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The
Wisconsin
Magazine

Volume IX

APRIL, 1912

Number 7



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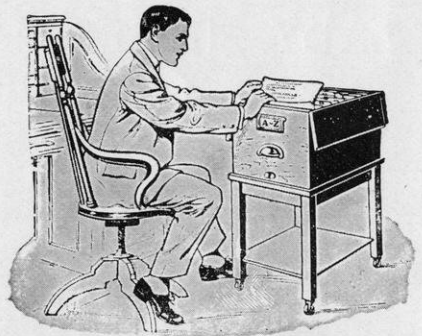
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The Wisconsin Magazine

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Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

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No. 7

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Volume IX Number 7

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A MATTER OF JURISDICTION

WITHIN the last ten years the student enrollment at Wisconsin has doubled, and with this rapid expansion have grown up new institutions and new problems in undergraduate life. Somehow, these interests, which in the past filled their spheres most admirably, now seem to be out of alignment and seem to conflict with newer interests. We have in mind, for instance, our system of self-government which is centralizing and developing more and more as each school year goes on.

Recently there have been movements toward extending the control of the student conference over other organizations, the theory being that the conference is the only representative and legislative body in the university, and consequently should

have true and complete legislative control over all student affairs. In pursuance of this theory, the conference has made the union board a sub-committee of the conference. Now the question arises whether or not the union board will recognize this annexation. It is an interesting situation.

Now, there cannot be any question as to the advisability of creating more harmony and joint action among the various student activities. However, when we attempt to absorb the independence of one organization by another, the question arises who is to decide on the policy of this centralization. It is a fact that the students of Wisconsin have never as such voted for self-government. The conference has assumed powers which were probably never dreamed of when President

Van Hise first called a meeting of student representatives of the various organizations. These powers have taken on legislative form. The voters have never given their consent otherwise than in the election of representatives to the conference. The conference, in turn, has gone ahead and has legislated. Now it is on the verge of enlarging its legislative functions. Naturally this reaching out for more jurisdiction results in opposition from those organizations which are to be placed under conference control.

We are not at all certain that conference control over the union board will result in a better board and a more efficient board. Instead of the conference taking the initiative in assuming control over actions and policies of the union board, it is the business of the members of the union to take this matter in hand. Let the union refer its present charter and policies to its constituents for ratification. This is the only real method of securing satisfaction. It is now about time that the conference also submits its constitution to the student body for ratification. We have quarreled long enough. Let's get a decision.

There is also some discussion regarding subjecting The Daily Cardinal to conference control. If the students want a communistic paper, that is their business. The Daily Cardinal never claimed to be a paper of the people, but it does claim to be a paper for the people. Communistic journals may have some advantages, but a true journalist will never tolerate governmental control over his columns. No doubt, enough students can be found who will play the part of an automaton and let official bodies dictate the policies of the paper, but a real man wants opportunity for the true expression of his individuality. Trust to him for honest and square treatment of policies affecting the public.

Take away a man's editorial prerogative, and you throttle the freedom of the press, a freedom which took centuries to obtain. The whole matter then is one of jurisdiction. We can conceive of a conference with specific functions. We can conceive of a union board with specific

functions. We can conceive of a student paper with specific functions, and all these activities independent of each other, tied only by the bond of college spirit which makes for the best in student life. It was a wise soul who said, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE STUDENT CONFERENCE

Resolved. That the Student Conference of the University of Wisconsin expresses its deep regret and profound sorrow on account of the death of Henry P. Howe, late a representative from the class of 1915, in the College of Letters and Science.

Resolved. That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased a copy of these resolutions be printed in The Daily Cardinal and The Wisconsin Magazine; and be it further

Resolved. That as a mark of approval of the life and character of Henry P. Howe, and devotion to his memory, as well as an expression of sympathy in their bereavement, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

TO THE CONTESTANTS

WE TAKE great pleasure in announcing the result of the Vilas Memorial Prize Contest. The first prize has been awarded to Miss Helen V. Loomis, '12, of Kilbourn, and the second prize to Mr. Will T. Gilman, '15, of Portage. The first prize story, "The Price of Potatoes," appears in this issue. "The Deep Shadows," the second prize story, will appear next month.

On the whole, the opinion of the judges seemed to be that the stories were not above mediocre merit. In fact, one judge wouldn't regard more than about seven of the twenty-six stories as coming up to college standard. We are safe, however, in asserting that from five to seven of these stories were on the whole very good. The winning story is simply told, and, with this simplicity runs a strain of interest which grips the attention and satisfies in the end.

To the judges of this contest the staff owes many thanks. The contest was satisfactorily conducted. To the winners the staff extends hearty congratulations, and to all contestants a high appreciation of their interest shown in the contest.

Contestants desiring their manuscripts should notify the editor at once. The best of these stories will be published at a later date if satisfactory to the authors.

A WISCONSIN PLAY

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD has written a play of extraordinary merit. "Glory of the Morning" represents the author's first attempt at a drama, but this first attempt has justified in every way the expectations of Wisconsin people who have known Mr. Leonard through his many poetic and prose productions. In the dramatic section we have given the essential characteristics of this play, but editorially we wish to comment on a few artistic conceptions and ideals of this production rather than on the dramatic situations.

It takes the power of real genius to prepare the way for those truly noble and sympathetic lines of *Glory of the Morning*, when she says, "I laid the dead fish in the corn hills and planted the seed, and brought the ears home for him to eat; from the spring I drew the water for him to drink; I shook from the bended reeds the grains of the wild rice into my canoe for him; for him I pounded the buffalo meat and dried it and pressed it and laid it away in a skin against the coming of the snow; at the lodge I built the fire to warm him through the winter and sewed him his shirts and his moccasins. I gave him children. He needed me. But now the Half Moon is more needful to *Glory of the Morning* than *Glory of the Morning* is to the Half Moon."

Black Wolf's lines on the white man's totem are powerful; they awaken the emotions; they fill one's heart with that peculiar sense of awe and wonder for the mystery of symbols. If there is true artistic sense anywhere in this play it is found in the lines of Black Wolf when he

says, "And the white man's medicine man has made, like the hunter and trader, his paths through the forests and streams. I met him long ago at Montreal, the town by the Big River. He wore white black robes and a little black hat. He stopped. He held his silver medicine charm up to my eyes and mumbled his magic words and tried to bewitch Black Wolf away from the Great Spirit. The charm was shaped like this (Makes in the air with his calumet the sign of the cross) * * * It was the white man's totem * * * That is the totem that makes the white man strong."

These are only two illustrations of the many artistic conceptions and situations. They represent the highest emotions in *Glory of the Morning* and in *Black Wolf*. To appreciate the play, however, one must read it. It possesses many poetic charms, and strikes within the reader the sympathetic chord for a universal brotherhood of man.

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

IT IS needless to say that this publication rejoices with her friends, colleagues, and rivals in the championship won in basketball. Captain Scoville maintained in the columns of *The Wisconsin Magazine* that Coach Meanwell was an efficient man, and now he has a chance to reiterate his prediction.

The championship was by no means a one man affair. We must not forget that the department of physical education attended to the wants of every man and gave him the best of facilities and personal aid. We must not forget "Ed" Austin, the best manager seen on the campus for years. We must not forget that the team was made up of men, whom Coach Meanwell characterized as the cleanest fellows in the university.

Wisconsin has taken a wonderful leap in athletics. The basketball team points the way towards more championships. So far this year the boys have done well. We look for even greater successes next year.



In the Shades of
Maiden Willows

SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

In the shades of maiden willows
Hanging loose their long-grown tresses,
Where the brooklet glides in silence,
Slipping over tender cresses;

Where so many herbs of summer
Blow about in flowery masses,
And so many an a-maying
Butterfly his love confesses;

Where no cry of pain arises,
Or no moaning of distresses,
Save the whisper of the breezes
Fondling clovers with caresses.

Where the sunlight thru the branches
Falls a-trembling on the grasses,
And the air is coolest, sweetest,
Of all shadowy recesses—

In the shades of maiden willows
Hanging loose their long-grown tresses,
There, Love, let me lie awaiting,
Happy with my idle guesses!

THE PRICE OF POTATOES

Helen V. Loomis

This story has been awarded first prize in the William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest



OVER the lonely North region the twilight was creeping. There had been no sunset that day, for a biting November wind had filled the sky with scudding masses of gray and then, with a fitful shifting, had piled them in the west over the pine woods that lined up indistinctly against the sky. To the east of this woodland lay a field, roughly broken, with now and then a half-burned stump or an uneven hillock. On all sides lay earthly cleared lands, covered with patches of scrub oak and hazel brush, while an occasional giant Norway pine raised its rugged branches to an imperious height, in defiance of his old-time enemies, the storms and the bitter cold.

The wind hugged close to the ground over the field, driving before it clusters of tumble-weed and dried potato vines, lodging them finally in the brush wood that bordered the field, or in the crotch of an old stump.

Near the center of the field were a group of workers, harvesting what remained of the year's potato crop. A man led the way down the long rows turning out the potatoes with his pitchfork and scattering them in the furrow at the side of the hills. He worked rapidly, but clumsily, with a sullen desperation. Some distance behind him a young woman in coarse woolen garments, that hung close about her in the wind, followed, picking up the potatoes as she went and dropping them into a large bushel basket that she dragged after her. A boy at her side gave her his assistance when he was not engaged in the supervision of an old gray

horse, that stood dejectedly dozing in the next row, hitched to a stone boat. When the basket was filled, the two emptied its contents upon the stone boat, the boy drove the horse on a few steps, and then returned to help with the next basket. Thus the whole day passed—the cold, unending day.

The girl rose now and then from her task and with a grimace, indicative of pain, she put her hands to her back; but even as she did so her eyes sought a point far off on the edge of the woodland where the sandy streak of a wagon road was visible for a short space and then disappeared in the pines.

Now as the gloom of the day deepened she rose again and strained her eyes toward the spot. The boy caught her look and grinned. The girl shrugged her shoulders with an indifferent air, but a slight color flushed over her cheek and she turned her eyes quickly away across the field. As she did so, her eye caught a glimmer of light that shone out of the window of the farm-house that was just visible in the growing darkness some distance across the clearing.

"Quittin' time, Boy," she said.

"Quittin' time, Dad," echoed the Boy.

The man stood erect, as if waking from a daze and stuck his pitchfork into the ground; the boy unsnapped the tugs and clambered to the horses's back; the girl muffled her coarse chapped hands in the folds of her cloak.

"Think 't 'ill freeze?" she inquired, nodding toward the heap of potatoes.

"No. Too windy. How many you got?"

"Bout fifty bushel."

With Boy in the lead the little procession made its way homeward across the field and the adjoining clearing. As they took to the open road it was quite dark, but the girl's keen eyes quickly swept in its long sandy stretch again; again a faint glow reddened her cheek and she muffled her hands more deeply into the folds of her cloak, as she stepped out quickly along the path. It was the same little path among the hazels through which she had come so many evenings, tired, so hopelessly tired, and yet always with that bright, persistent little spark of hope somewhere in her nature that made it all seem worth while.

It occurred to her how like this night was to all those past nights, with the three of them coming home. Boy was a little older now, a little more of a nuisance at times; her father was quieter, more resigned to life on the new eighty, but on the whole life was much the same. Even her mother, who had changed so perceptible through the years of hardship, had set the signal tonight as always for "quittin' time," and would doubtless be waiting for them with that royal smile, the only substitute life had given her for the comforts she deserved.

She *was* waiting. A flood of light and of warm air, redolent with the odor of fried supper gave greeting through the open kitchen door.

Tonight the same greeting: "Chores done, ma?" Tonight the same answer: "All done, Nellie."

The workers made their toilet at the little washstand in the corner and took their places at the table. It was spread with a checkered crimson cloth, and a kerosene light, placed in the center, reflected brightly the newly acquired shine of their ruddy faces.

Nell had lingered for a moment over the geranium pots in the window, to look out down the road.

"Ain't seen Jeb go back, have ye?"

"No, mother."

"If he'd a went, Nell'd'a seen him. I've picked up two taters to her one all day, while she was gawpin' down the road."

"Shet up, Boy," said the father gruffly, and, in response, a silence, peculiar to country folk, settled over them.

The old folk had never quite known how matters stood. Jeb had never spoken his mind, at least not to their knowledge, and of late Nell had been strangely silent concerning him. This was somewhat irritating to the father, and he often complained secretly to his wife that "Jeb wa'n't no hand for sparkin' the girls as he'd been. He'd got married when he didn't have a cent to his name, and Jeb was a queer sort of a chap to hold back so."

Even in Nellie's mind there was something of uncertainty. As she sat at the table she recalled the time when Jeb, two years before, had found her planting corn in the upper forty and laying his big hand over hers had said: "When I get so as't I can keer for a wife, I shan't want her to work i' the field." Many times since then on a Sunday he had come to spend the evening with her, and often he had talked of his plans, but always vaguely, with the hope of "gettin' ahead," never identifying his hopes with hers.

The last spring he had come more often, however, and had spoken enthusiastically of his potato crop. He had given up the whole farm to them, and staked everything on their success. "If the're only a good price," he had said, "I—I may get ahead."

And Nellie, without quite daring to, had understood. All summer long she had watched and waited—now for rain, now for fair weather, now for warmer days, and the great spirit that brooded over this northland had been kind, for Jeb's crop had flourished under the kindly sun and his vigilant care.

Now autumn had come and the crops were harvested. Early that morning he had started out on his trip to town to inquire about the market and the prices. He had drawn up at the gate for a moment on his way by.

"If they ain't worth nothin' this year, I reckon I'll have to pull up my stakes and go on," he had said, "but if they fetch me somethin', it may mean—considerable to me." And Nell remembered that she had only said feebly, "I can't do more'n wish you good luck, Jeb."

So, as they sat about the table, each lost in reverie, her woman's instinct summed up all the data of the past and with a

strange thrill of anxiety and anticipation she felt that this night, so very much like all the other nights, was yet to be a crucial one.

"Team goin' by!" observed the Boy, eyeing his sister.

"Turnin' in," he added, with a grin.

"Let 'em," answered his sister, in another hopeless attempt at indifference.

There was a rap at the door and Jeb entered—big, bright, and cheery as before, but as it seemed to Nell with a peculiar kindling of the eye, a ruddier glow in his honest face. There were the usual greetings, inquiries for news of the town and banterings between the Boy and Jeb, while they helped him to a warm supper.

"'N what are 'taters bringin', Jeb?" inquired the father.

"Taters? What, from what I've heard say we'll get a handsome price. The crop down country hasn't turned out good. They're offerin' a dollar a bushel now."

They were the words Nell had waited all day, indeed, all summer to hear, and a strange singing set itself up in her heart and even as it sang she marvelled that the price of potatoes in the far off town could make this night away up in the northland so very different.

At the usual hour the father and mother retired, and Boy, after having roused his sister's trepidation as to whether he would ever go at all, voluntarily, stumbled off upstairs.

Jeb sat by the cook stove, watching the big red coals winking in the grate.

"Want some hickory nuts, Jeb?" Nellie inquired as she produced, somewhat hesitatingly a large block of wood, a hammer, and some nuts. Jeb smiled up at her face as he took them and, with a deliberation that appalled and delighted her, he laid them on the hearth.

"I guess you know how 'tis, Nell," he said, drawing her down to a chair beside him. "I've been thinkin' as I sat here, 'bout that little white house down yonder on the old Holcomb place. For years I've planned and dreamed 'bout marryin' you some day and livin' there. I reckon we could do that now, if you's jes as liv'."

"I'd jes as liv', Jeb."

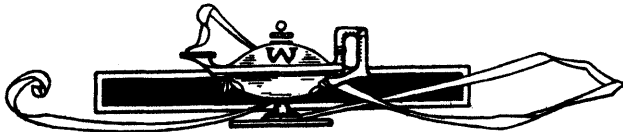
"'N you won't have to work so hard no more."

The wind whirled with a fitful gust around the old house; there was a moaning in the chimney; it seemed cozy there by the fireside. After a long silence Nellie said: "Ain't it queer, Jeb, how awful much difference the price of taters will sometimes make."

Jeb smiled. "'Tis queer," he said.

And so they sat for an hour or more. And when he had kissed her in his awkward way and had gone, she sat long by the fireside, with the kerosene lamp burning low, her heart following her lover on his way up the lonely Pine Road across the northland.

Yes, this night which was so very much like all the nights of the last was yet so different, so strangely different.



A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

R. D. Wolcott



HE sipped her tea with the languid grace of one trained in the art, toying with the cakes at her elbow. Presently she set down her empty cup, and with a sigh rested her eyes on the monotonous beauty of the August sea. It was one of those perfect summer evenings; the soft southern breeze seemed laden with the spicy fragrance of the fading coasts far astern. Far as the eye could reach stretched the tractless expanse of the South Atlantic, rich in its very loneliness, each black oily swell reflecting on its crest the spectral brightness of that glorious moon. Astern, extending almost to the horizon, lay a broad, tortuous ribbon of seething phosphorescence continually churned up by the ship's busy propellers. To the girl it seemed as if all of Neptune's stolen wealth must be sparkling in this luminous lane. And above, each star burned big and bright, mysterious in the blue-black vault, as they only do in the glorious south sea.

Turning in her steamer chair, the girl addressed her companion:

"Isn't it all wonderful, though, Arthur!"

The man smoked on in silence, playing nervously with his cigarette. He seemed ever on the verge of speaking, but the silence remained unbroken. It was late, and they were quite alone. The girls' deep, dark eyes were riveted on the man. Disappointed at his silence, she spoke again:

"Arthur, why did you come? Please tell me, dear. You promised to, you know."

This time the girl's words had the desired effect. Tossing aside his cigarette, he turned toward her.

"And must I answer that? You know, Louise——"

"Yes, but when I wrote you not to!"

A stern sort of smile lighted up his face as he replied:

"Perhaps that's the reason."

"You're as mean as ever, you silly boy," she pouted.

"But Louise, when your letter from Naples reached New York, it found me as lonely as it left you. So I changed my vacation plans so as to have the pleasure of a voyage with you; I found you at Gibraltar as you know, and here we are with a week of heaven before us, if only you——"

"But what will mother say when she finds you here tomorrow?"

It was as if he had not heard the question. They both were silent, but their hearts beat quick and fast. Suddenly the man arose, holding out his hands to help her up. Silently they strolled to the ship's side. Far to port and astern towered Gibraltar's massive bulk, slowly fading away into the violet haze. Eight bells rang out from the bridge, and the uncanny clangor wakened them from their trance.

With deliberate slowness the man grasped her two little hands and pressed them firmly. One look into his earnest, passionate eyes and the girl let herself sink into his strong embrace. He held her close, and still closer; their lips met again and again.

Somewhere up forward a banjo was tinkling. With a sigh of contentment the girl rested her head on his shoulder:

"What *will* mother say?" She repeated, this time with a smile.

Once more himself, the man laughed grimly, folding his Treasure close to his side, and murmured:

"She'll have to say 'yes,' won't she, Sweetheart?"

As they strolled along the deck towards the cabin, the man noticed how the sly old moon melted their two shadows into one on the gleaming planks, and for the first time in his life he was superstitious.

PHILIPPINE SKETCHES

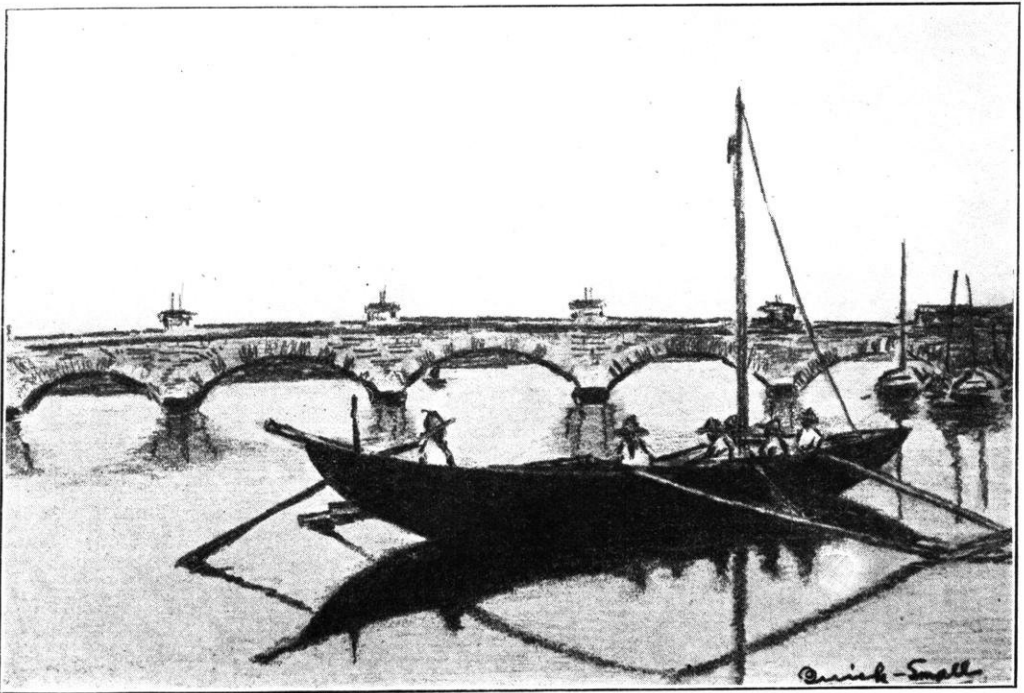
Sidney H. Small

Editor's Note—These pencil sketches deserve careful attention. Note the reflections in the water.



HERE weren't any high hills, there weren't any palm trees on the shore, no beautiful maidens paddled out to meet the steamer; yet this was as surely the Philippines as it was surely land. The sun was just sliding into its bath of haze, turning the mists to red

We had looked for a black villainous-looking monster, sans everything wearable. Afterwards we found out that the Filipino has passed through three stages—first, the naked stage; second, the “shoehombre” stage, or the Filipino dandy who wore a shirt, a pair of lavender Boston garters, carried his shoes in his hands and wore them on Sunday and feast days; and



The Bancas Cast Black Shadows on the River

and gold, and everywhere there was a strange half-imperceptible odor, as if the haze were perfumed. The waters were not blue, but scarlet where the sun touched them, and violet all around.

From the shore a whole bevy of bancas swept out to surround the boat long before it was near the mooring place. White government launches followed them more sedately, and into one of these we went.

the present stage, an American-schooled, white-dressed Filipino, who, like as not, does a white man's work—when he isn't drunk or loafing, well-fed, in the shade of a nipa shack.

Arriving, we were met by the automobile of our friends, and driven rapidly through the half-crowded streets to the home on Santa Mesa. Once clad in white, we stretched out comfortably on long

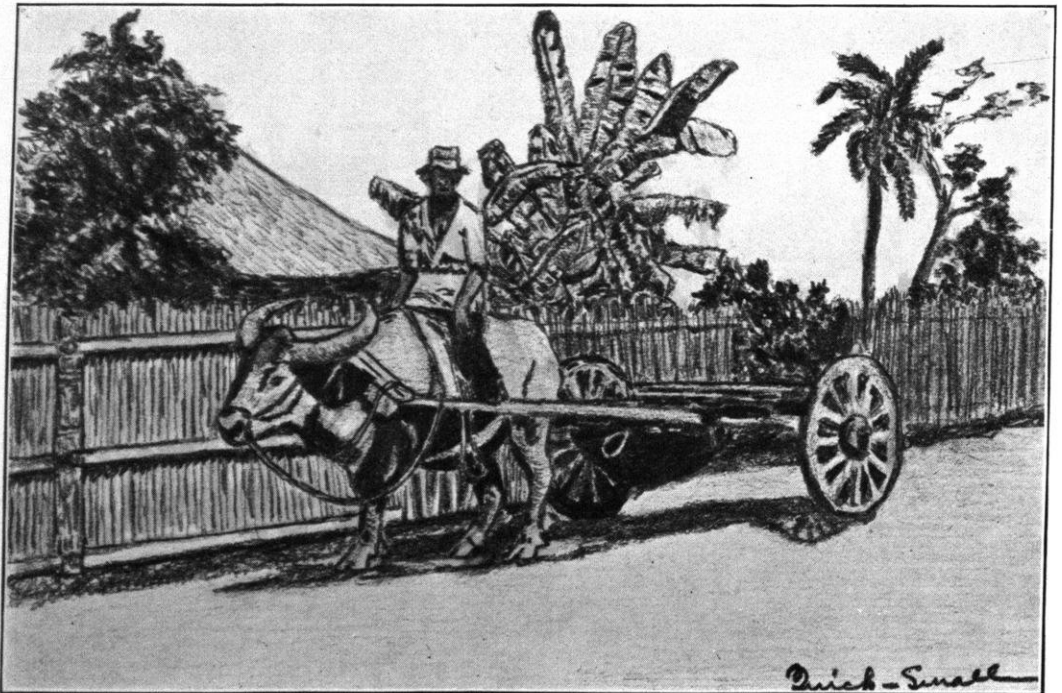
wicker chairs, and, assisted ably by the Scotch, cold soda, and cigarettes, proceeded to discuss family, political and love affairs. We were loafing, loafing happily, gloriously. Before us was the deep green of the mango tree, down the drive we could see the rice fields, across which a little river meandered. Now and again a carabao pulling a cart walked slowly and solemnly down the street, with the man on his back almost asleep.

Across the river the nipa shacks huddled confusedly together, while naked children ran from one to the other. From one of the shacks came the voice of that forerunner of American civilization—the phonograph—for the Filipino is musical,

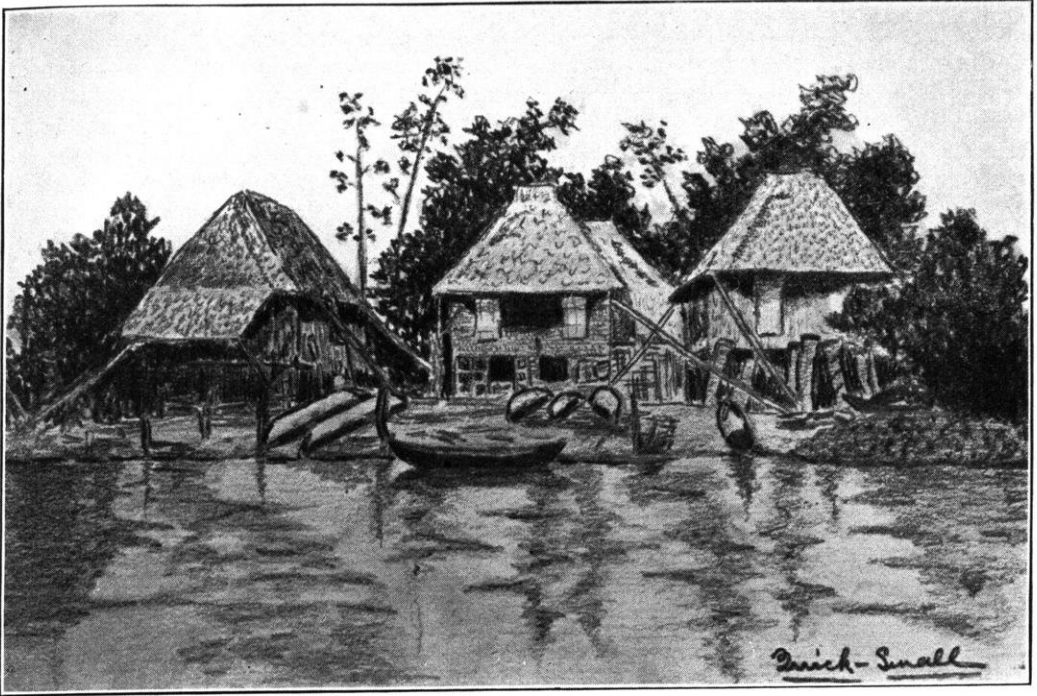
and can make music out of an empty can and two sticks.

After dinner we again stretched out on the chairs. The air was filled with all sorts of flying creatures, from gnats to enormous beetles who hummed loudly as they bumped against the electric light. The frogs in the rice fields kept up a continuous ker-ick, ker-ick. As it grew later the fire-flies commenced to come out from their hiding places, dotting the trees and sky and grass with myriads of flickering lights.

Then the great tropical moon swung up over the bay, and the river that had crept dreamily across the rice fields seemed to move slower and slower, until it almost fell asleep in the pale moonshine.



The carabao is a stately beast. No amount of proding can hurry him. Given straw, water, and a bed of warm mud to wallow in and he is content. He is the rapid transit of the Philippines—typically slow, sleepy, discouraged with life.



The nipa shak is an irresponsible affair that springs up, mushroom-like, over night. They line the river Pasig on both sides.

BASKETBALL—A RESUMÉ



FINISHING the season with a total of twelve games won, the Badgers have this year for the first time established a legitimate claim to the championship in Conference basketball. By the winning of these twelve games, Wisconsin has made a record attained but once before in the history of the Conference, when, in 1906, Chicago paralleled the feat by finishing the season with a result precisely similar in point of percentage.

For years past, Wisconsin has always been a close contender for first place, but this season, with a team which excelled any which has represented the Cardinal for years past, the Badgers have gone further to assert their claim to actual championship, and have established a new

record not only in the number of games won, but also in the number of points scored. The total of 384 points as opposed to 180 earned by their opponents, gives to the Badgers a record never before attained in the history of the Conference, and one which seems likely to stand for a long time in the future.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that circumstances should have arisen at this time to give grounds for a disputed title. These circumstances, arising out of the fact that Purdue also finished the season with a perfect percentage, has rendered official concession of the championship to Wisconsin impossible, but every consideration seems to point to the fact that Wisconsin's claims are well founded and that the Badgers are the logical champions of the Conference. For, although both teams finished the season with perfect percentage,

Wisconsin in point of comparative scores has the decided advantage, and by those who have seen the rival teams in action, the title is accorded to Wisconsin.

From the very outset, the season was a success. Even before the activities at Camp Randall had ceased, a dozen men were practicing daily at the gymnasium, rounding into form for the opening of the season, and when the first call for candidates was issued these men were ready to respond. Twenty-six men answered the call of Dr. Meanwell, among them, several of the veterans of former seasons, who together with a number of new recruits composed the squad from which the coach was able to draw and develop his new undefeated team.

To Dr. Meanwell too much credit for the success of the season cannot be given, for his enthusiasm, and his untiring efforts in the development of the team are, more than any other one thing, responsible for the result of the season's work. To the work of Dr. Meanwell, and to the unselfish co-operation between himself and his men, the success of the team is due. Added to this co-operation was assistance from still another source. Throughout the season the athletic department availed itself of every opportunity to assist, sparing no expense nor effort to provide the equipment essential to the best work of the squad. It was from all these things, and from the enthusiastic support of the student body that the team drew the encouragement which brought it to the final victory.

Every man who worked as one of the team, or as a member of the squad, acquitted himself with greatest honor, co-operating at all times for the best success of the team, and giving his best when his opportunity came. The following summary of the season, prepared by Dr. Meanwell, gives the records of the individual men:

THE TEAM

W. E. Meanwell, M. D.

Our successful season was due to the splendid spirit displayed by the members of the team and of the squad. Twenty-

six men answered the call for candidates, and at no time throughout the season were there less than sixteen men in condition. A loyal, efficient squad is essential to the development of a winning team, and to our squad full credit is due.

Among the members of the team the spirit of good fellowship, loyalty and unselfishness prevailed. Co-operation, even at the expense of opportunities for personal distinction, marked the play of the men.

Training discipline was excellent throughout; the conduct of the men on the trips was at all times that of gentlemen, and our relations with our opponents were cordial and unmarked by the slightest unpleasantness. I consider my association with the men of the 1912 basketball squad to have been a great pleasure and a privilege.

Otto A. Stangel, '12, Left Forward

Stangel secured a total of 64 field goals and 49 foul goals in 12 games against his opposing guard's 5 field goals, and was the scoring sensation of the year. His record of 177 points displaces the former Conference mark of 143 points (52 field goals and 39 foul goals) made by Lawler of Minnesota in 1911. Stangel's play improved materially during the season, and towards the close his dribbling, shooting with either hand and aggressive floor play featured every contest. He should be the unanimous choice for All-Western forward along with Lawler of Minnesota.

Allan Johnson, '14, Right Forward

Johnson played his first year in Conference basketball and proved to be one of the best scorers in the competition; his record of 42 field goals was exceeded by but one man last season. On the defense Johnson proved exceptionally strong, his guards failing to score a single basket against him. He should secure All-Western honors next season, and with Malarkey of Purdue should be the choice for the forward position on the second All-Western team.

Conrad E. Van Gent, '14, Center

Van Gent played his first year of Conference basketball and developed rapidly throughout the season. He showed exceptional skill and accuracy in passing and was developing rapidly in blocking, dribbling and shooting towards the close of the season. He out-scored his opponents 33 field goals to 17, and next to

good from the very beginning. As a strictly defensive guard Van Riper classes with Rosenwald of last season's Minnesota team, and will undoubtedly be a strong contender for All-Western next year.

Frank Youngman, '13, Left Guard

Youngman had but little opportunity to demonstrate his ability in competition this



The Championship Basketball Squad—15 Games Straight

McKillop

McVaugh of Purdue, was the best center in the Conference.

John Van Riper, '13, Left Guard

Van Riper was the find of the season, he having been secured at the close of the football season to fill the vacancy caused by the loss of Youngman during the preliminary season. While his inexperience and lack of knowledge of the game handicapped Van Riper severely at first, his natural aptitude for such sports, coupled with an ideal physical make-up for the guard position, enabled him to make

season, though his record of 8 field goals in less than 3 games shows him to possess exceptional scoring ability. As a running guard he should prove of great value to the team next season.

Carl S. Harper, '14, Left Guard

Harper spent almost the entire season as a reserve forward and, practically without preparation, was finally called into the regular line-up as a guard on the eve of the Minnesota game. Under these circumstances Harper's work at guard in the last 3 games stands out as exceptional.

With proper preparation he can fill either the forward or guard positions creditably. He has played in 7 of the 12 Conference games, is a tireless floor player and has an exceptional eye for long shots.

Albert Sands, '14, Reserve Forward and Center

Sands played in two games and made good in both. Entering the Illinois game in the last 10 minutes of play Sands lead off the winning rally with a difficult basket, and was a large factor thereafter in the victory. Sands should prove a valuable man on next season's team, being very fast and an accurate shot.

Carl Neprud, '12, Reserve Center

Neprud's only opportunity for Conference competition came in the Minnesota over-time game, and then as a guard. His work in that game can be judged from the

fact that his opponent scored but once in 25 minutes.

Walter Scoville, '12, Captain, Right Guard

Scoville is, without exception, the greatest guard the writer has ever seen in action in an experience of over 15 years with the game. Apparently tireless, he out-played his opposing forwards consistently, holding them to 11 baskets in 11¾ games, and scoring 15 himself. This record, like that of his teammate, Stangel's, is likely to stand on the Conference books for many a day. While consistently playing wonderful ball in every game, it was the tight places that Scoville always showed to best advantage. His defensive and offensive play was beyond criticism. As a leader he held the entire confidence of coach and team. He should be the unanimous choice for All-Western guard, and should captain the team.

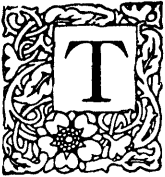
WILL THERE BE TIME?

Belle Fligelman

*When man has harnessed lightning to his will,
And spanned the ocean's breadth with bows of steel;
When he has made the Universe his mill,
And set the winds to work to drive his wheel;
When he has scaled the skies with ghastly mirth
To strip the stars of their stupendous powers;
When he has probed the bowels of the earth,
And gathered up the breath of all the flowers;
Will he then pause awhile to count the Dead
Whom poverty and steel have ground to dust?
Will he then heed the children's cry for bread?
Or hear the mother's wail for what is just?
Will he then square himself with God and Man?
Will he repudiate the vice and crime
That have endured since Being first began?
God! Can he do all this? Will there be Time?*

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN EXPOSITION

Edwin Stanley Hollen



THE University of Wisconsin, out of which have come so many novel and often valuable ideas in regard to things educational, is to hold a university exposition."

This extract from an article in the Boston Evening Transcript is a pointed illustration of eastern recognition of our university's latest "novel and valuable idea." An exposition such as has never before been attempted at Wisconsin or at any other American college or university will take place in the gymnasium and the gymnasium annex on May 3 and 4. The affair will be patterned on educational lines after the manner of an industrial fair.

The purpose of the exposition is to demonstrate clearly the work now going on at Wisconsin, what progress the university has made in recent years and what the future seems to hold in store. Nearly every department in every college on the campus will exhibit individually the things that characterize it and that indicate its usefulness. Each department will vie with the other in building an exhibit that shall prove instructive and diverting.

The university exposition is the result of deliberation on the part of certain students and faculty men who conceived that the idea would mean much to Wisconsin were the plans carried out in a manner satisfying and successful. That the plans will be carried out successfully seems assured by the fact that universal interest is manifested throughout the university and that an able committee has been appointed by the Wisconsin Union to organize the big exhibition.

For nearly three months the committee has been at work gathering data and disseminating information. Nearly a hundred of the faculty have been interviewed.

Only an insignificant minority expressed themselves as unfavorable toward the plans, while the remainder are enthusiastic and have requested that they be called upon should their services be needed. Heads of departments, deans of colleges, and President Van Hise have given the committee much assistance in the preliminary work.

So much for the universality of the exposition. The size of the undertaking is remarkable. Three hundred men and women, composing some fifty committees, have charge of the building of the exhibits for sixty or more departments. The exposition is distinctly a student affair. The arrangement of the departmental exhibits will be entirely in the hands of students who are majoring in each particular department. No money is to be expended by the Union in the actual building of the displays. The Union will, however, pay for transporting the exhibits to the gymnasium and will arrange to have them put in place.

According to present plans, fifty booths of uniform size will be built on the drill floor of the gymnasium. These booths will be arranged in a circle around the walls of the gymnasium much like the box arrangement for the junior prom. In addition to this ring of booths, two or three parallel tiers of exhibit places will be constructed in the center space. Twenty-five foot aisles will be provided between the tiers in order that room for spectators will not be lacking. Electric wiring will be so arranged that every booth may have a sufficient supply of light and power.

"Cook's Tours," a personally conducted sight-seeing trip through several buildings on the hill where special exhibits, too large to convey to the gymnasium, would be displayed, was one of the plans suggested to still further enlarge the scope of the exposition. Thinking, however,

that such a plan might detract from the main exhibit, the committee decided to lodge the entire exposition in the gymnasium, the gymnasium annex and in tents adjacent to either building.

The exhibits themselves will be many and varied. Charts, diagrams, maps and models, besides countless clever and unique schemes are being devised to attract the crowd's attention. A number of displays that have been used at several world's fairs to advertise the university will be utilized. The water supply, sewerage, sanitation and other present day municipal problems will be demonstrated in the booths of the engineering college. Rural life will also receive consideration. The several departments in the college of agriculture are preparing various exhibits that which will delineate up-to-date country life.

All exhibits will be completed at least two weeks before the exposition begins. A whole week will be spent in actual preparation at the gymnasium. In order that the work of the military department may not be hampered, a space three feet wide will be provided between the gun racks and the booths. Plans of the two buildings have been drawn and diagrams of booths and exhibit spaces plotted out. Floor space was assigned two weeks ago and in this connection it is interesting to notice that three times as much space was requested by the department as the floor committee had at its disposal.

An exhibit which promises to be one of the most enjoyable at the exposition will be that of the military department. Providing satisfactory arrangements can be made with the War Department, Commandant Colin H. Ball will show the latest models of rapid-fire guns and mountain mule batteries. A complete wireless apparatus, such as used by the regular army in the field, may be on display. A collection of projectiles of all sizes and shapes, some cut in cross-section to show the interior construction, is a part of the display.

What Wisconsin professors have accomplished during recent years will in part be demonstrated by an exhibit consisting of books written by members of the

faculty. Each book will contain the autograph of the author. The relation of the faculty to the state and national governments, to individual cities and to important public works will be the subject of a large display that is now being prepared.

"The Ideal Wisconsin" is the theme that Carl Beck will dwell upon in an extensive showing that will bear the same name. Architects' plans for a new and better university will be shown. Recent plans for the concentration and co-operation of student activities are among the things which Beck will consider. In all the university there is perhaps no man as capable as he of organizing an exhibit of this sort.

But the serious and the informative is not occupying the entire attention of the exposition committee. A series of burlesque displays is being planned and may be one of the "big hits" of the affair. A large tent will probably be erected between Association hall and the gymnasium. This will be used for the burlesque exhibits or the side-show, it having been deemed inadvisable to display the mock together with the real.

The exposition is assured of expert advice and dependable assistance in its advisory board, consisting of faculty men and others who have had experience in exhibition and show work on a large scale. Professors C. K. Leith, S. W. Gilman and K. L. Hatch were chosen as the representatives and advisors from the faculty. Carl Beck, who has had extensive experience through his connection with the Cement Exposition at Madison Square Garden, New York city, and with the Steel Show at the Coliseum, Chicago, will act in an advisory capacity. Dr. H. C. Bumpus, business manager of the university, has consented to advise and assist whenever possible and his wide experience will no doubt be of much service to the committee. Dr. Bumpus was for a number of years director of the Museum of Natural History of New York city.

Perhaps the most illustrious of the advisory board is Frederick J. V. Skiff, director of the Field Museum in Chicago. Mr. Skiff is well known in the exposition world, having been one of the directors of

the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. He was also director-in-chief of the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition and of all exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. Skiff recently accepted the directorship of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Lawrence Washington, chairman of the executive committee, on a recent trip to Chicago, spent a whole day with Mr. Skiff, who is much interested in the University Exposition. He offered a number of valuable suggestions besides outlining superior plans of exhibits. Washington also attended the Milwaukee Budget Exposition, where he received much assistance from the managers of the show. A number of the men in charge of various displays were Wisconsin alumni, who ex-

pressed a desire to assist the committee in every way.

What will the University Exposition accomplish?

More than any of its most ardent supporters can at this time appreciate. To the students, to the faculty, to the citizens of the state, and to the country at large, it will be an exhibition of progress, of endeavor, of accomplishment that must prove a real force in the present "forward" movement at Wisconsin.

The eyes of educational institutions in all parts of the United States are directed toward Wisconsin. They are watching the growth of plans and await with interest the outcome of the first university exposition.

PUG—A SEQUEL TO THE KID

Irving Schaus



BRUTE! that sheriff," said Henry Holt, president of the Esmeralda Mining Company, No. 100 Broadway, New York.

"Well, I should say so," said I, private secretary to the above, laying aside a newspaper in which I had just finished reading aloud the account of a tragedy; "and think of the awful shock it must have been to that poor woman, especially in her critical condition."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said "Big Bill" Everetts, sheriff of Coer d'Lean county, Nevada, placing an empty whiskey glass on the table, a sardonic smile creeping into his lips, "but I'm that same *brute* you're talking about. Yes, I killed the boy, but had I known the nature of his errand—God help me!—I should have aided him rather than shot him. I called to him again and again to stop or I would

fire, but the louder I yelled the harder he dug the spurs into his horse. I wanted him for the murder of Voltz, a homesteader in the southern part of this state, and I meant to have him, fair or foul. Fate determined foul and he fell at one of my shots. Pass the bottle."

It was Saturday night, and in the Sunday School, the main saloon of Lowry Butte. We were sitting round a mahogany table (an intimate friend in the East had sent it to the proprietor) that reflected the bottle, the whiskey glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. We were on a tour of inspection of the company's mines in Nevada and had stopped at the Sunday School for refreshments. The sheriff, recognizing us as newcomers, had strolled up to the table and, on invitation, had sat down to join us in a bottle.

When "Big Bill" Everetts had finished drinking, he went on:

"The memory of it all ever combats me with remorse. This, gentlemen, will attest the truth of my words"—he removed his big slouch hat. "Notice how prematurely gray my hair is getting. When hair of such a texture and color of mine does that, surely, there must be some vigorous cause."

It was with a slight shock that we beheld the sight. I was at once reminded of the hair of dogs that are gradually growing old. I glanced swiftly, significantly, at Henry Holt. We bowed our heads in reverence.

"How old was the boy?" I asked, breaking the silence.

The sheriff reflected for a moment, and then:

"Let me see—it's now about four years that he's out of college, which would make him——"

"Then you knew him," I quickly interrupted.

"Yes," the sheriff replied, "but only in a professional way, so to speak. He was at A—— and I at B——. It was in the big game of the season. We were pitted against each other for the championship. I was playing half and 'Pug'—that's what they called him—my opposing end."

"It had been a gruelling contest all afternoon, with neither side scoring. However, in the last few minutes of play I saw a chance that comes to a man but once in a lifetime. I received a perfect toss and made incontinently for Pug's end. But just as I was rounding it, I came upon a sight that made me fairly grow weak, recoil with fear. A man, planted so to speak, his visage one of awful fierceness, made more terrible, more truculent, by a black helmet, his arms playing nervously awide, his voice biting, snarling, tearing, crouched right before me ready to spring, ending all with a sudden swish; and the next moment I felt a smashing grappling about my legs—and down I came. It was Pug.

"When I came to, several minutes later, I was looking up into eager faces; and as soon as I got my bearings, I saw at a glance that I had failed—in fact, I had been thrown back several feet behind our line. It had been a beautiful try, but a

more handsome tackle. My hat off to Pug!"

We remained silent for some time following this recital, transported as it were, by the wonderful prowess of Pug.

It was Henry Holt that finally spoke.

"Surely," he said, "to have killed a man, Pug, as you call him, must have been of bad blood. His nature must have been cold, finely brutal, unsympathetic; something of the gentleman criminal in him. What did you know about him in college?"

"Very little," the sheriff said, "before that big game, before that splendid tackle. But after that, believe me, anything concerning him was always of the keenest interest to me. We had met once as man versus man and he had won easily. Come, let us drink to the memory of Pug, Pug the incomparable, Pug my past master."

I filled the glasses and we drank in true hero-worship style.

"What kind of a student was he?" I asked, when we had drained our glasses.

"Brilliant," they said, "Big Bill" Everetts replied; "a shark in mathematics; he was taking mining engineering, I believe." The sheriff lapsed suddenly into reverie. "Strange—" he said, "how that fellow ever got his lessons. What a boozier! What a gambler! He got drunk, got sober, got drunk again. And there was hardly a night that he didn't sit in a quiet little game. They say he paid his way in college by his earnings."

"I should think the faculty would have gotten next," I suggested.

"They did, finally. Pug was called up on the 'carpet,' accused, and canned. All of which I got from a cousin of mine who was at A—— with him."

"Poor kid!" I said. "What'd he do then?"

"Well," the sheriff went on, "that was about the last I heard of Pug until one day while I was waiting in a New York depot—our track team was bound for Philadelphia, where we had a dual meet on with the University of C———when I saw him standing nearby, in the company of a young lady rather attractively—I might say, conspicuously, dressed.

Who she was I leave to your own conjecture. Personally, she struck me as a 'flussy.'

"Although I didn't know Pug very well I had occasion to speak to him a little later. He told me he had quit A—— and was on his way to Reno, in this state. That, after he had entered the train, the girl still with him, and it had pulled out of the depot, was the last I saw or heard of him until——"

I hastily filled the glasses. We drank in silence, studying discreetly the whiskey between swallows.

When he had sufficiently recovered himself, "Big Bill" Everetts went on with his recital.

"I graduated the next year and came West. I knocked about the country for a while, spending most of my time, though, on a ranch. I was at this game when the Spanish-American war broke out. I enlisted with a bunch of cowboys and served as rough riders under Roosevelt.

"It was in one of the engagements that I performed a piece of strategic—pardon me for mentioning it myself, but it was an opportunity that came right under my nose and I grabbed it; anybody would have done likewise—that brought personal mention from the Colonel.

"After the war and when he had become President, I journeyed to Washington to seek a little of his influence. He knew me the moment he saw me; and when I told him what was doing he smiled tenaciously; the kind of a smile, you know, he's noted for. But it didn't take him long to fix me up. And here I am, gentlemen, sheriff of Coer d'Lean county, Nevada."

We listened profoundly to this bit of history, and came out of our absorption with a sigh.

"I suppose," I said, "you have been mixed up in many tragedies and comedies since then."

"Especially tragedies," responded the sheriff, growing suddenly abstract. "I remember a sad incident where it was my reluctant duty to enforce the law of this state—death, as you know. It was a young fellow I had roomed with one year at

B——. He was called the 'Kid.' Like Pug he had killed a man. It was the gallows for him, but I couldn't see him come to such a rotten end. I couldn't forget that we had been roommates once, so I doped out a deal which would appear to the outside world as an act of suicide.

"At the scene of the crime I identified the murderer as the Kid, through a photograph given me by the wife of the dead man. Imagine my horror on learning who it was; can you think of anything quite so fierce? But I set all sentiment aside and went after him. It didn't take me long to get on his track, and after chasing him all over the biggest part of the state, I finally ran him down to this same saloon, where I found him, fast asleep, his head buried in his arms, an empty whiskey glass before him, at this very table, sitting right where you are now"—he pointed to me.

"On my way here, at that time, I procured a bottle of laudanum. This I meant he should drink as he would a glass of whiskey.

"Why detail how I went over to him—I had to gulp down a raw whiskey to make me fit—woke him, and told him he had to die; how I uncorked the bottle and filled the glass, which I said stood before him, full of the poison, and watched him drink it; how he gradually grew sleepy, dying; and how, finally, he rose from his chair, staggering, and I led him, tottering, leaning heavily on my shoulder, to his pony, which was tied up in front. It is excruciating to go on and tell how I placed him astride, and slapping the horse a resounding whack on the flank, starting him off on to the black prairie—it was night. Oh, the horror of it all! Suffice it to say that next day his lifeless body was found about a mile away. The responsibility of it I had taken upon myself, but as long as it answered the penalty of the Nevada law—where was the violation?"

We remained still for some time, our features set hard.

It was Henry Holt that finally broke the silence.

"Your business seems," he said "to be a study in college boys come West and gone to the bad."

"Yes," he said, "especially Pug. It was different with the Kid. He had no mind—the story is too long to relate—when he committed the deed. But the act of Pug was a case, as you said before, of bad blood, pure and simple. He killed the homesteader when he was in full control of his mind—he wasn't even drunk.

"It was sheer bulldozing. He heard from somewhere that there was rich ore—gold or silver—I don't remember which—on the claim. He went down and tried to buffalo Voltz, who was an ignorant German, into believing that it belonged to him and that he (Voltz) had jumped it. A quarrel followed in which guns played an important part, with the result that Voltz was killed.

"The crime remained unknown for almost a month. One day, about this time, a stranger appeared in the government office at Custer, about fifty miles from the scene of the murder, and reported that he had just come from there, with the news that he had found the gruesome body of the homesteader in one of the rooms. He identified himself as a relative and had but recently come over from the old country to live with him.

"I at once got on the job; and after several months of investigation about the claim I was able to gather sufficient evidence to fasten suspicion on a certain fellow; and at the end of that same year I was in possession of absolute proof as to my man.

"Now, all that remained for me to do was to ride over to his house—I knew where he lived—accuse him of the crime and arrest him. I was doing this—that is, going over to his home, when, coming into sight, I suddenly saw him dash out of the house, leap on his pony, which was waiting, and ride madly away in the opposite direction. As I said in the early part of my story, I called to him again and again to stop or I would fire. I wanted him for the murder of a man and I meant to have him, fair or foul. Fate determined foul, as you know, and he fell at one of my shots.

"It was a shock to me to see him fall out of the saddle, but it was my honest belief, seeing him ride so hard and

digging his spurs into his horse as he did, that he was trying to escape. Any man in my position would have done likewise. I was no exception. I was trying to do my duty as I saw it. He had killed a man, and he must atone for it. Arrest and escape were alternatives, the former right, the latter wrong. I had my duty to perform and could not fail with success staring me in the face. I felt that I was both morally and legally justified in stopping him right there and then, by any means whatsoever—and I acted. Pass the bottle"

The sheriff filled his glass and drank with difficulty. He went on:

"Why describe my feelings as I rode up to him and discovered whom I had shot. Oh, the horror of it all! He wasn't dead, but I saw at a glance that the bullet must prove fatal before long. He crawled around a little, rose slightly, straining himself, and then fell back again, quivering, his eyes opening and closing weakly, without the faintest knowledge of who I was. His lips moved almost invisibly, but enough for me to see that he was trying agonizingly to say something. I could see the effort of it all in the very muscles of his face. Finally, with the breath that was to be his last—oh, God! men, when I think of it—he uttered the words that forever ring in my ears and make this hair of mine gradually grow white: 'Hurry—ride hard—doctor—wife—baby.'—"

At this point "Big Bill" Everetts quickly thrust out his hand for the bottle, but the next moment withdrew it, slowly, and, dropping his face in his hands, remained in that position for some time.

We both, Henry Holt and myself, deemed it best to leave him alone, and, rising out of our chairs, strolled over to a roulette wheel, in a farther corner of the room, to watch the players cast for their fortunes.

A few moments later, the sheriff's story growing upon us, we turned about to gaze upon "Big Bill" Everetts. He was gone. Nothing but an empty bottle, rising full above several stained whiskey glasses, remained to remind us of a man, strong, fearless, implacable, but, after all, only a big child.

ATHLETICS IN THE SHORT COURSE

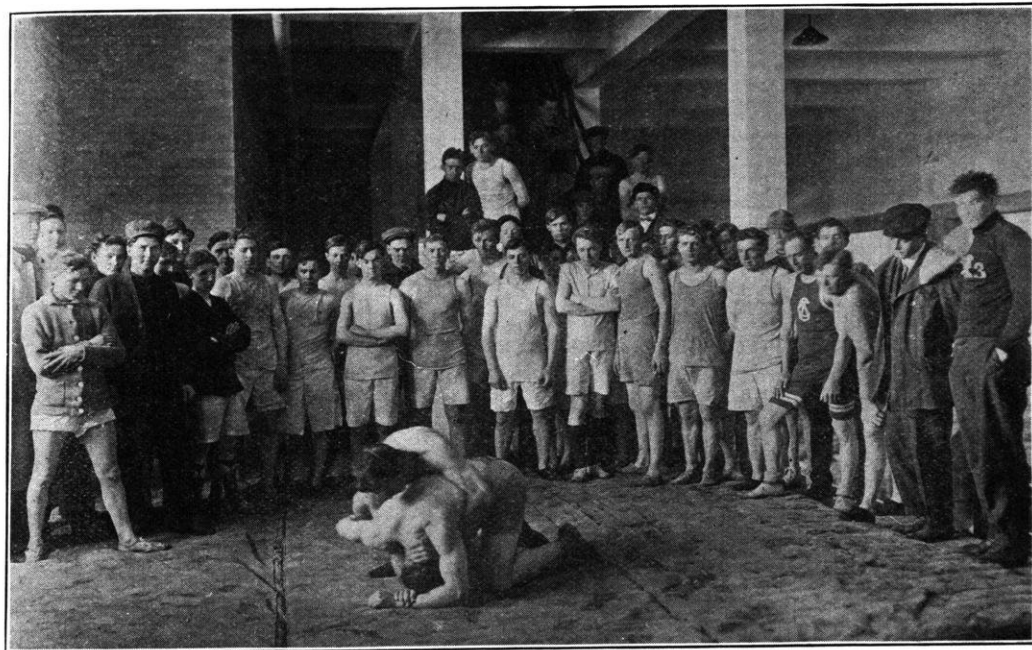
H. J. Cook

ATHLETICS, as practiced by the students in the short course during the past winter, have occupied a much higher place in the curriculum of the "short horn" than ever before in the history of the winter session. The improvement in the health of the student this winter as compared with that of other

students had registered for work. Of this number 75% attended classes regularly, the remainder failing to attend only because of conflicts or press of studies.

Each student was given a thorough physical examination, consisting of measurements and strength tests, together with advice as to exercise, bathing, and other topics of personal hygiene.

Although calisthenics and setting up



Good Sportsmen and a Popular Sport

McKillop

years has been so noticeable, as a result of this physical exercise, that Dean Richards, of the College of Agriculture, is preparing to extend short course athletics still further next year.

This year, under the able tutelage of Dr. Elsom, who gave much of his time to the project, a regular system of athletics was prescribed and given at the Stock Pavilion. At first the students came merely out of curiosity, but later they began to regard the proposition seriously and before the end of the session 424

drills were given for a time, the men were not held to any special forms of exercise. Basketball was, perhaps, the most popular sport. Every afternoon the two courts at the Stock Pavilion were in almost constant use. An interclass league, composed of four teams, served to arouse the interest of the classes in the work.

Gymnastic games also formed an important part of the exercises given. These included relay races of different kinds, games with the medicine balls, push ball, tug of war contests, boxing, wrestling and

indoor baseball. Interest in the tug of war contests and in indoor baseball was heightened through the arrangement of a championship game between the leading teams during the Farmer's convention.

One of the greatest results which the introduction of athletics in the short course curriculum is expected to ac-

complish is that all of these short course students will go back to their homes and will introduce these games into their own communities. In this manner the value of athletics in the winter session is increased a hundredfold, and will repay to the state many times the small outlay required to give the short course students their instruction.

THE QUEST OF THE STORY

Owen Brown



YOU must look to life for your material," said Professor Jameson, instructor of the class in Journalism. "The world"—he seemed to address Loretta Britton—"is teeming with thousands of little plot germs, only waiting for the eyes that can see, the ears that can hear and the heart that can feel. To persons possessing these attributes the question is not what can I write, but which shall I choose?"—again his gaze sought out the prettiest girl in the class.

Loretta turned her head, smiled, looked down the aisle, and then, covertly, at a dashing youth, just passed twenty-three, seated near her. Quickly she transferred her gaze to the professor, blushing as she caught his frown of displeasure.

Miss Britton was conceded to be exceptionally clever. Her little stories, published in the university monthly, fairly scintillated on the pages of the magazine with wit, humor and delicate fancy. But it was not alone her professed liking for literature, or her roguish, winning way of seeming to pay close attention during lectures, that won for her a high place in the instructor's esteem. Her presence in the classroom had grown to be a distinct pleasure. And when between bells Miss Britton, under the pretext of clearing up some journalistic problem, habitually seated herself at the instructor's desk,

resting a coquettish and decidedly feminine chin in hands that lured the eye to a pair of rounded forearms suggesting dimpled elbows, and looked up at him with soulful attentiveness, Professor Jameson often would fail to note the ending of the period until the room half-filled again with new faces.

Walter Hardcastle, the other corner of this little co-educational triangle and sharer with Professor Jameson of the girl's attention, had yielded himself with equal readiness a victim to the gypsy-like charms of the bright, particular star of the university monthly.

Loretta was thinking of Walter as, upon leaving the journalism room, she walked toward the Gamma Kappa Alpha sorority house, her gaze fixed moodily upon the ground before her. She had never paused to analyze her feeling for this handsome near-Apollo; she did not question herself as to whether he was manly, wise, and honorable, or the opposite. She only knew that the boys all considered him a "good fellow," and that his careless, free manner and glib chatter was an agreeable relaxation to the strain put upon her during class hours. Moreover, taking heed of her teacher's pet admonition, she was looking to life for her material; and such a person, she thought, would make a good short story character. With a little embellishment, Walter could be made into a splendid hero in the foot-

ball romance that she had selected for her next assignment.

Now Professor Henry Clay Jameson, Jr., teacher of journalism, former student of the university, recalled by the mere force of his native talent—young, sympathetic, square-jawed, strong-nosed, firm of mouth—was also crossing the campus, individualized by a burden of text books and two huge theme-satchels. He observed his favorite pupil, with downcast eyes and lingering footsteps, and questioned the girl as he fell into step with her beside the sorority house.

"Have you lost something? What are you looking for?" Without altering her gaze, she answered promptly:

"I've lost a plot; I'm looking for material for a story."

"Ah! Then you do not take Emerson's advice and hitch your wagon to a star; you seem at present to be following the path of the glow-worm! Why don't you look up?"

For reply she deliberately turned and glanced up at him with eyes twinkling saucily.

He laughed, a little embarrassed, as she passed by him and tripped lightly up the steps of her chapter house; then he continued to his study around the corner.

When Loretta reached her room she flung her cloak across a chair, seated herself in another, and gazed long and intently out the window in the direction of Professor Jameson's study. For the first time she was conscious of a species of regard for the instructor higher than mere friendship. His type of manhood had a special appeal to her, and his friendly overtures and felicitations of the past two weeks were suddenly magnified. Scarcely had this new realization dawned upon her, than Loretta, girl-like, began to question and to doubt the instructor's sincerity. How was she to know if he had not been attracted to her as he would have been to any pretty girl of her type? Her doubts grew.

Suddenly the wistful, abstract look left her face and the features brightened as they were wont to do whenever she hit upon a plot for a new story. She was again the light-hearted school girl. The

look had changed to the self-satisfied smile of the born coquette; then she breathed, with suppressed enthusiasm:

"I'll get Walter to help me; he won't suspect that I care a rap for the professor; and no one would enjoy better a joke on Mr. Jameson—unless it is I! And if, when weighed, you are not found wanting,"—she seemed to address the window across the yard—"I may use you, too, in my story. Ha, ha, ha!"

Her little plot-constructing mind was working like a mechanical device, and in two minutes her plan had assumed definite form.

While he was in the act of watering the geraniums in his window-box that evening at seven, as was his custom, it was the pre-determined fortune of the young instructor to be eavesdropper to an ardent conversation between a boy and a girl seated upon a bench in the side-yard of the sorority house next door, within easy hearing distance of his window. So dominated by astonishment was the listener that he almost forgot to wonder at the boldness of their exposed situation. The youth, whom he recognized as Walter Hardcastle, the young scapegrace of his class, had one arm suspiciously close around the girl, who, even in the gloaming, he distinguished unmistakably as Miss Britton. The couple were actually planning to—elope!

"Great Caesar!" breathed Professor Jameson tragically. "Surely not that shallow-brained—sneak!"

Refined, intelligent, and honorable, as he was, Professor Jameson listened, his ear against the now closely drawn shade of the window, his heart in his mouth. Soon they exchanged words of parting and he peeped and saw what looked astonishingly like a kiss. But the looker-on did not hear the stinging rap across the cheek that Loretta dealt her confederate when he attempted to play the game too strong.

As a matter of fact, Walter, though not a heavyweight when it came to matters of love, cared for Loretta Britton far more than she suspected. He had, too, a deeper motive than mere frivolity in acting confederate to the girl in this whim-

sical venture. He saw a chance to eliminate the young instructor as a rival and, by a psychological trick of his own conception, to persuade the girl to elope with him in reality.

The erstwhile eavesdropper felt like the deep-dyed villain in a melodrama that evening when, under cover of the darkness, he crept along the campus until near the secluded trysting place decided upon during the meeting in the yard of the sorority house. But the "referendus and desideratum" of this interesting case demanded, he persuaded himself to believe, his prompt intervention.

He had not long to wait—for he knew the "Time, the Place and the Girl"—the Boy, too!—before he saw a carriage winding slowly around a bend of the road. Presently a male voice from the rear seat said, very low, addressing the driver:

"Drive up under the shadow of that tree."

It was a moonlit night, but the professor had selected a place in ambush where he could observe without being observed. After a moment a cloaked figure of feminine conformation crept cautiously forward from the shadows that overhang University drive, passing so close to the man in hiding that he saw her face distinctly in the moonlight. Had he been closer and in another frame of mind he might have detected a triumphant gleam in those eyes of Stygian blackness. But the girl studiously avoided glancing in his direction. Before leaving the sorority house she had waited until she saw the professor step from the porch of his rooming-house and go slinking off down the walk toward the lake shore. Her scheme had worked admirably so far, and she now felt herself mistress of the situation. In a low, but rather timid voice she said:

"Walter, are you there?"

The darkness and a sudden realization of the magnitude of her undertaking caused an instant's trepidation. She felt much as she had upon her appearance in a leading role in the annual junior play the season before. It was the greatest length to which she had ever gone in satisfying the primitive whims of her femi-

nine, coquettish nature. Suppose she should make a grand mess of it all!—; but with latent strength of will she faced the climax of her plans.

The "you" addressed bounded from the carriage and running forward, folded the cloaked and muffled figure in his arms.

"Loretta! Oh, you darling, dandy girl!" he cried with genuine impetuosity, and with self-consciousness at the professor's concealed presence. "I have arranged for a minister and have the license in my pocket," he said very loudly.

The girl laughed, in a trembling sort of way, and they ran lightly forward toward the carriage.

The instructor of plots for stories, not realizing that his pupils were looking to life for material, decided that it was about time to change the ending in this practical little story-drama of "Hearts." Accordingly, he stepped from behind a tree and strode forward quickly; and then, just as Loretta hesitated with one dainty foot upon the step, the teacher of plot germs laid a persuasive, but detaining hand upon her arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked, trying to assume as much of his cloak of classroom authority as the occasion permitted.

"Oh—Professor Jameson!" exclaimed Loretta, pretending to be surprised.

Walter dropped back a pace to enjoy the professor's discomfiture when Loretta should reply. Previously she had told him the exact words she would say, and both had laughed heartily at the "take-off" it was to be on Professor Jameson's stock classroom phraseology.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Jameson again asked—feeling very foolish at his own impropriety, but not betraying a glimmer of it in his demeanor.

She looked at him a moment with bright, laughing eyes, trying to divine the depth of sentiment that might lie behind the instructor's mask of authority—for mask she knew it to be.

"To gather material from life!" she threw back at him impudently. But something in the professor's attitude caused her to pause in the lines that she had committed to memory.

Walter snickered impertinently.

"Won't you wait another year?" the professor pleaded earnestly, "until you have learned how to gather—more experience from life?"

She looked into his pale and solemn face, ready to laugh at his seriousness and, after concluding her little speech, to leave him tricked and ridiculous. Then, in the moment of her conquest she wavered; one feminine instinct rose supreme above the other, and the pity of the woman, deepened by another more dominating, all-compelling emotion, but newly felt and hardly realized, was in her voice as she responded, with a little flutter:

"Yes—I—I believe that—I will."

Walter dropped back, dumb by the repression of words he dared not utter, and varied feelings possessed him alternately. Had she deliberately toyed with him toward this end, he wondered? Compromised as he was, Walter, playing his last card with well-affected assurance, stepped forward and exclaimed:

"Professor, the joke is on you; I simply came to take Miss Britton to the Nitché Cheeman dance; she preferred to meet me here because——"

"Your very plausible explanation is accepted," interpolated the stalwart instructor, unbendingly; and to Loretta, Walter seemed suddenly to have shriveled

into a mere schoolboy in the presence of the master. She wondered why she had not before more fully realized the strength of character and virile personality of the man at her side; and, obeying some subtle, primordial instinct, she moved closer to the instructor and away from Walter. She did not realize these things before because she was unaware of the change that had come over herself, altering her point of view. Before, she had toyed as a coquette with the young professor; but masculinity had won out in the end and now, the sudden transformation from school girl to woman having robbed her of all artful, feminine resources, she was simply the submissive, adoring female of the species. She had looked to life for her material; and she had found it, but in a manner she least suspected. She had also found a new and better hero for her football story.

The professor spoke again—this time to Loretta, briskly, but with an air of finality that seemed most natural under the circumstances:

"Come along with me, little lady; I want to explain to you the importance of elementary principles entering into the climax of a plot. You see——"

And turning their backs upon the waiting carriage and its dumfounded guardian, the pair stepped off into the shadows of the drive.

TO POE

Roger D. Wolcott

*Thou prince of minstrels, singer of sweet songs,
Poet of passion, breathing forth thy soul
In swinging measures; thee would I extoll,
America's first bard, to whom belongs
The laurel wreath innumerable throngs
Have woven to adorn thy noble brow,
Who long ago didst pen the verses now
So dear to men; oh, singer of sweet songs
Who hast immortalized thy Love,
Awake from thy eternity of rest,
Take up thy pipes once more, or from above
Pour down into our souls that ever blest
Inspiring wine, that we may fitly raise
Our humble pens to give thee worthy praise.*

DER WELTGEIST

T. R. Hoyer

*Nun herrsche Ich! O Mensch Du liegst in Fesseln jetzt
Und dienest Mir;
Du ruehmest Dich, doch Dein Verstand gereicht zuletzt
Zu Meiner Zier.*

*Ich zaeume hier des Volkes hartnaeckigen Sinn,
Und fuehr die Bahn,
Nach Mein Begier, fortan zum Fortschritt and Gewinn
Stets hoeher an.*

*Die Welt ist Mein! Ich herrsch' Palast und wueste Thal;
In Schlucht und Wald
Dring Ich hinein; es liebet Mich die Menschen Zahl
Und folget bald.*

* * * * *

*Der Mensch lebt nicht nach sein'm Gewissen und Verstand;
In Eitelkeit
Loescht Er das Licht der Weisheit, und in falsch-Gewand
Irrt durch die Zeit.*

*O naerrisch' Herd! Mein Ziel ist Euch zu machen wirr
Und abwaerts zieh'n.
Auf dieser Erd' soll Habsucht blind and sindlich Gier
Den Weltgeist dien'n.*

THE HARESFOOT CLUB

Arthur Hallam



Haresfooters in Their New Loft

McKillop



THE Haresfoot Dramatic Club, which this year gives its fifteenth annual performance, was started during the years 1898 and 1899, when the university was in the throes of a dramatic awakening.

During this time it had been customary to have dramatic contests of acting instead of writing. The contest that year was won by a troupe which rendered a part of *Othello*, of which Walton Pyre, one of the charter members of the club, took the leading part.

The membership of the club the first year included Frederick H. Clausen, Gerhard M. Dahl, Edward T. Fox, Charles A. Vilas, the late Phil Allen, author of "Hot Time," Milton J. Montgomery, Louis M. Ward, John S. Main, Ernst H. Kronshage, and Walton Pyre, brother of Professor J. F. A. Pyre, and at present on the professional stage. The club, which was the pioneer dramatic organization of the university, made a practice of enter-

taining professional actors, and elected to membership such men as Otis Skinner, Baucicault, and William Norris. Others who were made honorary members were Professors Pyre and Dickinson, Professor Frankenburger and Marcus Ford.

The first play ever taken on the road was a piece called "The Professor's Daughter," by Professor Pyre. The "daughter" was the sole female character, and was played by a man, in order to avoid the necessity of taking girls on an out-of-town trip. The trip, which was taken in conjunction with the glee club, included Milwaukee, Evansville, Racine, Janesville, Beloit and Whitewater. It was with this play that the idea of having all female parts taken by men was originated.

Farces were the principal vehicles of the club's dramatic talent. In 1900 "Our Boys" was given, and the following year "A Colonial Girl." Up to this time "The Professor's Daughter" was the only original piece. "The Private Secretary" followed in 1902, with John Brennan as the

star. "Hod Winslow," one of the most enthusiastic members the club has ever had, made his debut in the 1903 production "My Friend From India." "Chappie" Chapman carried the title role in this play. Winslow again starred the following year in "College Boy," an adaptation from an English play made by Professor Pyre, who coached the production of all the earlier plays.

In 1905 the staging of "Hermione," an original play by Professor T. H. Dickinson, was not as highly successful as it might have been, due to the incapacity of amateur actors to handle with justice such a piece, which was much more serious in its theme than the farces the club had been accustomed to.

In 1906 the club gave "The Man From Mexico." In the following year "The Budlong Case," by George Hill and Lucien Cary was staged at the annual junior prom period, and the era of plays by university students began. The Harefoot production for that year consisted of a revival of "The Professor's Daughter," which had been the club's maiden attempt, and a play called "At Jail," a rapid-fire travesty of the so-called "college plays" of the professional stage, which depicted the arrest of the mandolin club on its way to the Poughkeepsie regatta, and which ended with the winning of the race by Wisconsin, assisted by Frank Merriwell, of dime novel fame. The sketch was by Horatio Winslow, who was largely responsible for the entrance of the club into the

field of original plays. Beside being Winslow's first produced play, it was the first burlesque ever staged at Wisconsin, and finds its successors in the Haresfoot sketches of Union vaudeville fame.

These years were lean ones for the club, due to the loss of many of its members through graduation or separation from the institution. The following year the club reached its lowest point, but was again rescued by the personal efforts of Hod Winslow, '04, who had returned to the university for graduate work, and Milton J. Blair, '10. Up to this time the club had given nothing but farces. However, the play, "Fate and the Freshman," by Winslow, in 1908, was the last of the line. At this time all the dramatic organizations were losing money, and interest in the drama was waning. Out of town trips were becoming more difficult because of the inconvenience of carrying girls. Accordingly, Winslow decided that something had to be done. He conceived the idea of giving a musical comedy, which was then popular among Eastern dramatic clubs of a similar nature. During the visit of "Fate and the Freshman" in Milwaukee he interviewed Herbert P. Stothart, who was then teaching in the Milwaukee schools, and who had had considerable experience in dramatic production. Together they wrote the first annual Harefoot comic opera, "The Dancing Doll," Winslow being responsible for the book and lyrics, and Stothart for the



"Here's a Marvelous Convenient Place for Our Rehearsal"

McKillop



The Alpsburg Cast

McKillop

music. The play was staged under the direction of Stothart.

The success of "The Dancing Doll" was meteoric. The audiences of Madison, and other Haresfoot patrons, were astounded at such a production, which they had not believed was possible. In this show, chorus girls were acted by the men for the first time. Such was the impression created that the playgoers have declared this was the best production the Haresfoot ever gave. This expression, however, was due to the fact of contrast, as there is now no comparison between that play and subsequent productions. With \$43 in the treasury with which to give a show, the club financed a proposition costing close to two thousand dollars, and made money on it. Subsequent plays have trebled in cost, with no sign of a depreciation in patronage.

Milwaukee witnessed the only out-of-town performance given that year, but the reputation there established has secured the club a permanent home with Milwaukee playgoers. In 1910 "Alpsburg," the book of which was by Theodore Stempfel, '08, a Haresfooter, and the music again by Stothart. The lyrics were written in part by Stempfel, Winslow, George Hill, Walther Buchen, and Ralph Birchard. The itinerary this year included Rockford, Illinois, Chicago, and Milwaukee. At Chicago the play was given under the auspices of the Blackfriars Club, a similar

organization of the University of Chicago, at Mandel Hall Theater. The success of this play was the greatest which had been achieved up to this time. For the first time the score of the play was bound up for publication and distribution.

"The Manicure Shop," the book and lyrics of which were by Stempfel, and the music by Stothart, was a production even more elaborate than its two predecessors. Eighty people were carried in the company, including an orchestra of sixteen pieces, a professional dressmaker, stage carpenter and electrician. The train consisted of two coaches and a baggage car for scenery and properties. The "Manicure Shop" was not a college play, but dealt with the life of the Paris "Apaches," or sewer rats, who inhabited the under world. In all seven performances were given, three in Madison and four out of town. The part of Paff, one of the apaches, was taken by Stempfel himself.

This year the club will present "The Fairy God Father," a musical extravaganza which promises to be more elaborate than any other previous Haresfoot play. Besides three Madison performances, the play will again take a tour in a special train to Rockford, Chicago, and Milwaukee. This year for the first time the play will be given down town in Chicago at the Ziegfield theater. As usual, the production of the play is in charge of H. P. Stothart.

The Haresfoot Club, which is conceded to be the strongest organization of its kind in the west, is similar to the Mask and Wig of the University of Pennsylvania. That organization, which is the strongest of any organization in the school, has a large private club house of its own in the city of Philadelphia, besides a smaller one on the university campus, which is used

for rehearsals. No undergraduate is elected to its membership. All the leading parts are taken by alumni, many of whom leave their business during the season to come back for the show. The club takes extended trips to eastern cities every year. Other eastern organizations of a like character are the Triangle of Princeton, and the Masque of Cornell.

MOON-MAGIC

Glenn Ward Dresbach

*The Moon drops back her purple robe
Of clouds that trail the shadow sea,
And glides in silk of silver mist
Down starlit lanes of amethyst;
And lo, she smiles so magically
That shapes of day scorned by the sight
Become the glories of the Night.*

*This shattered tree I saw by day,
Weak after battles with the blast,
Stands robed in garb of victory,
With gaunt arms lifting bare and free,
As some old warrior of the past.
Crowned as no king is crowned it stands
The sentinel of the shadow-lands.*

*On this old house I saw by day,
With moss-grown roof and rotting eaves,
The benediction of the Moon
Has fallen, and I hear the croon
Of nun-like winds and lisp of leaves.
And somewhere in the rooms above
I hear the restful voice of Love.*

*This old hill road I saw by day
Wind long and gray and silently,
Now leads to bloom-sweet vales of Night,
And fairy-folk with lanterns bright
Go dancing on the way with me.
Yet once I cursed on this same road
The weary miles, the crushing load.*

*O Moon, smile magic on my heart
Some silver night within the years,
As on the tree that lost its leaves,
As on the house with rotting eaves,
As on the road I trod with tears—
And somewhere in the rooms above
O leave the restful voice of Love.*

THE FACE IN THE PORTHOLE

Edwin Stanley Hollen



AFTER concluding the dictation of several important letters to Pearson, my secretary, I swung in my chair and sat gazing far out over the lake. Here and there giant freighters were bearing their cargoes towards the docks, while farther out on the blue expanse were tiny dots and wreaths of smoke that betrayed the presence of others of their kin. Just entering the harbor was a beautiful passenger steamer, with snow-white sides, shining in the sunlight, and with flags flying, all of which contrasted sharply with the smoke-blackened engine house and grimy deck of a tug that steamed past. The sky was a crystal-like blue and Lake Erie was unusually placid. How I longed to be way out on its broad bosom, for, in July, Buffalo is hot and dirty.

I was awakened from my reverie by a telegram that seemed an answer to my thoughts. It was an important business communication telling of a state of affairs that demanded my presence in Toledo at once. Too late in the day to catch a train, I must go by boat and there remain but a few minutes to catch the C., B & D. line steamer, which left at 5:30. I made a hurried departure and a short while afterward found me walking, half running down the C., B. and D. docks, with a minute or two to spare.

The decks of the "Northern States" were crowded with people. Every available space seemed taken. Then I remembered that I had made no reservation for a stateroom. I hurried into Purser McKinton's office. McKinton is one of my college friends. He was surprised to see me and when I stated my case he shook his head.

"I'm afraid there isn't a vacant room on the boat. Traffic is mighty heavy just now and we're badly overcrowded. Wait

a few minutes and I'll go over my whole list."

Several minutes passed as the purser scanned page after page of entries.

"No, there's not a room unoccupied on the boat. That is, except one which——"

"Oh, anything will do, McKinton," I broke in. "I sure don't relish sitting up all night."

"The room hasn't been used for three years. There is a superstition connected with it, a mystery of some sort or other. There was so much talk among the crew about it that it finally got into the newspapers. We got orders from headquarters to lock it up."

"Well," I replied, "I don't believe in ghosts, nor am I especially superstitious."

The purser smiled. "I wasn't on the 'Northern States' when the astonishing events were supposed to have happened and I have never had occasion to inquire into the affairs. It is a comfortable room below decks. They say that no person may ever spend a restful night in it. Does that frighten you too badly, or shall I have the steward make it ready for you?"

"No, I'm not scared out. I'll be obliged if you'll have the room fixed for me. Here, have a smoke. And—by the way—send up my bag," I added, as I turned to go.

Then I took a turn about the deck, stopping now and then to gaze upon the great city we were leaving behind. The tug, which had from the time we left the dock, until then, been towing the "Northern States," cast off and the princess of lake steamers made her way majestically out into Lake Erie. Here and there rose the tall towers of the life-saving stations. Near the entrance of the harbor and directly in the steamer's course, a pair of dredges were gouging out huge buckets-full of yellow mud, until a volley of power-

ful blasts from the "Northern States" commanded the right of way.

An hour later I ascended the broad stairway of the dining-saloon and followed in the wake of a bell-boy who conducted me to my room—the room of mystery. There surely was nothing in its appearance which would have led one to believe that it was the habitation of spirits. It was an ordinary steamer stateroom, with a berth along one side, a folding seat, wash-bowl and a porthole. Push buttons for calling bell-boys were in their usual places near the door; and as there was nothing present suggestive of the supernatural, I dismissed all thoughts in that direction. Nevertheless, I determined to learn the story of the room, if such there was, for it struck me what an interesting discussion it would provoke among my friends.

The moon, rising to all its fullness, was sending its bright rays to fall full upon the water. I sat for some time watching the moonbeams play upon the waves, then, as the night became colder, I descended to the main saloon. There I remained till it was time to retire. Once in my stateroom I closed and screwed down the porthole, that water might not enter in case of a heavy sea, and lay down with no thought of the supernatural disturbing my peace of mind.

* * * * *

It was a metallic sound, like the turning of a hinge, that woke me from a sound sleep. My first thoughts were of the stateroom door. Was someone attempting to enter? No, presently the sound ceased. Only the creaking of the boat's timbers and the splashing of the waves against the sides continued. The steamer was lurching fearfully. We were in the midst of a heavy sea. A sudden draft chilled me. I glanced toward the porthole. It was open! The room seemed uncanny in the cold, white moonlight. Through the porthole wreaths of mist came drifting in and as they came they seemed to roll themselves into a ball and then, to my horror, gradually assumed the form of a human face. Breathless, fascinated, I rose to a sitting position. A vague fear, such as I had never known before—the consciousness of impending evil—swept over me. I was

trembling from head to foot. There in the porthole I saw a ghastly face, over it all a sickening deathly pallor and bloated like that of a body laid long in the water. And, those staring, glistening eyes—God, how they pierced me through and through. The chin was there, but the nose seemed partly gone, as though it had rotted away. It was a loathsome sight, yet vivid and real, seeming partly decomposed, though full of life.

Too frightened to call out, I sprang from the berth with the desire, born of fear and terror, to hurl something at the mist-veiled "face." I seized a tumbler and flung it. As it crashed against the wall, the "face" mocked and leered at me. At that instant the steamer gave a lurch, the "face" slowly disappeared—seemed to melt away in the mist, and I felt instinctively that the "unknown" had entered the room. I could not cry out. My lips parted but gave forth no sound. I backed against the wall and waited—for what? In an instant something had drawn near. A strong grasp fell upon my throat. I struggled desperately and strove to throw it off—to tear myself away. But it was an unequal fight in that moonlit room, a struggle between the immortal and the real. It could have but one ending. The grasp tightened about my throat. I gasped and gurgled—my brain afire. A thousand bright lights flashed before my eyes. Then I seemed to fall down—down into the depths. Even as I fell, my hand grasped something hard and round on the wall, and, like the drowning man who clutches a straw, I seized it to sustain my weight. Holding for an instant it gave way. My senses left me, I reeled and fell—fell crashing into the darkness.

* * * * *

I found myself, as I regained consciousness, in a room at St. Luke's hospital in Toledo, and a visit from Captain Hensen, of the "Northern States," with the purser and several others explained how I came to be there. They told me I had been found in my disordered stateroom lying in a pool of water and blood, and enveloped in a cloud of mist. A quantity of water had entered through the open porthole. A nasty wound, caused by striking the edge

of the berth, cut deep in my head. In falling I had luckily pressed the button of the call-bell, which brought aid from the office. From me my visitors learned my experience, and plainly they thought my story incredible and the creation of my imagination, but they acknowledged that there were a few things for which they could not account.

Then an old steward, who had been on the "Northern States" for years, broke the silence. "I believe you have gone through the same thing that a half-dozen others have before you, and in that same cursed room." The old man's voice shook with emotion and he continued: "One of them died soon after, another is in a private asylum. All the others have recovered. I tell you the room is haunted and accursed." We looked at him in astonishment. "What! Haven't you heard that in 1900, on the fourth trip of the "Northern States," two Sicilians were found in the death struggle in that same room. I have at home one of the stilettoes they used."

We wondered at the old steward's story, but just then the doctor's voice bade the interview be closed.

The three weeks of my recovery passed without event. When I was able to make inquiries about "the luckless fourth trip

of the 'Northern States,'" I found that the deaths of the Sicilians were a mystery unsolved. All that was known was included in the steward's statement at the hospital. Someone ventured the guess that it was the termination of Old World vendetta.

So ends my tale of the mysterious "face." Heretofore only a few friends have heard of my strange adventure, the matter having been speedily hushed up. I have never expected my hearers to be anything but incredulous upon hearing the story. There are, however, many recorded spiritualistic happenings for which science can offer no explanation.

Now, as my story appears in print for the first time I am able to add several facts, of which I have recently learned. First, that on the day following my adventure a vessel, in the same course as that taken by the "Northern States," picked up the body of a woman; also, at the time the startling events connected with my story were supposed to have taken place the "Northern States" encountered extraordinary heavy seas while passing through a dense fog bank. The stateroom I occupied is now locked and barred and the "face" in the porthole remains a mystery unsolved.

SONG

Marguerite Frear

*Come hie away, my sweet, my sweet
To Arcady, to Arcady,
The laughter of a purling brook
The scent of grass in shady nook
Is this the way, you ask of me,
To Arcady, to Arcady?*

*The way lies long, the way lies far
To Arcady, to Arcady
Sometimes a moonbeam points the way
Or, mayhap, by a star's bright ray
The land of heart's desire you'll see
And haste away to Arcady.*

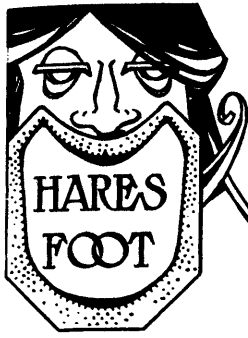
*These are but winding ways, my sweet
To Arcady, to Arcady,
One day I saw a path so straight
Perchance it was the hand of Fate
Right through my heart it led to thee
And Arcady, dim Arcady.*

THE DOUBTER

*When we were children,—you and I,
There was a God. We knew not why
We prayed and bent our knees at night;
Wept when we sinned and did not right.
But we did know that when we bowed
Our heads with folded hands, and vowed
To live a cleaner life, our mind
And heart had peace, and we did find
True solace in a God of love.
When we would lift our eyes above.*

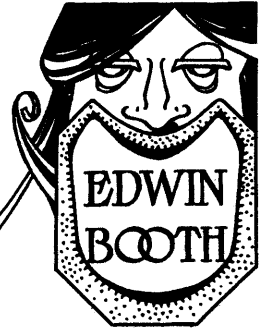
*The scene has changed, and you and I
No longer play. You ask not why
You still are true to God, and hold
To your old time-worn faith so bold.
You're happy now and live a life
Of ease and comfort without strife;
Your paths lead to the old church still;
You pray and ask to do His will;
You bless your friend; your tender heart
Beats true till death us two will part.*

*The scene has changed again,—but I
Am different now. Sometimes I cry
Bewildered, crazed from dreadful fear.
The world is desolate and drear.
My hands in prayer no longer fold;
They grope in darkness for a hold.
I can no longer bend my knee;
Your God my eyes no longer see.
Great Heavens! Who has brought about
This world of chaos and of doubt!*



OVR STAGE and the DRAMA

THE WISCONSIN
DRAMATIC SOCIETY



GLORY OF THE MORNING

THE performance of "Glory of the Morning," by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society was immensely satisfactory. The play was written by Dr. W. E. Leonard for the society, and is a great credit to the author, who, although well known in his various literary activities, had never attempted to write a play before this year.

Indian plays are by no means new creations in American literature. We find the Indian a most famous character not only of the early American novels and epics, but of the drama, as well. Another matter is it, however, when we inquire whether or not these early characterizations of Indians are true. Dr. Leonard maintains that writers of the early period went from one extreme to another; embodying in the Indian first all the qualities of the "noble red man," and later robbing him of every virtue save the passion for the whiskey bottle.

Dr. Leonard portrays a different type of Indian in his play "Glory of the Morning." If we did not know it before, we discover that the Indians possess humanity, ideals, passions and griefs. The author reminds us that the Indian woman was frequently a victim of desertion, and it is upon this fundamental fact that he basis his one act play. The fundamental dramatic situation of the Indian is the conflict of his civilization with that of the dominant white race. Dr. Leonard uses this dramatic situation in his play.

The background is that of the Indian civilization and tribal life at the time of 1750, in the vicinity of the four lakes of Madison, when the white man's civilization, through the fur trade, is already making inroads and undermining the integrity of the Indian world. One feels from a distance the long arm of the king of Paris. Between these backgrounds is depicted an age old tragedy of the deserted woman "Glory of the Morning." She is deserted by her white husband and her little halfbreed girl. She feels the pressure of the Indian tribal customs against them. She is isolated in the end from everyone. She is deserted by her boy, who, though remaining in the tribe, remains from feeling of tribal obligation, no feeling of loyalty, and by the old medicine man who symbolizes the tribal spirit of the old days. She is the sacrifice of humanity. The incident is founded upon an episode in Wisconsin history, the name of the woman being historical.

The play has been published in book form by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, and can be purchased in any of the Madison book stores for forty cents.

Herbert P. Stothart will coach the Blackfriars of the University of Chicago immediately upon the conclusion of the Haresfoot season. The Chicago club will not come to Madison this year, going to Illinois instead.

SENIOR PLAY

AFTER careful consideration of several manuscripts the first semester play committee has decided upon "Facing the Music," a three-act farce by J. H. Darnby, as the 1912 senior play. The piece was secured from the American Play Company of New York, and was only accepted after securing the recommendation of the two well known Madison actors, William Helm and Sidney Ainsworth.

"Facing the Music," from all accounts is a particularly clever farce and well suited to the demands of a commencement time audience. It is chock full of action, its nine characters being on the go from beginning to end. The plot deals with the misadventures of three gentlemen named Smith, the action taking place at Mona Mansions in Kensington, London.

The piece was first presented eleven years ago (1901) at the Garrick Theatre in New York. Henry Dixie, who later scored so strongly in "The Man on the Box," had the leading role. Its success was so great that it was carried on the road for five years.

DOING AND SAYING

LIKENING the theatre to a great laboratory of psychical phenomena where people are moved to tears, laughter, fear, terror and the gamut of emotional experience, not by actual but by the simulation of actual episodes, John Drew in a recent address on Drama Leagues, urged less theatre-talk and more discriminating theatre-going. "When a worthy play is urged upon you for reading or seeing," he said, "act upon the advice if for no other reason and for no other result than that the theatre as an institution may fulfill its real function; that it may be the social factor for the spread of fresh ideas, new, quickening currents of thought, ennobling impulses in its community. Otherwise it is only a roof and four walls."

HARESFOOT CLUB

DAILY rehearsals of both cast and chorus during the past month have brought "The Fairy Godfather" almost up to a point of perfection. From now on Director Stothart will content himself with rounding out the rough spots and perfecting the interpolated specialties.

The cast and chorus were definitely chosen the first of the past month but only after keen competition. So keen, indeed, was the rivalry for the part of Oscar Jones, the hero, that Mr. Stothart allowed the tryout to continue for nearly three weeks before deciding on E. J. W. Walker, '13.

The cover for this year's score will be drawn by Ray C. Tuttle, '14. In design it will be a fairy godfather emerging from a huge flower and waving his magic wand toward the moon. The scores will be on sale the morning of April 12.

A surprising lack of interest has been manifested in the Haresfoot libretto competition. Unless the club gets more entries or some of our university authors happen to get busy during the summer the innovation will not be a success. A libretto competition is absolutely unique in the annals of the university and should afford unlimited opportunities for aspiring playwrights. The prize of \$125 is \$25 more than has ever been offered before in an undergraduate competition at the university and it, too, should prove a strong attraction. Intending competitors should notify Milton J. Blair, 5344 Lakewood avenue, Chicago, Ill., immediately.

ROUND TABLE

ROUND TABLE, the girls' literary society, has inaugurated a dramatic precedent and announced the presentation of two plays, "The First of May" and "Mystery," shortly after the Easter vacation. The production is a financial venture on the part of the society for the purpose of raising funds.

The two casts have been selected and are rehearsing daily under the direction of the society's play committee.

GESELLSCHAFT PLAYS

THREE one-act farces by Hans Sachs were presented by the Germanistische Gesellschaft March 20. They proved thoroughly enjoyable to the society's followers, over two hundred attending. The plays in question were "Das Heisse Eisen," "Der Fahrende Schueler ins Paradies" and "Der Kraemerkorb."

Those taking part included:

DAS HEISSE EISEN.

- Die Frau.....Ferne L. Congdon, '14
- Die Gefatterin
-Jean H. Anderson, graduate
- Der Mank.....William A. Burhop, '13
- DER FAHRENDE SCHUELER INS PARADIES.
- Der Schueler.....Albert G. Peter, '13
- Der Bauer.....Elmer E. Meyer, '15

DER KRAEMERKORB.

- Knecht.....Max L. Walther, '13
- Der Kraemer.....H. F. Haessler, '13
- Die Kraemerin
-Mariele R. Schirmer, graduate
- Der Herr.....Alfred P. Haake, '14
- Die Frau.....Rosalind E. Moerke, '12
- Die Koechin...Selma H. Bartomann, '13

Tryouts for "Der Raubt der Sabinen," the society's annual spring production, were held late in March.

FRENCH PLAY

"LA **POUDRE AUX YEUX,"** that perennially enjoyable French comedy by Eugene Labiche and Henri Martin, was given as the production of the year by the Romance Language Club at Lathrop Hall, March 26. Inasmuch as "La Poudre aux Yeux" is one of the texts read in elementary French, it is to be hoped that all present were able to comprehend and laugh at the lines. "Dust in the Eyes" is really funny and a delightful pen picture of bourgeoisie life. The various parts were sympathetically and well acted. The production marked the debut into dramatics of M. Arthur Brayton, '14.

The cast was as follows:

- Malingear.....Prof. Leland B. Hall
- Ratinois.....F. K. Wahl, '13
- Robert.....L. P. de Vries
- Frederic.....Robert Purchas, '14
- Un Tappisier..Henry De Pertuis, Jr., '15
- Un Maitre d'Hotel....L. A. Zollner, '13
- Madame Malingear
-Jeanne de la Barthe, '13
- Madame Ratinois.....Alida Degeler
- Emmeline.....Mary C. Bonino, '13
- Alexandrine.....Eva C. De Wolf, '14
- Sophie.....Leila Peacock, '12
- Domestiques.....{H. G. Harries, '14
- {A. H. Brayton, '14

TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENT

"WHEN you engage your company," says Sir Arthur Pinero, whose new comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," Charles Frohman is producing, "you very likely know very little of each individual's temperament. You must, however, try to understand it, and adapt it to your needs. On the stage actors are playing on their nerves all the time. It is very trying for them, and they should be shown every courtesy and consideration. But another thing—just as important as knowing the temperament of your actor—is being sure of your own temper."

RED DOMINO

FOLLOWING its annual series of tryouts the Red Domino club has announced the following elections:

- Harriet S. Prince, '13; Gladys W. Lange, '13; Velva M. Bradbury, '13; Leli Muench, '15; Lilah M. Webster, '15; Sarah I. Niles, '13; Dorothy C. Pringle, '14; Mildred L. Harrington, '15; Ruth E. Davies, '14; Marie J. Clauer, '15; Madge M. Woodward, '15; Elisabeth M. Smith, '15; Katherine M. Mailer, '13; Mildred C. Caswell, '15; Lidia B. Ely, '13; Lucille D. Hatch, '15; Sidney L. Oehler, '15; Louise Matthews and Ethel Barbett.

EDWIN BOOTH

EDWIN BOOTH DRAMATIC CLUB will hold its regular spring tryout on the evening of April 2. As usual all university men are eligible to membership but in order to give greater latitude the innovation of allowing candidates to compete in groups will be tried. Hitherto candidates have competed individually by rendering some dramatic selection. The new plan allows several aspirants to give whole scenes from plays and therefore allows greater freedom for demonstration of dramatic ability.

It is prognosticated that the innovation will be a success.

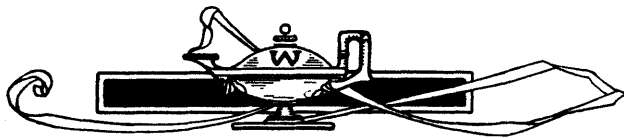
ENGINEERS' MINSTRELS

THE much-heralded and long-awaited biennial production of the Engineers' Minstrels took place at the Fuller Opera House the nights of March 15 and 16. The clever bird advertising on the hill had aroused anticipation in the breasts of many, and needless to say they were not disappointed. As a minstrel show of the twentieth century type it was

a worthy and clever effort. And what is perhaps more, the audience enjoyed it.

The show was divided into two parts, the pure minstrel programme and the dollar-a-minute sketch, "When Co-eds Rule." The latter was a satire on the suffragette future of the university. The cast follows:

- Bill Doem—A Resourceful Engineer..
.....John Fraser, Jr.
- Jack A. Napes—Bill's Roommate.....
.....Harold L. Scherer
- Sam Willin—An Engineer.....
.....John F. Johnson
- Helen Bright—Bill's Aunt.....
.....Norman Osann
- Lizzie Gusher—Walking Delegate for
the S. G. A...Raymond H. Washburne
- Nellie Wagner—A Co-ed.....
.....George W. Trayer
- Marie Le Bluffe—Another Co-ed.....
.....Alfred C. Shape
- Sallie Smith—Still Another Co-ed....
.....Roger B. Buettell
- Engineers, Imaginary Co-eds, Etc.
- Time—The Present. Place—Madison
- Scene I—Bill Doem's Room in the Zeta
Zeta Zeta House.
- Scene II—Parlor of the Zeta Zeta Zeta
House.





WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

"Geringes ist die Wiege
des Grossen"



FACULTY LIGHTS

JOHN AUGUSTINE ENGLISH EYSTER—Professor of Physiology. Maryland Agriculture College, B.S. 1899. Johns Hopkins University. Johns Hopkins Medical School, M.D. 1895. University of Freiburg, 1906. Beta Theta Pi. Phi Rho Sigma. Sigma Xi.

Professor Eyster took a large part in the college life and believes this to have been one of the most important parts of his college career. He graduated from the four years' course at Maryland in two years, and then took up work in biology at Hopkins University. He expected to do work in zoology and started out with this intent. He went into medicine to broaden his scientific career, and did not intend to practice medicine. He pursued the courses in science because he liked them, but found time for other things than mere study.

While at Maryland Professor Eyster was a varsity football and track man and editor of class annual. At Hopkins he took up graduate work in zoology and botany, but still found time to be the leader of the glee club. At Hopkins he took up his actual medical training.

If Professor Eyster were going to take his college course over he would do much the same as before. He would follow the same line of work and take practically the same courses. He would go in for athletics as much as before, and would also go in for class activities as well as for university activities in general. This he

would do during his undergraduate life, but not while pursuing graduate work. He believes that one of the most important parts of a man's college career are the college friendships that he forms.

OTIS AMSDEN GAGE—Assistant Professor of Physics. University of Rochester, Ph.D. 1899. Cornell University, Ph.D. 1910. Alpha Delta Phi. Phi Beta Kappa. Sigma Xi.

Professor Gage did not take a great part in college activities, but nevertheless found time to interest himself in the political activities of the university. The politics in the smaller university at Rochester were much different from the highly complicated politics of a large university, and almost every man made it a part of his college career to try out for some office.

Professor Gage went to Rochester because he lived near it, and afterwards went to Cornell because there he could follow out the line of work which interested him greatly. He started with the intention of following out work in biology, but gradually drifted into taking up work in physics, which course he afterwards pursued at Cornell. He followed the work in science because of a natural liking, starting in with the intention of pursuing work in science and sticking to this throughout his college course. At Rochester he was a member of the Science Club and enjoyed this work immensely.

If Professor Gage were to take his col-

lege course over he would pursue much the same style of work and take part in much the same activities. He would again mix in class politics, as he believes that this is very important and a very interesting part of his college course. He would again pursue his work in physics. The only reason that he would not take up work in athletics is because he is not athletically adapted. He believes that all men who are athletically inclined should take part in college athletics, provided they really like the work.

Professor Gage believes that the best thing he derived from his college life was the work in physics which was never irksome to him; but best of all were the good times, and the good fellowships and the friends that he made.

RAY HUGHES WHITBECK—Assistant Professor of Physiography and Geography. Cornell University, 1901, A.B. Sigma Xi.

Professor Whitbeck took little part in college life because of the fact that he taught six years before entering college. However, he was interested in work in debating and declamation and took part in debates and declamatory contests.

As he lived in New York state, the natural place for him to go was Cornell. Here he followed, broadly, three lines, those of education, geography and debating and public speaking. He had an early interest in geology, and naturally pursued this work in college. He went to college with his mind definitely made up to pursue work along geographical lines, and this plan he carefully carried out. However, the influence of one of his profes-

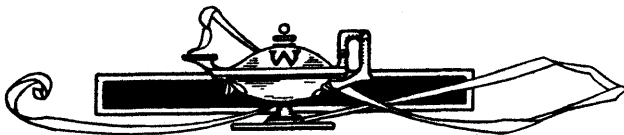
sors, namely, Tarr, caused him to pursue work in geography. This was because of the great personal liking for this man that Professor Whitbeck had.

It was the close touch with men like Tarr and Jenks that he enjoyed the most, and these men had great influence in selecting of his courses. He believes that it is the man, and not the course, from which the student gets the most good, and that the men selected should be men of breadth rather than specialists in one science.

If Professor Whitbeck were to take his college course over, he would take up much the same course. Had he been athletically inclined he would have taken up athletics by all means, as he believes that athletics hurt no man. He would again pursue work in debating, as he enjoyed this immensely. He would also take a wide sweep of studies in other lines than sciences, but would follow one main study.

He advises all students to take active part in at least one line of college activity, not to take part in four or five, as one then loses the real purpose of a college, that of a collegiate career. He believes that one intending to go into public life should by all means take courses in public speaking, as the work is both good and interesting.

As Professor Whitbeck was older than the average student he did not play an enormous part in their activities, and so it is not exactly fair to consider his college life as absolutely typical. He did, however, enjoy his work immensely, and believes that his college friendships with both students and professors were one of the finest things that he got out of his college career.



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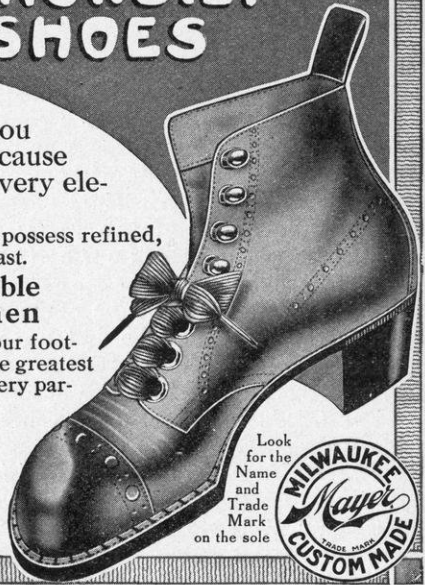
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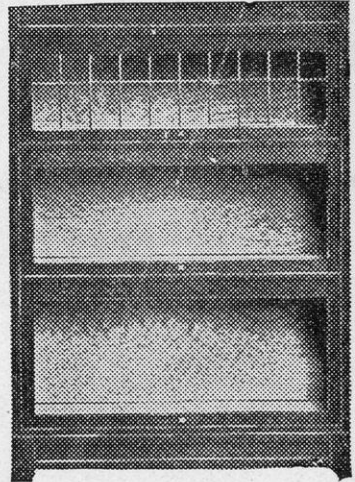
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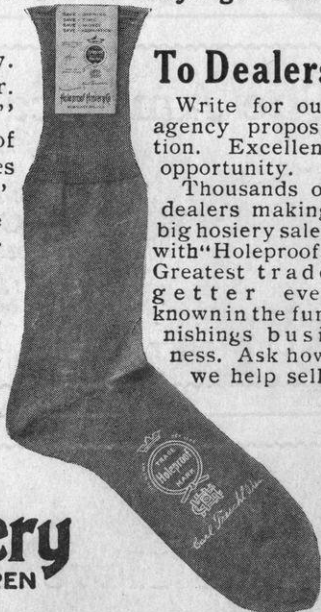
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