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THE
WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

Mrs. Bellows - '09

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1909

NO. V.

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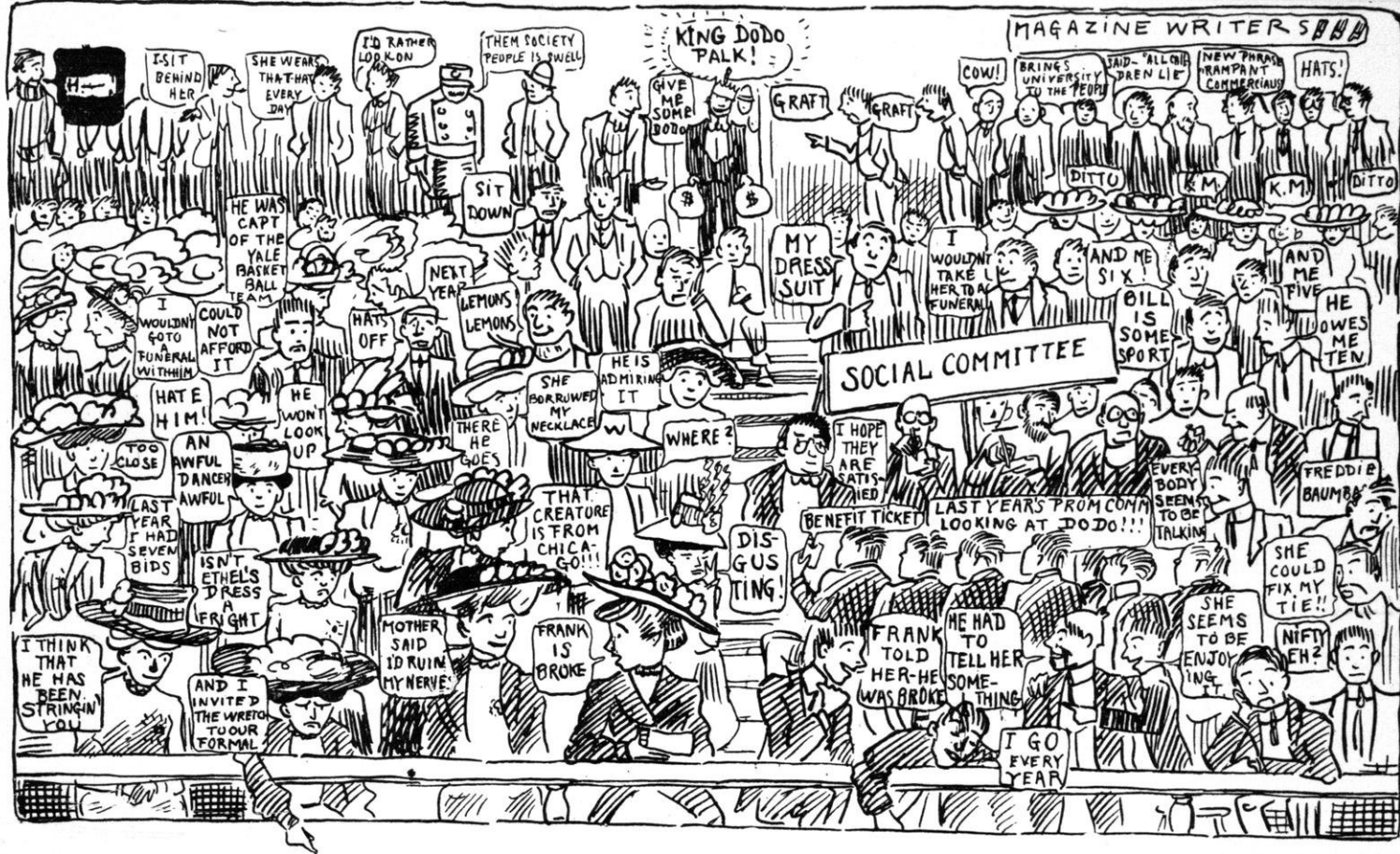
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The Gallery at the Prom

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

FEBRUARY, 1909

Number V

GEO. M. SHEETS, Editor
118 S. Mills Street
Phone S. 6652

DOROTHY MARIE BURNHAM, Asst. Editor
216 W. Gilman Street
ERNST JUNG, Exchange Editor,
644 Frances Street

ASSOCIATES

WALTHER BUCHEN ELIZABETH F. CORBETT
FRANCES LUNDQUIST RALPH BIRCHARD
ALICE L. WEBB

CARL H. JUERGENS, Business Manager
531 State Street—Phone B. 2162.

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TESSIE AT COLLEGE

ERNST JUNG AND OSCAR R. HAASE

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

John Anderson Greenleaf—senior, on the varsity team and candidate for Class President.
Beverly Smyles—senior, his pal, always in debt and trying to lose weight, also candidate for Class President.
Percy Candee—Zeta Mu—The fashion plate of the varsity.
Jack Buser— " stuck on Ferd's.
Billy Yarn— " who is constantly reminded of a story.
Henry Murad— " "
Mrs. Valdeene Rockerbilt—foolish on air ships.
Georgianna—Her daughter—Gamma Gamma Gamma.
Blanche Coign—Gamma Gamma Gamma.
Suzanne Saucett—Kappa Kappa Kappa.
Annable Weaver— " "
Anna May Notyce—Phi Phi.
Stella Starch—daughter of a laundry woman.

Bella—her chum.

Tessie—just from the country.

Her father.

Mrs. Rumer—Tessie's landlady.

First machine politician.

Second machine politician.

Lieutenant.

A Private.

James—butler.

Dr. Snapsome—looking for snaps.

SYNOPSIS.

Act 1. The campus; second registration day.

Act 2. A room in Mrs. Rumer's house. A week later.

Act 3. Same as Act 1. A week later.

Act 4. Hall off the ball-room in the home of the Rockerbilts, the following evening.

Place—a very modern university town.

Time—coming.

ACT I.

Scene—Campus

Men in football costume discovered up stage on rise, passing ball. More entering gradually. Zeta Mus, Jack, Henry, Bill, discovered in front under a tree.

Time: Second Registration Day. Preliminary football practice has begun.

Fraternity men all ultra extreme in dress.

All: (Laughing) Ha! ha! ha!

Bill: Yes, a bird cage—ha! ha!—and a diploma, I hear she's from Greenleaf's home town.

Jack: That story was clever, Bill, but I bet you'd be afraid to say it if Greenleaf were here.

Bill: By the way, have you heard that Beverly Smyles refused to run against John Greenleaf for senior president?

Henry: Yes, and that gives Greenleaf easy sailing. He'll go in like nothing.

Bill: What! A class election without graft. My word, that's too good to be true! It reminds me of a story.

Jack: Confound your stories. Why don't you write for the *Sphinx*? The editor just dotes on poor jokes. Don't unload them on us.

Henry: Say fellows, we have considered John Greenleaf for some time, but haven't been able to get him. He must become a Zeta Mu for he is a fine catch.

Jack: Besides, fellows, you know we need money and must have it soon. John Greenleaf seems to have a "sufficiency" of that, too.

Henry: And then he has collegiate honors enough not to be ashamed to put his name in the *Badger*.

(Enter Percy Candee—most extreme of all in dress—and speaks in an affected and blasé manner throughout.)

Percy Candee: What shall I do? What shall I do? Our landlaid had the audacity to send in his rent bill by the identical mail that the bank gave its notice of an overdraft.

Bill: Ha! ha, that reminds me of a story—

Henry: Choke it. Come on fellows, let's watch the scrimmage.

(Go up stage and watch scrimmage.)

(Enter Beverly Smyles—of rather rotund build—carrying football suit, and whistling "Father and Mother Pay all the Bills": hurries in and mops his brow.)

Beverly: Well I guess I'm losing weight all right, all right. Feel as spry and happy as Bennie after a rousing sky rocket. Lord, I forgot to mail this letter to dad and I must have an answer by the day after tomorrow or the landlady will get rambuncious. Say! (Calling to one of the onlookers at the practice) Got a stamp?

(Runs up.)

(Enter John Anderson Greenleaf dressed in football costume.)

John: Just a minute, Beverly.

Beverly: (Coldly) Yes, John, what is it? (runs down quickly) Whew! I bet that took off another ounce. If I only could run off my-my-er-financial difficulties that easily!

John: What's the matter, Beverly? You seem to act kind of queer lately.

Beverly: (Irritated) One would think you were a fussy post-grad co-ed judging from your recent habit of harping on college associations and friendships.

John: Now, there you go again. Haven't we been the best

chums for the last three years. What's the matter with you anyway? (Trying to be friendly) Don't you remember that peanut race in our freshman year? How we fixed it up on the Q. T. while scraping our noses on the ground, to come out even, so neither of us would land in Mendota.

Beverly: Yes, and the howling sophs never knew it was a put-up game.

John: (Laughing) No! Well ever since that day we've been the best of friends. But it seems to be different now. What is the matter, anyway?

Beverly: Nothing, John, nothing at all, old man. The bunch has been after me again to run for class president—but, I've decided to keep out of politics; and you may feel easy, John, because I don't think I'll run.

(Enter Stella Starch, tall and cheaply overdressed, talkative.)

Stella: (Goes up to Beverly with an air of having ownership in him. Beverly looks for a place of escape.)

How-dy-do, Mr. Greenleaf. Hello, Beverly. Oh, Beverly, I heard you were going to run for class president. Isn't that great! The girls wanted me to run for vice-president; now isn't that funny? Yes—Oh, it struck me too funny for anything.

Beverly: (dry) Very funny. ha! ha!

John: (Glancing from Stella to Beverly) I think I'd better be going. I see the coach is looking for me over there. (Goes up stage.)

Stella: Well, I can drop my disguise now—I always try to keep up harmonious appearances before third parties. But Beverly, I have reached the limit of endurance.

(Beverly whistles "Father and Mother Pay All the Bills".)

Stella: Stop that, Beverly, or I'll pull your hair. When are you going to announce our engagement?

(Beverly stops whistling and looks at her a moment.)

Beverly: Here's where I take off another two ounces.

(Runs up stage followed by Stella who catches him and brings him back.)

Stella: No Beverly, you're not going to get away that easy today. I'm in earnest. Would you like to have me create a scene here?

Beverly: I wouldn't bail you out.

Stella: Oh, don't be vulgar. I ask you for, *the last time*. For when have you set the date for the announcement of our engagement?

Beverly: Four o'clock, next summer.

(Exasperated but trying not to appear so.)

Stella: Well, perhaps you would prefer to answer me when you intend to pay mother your laundry bill? (Walking away.)

Beverly: Why, yes, certainly; same time.

Stella: (Gets hold of him and shakes him.) Oh, you brute! Well, mother shall send her attorney to collect her bill. He may also be able to settle the engagement question for you. Oh yes,—Mother always has an attorney collect her bills—she saves about \$75.00 worth of postage stamps a month. I can only congratulate myself for not having said a word to anyone about the whole mess. Not a word to a soul. I told Belle of course, but I know a secret is safe with her. She's like myself—She talks very little. You simply can't get a word out of her. Now I can keep a secret for years. (Beverly gradually moves away from her and finally runs off. Stella runs after him, still talking.) Zet Mus, with whom John has been conversing, come down.)

Percy Candee: And have I mentioned to you the fact, John, that we intend to erect a new chapter house? Not that our present one isn't very excellent, but the landlord is so annoying, don't you know. He has a deucedly beastly habit of asking regularly for his rent.

Henry: Say, John, you are foolish if you turn down this chance.

Percy: Yes, think of the social position, the added distinction, and—

Jack: And the pleasure of being with a bunch of jolly fellows.

John: (Still hesitating) Well, fellows; I know you're that, and I can hardly help but—

(Zeta Mus, all rush up, quickly shake hands; showing him their grip and several trying to affix a pledge pin.)

Jack: Good luck to you, old man.

Bill: Say, John, that girl from your town is rather pretty. What's her name? Tessie? Well, so long.

(Exit.)

Percy: (Rolling a cigarette) Well, old man, guess I'll have to be going. You've done a wise thing, very wise.

(Struts off toward the left, stops.)

Pawden me, could you lend me a V?

John: (Sarcastically) There are no pockets in football clothes.

Percy: (Agitated) Oh-I-I beg your pawdon. I didn't mean to be rude. Au Revoir!

(Struts off the stage.)

John: (Alone, looking after Percy) Well that's a reception like the one in Pickart's office at the beginning of the semester. (Some one calls John.) Well, they'll soon find out that I haven't anything like a law school salary allowance.

(Exit.)

Enter Stella, Bella and Georgiana.

Stella: Oh, girls, you can't imagine how happy I am, but I can't tell you why. It is a secret. Beverly thought it would be better not to announce it yet.

Belle: Can't you tell me, Stella?

Stella: No-No.

Georgiana: Your secret is perfectly safe with us you know.

Stella: No, I daren't tell. But, isn't Beverly grand? He has so many, many debts, you know. And have you heard? He is running against Greenleaf for class president. I'm sure he'll get it. Oh, I'm all excitement. And I'll probably run for vice president. People will point to us—Isn't he grand! Isn't she grand! (Football is downed up stage at same moment. Dr. Snapsome rushes in, with camera and takes a picture.)

Bella: There goes Dr. Snapsome, working hard as ever.

Stella: Not all university positions are snaps. ha! ha!

(Dr. Snapsome rushes off.)

Georgiana: Oh, I must ask Dr. Snapsome for one of those pictures. (Runs after Dr. Snapsome.)

Bella: W-hy, What's the matter?

(Crowd rushes up and surrounds a player who is carried off evidently seriously injured.)

1st Observer: Is his arm broken?

2nd Observer: Nope, only his shoulder blade is dislocated, I guess.

Stella: Oh-h-h! It's Beverly! Beverly! (Runs up and tries to reach him through the throng. All exeunt.)

Enter Tessie, a country girl and her father on right. (Tessie is pretty—dressed somewhat countrified and carries a bird cage and old fashioned valise. Her father, also countrified in appearance—carries valise and umbrella. Both gaze about.)

Father: Well, the house must be around here somewhere. John said "One block from the University," and I reckon that building there's the University. (Points at Gym.) (Tessie

doesn't answer; stands there with bird cage, etc.) Just you wait'll next year. Your dad'll put up a building like that in Stoughton. Primrose Reservation is now the most valuable land in the north and your dad'll know when to get rid of it, all right.

Tessie: Do you really think you will be able to sell it, dad?

Father: Sell it! Sell it! Why, people are running their legs off now trying to buy it from me. But I'll hold onto it a little longer (gleefully) just a little longer. Well, what are you looking so glum about, now that you're here? You couldn't wait till you got here!

Tessie: (In same position) Oh, it's all so different, dad;—It isn't a bit like I expected. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't such a grip on home and you—maybe.

Father: Now don't get balky before you get here. You'll probably want to leave soon enough. But you can't expect people that never saw you to come up to you—and—and—

Tessie: But they all look at me—so—so—Say, dad, do I look different than the girls you see here?

Father: Why—no.

Tessie: I mean my dress—my clothes—

Father: Well, isn't that the best dress you got?

Tessie: Yes, dad, but—but—oh, dad! I think I should have staid where I was. (Walks over to father still holding bird cage and valise—puts head on his shoulder and sobs.)

Father: Well now—if you'll stop bawling we'll go and look for that house.

Tessie: What's the use of looking if we can ask someone that comes along. I'm nearly dead. (drops valise and sits on it;—places bird cage before her, and begins to speak to bird) Dickie doesn't seem to know where he is at all—do you? Dickie?—Peep!—

Father: Course he doesn't. Don't see what you brought that thing along for, anyway.

Tessie: I wanted to have something from home with me—didn't I, Dickie? Yes—

Father: Well, John is here—I'm sure you know him well enough.

Tessie: Yes;—you know I kind o'always thought I'd see John when I'd get off the train.

Father: He's pretty busy, I guess.

Tessie: (becoming animated) Yes;—it must be grand to

be a boy out here! John always spoke of all the things—the crew and football. He made both, you know; he's so ambitious.

Father: That's the kind of a fellow I like—

Tessie: (aside) So do I.

(Tessie and her father talk on quietly on left.)

Enter Beverly, (whistles and is jolly although his arm is in a sling and adhesive tape across his cheek; on seeing Tessie gives a long whistle; next instant two representative machine politicians rush in).

1st Machinist: Beverly, we're giving you straight goods.

2nd Machinist: That's what we are.

Beverly: Why, I tell you that you're mistaken—you're—

1st Machinist: Well I guess we know what we're talking about. I saw him look at you and then make a dive for you.

2nd Machinist: An' wasn't I on the side line watching the whole performance? He's jealous of you. Your chances for the election are too good.

Beverly: Don't talk foolish—why, I just told John that I didn't intend to accept the nomination. John and I've been pals from the start. I wouldn't let a thing like this get between us. Let the poorer man drop out; he's got more of a chance than I. And, besides, I think that if John believed me to have a better chance he'd drop out.

1st Machinist: The hell he would!

2nd Machinist: Hm,—it kind o' looked like it when he walked all over your face.

Beverly: (Nervous) Oh, forget it. You didn't see him.

2nd Mach.: 'Course I did.

1st Mach.: So did I.

2nd Mach.: Why, I saw him go for you, and Mike said he heard him yell—"I'll fix his clock!"

Beverly: John said that?

2nd Mach.: I could swear to anything Mike says.

1st Mach.: So could I.

Beverly: John said that! Why, I can't believe that. Well, you can't tell what class politics will do. I hate to get into them; everybody 'll think I'm a crook.

1st Mach.: Guess we can fix his clock too. The fellows said they'd support you and me on any ticket we'd put up.

Beverly: I—didn't—think that of John.—Well, I'll take the nomination; finish up the ticket and get busy.

2nd Mach.: Say, don't forget to put me in on the student's conference committee. I want to get more in touch with the faculty.

1st Mach.: Come on, Jim. We've got to hustle.

(Both put thumbs in vest and hats on crooked and walk toward right.)

2nd Mach.: (turning around before leaving) See you to-night, President.

(Both exeunt.)

Beverly: (momentarily pensive) Thought I knew John through and through;—but you never can tell until you try.

(resumes whistling and walks to left. Tessie's father stops him.)

Father: Say, did one o' those pesky chug wagons run into you? Can you tell us where—(pulls paper from pocket) 291 Fake street is?

(Beverly catches sight of Tessie and gazing at her—paying no attention to question.)

Father: (louder) I say—can you tell me where 291 Fake street is?

Tessie: (Goes to her father) Dad, he's looking at me that way, too.

Beverly: (Aside) Gee, but hasn't she a peacherino of a face!

Father: He must be deaf.

Tessie: (timidly) Can't—can't you show us the place?

Beverly: You bet!

Tessie: Well, will you please do so!

Beverly: It's just a little ways down the street; Can I walk with you?

Father: Why certainly, let's go right there, or I'll miss the train home. Which way it is?

Beverly: Down that way.

Father: Tessie!

(motions with his head for her to come. Tessie picks up bird cage.)

Beverly: Let me handle that grip.

Tessie: I'll take that; your arm is hurt.

Beverly: This arm is all right, I wouldn't think of letting you carry it.

(they walk toward the left, also.)

Tessie: Are you a foot ball player?

Beverly: Yes;—(aside) I wonder how she could tell.

Tessie: (animated) And do you belong to anything else—the crew—or—

Beverly: Nope, beside foot ball I've never made a thing out here—(aside) but debts.

Tessie: Oh, by the way do—you know John Anderson Greenleaf—He's from Stoughton—same town I'm from.

Beverly: John Anderson—well I should—(hesitates and changes his tone) why, yes, I know John—

(exeunt.)

Enter fraternity men. (Percy Candee and John Anderson Greenleaf ahead. Then Henry, Jack and Bill.)

Percy: There is such an awful expense connected with the running of a fraternity house, don't you know.

John: —Yes—I should imagine so.

Percy: And most people are so deucedly ignorant on that subject. (strides across stage and back again; others come in and group with John and Percy.)

Henry: (Jack, Henry and Bill.) We've simply got to get the idea out of his head. If he trots around with that girl when we're rushing, what'll the fellows think!

Jack: That's if the girl turns out to be the pelican you anticipate.

Henry: Why, Bob, there can be no doubt about it—a girl green from the fields.

Jack: A fellow can tell you're an agric. You have such a pretty agricultural way of putting things.

Henry: Didn't Bill see her? It's different with John—he's been away from home the last few years, and become civilized.

Bill: We'll have to do something if it's just for today. Tomorrow he can do what he pleases, but while we have the rushees here—it's—. Call Percy over here a minute. He'll know some way.

Jack: (calls over to Percy) Say, Perc! Just a minute.

Percy to John: Pawden me—just a moment, (strides affectedly over to others.)

Henry: Say, Percy, what're we going to do? Bill saw a girl down at the station and he swears it's John's friend.

Percy: Well—was she rather—a—verdant looking?

Bill: A regular pumpkin-seed.

Percy: Our reputation will be ruined!

Henry: What can we do? I don't think we dare offer him any money.

Jack: No, we haven't any.

Percy: Well, Jack, I don't think we're paupers yet.

Bill: Say, let's jolly him about her, it will make him sore and maybe he won't care to see her at all, then.

Percy: Don't be absurd.

Henry: Now, that isn't so bad.

Bill: Let's tell him we heard he was engaged to her. (general laughter.)

Jack: He'll certainly resent a thing like that if he's been at all influenced by our principles.

Percy: Well, I think we've done a whole lot to make a man of John.

Bill: We'd better try this thing at once.

Percy: Please let me finish my job first—I've just started the fee question. (walks back to John.) You know, John, what I was just going to say when I was interrupted, was—you will undoubtedly room at the house this year. The price of the rooms is reasonable—very reasonable—and then the dues are also—very reasonable. (looking at John to watch the effect of his words.) We—usually pay in—advance.

John: (confused) Well, Percy there is nothing I'd rather do than pay up right now—but I guess you'll have to wait a week or so. (aside) Gee, where'll I get the money!—Dead-broke!

Percy: Oh that's—all—right. It isn't that we need the money;—it's simply a matter of business, don't you know. Yes—a—(pause) Oh yes, say fellows, what was that you were saying about John?

(All join in general conversation and form closer group.)

Henry: Oh yes, Bill saw your friend from your home town at the station.

John: (elated) Who—Tess?

Percy: (aside) Tessie!—how rustic! Tessie and the cows!

John: How do you like her, Bill? Bet you've never laid eyes on a girl like her before.

Bill: No.

John: She's maybe not put up as swell as Georgiana, but—

Bill: Guess it's a pretty serious case with you and—your friend, all right, all right.

John: Not at all; we've known each other all our lives.

Percy: There were rumors afloat that you and—she were engaged.

John: It's a lie! whoever said it.

Percy: Well, that's the news.— Perhaps it's almost an engagement.

John: No, it isn't. Nothing of the sort. If it were, I would have been at the station long ago.

Henry: Well, you'll have all afternoon to see her.

John: No, I won't. If I can't manage it, perhaps I won't see her at all today.

Percy: Ha! ha! Quite a joke; you don't mean to tell us that you could let this day pass without seeing her.

(fellows becoming more interested.)

John: I don't see why not.

Bill: I'd like to take you up on that, John.

John: What do you mean?

Percy: Why, he means that he'll wager—how much, Bill?

Bill: Oh—twenty-five.

Percy: Twenty-five dollars that you can't let this day pass without seeing or talking to this—Tessie.

John: Why, that's absurd! Beside I don't think Tessie would feel very honored to know she was the subject of a wager. (aside) Gee, but it would be easy money; I could pay Percy some now.

Bill: Oh, I don't think she'd mind a harmless little bet like this.

Percy: Why, no, I think it would rather give her—some distinction.

John: (aside) Twenty-five simoleons—what a relief they'd be!

Jack: (aside to fellows)—Oh, finish it up—finish it up.

John: (aside) Maybe she wouldn't care if she'd know that she was pulling me out of a hole—like this.

Bill: Well, how 'bout it, John?

John: (aside) Gee, I ought not do it—(holds out his hand almost involuntarily and nods head in assent.)

(Bill shakes hands with John, general rejoicing.)

Jack: Well, old man, don't think it'll queer you if she loves you. (walks to tree and sits down and reads paper. Bill sits down beside him.)

Henry: (to John) I knew you wouldn't be a quitter. Come on, Perc, we'll have to call for those rushees now and show them.

Jack: Ferd's.

(general dispersing of crowd.)

Percy: (walking with John) Congratulations, old chap;—always thought you were a sensible fellow.

John: (quiet and dejected up to this time) Sensible!—I've been a fool.

(exeunt all except Jack and Bill.)

Bill: Glad we're through with that betting affair. Got the makin's? (Jack hands them over.)

Jack: So am I. (reading paper) Well—Dr. Snapsome examined the freshmen again and found them bigger than ever.

Bill: As usual—Hope that betting matter 'll turn out all right.

Jack: So do I. (reading again) Warmer and cooler tomorrow with winds shifting in all directions. Also wet, if it rains.

Bill: Guess John 'll get that election all right.

Jack: No question about that. Heard Beverly was running, too.

Bill: Yes, but John said Beverly dropped out and wasn't going to run. He and John are great pals, you know.

Jack: Class politics 'll stop that.

(girls are heard talking and laughing outside.)

Bill: Well, if those girls aren't coming again! They make a fellow tired. Let's go before they come over here.

Jack: (folds his paper and gets up) Let's go to Ferd's.

Bill: (pulls Jack) Hurry up, let's run.

Jack: I can't, my fountain pen 'll leak.

(both exeunt.)

(Enter Suzanne, and Annable—Kappa Kappa Kappas, in state of great excitement.)

Suzanne: And they said she had freckles all over her arms.

Annable: You don't say—

Suzanne: Yes, but of course we'll look her over anyway; somebody said she had a pretty face.

(Enter Anna May—Phi Phi.)

Anna May: Oh, girls I'm so glad to see you.— Have you heard about this girl that came today. We've dated her through John Greenleaf and we can't find her any place.

Suzanne: Yes—she's in town and we're waiting for her; we've got her for today and we'll be busy all day.

Anna May: Suzanne, you'll pardon me, but we dated her last June and we'll certainly have first chance.

Annable: (to Suzanne) Let them have her if she has freckles.

Suzanne: (to Annable) We'll look her over first; she might not have.

(to Anna May) Very sorry, but we've got her for today and tomorrow.

Anna May: (aside) The hussy! (sweetly to Suzanne) Can't we have her just an hour or two today?

Suzanne: Sorry, really, very sorry, but we have something going on every minute.

Anna May: Well, some people must resort to the lock up method so as not to allow the girl to see anyone else. Sad, if some people must take such precautions.

Suzanne: (aside) The snake.

(Enter Georgiana Rockerbilt and her mother, both dressed in the height of fashion).

Georgi: People, have you heard about this girl that's come to town? Some one told me she was pretty.

Mrs. R.: Yes, but very, very poor.

Annable: Why, we heard her father was very wealthy and owned stacks of land in the Primrose Reservation.

Anna May: (Eyeing Suzanne) We wanted to look her up, but were informed that they were financially very poorly situated.

Mrs. R.: How dreadful! You couldn't very well afford to take in anyone whose financial status is in question.

Anna May: (Sarcastically) And yet there are girls here that have dated her for two days.

Suzanne: (Aside to Annable) Oh, the hussy!

Mrs. R.: How absurd!

Georgi: Isn't that dreadful!

Annable: Say girls;—she is probably not so bad after all.

(Enter Blanche on left, also very elegantly dressed.)

Blanche: Oh Georgianna—have you heard that Catherine and her husband have separated?

Georgi: No, what was the trouble?

Blanche: Their automobile blew up.

Mrs. R.: Oh, how annoying! My husband wants to buy a new imported 70 H. P. "Croessus" for 85 hundred. Of course it's only a cheap car. You know I'm crazy for an air ship; now he wants an auto and I want an air ship and yet we can't bear to be separated. We've talked the matter over and over and he is going to buy an auto for himself and I'm going to sail my airship right over the roads on which he is traveling.

(Enter Tessie—all the girls run for her and pull at her, bringing her to front.)

Suzanne: We're the Kappa Kappa Kappas. We've been waiting for you and—

Anna May: (Pulls Tessie away) I'm from the Phi Phis. Delighted to see you.

Suzanne: (Pulls Tessie back again) As I was saying when I was rudely interrupted, when did you get here?

Annable: (cordially) How do you do—I'm very glad to see you.

Georgi: (Walks up to Tessie) How do you do. Charmed! (walks away again with an air of extreme indifference.)

Blanche: How does she look?—I'm awfully excited.

Georgi: There's no need of that.

Blanche: (Goes toward Tessie, takes a look and returns) Georgianna—that hat!

Tessie: Do any of you girls know John Anderson Greenleaf?

Suzanne: Why, I should say we do.

Tessie: (Shows first signs of animation) You know John! Oh I'm so glad—He's from my home town. We've been pals ever since we've been kids. John and I used to go to the field together and cut hay and dig potatoes,—(Girls disgusted.)

(Georgi. walks away disgusted.)

(rather animated) and on the way back home I'd sing for him, and he'd always want me to sing "John Anderson My Jo John."

(Orchestra plays it incidentally.)

Enter fraternity men with John and a number of rushees on right.

Tessie: (Runs to him) Oh, John, here you are. I've just been asking about you. There I've had to look you up. (takes hold of his arm.) Why didn't you come to the train? And you're not a bit glad to see me! Why, John! What's the matter? (John struggles with himself. She notices John's face, and looks at other boys; slowly releases his arm and walks away.) He's ashamed to know me.

Henry: (Takes hold of John and they all walk on, talking and laughing.) Good work, old man, you're doing fine.

John: Gee, if I should lose her; all for twenty-five bones.

(All the fellows exeunt.)

Georgi: Girls, I think I must be going. (to Tessie) Charmed to have met you.

Suzanne: I'll also have to leave you; we'll probably see you tomorrow again. (aside) Thought she knew John.

Annable: So did I.

Anna May: (to Tessie) Beg your pardon, but are you the girl we wrote to?

(All finally leave stage talking and laughing and Tessie remains alone.)

Annable: (returns) Don't you care what those girls say; they only mean half they say. I like you and I want you to come to see me. (Goes right and before leaving the stage says to herself) I don't see how Suzanne can say she's a bean-pole; and she hasn't any freckles at all.

Tessie: And so John's ashamed of me! I didn't think it made any difference to him. If I only were home again with dad—and (walks toward the right.)

(Enter John quickly on the left.)

John: Tessie! Tessie! I've come back to tell you—It's all a mistake. Just listen a minute; I was a fool. It was all on account—on account—of—

Tessie: —A country girl. (Exit.)

John: Tessie.

Curtain.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

B. D.

Ages ago I ranged the outer seas,
 The shimmering main that moves below the moon,
 The shoreless waters of the vaulted noon,
 The drizzling oceans winter could not freeze;
 With halyards twisted by the Genoese,
 And sails of linen from the docks of Tyre,
 I bounded onward: for the western fire
 Beaconed between the Gates of Hercules.

And lo, today, with hundred flags unfurled
 By all the nations, dwelling either side,
 I swept from Azores round the Horn to Spain,
 And left behind me, circling all the world,
 As aery offspring of my speed and pride,
 The long smoke winnowed by the sun and rain.

ARE WE UTILITARIAN?

An Introspective Essay.

G. B. H.

It is going on two years, now, since John Corbin called us that name. In the meantime, it has made us famous. You can see a photogravure of Prexy or the agric building in almost any picture paper of our broad and enlightened land. Some of us accepted the epithet—utilitarian—with pleasure and pride; to others, it is a label of shame and a Mark of the Beast, the beast in this case being a cow. But whether we like it or not, the most superficial self-examination cannot but convince us that Mr. Corbin saw straight, and that the distinction is merited, and that our university is utilitarian—utilitarian as a soap-factory.

Utilitarianism?—why it sticks out all over us. On the most cursory approach to the campus, it stares us in the face truculently. We pass the Libe, and while admitting that its architecture is classic or anyway Renaissance, we are oppressed by the knowledge that its purpose is the utilitarian shelter of utilitarian studes, bucking outside reading of questionable utility for a utilitarian Burchell. We progress uphill, and are flanked on the right by a barrack crossly devoted to teaching our plumbers to plumb, while the brown-stone mausoleum opposite is dedicated to the teaching of shysters to shyst. Turning from the melancholy spectacle, we are confronted by the geometric simplicity of North and South Halls. Are they aesthetic? Of course not. We can only conclude they are utilitarian. Our decision is confirmed by the weather reports and sputter of umlauts emanating from one, and the smell of burnt pie from the other. Even Main Hall, whose chaste pillary front gives a promise of better things, has a correspondence school in possession of its ground floor, while the gentle classics have been

chased into two by four refuges upstairs. Proceeding further, past the two coops reluctantly maintained out of respect for stellar space, there bursts upon us the crowning jewel of our Alma Mater's diadem, the agric building; beyond which—but shucks, you've read all about that in the magazines.

We know it is vulgar to say shucks; we use the word because of its associations with agriculture.

But (you contend) these are mere externals—mere executive mechanisms. We ourselves, the student product, retain our pristine bloom. We are not utilitarian. We are idealists.

Yes. We look it. What are we here for anyway? Most of us don't know, and the remainder have the grim intention of making ourselves into desirable citizens according to the present day standard, to wit: scads.

We are steeped to the eyeballs in utilitarianism. It glares from the celluloid collar of the Normalite, and crops out in monstrous form as engineering boots. It is not college Bohemianism that prompts us to assume a poster-boy sweater; it is a utilitarian desire to save laundry. The same utilitarian spirit animates the gilded kid, when he rents pictures to cover up the holes in the frat-house plaster, Prom time; that inspires the shorthorn who employs a piece of binder twine to remedy a disruption of his galluses. Even the most confectionary of charley-boys, who make their course a flimsy, specious excuse to stick around and frivol, proceed on the pure economic principle of getting the maximum amount of fifths possible with the minimum of effort. Considered in this light, even Parky has his utilitarian aspect.

The Wisconsin student is, as a matter of fact, the finest living specimen of the pure economic man as he is framed up in the text books. Why else was it that half the enthusiasts who attended the Minnesota game rode thither on the brake-beams and the other half on the "decks;" with the blind baggage reserved for the alumni? Or remember, how in the Chicago game we snatched profit out of the jaws of defeat. Patriotism constrained us to put down a small bet on the team; but utilitarianism led us to bet cautiously that the pampered proteges of the System wouldn't lick us by more than six points. Consequently, when the victors went back to Chicago, the spoils remained in Madison. Chicago battens on the tainted millions of the Oil Trust; but the true spirit of her patron saint, John D. comes to its fine flower at Wisconsin.

Yes, girls. I know you've just been aching to get a word in edgeways. You are willing to admit that Man is a low-browed utilitarian animal; but you yourself are in a different class altogether. "Why," you say proudly, drawing yourself up to your full height, "Sir! Can you look at one of our forty-eight inch hats, and then say we are utilitarian?"

Excuse us a minute while we subject your souls to a process of psychological vivisection, after the brutal analytic manner of Bernard Shaw, or Prof. Dodge reading a theme out loud in class. We are doing this in the interests of science.

To your question one paragraph up, we reply, provisionally, Well, maybe not. Your purpose in coming here is, generally speaking, to improve the interregnum between high school and matrimony by putting in a highly gyratory four years in Madison's classy social whirl, with light mental cultivation as a sideline. This is materialistic, but not extra utilitarian. You first show vague promptings of the Wisconsin Spirit when you start sandwiching in a little Pedagogics along with the courses you take for fifths, or because Sunny gives them—enough for the Teacher's Certificate you are beginning to think you may need.

Just as Pigeons gave Mr. Darwin a start in framing up his *Origin of Species*, so Pedagogics gives us a clew for classifying the numerous and distinguished exceptions who come here with avowed utilitarian aims. There are two kinds: the hopeless cases and the hopeful cases. The former include the pompadourless Sibyls who frequent our Education Dept. for courses on The Apperceptive Basis, and The Child Considered as a Receptacle; or who enter here, junior year, with pencils in their hair, to finish off the solid utilitarian mental edifice acquired at Normal with a thin tar roof of culture—to express the idea poetically. Generally speaking, they live on University Avenue, and are apparently held together with safety-pins in lieu of the conventional hook and eye.

The hopeful cases are the ones that come to Madison with the deliberate predatory purpose of matrimony. (Don't attempt to deny it. We have the evidence of John Corbin, in *Which College for the Boy*; page 209, which implies that Wisconsin is not a safe place for a susceptible Boy.) Your aim is not romantic; it is utilitarian. You prove this when, after a discriminating appraisal of the local supply, you pass it up, realizing that your first intention was ill-advised, and per-

manently relegating the scollage swain to his proper utilitarian purpose of parlor decoration and human Pal ticket; and register second semester for Pedagogics, with the resigned utilitarian intention of teaching Algebra in a high school until such time as you are appreciated by the rising young proprietor of the flour and feed store of your town, whose knowledge of Olson and Veerhusen is negligible, but whose store faces on Main Street.

The essential utilitarianism of your natures is shown, however, not so much in your scholastic objects, as in your cold-blooded exploitation of the fussing classes. Do you furnish Anthony Hope conversation, occasional fudge, and the light of your countenance to your attendant candy kids for their own sakes simply? Emphatically not. If the candidate doesn't come across with something more substantial than intellectual companionship within a reasonable time, the next time he calls he is disconcerted to learn that you are awfully sorry but you've got to buck for a French quiz tomorrow. As in the *Sentinel's* guessing contests, no applications will be received unless accompanied by a subscription, which in this case is metaphorical for bittersweets or a ration of sundaes. It is a case of buy or bye-bye.

You are beneficiaries of the inexorable law of supply and demand, the demand coming from 2500 socially disposed males, and the supply being only some 800 potential fussees, many of them disqualified on account of earnest-mindedness. The confectionery value of each fussee is correspondingly boosted beyond the wildest dreams of avarice or the Social Committee. Far be it from me to butt into the pure sanctuary of a maiden's inmost heart; but honestly, haven't you a cheerful consciousness that you are mistress of an economic situation; and that, like a true daughter of a utilitarian university, you are going to work our competing charleyboyocracy to its little limit?

That's right; deny it indignantly. I like to see a girl come back spunky when anyone says things like that right out before folks. But when you are luring an infatuated kid with a pompadour and a limited vocabulary that you don't give a restrained perfunctory whoop for, into providing Prom admission, recall my words, and let your conscience rankle.

There remains only the Faculty. At first sight it does not look utilitarian. On the contrary, it incubates idealism. Consider Benny Snow in an ecstasy over a pet molecule, or R. A. Moore apostrophizing the Wisconsin Experiment Association, as an Oriental lover might his mistress's eyebrow. They are

idealists. Again, odd spots in the faculty retain an Arcadian simple-mindedness unexpected in this utilitarian epoch—a joyous childlike faith such as the Social Committee evidenced two years ago, when they declared their belief in fairies—who would help us to give a six dollar Prom for three dollars.

Mature consideration, however, convinces us that those are pleasing exceptions. The true faculty spirit is patent to us after one look at that architectural *mésalliance*, the University Club—the prof's chosen roosting place. Utilitarianism is embodied in the Jastrow flats and Dean Birge's celebrated Hat. It incites profs to write books for their classes. Even the English department, where Sweetness and Light might be expected to make their last stand, has given rise to something utilitarian: the barrel system of theme writing, by which the star composition of 1882 is handed down through fraternity generations like a military uniform.

Well, what do you expect? Can the Hill prof pause to amble with the muses when from every hamlet and smiling vale a cry is going up for moderately intelligent graduates fitted to teach young spalpeens high school rudiments? Can Dean Turneure pause in his frenzied task of turning out steam-fitters to put a smooth finish on their necks?

The supreme authority of our university, however—our regents—is fittingly sponsor for the ultimate manifestation of our utilitarianism, the military department—through which Alma Mater makes capital of the sweat of her frosh and sophomore minions by turning them into rookies at \$50 per rooky.

If the university owned Parnassus she would use it to pasture Frank Kleinheinz's fat vettors on.

How can we avoid being imbrued with utilitarianism when our whole environment fairly reeks of it; when it clamors at us in the racket of the Shop, when it meets our eye from waking to slumber, when it is in the soil we tread, in the air we breathe, in the hash we eat.

Can you figure out anything more utilitarian than a Madison boarding house?

Our utilitarianism is palpable, clamorous, undeniable. Why did I write this thing, anyway? Partly to fill space for the editor of the LIT, and partly, by a systematic collocation of the overwhelming evidence, to place beyond cavil once and for all the obvious and incontrovertible answer to our initial question.

Are we utilitarian? Well I should smile.

AFTER HIS DAY

KENNETH F. BURGESS.

There were no vacant tables in Martini's cafe, and the Latest Arrival wavered a moment in the door-way as he debated whether to turn back or to share a table with some other Bohemian like himself. It would be disappointing to give up the pleasure of the truly German coffee-cake and the cup of richly flavored coffee which he sought. To go elsewhere in search of it would be useless, for at no other restaurant would he find the same class of patrons that made the particular setting to be found in Martini's. The chess players absorbed in their game, the German newspapermen discussing the events of the day, the jovial readers of *Die Fliegende Blaetter*—all would be lacking. In any other place, too, he would find either that the women patrons objected to an atmosphere heavily laden with cigarette smoke, or that their obvious lack of respectability would be repellent. It was Martini's or nothing. So he made his way to the last of one of the rows of tables to sit opposite a young fellow, a college man by the cut of his clothes—and gave his order.

The college man had just devoured a last remnant of *äpfel küchen*, and as he lit his cigarette, spoke:

"Great place, isn't it? Absolutely un-Americanized. Just drifted in here by chance between trains."

The Latest Arrival was not particularly communicative for he only responded:

"Yes, it's a great place."

The cigarette was half gone when the college man spoke again. His undergraduate enthusiasm was not to be silenced so easily.

"Are you a regular habitue?"

"No—it's the first time in three years—the first time since I was a college man like yourself."

"Is that so? Wisconsin?"

"Yes, Wisconsin."

"I'm there now. Just ran up home between semesters and have to be out there tonight for Prom."

"Prom?" ejaculated the Latest Arrival. "By gad, so tonight's Prom? And it's 1909. Three years ago tonight I made a date for Prom this year."

"Going?"

"No, I guess not. The wires have been down for those three years. Been on the other side and I guess she's forgotten." He looked searchingly at his companion. "You must be a sophomore for I don't believe you were there in my day."

"Correct you are—a sophomore and going to Prom with a post grad."

"May I ask whom? It may revive old memories."

"Sure. Helen Wilkins, a Kappa."

"What's that?" The Latest Arrival started visibly and then resumed his repose. "Oh yes, I remember her. And of what house-party is she going to be a member this year?"

"Beta Gamma this time—she was at our house-party three years ago, too, she says."

"Ahem—and you're going out tonight?"

"Yes—was just wondering whether the St. Paul or Northwestern would be surest. That blizzard yesterday put all the wires on the ground and no one knows whether anything's through."

The Latest Arrival's eye glistened.

"Take the St. Paul by all means. See here—'Wreck on Northwestern near Waukesha,'" and he pointed to the *Journal's* head-line.

The college man glanced at his watch.

"Then I'll have to be off. Goodbye—my name's Thurston—Harold Thurston—shall I remember you to Miss Wilkins?"

But the Latest Arrival had no desire to make known his identity for he said,

"No, never mind that. She wouldn't remember—and—goodbye."

Thurston could get no other information from the St. Paul ticket agent than that "the train would leave on time." Nor could the porter or the conductor give him further assurance than that "they'd try to get through." He worried for a time,

but quit that when they passed Oconomowoc on schedule. At Watertown Junction there was an exasperating wait of an hour for the east-bound. But when it came through with its two engines and a snow-plow, the fears were again quieted. It would be easy going over a road that had just disgorged such a load—even though the wind was blowing frightfully.

And all did go well until the cut beyond Marshall was reached. There they spent the night—Prom night. Two engines failed to make an impression on the huge snow drift and went dead for lack of coal and water. Finally a third engine came and took the coaches back to Watertown Junction—Saturday noon.

Every telephone and telegraph wire in miles around was down. There was an insistent rumor that the Northwestern line, eleven miles to the south, was operating on schedule. But eleven miles through snow drifts waist deep!

The clergyman in the snow-bound party who was to preach in Madison Sunday at ten and the young man who had an engagement to be married about the same time were scarcely in greater excitement than the college man. True—the Prom itself was a thing of the past, but if he could reach Madison Saturday night in time for the Junior Play he might retrieve himself, and the house-party continued through Sunday.

Thurston could not communicate with his Prom girl in any way. He pictured her waiting in vain the night before—her amazement at his non-arrival. He thought of her finally laying aside her new party gown—unchristened. What a fool he had been to leave Madison at all! What a particular fool he had been to leave Milwaukee on the St. Paul when the Northwestern was a main line and certain not to be tied up long. He cursed his luck, the ticket agent, the conductor—but most of all he cursed the Latest Arrival in Martini's who had sent him over this cursed road.

The clergyman and the bridegroom boarded the Pioneer Limited with tickets for Camp Douglas from where they hoped to get the Northwestern main line into Madison—one hundred ninety miles around to go thirty as the crow flies. But that would not get them there until Sunday morning at the earliest. Thurston left Watertown Junction in a livery rig and started toward the Northwestern line at Jefferson. He encountered impassable drifts and spent Saturday night at a farmer's house. Sunday he found it useless to try to get

further with the horse. The remaining five miles he made on foot and Sunday night reached Jefferson. Both ears and one hand had been frozen. There he learned that the Northwestern trains had been operating without delay.

Thurston reached Madison early—very early—Monday morning. The Prom was a thing of the past. He had missed it entirely. So had his Prom girl, but surely a relation of his experiences would pacify her, he thought. Monday noon he was awakened by his room-mate, Harvey.

“Too bad you lost out on the Prom, old man,” said Harvey, “but it was mighty fortunate that an old grad, Longstaff, happened along. He knew Helen and fixed it all right with her. Said you’d taken the St. Paul from Milwaukee and was probably snowed-up.”

“What’s that? Longstaff, who’s he? Where from? I don’t know him.”

“You don’t?” responded Harvey. “He knew you. Said he saw you just before he left Milwaukee himself on the Northwestern.”

Thurston pulled himself out of bed dazed. He couldn’t think clearly. Was this some new joke? He certainly did not know Longstaff, nor had he seen him before he left Milwaukee.

“See, here’s his picture,” Harvey pointed to an old group. “Just came back from abroad. Queer duck. They used to call him ‘The Enigma.’ An old friend of Helen’s, too.”

Thurston looked at the photograph.

“Is he here now?” he asked hurriedly.

“No’pe. Left last night. Said he just happened to come out. Didn’t decide until the afternoon of Prom Friday. You ought to be thankful. He saved you the embarrassment of explaining your absence.”

“Yes, so he did,” muttered Thurston as he glanced again at the photograph. He had seen the face before. It was the Latest Arrival at Martini’s.

COLLEGE PLAYS AT WISCONSIN

J. F. A. P.

Original plays at Wisconsin? Mr. Editor, you put me upon a chase like those insect hunts of childhood. Gaudy butterflies, gauzy dragon-flies, dreamy moths of a single night, that fluttered their little date in the artificial gleam, why pursue them, net in hand? Have they not rendered up the dust of perishing wings to the falling petals of hours as perishing as themselves? Those bright ephemerae—they were bright, in spots—were never meant to be pinned up in cabinets for Time to sift powders on. Thus impaled, they are but a dreary row of mammoocked wings and mummied carcasses; the glamorous green, which was but a reflected iridescence, dies, and the magic motion once theirs, in the painted meadows whence we ravish them, flows away, never to be reclaimed. But, when the Editor of the "LIT" spies his game, there is no elusion, and, rather than be pinned up ourselves, we may as well embrace the nefarious engine of capture and sally forth.

The earliest, original, Wisconsin play that flits over my horizon is one—or rather two—by our lamented Charles Floyd McClure, back in the early nineties. I cannot remember, precisely, the date or the titles of the plays; but I remember the occasion of their production quite distinctly. There was a full length farce, in three acts; there was a one act drama, and a kindly disposed audience. The first play started off right briskly; the opening scenes were wittily and shrewdly written, and the audience was highly entertained; but the last act dragged dismally, partly on account of haste in composition and partly from that flagging of invention which is common to almost all inexperienced writers for the stage. The serious play was, so far as I am aware, the only thing of its kind by a student author that has ever been presented at Wisconsin. It was a one act piece, playing about thirty minutes and present-

ing two pairs of student characters in a sentimental complication. It was interesting and fairly effective; but I should not recommend a repetition of the experiment.

During the years which followed there were numerous nondescript entertainments; but there was nothing which could properly be called an original play, until, after about half-a-dozen years, I concocted for "The Haresfoot," the sketch called *The Professor's Daughter*. This was a farce in two acts and was devised for male characters only, so that it might be given on tour. Nothing ever brought home to me more clearly, the swiftness with which mediocre things of this sort evaporate, than the revival of the piece two years ago. Several of the character types, never too pertinent perhaps, had lost all their suggestiveness; all the slang was hopelessly out of date; the satire had effervesced; in ten years, it had gone as flat as ditch water. The situations were as good as ever; but stripped of pertinency of detail, which a refurbishing only partially supplied, they excited little more than a tolerant interest. On the other hand, Horatio Winslow's *At Jail*, a boisterous burlesque upon recent "college" plays, which was given at the same time, had all the spiciness of direct allusion to familiar foible which the other play lacked; this was still further enhanced by daring "gags" upon local persons and groups who were well-known to the audience, and the play was a rattling success. "Gags" of local, personal, and temporary application, represent a low order of humor, devoid of imagination; but they have their place in local and temporary vehicles of amusement.

As this brief résumé shows, "original plays" have been very rare amongst us, until quite recently. Classes and dramatic clubs have presented plays in abundance for about ten years; but it is only during the last three years that undergraduate writers for the stage have exhibited much activity. One year "The Haresfoot" staged an adaptation by a local author, another year they produced Professor Dickinson's *Hermione*. The latter was not, in the narrow sense, a college play, and it was found somewhat heavy for amateurs.

The era of dramatic authorship among undergraduates really began when the offer of a prize brought out *The Budlong Case*, by Lucien Cary and George Hill. This play was produced by the junior class, at "Prom" time, 1907. Other similar plays have been Horatio Winslow's *Fate and the Fresh-*

man, produced last year by "The Haresfoot," and Theodore Stempfel's *The Superfluous Mr. Holloway*, last year's "Prom" event. The selection of still another undergraduate composition by this year's junior class seems to augur the permanence of "the original play," as a part of "Prom" time entertainment. Let us consider this species.

The opportunity for dramatic treatment of undergraduate life by undergraduates is rather narrow, first, because the field of undergraduate experience is limited; second, because the undergraduate's view of his field of experience is exceedingly limited. Still, this very narrowness is, in a way, favorable to the development of a dramatic species. In a field of limited experiences and views of life and types of character, it is easy for traditions to become established, and this condition is favorable to the development of a species. But, in order that dramatic situations may be devised, there must be divisions of class, so that the necessary strifes, misunderstandings, and improprieties may arise. Now, in student life, these divisions and strifes are comparatively few and comparatively unemphatic. Such are: the time-honored feud between student and faculty; between student and parent; between gown and town (that is, the student on the one hand, and, on the other, the lodging-house keeper, the tradesman, the bill-collector, the police). These antipathies are all more or less fictitious; but they are traditional favorites in the student mind and possess just enough reality and seriousness to make them useful for farcical purposes. There are also, the divisions of caste between "barb" and "frat;" between the "grind" and the "sport"; the "candy" and the "rowdy"; between the sophisticated "stude"—highly sophisticated in his own estimation—and the unsophisticated "Rube" or "Tessie" from up the country; then there are the divisions into "hill," "engineer," "agric," etc.; and finally, in spite of co-education, there remain vestiges of the ancient, and still somewhat piquant, distinction of sex. The attitude of the student mind toward all of these facts of classification is surprisingly conventional; the range of possibilities is small; the quality of experience not very thrilling; but the purposes of comedy or farce are tolerably answered.

The Budlong Case was, in my judgment, the most competent and successful play of college life which has ever been written and produced by undergraduates at Wisconsin. This was not entirely the fault of the authors. Events conspired to aid and inspire them. College life was rich in feuds that year, and

the student mind was ripe for satire. The faculty had made itself very unpopular with the students by its policy of athletic reform, and students were enjoying an unwonted luxury of "kicking." The *State Journal* had aroused student ire by its reporting methods. These antipathies stimulated the writers of the play to some capital character sketches, situations, and topical songs. The play was written with conviction. The alumnus who sighed for "the good old days before reform;" the frolicsome and clever professor, out of his element in the faculty, who consented to don feminine attire in order to hoax an unpopular "grind" of social aspirations; the *State Journal* reporter overlooking the situation from the pair-oar chandelier in Keeley's College Room; the gum-chewing, slang-slinging "Pal" girl; the investigation committee, headed by "Dean Dirge;" the casual youth who left off none of his effrontery in the presence of the faculty committee; the chaperone and the chorusing co-eds; the blow-up at the end; all were capitally conceived and economically managed. What was equally necessary, the play was cleverly acted and sung, and what was not to be despised, it fell on willing ears. It is reasonable to suppose that this timely success established the "Prom" play as a permanent institution.

Fate and the Freshman, Mr. Winslow's play of last year, was full of clever strokes, as is everything from his pen; it was, in some respects, more artistically organized than the preceding play, and its satire was far shrewder and subtler; but its materials were not so vital, and it was not so well acted.

Of "*The Superfluous Mr. Holloway*" it is not easy to give a just account. It was not well acted. One suspects that it reads better than it acts. The underlying device, that of substituting a confederate for a father and playing him off against a professor and another confederate for a professor and playing him off against the father, suggests great possibilities; but the later situations of the play are somewhat disappointing. There is a great deal of spice in the writing and some very humorous characterization; but too much of it is of the nature of embroidery; the play does not go straight at its object as did *The Budlong Case*; it was, therefore, less successful as a playing-piece, though it is much the wittier of the two. In spite of its weakness of structure, it sufficed to keep alive the tradition of amateur authorship and local satire. From the title and the press fore-casts of this year's play, one surmises that it follows along established lines.

Apparently a species has been generated; it needs only to be developed. Our amateurs will perhaps pick up a technique and perfect a school of their own, a school of light-hearted, satirical farce, dealing with college matters. Mainly intended for amusement, but, after all, not devoid of truth in regard to the student's life as he sees it and judges it, this little school of drama will not be without force in moulding manners and morals in the society from which it springs. There are those who think that the presentation of "classics" would be more "educative;" but I, being hopelessly frivolous, fail to see how any dramatic activity could be more vital or more provocative of a wholesome self-criticism than the writing and acting of plays that are *our very own*.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

WALTHER BUCHEN.

*They snatched a handful of sheerest blue
Out of the fairest Italian skies,
And of this it was that they made your eyes!
(The gods are wise, they are very wise!
They must be wise for they made you!)*

They took the light of the summer sun,
Braided it into your gleaming hair,
And they smiled on a part of the work well-done,
And ever their smile has lingered there.

Poppies were robbed that your lips might burn
Red as the blood of a fighting man—
For their craftsmanship had but little to learn
Nor were there spoilers to mar the plan.

They shaped your brow of the jasmine white.
(Pallas Athena was pleased with you.)
And your thoughts they made of the pure starlight.
(The artists up there were Greek, not Jew!)

They fashioned your skin of the creamy rose,
Lavished their gifts with a royal hand,
Of the scent of the springtime they made your soul
And sent you to bless the Eve-tired land.

*Of fairest fashion and richest hue
Found on the land and known in the skies,
They made your soul and its veiling guise!
(The gods are wise, they are very wise!
They must be wise for they made you!)*

"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETAR"

READ LEWIS.

He was not an ordinary freshman. Perhaps I should have guessed it, if my debate whether or not to seize an hour from my work, had not already wasted so much time. But, as usual, I was late, and when I did rush across the Lower Campus to join some two dozen of my fellow sophomores, it was only to find that matters had reached their last stage. He had refused to be hazed; doggedly but good humoredly he had declined all their invitations to pipe some lonesome ditty to the night, or before uncovered heads to raise the national anthem to the skies. Threats were useless. No college yells or rhetorical displays had been forthcoming. The inevitable verdict "to the lake" sounded, and with rather more zeal than care in our exasperation, we hurried our obstreperous freshman across Langdon Street. Our haste gave us no opportunity to attend to his perhaps suspiciously emphasized protests that he could not swim. Crowding to the end of the University pier we pitched him into the water. Under he went, but in a moment was on his feet, only, however, to appear to lose his balance and to fall still further out into the lake. We waited for him to reappear, but save the subsiding ripples there was no motion on the water. The depth, I knew could be scarcely more than five feet, but yet I peered earnestly into the darkness. Still there was no sign of our freshman. The seconds lengthened. Silence began to tighten its hold on the little group on the pier. There had ceased to be any enjoyment in the occasion. Into my mind flashed the stories of the sometime stupefaction under water of those unaccustomed to it, and I remembered, too, the freshman's protests. I, for one, did not care to wait longer; the time had gone to take chances. Slipping off my coat and shoes, I plunged for the spot where he had gone down. When I grasped nothing but sand the shiver that I felt was not caused alone by the chill

of the October water. I came to the surface long enough to gasp for breath and to discern the anxious faces on the pier watching me. Again I dived, but the shout that greeted me as my head came to the surface, assured me of the needlessness of further efforts. I was not alone. Three of my companions wet to their skins, were sputtering forth water and unmentionable remarks, while the sight of the freshman retreating around the corner of the gymnasium with the rest of our party in lagging pursuit explained the situation. His swim under water I easily conjectured, but it was harder to conceive how, unheard, he had been able to push three sophomores off of the pier and get safely away. My companions, however, were eloquent testimony to the fact, and the freshman's own cleverness. We were fairly beaten at our game.

"How is the water?" I laughed.

And for answer, as we scrambled onto the pier, came another series of imprecations.

When I reached home, I went to bed and remained there some two weeks, for the next morning found me in such a condition that my room-mate insisted on the need of a doctor. That, however, was but the beginning of my misfortune, for the wretch of a doctor informed me that my escapade had induced a return of a heart trouble with which I seem always to have been accursed. With the intimation that unless I desired to complete my career in double quick time I should remain quiet, he cheerfully left me. How I wearied through those two empty weeks I cannot now conceive, but certainly I no longer saw anything clever in the freshman's performance, and my chief amusement was the imagination of a series of misfortunes that should be his desert. It was in the midst of such a fabrication that the freshman himself entered my room. My astonishment was clearly evidenced in a stare of surprise, but he calmly waited for me to regain my composure.

"Norsman is my name," he said with a sly smile, "from our last meeting you may hardly consider an introduction necessary."

"No," I nodded, and then, "sit down, won't you? My name, as you have probably learned, is Abbot."

"Yes," he returned. "I came to thank you for jumping in after me the other night. The facts might have been different and I owe you as much as if they had been so."

I endeavored to appear gracious, but when I had been ment-

ally cursing him, I felt several times a hypocrite. Norsman appeared to be some years my senior and I asked him whether, after all, he was a freshman.

"Well," he began with his calm smile that was already winning me, "it is my first year at the varsity, but it will be my only one, for I am staying here just long enough to learn to work."

"Learn to work?"

"Yes, I am not troubling myself to store up credits. This year, and I am afraid it will take that long, I shall be satisfied to learn habits of mind and of work."

"Yes," I replied, "but after this year, will you not stay on?"

"No," Norsman laughed with a serious sparkle in his eyes. "Madison is beautiful and the U. is a great place, but— well, you see I am dowered with 'the boon of endless quest.'"

I did not understand, at least then, what he meant, and being a sophomore and reluctant to display my ignorance, I hastened to change the subject.

Later on the same day the doctor paid me his last visit. "Get up tomorrow, if you wish," he said, "but remember that there is to be absolutely no excitement, no late hours, no over work." (The last, at least, was welcome.) I promised, and then a guilty conscience murmured, "football," to him, but he—was it prescience that informed him of my devotion to the game—fairly shouted at my sinking hopes. "Not one game of football this year, even to watch, unless you—"

This threat hung vague and I groaned.

With returning health I was soon making up my lost work and trying not to think of football. But the temptation was too great and one Wednesday afternoon I went out to practice. All my college spirit seemed to have collected for one concentrated outburst that afternoon. I cheered and yelled and sang. At the end of thirty-five minutes I was a wreck, and when I felt my heart pounding I crawled over to University Avenue and took the car home. For the next twenty-four hours I was in a condition of exhaustion which was followed by a state of despair where, I am sure, "hope never comes, that comes to all." Its immediate cause seemed to be the prospect of Saturday's football game which I knew I could not attend,—the lesson of Wednesday had been salutary to that degree at least. Where the idea that finally dissipated my despair had its origin, and what its antecedents were I can never be sure, unless it was born of the

conjunction of my lectures in Psychology and Money and Banking, coming at consecutive hours.

"What," I asked myself, "is the equivalent of a mental state? Can a desire be commercialized? May not money be a means of determining psychical as well as economic values?"

With admirable courage I determined to sacrifice myself to science, and experiment, heart or no heart. If I succeeded, football was saved. In a state of cold calculation I proceeded to liquidate my college spirit.

"How many dollars," I earnestly besought self number two, "will you give up that Wisconsin may win this afternoon's game?"

Self number two hazarded seven. Then with the nicety of a chemist at his balance, I weighed my counter desires.

"What can you do with seven dollars? How loyal are you to the team?"

I adjusted and readjusted my psychic scales for I knew that inaccuracy would mean an even more serious set back to my health than I had yet experienced. Six dollars I finally decided would neutralize my loyalty. It was perhaps a trifle disconcerting to stand face to face with a commercialized college spirit, (and that at six dollars) but the fact could not be gainsaid.

This sum I wagered on the opposing team, and by half past two o'clock I was at Camp Randall.

The teams ran onto the field, the band played "Hot Time" and the bleachers cheered, but I did not move a muscle. The game commenced while I, my chin resting on my hands and my elbows on my knees, stared fixedly at each play. Sphinx-like I sat. Wisconsin made a fifteen yard gain; Wisconsin fumbled the ball. Here was not a motion of my heart save its regular rhythmic beat, neither faster nor slower. I was the embodiment of the scientific spirit; with no care for the result, with complete unprejudice, I studied each play for its own value. Truly it was football for football's sake at last. Wisconsin executed a splendid forward pass for a touchdown. The crowd was on its feet with an avalanche of cheers while in its midst I stood de-emotionalized.

"Is this really you?" I questioned myself between halves, "Can your will force no enthusiasm?"

But my will was powerless to budge my desires; my desire to see Wisconsin victorious and my wish to win six dollars were locked in a state of perfect equilibrium from which there was

no appeal. It would have been more possible to reverse the wheels of fate. The game proceeded to our victory but I sat unheedful of the cheers about me. There was never the smallest unevenness in my heart's beat. I congratulated myself, for, victory or defeat, football was saved. My ingenuity had triumphed.

Each time that I now saw Norsman, I plumed myself on my own cleverness and mentally thanked him for the escapade which had discovered to me my invention, for the present jealously guarded. My thesis, when the time came, should treat of it, and the commercialization of psychic states would make me famous.

The second home game went even more smoothly than the first, but for the third, because the championship of the west was at stake, I knew that a new calculation was necessary. Fresh from a mass-meeting before the game, I chose fifteen dollars as the sum that would balance my desire for Wisconsin's success and wagered it at even odds on Chicago. Despite the harangues of the *Cardinal* on the iniquity of the action, I had asked Jane Morris to go with me, and knowing how popular she was—in fact I always stood a trifle in awe of her—I considered myself fortunate to have had my invitation accepted. Her company would, I thought, recompense me for my inability to partake in the general enthusiasm. The anxiously awaited day came and before two o'clock Miss Morris and I were safe in our seats. Not wishing to display my indifference, I tried to talk about something other than football, but her questions would flash back to it.

"Who do you think will win?" she eagerly asked me.

I felt incompetent to hazard an opinion.

"But do you not hope Wisconsin is victorious?" she urged.

I smothered a forced affirmative. My enjoyment was not equal to my anticipation. I felt that I was standing on the edges of a mine.

"Would the game never commence?" I inwardly moaned.

Just then I saw my freshman, so I called Norsman, approaching, and I beamed on him as a welcome diversion.

"Hello," he called. "Is this row twenty-nine?"

I nodded.

"Well, I am ticketed for this place, then," he continued as he moved to take the seat beside Miss Morris.

My friendship was cooling.

"Have you met Mr. Norsman?" I asked Jane.

"Oh, yes," and she smiled at him, "we are old friends."

I glared as politely as possible. This was really more than I had bargained for. When the teams at last came onto the field and the stands rose to their feet with cheers, I stood up reluctantly and endeavored to appear excited. Happily I was not a cynosure and my embarrassment passed unnoticed. The game commenced and Steffen started on his magnificent run. In an instant I sprang to my feet and shouted "Go, go!"—my friends thought I was urging his pursuers—and when he finally crossed the goal line, I smiled joyously. In a moment I realized what I was doing and sank back in consternation.

"What could be the matter with me?"

I was too dumbfounded to conjecture. I felt that my heart was beating like a trip hammer and I turned pale. Miss Morris and Norsman looked at me and asked if that had not been frightful.

"Awful," I echoed, and this time I spoke the truth, although I was not referring to Steffen's run.

Wisconsin was soon pushing the ball down the field towards the Chicago goal.

"Hold them, hold them," I fairly shrieked.

Miss Morris glanced at me in surprise.

"Oh," I said, "I thought it was Chicago's ball.

Then she turned and began to talk to Norsman. I cursed myself and him, but I did not dare to interrupt lest I should further expose myself. The crowd was on its feet in a wild burst of cheering. Wisconsin had tied the score. It was no use, I could not force myself up.

"Are you not feeling well?" Miss Morris turned to ask me.

"No," I answered.

"I am so sorry," she replied as she turned to where Norsman stood and smiled.

My mind told me that I could not blame her for seeking some one with whom to share the enthusiasm of the moment when I could not sympathize, but, irrational as I knew I was, I cast mental maledictions right and left.

"What ailed me?"

The truth, of a sudden, flashed over me, and I shuddered. I had made a miscalculation, an overestimate of my college spirit. Since my loyalty was more than equalled by my wager of fifteen dollars, I desired Chicago's victory. Despair stared

me in the face. I cursed my cleverness, but no anathema could release me from this vice of fate. The psychical forces which I had created were beyond my control.

Again Chicago was nearing Wisconsin's goal line. A forward pass was attempted and I tumbled to my feet in my frenzy to have it succeed. As the ball fell fairly into the arms of a Wisconsin man I gloomily sat down, with just wit enough to explain guiltily, "I thought that Chicago surely would make another touchdown."

When they did make their second score I involuntarily cheered, only to have Miss Morris look at me in cold wonder. Sternly I tried to hold myself under control. Every time that Chicago gained, I gripped the seat to prevent myself from rising and stifled my impulse to cheer. My heart was throbbing with intermittent bursts of speed, and again there were intervals when I could hardly feel my pulse. Except for an occasional censuring remark and a glance that voiced her suspicion, Miss Morris had almost ceased to speak to me. When she was not watching the game, she talked to Norsman. I was furious. When they laughed together over something which they made no pretence of sharing with me, I practically shouted an oath. That I did not lose all caste was due to the fact that Chicago had just scored her third touchdown and those nearby even thought me courageous to have so expressed the general feeling. By the second half I was exhausted, and in this condition I managed to keep my desires quiescent, at least so far as their expression. But the purgatory of those fifty minutes, I hope I shall never reexperience.

Chicago won! That was the one light in my despair, for the gloom under which I silently walked home with Miss Morris was real. I almost suffered a relapse, but, despite this escape, I had learned a lesson. I vowed never again to commercialize psychic forces. I had won, it was true, fifteen dollars, but of what consolation was that when they not even sufficed to pay my doctor's bill?

Soon afterwards Norsman came to see me, and though I endeavored to receive him coldly, it was no use, for some part of that heart of mine is susceptible to his calm smile and the sincerity of his deep blue eyes.

At his "How are you, Walden?" I looked up with a glow of pleasure.

"Fine," I cried.

"Good," he said with mock seriousness, "I am glad that the Chicago game was not fatal."

I smiled and then I told him the whole story—that he, himself had been the cause of both my success and my failure. He laughed and gaily assured me of his faith in my star and when, before he left, we shook hands, I felt we were at last true friends.

As to what Miss Morris thought of me, I did not know, but I finally summoned courage to invite her to a forthcoming "hop." Because of a previous engagement she declined. Nevertheless, that night I went to the gallery to watch the dancing for a little while. Norsman and Miss Morris were there and my attention was very largely centered upon them. Many would not have called her beautiful, but to me there was a subtle loveliness about her face, an expression of the fineness and the strength of her individuality. While I was still there Norsman and she came upstairs and without noticing me took the chairs before mine. Silently they sat there watching the dancers and the colors below, but silent as they were, I understood that, as they now and then glanced at each other, their

"Eyes

Spoke in communion closer than all words."

And I, as I watched too, could not but feel all those figures in the midst of the light and the music fade to some shadowy world, while these two before me held reality within their grasp. As the music ceased she turned to Norsman with a smile, and as I saw for a moment her grey eyes I knew that no woman could ever look as she had looked at Norsman, at any but one man. When they arose to go, Norsman saw me.

"Jane," he turned to her, "here is Walden."

As she shook hands with me she said, "I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Abbott, for that other day. I was ignorant of the circumstances—" and she smiled. I laughed, too, and wished them the joy of the dance.

And so they went. It was, I felt, the end of that October escapade two months before. It had cost me time and health, but it had gained me, I knew, experience and two friends.

TREASURE ISLES

GLENN W. DRESBACH.

The bay is calm, and its perils are few;
The white walled town is near;
The grey cliffs gleam 'neath cloudless blue,
And the shore of wreck is clear.
But the out-sea wind is blowing free
And we must pass the bar,
For the Treasure Isles are out to sea,
And oft they lie afar.

The Treasure Isles are out to sea,
Far from the bay of Dreams;
And the hills are green with vine and tree,
And gems are in the streams.
In the Treasure Isles, the sunny slopes
Are crowned with castles grand,
The glory-halls of answered Hopes,
That smile o'er Promised Land.

'Tis better the ship be wrecked on rock,
As it strains through the stormy spray,
Than to rot and sink at its anchor block,—
An idler in the bay.
Then turn the prow to the billows free,
And pass the harbor bar,
For the Treasure Isles are out to sea,
Out where the great ships are.

CO-ED HUMOR

THE NIGHT BEFORE FINALS.

'Twas the night before finals, I was nearly insane.
 Not a thing I remembered, and though through my brain
 I had searched, 'twas all empty and bare.
 Not even one fact had found lodgement there.
 Then to me, sitting there with the lights burning low,
 All my instructors appeared in a row.
 Dr. Sellery naturally headed the line
 Looking like Jupiter, big and devine,
 The lesser deities trailing behind.

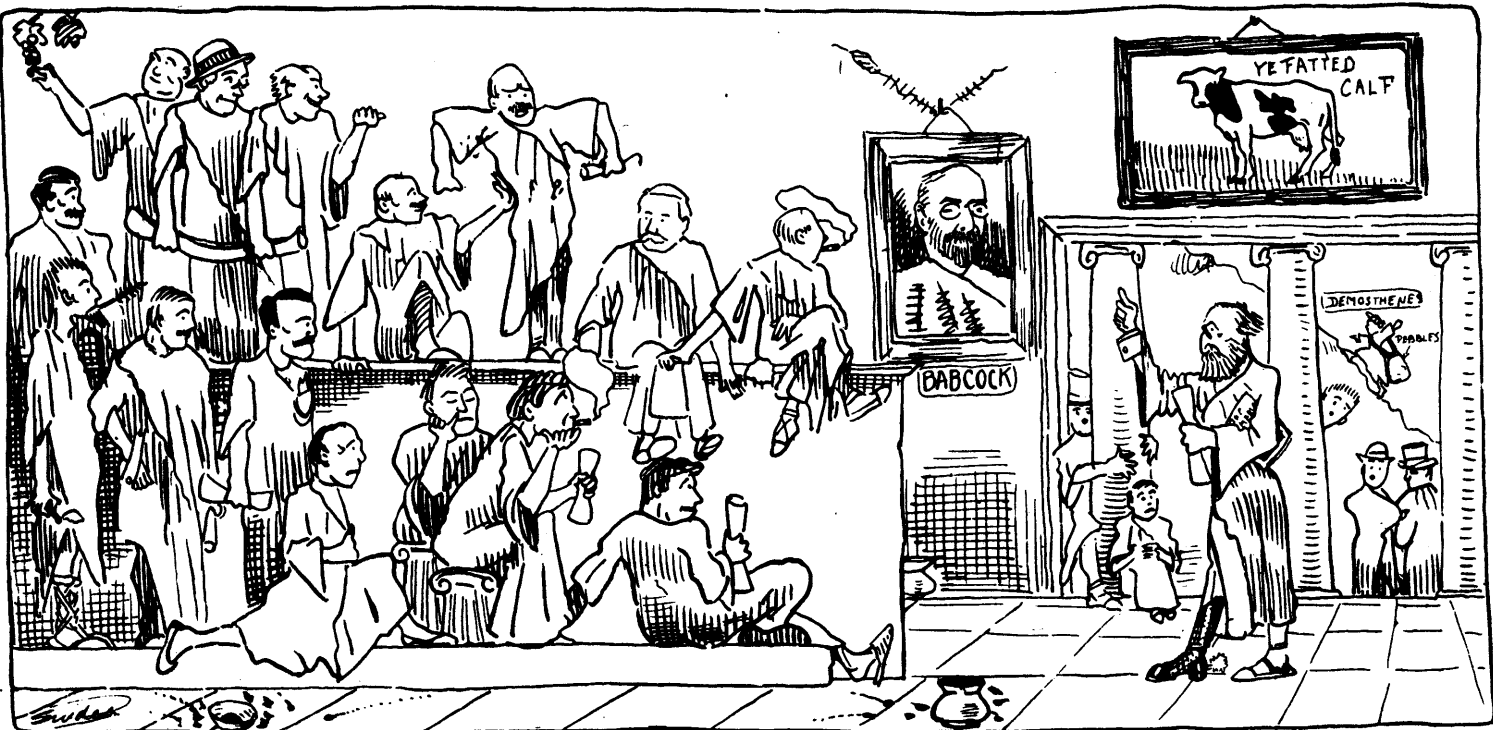
Dr. Sellery spoke, "Don't be frightened, poor creature,
 We've decided this year on a most novel feature.
 The exams will be oral; your first is History—
 Medieval, of course. It may seem like a mystery.
 Just one question awaits you." (Then how I shook)
 "Explain those Latin jokes translated in my book."
 Explain those Latin jokes. I shook my head and quailed.
 He said: "That means a con, yea verily, you've failed."

Then came my German teacher and even she looked stern.
 She said: "I fear that Freshman Deutsch has much for you to learn.
 But just translate this sentence and I'll pass you through the line:
 Habe gehabt gewesen ist bin geworden sein."
 But as I passed it up I heard in Anglo Saxon clear:
 "Stay by me yet already once another year."

Miss Allen then took up the role with "One good standing helps,
 Just tell me, very briefly, how Hannibal crossed the Alps."
 At last a ray of hope, I boldly raised my head,
 And if you'll believe me, this is what I said:
 "I've traversed the self-same road; it's steep and straight and stony.
 He'd never gotten over it unless he used a—a pony.
 That was the only way that I—" She stopped me with a look.
 You can just imagine what I got in her book.

English was my only hope, but Dodge of Haavad said,
 "In looking o'er your freshman themes my heart has often bled
 At the bits of scrappy, scrawny verse, limp and halting in all feet.
 Your course in first year English, next year you may repeat."

And now my story's ended. I've told it so you'll know
 If you do not, but like to shirk,
 Just what you're coming to.



Suggested Frieze for Woman's Building

HEARD AT THE CLUB.

Instructor: "I hear that the legislature has refused to vote the appropriation asked by President Van Hise because of grafting in the College of Agriculture."

Assistant: "Impossible. Who was the culprit?"

Instructor: "Dean Russell. He was caught red handed in the act of watering the stock."

Electrical Engineer: "Who was the first electrician?"

Civil: "I pass, who was he?"

Electrical: "Noah. He made the ark light on the mountain."

Fair Sympathizer: "I hear from everybody that you are making a howling success of your chosen work."

The Artist: (loftily) "Pardon me, but there is nothing canine about my art."

"John," wailed the wife of the Professor of Ancient American History, "How can we ever pay all our debts? The grocer is so grouchy that I haven't ordered anything this week; the landlord has threatened to serve notice on us to move, and the coal collector is dunning us regularly every other day."

"Don't worry, dear," responded the man of theory and research. "The sixth edition of my lecture syllabus will be out tomorrow."

And they lived happily to a green old age.

TO MY VALENTINE.

G. W. D.

The wind elves dance on the barren boughs,
 And pipe a glad refrain,
 While the sunbeams spin their floss of gold,
 And cover hill and plain;
 Then the warm blood throbs in the heart of the year,
 For spring is coming, and skies are clear;
 And I send to you, O my Valentine,
 This glad, sad, longing love of mine,
 This old, true love, my dear!

I would that I could give to you
 The wealth of worlds divine,
 The bliss of earthly paradise
 In halls of bloom and vine.
 But now, on this day of all in the year,
 Marked in the magic of prophet and seer,
 I care to send, O my Valentine,
 No other thing, than this love of mine,
 This old, true love, my dear!

BESIDE THE PINES

GLENN W. DRESBACH.

O come, love, away from the quiet hill,
And the moan of the sad, old pines,
Where the lost dove sobs o'er its barren nest,
And the pale moon gropes along the crest,
And hides its face in the pines;
For your red, red rose is full tonight
With sweets where the stars have kissed,
And my lone heart calls you, through the light,
From the hill and the pines in the mist.

O hear, love, my dear love, asleep on the hill,
Not the moan of the sad, old pines,
But the love words of old, when hand in hand
We strolled through the roses of Sweetheartland
And the full moon topped the pines;
For I bring each night a red, red rose
That the stars and I have kissed,
And I sob all the love that my poor heart knows
By the sad, old pines in the mist.

EDITORIAL

CO-ED HUMOR

Restriction of the co-ed in university activities seems to be a growing force at Wisconsin. The Social Committee and the Self Government Association demand that her gaieties come to an abrupt close at the stroke of twelve; the Conference Committee enacts that she shall walk to the Prom (if she is fortunate enough to be preferred to her out of town sister); Hutchins Hapgood tells the whole world about her nifty hats, even printing her blushing photograph for the feminine reading public to find fault with; while the *Cardinal*, not to be outdone by the contemporary press, takes a fling at the Womans' Press Club or The Co-ed's Crush on Candy, whenever the temporary dearth of advertisements makes possible the printing of news.

Just as the co-ed is restricted in these many ways she is curbed in the expression of her humorous ideas. We know she has a sense of humor from the following incident. A member of our staff once told a varsity girl that he would be delighted to pay her an evening call. "How grand of you," she replied, "I should like to have you come any time, but I shall be dreadfully busy until after Christmas." And it was October then. Where can the co-ed express her funny ideas? The *Sphinx* is a stag affair except for one number, and the *Badger* of the last few years has degenerated into a year book. In such a situation the LIT purposes to include in each month's issue a co-ed humor section, contributions to which will be a basis of election to our editorial board. Can feminine humor compare with masculine? Our next number will answer the question.

IMMORTALIZING THE U. U.

"They have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto." *Exodus*—32—8.

When John Corbin, in the Saturday Evening Post of some twelve months ago, took occasion to say that the varsity's initials should not be U. W. but U. U., Utilitarian University, there was a considerable stir in the college world. Some people said the author of "Which College for the Boy" was misinformed, others, that he was suffering under an hallucination, the rest were not so polite in their expressions. Even President Van Hise, in a public address, declared that if by Utilitarian was meant the prosecution of higher education for mere material purposes, unaccompanied by the purpose of cultural development, that the application of the epithet was untrue.

But as yet we have heard no adequate reply to the latest misconception of our University, the agriculturally eulogistic article of Lincoln Steffens in the American Magazine for February. It seems that this journalistic Jason, with his mind fixed on the butter-fat cow as a sort of modern Golden Fleece has endeavored to produce something sensational, emphasizing those features of our university which are unique rather than representative. We do not wish to create the impression that we are attempting to belittle the work of the College of Agriculture, but the so called "short horn" is not representative of the Wisconsin student, and the "professors with the dung of the farm, commerce and politics on their boots" are not a majority of the faculty. Wisconsin is great in a utilitarian way, but her just preeminence in other fields should be recognized.

What about the spirit of self sacrifice which is one of the most important attributes in higher learning, and which is evinced by those among our faculty who have refused high salaried positions elsewhere, that they might devote their lives to the cause of education. We regard the example of Professors Babcock and Hart in refusing to profit personally by their scientific inventions as worthy of greater mention than the material advantages which accrued from them. Dr. McCarthy is another man of the same spirit, and we could cite a score of others. Why didn't Mr. Steffens mention this spirit among our faculty? Or isn't it worthy of notice that one of our pro-

fessors in the English Department has written a play of such excellence that Harrison Grey Fiske has thought it a fit vehicle for the greatest emotional actress on the American stage? Is "Sending a State to College" written with the view of emphasizing the unique features of Wisconsin in order to make the reading public wink both eyes in wonderment, or is it intended as a true representation of the greatest state university?

THE UNBROKEN ROAD

Though several weeks have passed since the world discovered that Professor Dickinson of our English Department was a gifted playwright, not until now has the LIT had a chance to congratulate the author of "The Unbroken Road." From our standpoint it is the greatest accomplishment of a Wisconsin man in years. The news that the play is to be staged by one of the greatest of modern managers, and that the leading role is to be taken by none other than Bertha Kalich, speaks audibly enough for the merit of the production. It is certainly more than a fulfillment of the wish we expressed in the October LIT: "That our authors and playwrights might rank at least as high as our inventors of milk tests and breeders of dairy cattle." And as we shut our eyes again in the attempt to get the longest half of the chicken bone, we devoutly hope that the public will never grow tired of "The Unbroken Road."

WHAT HAVE WE MISSED?

We have recently learned that in the Spectator of last month was an exposé of the *Cardinal*, attempting to prove that our college paper had the lowest circulation for number of students of any of the large college dailies, and that the author of the article proved his hypothesis of a four hundred circulation both by statistics and by the statement of a member of the *Cardinal* editorial staff. For our part we cannot believe that the Wisconsin sheet does not compare favorably with any college daily, east, west or middle west. We thought that question had been definitely settled last year. And if the article in the Spectator was based on fact, why was it sheared out before it was given to the public? If such was the case, does not a publication compromise itself when it poses, how-

ever unaptly, as a vehicle for the free expression of student opinion and then hesitates to print the truth?

THE GRAND GOOD TIME

Why attempt to gain a nod of approval by eulogizing the Prom? Well, its the biggest thing around these parts for several months; it gives the girls the chance to laugh at all the social regulating committees that ever met to disagree, and also to receive a year's adoration in three days as the idol of the university. We don't care whether it gives you the opportunity of a lifetime to exercise your "deliberate, predatory purpose of matrimony" as one of our contributors hath it, or whether your dress-suited swain has mortgaged everything except his soul to the pawnbroker; we leave these disagreeable details for the Sphinx to magnify. And we rejoice with you because this year's Prom has more of gold than of tinsel about it. Thought probably HE would like to do himself even prouder than he will, remember the Social Committee and give HIM credit for the wish to give you one grand good time. We are proud to have your best likeness on our cover.

ET TU, TESSIE!

Though the Queen of the Prom will be about the most important personage at Wisconsin between semesters, we must not forget that there is another one in the calcium light, "Tessie At College." If the LIT were, not printing the play in full, the junior class production would merit our most enthusiastic consideration. As it is, the first act is printed in this number and the two following will appear in our March issue. And we are cognizant of the fact which a reading of the play will prove, that the Junior Prize Play will eulogize itself.