

THE EVENING PATHOGENE

Weather

Fair now, but no doubt
will get blazing hot.

*(It was severely
cold weather)*

Office

Demolished by raid.

In celebration of Dr. Jones' birthday.

Dec. 2, 1919

LABOR UNREST
THREATENED WALKOUT OF CUCUMBER ^{experts} EXPECTED
LABOR LEADERS DECLARE

Too long hours, too little pay, and lack of cooperation on the part of Pseudoperonospora, say Mr. Doolittle and Mr. Foster are the causes. It is said that if the strike goes into effect the entire Cotton and Truck force will strike in sympathy.

PROMINENT U. W. PLANT PATHOLOGIST ROBBED

While passing through "Little Italy" on his way home from a skating party on Lake Monona Saturday evening, W. B. Tisdale was attacked by three masked men. The purpose of the attack was robbery, as Tisdale was robbed of all valuables in his possession, consisting of a postage stamp, three tooth picks, a rubber band and eleven cents. A struggle followed, in which Tisdale received a blow over the eye. The bandits were all seriously injured, but they escaped and were later picked up by the police and taken to the General Hospital where it is thought they may recover.

Physicians say Tisdale's condition is not critical, and he was allowed to leave the infirmary yesterday morning on condition that until he recovers entirely he take Jack of Acacia with him for protection. Mr. Tisdale says that if he had two eyes like that no one would know whether he was asleep in seminary or not.

H. C. OF L. HIT BY NEW PLAN

CAN TWO LIVE CHEAPER THAN ONE?

In view of the H. C. of L. and the L. C. of P. (low cost of professors), Professor L. R. Jones has been appointed as chairman of a Committee on Salaries. It is the chairman's opinion that salaries may be raised appreciably and other benefits derived by the following plan. Hereafter all salaries and other means of remuneration will be raised 25% immediately upon the receipt of a duly executed marriage certificate from any member of the department in good standing. A justice of the peace will be provided free and application should be made at once. Shop early and avoid the rush.

(NOTE: The last meeting of the Bachelor Club will be held next Saturday, Pres. Fred Reuel Jones presiding).

(NOTE: Two pleasant suites for rent at Bachelor Apartment).

(Clipping from Washington Post, Sept. 32)

SECRET SERVICE MAN CONNECTS DR. A. G. JOHNSON, OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WITH LATE CASES OF PILFERING
JOHNSON HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE

Dr. A. G. Johnson, alias "Johnnie", "Doc Johnnie", etc. was arrested again yesterday on the charge of petit larceny. Numerous complaints have been made by people who have missed articles of small value as pencils, fountain pens, hats, etc., but owing to the methods used by Johnson, he has gone undetected for some time. Johnson possesses a mania for operating in good society and especially among his friends and associates. His last charge is the theft of a pocket book containing items of little value and no money. Johnson pleaded innocence on the ground that the act was committed in fun but later he put in the plea of guilty and was released on probation.

SHE HAD "THE DARE" TO ENTER THE
FRONT DOOR OF THE U. W. CLUB

Western women may flatter themselves on their freedom from the fetters of femininity, but when it really comes to breaking through the barriers (meaning front door) that men have kindly closed to us, it takes a conventional lady from an exclusive college for girls to sever the shackles. To be sure, the matron told the guilty one, as she led her back to her proper cell, that the side door was unlocked, but Miss Moore said she was glad for the opportunity to break in innocently.

NEWS ITEM OF SCIENTIFIC INTEREST

It is reported that L. K. Jones with a fair assistant is conducting an exhaustive investigation in milk transportation problems. Interesting results are expected.

A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY

We have reliable information that a promising namesake of our illustrious head was under a very great physical and mental stress at the Ohio-Wisconsin football game. This condition could not have been entirely due to the excitement of the game since he was observed entering late, with a very worried expression on his usually handsome and placid countenance.

This expression deepened into solid gloom as the game progressed, and it is whispered that these forebodings bore heavy fruit after the game.

Sympathy and encouragement are extended.

TAKE A STUDENT INTO YOUR HOME FOR THANKSGIVING

A Committee has been appointed to see that all students have some place to go on Thanksgiving. The city feels that it is its duty to entertain these young people whom the U. W. has cheated of a Thanksgiving Day at home. Miss Bitterman, chairman of the Committee, says that much satisfaction is to be obtained from making lonesome students happy on Thanksgiving Day.

A R T R E V I E W

There will be a private exhibition of classic art in the Solon of Drs. Charles Walker and Foster at Bachelor Apartments the second Tuesday of next week. Admission by invitation only, chaperon will be provided by the management. This small but choice collection of rare art treasuries was begun by Dr. F. R. Jones, but the latest acquisition of the studio at the Bachelor Apartments places their collection far above the Jones exhibit. A few exhibitions have been given for critics only who are unstinted in their praise of both the subject and technique. The owners are to be congratulated.

The title of the most interesting painting is (-----deleted by the Censor). Further information may be on file at the Censor's office).

T H E C I T Y S I C K

Dr. F. R. Jones, who has been suffering from headaches for the past week, and Miss Edith Seymour, who burned herself with hot agar while working in the laboratory on the Sabbath, are both recovering.

Mr. Teodoro is recovering from a recent illness. We thought he had been snowed in.

O V E R L A N D C A R S T A N D S T E S T

The department of plant pathology and the cereal laboratory swell up with pride and announce that a handsome new Overland has been the property of three of their members, Dr. L. R. Jones, Dr. A. G. Johnson, and Mr. J. G. Dickson, for three whole days. We really cannot find it in our hearts to blame these gentlemen for going out of their way to find excuses to ride about in this glorified jazz wagon. So happy are the owners in their new acquisition that they were even reconciled to the sacrifice of the faithful old machine which the purchase of the new necessitated.

S P O R T I N G S E C T I O N

The fistic followers of the middle west will all hop the rattler to join the local fight bugs at the ringside of the Pathological Sporting Club next Saturday night. The management promises, one and all, the treat of their young lives. Several fast preliminaries are billed, followed up by the hairraising main-go of the evening. This battle has all the ear marks of being one of the fastest, real live snappy mix-ups ever staged in the squared ring of the local Club. This special number will be between old "Treat 'em rough" Johnson, better known at Methusala, the champion of the Tank Corps, and the peerless little challenger, Cadet Clayton, known as the scrapiest little flyweight of the Navy. Both fighters are fast travellers, hard punchers, and best of all not the type that indulges in stalling tactics; therefore, they should hit a fast pace. News from the training camps indicates that both men will be in the pink of condition. "Kid" Clayton is training exclusively on ripe tomatoes. While the experts think the "Kid" is too pulpy to stand much punishment, his manager thinks this is the proper training to bring his saturation point up to ringside standards. The "Kid" is both a boxer and a fighter. He ducks beautifully and can hit from any angle. The dopesters are all banking heavily on the generalship and experience of the "Tobacco King". While he hasn't bucked up against many real fights in recent months he has observed all the ring encounters and intends to profit by these extensive observations. He sure packs a wicked wallop and if he ever connects, it's slow music and flowers for the "Kid". Johnson has also a speedy left hook; it was in his last bout that he used this to put the "nick" in nicotine. The match will be conducted under "Koch's rules of proof". Dr. E. R. Jones will officiate as referee and Mrs. Bartholomew and Miss Miller will act as seconds. The coroner's inquest will be held at 2:30 the next day. The principals will report at McKinney's undertaking parlors tonight for measurements. This event will close the season for the Club. No more bouts will be arranged unless decided upon by the officials of the Seminar.

S P O R T I N G N E W S

E. E. Clayton, Rabbit Editor

Miss Tillotson, our Nakoma correspondent, has reported a serious condition of affairs in that vicinity, the country being terrorized by large flocks of ravenous rabbits. The following will serve to indicate the seriousness of affairs: As Miss Tillotson was rounding a lonely corner, on the road from the car line to her home last evening, she heard a loud rustling in the bushes near by. And then, even as her heart was going bump, bump, bump against her adam's apple, there stalked out a large and ferocious looking rabbit with his ears twiddling merrily in the breeze. Planting himself firmly in the middle of the road and gnashing his teeth horribly, he gazed at her in a most terrible tone of voice. Though her heart was now rapping against the soles of her shoes, Miss Tillotson did not for an instant lose her presence of mind. Quick as a thought, the inspiration came, and she sang loudly after the fashion of a bloodhound. This temporarily disconcerted the ferocious creature, and taking advantage of the diversion, she sprinted madly for home, reaching her father's door a bare leap in the lead.

In view of the abnormal conditions many of the feminine residents of Nakoma, who previously disdained such assistance, are now indulging in male escorts.

The editor of this column, ever ready to respond in times of emergency, instantly placed his services at the disposal of Miss Tillotson, but was informed that those physically or mentally defective were not acceptable. As the editor has flat feet his rejection is easily understood.

Other applicants are desired.

In view of the serious food shortage now with us, two of the most self sacrificing of our young men, Mr. Slagg and Mr. Clayton, steeled themselves to missing Journal Club meeting last Wednesday and went rabbit hunting over Thanksgiving.

Arriving at Edgerton, their destination, the night before, they spent the evening in prayer, since neither had hunting licences, and Divine protection only could be relied upon to keep the Game Warden away. Turning out bright and early the next morning, about eight o'clock, they sallied forth to the slaughter. Coming to the edge of a field of corn a young and unsuspecting bunny was discovered basking in the sun. Almost before he could wiggle his tail twice, the engines of war were turned loose and the country for a full mile around was plastered with shot. In some miraculous way, however, the rabbit in question escaped, though the execution amongst the innocent bystanders must have been terrible.

Continuing on their way the young hunters now ran up against a very peculiar condition of affairs. The entire rabbit population had apparently fled to their holes for protection. Old hunters, in speaking of the affair later, said that the panic was unanimous and included even the most hardened old buck rabbit. Refusing to concede defeat, however, our young friends redoubled their efforts, and about noon had an experience which almost terminated fatally for one of them.

As they were walking under a large oak tree, two large, ravenously hungry grey squirrels descended and made a ferocious attack upon Mr. Clayton. At imminent danger to his life Mr. Slagg came to the assistance and between them they managed to beat off the attack and escape before other squirrels, now assembling, could join in the fray.

Shortly after this, Mr. Slagg sighted the second rabbit of the day, apparently sitting in the mouth of its hole. Fixing the creature with a hypnotic eye, Mr. Slagg slowly approached the rabbit which struggled desperately, but seemed unable to run. Reaching a point about six feet distant Mr. Slagg raised his gun, closed both eyes firmly and pulled the trigger. Opening them again he saw the rabbit stretched out dead. On picking it up one foot was found to be firmly fastened in a trap, which might account in some slight degree for its relative stability during the preceding operations. An autopsy performed upon the rabbit that night showed no gunshot wounds, so it must be presumed that the unfortunate creature died of heart failure.

Editor's Note: The standards of this column are necessarily high and nothing is accepted, the facts of which have not been verified by careful investigation.

All contributions must analyze at least 2% of truth.

SOCIETY SECTION

A Thanksgiving dinner was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bitterman, 1717 Chadbourne Ave., Thursday, the guests including Miss Helen Eaton, teacher at Port Washington, D. C., Miss Lucille Nachtigall of Marinette, all students at the university; Misses Grace V. and Ruth G. Bitterman; Mrs. Lyman and daughter, Helen, L. E. Jones and J. A. Anderson.

CARD PARTY

At a recent meeting of the Poker Club of the Ladies Aid Society Miss Helen Johann made a clean sweep. Her success was doubtless due to the study of Hoyle most of the preceding night.

DIFFICULTIES OF HOUSE FURNISHING

If you think furnishing an apartment is a simple and easy matter, ask Mr. and Mrs. Goss Doolittle of the Bachelor Apartments, or Mr. and Mrs. Wineland Richards of the Irving, and be disillusioned. Take the matter of curtains alone.

The Goss Doolittle family sallied forth to purchase draperies with six or seven dollars capital, an amount which any man would consider ample. Imagine the blow to their enthusiasm, not to mention their financial embarrassment, when eight yards of curtains at \$3.50 per made it necessary for them to rush out and negotiate a loan.

With the Irving family, the difficulty wasn't a matter of money. Dear no! They even bought a few inches more than their careful estimate called for, just because that was all there was left in the piece - and in the world, as it later developed - and because it could be had at a bargain. Consider their discouragement when they found that their original "careful estimate" had included material for only one side of each window.

Flat furnishing is darned expensive and awfully complex, Q.E.D.

Editor's note: They should have procured their marriage licence at a reliable office.

SKYROCKET

ARTICLE TOO LATE FOR CENSOR

Overheard in Editor's Meeting:

1st member (male) "Can't anyone write us a good bit of news about Reddy?"

2nd member (female) "Oh, we knew a lot of things, but we don't dare to write them."

~~Who can explain the psychology of names?~~

~~Who was it, Miss Seymour or Miss Bitterman?~~

Who can explain the psychology of names?

Who was it, Miss Seymour or Miss Bitterman?

A fair damsel in our plant pathology department approached Dr. James Johnson of "root rot fame".

"Oh! Mr. Jones, would three sterilizations be necessary to curb the activity of your contaminator?"

Dr. Johnson, with a quizzical look in his eye, replied,

"I understand what is on your mind, but - my name is Johnson."

SKYROCKET

Dr. Jones, it is learned, is an adept at ridding farms of quack grass through intensive cultivation of potatoes. Now, we uphold the general line of procedure, but can't for the world understand how a man of such scientific stability could so suddenly turn "quack doctor". Can you imagine it?

Do you suppose sauer kraut containing "yellows" would give the blues?

SKYROCKET

The cabbage growers of the Lake Shore district appear to fairly eat this "yellows" journalism from the College. Hadn't we better investigate?

We met a potato grower the other day who turned cold shoulder to frost necrosis. He'll no doubt warm up with a black heart some day.

Overheard at the garage when the old departmental Overland was turned in in exchange for the new.

First mechanic to second mechanic: "Say, Bill, shut the door or that old buss will be rambling up to the Horticultural Building."

THE UPRISING IN FUNGLE LAND

J. C. WALKER

The last human scab had deserted the lab,
And the fungi were left to themselves,
Tucked away in the heat, the cold, or the wet,
Or just stowed away on the shelves.

Then after a time as the moon shone in,
And dispersed the darkness a bit,
A rustle, a bustle, or sometimes a tussle,
Could be heard, should you listen for it.

And if you watched closely, and perhaps microscopically,
You would see, as they gathered around,
The beasts of the jungle (or why not say fungle?)
With a purpose truly profound.

There was Gib. saubinetii, with a brand new red necktie,
Perched up on the head of a pin,
While Ustilago avenae and her young sister nuda
Were both dressed up very prim.

We should also enlist here the Fusarium sisters,
(How many, the Lord only knows)
They were all there in style, with their suffragette smile,
Monopolizing the first three rows.

Actinomyces scabies and the rest of his gang,
Were lined up on a basket of spuds,
While Sherwood's Oozonium came up from the Pathologium,
And refused to take off his duds.

"For", said he, "this here suits me,
And I don't like this snow and sleet;
And besides I was gotten from the land of cotton,
Where fungi don't freeze their feet."

Then Phytophthora infestans who had indigestion
From living up on oatmeal and water,
Stood up on the floor, spat out a few spores,
And called the meeting to order.

"We are gathered", said he, "as you will soon see,
To consider our present condition,
And to find a way, if that we may,
To improve our mode of nutrition."

"Now in my own case, I had a clean race
Till the famine of forty eight;
But since that time, I've been chased by mankind,
And I seem to be doomed by fate.

"In the bygone days I held full sway
In any spud field I might seek,
But a man named Jones, hasn't left me alone
For so long that I'm getting real weak.

"He came over to Europe and carried me back
In a glass tube about as large as a dime,
And for many a year, I've been cooped up in there,
And fed on all kinds of slime."

Then up stood Gib. saubinetii and tucked in his necktie,
And said, "I used to roam wild.
I did as I pleased, and ate what I liked,
And enjoyed Dame Fortune's smile.

"But like brother Phyto, I'm getting it too;
The fields are no longer mine;
They've chased me all over, from wheat to corn stever,
And back again, how many times!

"There's Johnson and Dickson (O Dunner and Blitzen!)
And goodness knows how many more;
I'm back in the corner, like little Jack Horner,
And that's what makes me so sore.

"But not only that, there was a black-haired brat
With a name as long as a mile,
Who did my cooking without even looking,
And I suffered with him for a while.

"Of all the concoctions that fellow could make
My imagination never had dreamed;
I turned yellow and red, green, orange, and blue,
And a few more colors, it seemed.

"That ever I lived through it all to tell,
Is still a wonder to me,
And though they are feeding me wheat grains right now,
O, how I long to be free!"

Thielavia basicola would certainly tickle you
As he passed the cigars 'round to all,
And explained that last summer had sure been a hummer,
And his root rot wasn't working at all.

Then he lit his own stogie, leaned back in his chair,
And blew out a few rings of smoke
When all of a sudden he began to shudder,
And they thought the poor fellow would choke.

But when he revived and opened his eyes,
He soon had them all understand
That it "wasn't no joke, when you get hold of a 'stoke'
Made of Johnson's new resistant brand."

This aroused his ire, and his eyes spat fire
As he cursed that fellow named Jim.
"I'll tell you", he suggested, "he could have me arrested
If I said what I think of him."

"All the things that he's done have sure made me hum,
There are really too many to tell;
But when the old crank gets me in that hot tank,
I tell you, it surely is hell."

Then up spoke Plasmopara, and said to Phytophthora,
"Mr. Chairman, I think you're all wrong;
All this here howling, complaining, and growling,
Will do no more good than a song."

"We poor working fools are simply made tools
By these fellows like Jones and his let,
And if we just quit and not do a whit,
We'll simply have them all stopped."

"If we don't do a tap, and just curl up for a nap,
You'll see them become pretty meek,
And we're simply bound to bring them around
For they'll be out of jobs in a week."

"Why, there's a gink here named Foster who sure is a froster,
And I've simply got him on the run;
Yes, he's chased me around whole Long Island Sound,
And up and down Broadway, by gum."

"But if he thinks that I'll ever live on water and cucumber
With naught else on my bill of fare,
The sooner he looks for a job selling books,
The sooner he'll quit losing hair."

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

UNIVERSITY PROF. SAYS TROUBLE IS ALL OVER NOW

COULD HARDLY SLEEP OR EAT

"Tanlac worth weight in gold". Most anybody connected with the Plant Pathology Department has heard there is such a person as Dr. Geo. Keitt. He has been a member of the department since charter days of Journal Club and numbers his friends by his acquaintances. He has suffered much annoyance during the past few years on account of an enforced toleration of the feminine element in Journal Clubs, etc., and has, after thoroughly investigating the conditions in the "Great American Home", experienced a period of severe depression. A friend recommended Tanlac, and now meal time comes too slow for him. He has gained several pounds in weight, the depression has disappeared and he feels like a new man. He wants everybody to know that Tanlac has brought about the change.

ADV.: Are you bashful:

Fussing technique taught in three lessons. Terms reasonable.
H. Browning.

Destructive dissection of scientific articles a specialty.
Submit your manuscripts for critical review before publishing.
E. E. Clayton.

Bartholomew, Goss, and Johnson.

Manufacturers of Coax-it-back hair tonic. Twenty-five dollars per case.

WANTED:

An organism (only one) capable of attacking and utterly demolishing all wheat plants. The wilder, the better, as we have a well guarded cage in which to keep him. Cash will be paid. Come quick before our money's all gone. Apply to Cereal Office, "Take-All" Investigations.

Goss.

WANTED: A course in methods of winning a bride.

The Pathologist's Bachelor Club.

LOST: 30 observations. Finder please return, as they are unintelligible to the uninitiated.

J. J., Chief Observer, Plant Path. Dept.

LOST: 1 lot of corn embryos. If finder will please return these for chemical analysis and not use them for breakfast food, it will be greatly appreciated by Toole, Biology Bldg.

LOST: Person who stole Dr. Jim Johnson's disposition last Tuesday was seen and heard. He will avoid further trouble and no questions asked if same is returned at once.

LOST: Somewhere within the confines of a three-room and bath flat, a pair of shoes, No. 11.

B. Koehler.

LOST: A fair lady on the way to the -----football game. Finder will be rewarded.

Dr. Jorstad.

NOTICES

The Committee on Awards has announced the following in Plant Pathology:

Tallest - Jorstad	Laziest - S. P. Deolittle
Thickest (in torso) - Walker	Thickest in head (censored)
*Handsomest man -	*Most beautiful woman -
Thinnest woman - Miss Johann	
Greatest - L. R. Jones	Sleepiest - Burleigh Tisdale
Slowest - A. G. Johnson	Fastest - Dr. Keitt

*The returns from the beauty contest (both male and female) have not come in due to lack of competitors.

A marriage license bureau has been established in basement of Horticultural Building for the convenience of members of Plant Pathology Department. Fred Jones has been appointed Justice of the peas.

Fraternal Order

A meeting of the Perennial Graduate Club is announced for next week. Frey, Pres., John Brann, Treas., Browning, Sec.

EDITORIALS

SHOOT ONE, DRAW ONE

These orders not only sound continuously from Mexican army headquarters camp but from behind every soda fountain in the United States. The execution of the first order sends two bronzed skins over the brink of the Great White Way. The second order brings two brown drinks to two gasping whites barely able to mutter "coco cola" "root beer".

I do not wish at this time to point out the widespread ruin resulting from this soft drink habit, but one pertinent fact stands out at this season. As we slipped from hard drinks to soft drinks we slipped from hard coal to soft coal, and the recklessness with which the order "coco cola" has been sounded has led many to believe that the Gillette-fearing Bolshevik foreigners have understood it to mean no coals and hence we may freeze.

In our own midst if we listen carefully we can learn the havoc it has wrought. We do not find it breathed with every breath like the hard drink habit, therefore it may be classed as one of those intangible diseases which yield only after temperature studies have been made. For example, Clayton said Johnson was in a state of Cystopus candidus as a result of coco cola-totrichial cankers and Johnson inferred that Clayton was the essence of gall and at the bottom his understanding was suffering from root necrosis. Does this not mean that Clayton had been drinking too much root beer (extract of root galls). It is generally known that Foster takes to musty grape juice because the mildew doesn't take to his cucumbers. Miss Seymour complains that she has more work than she can do, which we know is a sort of ginger element; but by the Grace O'Wineland we cannot understand why she cannot get more stimulation. John reports that Miss Miller is addicted to "lemony-fizz". On the face of it Dr. Kraus advised as a neutralizer of these maladies sometimes lime-ades but when all the factors are known this is only a choice of two evils. Mr. Woodworth asks of the inheritance of these habits and I can only point out with sadness that the children of the faculty at an early age begin calling for pop.

So let it sink in that July first ^{was} made only a feeble beginning and with our watchword "Armillaria" let us strike at the root of the evil, the soft drink habit.

SAVE THE BOYS

We note with apprehension the reports which have been leaking out from time to time concerning conditions under which the subordinates of the Plant Pathology Department and of the Cereal Office are compelled to work. All of the young men have come from homes of culture and refinement and we owe it to the fathers and even to the mothers of these splendid types of manhood to return to them in nearly as good condition as when they heeded the call for pathological service and followed by the prayers and tears of their parents, enlisted for the great financial sacrifice. In this hour of public necessity there is no time for carping criticism, yet we believe the people should be informed about existing conditions. We are advised on good authority that the members of the pathological seminar are no longer given the customary meal of substantial cookies and tea,

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed"

But swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread".

We omit further harrowing details. Not a few of the unfortunates here, it is true, obtained temporary relief at the meetings of the Botanical Journal Club, but the demands here, also, are surpassing the provisions.

If the physical conditions are alarming enough, what shall we say about the social conditions? Not infrequently a young man of tender years is assigned to work with a considerable number of women often without a chaperone or any man to whom he might turn for counsel, advice, and assistance in meeting the complex situations that are bound to arise under these circumstances. It is high time that those in high places make some provision to save these young men from despair - and provide the relief and attention that only a masculine ear can supply!

Owing to the stoicism and the natural capacity for suffering inherent in women, we may be confident that the ladies associated with the activities of the organizations referred to are likely to endure the difficulties with least inconvenience. Yet expressions closely approximating profanity have been heard to emanate in some abundance from the neighborhood of the standard reagent containers punctuated now and then with popping of the air bulbs at times when only ladies were observed attempting to operate these containers. Without dwelling upon the effect which such profanity may have upon the young men exposed to it for long time, it remains clear that a large measure of intellectual energy is turned into unproductive channels. The time is ripe for ladies to come forward with constructive proposals.