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Incorporated, December 1914

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THE
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

Volume XII

DECEMBER, 1914

Number 3

Captain Keeler on Football

"The Wisconsin Idea"

By Justice Barnes

Bumping into War

Wolf Louderback



**And Look at These Fine
Holeproof Socks!**
—No More Darning for You, Helen

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

Thousands of men, women and children last year received boxes like it. And those thousands this year are regular wearers of Holeproof.

Six pairs of Holeproofs are guaranteed to wear six months without holes. If any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

Holeproofs are stylish, soft and snug-fitting. Nearly two million people wear them. This entire business has been built up by those who have tried them and told others how they like them.

NO OTHER WAY

There is only one way to make hose like these—the maker must use the finest cotton yarn that's

sold. That's Egyptian and Sea Island cotton.

There is no other way to make a soft, stylish hose that can be guaranteed like Holeproofs.

Buy a box today to try them. Send boxes at Christmas to your relatives and friends. You can get them in cotton, silk or silk-faced.

At the Price of Ordinary Hose

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for 4 pairs of infants in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed three months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's Holeproof silk socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's Holeproof silk stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproof for men \$1.50; for women \$2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed three months.

For Sale in Madison by
RUND ELL ON THE SQUARE

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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A Prayer Against War

O Lord, since first the blood of Abel cried to Thee from the ground that drank it, this earth of Thine has been defiled with the blood of man shed by his brother's hand, and the centuries sob with the ceaseless horror of war. Ever the pride of kings and the covetousness of the strong have driven peaceful nations to slaughter. Ever the songs of the past and the pomp of armies have been used to inflame the passions of the people. Our spirit cries out to Thee in revolt against it, and we know that our righteous anger is answered by Thy holy wrath.

Break Thou the spell of the enchantments that make the nations drunk with the lust of battle and draw them on as willing tools of death. Grant us a quiet and steadfast mind when our own nation clamors for vengeance or aggression. Strengthen our sense of justice and our regard for the equal worth of other peoples and races. Grant to the rulers of nations faith in the possibility of peace through justice, and grant to the common people a new and stern enthusiasm for the cause of peace.

O Thou strong Father of all nations, draw all Thy great family together with an increasing sense of our common blood and destiny, that peace may come on earth at last, and Thy sun may shed its light rejoicing on a holy brotherhood of peoples.—Walter Rauschenbusch, in "Prayers of the Social Awakening."



The
**WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE**

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

Vol. XII

December, 1914

No. 3

PROSPECTS FOR 1915

Ray M. Keeler

In this article "Tubby" Keeler, captain of the 1914 football team, gives "the real dope" on the 1915 situation, and he has had the experience which gives weight to his words. This is the second of a series of articles on major sports at Wisconsin. The third article concerning basketball, written by Dr. Meanwell, will appear in the January issue.

THE START of the 1914 football season was indeed very gloomy. Never had there been so many ineligible and very early in the year injuries began taking many of our best men. The squad in itself was very small, in fact, many times a whole team could not be put together, and scrimmage between the first and second teams was impossible owing to the lack of line ma-

terial. Faculty regulations made it impossible for nineteen good football players to be numbered among the squad and injuries prevented three or four others from making a good showing. Thus the ineligible and injured made as large a group as the men on the squad proper.

In spite of the fact that the "jinx" was so much against us the squad worked wonders. The student body expected defeats by all

comers but from the start "Wisconsin spirit" prevailed and the team came through the Chicago game with a clean slate. The latter part of the season is still very recent history and demands no notice here.

The question is often asked—"What are we going to have for next year?" The answer to this question on paper, is, "A mighty good team." Only a few seniors are lost, among them, Taylor, Bellows, Kennedy, Breckenridge, and Keeler. The regulars left on the team are Stavrum, L. E., Buck, L. T., McMasters, L. G., Mucks, R. G., Kelley and Rau, L. E., Kreuz, F. B., Cummings, L. H. and Smith R. H. Besides these men there are the following back field men who will bid hard for regular berths next year. Weimar, Stephenson, Mc Croy, Freeman, Booth and Schrom. The ends will have to fight for their places with such second year 'Varsity men as Mitchell and Buckley, as well as Tomasek, a this year's ineligible. The situation in the line is very different, there being fewer good men. The regulars will have Gardner, Filtzer, Landry, Walsh and several others to work against. The main trouble with these men was their inexperience, but with this year's training on the 'Varsity they ought to fight hard and make Wisconsin's line a great stone wall.

A great deal of the success of the Varsity team depends upon the strength of the opposing Freshmen and the number of men the previous Freshmen team gives the 'Varsity. The 1917 Freshmen were a strong aggregation but they had only three men eligible for conference competition. The 1918 organization is even stronger than

the previous class team and much will depend on the number of eligible players they give the 'Varsity. Simpson their quarterback and captain is an especially heady and strong player, very accurate with the forward pass and a demon on the end runs. Brown his substitute is also a wizard with the pass and but little inferior to Simpson in open field running. The men that stand out next in prominence are the center trio composed of Hancock, Pottinger, and Gunderson. All these men are heady, heavy and consistent on defense and hard workers on offense. Together with the two tackles Cook and Rosenberg these men should strengthen the line material of the 1915 team. The Freshmen ends and backs that are the most prominent are Bundy, Payton, Kramers and Kessenick who should give the veterans a hard run for their places and be regulars before their graduation.

A word as to the coaching. Head coach Juneau has worked under a great disadvantage the past two seasons, last year without a sufficient coaching staff and this year without sufficient material. With the material on hand, however, he has worked wonders and placed Wisconsin, up among the very first. Assistant coaches Driver, Wilson and Jones of the Freshmen, have been a wonderful corps of directors and too much cannot be said of the aid they have given Juneau in the molding of this year's team.

GIORDANO BRUNO

A Play in One Act by Percy B. Shostac

We are presenting in this issue of the Magazine the first of a number of dramatic sketches and one-act plays which represent the choicest products of student playwrights in the University.

Characters:

Giordano Bruno (see note below).

Marguritta Holliston—A young English woman studying in Rome.

Time of the play—In Rome about 1593.

Note: Giordano Bruno was one of the foremost astronomers, mathematicians, and philosophers of the Renaissance. In 1593 he was arrested by the church because of his scientific and philosophical views. He was in prison for seven years and then was condemned to punishment "without the shedding of his blood" and was therefore in the customary way burnt at the stake.

The study of Giordano Bruno in Rome. Late evening of a day in spring, 1593. The room is hung in draperies of blue and black. Astronomical and mathematical instruments, books, maps, etc., are in evidence. To the right is a large bay window. Bruno discovered reading by the light of a Venetian iron lamp. His servant enters hurriedly.

Servant: My master, three masked men in black clamor admission. I know not how to keep them out.

Bruno: Strangers in black? They can only be messengers of the Inquisition. Let them enter.

Servant: My master what can they want with thee? (He leaves but soon returns followed by three men robed and masked in black. One carries a bell, another a lighted candle and a third a letter with a great red seal. They walk about the room once and then the man with the letter speaks.)

Masked Man: Giordano Bruno, take heed. (Gives him letter and the three men walk slowly from the room.)

Servant: Master I fear great evil. The Inquisitors weave spiderlike their web with threads unseen but stronger than spun steel. May God forbid that they have begun to weave their net for thee. Read what is in the letter and put my heart at rest. I fear for thee, my master, I—

Bruno: (Interrupts). Antonio, there is naught to fear. Speak to no one of what has passed. And now leave me and be—

ready to admit Marguritta, she must soon be here.

Servant: But my master, I fear—

Bruno: (Interrupts). There is naught to fear I tell thee. Go! (The servant hesitatively leaves the room.)

(Bruno sits at his table and calmly opens the letter and then carefully reads it. He puts it down on the table and is lost in concentrated thought, his face is tense. Suddenly the chanting of monks from a neighboring monastery is distinctly heard. Bruno sits as if turned to stone and listens till the music ceases. Absolute stillness—Voices are heard—Marguritta is coming. Bruno rises quickly and assumes a look of forced cheerfulness. Marguritta enters.)

Marg: (Running impulsively to his arms.) Ah—I thought I should never reach thee. The days go so slowly when I am away. My love—my master!

Bruno: (More restrained, but showing his deep love). My beloved it is but three days since thou wert with me. Is this then so great a time?

Marg: Three days! The tongue can say these words lightly—they pass as the flicker of a second. But ah, Giordano, to me each hour, each minute, each rapid second when I am not near thee, is held back as with mighty chains. Day passed and night came thrice and each tender dawn spoke only that I yet must wait alone.

Bruno: But hath my little bird not tasks to fill each day? Doth not thy Homer and Socrates, thy Plato and thy Euclid, make full each hour with the joy of learning, with the peace and happiness of ages?

Marg: My philosophy, my poetry, my Euclid are empty dreams—thou, thou alone art my life. I read the words of Plato and my mind recalls thy wisdom. I read the beauty of the Gods and my heart recalls thine eyes. Intricately I follow the proofs of Euclid but I care not what he proves. I study out the heaven's constellations but the stars speak to me but of love.

Bruno: (Taking her to him). Thou lovest me truly, thou lovest me with all thy soul. But ah, my beloved, thy love must grow deeper and thy heart must be more at peace. The truth and beauty of the by-gone ages, the marvellous parabolas and eclipses of the stars, the divine laws that govern all our earth; these things must find a place in thy heart even as they do in mine.

Marg: My Giordano, my wondrous master, how canst thou compare me with thyself? At thy side I am as a little flower beside a mighty oak, as a singing lark beside a soaring eagle, as a new born babe beside the wisest elder. To thee thy knowledge and thy search for truth are thy life, I but a sweet drop to warm thy heart. But to me thou art my all, my end, my life.

Bruno: Far, far more than a sweet drop to warm my heart. Thou art the torch that illumines with gold the truth the stars tell me. Thou art the wondrous spark that makes glow with life the papyri that unravel under my weary eyes. Thou art the final revelation that God has sent me—the soul He has infused into the endless task that lies before me. Balm of my wounds, spirit of my work, iridescence of God's truth and love—woman of my love,

understand what I would say when I tell thee that thy love for me should make the knowledge of truth yet a part of thee, yet more a thing to sooth thy heart and calm thy heated love into depths deeper than the mighty sea.

Marg: 'Tis true——'tis true my Giordano; even in thy love thou are far, far beyond my power. I will strive my loved one, I will strive to reach thy height. But thou must give me of thy strength, of thy wondrous peace, of thy mighty wisdom. Thou must help me, my beloved and I will yet love as thou.

Bruno: Yes, dear Marguritta thou shalt, thou shalt——

Marg: (interrupting). No——no. What use is there in deception. It is deception! I am a woman and shall ever be a woman. As a woman I desire thee, I desire to be thee, to intertwine my soul, my body, myself, in thee and as part of thee——I cannot talk of philosophy or truth, thou, thou alone art my truth, my philosophy, my life. Thou——

(The chanting of the monks in the neighboring monastery interrupts her. She stops suddenly and leans with her hand on the table. They look at each other in silence as the chanting continues.)

Marg: (softly). I heard them singing as I came to thee Giordano. Even now that a year has all but passed since I am in Italy, the voices sound to me strange and unreal. They fill me with an unknown fear. They fill me with the fear of stealthy licking flames, of chambers underground, of lives pulled out in rhythmic agony. (Pause. They look at each other steadily——her face be-

comes consumed with terror.)

Marg: (terror in her voice). What is it? Thy face——Thy face is strange. Something has happened Giordano——I thought I saw a foreign look in thine eyes when I entered. Tell me——tell me what has taken place. Let me not suffer so, my beloved, my soul.

(Bruno says nothing, but points to the letter on the table. She takes this up with a little cry of terror. She reads aloud.)

Marg: (reading). "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Giordano Bruno, thou art declared an enemy of God and of His Church on earth. Thy communion with the devil and thy blasphemy against all that is Holy, shall in the name of the Virgin be retracted. To all the world thou must proclaim thy words of sin untrue and the promptings of the spirits of evil. Publicly thou must avow as untrue thy teachings of the maniness of worlds, of the movement of the sun, of the creation of the earth. To the Holy church of God shalt thou swear thy allegiance, and from thy heart shalt thou declare His Holiness the Pope, God's own Vicar on earth and in all things infallible. If thou heedest not these words, within three days shall the Inquisitors of Saint Peter work God's vengeance upon thee.

In the name of God and the Holy Virgin.
Saint Peter's Council"

(A silence. She looks at him in agony.)

Marg: Speak——speak. Tell me thou wilt do their bidding. Thou must. Thou must or death awaits thee. Speak and tell me.

Bruno: (Says nothing——simply shakes his head.)

Marg: (tense with emotion.) Beloved Giordano, with all my life I pray thee save thyself—Ah those little licking flames, the bending, pulling rack, the tearing of thy flesh—I shall go mad, I shall go mad. Giordano by the power of our love, by all we hold most sacred, by the oneness of our souls—tell me, tell me that this shall not be thy fate.

Bruno: (Calm and sad—simply shakes his head.)

Marg: (tensely but not loud). There is yet one other way. Together we must flee the city. We must leave far behind us this terrible dream — the horror of those masked men, the creeping torture of their hidden cells. We must seek the green hedges and the hills of England. There my father awaits me and thou shalt be welcome as a prince. There amid the blackbirds' songs and the prim tall flowers we shall live in peace as man and wife. There thy truth, thy work, shall bring thee fame and honor; dukes and lords shalt heed and do homage to thy words of wisdom. There amid the peace of quiet nights thou shalt search out yet more hidden secrets of the stars and in the happiness of our full life of love shalt thou ponder out truths now undreamed of. England has no pope to crush to earth her fairest sons. Our queen instead strives ever to uphold the wise, the seekers of truth, the poets and the scientists. There amidst the great men of the land shalt thy knowledge flower out into perfect bloom and bear fruits, thy dearest hopes do not now encompass.

This thou wilt do beloved Giordano. To this thou canst have no objection. It will

be but a means to thrice increase thy work, not to cut it short or veil its progress in lies.

Bruno: (calm—looks long and sadly at her but shakes his head.)

Marg: (losing control of herself). Cursed, cursed, thrice accursed be thy learning, thy philosophy, thy truth. 'Tis all but a power of hell to take thee from me—to lead thee to thy death—to leave me barren and alone. Those flames, those flames—little licking serpent tongues that will eat thy flesh—Oh God, Almighty God—if it were but I—if it were but I, I could endure it. But thee—thee, my love, my heart, my soul—Again I say to God thy learning and thy truth be damned. All on earth is naught, there is but thee, thy life, thy happiness. (She falls weeping into his arms.)

Bruno: (Lets her cry a bit and then leads her to the large bay window which he swings open.)

Come my beloved, come my loved one, let us look to the stars for strength, let us turn to the start for wisdom and peace. (They stand touching each other and gaze fixedly at the sky. Marguritta seems to grow a little calmer.)

Bruno: Calm and the strength of infinitude breath from the heavens above us. Mighty, mighty powers that rule the movements of the sun, the moon, our earth, are stretched before us. Endless infinity on every side. Each twinkling star a sun with worlds perchance more mighty than our own, surrounding it. Numberless, numberless stars; thrice, thrice numberless worlds.

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BUMPING INTO WAR

Irving H. Brown

The history of an exciting excursion into the war zone told by a member of the French department. As an interesting sidelight on the conditions that prevailed in Europe early in the war, we deem it a valuable contribution to our columns.



ON ONE other occasion only, had I seen St. Mark's Square, with its crowd of gazing, sauntering tourists and sauntering Venetians, anything save serene,—and that was when the Campanile fell. Now the news-vendors were actually “running” about through the crowd, and “shouting” their papers. A war had broken out which might involve the six great powers of Europe.

At first we scarcely realized the import of it all. In the basin, just off the Gardens where we went to while away an afternoon or enjoy the paintings in the various buildings of the International Art Exposition, erected by those very powers to rival one another in making the world a more beautiful place to live in, we saw the gray warships taking on provisions and ammunition with feverish activity. Another evidence of the seriousness of the situation was furnished a few days later at Cook's office, where I went to get my mail. A woman was saying, “But I ‘must’ get into Germany. All my tickets and hotel coupons are for Germany and I hardly brought

any money besides.” When assured that there was no remedy for her plight she nearly fainted. The clerk was telling a gray haired man that for the time being letters of credit could not be honored, then turning to me he replied “No more letters from France now.” All hopes of securing money were gone.

The uncertainty of the situation, and the feeling that we were marooned made us anxious to get away at any cost. For some time I had been planning a trip in the Dolomites, in Southern Austria. Now that the plan was scarcely feasible, I was doubly anxious to carry it out. After paying part of my bill and leaving a watch as hostage for the rest, I still had enough to take me to the mountains and about three dollars left over, to last me for a week and take me back to Venice. Of course I could not indulge in any luxuries, but when one is averaging thirty miles in the pure Alpine air, dry bread (providing one is not too bountifully supplied) is delicious, down to the last crumb. Moreover I soon had enough to keep me interested, aside from the scenery, which is as fantastic and as

beautiful as any I have ever seen.

At first all was pleasant enough except for the dust from autos fleeing the country, but no sooner had they all departed than the real trouble began. I had no difficulty in entering Austria, and did not mind being asked to show my passport to every innkeeper and two or three gendarmes each day, but when the soldiers began to stop me and question me as a spy it seemed a little ominous. Officers would appear from every village, and all the roads were patrolled.

Forts guarded the entrance of each pass, and at frequent intervals were signs forbidding the taking of photographs or contours, making sketches, or entering certain military zones. The large hotels were empty. Even at a little inn the landlord informed me, "No one has been here for five days. There are no more travellers, but soldiers and gendarmes aplenty." I agreed. "It is dangerous for foreigners," another innkeeper told me. "They have shot about thirty in the Tirol alone, as Russian spies. They say the water is being poisoned and everyone is furious. The soldiers don't stop to make absolutely sure, but if you are suspicious they just take you out and——" He did not finish his remarks which sounded exaggerated but none too reassuring.

Only twice did I pass any soldiers unquestioned. Once when I met a squad with fixed bayonets on a lone'y road, escorting a young man with manacled wrists, whose pallor contrasted strangely with his black mustache and hair. Later I ran into several companies, in a village where they were

holding some manoeuvres. The band was playing, the staff officers were hurrying from one detachment to another, but none of them paid any attention to me. On another occasion, a large bearded sentinel, who looked quite terrifying but was evidently a newly recruited peasant, suddenly halted me and asked in a naive, a'most timid fashion, "You are not a spy are you?"

Late one night, I arrived at a roadside inn, and found it closed. I could go no farther, and went to sleep on a bench outside. When I awoke, a rural watchman was shaking me. He was excited. "Show me your papers!" I started to hand him my passport. "No, those documents!" and he made a grab for some Neapolitan songs which were sticking out of my pocket. Holding me fast, he pounded on the door until a woman came with a light and showed us into the kitchen. It was not until I translated my passport, signed by the "Minister of Foreign Affairs" and asking for "all lawful aid and protection" that he treated me otherwise than as a criminal. His manner completely changed; he took off his hat. "Excuse me, young gentleman," he said; and though he kept the songs as "documents" to be examined by the authorities, that night I slept in a bed.

The last night was spent in a cow stable, the hospitality of which I shared with a couple of wild rabbits, that bounded off through a chink in the wall, as I arose next morning in high spirits at the thought of escaping from the whole situation. It was comic enough, but at the time, the tragic possibilities were more impressive. I still

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“THE WISCONSIN IDEA”

Justice John Barnes

A Supreme Court Justice indicates in this article his own interpretation of the “Wisconsin Idea” and what it stands for. The distinguished source of these views lends more than the ordinary authority to it.



HAVE not seen what purported to be an authoritative definition of the term. Some able and altruistic gentlemen advocate certain policies and label them the “Wisconsin Idea.” Others equally able and equally altruistic advocate still other policies and label them the “Wisconsin Idea” also. Both I suppose are right if the proposed policies are right. The term may be like the “Police Power,”—incapable of exact definition. When a policy proves to be a success, then it is within the “Wisconsin Idea;” when it proves to be a failure, it is not.

Permit me to suggest a few things which we might well keep in mind when we are furthering the “Wisconsin Idea,” in which most of us take a just pride.

Practical experience is entitled to some consideration, as well as theoretical knowledge. The man who disagrees with us may be as honest as we are, and there is always the possibility that he may be right as well as honest. We may know more about some things than our neighbors, but we do not know it all. There is no such thing as a

universal infallible genius. The field of learning is so illimitable that the wisest of us can only scratch the surface here and there. It is one of the easiest things in the world to be mistaken and one of the hardest things to admit. Most of us could take valuable lessons from our inferiors in intellectual attainments. Popular idols are not omniscient. The populace for the time being only think they are. If we have not the virtue of charity we are “as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.” This “I am holier than thou” attitude is more frequently founded on egotism than on piety, benevolence or humanitarianism. It does not require as much courage to attack large aggregations of capital when they are either doing wrong or right as it does to defend them when they are doing right. Everything that is, is not wrong. While the experience of the past is not an infallible guide, generally speaking, it is a pretty safe one. Many who disclaim loudly against the existing order of things would disclaim just as loudly in favor of it if it happened to be more popular to do so. The man who honestly raises his voice

against popular clamor is something of a hero, even if he is mistaken. It is easy to be generous at the expense of others, but acts of this kind will not secure for us an exalted seat in the New Jerusalem. When our politicians have the courage to take up unpopular issues that are right as cheerfully as they take up popular ones that are doubtful, the hour of our redemption is nigh. We should remember that it is much more becoming to be modest than it is to be boastful about our cherished "idea." Let our neighbors monopolize the bouquet throwing business in reference to it. It is, generally speaking, the mountebank who most loudly praises his own wares.

If the promulgators of the "Wisconsin Idea" stand for equal and exact justice to all and against all class favoritism, they

have endless possibilities before them and they will be the best of the sons of men, although they may not always have the applause of the galleries. If not, they have at most but a temporary success in sight, because no enduring system of government can be built on a foundation that has the word "injustice" written on one of its corner stones, no matter how small the affected class may be.

If the sentiments here expressed are iconoclastic or heretical or are too commonplace for your literary project or not germane, you are at perfect liberty to consign this letter to the oblivion of the editorial waste basket, in which venerable receptacle innumerable more deserving things have found a peaceful sepulture.

A FABLE

Once upon a time there was an Average Undergraduate.

He was such a well-behaved undergraduate that he refused to go out and mix with the other undergraduates in extra-curriculum activities.

And he settled back into a bomb-proof existence.

Moral—

He spent his last two years in criticising the fraternity system, the faculty, the head coach, the college periodicals, and whatever else he happened to think of.

A FRAGMENT

Ruth Boyle



IT WAS Sunday morning in the Western Union Telegraph office. The operator dozed at a key in back of the long dark office, paying no attention to the monotonous clicking about him. I sat at my desk in front and wished for something to happen—anything, a 'phone call or a customer, or just anything. When old Con Haggerly fumbled at the door, therefore, I was distinctly glad to see him. Usually, old Con was rather a nuisance; he would be around the office for hours very much in the way, and his presence was the more irritating because we couldn't force ourselves to put him out. He tapped his way in and sat down, his hands on a cane. His eyes had been rendered sightless by the explosion of a "missed hole" in the mine.

He began to talk, mumbling his words indistinguishably in his toothless gums, and I sank again into an unlistening reverie. All at once, however, I sat up and strained to catch the meaning of the old man's muttered syllables. He was telling a story.

"I was going to Tombstone," he said, "and had to change trains at Demming. I got there at dusk and found that the train I was to take was late—six hours. I walked up and down the platform. There wasn't any town there—just the station and lunch

room. The country was rough and bare and pretty rocky, too.

"By and by a rig drove up. A woman was driving. She had on a gray coat and a black bonnet and a heavy veil. I couldn't see her face, but she was a quiet, well-mannered woman and it was plain she was a good one.

"'Train late,' she says."

"'Yes um—six hours.'

"'That's a long wait.'

"'It is, in a place like this.'

"She made a few more remarks; 'It's been a hot day for traveling,' and 'The dust is bad in this country;' again, 'It'll settle now. The cool is coming on.'

"All this time I hadn't a glimpse of her face. It was that veiled.

"By and by she says: 'If you don't mind you might take a ride with me. I'll guarantee to get you back in time.'

"'All right, ma'am.'

"I climbed in and we drove off. We drove for about an hour, I doing most of the talking. Then she said her cabin was just in sight, and I might come in for a cup of coffee. She turned up a side road, drew up at a cabin and got down. I got down, too, and we went in. It was a comfortable cabin, neat, and a good fire. She kept on

(Continued on page 24)

LINES TO THE MADISON POLICE FORCE

The burglars burgle where they will,
In these Elysian days.
They wend their way from till to till
From homes and banks they take their fill
And go their several ways.
Yet of the thieves we have no trace—
The police are working on the case.

The bandits lurk in every way
And in the covering night
Attack their unsuspecting prey
And rob and stab and maim and slay
With none to mark their flight.
Yet no one institutes a chase—
The police are working on the case.

When law is but an empty word
And order's voice is still'd,
When each man lives upon his sword,
To kill, or to be killed,
When civilization's power shall cease,
And savagry replace.
Some legend yet may read
"The police are working on the case!"

—Jessee H. Reed.

THE CHALLENGE TO THE STUDENT CONFERENCE

Henry Richard Murphy
Secretary Student Court

Several decisive measures "cutting out" certain student activities have been passed recently by the Faculty Student Life and Interests Committee (Professor S. H. Goodnight, chairman). These measures roused considerable indignation on the part of the students because of "the high-handed disregard for student opinion." The present article voices the sentiment of a large body of undergraduates and hence, ought to be given consideration by the Faculty. The faculty side of the argument will be discussed in a near number by Professor Goodnight. Watch for his article.



BY SINGLE strokes of the pen Napoleon I. by his own will alone made and remade the map of Europe. By another stroke of the pen the faculty's Student Life and Interest committee just recently sent its army of invasion into the broadening domain of student self-government and stole away with one of the fairest of its provinces.

We do not for a moment question the wisdom of the faculty committee's action in eliminating the university circus, the Union "vodvil" and other "folderols" from the list of student activities. We firmly agree with them that the burden of all such activities and the actual work in all such functions falls upon the backs of a very few individuals. We believe with them that the time has come to call a halt in this mad rush of the few for notoriety

in high places.

But there is another phase to the question in addition to the problem of expediency. We have at the University of Wisconsin a growing system of student self-government. And what, will the chairman of the faculty's Student Life and Interests committee please inform us, comes more directly under the domain of the legislative branch of student self-government than jurisdiction over those functions which the students carry on themselves out of school hours.

The self-government manual published by the University of Wisconsin with the approval of President Van Hise informs us that the Student Conference is the legislative body of the male students of this university. And yet when the powers that be rode over the functions of student life and dashed them down from their pedestals, where then was the Student Conference?

Were the students consulted as to the matter? Was their legislative organ asked for its advice or its co-operation? Was the matter referred to them for consideration and settlement? It is folly to answer. We doubt if a single member of the Conference knew what had transpired until the powers above saw fit to notify them of their actions. And yet the Union "vodvil" was staged by the Union Board which is the creature of the Conference.

ESTABLISHES BAD PRECEDENT

We will not go so far as to accuse the faculty and its Student Life and Interests committee of bad faith. We will not charge that they conscientiously meant to adopt a high handed attitude toward the organs of student self-government. Before we can pass judgment on their method of procedure, we should like to know what excuse if any they may have to offer, but on this point there appears as yet to be maintained a monopoly of silence.

We prefer to think that the action of the faculty and its committee came rather as a result of misunderstanding and a lack of knowledge as to the real point in the matter. The precedent established if followed to its logical conclusion can mean nothing more or less than the substitution of this committee for the students' own legislative body, the Conference. It gives into this non-student board the right to say what and what not shall be in the field of student life, even if the interference with scholastic work is vaguely indirect.

The true situation becomes more and more apparent when we realize that the success or failure of student self-government

depends to a large extent upon the good will of the faculty. That constituency known as the student body with recognized political institutions of its own can not exist by virtue of any law of the state. By law the authority over student life and discipline is vested in the Board of Regents and the faculty of the institution. It appears to us then, that the Conference and the Court can only have such authority as is plainly conceded to them by the powers that be and which those powers will recognize and abide by without question. If the Conference has no distinct grant of authority then it must be wholly dependent upon the faculty and at sea with itself.

The President of the University has told us that we have student self-government. The faculty has told us that they will recognize the authority of the Conference to legislate over purely student affairs, but they have not given that Conference any written agreement to that effect. The recent action coming as it did like a bolt from a clear sky without any action or consideration on the part of the student body establishes a bad precedent especially for a Conference that has no written grant of powers. The faculty must give considerations to the organs of student self-government if they wish it to become an active working force in the university.

"GIVE US A CHARTER"

If this were a case that involved student morals or dishonesty in university work, the action of the Student Life and Interests committee would go unchallenged. The great error appears to be the fact that the committee overlooked the students and es-

established a bad precedent as to the relations of faculty and Conference unless the Conference wakes up. The constructive moral to all this tale is this. There must be some definition of the powers of the Conference and its relations with the faculty and its Life and Interests committee. The Conference must have a charter from the faculty and the Board of Regents, so that that organ and the student body may know what authority is inherent in the Conference and on what questions it may have an original right of legislation. This would prevent the arising of all questions similar to the one at hand. If the Conference is to run along with no definite field of action, there will continually arise this interference on the part of the faculty in things conducted outside of class hours and which we think are purely student considerations.

The Student Court has such a charter granted by the Board of Regents. It knows what its powers and functions are. These are recognized by the faculty and the Court stands out in direct contrast with the Conference as a body possessing some real, recognized authority. If in the present case the Conference had been granted the specific power to regulate student activities, the faculty committee would not have overlapped what appears to be the natural field of the Conference. And when the Conference obtains this grant of authority, there will have been eliminated the only true fundamental objection to student self-government, namely that the Conference has no recognized powers.

It is time that the Conference realizes that a charter and a definition of powers is

necessary for its progress. It must press this demand firmly and it should not rest until it has definitely established its authority over all purely student functions, such as those against which the faculty committee has directed its opposition.

BUMPING INTO WAR

(Continued from page 10)

had a little bread, and hopes that I had money enough to take the train from the nearest Italian station, some fifty or sixty kilometers ahead.

Hobbling past Primiero, the last village before reaching the frontier, I was overtaken by an officer on a bicycle, who asked me the usual questions. At last he apparently seemed satisfied and allowed me to go on. "Now I am free," I thought. But no, he was coming back. "Have you a permit from the Chief Forester to take this road?" he asked. "All tourists need one." He obligingly offered to take me to the place where I could get one. It was full of soldiers.

At a word from him, a couple of them took me in charge. My spirits sank when I saw that I was in a barracks. "Are you the Chief Forester?" I haltingly inquired. "What do you mean?" he answered. "You are arrested as a spy." My rucksack was thoroughly explored, and I was searched, and submitted to successive cross-questionings by different officers.

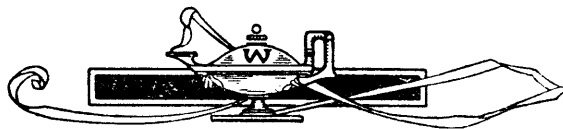
The passport this time was nearly my undoing but in the end it saved me from

any unpleasantness. My hand was numb and swollen, and for the first three trials my signature did not agree with that on the paper. The fourth was satisfactory, and as my stories had all hung together and no damaging "documents" had been found they finally decided that as far as military proceedings were concerned, I was not guilty. There was one further point however. The revelation of the state of my finances had made me "a vagabond and a beggar", and civil justice must be dealt.

They looked skeptical when I told them that I had credit and baggage in Venice, but agreed at last that I should be released.

What a relief it was to be back once more on Italian soil, for Italy had not yet learn-

ed Europe's new game of Hunt the Spy. Some of the last Italian refugees stopped their carriage and took me with them as far as the railroad. "What is the fare to Venice?" I asked, laying down a dollar, my last. "Ninety-four cents." When we arrived late that night, with what remained, I took the steamer to St. Mark's and bought a newspaper. For a week I had had no news save of the burning of Paris, the declaration of war by Japan on Russia, and the promise of American aid for Austrian freedom. Until dawn I read and reread that neutralized paper. It contained the story of the heroic resistance of Liege, where the Kaiser staked and lost,—time will tell just what.



THE POINT OF VIEW

Howard M. Jones

Synopsis of previous installments: A group of university students, representing various types of college men, are gathered around Head's fireplace, discussing their attitudes toward the university. Each man speaks for himself. Eliot, the athlete, has made a plea for football, with its lesson of loyalty, and Pearson, the debater, has declared every college student who desires to lead should study debating to gain, as he says, "intellectual self-mastery."



HE room was in a hubbub the instant Pearson ceased. Ben's argument had been followed by silence—he was taciturn by nature, and when the fountains of speech in him were unsealed, the mere fact of his speaking held us spellbound. But with Pearson the case was opposite. He possessed a faculty of arousing opposition to everything he said. I suppose it was the snap and sureness of his statements—at any rate it was not in human nature to refrain from confuting him when he had finished. Little David was clamoring to be heard and even Head was shaking his head vigorously at something the debater had assumed. To my surprise, however, it was Roberts the engineer, who gained the floor.

I have not described Roberts because I did not know where to begin. There was nothing unusual about him, for one thing, no hook on which to hang a descriptive cloak. Until tonight he had evinced no idiosyncrasy corresponding to Ladislav's poetry or Pearson's passion for debate. He was simply a bluff, good-natured fellow over in the engineer's school, of a type that is distinctly American; men whom you

meet in the smoking cars of suburban trains, shake hands with, and forget all about, except for a lingering flavor of amiability. How he got into Head's circle I do not know, for he was not sharply individualized as you can see. I suspect he was an old friend of Head's, but I am not sure. Of course we were all glad to have him, once he had established himself, but until tonight there was always a query in our reception of him, unformulated but nonetheless there. After his speaking he was, as you will see, definitely fixed.

"Why won't you fellows be consistent?" was the first I heard, shouted over the babble surging around Pearson's devoted head, and perhaps the unusualness of a criticism from Roberts caught the debater's ear.

"I am consistent," he said sharply, waving the others off—"as consistent as human nature can be."

Roberts laughed lightly at the acerbity in Pearson's voice, then turned to Head. "I don't know when my turn ought to come, but I'd like to have it now."

Head assenting, we settled down again, not without some attention to the fire.

"If I say Pearson's inconsistent, I guess I'll have to prove it, or he'll call me," he said with mock ruefulness. "All right—here goes. My proposition is very simple. If you fellows think you're preparing yourself for a business life, what in thunder did you go to college for? Why don't you train for business?"

"Do you suggest a—er—stenographic institution?" drawled Townsend, whereat Roberts laughed again.

"Perhaps," he said, then, changing his tone, went on:

"Pearson and Eliot both insist that what they're going to get out of college is adequate preparation for successful business careers, and both of them fail to show how. It looks to me as though they're wasting their time. If that's their purpose, they had better get out of college. What they ought to do—there are two things they might do. If they expect to become captains of industry, they'd better get a job in a banker's or a broker's office and learn the ropes. If they insist on going to school, they had better enter the right school. They must see, by their own statements, that they're in the wrong one. Why don't you gentlemen come to a good school," he said, pointing at them in turn, "and join the engineers? Or if you don't want to be engineers, take commerce or law or become an agric. But, heavens and earth, Pearson, you won't ever get to be a business man puttering around in a debating society!"

As I write them, his words seem ordinary enough, express an ordinary point of view, yet—perhaps because it was the first time Roberts had expressed himself—they

caused a distinct sensation. The group waited eagerly for him to continue; he seemed to think himself that he was through.

"Go on," urged Head, at length.

"Why—," Roberts hesitated, "Why—really there's nothing more to say. If you're going in for business, get a business education, that's common sense. That's why I say Pearson's inconsistent—nothing business-like about his courses—logic and the theory of the leisure class!"

"But that won't do," Maher expostulated. "Keep on. Tell us why they ought to get a business education, as you call it."

The engineer was clearly puzzled. "I can't make it any clearer," he said slowly. "The world is a business world, and if you're going to live in it comfortably, you'd better stick to more practical things than poetry and the theory of the leisure class.

"I used to think," he commented, "there was a great gulf between me and you fellows; that I was in the outer darkness somewhere because you had something I was too stupid to understand; but if you're all like our athletic friend or the debater there, we're not so far apart after all. Come on over to my side of the fence, now you've got one leg over—don't straddle!" he teased.

A sudden thought struck him. "Perhaps you'd like to know how I came to be an engineer?"

We nodded.

"That'll take the place of an argument—I never could argue. Most of you don't know my father," he began deliberately,

"but he's one of the biggest iron men in the state. He worked himself up from a job as assistant book-keeper in a little Godforsaken mining camp to the presidency of what the newspapers call the pig-iron trust. Didn't know you were associating with a male factor of great wealth eh?" he queried with a chuckle.

"Half-way up the ladder dad met my mother and married her. Mother's strong for this cultural stuff—runs an Ibsen club and a suffrage society and a social settlement down in the Polack ward. Regular, stereotyped situation you see just like the Saturday Evening Post stories—self-made father, wife the daughter of one of our oldest Boston families, and so on.

"All my way through high school I used to monkey around the works. I quit school twice—couldn't stand the Latin, couldn't see any use to it, and never have. But mother pulled some strings and begged me to go back, and dad swore a bit, so back I went. After about six years of coaching and tutors and ponies, I got through.

"I hadn't any idea of going any further. I expected to go right into the shops with dad. I knew in a general way we had to have specialists in the business, but I never figured out where they come from—always supposed they grew, I guess, like trees. Technical schools didn't mean much to me.

"Mother insisted, as I found out later, on my going to college. One night they called me into the library. Mother explained where matters stood. It seems dad wanted me to go to a technical school, and mother—bless her dear, stupid heart!—wanted to

make a regular Bostonian out of me—Harvard, and a year or two abroad and that sort of thing. That's where they clashed. Finally dad said I was old enough to know my own mind and mother agreed to leave the decision to me.

"Mother spoke first. She told me all the things a general college education would do for me. Partly it was what Pearson and Eliot have said, and the rest of it, if everybody speaks their piece here, will be said later, so I won't go into that. When she got through, she said she wasn't to influence me, it was entirely an intellectual question, and then she sort o' smiled—I guess she knew it was a lost cause. That turned the court over to Dad. I'll never forget what he said.

"'Son,' he began, 'when you get a little older, you'll find some nice, clean American girl. You'll marry her and have to support her. You've got four years to get ready for her. You can spend those four years learning a lot about many things, and nothing much about anything. Or you can go to an engineering school, learn the business, and step out of it equipped to take our superintendent's place at the mines with the salary that goes with it. Think it over.'

"They gave me a week to decide in, and I did some pretty hard thinking. Then I made my decision. I've never regretted it, nor wanted to change it. I entered the engineering school here.

"We had a football man," he continued with apparent inconsequence, "apply at the shop. Dad gave him a job out of pity, I guess, but he wasn't much good, except

for bossing the hunkies. He didn't know anything that would earn him money. He couldn't add up a column of figures and get the same result twice running. And I asked myself, what good did his college education and his football do him?

"Then there was a friend of mine had been quite an orator in high school. He used to carry off all the prizes in scholarship, too; then he went east and swept the colleges in speech-making. Now he's starving, waiting for a newspaper editor to recognize the latent ability which he undoubtedly has. The trouble is nobody taught him his own market-value when he was in college.

"Comic paper situations, both of them. I don't say they're true of all debaters and all football men. But, by George, they're true too often! Again and again we had to turn down college men at the shop because they didn't know anything we could pay 'em for. So it wasn't very hard to choose dad's side of the fence."

"And you don't miss anything, don't feel the lack of anything in your enjoyment of life?" interrupted Ladislav.

"Not yet, though I may later, of course," Roberts returned honestly. "Events may prove me wrong. Some of the reasons I gave then are no good now, and on the other hand other reasons have come in. But I feel I was right and that I am right.

"Your question," he added, turning to the poet, "reminds me that there's one attitude toward this matter of a business education I never could understand. Not that you have it, Ladislav, but your question makes me think of a long-haired freak who lec-

tured for mother's club one day. He was surprised and gratified, he said, to see so large a gathering in a territory so crassly commercial. That made me mad. Wasn't he making money himself? Offer him a larger fee for his lecture—wouldn't he jump for it? In my judgment when men of his stamp affect to despise money-making, it's plain, straightforward hypocrisy, and I said so at the time. Mother was shocked, of course.

"Money-making? Everybody wants to make money. Everybody has to make money. Convention has it that some ways of making money are nicer than others, and people of our class generally stick to the nice ways. But anyway, it's the same thing. It's the oldest game in the world. I think it is the finest.

"I differ from the rest of you, perhaps, because I'm honest enough to say that's what I'm here for—to make money. So are you all, but it isn't considered good form for you, Ladislav, or you, David, to say so. Yet it's true. That being the case," he said with sudden emphasis, "what is there to despise about earning money as efficiently as possible? Except of course that I don't want dirty money any more than you do. I think it's a worthy aim. By George, I do! I'm proud of it—I'm proud I came here to learn to make money the best I could!"

His sincerity held us while he paused. He hesitated and stammered when he resumed—the expression of sentiment does not come easy to such men.

"I said—Dad said, I mean—that some

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PURELY EDITORIAL

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

Entered at the Post Office, Milton, Wis., Monthly from October to May inclusive, as second class mail matter.

Published at Milton, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated, Madison Office 710 Langdon Street, Phone 3773.

Address all communications to the Madison Office.

We believe that there are a large number of men in college everywhere and in particular at Wisconsin who are looking to South America for a future. It seems regrettable, therefore, that some worth-while course is not provided to meet the need. From the amount of comment we have heard on the subject we think that some courses dealing with South America might be more to the point than the detailed study of archaic Hebrew or a few other sleepy "pipes" that we have known. The study of the geography, the history, government and social conditions of these Latin Republics ought to be more in line with this utilitari-

A Course we Ought to Have

an institution of ours. We should like to hear from some of the men and women who are interested in such a course.

* * * *

There is an age-old custom at Wisconsin of touching one's hat to the President of the university and unhappily it seems to be disregarded more with each new class. It would be superfluous to show why the custom "ought to be". Be a little thoughtful, then, you men of 1918: and you upper classmen. Best of all—it's not a duty but a privilege.

"Prexy"

* * * *

We take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the play in one act, "Giordano

Bruno" by Percy B. Shostac. In printing the best obtainable along the line of dramatic writing, the Mag is again venturing into a new field.

Two Original Plays

In the January number, you will have the good fortune to read a play called "Enchantment." It is a fantasy by Victor Rubin and Ralph Bailey Yewdale—a romantic story of the Old Bagdad of the "Arabian Nights." It will be decidedly worth your while.

* * * *

To avoid a large amount of correspondence, the editors of the Mag have not acknowledged the receipt of manuscript that is sent unsolicited to the editorial office. Nevertheless the staff wishes to thank the

Thanks to the Contributors

numerous writers who have contributed their efforts to these pages. Some of them have been printed and much more of the worthy material will be printed later.

* * * *

"WE WANT A DEAN OF MEN" is a slogan that has, after a couple of years of apparently hopeless asking, a chance of being revived again. That there is such a need at Wisconsin is admitted by almost everyone who has

"Dean of Men"

seen the office in operation at other institutions. We have come to learn that a Dean of Women is indispensable;— it will be so with the Dean of Men. But we will have more to tell you about this thing later.

* * * *

At present writing the judges for the

Vilas Prize Short Story Contest have not yet been chosen but their names will be announced in the Daily Cardinal. The usual great amount of interest has been aroused

The Vilas Short Story Contest

in the competition and it is believed that a larger number of manuscripts will be submitted than ever before. The rules relating to the contest were published in the November Wisconsin Magazine. The editor's interpretation of "Short Story" rules out playlets, sketches, and similar literary efforts.

* * * *

These are a few short lines to remind our readers that a collection box is located

The Box in Main Hall

in Main hall for the contributions to the Wisconsin Magazine. You'll find it just inside the main entrance. You may place the materials in this place and it will be collected soon after.

A FRAGMENT

Continued from page 13)

her bonnet and veil, made coffee and fried bacon and got out bread and butter. She put brandy in two cups and gave me one. She went to the window and drank with her back turned.

"When I finished she said, 'Now, we're ready.'

"She motioned to me and went out a path up a hill. I followed. We went into a tunnel. When I got accustomed to the dim light, I saw a man in there—well-

dressed after the frontier style. He had on high boots, corduroys, and a blue flannel shirt. His hair was combed slick; he was shaved; and he lay very straight. He was dead.

"We must put him in the wagon."

"I did so and we got in. She drove up a ways until we came to a new grave. I said it was rather shallow, but she said, 'Put him in,' and I did.

"Fill it up.' I did.

"She drove me back all right in time for

the train."

The old man sat still a few moments then rose and began to tap his way out.

"But, Con," I protested, "tell me the rest. How did it end?"

"Real stories don't have no end, child," he answered. "I went back again soon after and found the cabin deserted." And then more as if he were arguing with himself than trying to convince me, he added, "But she was a good woman—a good woman."

THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 19)

day I'll find the girl. I—I guess—I know he was right." His voice broke a little, and he went on unsteadily. "I—I th—think I've found her now. No—don't say anything, I'm not through."

He stood up, straight and tall, and a sombre fire glimmered in his eyes. His voice was very youthful, very determined, very much in earnest when he spoke.

"There's still something. I—I can't quite put it as I'd like. . . . This is it: I couldn't ask that girl to be my wife unless I knew that I was capable of supporting her, of going out into the business world, trained in the kind of fighting they do, that I had spent my time of preparation getting ready for my business in the world, the work-day business of an ordinary man, but mine for all that. Fellows, I couldn't ever ask her.

"You call me practical-minded, mercen-

ary, commercial? Fellows, it's every man's business to be all those things. That's why I believe in technical schools. For most men to go to any other kind of a school would be for them to shirk the duties to come to them. Facts are facts and the world is as it is; and the facts are that most men are business men and the world is a business world. You wouldn't give a soldier lessons in art to teach him how to fight, but that's what you want to do with nine-tenths of the men in the world! Culture is nice, but it's stuff we can't use. We've got to support ourselves on pemmican, not cake, on market produce, not poetry. Your wife will look after that.

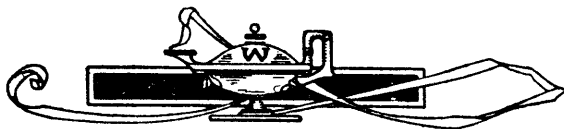
A sudden passion of energy shook him, after his last mordant sarcasm. Out of it came an oath that hurtled into the silence like a red-hot coal.

"Business? By God, business needs no

apology! Business is what makes this nation. Nobody need be ashamed of being a business man! Every time you say business, you say America—you mean a clean-minded, welltrained, fighting man, with a decent wife, kidlets and a respectable home. If you want a word to match Pearson's 'leadership' and Eliot's 'loyalty,' I give you 'efficiency'—business efficiency—efficiency to live. That is—that ought to be the purpose of educating most of the people in the world. I wouldn't give up my prospect of being a business man for all the debating societies or football teams or colleges or culture in this whole United States!

"I speak for the technical school. Your highbrows and lily-ruffled professors have been poking fun at business long enough. The world is stupid and clumsy and awkward enough without having any more men

turned out to the same pattern—a pattern cut for scholars of a hundred years ago. Pearson, your curriculum is antiquated; it was built for the eighteenth century and hasn't been reconstructed since. Men don't build engines by talking, but by hard, grimy, back-breaking, heart-breaking work. I ask your pardon, but your cry of leadership has led people to despise labor long enough. To work for your bread, to work competently and earnestly and efficiently, to work for your wife, if you have one, and your kiddies if you've got 'em, I can't think of any greater thing to do in the world. Ladislaw, what has your poetry, David, what has scholarship to show that can equal that? In this circle I stand for efficiency, for I believe it means the best and the noblest that a man can do!



GIORDANO BRUNO

(Continued from page 8)

(Slight pause.) And thou and I? (Pause.) Are we not smaller than one grain of yellow sand three million times divided? Not smaller than one drop of liquid dew scattered among three fields of thirsty flowers? Not smaller than one little wax made candle whose flickering flame should strive to light up all God's universe?

Marg: (murmurs) Giordano—

Bruno: Infinite nothingness are we! And yet my own beloved thou wouldst place our small bodies against the truth of universe? Thou wouldst stretch out our little love against the wisdom of the stars? Thou wouldst impose our candlelike desires against the infinity of God?"

Marg: (murmurs weakly) I love thee Giordano, I love thee—

Bruno: Beloved Marguritta look once more upon the heaven. There above thou seest Orion the great hunter. Thou seest the Dippers and the Pleiades. Great and never-changing symbols of the world's profoundest truth. Canst thou not imbibe the meaning of these truths? Canst thou not feel the calm and peace which God gives those who are its seekers? For the truth is the all in all—God is truth, truth is God.

Is it for us to deny God? Denying truth we deny but God. (Slight pause.)

Oh, how oft has the church been God's greatest enemy. My heart bleeds as I think of the fair Hypatia, she the daughter of proud Theon, the mathematician. How she spoke the message of truth in Alexandria a thousand years ago—spoke of Plato

and Aristotle, expounded the proofs of Apollonious and Eucilid, poured forth her soul in all its virgin fire. And then the dark mob of the church. How it stripped her on the streets, how it murdered her on the altar, how it pulled the tender flesh from off her bones. Oh, my beloved and am I to leave the field? Am I to shirk what others paid with by their lives. And the venerable Copernicus excommunicated as he died. Must not I uphold his truth, fight with my last drop of blood to pass on the knowledge which his toil disclosed? Man is sick and weak and barren. The truth alone can set man free. And am I to withhold this truth? Am I to sink away from the holy mission which God hath imposed on me? No, no my beloved this thou canst never wish.

Marg: Thou art right, we must fight on for the truth. But my Giordano can we not fight as well from England?

Bruno: Here is the battle and here I must remain. Thinkest thou, my beloved, that should I flee the fight my heart would ever again be at rest? Emptiness would fill our lives, all thy gentle words would fall on an unhearing ear, the song of the lark and the blackbird would put shame into my soul.

Thou lovest me. But dost thou know what love is? Mine own heart, love is not the kisses and the close embraces that make the senses swoon, not the tearing longing that consumes the heart, not the welding of two bodies where all the world is lost. Love is the voice of God, love is the language of the soul of which our kisses are but the smallest outward words. Love is the one-

ness of two spirits, the interlacing of two hearts, the welding of two souls as one with truth, with infinity, with God.

On evasion, on untruth, on weakness, love can not be built. Instead of weeping thou shouldst offer thanks to God that He gives us this chance to raise our love to heights where few on earth may reach, to heights of God himself.

For beloved, I say to thee that our bodies are but the fragile shells wherein abide our souls. Our flesh is naught—our souls are all. Ah, mine own I say these words from the bottom of my heart. Yet, I love thy white, thy soft, clinging flesh—but it is naught. Give me thine arm. (He takes her bare arm firmly in his left hand. With his right hand he takes a long stick pin from the bosom of her dress.) Thou seest this sharp pointed pin? I take its glistening steel and will press it slowly through thy white flesh, slowly press it deeper and deeper through the skin and pulsing veins

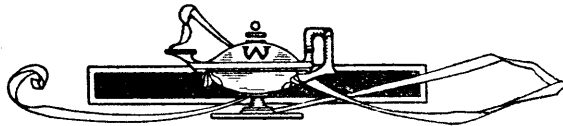
I love; press it unwaiveringly. Thy lips shall not twitch, thy arm shall not tremble, no sound shall escape thee. For we are beyond the flesh, we are two souls drinking the love of infinity, we are two hearts sealed with a truth beyond all kisses of the lips. (He slowly pierces her arm with the pin. His face becomes tense with pain. She, however, seems in a sort of trance like ecstasy. He withdraws the pin. A drop of blood is on her arm. They stare fixedly at each other in an ecstatic silence.)

Marg: (softly) Giordano, our souls are one. They may take thee from me—take thee far away—but nothing can part us, —nothing can part our souls.—

(The chanting from the monastery is suddenly heard. A look of supreme terror comes over Marguritta's face. This increases while the chanting continues.)

(She flings herself into his arms.)

Curtain.



RIGHT AND WRONG VIEWS OF ATHLETIC SPORTS

A paper issued by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. It defines the opposing views of athletics in the college and outlines the chief purposes of the Association.



ATHLETIC SPORT, if honorably and wisely conducted, can hold its own in any institution of learning: but to gain a position of dignity, it must be saved from many of its friends, and maintained on so high a level that no reasonable man can question its value. Rightly administered it strengthens the weak, improves the weak places in the strong, clears the brain, teaches boys and young men to respect their bodies and to know the relation of a clean, vigorous body to an active mind and an honorable life. Rightly conducted it is a school of manly skill, courage, honesty, self-control, and even of courtesy; wrongly conducted it is a school of bad manners, vulgarity, tricky evasion, brutality—the ideals not of a sportsman but of a sporting man.

We are constantly told that in England men play for the sake of playing, whereas in America men play for the sake of winning. The more serious the question of winning, the more serious the need of winning honorably. Sport in America is not mere fun; it is a test of character, and nothing that makes the player less a gentleman belongs to it. The football player who wantonly injures his rivals, the baseball player who persists in shouting to rattle his opponents, the schoolboy or student who takes money for summer baseball and conceals the fact, should be put out of the

team. Nor should any school or any college have secrets as to the legitimacy of its athletic representatives.

To maintain high ideals in athletic sport is the chief purpose of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. This Association brings together representatives of more than one hundred universities and colleges in three meetings held on one day every year. Sometimes a group of colleges sends a joint representative; oftener a college sends a man of its own, or two or three men, of whom only one represents it officially. A number of schools and academies have associate membership. Committees working throughout the year prepare business for the meetings, when the delegates listen to addresses from men who know much about athletic sports, and reports from committees on the various athletic sports cultivated at college. The evening meeting is devoted to the discussion of vitally important questions in college athletics.

Though strictly the Association has no power over the colleges it represents, it has unlimited opportunity of influence. Its discussions of athletics are the most important in America; and its opinions find expression in "Rules Committees" and in standards of athletic games throughout the country.

(Continued on page 45)

Joseph M. Boyd, President H. L. Russell, 1st Vice President Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President
Chas. O'Neill, Cashier H. C. Jamieson, Ass't Cashier
J. E. Backus, Ass't. Cashier Branch Bank

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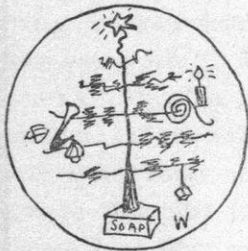
A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Scene—but not heard.

Time—Xmas A. M.

Cast—Our Hero.

Curtain rises as curtains have a way of doing and a room containing a Christmas tree is noticed. The floor is held down by a home made round rag carpet. A picture of Washington Ice on the Delaware R. is counteracted by a Round-oak base burner. The Xmas tree is gaily decorated with a broken chandelier, the



main spring of grandpa's Ingersol, some loaf sugar, and the tinfoil that came in with the cheese. The whole effect is one of Home, with a capital H——.

Our hero enters: in his hand is a carefully prepared list. He makes his way (it should have been made for him but the

stage carpenter was out all night). He makes his way, as we said, to the Xmas tree above mentioned. He is apparently not

dazzled by the glitter of the spectacle before him.

Reaches for the nearest package, unwraps it, tosses contents aside checks off "one



necktie—aunti" from his list. Opens second package checks off "1 hand emb. pr. suspenders," opens another, and another and another, and so forth ad infinitum.

He finally reaches end of list. Checks and re-checks. Finds that one aunt sent suspenders in lieu of wristlets as per custom of all the previous years that were. He swoons. Asbestos curtain.

Moral—If you can't be original,— be consistent.

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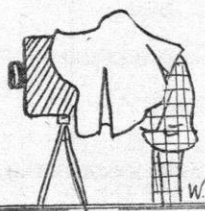
YOU
KNOW ME
AL



FRIEND AL:

Havin' all my bulkin' done for tomoro and it bein' too early to go to bed and too cold to go out for warmth I take my pen in hand for a hasty note to you. It will have to be short becaues I am so frightfully busy tonight. I guess I haven't writ to you for some time have I al? Well I never was much of a hand at writin', was I? But I think that old pals like you and me ought to keep in touch with 1 another, don't you?

I'm getting along just fine here, the president spoke to me yesterday. Yep, he sez, "what are you doin' here young feller." I guess he didn't like it because I had knocked



over a step lader on his back porch. It was so dark that I didn't see it, and of course I couldn't use a light because I might have been caught, which I was anyway. But I was a pretty slick guy on the whole now aint I. You know me. Well I fooled prof. Urdahl good last Fri. He said that our marks would depend on the papers that we handed in that morning. Well I didn't hand in any. Bet he'll be sore, eh?

Pretty near busted up one class. The prof told a joke, you know the old one about the grandmother loosing all her teeth and having a soft snap the rest of her life. Well I didn't laugh and you should have seen him give me the fifty-fifty not knowing that I'd dropped his course that very morning. Last week I had my picture taken. I think that a fellow owes it to his unborn relatives to have his face shot once in a while. I'd like to see a picture of my fore-runners, wouldn't you? Believe me

my children will know what I look like even if I do have to spend a dollar now and then. I believe in considering family first and money afterwards.

You know me Al, on that point. And any way my girl insists on having one of my pictures, and as I never had any taken recent, I had these taken. I told her I had 'em taken and she wanted to know if I had enny proofs and I told her "No" that she'd have to take my word for it. As we sat there together the fire went out and I said, "The fire is out, we'll be alone." Joke. You

(Continued on page 35)

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know me Al when it comes to jokes. And then she says that Robinson Cruso was still there but he was leavin' Friday. At which I mentioned that I thought the bird cage looked guilty. You know the fellow who lives across the hall from me is so stingy that he'd pay ten cents to have a button sewed on his overcoat, that he had ripped off to put in the church collection in order to save the ten cents in the first place, only he don't go to church in the second place. Well he got some limburger cheese from home today. I just got wind of it now. I think I'll shut the door. You better come up here and visit me some of these days. I haven't got a very good bed, but you can see what you can do with it if you want to. What's yours is mine as the Kaiser said to the man with the automobile. Well I must close now. If I can find a nickle around the room somewhere I will take this letter down and mail it. You know me Al.

your friend

Steve

P. S. The nickle is not for car fare.

WHY A WOMAN IS LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE

Often pretty fast.
 Costs a lot to run her.
 She needs a pilot.
 Headlight is usually conspicuous.
 Draws a train behind her, also the mails.

—Pelican.

College Men Are Wise

It took but a few weeks for thousands of them to find out "who's who and why" amongst Madison's Clothiers.

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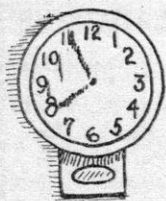
"I am hunting for an honest man," muttered Diogenes, as he held up his lantern.

"You're a fool," said the thug, as he adjusted his flash, "you won't find nothing on him."—Chaparral.

W W W

She—"Don't you think that fellow in the gray suit is handsome?"

He—"No, he's got a face that only a mother can love."—Gargoyle.



A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY
PRESS CLUB MAKING AN EIGHT
O'CLOCK

Chairman—I am sure we are all very sorry that our secretary cannot be here tonight. I cannot say that we miss his vacant chair, but I am sure that we will miss his vacant face.—Tid Bits.

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Why does the Cosmopolitan
Use Bobby Chambers constantly?
Why is each issue loaded full
Of dubious, daring kinds of "she?"
That's mystery.

What act upon the Orpheum
Brings the applause most heavily?
What makes the rear rows clap like mad?
What do the front rows crane to see?
That's mystery.

Why should the bench with one accord
Turn startled heads 'round suddenly?
No matter where a fellow goes
Such questions always seems to be
A mystery.

I've tried a lot to find the way
To answer it consistently,
But all I find is that you rouse
A lot of curiosity
By mystery.

—Pelican

W W W

LIBRARY LYRICS

It's "what's his name?"
Or "Is she nice?"
Or "Is she very pretty?"
Or "I think Mary's just too sweet!"
Or "Isn't Freddy witty!"
But frequently their conversation
Turns the other way:
It's "Who's that clothsrack on the end?"
Or "Mary Ann's a jay."
"I'll never speak to Ed. again,
Unless he gets some clothes,
I never did like corduroys
He never washes those."—Pelican.

HAPPY INDEED

is the one who gets

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Jolly - Christmas

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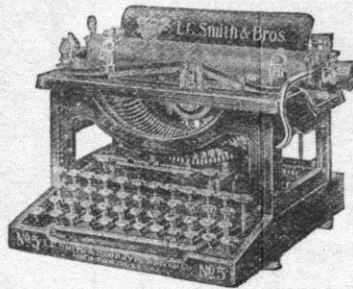
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“What kind of a fellow is he?”

“Oh, he’s the kind of a fellow who goes out for a walk with you and then tells you how democratic he is; not afraid of being seen with anybody.”—Record.

W W W

Mathematical Professor—“I have now completely discussed the theory of probability. Are there any other questions?”

Problematical Freshman—“What are the chances of my getting through the course.”—Jack-o-Lantern.

W W W

She—“How did you like the actor who played the king?”

He—“Ever since I saw him I’ve been in favor of a Republic.”—Summer Session Californian.

W W W

My name is Ben Abou, ahum!

And I am exceedingly glum:

I am quite evil fated

And most dissipated

And awfully addicted to rum!

—Pelican.

W W W

Mary had an X-ray gown

Which might have been the limit,

But Mary was so awful thin,

She made no shadow in it.

W W W

— Pelican.

A GRAVE MATTER

“Life is a game with a stacked pack.”

“How’s that?”

“No matter how you shuffle the cards spades is sure to win.”

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MADISON

WISCONSIN

RIGHT AND WRONG VIEWS OF ATHLETIC SPORTS

(Continued from page 29)

The Association encourages "Faculty control of athletics," believing that the man in charge of physical education should be a member of the Faculty and as good a man as any in it; that he should have a thorough acquaintance with athletic sport and a strong sympathy with youth, knowing, and able to teach, the difference between cleverness and trickery, between manliness and brutality, between the amateur spirit and the professional, between the sportsman and the sporting man.

She—"Do you believe in long engagements?"

The Brute—"Well, they make married life shorter."

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

W W W

He—"Here's a present for you, dearie."

She—"I don't want your gifts after the way you've treated me in the past."

He—"I know, doll-baby, but forget the past and think of the present."

—Cornell Widow.

W W W

Bright Youth—"Peas don't roll off my knift any more."

Clerk—"Why?"

Bright Youth—"Because I eat them with my mashed potatoes."

—Princeton Tiger.

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He—"Is that the same stuff I use in my automatic cigar lighter?"

Chauffeur—"Yes, sir, and—"

He—"Not the slightest danger. Drive on."

—Yale Record.

W W W

A—"Who was the fine-looking blonde you were with the other night?"

B—"Oh, that good-looking one—just a friend. We were out celebrating my wife's birthday."

—Californian Pelican.

W W W

Barber in University Shop—"Do you want a close shave?"

Stude—"I'll have one if I get out of this chair alive."

—The Columbia Jester.

W W W

"Your answer," said the history Professor to the piker, "reminds me of Quebec." The Piker grinned uneasily.

"Why, sir," he ventured.

"Because Quebec is found on such a tall bluff."—Widow.

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