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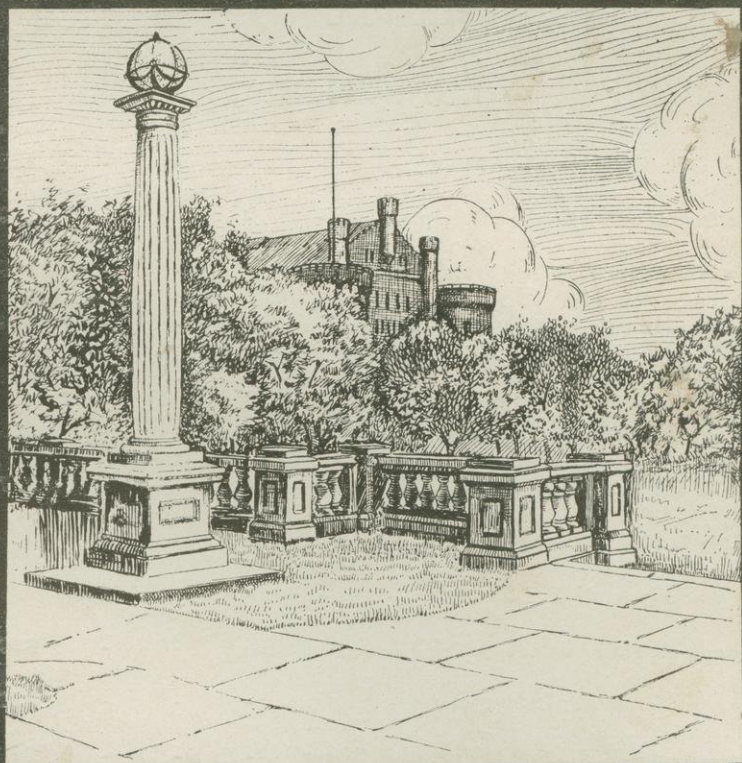
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**THE WISCONSIN  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE**



**UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN**

**Vol. V**

**FEBRUARY, 1908**

**No. 5**

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

FEBRUARY, 1908

Number 5

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## TO A MEMORY

*Alice L. Webb*

**W**HEN years have passed, and I can see no more  
The green trees wave beyond the swelling hill,  
The daisied field, the shallow, pebbled rill;  
When sunshine pouring golden through the door  
Is all that still remains of nature's store  
Of out-of-door delights, enjoyed at will  
Throughout my youth, when I did drink my fill  
And wandered joyous as the young birds soar;  
When days have come, dim-eyed, of palsied hand,  
To hold me in a leash of slow decay—  
It may be on a bed of mortal pain—  
Then turn the hour-glass,—let the running sand  
Of lost years bring me back one perfect day,  
That with its memory my life may wane.

# THE INVITATION

*Theodore Stempfel*

## CHARACTERS:

STEVE HARVEY—a sophomore.

EARL REGAN—a freshman.

JACK ANDREWS—a senior.

HARRY DAVIDSON—who does not appear.

RUBY VANCE—a popular co-ed.

JULIA MILLER—a maid.

*[The scene is laid in the drawing-room of a Madison residence on Thursday evening in the earlier part of February. The curtain rises on an empty stage. A bell rings, the stamping of feet is heard and then the closing of a door. Harvey is ushered in by Julia.]*

HARVEY. Let her know I'm here. Will you, Jule?

JULIA. Sure, Steve. *(Exit.)*

*(Harvey is carrying a box of candy under his arm which he lays on a table in the center of the room. He is nervous and also very cold. Upon looking about the room he espies a grate in the center of the rear, walks up to it and turns his back to the warmth. A ring is heard at the front door and, after a brief pause, Julia ushers in Regan who is carrying a box of candy.)*

REGAN. Let her know that I'm here. Will you, Miss Julia?

JULIA. Sure, Master Regan! *(Exit.)*

*(Regan places the box on the table and then walks back and forth with his hands folded behind his back without perceiving Harvey, who watches him closely. Then he surveys himself in a mirror at the right of the room, adjusts his tie, pulls out a pocket comb and smooths his hair.)*

HARVEY (*coming forward*). Ahem—gentlemen's dressing room to the right, please.

REGAN (*turning around startled*). Oh! er- I beg your pardon. I didn't see you.

HARVEY. Evidently not! Need any help? Here, I'll brush your coat.

REGAN. Oh! never mind. I—

HARVEY. You're all fussed up tonight, aren't you?

REGAN (*blushing*). Think so? It's—it's awfully cold outside, don't you think?

HARVEY. I never think. I considered my white duck trousers. The month of February is usually very tropic, you know. By the way, my name is Harvey.

REGAN (*shaking hands with him*). I'm very glad to know you. Regan is my name.

HARVEY (*critically*). Freshman?

REGAN. Yes. Freshman engineer.

HARVEY (*surveying him from head to foot*). Hm! I thought as much. The white vest gave me a clue. It's the one you wore when you graduated, isn't it? (*A pause.*) And an engineer too. Hm! I'm a law. (*Pulls out a tobacco wallet.*) Have a chew? No?

REGAN. I think you're vulgar.

HARVEY. I know it. But never mind. I suppose you have a message to deliver to Ruby—that is—Miss Vance?

REGAN (*with indignation*). Ru—I mean—Miss Vance and I are good friends. I am not responsible to any offhand acquaintance for an explanation of my visit. If you really care to know though—I came to borrow a few lecture notes from her.

HARVEY. Hm! Lecture notes, that's strange.

REGAN. Strange, hm! Why not?

HARVEY. I didn't know Miss Vance was an engineer.

REGAN (*with confusion*). She isn't! She isn't! I—I take geog—I mean history outside of my engineering course.

HARVEY. Oh! you're bright then? Most fellows have

their hands full with the straight engineering course, especially freshmen.

*(Regan does not answer but strolls about the room while Harvey follows him with his eyes.)*

HARVEY. You must be the only fellow in the class since you have to borrow notes from the young ladies, eh?

*(Regan pays no attention to him. Harvey is somewhat annoyed at the indifference of the freshman whom he wishes to humiliate.)*

HARVEY. I say, did you hear me?

REGAN. Yes!

HARVEY. Well!

REGAN. Well—I'm not going to be cross-examined by any one. I'm too independent for that. Especially not by you. I don't like you. You're rude.

HARVEY. Well—the insolent, brazen, perfumed little—pup-py!

REGAN *(starting towards Harvey)*. See here—*(a ring is heard outside. Then the opening and shutting of a door. A short pause and Jack Andrews enters carrying a box of candy. He is followed by Julia)*.

JULIA *(with a mock courtesy)*. Should I let her know that you are here, Jack!

ANDREWS. Yes, my sweet little Miss!

JULIA. Look here Jack! I ain't a-going to be fooled any longer. Didn't I learn you how to two-step at the Barbers' Prom? I was going to learn you how to waltz to-night and now you're here.

ANDREWS. My dear Julia, do be careful. *(Turning towards Harvey and Regan.)* Don't you see those fellows?

JULIA. Oh! I ain't a-going to compromise you. Besides, they're gentlemen friends of mine as well as you. I learnt that little one *(points to Regan)* a lot about two-steppin'. S'long!

*(She leaves the room and her voice is heard as she calls upstairs to Ruby.)*

Miss Vance, oh Miss Vance, the drawing room is almost filled; should I put the rest in the library? (*The three callers all stare out onto the hallway and seem slightly embarrassed.*)

HARVEY (*who is acquainted with Andrews*). Why hello Jack! Our mutual friend (*points over his shoulder to the door*) has a sense of humor. That's something which some people (*looks at Regan*) do not seem to cultivate.

ANDREWS. Is there a reception on to-night?

HARVEY. Oh! we're all such intimate friends of Miss Vance—that we do not arrange for dates any more. By the way, Jack, do you know Mr. Regan here? He's a freshman engineer and came to borrow a few geography notes from Miss Vance. He will gladly lend you his pocket comb if you have any use for it.

ANDREWS. I'm glad to know you. You must not mind Steve here. He's very kittenish!

REGAN. I don't mind—Stephen, in the least.

HARVEY (*to Andrews*). By the way, Jack, isn't your box getting just a little heavy? You can check it here at the center table with the rest of the bribes.

ANDREWS (*after laying his box of candy on the table takes a chair at the left*). How long have you gentlemen been here? Where is Ruby, anyway?

REGAN (*taking a chair at the center of the stage*). I suppose Miss Regan is primping a little.

HARVEY (*who is still strolling about the room, picks up a photograph on the center table and examines it critically*). Hello! What's this? Oh! yes, Davidson. Hm? exchanging photographs, eh? (*Gives the picture to Regan.*)

REGAN. Ah! I've seen him. He's a sophomore. He and some other fellows tried to throw me in the lake one night. A regular mucker.

ANDREWS. Let me see it, will you? I believe I know Davidson. (*Regan hands it over to him.*) Yes, that's the same fellow. I saw him at a dance with Ruby not long ago. I wonder if he has a graft.



HARVEY. I wonder if he's got money.

HARVEY AND REGAN. I wonder if she likes—

HARVEY. What's it to you—freshman?

REGAN. And what's it to you, soph?

ANDREWS. And why, pray, should either of you worry?

HARVEY. Oh! well let's drop the subject. I suppose you fellows are going to the Prom. (*Regan and Andrews nod in the affirmative.*) Got your girls? (*They do not reply.*) You haven't? Hm! Strange! That reminds me, fellows, since I was the first caller here, I naturally have the privilege of speaking a few words to Ruby first. First come, first served, you know.

ANDREWS. I'm not so sure about that, Steve. If you take age into consideration, I think that I ought to be allowed that privilege. I am older than either of you.

REGAN (*flaring up*). Well, I guess not. I'm to be frozen out, either way. We'll have to find another solution. (*Looks about the room and espies a deck of cards on the mantel-piece above the grate.*) We'll cut for it. (*Gets the deck.*) The fellow with the highest cut stays here, the rest go home.

ANDREWS. That's a good idea. I'm always lucky on raffles and I hope—at the cards.

HARVEY. I don't like the idea.

REGAN. Coward!

HARVEY. Oh! well—if you put it that way. And here's a dollar on the side I stay here.

ANDREWS. I'll take you.

REGAN. All right, gentlemen! Step right up to the table here. (*The three crowd around the table. Regan shuffles the cards deliberately and then places the deck in the center of the table. They draw.*)

HARVEY (*laughing*). I guess I've got you fellows. My queen is high.

ANDREWS (*dejectedly*). I'm out of it.

REGAN (*dances around the table*). King! king! There, gentlemen, take your candy and begone.

HARVEY (*furiously*). Well, what do you think of the freshman? Let me see, he suggested the idea of cutting, he shuffled the cards and he won. How oddly these three facts dovetail together. What do you think of that, Jack?

ANDREWS. It's a little suspicious, isn't it? I believe the young 'un is clever with the cards.

REGAN (*with anger*). See here, you fellows. What do you think I am? You accuse me of cheating, eh? Well just because you lost out, you can't keep what I thought was a gentlemen's agree--

(*Ruby enters. She runs forward to the table.*)

RUBY. Well, well, boys, I beg of you. Are you practicing a debate or something? What? Cards? Playing cards in my house? How awful! If mother—

HARVEY. But if you will excuse the suggestion, Ruby, the cards were found on that mantel-piece.

RUBY. Oh! oh! Well it's criminal anyway. I keep the cards to warn my callers.

HARVEY. You look very decorative, as a guiding light! You see we just started a game of hearts to while dull time away.

RUBY. Oh! is that it? Well, you see I just simply had to write a letter to a boy, a mere infant, a freshman. (*Harvey laughs and looks at Regan.*) Oh! excuse me. You're so different from the rest, Earlie. To continue! He invited me to the Prom. I didn't want to go with him and I just had an awful time to get a suitable excuse. Oh, pardon me! You folks are acquainted, I hope.

ANDREWS. We helped ourselves. We're almost as chummy as the Three Musketeers. And Ruby, I'd like to ask you about that picture (*points to a picture in the rear*).

RUBY. Gladly.

REGAN. How did you enjoy the hop the other day? Wasn't it a mixed crowd? You know—

HARVEY. By the way, Ruby, do you take history or geography, or something like that?

RUBY. Why no! I took all that trash in my freshman year.

HARVEY. H'm! that seems strange. Regan was telling me that he—(*Regan takes Harvey by the arm and shakes his fist at him.*) You ought to be kept in captivity.

RUBY. What *is* the matter with you, Earl? I just know you people have been quarrelling. I really must separate all three of you. Why are we all standing up anyway?

HARVEY. Oh! we'd all like to stand up with you.

RUBY. I hate—punsters.

REGAN. So do I!

RUBY. There you go again! I'll separate you surely now. Come here, Jack Andrews, you sit down here at the left, and Earlie in the center, and you Steve at the right.

(*The three take chairs as directed.*)

REGAN—How would you like to be in the lime-light, Steve?  
(*A pause.*)

RUBY. Well, what ails you now? This looks like a coroner's inquest. Why, wakes are more cheerful. Oh! yes! It's a minstrel show. Earlie, you'll be the interlocutor, and Steve and Jack, the end men. Wait a minute and I will get one of you a tambourine. Here's a picture.—(*Runs to the table and picks up the photograph of Davidson. Then she notices the candy.*) What in the world is this? Three boxes of—well, who is to blame? All three of you?

HARVEY. We bought the lot at a wholesale house. It's cheaper by the carload, and then too, it's old stock.

REGAN. Don't you believe it, Ruby. I got my box at Lol Sevitan's.

ANDREWS. These two—are tremendously humorous, are they not? If Steve there only had a bigger nose, he'd make a lovely clown.

RUBY. I thank you ever so much for the candy. I don't know how I can repay you.

REGAN. I know how you can repay—

HARVEY AND ANDREWS. Freshman!

RUBY. Will you let me finish my little speech please, gentlemen. I thank you ever so much for the candy. If I get sick, I can give what is left over to my cute little poodle dog, or to Julia, or to you, Steve. Here, Jack, you take this picture and use it for a tambourine. Now for the opening chorus, gentlemen.

HARVEY. I won't play unless I have a make-up. Come Ruby, let's hunt up one.

REGAN AND ANDREWS. Don't Ruby.

HARVEY. Oh! well! Jack's afraid to be left alone with the freshman. His teeth are soft, Jack.

RUBY. Gentlemen! the opening chorus!

HARVEY (*begins—"Cheer, cheer, the gangs all here," and the other two join in.*)

RUBY (*laughing*). Nope! Nope! You can't sing that. Remember I'm a loidy.

REGAN. Having finished the opening chorus, Mr. Harvey, the colored, noted, I mean the noted, colored humorist will now favor us with one of his noted, colored jokes, at which he will laugh and we—be easy on our inferior intellects, Mr. Harvey.

HARVEY. You insult the audience (*points to Ruby*) by this implication.

ANDREWS. Let me in on this, too. I will tell a beautiful, little joke and then I will dance. I walked past the Y. M. C. A. the other night, and it was all "lit-up." (*Harvey and Regan groan.*)

RUBY. But I don't understand.

ANDREWS. You don't want to. I will proceed to dance and see how you like that. (*Stands up and begins by beating the picture furiously.*)

RUBY. Be careful, Jack, you will break that picture.

HARVEY. Yes, Jack, don't hurt Mr. Davidson, nice Mr. Davy.

RUBY. Oh! do you know him, Steve?

HARVEY. Hm! Sort of half-way. I never cared to get intimately acquainted with him.

REGAN. Yes, I don't blame you.

*(The telephone bell rings and Julia's voice is heard as she answers the phone. A pause.)*

JULIA *(calling)*. Miss Vance! You're wanted at the telephone.

RUBY. Yes, all right. *(Rather stiffly to her callers.)* You will excuse me, won't you?

CHORUS. Certainly! *(She leaves the room.)*

ANDREWS. I must say you fellows were very diplomatic in expressing your opinions. Did you notice what effect it had on Ruby? So-long, you two! You see, I intend to take Ruby to the Prom.

HARVEY. I'm not so sure about that. I will admit, though, that we were somewhat unguarded in—

REGAN. I am going to stick anyway.

HARVEY. So am I.

*(Ruby enters. She is laughing and seems happy.)*

RUBY. Boys, what do you think? That horrid, monstrous Mr. Davidson invited me to the Prom just now. Think of inviting a girl over the telephone. He hasn't any manners at all—has he?

ANDREWS. And of course you—

RUBY *(with a smile)*. And I—accepted.

CHORUS. O-o-o-oh? *(After a pause.)*

HARVEY. Come, Regan, we'll watch Jack, there, learn how to waltz.

CHORUS. Good night, Miss Vance.

RUBY *(taking a chair)*. Good night! Call again, some night, will you? Julia will give you your wraps. *(Exit Harvey, Regan, and Andrews. Ruby picks up a box of candy, opens it, takes out a bitter sweet and nibbles at it—with a smile.)*

—CURTAIN.—

## THE WHIMSICAL FIDDLER

*Frances Lundquist*

**G**EORDIE MELECH staggered up the dark street to his old lodging house, fighting the wind, which swooped upon him like a demon, and cursing the cold night as he fought; cold enough for a young man, bitter cold for two-and-forty and a heavy spirit. The old ramshackle building where he had lived for twenty years presented little cheer to him; white and cold and ghostly, it stood at the top of the street like the shivering spirit of night itself, seeming to bend and sway and beckon him with each violent gust of wind; above, the white window glared a frosty welcome at him, below, the unhinged blinds yawned and creaked like a dead spirit. Through the slits in the shutter, the book-keeper saw the pale reflection of the lamp on the window, and knew that Elisha MacCree was up waiting for him—as for twenty years she always had waited on Saturday night for her lodger and his six shillings. As he fumbled for his latch-key he heard her totter to the door.

“Who might it be?” she questioned cautiously.

“Melech,” answered the man.

The door was opened by Elisha MacCree, lamp in hand. The yellow light fell on the man's face, showing it haggard, pinched and weary. The door swung open as he entered, and banged against the wall, as though a power other than the wind had forced it. Melech's face grew pale as he struggled to close it. The flame of the lamp in the old woman's hand rose high and threatened to go out. She put the lamp on the table tremblingly and shielded it from the blast with one withered hand. With a violent effort the book-keeper succeeded in closing the door and bolting it.

“The devil is out tonight,” he said, with such conviction that the old woman trembled afresh.

"Ye did na see him, man?" she asked with a quaver.

A new howl of the wind answered; it roared around the house like an angry beast; it shook the rusty blinds; it screamed down the chimney. Suddenly it ceased; seeming to scamper down the road with sardonic laughter.

Melech did not speak, but warmed his frost-bitten hands at the low kitchen fire and rubbed his ears. The bent old sibyl moved about from window to window, making sure that the rusty locks were in place. A grotesque little figure, Elisha MacCree; pitifully clad in a thin faded wrapper. Her uncombed hair hung over her face and neck in thick cords, like the snakes of Medusa, half concealing the small, shrewd eyes behind. Like a crumpled leaf, all wrinkles and veins, you could not tell what tree she came from; an early immigrant, with the creed and superstition of one people, and the temper and cunning of another.

"Ye did na see him, man?" she repeated restlessly, for Melech seemed to listen to a noise from without.

"It's cold as the devil," the book-keeper said briefly.

"Ay," said Elisha MacCree, shrewdly, "an' they say that on sich nights Johannes is out wi' the deil an' playin' his fiddle."

"Old wives' tales," retorted the book-keeper, roughly.

"Oh, mebbe, mebbe. But sure ye must well know that when a body dies in these parts, Johannes is there to take him away."

"Johannes is dead," said the man.

"Oh, ay. But they say—"

"Well?" demanded the man, uneasily.

The old sibyl laid a skinny claw upon his arm, and whispered shrilly:

"At John McCormick's wake he was, and a playin' his fiddle like mad."

"Did they see him?"

"Nay, but the music was as if Johannes himsel' had been there."

For answer, Melech took his lamp from the shelf over the stove and lit it.

"There's a fire aloft?" he asked, laying his shillings rent on the table, and taking the lamp in his hand.

"Oh, ay." There always was a fire on Saturday nights. Melech opened the door to the stairs and climbed up the steep, rickety passage. A wind that came, it seemed to him, from nowhere, rushed down upon him and threatened the lamp. He swore roundly, and covered the chimney top with his hand, gaining the landing at length but with difficulty. There was, indeed, a fire in his room. The thin walls of the little sheet-iron stove were red-hot; still the room seemed cold. Melech hastily drank the tea which stood on the cover, too long brewed, then sank into the chair before the fire, without removing his heavy coat.

It was true that Johannes was dead;—Johannes the Fiddler, as they called him. And four years ago on just such a night as this he had gone out to his death. A whimsical fellow, Johannes; in appearance, long and lean, with sandy hair and small, round, laughing eyes. A merry, sensitive, droll, happy-go-lucky fellow, as different from Melech as a holly-hock stretching toward the sun is different from a rough thistle. For Melech was rough, and though he loved his friend Johannes as he loved no other human being, he was, perhaps, the more cruel to him. Poverty, in one of her fits of caprice, had thrown them together, and they suffered the more in common because the very narrowness imposed by their poverty, offered no outlet for their natures. Melech, whose nature was heavy and serious, was often furious with his friend's attitude toward life, and often could scarce contain his temper.

One bitter cold winter night Johannes came in, saying that he was out of work and had lost his money. But instead of groaning about it, as any sensible man would have done, he treated the matter as one for jest, and leaning against the wall in Melech's rush-bottomed chair he recited the events of the day, laughing the while as if pleased with his misfortune.

During the recital, Melech's anger rose to white-heat.

"You owe me money, Johannes," he said grimly.



"I do, Melech," said the fiddler. But he had sobered suddenly and, tossing his fair hair from his eyes, looked at the book-keeper in surprise.

"When do you expect to pay me?" continued the book-keeper, mercilessly.

"When my ship comes in," Johannes answered lightly, and then added laughing, "Doesn't much look as if 'twould ever come in, does it, Melech?"

"Get out of this house," cried the angry man, "before you bring a curse upon it. You would laugh if the house burned about our ears. Go, I say!"

"Where shall I go to?" asked the fiddler, with a whimsical smile. "There's not a place within twenty miles that would take me in this cold night at this hour."

"Go to hell," retorted the book-keeper. "It's warm there."

"Alone? I'll be lonely down there."

"You'd have friends enough, I'll warrant, to tire your tongue and wear out your smile."

"Thanks, then I'll go."

"Are you going now?" cried Melech, for the fiddler started for the door.

Johannes lifted a face of pride. "You need not ask," he replied, and the door closed behind him. Melech started after him stupefied. He did not mean—he did not mean—. But the door of the house banged below and Johannes was out with the wind.

\* \* \*

It was just such a wind to-night. It wailed around Melech's room as though crying to him, crying to him. Melech sat suddenly upright for he heard another sound, the sound of a violin, calling to him, calling to him. It heaped desecrations upon his head, then it broke into sobs, and caressed him, caressed him. Then it called to him to come, come, come into the night. . . . Melech blew out his lamp and staggered down the stairs. Elisha MacCree, below, hugging the fire, stared at him in wonder.

“And it’s not that you’re going out this night cold?” asked the old woman.

“I am that,” Melech answered curtly.

“But it will sure be to your death man. An’ where be ye goin’, might I ask?”

“To the devil,” was his answer.

“But it’s a long ways off to the deil,” said the sibyl.

“None so far away as you think,” retorted the book-keeper grimly.

Elisha MacCree cackled a toothless laugh.

“What’s come over ye, man?” she cried. “We’ve no had sich a joke since Johannes the Fiddler’s been gone. He was forever makin’ a body’s bones warm with his jokes and his nonsense. Be you goin’ alone?” she continued, humorously.

“No,” the man answered. “Johannes has called to me and we go together.”

Then Elisha MacCree was afraid. “Sure,” she said to herself, “the man is daft.” And when he went out into the wild night she said no more, for daft men have evil spirits, and ’twere best to let the devil go, she thought. But she took care to lock the door fast after him and bolt it, so that the evil spirit could not return, and then she sat down before the fire and told her beads with fear and trembling. But the old woman shivered for all the warmth of the fire, and she could mumble her Hail Mary’s fast enough, her old jaws chattered so, and the rosary well nigh fell from her fingers, so stiff were her hands.

“It was the diel himself that was here,” she thought and hurried the faster. The wind wailed.

“He came for Geordie Melech’s soul,” she continued.

But now, suddenly—there was a new wail, which was not the noise of the wind. The sibyl heard it and shivered. It was the cry of a new-born child—Elisha MacCree shivered afresh. It was the wail of a lost soul. No, now it was gay, like dance music, wilder, wilder, wilder it flew, now soft, now again louder, thinner,—

“Johannes is playing his fiddle,” said Elisha MacCree.”

# THE GARDEN OF HESPERIDES

*Edith Swenson*

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 20, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS HERRICK:

Has the complete change that the scientists tell us takes place in the human body every few years, swept from your brain-cells all record of one Donald McLean, Scotchman by birth and American by profession, who once initiated you into the mysteries of ice-boating?

Last week I met Mrs. Barlow, just home after five years spent with the girls in Germany, and she told me you were in Washington and, what I was very much shocked to hear, that, save for your brother Robert, you are alone.

We are selfish brutes, we men. If any one had asked me about Tom or Polly, any of the fellows for instance, I should have said, "Why Tom and Polly are out in Japan getting well. Dorothy is looking after them. They must have been out there two or three years now. I'm going to write them some day." And I have let the years go by in silence while poor old Tom fought for his life and for Polly's, and only now when it is too late, do I offer tardy tribute to their memories. Yet I loved Tom, and I hope he knew it.

Do you remember my freshman year, what very good times we had at our first Prom? What fun it was, and how we all were so amused at the sudden shifting of "girls" upon the arrival of yourself and Polly? I knew of course that Tom's sister must be fine, for had I not seen many pictures of her in Tom's and my room and heard many of her jolly letters read? But it did seem strange in a way that your brother Tom and my Prom girl should have hit it off at first sight. I remember how we tried to be very indignant because Polly cut several dances with me and gave them to Tom, leaving you and me to get along as best we could.

And two months after the house party their engagement was announced and their hurried wedding the following winter.

I never heard definitely where they went or what caused their illness, but I want you to know that my love and my sympathy is theirs even if it is too late to offer them any comfort or cheer.

And you? Mrs. Barlow said that she saw you last year in Berlin and that you are unchanged. Is it true? Do you still read "My Last Duchess"? I don't. I have no need. I know it backward now. I have always been sorry you found that before I did, for I remember what you said when you read it to me the first time. We were sitting before the great open fire-place on the Sunday afternoon of Prom week. Most of the others had gone to a reception but we had pleaded weariness and remained behind with Mrs. Barlow who was also too tired to do anything but sit still.

"Now," you said, "I am going to give you a life-long memory. I am about to introduce you to 'My Last Duchess,' and whatever comes to you in after years you cannot forget me." I would have given something to have had that assurance about you.

I wander confidently on, apparently convinced that the cellular record is intact, and that the reading of "My Last Duchess" insures mutual remembrance. Nevertheless I shall be very grateful for some intimation from you that this is not pure effrontery. You have heard of the boy who whistles in the dark because he is afraid? Therefore I hope you will send me a line for Tom's sake, if for no other reason. Grant me the forgiveness I would ask of him if I could and tell me something of him and of yourself.

Yours faithfully,

DONALD MCLEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
December 26, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. MCLEAN:—

Your letter has come. I knew it would come sometime, and that the sometime would come when you heard—and understood.

For Tom understood. He had abiding faith in you and needed no assurance on your part to trust absolutely in your friendship. He lived—in those last days, much in his memory, and you were often by his side as college chum, as sharer in his sports, as confidant and comrade—always as friend. The only thing that worried him was the fear that he had been the means of spoiling your life. It was fate that you two friends should love the same girl. And Polly was a dear, and very, very lovable. Tom felt that your silence toward him the last few years, was because you knew that he knew your secret. He thought it might be hard for you to hear the intimate details of their happy life together, so he did not write you concerning it.

After they were married Tom was ordered to Panama as army physician. While there both he and Polly were taken ill with the fearful fever which is so prevalent there. I went at once to take care of them. Polly died there but I took Tom as far as Japan. The end for him came three years ago in Yokohama. Since then I have been—everywhere. That's the whole story.

And as to you? You have been doing a man's work—that I know. I have not forgotten how you used to fulminate against my happy idleness and urge the sanity of labor. That was your gospel once. It pleases me to hope it is your gospel still. If it has meant to you all that it promised, if it has satisfied, why that in itself is a solution. Have I shown you that I was glad of your letter, your memory? I hope so. Yes and of the Duchess, too. Poor little Duchess—

“A heart too soon made glad, too easily impressed,”  
is not the best equipment for a long journey. Perhaps

the Duke was kinder than he knew. Anyway I am grateful to her. Your theories impress me—despite my jibes—and I have an impression that I have tried to act upon them.

Good-bye. Tom would have been sorry to have you ask for his forgiveness. He had always felt he should have asked yours, for loving Polly. When you are in Washington come and see me. In the meantime I am always

Cordially your friend,

DOROTHY HERRICK.

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MADISON, WIS., Jan. 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MISS HERRICK:

There is a finality about your letter that would discourage me, if the memory of seven years of silence were less potent or if there had not come from your written pages a suggestion of your personality that carries me back to our first and only Prom, Lake Mendota at sunset, and—"My Last Duchess."

"Good-bye," you say, and "when in Washington come to see me. In the meantime" I am to believe you cordially my friend.

Is that all? It may be months before I am able to go to Washington, must I wait till then to hear from you again, or will you cheer that "meantime" by reply to my letters?

I am impressed by the waste we make of life and, having missed the chance of being all I could to Tom—and perhaps to you—I am eager to fill the days to the utmost with your friendship. No, I never loved Polly in the way Tom did. We had always been friends and dear ones, but no love such as Tom gave her had ever been between us. Oh, how sorry I am that Tom blamed himself for that love he couldn't quench. I hope now at last they both know and realize that the love was just between them and not troubled by any unwished for love from without. No, the only girl I ever loved in the way Tom loved Polly, I still love. I have never told

her, for I could not. I had nothing to offer her but my worthless self. I had to do something just to prove myself capable of providing the bread and butter of life with an occasional hint of jam, for myself, before I dared ask her, or any woman, to share my bread with me.

So you remember my preachments on the gospel of work? I was an ardent young zealot then, but it is good gospel. I hope I preach less now, but my faith in it has grown with the years. I have had time—and the necessity—to test it, and it has endured.

Will you write me again and yet again?

Yours very faithfully,

DONALD MCLEAN.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. MCLEAN:—!!!

And yet why should I use exclamation points over anything so pleasantly characteristic as your letter? You had ever a habit, I remember vividly, of beginning with a wealth of extravagance and hyperbole that would have secured entrance to Hesperia itself, for the boon of—shall we say an after-dinner pipe? Here is the pipe.

I wish you would tell me something of yourself; some of the bread-and-butter facts of life. It is supposable that you are not quite a disembodied shade, haunting the slopes of an idealized mechanical Parnassus. As for myself, I am with my brother Robert, who has been stationed here since leaving West Point. It is a delightful arrangement for me, and my brother seems content to have me as his *châtelaine*.

Since you are to tell me of yourself I will not say, "Good-bye," but will repeat that I am

Cordially your friend,

DOROTHY HERRICK.

Robert has just received word that he is ordered to the Philippines. I think I shall go with him.

MADISON, WIS., Jan. 15, 1908.

MY DEAR MISS HERRICK:

And so you are keeping house for Robert? When I knew him he was Bob, and I believe he admired me. I had a certain proficiency with the rifle in those days. I wonder if that would be a passport to his favor now? So he is ordered to the Philippines? I hope you will not go with him. War is hardest—in no matter how mild a form or how vague the suggestion of fighting—not on the men but on the women.

You ask me about myself. No, I am not exactly a "disembodied shade." I have lost nothing in height and I weigh somewhere near two hundred, I believe. Is that sufficiently suggestive of bread and butter? And to provide myself with the staff of life, and the hints of jam, I still practice engineering. At the present time I am the consulting chemist of the Standard Chemical Company, who are kind enough to think my services worth some thirty thousand a year. Besides this I earn a little more out of the royalties from some interesting discoveries I have made. Aren't you coming West this winter? At present I am back in Madison doing a little research work in the chemical laboratory. I cannot get East for several months, and I do not wait patiently. Can you come out and meet me at Mrs. Barlow's and go to the Prom with me? The bitterness of having to write you this when I wish so to come and get you myself! But I cannot come so far East now.

When I wrote you first my thought was of Tom and of Polly and of the old friendship between us four. The fact that it is again near Prom time reminded me of the first and only Prom I ever attended. It reminded me of all the happiness we had. So I say I thought of the Prom of ten years ago, with no hope of what the future might bring or hold for me; but when your reply came, it seemed the living, breathing *you*, full of the fragrance and freshness and sweet delirium of spring in the midst of autumn tints life seems to have assumed for me. I remembered nothing but that the



years had passed, and that *you*, you were, as far as I knew, free to listen to my wooing. I have been percipitous and tactless—never more so perhaps—but it is not easy to hold one's steps and keep a steady pace when the walls of the Hesperian Garden are in sight, the golden apples shining above it.

I know that I have given you little preparation for this, that I dare not assume that what means so much to me is anything more to you than a pleasant acquaintance pleasantly renewed. I am not in a position now to ask anything more of you than that you do not send me away. I must win your love if I am to have it, and I know that I am not alone in that endeavor. There are others nearer you, geographically at least, who have every advantage over me. Will you give me my chance, dear?

I shall be at Madison for an indefinite time. Will you write me here? And will you believe that, no matter what may come, I shall be in the future, as I have been in the past,

Always faithfully yours,

DONALD MCLEAN.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1908.

DEAR DON:—You do not mean it! Don't think I under-value; only it isn't true. Listen please. The girl of Prom ten years ago, of the "Last Duchess" of your memory, died long ago. The present woman of twenty-eight you know not at all. My kind friend, Mrs. Barlow, may tell you that I am unchanged. That means nothing. The woman she knows you never saw. Why should I hesitate to tell you this? We all have facets for our different friends.

Forgive me for saying that you are self-deceived. I speak from the clearer vision that loneliness has taught. You have your work—and oh, such man's work—and your life has held no room for womankind, and then you have had my memory—

that has perhaps been wise. A memory is a protection against shadows, and when the substance, the true woman comes, it fades and leaves no sting.

When you see me you'll know that I've been wise. And you will come to see me—but not yet. In the meantime it will be wise to end this correspondence. Not that we can afford to lose each other's friendship, but you need no written word to assure you of mine, and I have trusted you for many years.

My words seem strained and brief. Your letter has not left me quite myself, but I beg you to read nothing in them but my lasting friendship, my regard. Believe me, life holds many gardens, fair to the seeming, where the golden fruit is masked by many a guise.

Always your friend,

DOROTHY HERRICK.

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MADISON, WIS., January 27, 1908.

MY DEAR ONE: What mood of sensitive, morbid, shrinking, born of lonely years and an emptiness that Robert—dear to you as he is—cannot fill, induced you to write that letter to me?

Are you afraid of me Dorothy? I ask you not to send me away and you reply that our correspondence must end! All the good work of my life has been done for you and you would have me believe that I have been working and living for a shadow. I tell you that I have loved you—and you only—for ten years, and you assure me that “the girl of my freshman Prom of ‘My Last Duchess’ died long ago!” Possibly. I could not love her if she had remained through life “the girl of my freshman Prom.” I have not spent my life in loving that memory, I have loved the woman I knew must blossom from the bud. I should not say all this I think, if there had been in your letter or even between the lines, the

one thing that will discourage me. You tell me that I am self-deceived, that my golden apples are but bubbles, and all the rest, but you do not say, Dorothy, you do *not* say you do not want my love. Give me the chance then to prove that I am not an idle dreamer, and the right to win your love if I can. What you have said of yourself applies to me, too. The years have wrought their changes, of course, and I too am ten years older than I was when we first met. But the germ, the life motif, is unchanged in us both. We never lived on the surface, you and I.

Dear, will you come home to *me*? Oh, if I could only tell you with my eyes and lips all the love I have borne you in my heart all these years, and convince you, skeptic as you are, that I know both myself and you. It is much to ask, but can you trust me, Dorothy? Will you meet me at Mrs. Barlow's after you have seen Robert off for the Philippines? I know how impulsive this must sound but, believe me, it is the inevitable result of the years that have passed. I love you, *you*, understand! Not a fancy, not a dream, not an idealized memory of Dorothy Herrick, but *you*, the woman that I knew you must become, the woman your letters show me you have become. Is it hopeless, dear? Is there no response in your heart? My arms have been empty so long, Dorothy? Won't you come *home* to me now?

DON.

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Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Jan. 30, '08, Madison, Wis.

To G. R. Ream, Washington, D. C.:

Send six dozen Am. Beaut. roses to Miss Dorothy Herrick,  
4112 Elm street.

D. H. MCLEAN.

Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Jan. 30, '08, Madison, Wis.

*To Miss Dorothy Herrick, Washington, D. C. :*

Am to chaperone Prom house party at Zeta Pi house. Can't you come out and go with Donald? Stay with me afterwards long as you like. So come.

GRACE E. BARLOW.

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Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Washington, D. C., Jan. 30, '08.

*To Mme. Ballu, Broadway, N. Y. :*

Can I have three fittings tomorrow? Very important. Have ready to show me gowns of white satin.

DOROTHY L. HERRICK.

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Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
119 Broadway, N. Y., Jan. 30, '08.

*To Miss D. L. Herrick, Elm St., Washington, D. C. :*

Will have gowns ready for inspection tomorrow. Can have as many fittings as are necessary.

CELIENA BALLU.

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Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Jan. 30, '08, Washington, D. C.

*To Mr. Donald McLean, Madison, Wis. :*

Arrive in Madison on the C. M. & St. P., 8:35 P. M., Feb. 14.

DOROTHY.

Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Jan. 30, '08, 4727 Lake Av., Chicago, Ill.

*To Mrs. Grace E. Barlow:*

Can you take care of me over night on Feb. 14?

L. E. BROWN.

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Western Union Telegraph Co.,  
Madison, Wis., Jan. 30, '08.

*To Rev. L. E. Brown, 4727 Lake Av., Chicago, Ill.:*

Can you be in Madison on Feb. 14, to perform ceremony  
for Miss Herrick and myself, at 8:30?

DONALD McLEAN.



## FRIENDSHIP

I care not, comrade, what your faith may be  
Or whether, like to mine, your days be spent  
In creedless doubting; nor of worth to me  
Are learning, station, wealth's aggrandizement.

I look into your eyes and joy to know  
That your high soul, sincere, devoid of art,  
Awaits from me my best, and, trusting so,  
Finds ever new aspirings in my heart.

# DOTTY DIMPLETON WRITES FOR THE LIT

*George M. Sheets*

**K**ITTY CARRUTHERS is tugging at a wee little pump in one of the coziest rooms of the spacious Squee Sqy sorority house.

"It just won't come on," pouts Kitty, and the tears come into her limpid blue eyes. (*Dotty is hackneyed.*)

"Use Omega Oil," suggests her roommate satirically for Kitty has recently superseded her in the affections of Mr. Archibald Conway, one of the swellest of the swollen, and the thought of that generous and accomplished young man devoting himself to any one but her, is extremely displeasing to Helene. She has already resolved never again to discipline a boy of Archibald's impetuous nature by repeated negative answers to telephone calls and "awfully busy evenings" invented on the spur of the moment. Kitty tugs again at the pump.

"Oh, it will never come," she wails, and then she weeps profusely.

Helene, who never could withstand Kitty's tears, immediately relents and admonishes her not to cry any more, for Mr. Conway is much fonder of blue eyes than red eyes. Finally, with her assistance and without the aid of a lubricating agent, as Archibald would say, the tiny pump is squeezed on the slightly more tiny foot. (*Dotty is humorous.*)

Just then they hear the bell ring.

"It's Archibald, I'm sure," says Kitty, and her little heart throbs as only the heart of a Squee Sqy can. But when no one calls her she becomes as pale as alabaster. (*Apologies for Dotty!*)

"He must be calling on some one else," she thinks and sobbing, she casts herself passionately into Helene's arms. (*Dotty's style is vigorous.*)

"The villain, the traitor, I hate him, I will never"—but the bell rings again. Shortly afterward one of the girls announces that Mr. Conway awaits Miss Carruthers in the parlor below. Kitty forgets her hatred in the wink of an eye. She knows that it is proper for her to keep Archibald waiting long enough to take her hair down and do it up again before she goes down to meet him, but then she remembers how long Helene used to delay and how long Helene has been waiting since then. A few glances in the mirror, a touch of the powder-puff and Kitty whisks past the chaperone's room, where that precise and simple old lady is poring over an Elsie book, and floats down the stairs into the parlor like the angel of Jacob's dream. (*Dotty is figurative.*)

Archibald rises to his full, magnificent height and takes Kitty's hand. She looks demurely aside while Archibald, repeating the sentence he has been conning all the way down the street, says,

"You look as lovely tonight as an evening star." Kitty smiles up radiantly and the light of love twinkles in her trustful blue eyes. He leads her to a window seat in the far corner of the parlor. The conversation drifts from Prof. Punkin-son's lullaby eight o'clock and the box of candy that each insists is due from the other to Prom engagements and love. Archibald, precipitant and headlong by nature, murmurs fervently: "Dearest, we are as good as engaged. Oh, Kitty, I cannot live without you. Won't you be mine?" and his arm steals around her waist. (*Dotty is sordid.*) But Kitty only blushes and rubs her eyes.

"The light is too strong," she whispers, and Archibald instantly taking his cue, turns off the switch. A few seconds later there comes the echoing sound of a kiss.

"Another," begs Archibald, and the sound is repeated. He asks a question and Kitty gives blissful assent. (*Dotty is sentimental.*)

"Tonight," urges Archibald.

"Oh my, no," falters Kitty, "My mama."

"Forget her," interrupts Archibald.

"And my clothes?" she demures.

"Hang them, tonight or never."

"Oh, ah—well, how soon?" Kitty hesitates. Archibald holds his watch up to the moonlight which shines through the window with a soft and gentle radiance at a little distance from their secluded seat.

"In twenty minutes," he announces, "the train leaves for Rockford." A minute—two minutes, maybe, Kitty is gone and then, arm in arm, with a faith in each other as serene as the kindly old moon they hurry out into the night. (*Dotty is romantic.*)

Several minutes later the chaperone, remembering the arduous duties which devolve upon her exacting profession, wipes the tears of sentiment from her eyes, and sedately descends the stairs. She switches on the lights, carefully adjusts her nose glasses and peers toward the window-seat in the far corner of the parlor.

"Why," she ejaculates in surprise, "the dear children are not here! They must have gone for a walk. How imprudent! Well, there is no use in worrying; occurrences like this are too annoyingly frequent. I declare I shall scold Kitty severely—in the morning." (*Dotty shows insight.*)

So saying, the chaperone snuffs her smelling salts, readjusts her glasses and wearily climbs the stairs to her room, where she solaces herself with a cup of weak tea and "Elsie at Nantucket."



## ONE OF THE VERITIES

When faith in God and man ebbs very low,  
And goodness seems declined to worse than naught,  
Go gaze on this—the best the world can show—  
Some deep-lined face grown old in kindly thought.



## A DAY IN NAGASAKI

*Captain Ralph McCoy, U. S. A.*

**O**CEAN travel is always interesting to an inlander, yet the journey between San Francisco and Manila is apt to become monotonous even to Uncle Sam's officers and men, accustomed as they are to making the best of any situation. The long days and evenings are enlivened by music, dancing and cards, while boxing and wrestling bouts among the men are a never-failing source of amusement. There is always rejoicing, however, when the ship stops at one of her ports of call. Such ports are few and far between, Guam being the only one on the outward trip, Nagasaki and Honolulu on the return. Nagasaki is the favorite.

Three days out from Manila, and our ship is steaming north along the east coast of Formosa. Most of the day we are near enough to the shore to see villages and farms, and with the aid of our glasses we can even distinguish the people. The sailors on our ship tell us great stories about Formosa; how the natives along the coast which we are observing so intently are savages, who even today, under Japanese rule, are fond of eating human flesh; how many ships have been wrecked along that coast, with never a survivor from among the crew. We find it hard to believe these stories about Formosa; some of us do not even try. Certainly the people we see through our glasses look peaceful enough, and all seem to be busily engaged, some working their farms, others fishing.

Two days more of the sea, and we awaken one morning to find our ship in a narrow channel, the little islands of southern Japan on either bow. The Captain says that in three hours we will drop anchor in Nagasaki Harbor. The first impression we have of the country is that it is exactly like the Japanese pictures we have seen at home. The boats, the buildings, even the trees, are characteristically Jap, and

this impression was borne out by all that we saw during our visit. Japanese art is certainly quaint, sometimes grotesque, but it depicts the country and people as they are.

True to the promise of our Captain, we come to anchor in Nagasaki harbor some time before noon, and are at once boarded by the quarantine officers. The chief of these is a curious little man, considerably less than five feet high, with an ugly looking face and a few fierce whiskers. But he knows his business, and the rapidity and thoroughness with which he inspects us, declares us healthy and orders down our yellow flag, is a revelation after our previous experience with our own quarantine people.

Nagasaki is a great coaling port, and our transports always stop there to take on fuel for the long journey to the homeland. The method of coaling is unique, and we find it so interesting that our projected visit to the shore in search of adventures is considerably delayed. Barges heavily laden with coal are towed from the shore, and made fast to our ship. Our coal ports are opened, gang ladders thrown out to the barges and free runways established from barges to bunkers. Now like magic appear hundreds of Japs, both men and women, who swarm upon the barges, the gang ladders and into the bunkers. Their organization is perfect, and almost instantly several double lines of people are established, connecting barges and bunkers. Hundreds of small wicker baskets appear, each one holding a shovelful of coal. These baskets are filled by shovellers on the barges, picked up and passed from one person to another, until they are emptied into the bunkers. No time is lost; a steady stream of coal flows into each bunker, and there is a constant shower of empty baskets from coal ports to barges. Looking down from the hurricane deck of our ship, we seem to be watching a colony of ants at work.

The colony is made up of all sorts of individuals. Many of them are women, and of these a large number are mothers, with babies lashed to their backs in the fashion of our own In-

dian women. Some of the workers seem to be only children, and all are scantily dressed, even though the weather is cold, and snow flurries are in the air. But they are a cheerful lot, and work with a right good will. Jokes are common, and as we watch these people it is hard to realize that they are not out for a holiday, instead of performing the hardest of manual labor.

Interesting as we find the coaling of the ship, we realize that our day is slipping away from us. With some difficulty we make our way through the throngs of guides, tailors and merchants with their wares who have swarmed upon our ship, down to the main deck, where we hail a sampan, or native boat, and start for the shore. Our boat is a peculiar affair, long and flat, with a miniature cabin forward in which we are supposed to sit, while our boatman, with one tremendous oar, sculls us ashore. But we are there to see the sights, and much to our boatman's disgust, insist upon sharing with him the diminutive deck. From here we see all the sights of the harbor. In the foreground are many small boats, their occupants dragging the bottom of the bay for coal which has dropped from the barges. For labor is cheap in Japan, and if one or two dollars worth of coal is recovered in a day by these boats, they consider the day well spent. Further away are ships from most of the countries of the world, and we puzzle our memories trying to determine the nationalities of the various flags. Everywhere are sampans, the small passenger carrying boats like our own, and hundreds of sail boats, with sails such as we had supposed existed only in pictures.

And now we arrive at the wharf and pay off our boatman. He only asks from each of us ten sen, or five cents of our money, and he seems to think we are doing him a favor when we pay him that. On shore we are surrounded by big, husky fellows, each wearing a huge hat, shaped like an inverted bowl. These are the 'ricksha men, and they are more clamorous in going after fares than even our hackmen at home. Some of them pride themselves on their knowledge of Eng-

lish, but it is evidently not our brand, for we have great difficulty in understanding what they are trying to say. We finally learn, however, that we can hire these 'rickshas, curious little two wheeled carriages propelled by man power, for ten sen an hour. This seems reasonable, so each of us climbs into a 'ricksha drawn by an English speaking Jap, and we proceed to see the town.

There is plenty to see. We spend what is left of the morning inspecting the shops. Prices are unusually high while our transport is in the harbor, for we Americans are notoriously easy in the Orient, but we have no trouble picking up what souvenirs we want. The shops are full of beautiful things, silks and linens, china, satsuma and tortoise shell ware, pictures, gold and silver ornaments, in fact, everything which we expected to find in Japan and very much besides. To purchase any of these things requires time and patience, for while the owner is anxious to sell, he has his own way of doing it. He first makes a price on the article you want, several times its actual value. Then if you are wise, you offer a price ridiculously low. Now follows the inevitable haggling process, at the end of which perhaps you buy and perhaps not. It is not uncommon to purchase an article and to find later that a friend has purchased the same thing at less than half the price paid by you. But this is the Orient, and as you expect the natives to get the best of you, you are not disappointed.

After luncheon, or tiffin, as they call it over there, we sally forth in our 'rickshas to see what more Nagasaki has to offer. Our first stop is at a famous "tea house." Here we must remove our shoes, an invariable custom when entering a Japanese house, and put on sandals which we find in the anteroom. The owner of the house now escorts us to a large room beautifully decorated, where we seat ourselves around little tables. It is a cold winter day, so we take the opportunity to warm our fingers over the diminutive charcoal stoves, one of which we find on each table. Pretty Jap girls now enter, and serve little cakes and tea. Others, with

musical instruments, take their place at one end of the room and amuse us with songs and dances. It is all very quaint and pretty, and we leave with great reluctance, but our day is short, and there is much to see.

We next visit the Temple, where our guide explains the form of worship, and shows us the Sacred Horse, and the tree which was planted by our own General Grant during his visit to Japan many years ago. This was interesting, but we later learned that guides invariably point out to American parties trees planted by General Grant, in all parts of the Islands. If their stories are true, the General must have had a busy time during his visit.

Late at night we return to our ship, tired and satisfied. If we have missed anything in Nagasaki it is not our fault. But each of us has resolved to spend his next leave of absence in Japan, which we all agree is the quaintest, and one of the most beautiful countries in the world.



## MY MUSE

F. L.

**T**HE winter sun sinks low,  
 The doors are shut in the street;  
 From the snow-covered pavements below  
     Rings the crunch of the home-going feet;  
     The factory sweater is free,  
     A short breathing-space he is free.

**T**HE purple light fades in the skies,  
 The candles are lit;—and now  
*She* comes with the stars in her eyes  
     With the moon's misty light on her brow,  
     She comes to trembling me,  
     Serenely she comes,—and to me.

# ILENE

(A Narrative Extravaganza)

*Irving Schaus*

IT WAS a sombre afternoon. The village doctor had invited me to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients up in the country. As we were riding along, we suddenly came upon a young man and lady sitting at the roadside, bowed, silent, and with their arms crossed, hanging over their knees. I no sooner saw them than I started in my seat with a shudder; the right hand of the young man was gone, and the wrist remained much like the branched end of a black, unwrapped cable; the left hand of the young lady, to the contrary, was done up in several rounds of white linen. The sombre afternoon, the forbidding spectacle at our side, and the hushed silence in which they seemed to dwell, suggested only some strange mystery. The doctor knew them, for he nodded. When we had gone on a little distance and I had recovered from a kind of vertigo, I asked him what he knew of them. Their whole history, he told me.

“I was their doctor,” he began, “and had charge of the entire case . . . a very, very, very queer affair indeed—unprecedented.—Pass the whip.

“It was this way,” he continued. “Roger, he back on the road, and another fellow by the name of Clyde, were in love with the same girl. This Clyde was a strange character—one of those black and white beings who seem to sit around only to listen and observe; indeed, it took only my first glance of him, doctor that I am, to tell that he was a man addicted to cigarettes and drugs. This desertion from life I ascribed to his approaching death; long had consumption trained its sallow finger upon him. Hemorrhages he had galore; and the next one, I told him, would be fatal. Now,

when a man sees death striding upon him like some great, black, animated cloak, he thinks only of morbid and grotesque things: the cold, perspiring scare throws him into this frame of mind; and when his thoughts are materialized, horrible are they to behold. To materialize his, Clyde had taken up chemistry; and wondrous were the things he conceived of.

“Had Roger known the possibilities, the absurdities of his concoctive mind, he never would have rivalled him in his quest for the hand of Ilene; and had Clyde been like other men, he should have, now that she was dead, forgotten him, and gone his way. But no—that was not the nature of his blood. Loved—he had fairly idolized Ilene!—and when, after months of assiduous wooing, he had won her to his heart—lo! this tall, handsome Roger, as you saw for yourself,—this Roger, the lady’s man, suddenly appeared out of the nowhere, stepped in between them and took Ilene from him. It was then that he vowed revenge.

“Even as fate had decreed that Ilene should not be Clyde’s, likewise did it decree that neither should she be Roger’s—she died when she was yet his bride.

“The death of Ilene enhanced Clyde’s impetuosity for revenge; for somehow or other he felt that maybe if they had not been separated, she would still be living, and some day a hope for him; therefore he blamed Roger for sundering them sempiternally.

“Like a virtuoso calling upon his powers, Clyde called upon his of concoction. To strike Roger foul, was his strife. Knowing him as he did, he knew he could best accomplish this by attacking his divine gift—that of playing the mandolin. Oh, how he could pick and erase off a tune; a tune inimitable for the daughter of a toreador, in carnival costume, to dance to. Aye, it was a veritable Lorelei. Big was the part it had taken in enticing Ilene from him; and when she was yet warm in her grave, Roger had played through an open window to another girl—she down the road—and won her heart. Every night he would call on Erma—that’s her

name—and from under the slightly raised curtain Clyde would watch them sit together on the sofa and hold each others hands. This, instead of arousing his jealousy, made him enthusiastic; he saw in it—this holding hands—a suggestion for his revenge.

“Now that Clyde knew where he could strike Roger foul, he confined himself to his laboratory to concoct the means. Every night he would pace up and down the floor, in slippers, white socks, tight-fitting black trousers, suspenders hanging from his hips, his dark hair all ruffled, and his face chalky and studiously furrowed. Also, I can imagine him standing at his bench—can’t you? holding up a test-tube to the light in examination of its contents. But that’s wandering. To return. Well, that’s all.”

“All!” I exclaimed, jumping, as it were, out of my intense listening. “Come, Doctor, you’re only fooling—tell me the rest—please.”

The doctor smiled, and drew out a letter from his inside pocket.

“Here,” he said, unfolding it and handing it to me, “Read this. You’ll get it better than I could tell. Don’t start at the beginning, for I’ve told you all that—start here,” pointing out the place with his finger. “This letter was found on his table after the tragedy. Well, I won’t tell you any more—read for yourself,—Pass the whip.”

Imagine my eagerness in taking the letter; why, I fairly snatched it out of his hand, so anxious was I to know the rest of the story. Without further parlance, I began at the place indicated. Thus it read:

“.....At last I discovered my chemical, my means of revenge—my fetich; it was a beautiful incorporation of an exotic water and grains of soluble dynamite powder. It was no sooner applied to an object than it dried into it, leaving no trace of its presence, but making its efficacy latent. That



it was a success could only be determined by trial. To do this I had to procure a human hand, which I did from a medical student. Then I descended into my laboratory again to test my chemical. I applied ten drops of it to the severed hand, which immediately showed no signs of the ministration; then I carefully washed it with soap and water to ascertain their influence if used. Now I was ready for the experiment. I laid the hand on the bench, lit my Bunsen burner, and set it far enough away from the doctored member to get double the heat of the living hand. Then I waited in strained silence, the result of many laborious evenings and sleepless nights. About a minute later there was a sharp explosion and the hand was shattered to smithereens. Imagine my joy; I was like a man in penury suddenly fallen heir to millions.

“Unnecessary is it for me to detail how I visited the room of Roger like a thief in the night, when I knew he would call on Erma the next evening, put a sponge of chloroform to his nostrils, and applied ten drops of my chemical to his right hand, which was lying prone over the side of the bed.

“So far so good; everything was working like a charm. The next evening I shadowed Roger to the house of Erma; and as before, I stood at the window and spied in, under the slightly raised curtain, at the two sitting together on the sofa. Roger was playing the mandolin, and Erma, from her ethereal look, was listening in ecstasy. Soon Roger stopped, and Erma, coming abruptly out of her love-dream, seized his right hand and began to extol its virtuosity. She held it hard and long. Ah, in what glee I dwelt! Nothing could be better. Little did the two lovers dream of the disaster that would inevitably accrue from the combining heat of their two hands. Had

they, they would have dropped them like live coals, and then stared at each other in unspeakable awe. But too late—there suddenly sounded a sharp explosion accompanied almost synchronously by a quick, startled scream, the significance of which I knew thoroughly. Recovered in a moment from a kind of vertigo that seemed to pass across my eyes, I looked keenly, triumphantly, in upon my diabolic work. The sight that I saw made me shudder, in spite of myself, as if with cold: Roger's right hand was gone, and the wrist branched out in bloody, uneven cords. Erma, as I had sincerely hoped, had escaped the same fate: she was nursing her left . . . ."

"Oh! is that all?" I cried, waking up as it were.

"Yes—that is," replied the doctor, "all that he wrote. At that very point—strange!—he died—apparently. When I visited his room, I found him slid down in his chair, his chin dropped on his breast, his legs sprawled out before him, and clots of scarlet blood on his white shirt-bosom . . . another hemorrhage, no doubt, another hemorrhage—another hemorrhage. Pass the whip."



## DREAMS

*C. B. Traver*

**The smoke clouds hang round the student lamp,  
And the arc of its brightness through them gleams.  
But the book on the desk neglected lies,  
There's a far away look in the student's eyes,  
And the student idly dreams.**

**The Future, fantastically through the smoke,  
With myriad figures and faces teems.  
Dreams have no record on life's page,  
But some of the greatest works of the age  
Have had their beginning in dreams.**

## ENTRE NOUS

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

It is a month now since you did me the honor to invite me to measure shillalabs in THE LIT with Coach McCarthy, for the honor of "ould Harvard." That is not the precise form that your invitation took, but that is what it meant; and when I told you that I was just then too busy with other work, I could see in your eye that you thought my refusal a good instance of Harvard apathy, of that lack of decent "patriotism" which the eloquent coach had attributed to Harvard men in general. So I told you that I would "think it over." Well, I have thought it over, and I cannot yet see what I should gain by taking up the cudgels of open controversy, except an oratorical broken head and the chance to meditate upon my shortcomings in the art of persuasion. I am no orator as Coach McCarthy is—and Harvard is above the need of any defence by me.

Besides, it is difficult to write of conditions in one university without referring to another. If I should retort by countercharges against Brown, I should perhaps incur the enmity of a second Brown man hereabouts, "my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman," whom I should be loath to stir up; and I should also be beating the air, for what do Wisconsin men know or care about Brown? They probably do not even know that the average Brown man, when he is tired of swearing by Brown, swears by Yale—or at Harvard. And if I should compare conditions at "undemocratic" Harvard with conditions here at Wisconsin, well, I should probably make myself quite intelligible, but not altogether popular. One of your writers in the December issue said that, when Coach McCarthy spoke of Harvard snobbery, he showed "admirable daring." For my part, I could not see that he

was so very much more valorous than the man who "greatly daring, dined." But then, perhaps one who is too discreet to make comparisons that might be odious is no fair judge of valor.

For one moment, indeed, I was minded to work out the following idea. We of the English department instruct our Freshmen, year by year, in De Quincey's *English Mail Coach*, among the many choice passages of which, one has always seemed to me remarkable:—"woman is universally aristocratic; it is amongst her nobilities of heart that she *is* so." If woman, I thought, was more aristocratic than man (who certainly could not be called "universally" so), there was a chance that, in her less noble moods, she might also be considerably more snobbish. Or to turn the idea about—since snobbery was mainly an affair of social life, and since the heart of all society was women, might it not be that a university where the men were obliged to amuse themselves, with no women about to remind them of social distinctions, would be as democratic—But I could not say that, even if I fully believed it.

Then I thought that I might say something about the size and diversity of Harvard, how, though Western millionaire after Western millionaire sent his foolish son to Cambridge, to spend money and edify the Cambridge "mucker," Harvard took them all in (and from time to time threw some of them out) and was rather more than less democratic for their folly. I used to hear mention among my students of "typical Harvard men"—until one day one of my students discovered that I was a Harvard man myself, and then it all stopped. Did it ever occur to any of them to look up who the Harvard men on our faculty might be? They would have found a queer mixture of all sorts and conditions. But the "typical Harvard man," I sometimes thought, was, in their eyes, anybody who had peculiarities of dress or speech that seemed to be excessively "Eastern"—particularly if he dropped his *r*'s.

And this brings me to what I have long thought one of the

greatest misfortunes of Harvard—that she was christened with two *r*'s in her name. It is this that assuredly hurts her most in the esteem of the Middle West. For all that energy and aggressiveness which the man of the Middle West puts into his practical work he concentrates in his speech upon the letter *r*. There is no mistaking that *r*. It is always on its feet, with its coat off, ready for any job that comes along. Now, when a Yale man mentions his *alma mater*, the man of the Middle West hears a name after his own heart. It is brief and vigorous; it has the snap and energy associated with Yale football; every letter of it is unmistakable. But when a Harvard man comes along, who, like other poor Easterners, has the same difficulty with his *r*'s that a German has with his *th*'s, and speaks of "Hahva'd," he is at once set down for a more or less effete ass. For "Hahva'd" is, of course, typical of notorious failure in football, of snobbery, of affectation, of foppishness, of kid-glove effeminacy—of whatever the Middle Westerner who hears it happens to associate with the university on the banks of the Charles. I sometimes wonder that any Harvard man out here ever succeeds in making himself respected.

But the chief misfortune of Harvard men seems to be that they take peculiar satisfaction in being of Harvard. I can remember when I myself, then a sophomore, wondered how anybody who could possibly come to Harvard should ever go anywhere else. I could understand Yale (for a belief in Heaven seemed to imply a belief also in Hell); but how a friend of mine, who had taken his freshman work at the University of Michigan, could have stopped off for a whole year on his way to Harvard, I could not make out. Of course, I ought now to look back with shame rather than amusement at my old dismal narrowmindedness, and be thankful that this old faith of mine in Harvard and Yale has gone the way of other theological tenets in which I once was firm. Yet I sometimes wonder if it altogether has. After three years at Brown and nine years at Wisconsin, I still find myself, in odd moments,

and somewhat ridiculously, thanking God that I was sent to Harvard, to the broadest of American universities, where a man is thrown in with more men from all sections of the country than at any other, and where he is freest to educate himself according to his original needs. That feeling of Harvard men, I know, is "snobbish and undemocratic." I suppose it is also not real "patriotism" — it unquestionably irritates men of other colleges, and thereby does Harvard some little harm. For my part, I comfort myself chiefly in the thought of the many snobs that Harvard yearly sends out into all walks of life and all parts of the country, to keep me and her other older graduates company.

Of course, Mr. Editor, I do not need to be reminded that the Harvard of which I write is mainly the Harvard that I knew twenty years ago. It is for that reason chiefly, in fact, that I have not cared to enter into controversy. For whatever I said would of course make no impression upon the followers of our assistant coach, who would be sure that his information was later and better than mine, and who would of course never believe that the opposition of a few among the many Harvard men on our faculty could have angered him into a denunciation of a university which he himself really knows less about than if he were a graduate of the University of Dublin.

With many thanks, therefore, for the kind suggestion that I should take up the cudgels in behalf of Harvard in earnest, I must respectfully decline.

Very sincerely yours,

R. E. NEIL DODGE.

## EDITORIALY

**A**T the January meeting of the board of editors, Frederick C. Scoville, '10, was welcomed to the staff. Mr. Scoville has been a helpful contributor to THE LIT for some time, his story, which took the underclassmen's prize, being one of the features of this year's contributed material.

We take this opportunity to reiterate a former announcement. THE LIT staff is unrestricted in membership and places are open to aspirants from any class. Besides talent and aspiration, candidates must show a reasonable amount of perseverance and a spirit that will make for unabated enthusiasm when once elected to membership.

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**T**HE LIT has many grateful acknowledgments to pay the interested friends, outside of the student body, who contributed to the contents of this number. Prof. R. E. N. Dodge, of the English department, has written a clever little reply to our invitation for a defense of Harvard, in which is displayed such trenchant satire and, withal, such a subtle vindication of the Harvard man's position that we have taken occasion to publish the communication entire under "Entre Nous."

Irving P. Schaus has forwarded us from Milwaukee his "extravagant tale" of Ilene. Mr. Schaus, as a former member of THE LIT staff, gained a reputation for ingenious and fanciful plot as well as for a clever manipulation of the contents of "Webster's Unabridged." In Ilene, Mr. Schaus is seen at his best. Captain Ralph McCoy, of the military department, has our thanks for his interesting sketch of travel in the Orient.

Our plans for a monthly review of the LIT'S contents have

been greatly aided by the *Wisconsin State Journal*, of Madison, which has offered to publish our reviews gratis, and by Professor T. H. Dickinson, who kindly reviewed our work for January. The *Journal* will, during the first week of February, publish the second review by a well known member of the faculty. The kindly co-operation of friends has made duty a pleasure and has given us a new enthusiasm for the next half year which begins with this issue.

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**P**ROM is once more imminent,—no longer a distinct social phenomenon as in the past, but nevertheless, an event. The Prom of the present is still a subject of discussion—in fact it has never been more discussed but, alas, no longer with bated breath and expectancy. Prom, today, is the bone of contention between fraternity and social committee. It is the object of stale jest and knock-kneed pun. It is a term desecrated by informals of the down town barber and paper hanger. It is the name of a dance before the Junior Play. It has the implied importance of a formal Thursday night. Its infirmities are manna in the desert of the *Sphinx*, and the subterfuges of its distracted committee make scare head lines in the college daily.

We venture a paradox. Oil and water will not mix; neither will Prom and democracy. An attempted intermixture produces, as is evinced in the Latin quarter, a roily social condition. To the LIT, the Prom of five years back, were it financed in an open, business-like manner, is the ideal Prom. It was luxurious, no doubt, but it is in the nature of Prom to be so. The great majority of students, who regard the event as an occasion for increased expenditure and social aperty on the part of the few, are quite willing to see Prom prices doubled rather than halved. The Prom patrons are not a class to be dismayed by expense. And moreover the party who spends his summer gleaning the Kansas wheat fields or draining swamps in Dodge county and then drops a month's wage at



Prom time in the pitiful delusion that he is setting the social pace, should be discouraged if possible. He is too much like the Pittsburg bank clerk who mortgages his house for an automobile. The Prom, which has always been an excuse for college spenders to disport themselves, should be limited by charge to its proper sphere. Why extend the pale?

THE LIT is not lifting the voice of swollen fortunes. For her, as for the varsity co-ed, the Prom is denied experience. A glance at her subscription list would make the delvers in Dodge County loom up like Weyerhauser. But she has suggested, perhaps, with no attempt at seriousness, a particularly interesting point of view.

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WE trust that ere now the Athletic Association has disposed of the thousand coupon books and that the brand of Wisconsin spirit and athletic activity has once more been plucked from the burning. How many narrow escapes the athletic spirit of old Wisconsin has been having!

At least one good has accrued from the new project of the Association,—the increased enthusiasm and attendance at athletic games. This benefit is in itself sufficient to justify the adoption of the new scheme. But it has a sphere of great usefulness. Who will deny that enthusiasm is not carrying the basket ball team on its way to the Western championship. And with this enthusiasm behind water polo, track, and base ball, with the finest bunch of crew candidates in training for Poughkeepsie, that the present generation of students has ever seen, who can see specks on the Badger horizon? THE LIT can not, and she absolutely refuses to train a spy glass to find any.

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“THE seats which this change of price affects are exclusively occupied by Prom people. Any other set of people would feel entirely out of place in this section of the theater.”—*Words taken from an interview published in The Cardinal, on January 20.*

How long, THE LIT ventures to ask—in the name of that student democracy which it has been the ideal of Wisconsin for years to foster—has the existence of “sets” in our university life been such a recognized fact as to be flaunted forth in the face of the student body at large? How long has the distinction of caste been so impressed upon the undergraduate that any student, be he restaurant waiter or short horn, if he have taste for amusement and wherewithal to gratify it, must of necessity “feel out of place” among other students of Wisconsin? How far ahead is the promised millennium when Wisconsin will dispense with her pink eared effete; when the innovator who would establish distinction on any other lines than his intrinsic worth as a man of Wisconsin will be as “out of place” as the present definer of “sets?” More labors for the social committee!

## UNBORN GENIUS

W. S. B.

**D**EEP in the passion of after-thought,  
 The vague, drifting passion of dream;  
 Deep in the soul of the thing thou hast brought,  
 From the vista where troll faces gleam,  
 Lies the vision of heartrending laughter unbreathed  
 And the souls of sweet children of thought,  
 For in sable and darkness our genius is wreathed  
 And in darkness and sable is wrought.



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