoebe: "James is the hundredth man—the man it's possible to have for a friend."

## A State Printing Plant For Wisconsin

CARL H. JUERGENS

The printing budget of Wisconsin is now one of the highest items of state expenditure, yet no other state work has worse provision made for it. During several years past there has been not a little criticism of this condition. The criticism of the press naturally came from the larger newspapers of the state outside of Madison. The Free Press of November 13, 1907, derides "A Slow Poke of a Printing Office," which got out the Blue Book ten months behind time and the Secretary of State's Report eighteen months behind time, so that his second report was ready before the first one was printed. They assigned as cause for this delay that the state printer was first attending to his jobbing work to the detriment of the *sure thing* state contract.

The Secretary of State, in his last report, shows an increase in the printing bills of the state from \$45,738 in 1903, to \$128,339 in 1908, or more than two hundred and eighty per cent in the six years. He says regarding the rates at which the state printing is done: "The maximum rate fixed by statute is in excess of any known payments that have been made privately or publicly, and the dis-

count of sixty-two per cent from maximum legal rates in the printing contract for 1907 and 1908 average about thirty per cent higher than the contract rates for 1905 and 1906 between the state and the successful bidder. The new contract let by the commission for 1909 and 1910 is sixty-three and one-third per cent below the maximum legal rate and slightly lower than the last preceding contract."

The last legislature authorized the various state departments to cut down all not absolutely necessary expenses. Although several bills bearing on the matter have been introduced from time to time, this is all that the legislature has ever accomplished toward bettering the established condition of state printing. At the last legislative session the Typographical Union of Milwaukee, without any apparent result, agitated against the present laws by which our state printing is done and advocated the adoption of a state printing plant.

Several years ago Treasurer Dahl of the State Printing Commission, which is supposed to know all about the condition of public printing in this state, was scored by the state printer, The Madison Demo-

crat, for advancing his view that "the State of Wisconsin is paying exorbitant sums for public printing," and suggesting that the legislature should "change the law governing state printing so that the present extravagant and wasteful system can be supplanted with one that will save approximately \$75,000 for every biennial period." In a page editorial the Democrat demonstrated that it was losing money by its contract with the state and teasingly averred that it would be forced to bid higher the next time. It is at least comforting to note, as just quoted from the report of the Secretary of State, that they did not quite fulfill this threat.

Our honored contemporary, The Sphinx, in its opening editorial of this year meant to be serious when it, too, advocated a university printing plant. The Democrat must have considered this a joke, or it might have been expected that the poor Sphinx would also have received a severe brow-beating. However, by the recent decision of the attorney general that all the printing of the university, except certain announcements, is state printing, and must be done by the state printer, there is of course under the law no such possibility as a university printing plant.

The framers of our state constitution undoubtedly did not realize that the printing of the state would eventually reach enormous proportions, otherwise they would never have incorporated into the constitution, where an amendment by popular vote is necessary to effect a change, the following provision:

Sec. 25, Art. 4: "The legislature shall provide by law that all stationery required for the use of the state, and all printing authorized and required by them to be done for their use, or for the state, shall be let by contract to the lowest bidder, but the legislature may establish a maximum price; no member of the legislature or other state officer shall be interested, either directly or indirectly in any such contract."

The law requires a commission, to consist of the secretary of state, the state treasurer and the attorney general to superintend and investigate state print-

ing. Every two years for six weeks before a contract is to be let, these commissioners are to advertise in six newspapers of different localities in the state for sealed proposals for doing *at the seat of government* all state printing. A list of maximum prices is incorporated in the law. These, as was seen from the statement quoted from the report of the secretary of state, are so ridiculously high that during the past six years bids have never come higher than to seventy-three and one-third per cent of them. It is evident that these maximum rates are no check on high prices.

It being decided by law that the state printing shall be done at Madison, it is natural to suppose that if there is any competition at all for the state contract, it will be merely between the local printing companies, since no concern from other cities could profitably leave its established business and transport its machinery to Madison in order to fill the state contract. A forfeiture by law of a one thousand dollar bond, besides damages for failure to enter a contract after it is accepted by the state, forbids outside concerns to even bid for the contract. This is borne out by fact. The state printing clerk, when questioned, remembered of but one concern that had bid. It was a Milwaukee concern, but so long ago had it been that he had forgotten the name of it. This concern had forfeited its bond rather than take on the contract. The secretary of state said that at the last letting of the contract for state printing the Madison Democrat was the sole bidder. Two years before that the Cantwell Printing Company had been a bidder together with the Democrat, and at times before that the State Journal had also placed bids.

That a lack of competition for such an important contract will result in higher prices as well as in an inferior grade of work and delay in getting out the work might be expected, and is apparent by comparing with those of Wisconsin the rates which other states pay for printing. Part of the standard of rates employed by Ohio is exactly like the standard of

The Democrat operates a strictly open shop and has always jealously opposed the cause of labor. Its wages average about one-half the union scale of wages, it is said.



Wisconsin, and makes possible, without computing, a comparison of prices. The state printing of Ohio is let under seven distinct contracts, some of which are let to a Columbus concern, and the others to one at Springfield. These contracts, average for composition per one thousand ems, 22.3 cents, as against 33 cents per one thousand ems paid by Wisconsin for plain work, figure work and rule and figure work, averaged. The price for press work, twenty-two cents per token, is identical in both states.

Colorado offers an interesting comparison between the printing rates before 1903, when, under a single contract, the secretary of state and a printing clerk had full charge of printing, and the present system, where the printing and binding is divided into seven classes, each of which is let under a distinct contract, and where a commissioner of printing is squarely responsible for correct prices and an auditing board operates as a check upon him. In 1902 the rate for composition, single per one thousand ems was thirty-five cents; now it is about ten cents. Michigan has an average for eight classes of printing that is not quite twenty-one cents. From these comparisons it is to be seen that the printing rate of Wisconsin is the highest of these states.

Since there can be no serious contention that the printing contract of Wisconsin is obtained by the state printer under a system of unlimited competition, as may be inferred from its language is the intent of the constitutional provision, the question arises, what is the remedy? It is absolutely essential that the greater part of the state printing be done at the seat of government, both for the convenience of the various departments of state and the necessity of the legislature when that is in session. Only a comparatively small part of the state work could be let at state-wide contracts. Since there are really only two or three concerns at Madison who can undertake the contract, and it would be very easy for two of these to come to an understanding about dividing work and profits among themselves, it is our object to show that a state printing plant is the best remedy.

The opponents of such a plan will ad-

vance the usual arguments against any government doing its own work. Such reasons as these: That it is cheaper to have a private concern do the work, in that the managers of a private concern have a direct personal interest in the success of their enterprise, while the superintendents of a publicly owned and operated utility do not have such a vital interest; that natural competition would tend to keep prices below what a government printing office would cost; that politics would enter a government printing establishment, so that its offices would be filled by political preferment, as a consequence merit would not be the only qualification for service, and corrupt practices might result. In our present case the argument would be raised that a state printing plant must logically be of maximum capacity, in which case part of the fixed capital must necessarily be idle in the years when work is slack because the legislature is not in session. Lastly, the opposition would argue that the plan has proved unsatisfactory where tried.

In considering these various arguments against the public doing its own printing, let us narrow down to the main issues, which are the first and last objections as cited above, namely, that a government cannot do its own printing as cheaply as could a private concern under contract, and that where tried the plan of government printing has not been successful.

The intermediate arguments, which are more intertheoretical than practical, may readily be disposed of. As regards the second point, that politics and corruption might enter, we believe that if the plant were administered under strict civil service with a good cost accounting system there would be little or no opportunity for politics and corruption to enter. We have today advanced to a stage in the administration of a popular government, where such a statement is no longer a mere theory. When a large department, as for instance, our state railroad rate commission, is administered as well as a railroad corporation administers its own business, such an argument becomes less tenable. Certainly there would be no more chance for corruption with a state plant, than is now possible with no other check than investi-

gations by the printing commission, who, as prominent state officials, are too busy with their other numerous functions to investigate every detailed account with the state printers. The printing clerk is practically the only one who now has such a check on state printing accounts. Judging from what a prominent printer, formerly of a firm who were the state printers in a neighboring state, told the writer, there can certainly be no question that civil service and a good checking system would result in benefit over the present system. He said that his firm had the printing clerk "fixed," so that it was possible for them to make enormous profits with a rate apparently low. This was done by charging the same for *seconds* and all extra printing, where etches or forms were already made or composed, as was charged for the original order. In this way, since the state furnished the paper, press work was the only expense to the printer. All the balance was clear profit. Surely under government ownership with strict civil service regulations over appointments, with a good cost accounting system that has several checks and balances on all accounts, such as time slips, bills of materials, and vouchers for incidental expenses, and with expert auditing, not much room would be left for such corrupt practices. Those who really believe in popular government believe the time is not so very distant when a republican government can administer all its utilities without there being a stigma of graft, just as well as can a European monarchy or a private corporation.

The usual argument about competition keeping prices below what it would cost a government to do its own printing has no bearing on the present discussion for as has already been observed, there is no competition under the law of Wisconsin. There remains but the other objection, that a state printing plant must logically be of such size that it can accommodate all the state work, before we can pass on to the before mentioned clash of opinion. The fact that in the years when the legislature is not convened there would be laxness in operating such a big plant, could readily be overcome, as is done by California in its state printing plant, by

publishing text books for the public schools in those years. But it is not our desire to advocate anything so radically new. Therefore, we leave such a solving of the problem to some future time, when it may seem fit to free our public schools from the toils of book jobbers. Our desire is but to show that it would not be illogical to have a plant of only average capacity, one which could take care of all the state printing when the legislature is not sitting and, which could accommodate all rush reports when the legislature is in session. In the latter case, that work which it is not necessary to have done at Madison could be bid out state-wide. The reports of educational, scientific, penal and charitable institutions might just as well be published by contract.

We now proceed to discuss the economy and the character of government printing where this has been tried by our national government, by three of the states and by one of the largest municipalities of the country.

As one prominent official at the capital truly said, economy is not the only thing to consider in this matter of state printing. The promptness with which much of the work is done, and its quality under that condition are often a more important factor. For dispatch and excellence in printing the United States printing office is the example. As early as the first congress, a bill had been introduced, which proposed that the government do its own printing. In succeeding years the printing done by contract for the government was so slow and slovenly that in 1818 a joint committee of both houses was appointed to investigate the plausibility of a government printing plant. This committee, after having visited various cities, reported in favor of the government doing its own printing; but their suggestion was not adopted immediately. It was not done until fifty years later, when in 1861, the government bought the old printing office, now a part of the largest, most model printing plant in the world, a modern steel structure with 377,200 square feet of floor space, which houses about 4,000 employees.

Much criticism has been directed against unbusinesslike methods by which the

plant is conducted. The fact is that an enormous amount of money is required of the government for it. In the forty years during which the plant has been operated the cost has increased from a half million to five million dollars a year. It is readily granted that the present cost is much above what it would be if the management were better. Certain fundamental defects of system need only be changed to effect a remedy. The independence of the superintendent of public printing, who is appointed by the president, by and with the advice of the senate, is responsible for a good share of the present lack of economy. The civil service is not strictly administered, so that appointments to positions in the plant are not made on a strict merit basis, but rather by political preferment. An astonishing extravagance is the failure to equip the plant with linotype machines. At present all the composing of government printing is done by hand. The wages paid employees are also higher than necessary, each receiving on the average of one dollar more per day than is paid by other printing companies of the locality. This is all that can be said against the federal printing plant.

But the character of the product and the speed with which the printing office does its work is above criticism. The officials of the printing office point with pride to the difference in quality between the printing done by contract for the English government and their own product. The United States printing office turns out every character of work from a few impressions of a treaty on sheep skin, to thousands of volumes of reports, and while congress is in session, the daily Congressional Record. Uncle Sam is proud of record performances by his printing plant, but several of these stand out from among them all.

Perhaps the most remarkable feat in the history of printing was the turning out of the report of the naval court of inquiry on the destruction of the Maine. This was published in two hundred and ninety-eight pages of text, seven by fifteen inches in dimension, with twenty-four full page engravings and one four-color lithograph. It was three o'clock in the after-

noon when the engraving cuts were delivered at the office and six o'clock before the manuscript copy reached the foreman, yet before congress assembled the next morning, a complete volume of the report, perfect as if a job printer had taken a month to do it, lay on each congressman's desk. One thousand copies of a book with over three hundred pages had been published in sixteen hours from the time the copy reached the composing room.

Other national governments that do their own printing are Germany and France. While England has her printing done by contract, several of her colonies, Canada and New South Wales have printing establishments of their own.

The City of Boston operates its own printing plant. At first there was much dissatisfaction with the way in which the plant was conducted. In their last report, that of 1908, the finance committee of Boston reported to the city council that under a new and more scientific management, beginning in January, 1908, the former yearly deficits of total operating expenses over gross revenues, ranging from \$6,624 to \$10,061, had been transformed into a surplus of \$33,653 for 1908. The influence of politics has been reduced to a minimum; employees are selected solely for their merits as workmen. A revised system of accounting has been instituted and new machinery installed, so that the efficiency of the plant is increased by at least fifty per cent. In his report of 1909 the superintendent says:

"The City of Boston today owns a printing office which will bear comparison with that of any private concern. It is completely equipped with modern machinery, and is organized and arranged especially with a view to the handling of the city's work. The work is produced at a low cost, and as it stands today the city's plant is a paying enterprise.

"Our total receipts for the year were \$180,450.70, and the total of all expenses was \$141,889.35, showing an operating profit of \$38,561.35. Additions to the plant have been made to the amount of \$25,828.02, and extraordinary expenses for moving, auditing, etc., to the amount of \$5,117.71, have also been paid. The actual cost of operation was \$119,905.99.

The total operating expense for the year 1907-8 was \$180,049.93. The total expense of operation for the year just closed—\$119,905.99—thus shows a decrease in actual operating expense of \$60,143.94. This latter figure represents the actual saving to the city in cost of operation of the printing department for the year.

"The department owes no money, and is in excellent physical condition. With the enormous volume of work on hand and in prospect an even better showing can be predicted for the year to come."

The states of Kansas, Nevada and California all do their own printing. The experience of Kansas is described in the words of its state printer:

"The total cost of printing and binding done for three fiscal years to June 30, 1908, (which includes two sessions of the legislature), foots up \$179,935.76. This sum shows the actual cost of labor and material. Under the previous ownership by careful calculation it is safe to say that the amount of printing and binding would have cost the state one hundred per cent more; that is \$359,871.52, so that I do not exaggerate when I sincerely claim that the state has saved more than the cost of the plant, building and ground, and a gratifying saving in expense of running the institution. Much more printing and binding is being done at less expense than was ever done under private ownership, and it is constantly increasing."

The printing of Nevada is done with a balance over the appropriation every year. Its printing and binding budget has very modest dimensions, not amounting to over \$15,000 for the years of which a report is at hand.

California operates perhaps the most extensive printing plant of any state. Its printing budget goes even beyond that of Wisconsin. But California publishes text books for its public schools, as has already been stated. This plant has had an experience similar to that of Boston. Increased efficiency and saving have been accomplished by the introduction of up-to-

date machinery and a better system of accounting.

The public printer of Ohio in his annual report of 1908 recommends that the state might profitably consider the establishment of a state printing plant. Ohio now has its own bindery. It will be remembered in that state there was no dearth of competition for the state contracts, which were divided between two printers at the capital and one of a neighboring city in the state, and averaged much lower than the same rates at Wisconsin. While the constitutional provision and the effect of the law on state printing do not allow of a state printing plant at Wisconsin, except by amendment of the state constitution by popular vote at a general election, as well as by amendment of the law, the plan is as "worthy of serious thought and consideration" here as in Ohio.

It is surely obvious from what has been said that there is absolutely no competition under the present law of Wisconsin, but that the whole state is at the mercy of the few printing establishments at Madison with regard to the quality of printing, the speed with which this is turned out, and the rates that are charged therefor, although the latter are limited by a maximum legal rate, which cannot be more closely approached today out of common decency. For this reason we advocate as the most economical and efficient means of doing the state's printing, a plant of average capacity, and a bidding out statewide of all printing that can conveniently be done outside of the seat of government. That such a plan might be successful in all these respects is submitted from the experience of the states and governments which are now doing their own printing.

Pending the application of this panacea for the real and fancied ills and needs of our state, and incidentally of our university publications, all will stand by for at least several years more, interested to be published, instead of in the profit-gobbling care of divers busy printers of the state, in a state of Wisconsin publishing plant.

## The Sea of Life

W. K. BRAASCH

*Sailing, sailing, sailing,  
O'er the Sea of Life;  
With winds of fortune blowing  
To bring us peace or strife.*

*Drifting, drifting, drifting,  
On the Sea of Care;  
While fortune fast is sifting  
Till lo, no more is there.*

*Sinking, sinking, sinking,  
Beneath the Sea of Night;  
Our last hopes slowly falling  
Away from guiltless light.*

*Sailing, drifting, sinking,  
The ghastly goal is near;  
But bells of hope are ringing,  
We lay aside our fear.*

*Rising, rising, rising,  
On the Sea of Life;  
Strengthened by the striving,  
Put forth to end the strife.*

# Why She Didn't Go to the Prom

(As Told in Her Diary)

*January 5, 1910.*—Here I'm back again! Vacation passed and before I knew it I had to leave for Madison again. I got stacks of things. Mother gave me the goods for a new evening dress—white satin. I'll have it made for Prom. May came over from Ravenswood to see me and we talked all day long. She said she wished she could go back to college again; she's go to Wisconsin, she said. Wouldn't it be great if her father would let her come. She'd be rushed to death. I spoke to her about Jack; she said she used to know him at Northwestern. She remembered he was tall and had dandy eyes; Jack went there his freshman and sophomore years. He told me about that; but he likes Wisconsin better. I'll have to tease him about May when I see him again—he must remember her.

Phil sent me four dozen American Beauties Christmas eve. Such a foolish thing for him to do; he's always doing something to aggravate me. He also came to see me several times while I was at home; he is very poky. I had to do all the talking. Jack sent me a bunch of violets 'way from St. Louis; wasn't that dear of him?

*January 6th.*—Got a letter from May today and she said she may come out to see me in a few days; I'll have to tell Jack tonight. I'm going to the Zeta Mu party with him, just an informal dance.

*January 7th.*—Had a corking time last night. Jack is a peach of a dancer. He said he came late at noon when the fellows were making out their programs and so we had to dance twelve out of fourteen dances. Of course I was awfully mortified!!!! I wonder what the girls

thought? The "Waltz Dream" was dreamy; Jack dances a slow waltz beautifully. I asked him about May; he remembers her. I told him she was coming out here some time this month—but he didn't say much. He said he would drop her a line some time and remind her of some promise she had never kept. I wonder what it was? When we got home we sat on the steps a little while. Jack said something indistinctly about Prom; I didn't want to ask him what it was for fear I'd make a break. I wish he would ask me; he's a fine dancer. Before we knew it Liberty Hall clock struck one; Jack is such an interesting talker.

*January 9th.*—Ted walked down the hill with me today and asked me to go to Prom with him. What could I do? I put him off, and told him that I had promised some one else in a way, but if he cared to wait a week or so I would tell him definitely. He said he would. TED is an awfully good kid.

*January 12th.*—Ted rang me up and asked if he could come to see me tonight. I had to bump him because Jack said he would call for me at five for a drive to Middleton. I told Ted to come some time next week. Haven't heard from May for an age; I wonder when she's coming? Got a letter from Phil today and a poem: "Twilight Thoughts." I wish some one would tell him to stop.

*January 13th.*—The drive was fine. It was very dark on our way home; we could hardly see our way. One time we nearly went into a ditch. Jack grew rather confidential. He said he wrote to May, just for the fun of it, of course. I didn't think he knew her that well. Jack men-

tioned the Prom on the way home again. He said that he would like to go this year as it was his own class; that's all. I told him I thought he ought to go, but I was rather fussed and didn't know exactly what to say. I wonder whether he wants me to lead him on a little? I couldn't very well do that and that doesn't seem like Jack either. But I feel as though he'll ask me; he never asks far ahead of a date.

*January 15th.*—Ted came to see me last night; he wanted to find out whether I would go with him. I told him I had thought the whole thing over, and although I was glad to know that he wanted to have me go with him, I couldn't very well accept. He was real nice about it; said they were going to have a swell house party and make that the main affair because most of the fellows were going to have out-of-town girls and they wanted to make them think their trip worth while.

*January 16th.*—May wrote me today that she would have to postpone her trip to Madison for the present and that she would probably come to see me some time next month. I wonder what the trouble is? Her letter was rather short. I'll have to write her tonight.

*January 18.*—Got a package from home today and on opening found it to be a book of poems from Phil: "Idle Hours." I wonder what he wants me to read "Idle Hours" for. There was also a letter in it asking me to go to the Prom. Phil is a Psi Tau, and graduated three years ago. I'll tell him I am sorry, but that I accepted another bid. He might have known that. And then I wouldn't care to go with an alumnus.

*January 19th.*—Jack and I went to church this morning. The music was sublime. After services he insisted on going to the Pal for dinner, although I told him I had promised the girls to be back as they were going to have a rushee at the house. We wrote May a card at the Pal. He said he thought she was very pretty; I'll have to tell May that. He didn't say a word about Prom.

*January 25.*—I had to go home the day before yesterday for a fitting. The white satin mother gave me Christmas makes

up wonderfully; it's going to be made with some white fluffy stuff and lace. They are still wearing princess. I went to see May. I must have been mistaken in judging her letter; she's the same as ever. She didn't know when she could come out to see me, but said she'd try to do so real soon. I noticed several letters with the Zeta Mu seal on her table. Phil came to the station when I left for Madison again. He said he was sorry I couldn't go to Prom with him, but he didn't want to ask me sooner because he thought there were some fellows at school that I'd rather go with. I never knew he was that sensible. I told him to ask May and we could have a good time together; but he's not going. Of course he's a Psi Tau and Jack is a Zeta Mu, but we could go out together. Phil didn't ask me with whom I was going and I was glad, because what could I have told him? But he said he knew it was some one better than himself. I feel kind o' sorry for Phil; he hasn't anyone. He's an awfully good kid; he only acts so poky. He put a couple of magazines and a box of candy on my seat before he left the train.

*January 30.*—I haven't been able to write in this book for several days. Exams begin next Monday and I have fifteen hundred pages of outside reading to do and three topics to write; I don't see how I'll finish. I wanted to go to the library tonight to do some of my reading, but Jack rang up and asked if he could come and I said yes before I thought of all the work I had. I suppose he will ask me for Prom tonight.

*February 1st.*—Jack was here last night. He was as pleasant as ever, but he didn't say a word about Prom. I don't know what to do.

*February 3rd.*—I have two exams tomorrow and so I'll have to buck all night. My dress arrived today; it's a dream. All the girls are crazy about it. I haven't seen Jack for two days.

*February 5th.*—It's a little more than a week before Prom. Jack rang up last night, "just to say hello," he said. He got a letter from May saying she was probably coming out in a few days. How funny of May not to tell me and to let

me know through Jack. He didn't say a word about Prom; I don't think he'll ask me.

*February 6th.*—Got a letter from May myself today. Prom won't worry me any more. She's going to Prom—with—Jack. I've read her letter again and again: "Jack has been teasing me for a month to go to Prom with him, and as I promised you a visit long ago, I have made up my mind to accept. Jack says their house party will be better than ever. Go to the Zeta Mu house if you can; it would be fine if we could all go together." I don't think we'll be together.

EXTRACT FROM HER LETTER TO MAY.

Dearest May: I'm simply delighted to hear that you're going to the Prom and I know you will enjoy every minute. As for myself—I feel so completely worn out after my exams that I think it best to dispense with Prom this year."

*February 7th.*—Wrote mother today telling her I would be home the day after tomorrow to rest a few days between semesters. I'll tell her all about it when

I see her. Wonder what Ted will say when he hears I'm not going; I'll have to make some excuse; but I simply couldn't go to Prom to be bored this year. And what will Phil think?

*February 18th.—Midnight.*—It's Prom night and I'm still at home and won't leave for school until Monday. May left for Madison yesterday morning. I went to the depot with her. She was very happy and said she wished I could go. I did, too, but then— Phil was surprised to hear I wasn't going, but he didn't say much. I told him that I had decided not to go the last minute—that I really felt too worn out to attend a house party. He said he was glad I came home and that he preferred to be in town with me to going to Prom. I think it's good of him not to show that I preferred some one else to him the time he asked me.

But I would have loved to go. I can see them all dancing. I wonder with whom Jack is dancing the "Waltz Dream?" A box of roses came for me tonight. Good old Phil!

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## Unknowing

LAWRENCE DRAKE

*You do not know, my Love,  
My heart of pain;  
What hopes, what sorrows borne,  
What wishes vain.*

*Nor would I have you know;  
Nay, my own Sweet;  
For now your heart is glad,  
But joy is fleet.*

*Dream on, my Love, dream on,  
Nor ever know  
The wild, sweet hopes you brought;  
'Tis better so.*



# The Passing of Dr. Hutchins

MORRIS MITCHELL

When Doc Hutchins (called Charlie Pelton for short) stepped off the North-Western train onto the Madison platform in September of 1906, he ran plumb into one of the most beautiful chunks of chaos ever coined by the most chaotic faculty of the times. This particular species of chaos was labeled *Athletic Housecleaning*, and had been loosed on an unsuspecting student body when the faculty took away the control of athletics from the students, put out all the football lights, and was just considering the abolishment of all intercollegiate athletics.

Imagine, if you can, the unsuspecting Doc strolling up State street with his Syracuse record in one hand and in the other a contract to organize the Wisconsin athletic system so that the grafting which had been rumored to be going on, would no longer be possible. Hiding behind each tree was a faculty member with a club, ready to soak any mortal who should even suggest the fact that intercollegiate athletics should be retained. (Truly, farther up on the hill, there were a goodly number of the saner faculty men who realized that something had to be done to reform intercollegiate athletics, but who did not believe in any measure so radical as their abolishment.) Eluding all these would-be-abolishers, our hero finally succeeded in reaching the gmy, and once established there, his first move was to call up some of the powers-that-be and summon them to his office for an interview.

"Gentlemen," he said, sizing up the situation with the perception of a psychology prof, "most of you think that the way to reform Wisconsin athletics is to abolish them altogether for a number of years

and then to start them again on a smaller and cleaner basis. In this you are wrong. If you followed this method, you would not only kill Wisconsin athletics forever, but would probably deal the school itself a death blow. Now I propose to take the battered framework of Wisconsin athletics which you have left, and to gradually build around it a clean, efficient system of athletic government and execution. Just step aside, please, and watch me."

And Doc had his way. The result is the present system of Wisconsin athletics, which, although no one will claim that it is as efficient as lots of others in the country, is still undeniably better than the system of no intercollegiate athletics which the faculty wished to institute.

Starting in his position when Wisconsin athletics were at their lowest ebb, Dr. Hutchins has had an up-hill fight from the start. He has been constantly antagonized in his various moves by a certain alleged, anti-athletic portion of the faculty, but, with the exception of the seven-game schedule, has succeeded in getting most of his plans carried out. It is difficult to lay one's finger on any definite advance in our athletics and say that Dr. Hutchins was responsible for it. There are some moves which have been made, however, which it is apparent have had him for their prime mover. It might not be out of place to mention a few of these.

Probably the most important was the procuring of Coach E. H. TenEyck to take charge of all Wisconsin rowing. Immediately following this came the announcement of a dual rowing meet with Syracuse, this being the first time that an eastern crew had visited western waters.

That spring the crews went east on money advanced from the private pockets of the members of the athletic council, of which Dr. Hutchins was chairman. The coupon book system was another innovation of Dr. Hutchins, introduced to tide over a period of athletic deficit.

The handling of the financial end of athletics was the place in which the work of Dr. Hutchins shows most, however. Starting with nothing in the athletic treasury and no big games for the first two years from which to derive receipts, he gradually raised the athletic fund until, when he turned over his accounts on January first, they showed a balance of \$15,000, with all debts paid. In addition to this balance, hand-ball courts have been built, eight-oared and four-oared barges have been purchased, the pine track in the cage has been constructed and a baseball diamond graded in back of the Camp Randall stands.

The finances have also been organized in such a way that it is now practically impossible for any dishonesty to occur in handling athletic money. There is a voucher for every expenditure made for the last three years and records of every

receipt which are open for inspection. Before Dr. Hutchins came to Wisconsin, there was practically no system to athletic finances, the entire control of the gym being under Dr. Elsom and that of outdoor sports under a graduate manager.

Just before Dr. Hutchins' resignation was announced, there was a great deal of complaint from various sources that things around the gym were not kept up as they should be and that there was too much shifting of responsibility. This may have, in part, been due to negligence on the part of the athletic director, but it seems that it was mainly the fault of the organization, which makes it necessary for so much red tape to be gone through before anything in the way of improvements can be obtained.

Looking back over the career of Charles Pelton Hutchins as the first athletic director of Wisconsin, it seems to us that, on the whole, a great deal of credit is due him for advancing Wisconsin athletics as far as they now are. It is true that there is still lots of room for improvement, but, before criticizing Dr. Hutchins for this, it might be well to recall that he had a stiff, up-hill fight against all kinds of odds.



## Plea of the Pack

*And shall you dash the cup from eager lips  
That seek to 'scape the lash of scorpion whips  
Wielded by Conscience, that stern Lord of Life?  
Who lashes mouths that seeks by stolen sips  
Of fiery waters to quench inward strife  
And learn a little somewhat of God's peace—  
If only for the moment's calm release?*

*What if we die a little e'er our time?  
We go a little cleaner of the grime,  
The world smuts on our souls each day we live.  
A moment's peace, though it be bought with crime,  
Is worth more than a year of life can give.  
Who are you to tell others what to do?  
Choose I to go to hell—what's that to you?*

*Are you blind Holder of the Scales and Sword?  
Are you your brother's keeper and his lord?  
If God is God and men's fates foreordained,  
How can he blame obedience to His word?  
And if there be Free-will and souls be stained  
With freely chosen sin—why should you mean?  
Shall Man not use as pleases him his own?*

*Of God so very little do we crave,  
And all we ever get—one earthy grave!  
But even that may be more than our due.  
But then there is the Promise Someone gave  
As to a better land for me and you?  
Why should you strive to make me enter in  
When I would rather have my slough of sin?*

## Editorial

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." Without doubt, the poet who wrote that touching line did not write it to have embryo declaimers torture a bored public with it, but meant it as a sad note of warning to the joyous college stude. The melancholy days are truly come. We go not forth to converse with the dainty damsel on whom we have a furious, though fleeting, crush; we do not tread the devious ways that lead down-town, and in the far more devious ways that lead back from down-town we have no part or parcel; truly, they are not for us in these days; far be it, far be it from us. Few of us are true believers; most of us would rather argue about than believe in the law and the prophets of a good many creeds—and there are an awful lot of creeds that are to the logician as a dog is to the frequenter of Charlie's; but, in the law of one prophet many of us have a single-eyed, unwavering faith that is a wonderful and touching sight to see, in these doubting and degenerate days; we refer to that of the arduous agric G. Bradbury Hill, '08, whose sayings you may read; for are they not written in the book of Pta Pta which same is an exceeding wise book? And this is what the prophet of the undergrad wrote when his years in this institution were many and he was some wise:

"It is a moral 'cinch' that the easy marker is not always going to be an easy mark."

"Look not on the wine when it is red lest thou be in no shape to look upon the book when it is blue, even if thou matchest its shade to a hair."

"For it is written in the cook-book that he that is pickled shall be canned."

*"While the midnight oil holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return!"*

Say, I'm not much upon the social swirl,  
On dance and stunt I do not care to dote,  
But when I think about one little girl  
The Prom-time fever sure does get my goat.

—Midnight Drivel of a Musing Mutt.

We all know her, the just right girl, or the little girl, or the tall girl, with the brown eyes, or blue eyes, or gray eyes, or black eyes, and the brown hair, or yellow hair, or golden hair, or black hair or red hair, the girl that we think of and don't talk about much. We all know the fever we get when man after man drifts in and mildly asks whether you are going to the Prom and answers your parrying question with a mildly satisfied, "I am." We all know how we feel when we drift into the Gym gallery about 2 a. m. of Prom night and watch our friends and enemies having a grand good time on the old main floor below. We all know how we kick ourselves and swear by all our lying gods that next year about this time we'll be down there with the girl we think about and do not talk about much; we all know how we wonder whether the man who's got her down there this year is knocking us to her or not; we all know how we think that he looks like a waiter in his dress suit, or maybe like a toad struck on the head with a baseball bat. We all know all these things—we all do. They are a part of Prom just as much as the pretty girls and the good-looking lads, and the golden haze of playing at being "people," and the charm of taking the girl you want—or that somebody else wanted—to the greatest social event of the year. Maybe they are bad in effect—maybe they are not. Anyway, whether we are going or not, most of us agree that the Prom is a fine thing, a great thing, a grand thing,

and nearly all of us join the six hundred odd people, who are lucky enough to go, in heaping benedictions on Prom and Prom-time. May the time be far when our one Prom shall be no more for then we shall no more see a good thing!

A peevish local cynic has said that the Junior Play is an attempt on the part of the students to play at writing a play, play at acting and producing a play, and play at seeing a play. He was a very peevish cynic suffering from in-growing littleness of mind. We treated him with the scorn he deserved by very prosaically asking him for the "makings" and talking about the weather.

The Junior Play is an institution that we can not give all the praise it deserves because our knowledge of the English language is too limited. It has come to be an established institution here because it is a good thing and this year's play will prove still further that it is a good thing.

There has been one feature about past Junior plays that we cannot deplore too much. That is the practice of certain barbaric rude-necks who gain control of the spotlight by fraud or privilege and use it as a tool to carry out their primordial and disgusting notions of humor. We fail to see the humor of focussing the glare of the spotlight on some hard-working, prominent stude and exposing him to howling and glaring publicity from which the soul of the thickest-skinned elephant would shrink. In addition, the Prom peach of the Prom stude in question is subjected to the same excruciating ordeal as her escort. We trust that no exhibition like that of last year will be seen on the night of the Junior Play this year.

The spotlight-sense-of-humor is crude, barbaric, embryonic, contemptible.

The university is to be congratulated again. Of course, the university is to be congratulated with such clocklike regularity that the statement does not arouse much interest in our somewhat blasé souls; still, we like the phrase and so we say again that the university is to be congratulated on the appointment of Mr. Lathrop as track coach. We don't remember what a track coach looks like in these parts, because it is so long since we had one, but we are sure that Mr. Lathrop will look mighty good to us.

We wish to rise in extreme disgust and say with a loud voice just what we think of the so-called burlesque shows that are being staged at the local opera house. From what we hear on all sides (mind, what we hear, gentle reader) they are inexpressibly—simply inexpressible. Of course, the statement of the manager of the opera house that they are what the people want because the box office receipts are always good, is not without a grain of sense. Those who patronize an exhibition of the kind that masks under the gentle title "Burlesque Show," are partially guilty, but not nearly so much as the power that provides the show. We have never had the least desire to pose as a prim purest, but we think that the time is ripe—if the objectionable features of the shows are not discontinued as per schedule—for somebody to get busy and say and do something real vigorous-like. If necessary we would like, excessively, to be one of somebody.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE STUDENT COURT IS?