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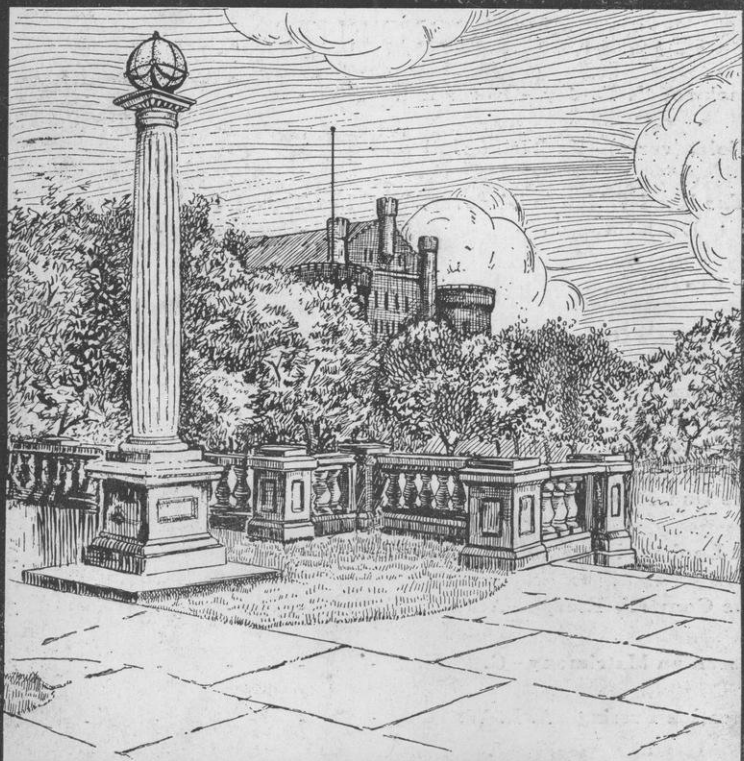
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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY & MAGAZINE



HUBBARD • ATTO

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. V

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 1

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly during the College Year at Madison, Wis.  
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# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

OCTOBER, 1907

Number 1

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## BLACKWOOD'S TO-DAY

*George Hill*

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* has an eminent past. It is the one publication, other than the Good Book, which the Scotch youth may read on Sunday afternoons without damaging his soul. This is because, since it was founded in respectability in 1817, it has been a great and trustworthy periodical. Now, in its ninetieth year, this notable old magazine is, in the words of the poet, alive and kicking.

It is animated by the slashing spirit of the old Scotch reviewers who goaded Byron until he arose and replied in kind. *Blackwood's* is displeased with the present Cabinet, and if its editorial comments did physical damage in proportion to their sting, the gentlemen in question would of necessity be gathered up in baskets. The reviewer's recent descent upon the apostles of the Cel-

tic, and the dinkily decadent, and the other harmless chirruping cults—whom he herded into one pen and exterminated—seemed a superfluous and cruel waste of energy. Every lover of a well-sent knock, however, could but admire his adequate extirpation of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. “It is our desire,” he prefaced apologetically, “to merely hasten the process of his self induced dissolution; for we are tired of seeing him hop over the graves of the illustrious dead and skip like a blue-ended ape upon the trees of Paradise.”

*Blackwood's* is annoyed at Mr. Shaw on several counts, but their chief grievance, one suspects, is the irreverent way he roots into some of its cherished and traditional ideals. *Blackwood's* is nothing if not reverent, and conservative; which, in spots, makes curious reading for the American eye. For example: We have a high school conception of the British nation as a benevolent republic, preserving, in sturdy tolerance, a decorative form of monarchy, presided over just now by a genial gentleman with a high hat and a mildly unsanitary past. But thus *Blackwood's*:

“A fanfare of trumpets from the altar.

“Then a hush—the great bell of the Cathedral is tolling the hour of noon.

“The King—the coping-stone of this great edifice of empire—has come. The procession of empire-builders forms. *God save the King!*”

“King,” perhaps, is a convenient symbol for a patriotic abstraction, here; but somehow, the passage has an unexpected tone of personal reverence. As soon as you introduce the personal there arises a vision of Albert Edward in high hat, astraddle of a pyramid, making a coping-stone of himself.

It is hard telling just what element of the British

state *Blackwood's* represents and caters to. One imagines it as expressing most nearly the spirit of the "governing class"—persons who have free-hold property and read *Punch* in preference to *Tid-bits*, and expect their sons to play cricket and enter the service of their country. Contributors are frequently persons with titles preceding their names and strings of honorary letters following impressively, like the little fire-crackers after a mandarin's procession. The problems they write upon are those of administering—how educate the Cingalee, how pacify the Boer. As often, their pages bristle with militarism—puzzle: how organize and subsidize to reach Hooligan and the consumptive baker's son, and make them fight like Japs? There is a great deal about arcs of fire, and nothing about simplified spelling or industrial alcohol. Lighter articles not fiction run to cricket and mountain climbing and big game. The fiction itself runs to soldiers and cricketers and mountain climbers; it is simple, and literarily fine, and never silly—very well suited to active administrative outdoor persons not given to speculative thought.

*Blackwood's* is running such a story now. The hero, "A Subaltern of Horse," is the tall aristocratic polo-playing person we have met before—the kind of hero the easy-going author can count on. He (the hero) enlists as butler in a household of imported Americans, studied evidently from the Cook's tourists, who assert our independence by noise and jocose waving of feet and flags from the windows of hacks. The younger daughter (who calls the polo ponies "a sweet bunch of bronchos") and the hero have, in the last installment, looked into each other's eyes. The villain presumptive is a German officer whose arm the hero inconsiderately breaks. Germany now furnishes the villains and Amer-

ica the comic persons of the British tale, thus giving the literary Frenchman a much-needed rest.

“A Subaltern of Horse” is cheerful and healthy, and gets along without much plot. Best, it is entirely innocent of problem; a blessed relief, after the long-drawn emotional tales with a family row motif, that stalk harrowingly through our own magazines.

Sometimes, too, *Blackwood's* does something in the fiction way that is startling—it brought out “The Masquerader”—and sometimes it does something very worth while. It did that in “The Daft Days,” by Neil Munro, whose name is only faintly familiar to American ears. It, too, is innocent of problem. It is the story of a little girl who grows up—grows up so gradually that you follow the change from chapter to chapter till you are as surprised and grieved and pleased again as anyone in the book to find her a woman. The author who can make you do that is a master.

Neil Munro has done several things well. In Bud, she has added another fine child heroine to the fine string of recent ones, running from Rebecca of Sunnybrook to Pam. She has created two maiden aunts—and the aunts grow gray before you as imperceptibly as Bud grows up—whom you can actually love and sympathize with, naturally, without the author's taking a line off to tell you that this person has a worthy heart within a rough exterior and you're due to love her, doggone you. But the head marvel is the way the author, presumably Scotch, handles American slang; handles it with a true touch and never a slip—blends it with the dialect of the Scot—tones it with boarding-school esqueries when Bud comes back from the seminary, grafts on it the slang of the green-room when at the last Bud feels the inborn

call of the stage—and yet keeps it fresh, straight United States slang, unexaggerated, unspoiled.

It should bring the bright blush of shame to the cheek of Neil Munro's compatriot, Andrew Lang, who said, regarding Mr. Ade's baseball fable: "A 'rooter,' I suppose, is equivalent to a daisy-cutter; but what a 'fan' is, I cannot conceive."

*Blackwood's* has recently done another thing worth while. It introduced to the world young Alfred Noyes, who, still in his twenties, is making the world of poesy sit up and take notice. Mr. Noyes writes with a beautiful ease; his verses flow and charm, but somehow they do not hit. He handles his emotions deftly. He kills his heroines neatly, at the right place. As you read he carries you along as he will, but when you have put the book down what remains with you longest is a jingle of melody and phrase, and you do not feel you have carried away anything profitable.

Mr. Noyes is now attempting an ambitious thing: "Drake—an English Epic." Someone has said that an epic is the celebration of a superhuman hero, embodying in himself the attributes of his race. Someone else has called an epic the poetic expression of an age. On either reckoning Mr. Noyes' work falls short—does not paint a superhuman Drake, and he speaks with the tongue of his own age, rather than Elizabeth's. Nevertheless he tells a wonderfully fine tale.

It is still fair to class Mr. Noyes among those who have not arrived, but are coming fast.



# Triolet



For the dream-days of our youth,  
Oh, there are so many things!  
Father Time, have ruth, have ruth  
For the dream-days of our youth—  
Soon, too soon, Life's sadder truth  
Routs all sweet imaginings:  
For the dream-days of our youth,  
Oh, there are so many things!

—*Katharine Hall.*



## “THE ROAD, WHICH TO DISCOVER, WE MUST TRAVEL TOO” — OMAR

*Edith Swenson*

The carriage stood half in and half out of the ditch. Two wheels were high on the bank, while the other two were sunk in the bottom of the excavation. The horse, with the broken traces trailing behind him, was leisurely pulling grass on the opposite side of the road.

He was on his knees, gazing frantically about and then helplessly down at her. She lay motionless at the foot of the tree whither he had carried her.

She moved slightly, then her eyelids quivered, then raised and she gazed straight before her into his anxious face.

“Which of the other worlds did we strike?” she asked dreamily.

“Are you all right?” he demanded, quickly and anxiously.

“I hope it was Jupiter,” she went on, “Mars would have been too humiliatingly little.”

“You’re sure you’re not hurt? Not a bit?” he implored her.

“I don’t seem to miss any part of myself,” she said, more clearly. “But what happened?”

“I wasn’t watching the road. Thinking of something else, as you know. Something scared Prince and he jumped. Broke the traces and landed us here on the roadside,” then, “You’re sure there’s no harm done?” he asked with a new coldness that surprised her.

"If you mean to the rig—", she said quickly, with a similar frigidity.

"Don't be ridiculous," he answered impatiently. "Are you all right?"

"In answer to your money-or-your-life way of inquiring after my health, I can say that I am."

"It's annoying enough," he mused.

"That I am unhurt?" she asked, with marked gentleness.

"You are certainly annoying enough if you like," he retorted angrily, and he continued with stately formality: "I am extremely sorry that you have had this unpleasant experience. I wish it could have happened at any other time. But man proposes and horses—"

He watched the sudden dimpling of her cheeks.

"You mean," he said angrily, "that is just what I was doing when the horse bolted. Well, the rig certainly has furnished the climax."

"Wasn't it something of an anti-climax?" she asked.

"If you mean that I'd have had a worse header, got a greater shock, had to bite the dust more if there had been no interruption, it's very likely."

"I don't consider it so very flattering to have you intimate that you would rather be thrown by a horse—"

"Than thrown over by you," he interrupted.

"Well, nothing has happened to us," she urged.

"Except that I've been an idiot."

"That's hardly an accident," she observed, looking afar off.

"You mean that I couldn't help it!" he cried.

"You certainly can help it now," she remonstrated.

He remained silent.

"Where are we now?" she asked, seeing he had no intention of speaking.

“Not as far as we were,” he replied shortly.

“I mean geographically speaking,” she announced, with some asperity.

“Several miles from Middleton and no one to help fix up the rig or mend the traces or catch the horse,” he announced. “But then there’s no use crying over spilt milk.”

“Or rigs,” she suggested.

“Hang the rig! One can’t make omelet without breaking the eggs.”

“Or love, apparently, without breaking—traces,” she laughed.

“Or hearts,” he suggested.

She smiled. “Hearts don’t break nowadays. Especially a co-ed’s. We get used to having ours played with.”

He glanced at her quickly, but she was busily pulling up the grass that grew about the tree, so her face was hidden.

“Well,” he said, a little more cheerfully, “I guess we’d better go back to that farmhouse we passed not long ago and I’ll get someone to come here and help me.”

“That might be wise,” she assented.

He held out his hand to help her rise.

She ignored his assistance, saying sharply, “I’m not a cripple.”

“I beg your pardon,” stiffly.

They trudged along the road to the farmhouse in stony silence, both gravely intent upon the road before them.

They made their silent way to the back of the house, where a light was visible from a kitchen window. The door was opened in response to their knock by a strong

young farmer with a pleasant face. He listened to their tale of woe and broken traces with a good-natured grin.

“Sure now, an’ thot’s too bad. Just step in a bit, Miss, and I’ll see what I can do to help the Mister here. Minnie,” to his wife, who was standing by the stove with a coffee-pot in her hand and a look of interest and kindness on her rosy face, “these people had a little bit of a run-away. Maybe the lady’d like a bit of coffee. I’ll see what can be done out on the road there. If you’ll come out to the barn we’ll see—” and the door closed upon the men.

The farmer’s wife smiled upon the girl. “Did you get scared a little,”

“No,” the girl answered, “but I feel all bruised up, and I’m getting so stiff I can hardly move! I thought I’d die trying to walk up here,” and tears of pain and possibly of anger or starvation, stood in her eyes.

“You poor child. Come in here, my dearie, and let’s see where those hurts are. We’ll fix ’em up in a twinkling,” whereupon a ladies’ caucus was organized in the next room and cuts and bruises looked after.

When the farmer and the boy finally returned they found the girl sipping a cup of coffee with the farmer’s youngest baby on her arm. There was also present a peculiar odor suggestive of strong liniment.

On the way home from Middleton he asked suddenly, “Why did you insist you weren’t hurt when I asked you?”

“Because I’m not!”

“Do you think I’m blind and deaf as well as a fool?” he demanded angrily.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said wearily, and sighed at the unreasonableness of man.

"About you, of course. I suppose I always shall, even if you do think I'm everything contemptible."

"I don't think anything of the kind. Please don't be any sillier than you can help."

"Do you think that I couldn't smell that liniment when I was a mile from the house? Haven't I seen you limping around? I don't see why you denied to me that you were hurt and then went and told that woman there that you were and get her to help you—" He broke off and whipped the horse almost savagely.

"I'm sorry if this liniment bothers you. It isn't very pleasant, but it was all she had, and I wouldn't have hurt her feelings for anything. She tried so hard to make me feel more comfortable."

"As if I didn't try!"

"Why, I believe you're actually jealous of that nice woman!"—mock amazement in her voice.

"I am," grimly. "I did the best I could for you."

"But you're mad because your kiss didn't have the same effect as the liniment," teasingly.

He looked at her quickly. The red slowly mounted to his cheeks. "I beg your pardon for that," he said humbly. "It was nowhere near right for me to take advantage of your helplessness the way I did." Then, suddenly, "How did you know?" he demanded.

"I wasn't unconscious at all," and she turned away her head.

"You were not unconscious! I don't understand, and yet—"

"The conclusion is rather—obvious," she said softly, head still turned from him.

"I wonder," he said, as he drew nearer to her, "if it could be that—"

She did not reply.

“I was telling you that I loved you when the rig smashed up,” he went on breathlessly, “and then I thought that you were unconscious, and you let me—and you didn’t tell me you were hurt because you didn’t want me to feel badly or blame myself—”

“Yes,” she said in the faintest of whispers.

“And—and—”

“Yes.”



## ON THE HILL AGAIN

*Phillips Chynoweth*

We are on the Hill once more. Fully a week before classes commenced the town began to take on a livelier appearance. There was handshaking everywhere, and people seemed wider awake and happier—except the registrar. He knew by the looks of the first freshman he saw that this year's class would be no less "green" and no easier to register than that of last year or five or ten or twenty or twenty-five years ago. He may have had nothing to do with the class of '86, but these registrars and professors and janitors give one the impression of having grown up with the institution, so familiar are they with all its rules and requirements. The laws and engineers have fallen into their old habit of inspecting critically all who pass up and down the Hill. The familiar "aren't they rude?" is heard from the young ladies of the freshman class. The porches of boarding, sorority and fraternity houses are as crowded as ever with loafers staring at people who go by.

But there are so many of the old crowd missing. Sam, I am told, is somewhere out west working on a railroad. What a good fellow he was! I hope he is being well paid, for Mr. Brown is growing anxious about his livery bill. And "Pickles," I know, was "conned" last spring. Poor old chap, he always did have bad luck. College will not be the same with him gone. Then there is Max. His health has at last given out, and he is being lifted from his bed to a chair and back to bed again instead of



telling us stories as he used to do. Frank writes me that his father has lost his money and he is helping support the family. He was always more willing to pay some other person's debts than his own. May's family has suffered a similar misfortune, and she is now teaching a school up in Canada. That girl Jack was wild over is reported to be engaged to a young fellow from the south. She is home learning to sew, bake and control her temper while Jack is in Mexico striving to forget her.

At times it seems as if all the best of us have left, and without them where is the fun to come from? I feel as though I would give more for one evening with "Pickles" than for the entire year with anyone else—as I probably would for his society was always expensive, he being a tremendous borrower. With Frank gone we shall all need to have care less we run into debt and have no one to get us out. It is perhaps as well for "Pickles" that he is not here.

Fortunately most of us do not feel this way and prefer to look ahead rather than back. Already Bob has seen a well figured, good looking freshman who has driven all remembrances of Helen from his mind. She sits near him in his history class, and he has purchased a new pearl-handled knife to lend her when she breaks the point of her pencil. He says there never was such a class for girls. I believe he made the same statement a year ago.

There is one of us back whom I had given up all hope of ever seeing again. Two years ago everyone in college knew him. Having been treated to conversations with all the professors, individually and in committees, with the president, and with the regents, he was believed to have the widest and most influential acquaintance in the school. Toward the end of the spring sem-

ester he went to Mississippi, and a report was circulated that he had settled down and married a southern belle. Several of the girls discredited the rumor, but it was quite generally believed. As I was waiting my turn in the registrar's office, thinking about all those who were not coming back, who should poke me between the ribs but Harry? He is not married—never was, and is eager to meet the originator of the story. He says it has ruined his chances for popularity with the girls.



## WISCONSIN'S OWN

*J. V. Mulany*

Some time since, the president of one of our larger Eastern universities, in addressing a convention of college students, took for his subject the songs of our American colleges.

In his introductory remarks he referred to the songs of the English and German universities as lasting inspirations gleaned as students. He pointed out the wholesome effects which these melodies have had in inspiring devotion and reverence for the alma mater, thereby making, in the end, for a deeper and better spirit of national patriotism. He deplored, as an undeniable truth, that there are few, if any, American colleges which have songs incontrovertibly their own. The address created some discussion in current reviews at the time. Many staunch alumni came to the support of their mother institutions and brought forth in print defensive histories of our well known college songs. The end of the controversy served to instil in the mind of the interested reader a single conviction: with the exception of "Old Nassau" of Princeton there is no college song that is indisputably the property of any one school, as regards both words and music.

Had this discussion been waged in the Middle West, how much different might have been the conclusion! But it was a New England contention and to the New Englander the considerable part of America lies east of the Blue Ridge. To him, the American university is

extant no farther west than the Hudson. In the meantime, however, Wisconsin students, equally egotistic as regards the importance of commonwealth and college, have been singing the praise of alma mater in words that have known no parody, to an air that, in respect to college songs remote or near, is no unholy adaptation. Wisconsin has at least one song which is incontestably her own.

How could Wisconsin rooters dispense with "Hot Time"? Since the days of Phil Allan it has been an adjunct to the enthusiasm of every mass meeting, of every contest, of every subsequent conflagration. "Hot Time," rescued from the mass of maudlin street songs, has, if we can shut our eyes to frenzied processions and midnight glare, become sanctified and hallowed in its present dignity as a college song. It is the most familiar of the airs which are ours, stirring and popular in its tune, happy in the turning of its phrase, possessed of a sentiment of joyous irresponsibility. Today (or shall I say tonight) the Pied Piper is once more among us. He comes in the guise of a band member without uniform. In his shirt sleeves, he sounds the magic air of "Hot Time" on his battered saxophone, and once again the children (for on such occasions we are but children) come scurrying. Through the streets, dancing and zig-zagging, they follow the luring notes, not to the whirl pool but to the depot, the campus or the gym. Stirring indeed is the summons and joyful the promise. But there are heights and depths of feeling which "Hot Time" does not reach. There are shades of sentiment,—the emotions of the crowd—which "Hot Time" does not express. There are occasions for honor, for respect and reverence such as University Day or a day made notable by the visit of some distinguished alumnus

or friend. There are those moments when defeat makes the spirit bitter, when the students rise *en masse* and sing the praise of alma mater with spontaneous loyalty. There are moments of tense excitement when the teams appear upon the gridiron, when victory is yet in the balance, that the bleachers rise to a man and the song is one of trust, of inspiring confidence. And greater still are those moments at evening when lights are lit, when the piano is sounding, when the call is a song to Wisconsin, when the sentiment, deeper than that of mere loyalty, is one of filial love and devotion. We have but one song which meets every occasion and more than does them honor, a song which is the simplest, the briefest, yet the best of them all—The Varsity Toast.

Its context is short, almost curt in its brevity, but how much more could it express! The air likewise, brief as it is, sounds some of the finest notes of the master, Gounod. It awakens a responsive chord in every feeling from devoted homage to riotous enthusiasm. It is, as before intimated, a song for all times.

The Varsity Toast was composed in 1898 by Henry D. Sleeper, who also arranged the music. It first appeared in a song book published in that year and its popularity, gained at that time, has never waned. It invariably opens the concerts of the Glee Club, likewise all student convocations and athletic meetings—at once an invocation, a song of praise, a battle slogan.

Visitors have lauded the beauty of the air and the impressiveness of the spectacle when, with heads uncovered, the bleachers rise to sing. Our own athletic heroes attest the inspiration of the moment—that determination to do or die which portends a victory. Even the self-concerted grind, astray in the crowd, feels a qualm

of enthusiasm—a contentment that he too is part of the scene, that Wisconsin is his own.

It is, however, in the world apart from the immediate environments of college life that the Toast has its deepest significance. There comes to mind the memory of a little inland town where the local high school alumni had met together in annual reunion. Gathering in a knot about one of the tables, a group of Wisconsin students sang the Varsity Toast. There was in the act not only a manifest spirit of comradeship and kindred worship but, to the youth who listened, an inviting call to join the privileged band of singers—to go forth, also, into the world beyond to learn and, in that learning, to rejoice. But fondest of all is the recollection of an alumni reunion held by Wisconsin men and women in one of the larger cities of the West, where the meeting was opened by singing the Varsity Toast. How, like a memory key, the words unlocked the past, recalling through happy suggestion experiences that the busy world had already dimmed if not obliterated.

Surely it is the alumni after all who most revere the Varsity Toast,—those men and women who have gone forth to face the world, to find that college days are the happiest days, that the old alma mater has been indeed a fostering mother. It is they who sing with deepest fervor, who find most unction in the words:

“Praise to thee we sing.”

# The Summer Trifler

Sweet summer time now fades and slowly ends  
And lets him mourn  
The sad departure of his summer friends,  
And leaves him quite forlorn;  
But these sweet memories soon will go astray;  
One name may stay.

But this one name will also pass away  
Some day near-by,  
And surely, it won't cause him one sad day,  
Perhaps not one brief sigh;  
Next summer brings another precious pearl—  
A sweeter girl.

—*Ernst Jung.*

# AN INCIDENT OF THE STRIKE

*Frederic Scoville*

Stanislaus Popolowski's place (it has no name) is an old brick building, standing between two ramshackle tenements in the town of R—. It was originally an old farmhouse, but that was long ago, long before the rolling mills came, and the low-browed Hungarians and Polacks began to settle near the works. "Stanley," with rare foresight, turned it into a saloon, and with his wife and two muscular daughters, started a dirty boarding house in connection with it. The house itself is square and dingy, with tottering chimney, iron-barred windows, patched in some places with tin and rusty sheet iron, and looking as unsavory as its reputation. Battered beer signs adorn the front wall, while the shaky porch is piled high with empty beer kegs.

The heavy oaken door, which is really the only respectable part of the house, since it has to be strong and in good repair in order to withstand the battering it sometimes receives, opens directly into the bar. This is a large room, with a low ceiling, heavy rafters, and a sanded floor. The windows, dirty and patched, open toward the north, which makes it necessary to light the room with smoky kerosene lamps, both day and night. In one corner is a large ice-box, and running from that along the wall toward the door, is the bar. A cracked mirror, some few signs, and a number of heavy chairs complete the bar-room furniture.

Last spring trouble broke out at the mills. The Pol-



acks were becoming Americanized and wanted more pay. The company, thinking that their demands could safely be ignored, refused even to consider an advance, and the Polacks, to a man, went out on a strike. With no work to occupy them during the day, time hung heavy on their hands, and "Stanley's" became a very popular place. It was filled during the day and crowded at night. Here the walking delegates held forth until late at night, when the strikers reeled homeward, filled with beer and enthusiasm. Although this enthusiasm was at times noisy, the determination of the strikers to compel the company to accede to their demands was firm, and accordingly when the company saw that it was to be war, they imported a number of strike-breakers. These "scabs," as they were called, were a reckless lot, and as the saloon was near the works, they would, if well armed and in sufficient numbers, come over on Sunday nights and get drunk. I was detailed at this time by "The Times" to cover the strike, and, knowing that the strikers were beginning to feel hungry, I determined not to miss the clash which I felt was sure to come soon.

On the second Sunday after the scabs arrived, while I was walking toward the settlement, I met Wallie Blish and a couple of his pals. Wallie is a dock rat, small but wiry, and a bad man to mix with. He stopped me, saying that he had heard that trouble was brewing in the flats. At once I became interested.

"Come on," he said, "with us. We're going over to see the fun."

Glad of the protection which he and his companions afforded, I accepted his offer and walked rapidly with them toward the mills.

When we entered the saloon, which was the first place visited, we found it crowded. There were about twenty

scabs present, all drunk and all armed with knives and brass knuckles, which they showed freely, together with an equal number of Slavs, presumably armed, and all ugly. The lamps were smoking abominably, and cast a flicking light on the grimy, savage faces of the men. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke, and the odor of beer and whisky was everywhere. The room was strangely quiet, except for the guttural talk of the Polacks and an occasional raucous laugh or oath from the scabs. With only a narrow space between the two nearest enemies, the two factions lined the bar, eyeing each other malevolently. Behind the bar, old Stanley and his two daughters hurried to and fro, drawing mugs of beer and pulling forward squat bottles of whisky. The sweat ran down their faces and the beer drenched their clothes, but their exertions never slackened. Money was coming in fast and they were ready to take it. Soon there would be a fight. That did not worry them, for fights were not at all uncommon and they could take care of themselves.

As the night wore on, the noise grew louder. From my place of advantage at the end of the bar, I could see the whole room. It was a savage scene. The smoke laden air, strong with the odor of sweating men, the dim light, the red-eyed, barbarous appearance of the Slavs, and the reckless, drunken glances of the scabs, combined to give me a thrill of fear, and for an instant I contemplated a retreat. In a moment this panic passed and I determined to see it out. Wallie and his friends were happy. They had all had enough whiskey to arouse their pugnacious instincts, and fidgeted about, eager for the fight to begin. Even Otto, the phlegmatic German, was restless. The ancient Berserker love of a fight was beginning to rise in his breast. He opened

and shut his large hands spasmodically, and eyed the scabs with a wicked gleam in his eye. He had no cause to love them, for only a week had passed since four of them had slugged him into insensibility for a fancied insult. Revenge for the cowardly assault had brought him and his friends to Stanley's that night.

The night was fast going and the crowd constantly grew. There was barely room to move. The tables and chairs were piled high along the walls. As it was impossible for everyone to reach the bar, beer was passed overhead to those in the rear. At last, one of the scabs, leaning over the bar, tried to kiss Mary, the youngest daughter. It was not an unusual occurrence, but to-night it was the spark that set the blaze. Peter, a huge roller-tender, with an inarticulate howl of rage, sprang forward, and with one blow of his clenched fist, battered the masher's face on the bar. In a flash all was confusion. The crowd began to sway, and a Babel of howls and curses arose. Knives gleamed in the murky light, clubs rose and fell, as the combatants, fighting desperately, swayed back and forth. In the first rush of the Polacks, before I could raise my hands, a blow from behind caught me on the head, and half-dazed, I was knocked down and trampled on. Otto, seeing my plight, grasped me by the legs and threw me, gasping and half-senseless, behind the bar. Here there was comparative safety. Old Stanley with a baseball bat was striking indiscriminately at every head within reach. The two girls, each with a revolver in one hand and a beer bottle in the other, were keeping the crowd on the other side of the bar. Staggering to my feet, I seized a stove poker and stood on the defensive. In a moment my head stopped whirling and as I was about to join the fray, a particularly shrill yell called my attention to the corner where the ice-box stood.

There, with his hat off and his coat gone, was Wallie Blish. Crouched on the top of the box, he held a heavy quart bottle of Weiss beer in each hand. Suddenly, with a shrill yell, he would hurl a bottle at the head of some strike-breaker. At each successful shot, Wallie's yell rose gleefully. Toward the middle of the room, I could see Otto's blond head moving forward. He had no weapons, except his bare hands, but every time he hit, a man dropped. While I was watching him, a short, red-headed Russian sprang upon his back, and struck him heavily with a slug shot. Otto dropped limply. The Russian loosed his hold and turned, only to catch a Weiss beer bottle squarely in the mouth. He whirled about, the blood spurting from his nose and mouth, and staggered toward the door.

By this time the room had become clearer. The Polacks, fighting stubbornly, had been driven out, leaving behind them part of their number, senseless. Thus far the scabs had had the best of the fight, although some were lying helpless among the fallen Polacks. Outside could be heard the shouts of the crowd, the shrill cries of the women rising in high falsetto above the deeper voices of the men. The scabs, during the lull, made no attempt to clear us out from behind the bar, not daring, probably, to face the guns of the two girls. There were five of us now, Wallie having joined us. His place of advantage on the ice-box had become too dangerous after the room was cleared.

It was for only an instant that the calm lasted. With a rush, the Polacks, armed with stones and clubs, attacked from both the front and rear; clambering through the windows, and crowding about the doors, which the scabs vainly attempted to close. But the Polacks were not to be denied. The scabs, fighting stubbornly, were

overpowered, and once down, were beaten unmercifully. A few making a rush, managed to reach the open air, but here they were set upon by the women, who fought no less desperately than the men. Just as the last strike-breaker dashed from the building, a squad of officers arrived and dispersed the mob. After getting a list of those most seriously injured I left the scene of the fray to have my own head bandaged.

The next morning I revisited the place. "Stanley" was cleaning the glass and blood-stained sand out of the bar-room with the scraper he used to clean his sidewalk in winter. He was not over-communicative, but I managed to extract the information that outside of broken windows and bottles, his loss had been inconsiderable. From there, I visited Mike Reardon's "Eureka." Mike told me that he had bandaged twenty-two broken heads that night. Most of his patients had said that they had been hit with beer bottles. Wallie's aim must have been good. From what I learned later, there were twelve men taken to the hospital seriously injured. One never regained consciousness, and two died the next day. Two of the dead were strike-breakers. In all there were something like fifty men in the bar-room, of whom thirty-eight were injured more or less. Only two scabs reported for work the next morning. I was lucky to be the only reporter present during the fracas, but I consider myself more lucky in escaping with a whole skin.

# THE UNDERTOW

G. B. H.

It was only when Kavel felt the increasing heave of the waves that he realized how far he had swum from the protection of the cove, where the rest of the party were splashing in the shallows. He was new to salt water, but he knew enough of the action of the undertow to see that he was running perilously far into the open. Still he had confidence in his powers, and it was without uneasiness that he began to beat back against the force of the outgoing tide.

He made slow progress for the effort put forth. He was using his whole strength, and there were moments when he needed all that to keep him in his place. Long before the objects on shore showed larger outlines his stroke began to weaken.

He was more annoyed than frightened. He pulled himself together, fixed his eyes on the distant boat-house, and plowed on. But he was working against the waves as well as the tide, now, and the splash of salt water in his face irritated and blinded him. The fatigue in his muscles grew from a scarcely felt sensation to a positive ache. It seemed to be concentrating in the calf of his right leg, and a sudden fear of cramps seized him. In his momentary panic he shot forward with new speed, when suddenly his whole right leg seemed to twitch into rigidity. He kicked desperately, but he felt his whole side growing useless.

People on shore were pointing his way, and he saw a

cat-boat come about and head toward him. His senses seemed numb, but his thoughts flashed rapidly through his brain. He had an aversion to calling for help, and as he struggled he estimated the distance to the life line quite coolly. Then a higher wave strangled him and he lost his stroke. He began to shout, and paddle blindly. The cat-boat was still fifty yards away. It seemed to crawl toward him.

He was deathly afraid, though he kept saying over to himself, "I can't drown. No. Not possibly." Then out of the swift jumble that was flashing through his brain came one clear vision—a memory of a big-muscled champion and a voice: "When you get a cramp grab it wid your two hands—sink—let go—and knead it till you hit bottom." He seized his stiffened leg and sank. And his free foot struck ground. He had reached the saving sand shelf that rimmed the shore, in time.



# ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

*E. F. Curtiss*

You take one more glance at the steep incline, draw your breath sharply and step aboard. A bell rings, the gates are closed and locked, and presently you are off. Up, up, up, until the world seems nowhere and the sky everywhere. Now you are passing the other car and you almost wish you were aboard but you see the big two inch cables ahead, so you grit your teeth and smile reassuringly. At length the steepest portion of the track looms above, the car is jerked straight up, like an elevator, the engine gives a few final chugs and, presently, firm ground is again beneath your feet.

For a few moments you gaze at the awe-inspiring sight of a great city changed into a garden of toys, then another bell announces that a little, rickety old street car is ready to pull you round the mountain. Again you are hanging on the edge of nothing, now plunging over a deep ravine, now clinging to a cliff that falls sheer below and fades into the green of the valley. But the nonchalance of the guide soon drives away your fear and, presently, you are lost in admiration. Away down below you see beautiful fields and beds of green with here and there the gleam of water and perhaps the glint of steel. Across is Hooker's Gap—seven miles distant, they tell you—but it seems scarce seven blocks. The car rounds a sharp bend, grinds hard upon the rails and rattles alongside of the Old Inn veranda. From here can be seen the grandest panorama of all



and, as you gaze and gaze, you become heedless even of the old guide's eloquence and your own being.

Away to the right is Chattanooga, snuggling close to the Tennessee which winds grandly on through Moccasin Bend, throwing silver gleams back to the sun bathed valley, until it disappears far into the north, "whence the fleets of iron have fled." It is Nature's own masterpiece, but now and then ribbons of wood and steel flash along on tiny threads and the scream of a whistle echoes faintly up the mountainside.

But now the sun is creeping into the west and the last glory of the day is before your eyes. Hastily, you clamber up the long stairs to Point Rock and, high above the mists of the valley, you watch a golden disk fall slowly through a sea of molten radiance, until a stern and rugged skyline reaches up and folds the treasure to itself. Gently the purple shadows gather, a single beam shoots heavenward, then down and lo, the day is done.

Thoughtfully you rise and wander back across the mountain just as the twinkling city lights beckon homeward. But no, it is not time as yet, for again the scene is changed. The moon has broken from the orient and is fighting upwards 'gainst the scudding clouds. A peal of thunder breaks from a bank of clouds above the city and once more you stand mute as the elements of earth and sky draw their fanged swords across the darkening heavens.

The whistle for the last car has sounded and slowly you are dropping into the blackness below. You have finished your tour of Mt. Lookout and, as the great black hump towers steadily above you, the one word frames itself in your mind: magnificent.

## THE CONVICT'S ESCAPE

*Alice L. Webb*

High on the brow of the cliff he stood, gazing into the black swirl of waters beneath. It was his only escape, and he had decided upon it. He glanced behind him, and saw, far down the mountain trail up which he had toiled with the last remnant of his strength, a group of horsemen. They looked like flies, crawling on the zig-zag path, but he knew they were making rapid progress, for they had fresh mounts. His own poor nag had fallen exhausted long ago, and he had fled on foot for days, with rarely an hour's rest for sleep and food.

"There'll be a big price for me, alive or dead," he muttered as he measured the distance between the approaching posse and himself. "But they'll never have it!"

Purple shadows filled the valleys and canyons, and the high peaks alone shone golden. As soon as the sun should drop behind Crown Peak he determined he would make his final escape from his merciless pursuers.

There was absolutely no hope that he might live, there in that terrible black current below, for it disappeared into the heart of the mountain, to sift out again miles away in a dozen small cataracts. It was the Devil's Cauldron which never gave up anything once cast in. He was very tired, the water would be cool, and at most it would be but a short struggle. He would not go back to San Quentin to wear away the interminable empty years in a solitary cell.

There was a sharp report behind him, and a bullet sang past his ear. He smiled to think they had not even drawn blood. Then he gave a long last look at the red rim sinking behind Crown Peak, and dived straight into the smooth, inky eddies of the whirling cauldron.

He had escaped!



## MORAN ON MATRIMONY

G. B. H.

Stanley Moran settled himself on the steps of his "suburban villa"—"diminutive for shanty," he explained, "called so in courtesy, by the agent"—while I, from the seat of honor on the decorative porch, delivered my two years accumulation of Madison news. Moran smoked; even when I told the woeful history of our Reformation, he commented only with the brief pessimistic grunts that are the privilege of the old grad; but when I came to our epidemic of marital pilgrimage to Rockford, Ill., suddenly he became aroused, and spoke caustically.

"It gives me a pain," he said, "to see two young persons just over spanking age hiking innocently into a cold world to be joined in theoretically holy bonds till Death do them part unless the divorce judge beats him to it. It's not the gross financial fallacy of the thing that bothers me; it's the psychic, ethical end of it. You kid undergraduates"—he jabbed his finger at me accusingly—"are at the sappy, susceptible age when the shimmer of a white shirtwaist in moonlight gives you brainstorms. When your emotional insanity grows so acute it injures your digestion, you think it's chronic and you'll never get over it. You will; only if you marry you're legally never supposed to.

"Puppy crushes aren't serious themselves—but the consequences are. Think now, how much healthier it would have been for Romeo and Juliet in the long run if they'd never met.

“Of course I’m maintaining the general principle, which isn’t infallible. Marriage is too uncertain a business; which is what makes it so interesting.”

Moran pulled meditatively at his pipe a moment. Then he told a tale.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I passed my last con exam and graduated, three of us took a month off and camped on Lake Minnetonka, previous to enslaving ourselves to James J. Hill. It was my last evening and I sat on a suit-case communing with nature, when Bill Delancey came down the lake with his motor-boat and called on us to come out and be cheerful. To help cheer, he had brought along four of the finest examples of Minnesota pippins that ever gladdened my vision. I consider it fine proof of my discriminating taste that I picked Sarah Whittlesey for my particular Queen of Beauty.

She had quantities of smoky black hair done into one of those tidal-wave pompadours that the wind blows through, so that it has to be brushed back and made to behave, frequently. Every time she did that she had me fascinated. Also, she was gifted with wide, gentian-blue eyes that looked down into your soul and made you ashamed of it; and once you started looking into her eyes you were satisfied and took no notice of the rest of her face, which was your loss.

She was frank and friendly as if we’d been brought up in the same block and made mud pies together. There were no dead centers in the conversations either, for she carried a line of talk that was original and all her own; and the whole time she was steering the boat with one hand. I told her she was different from any girl I had ever met—a bright remark I had used on several

previous occasions—but this time I meant it. We were positively chummy when we reached the Island.

The Island, you know, is a combination of Luna Park and Esther Beach. It has a line of figure-eights and things, on the edge of a forest primeval with paths through it, and electric lights at discreet intervals—a very pleasant place.

We landed under the skating pavilion porch—but passed that feature up for the nonce, and headed for the roller coaster and the circle swing.

Then Bill Delancey sprung one of his jokes. While Sarah was trying to ring the cane and get a good cigar, which I volunteered to smoke if I perished in the attempt, Bill and the crowd sneaked away into the night. That was Bill's idea of delicate humor.

"Us in pursuit!" I said, "and if we miss them—there's a moonlight effect off the Point that's much better company."

Just there the brassy pavilion orchestra interrupted, with the first movement of *Everybody Works but Father*. Sarah did a little step dance in the gravel.

"Ev'rybody skates but Sarah, and Stan Moran," she sang, in a tone of suggestion. "Don't you roller-skate, Mr. Moran?"

"I have," I said, without enthusiasm, for I preferred moonlight effects.

"It's fun for the spectators only, unless you're truly expert," she said, with an air of renunciation, which nettled me, as she'd probably calculated.

"Young lady, I accept no implied dares," I said. "Lead me to the skates."

But when I sailed shakily onto that light noisy floor, I regretted it. Halfway down, I sat. Some thirty idiots laughed. I rose without dignity, mad. I struck

out again, doggedly, trying to remember how I did it on Mendota; scraped a stout person, cursed mentally, and suddenly found myself progressing. It scared me, it was so easy.

Then Sarah swooped in, our hands crossed and caught, and I floated away in a state of bliss, quite drunk and irresponsible with the music and the motion and the sweet nearness of the girl—and I was just over the rim of the seventh heaven, when my left skate cracked.

Before I was quite back to earth we had swung clear of the crowd, through the great side door onto the long, empty verandah. "Only the buckle"—Sarah was saying, and we headed for a far bench. Then things happened swiftly. The dock stairs opened to our left, and precisely in front of them was a warped board.

I felt the bump, lurched, swung desperately to save Sarah, and balanced an instant, clawing air; then I pitched acrobatically down those stairs, headfirst into the milky way. Three comets hit me between the eyes and I slid into outer darkness.

That lasted a very few seconds, for I heard Sarah's skates clatter on the last stairs. My brain ached and thumped and spun most horribly, but I had sense enough to lie still when she slid an arm under my head and asked if I was hurt. I enjoyed that for a moment, then opened one eye.

"Are you hurt badly?" she asked again.

"Not at all," I lied and tried to sit up. The three comets hit me again and I lay back suddenly.

She began investigating. When she lifted my right arm there was a swift pain like a jab from a red hot ice pick. I winced all over, and abruptly another shock struck into my left ankle.

“Sprain—and break I’m afraid. We must try Tonka Bay,” she said; “there may be a doctor on the Island—but he’d bring inquisitive idiots. Can you walk to the boat?”

“If Bill—” I began, vaguely.

“Billy can take the steamer,” she said, and rose. “I will be back right away.”

She clattered up the stairs again. After some ages—perhaps three minutes—she was back with a skate key and water and whisky. How she got that last I never knew—it was illegal—but I needed it when she was binding my arm stiff to a parasol. It takes nerve to apply first aid; Sarah did it, and got me to the boat and among cushions. By then I was down and out and the comets took all my attention.

When I opened my eyes she was at the machine. I could barely see her dim white outline as she braced herself, straining at the crank; then suddenly the engine coughed, her arm flew sideways to the tiller line, and we swung clear into the moonlight.

In a moment she came forward, wiping her hands professionally on a wad of waste.

“Are you quite comfortable?” she said. “Comfortable as you can be?” She laid her cool hand lightly for an instant on my throbbing head. And at the touch I had warm visions of home and fireside, with the lamp low and a woman close beside me in the half light—as this woman was now.

Her hand smelled some of gasoline. I am an engineer. I liked it.

Then, abruptly, I saw things with horrible, stark lucidity. I saw, in my mind’s eye, a gaunt ministerial person saying: “Do you, Stanley Moran, a smashed-up M. E., with an eleven-hundred-a-year job you’re likely



to lose, take this girl with the dark pompadour, who in business hours stenog's in a real estate office, whom you have known exactly one and three-quarters hours, to love, honor and obey? Goat!" And attendant imps shrieked, "You have theorized—" and that's as far as he got, for I clenched the wrong hand and hurt myself, and came to.

Sarah was looking far ahead to the lights of Tonka Bay, one firm hand on the steering wheel, her body poised a little forward—lithe, young, wonderful, desirable. She turned to me.

"Sarah," I said, "Sarah, there's something I've got to—want to—say. I know it's all wrong—illogical—Sarah—I—"

Then I was glad my left arm was in working order, and she was on that side of me. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Indoors a struck match hissed. From the dining room came the pleasant clink of table things, and a woman's slender shadow moved across the light.

Moran fell silent and puffed three times at his dead pipe. He was wondering, I thought, whether in the current of story telling he had told too much. When he spoke again it was in a matter-of-fact didactic tone.

"I said: 'Will you marry me?' or words to that effect. She said 'Yes.'

"The point of the story is that, to date, I have never regretted it. Which is an exception and proves the rule."

## VACATION FUSSING

*A. L. W.*

“Gee, but this is a lonesome town, Mike. Got the makin’s?”

Mike handed me his bag of Durham with a grunt of assent, and there was silence between us until we had consumed half our cigarettes. Then Mike took his feet from the rickety veranda rail with a bang and walked to the steps.

“Come on, Fred,” he said over his shoulder. “I can’t stand this. Gotta get something moving. Let’s take a walk and see what we can find.”

The town, as we had alighted from the train at six, had seemed quiet enough, in all conscience, and the poor fare at its one hotel had justified our worst fears as to the hospitality we were to receive. Now, as we strolled down the deserted main street, we hoped with all our hearts that our business might be quickly done, and our stay as short as possible.

“Look at that moon, will you, Mike. Just think of the skinoovious fussing it would mean in Madison.”

“Or in Sharon,” retorted Mike. He knew my failing, all right. It is true, at that minute, I’d have given all I ever got out of the Tax Commission to share some of that moonlight with “the Rose of Sharon.” She certainly was a peach.

Mike broke in on my soliloquy.

“Two hundred miles from home, a gorgeous moon, and we don’t know a soul. It’s sickening.”

I gave him a thump on the back, to bring him out of it.

"Brace up, old man. Here's the Carnegie library; maybe it's a life-saving station, and we'll try it. I'll find you Tommy's name and fame in that Outlook article."

At the desk we inquired for the current magazines. A girl in a white dress started to tell us where to find them, but stopped short when she looked at Mike. Then she laughed, the jolliest laugh you ever heard.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "It's an age since I saw you. How are all the girls at Madison? You'd know, if anyone would."

"By Heck, it's Mattie Randall!" cried Mike, grabbing her hand as if it were the proverbial straw for the drowning. I thought he'd eat her up. By and by he came out of it and introduced me. She was an early crush of his, when he was on the Hill. I had often heard him tell what a flossy little dame she was, and I was wise, right off, to the fact that we had fallen on our feet when we dropped into that library.

"You are just in time," I heard her say to Mike. "There's a lawn party next door at the Congregational church, and I'll take you over and introduce you to the girls."

Mike stole a wicked look at me, as he replied that we loved church socials, and, more truthfully, that he would be tickled to death to go. Say, you never saw such a bunch of petticoats as we found at that social. I picked out one particular piece of calico that looked awfully good to me, and was having the time of my life, cutting out the drug-store clerk, who had been feeling a little too secure in her good graces. I didn't even see Mike for an hour and a half; he was the middle of a crowd of girls, keeping them all busy guessing as to which was

the only one. Finally he broke away with one sweet young thing, and steered her over where I was sharing a hammock.

“O, Fre-e-d,” he drawled, in a way he has when he is particularly pleased. “Two hundred miles from home, a gorgeous moon, and we don’t know a soul, huh? Let’s all take a walk!”



## RELEASE

*W. A. Buchen*

He was smoking at a little carved table and lazily watching the rings as they floated toward the red ceiling. Before him was a small glass of cognac. He held it up to the light, staring into its gold with a curious smile on his lips and blankness in his eyes. A girl he had known long ago had had hair of just that color. The smile rose to his eyes as he waved the glass fantastically toward the smoke clouds before drinking. He set the glass down and refilled it meditatively. Slowly he lifted it to the light again.

“Just the shade,” was his thought, “and the subtle scent of it went to my poor head even faster than this.”

He carefully spilled a few drops before drinking and, after putting down the glass gravely, made the sign to avert the evil eye, as one who believed that it would help.

He fumbled in his pocket and took out a little leather case, opened it, and drew out a curling strand of hair that clung to his hand like a snake. He smoothed it out, caressingly. He slowly lit a match and touched the bright flame to the curl. It blazed brightly on the table for a moment and then was gone. The man stooped and softly blew away the ashes, made the sign to avert the evil eye, and rose joyously as one might who had long carried a heavy burden and had at last cast it from him.

## EDITORIAL

### "WE TAKE UP OUR PENS"

An anniversary greeting to all our readers,—the friendly reader of the year just passed, the new reader we hope to make our friend in the weeks to come. With this, the initial number of volume five, the Lit enters hopefully upon the fifth year of publication—young still and filled with the trust and optimism of youth.

We do not point in triumph to work done in the past nor with assurance to the promise of the future. The history of the Lit has been the story of a four years' struggle against the literary indifference of Wisconsin—an indifference which has grown to be proverbial. The Lit has emerged from the test, however, only stronger and more firm in her footing. Each year has been marked by a forward stride in the character and management of the paper. To maintain past standards of the Lit, to make an advance proportional to that of our predecessors shall be the single aim of the present board.

The legitimate place of the Lit—that annual question which confronts the new staff—we shall dismiss for what we believe to be the greater and more important question: how shall the Lit be made of interest to its readers? How shall we appeal to the greatest number of students?

We have formulated many little plans in answer to this query. We are still open for helpful suggestions from those interested. We would like our readers' advice and help.

The Lit is Wisconsin's. Credit due her is reflected in turn upon the University. It is in this relation we appeal to the support of Wisconsin students. We do not barnacle ourselves to the mother ship nor throw ourselves upon your patriotism. With only reasonable

encouragement the Lit can always maintain the standard set at her origin—a literary effort worth while.

#### AN EXPLANATION

Two years ago, the Lit inaugurated a new feature of literary criticism. Lucian Cary's review of "The Conquest of Canaan" makes one of the memorable pages in the files of the Lit.

Critical efforts on the part of undergraduates may seem precocious and presumptuous. So long, however, as we steer clear of controversy over Hamlet's madness or the character of Othello, we feel that we may produce something in that way profitable to ourselves and acceptable to our readers. We are endeavoring to renew the lost feature in "Blackwood's Today."

#### PRIZES FOR UNDERCLASSMEN

The Lit is particularly interested and inquisitive in her attitude toward underclassmen. She is anxious to make the acquaintance of every youth with literary ambition who enters the University,—all on account of her desire to obtain the best material being written among the students. If you have anything in the line of stories, essays, criticisms, poems and the like which you think suitable for publication kindly send them in to us. They will receive the careful consideration of the board.

In order to encourage literary work among the underclassmen, the business manager offers a cash prize of ten dollars to be paid for the best piece of literary work submitted to the Lit by either sophomore or freshman before December 1st. Manuscript may be mailed to the editor or placed in the Lit mail box in the main entrance to University Hall. Competition will be restricted to members of the sophomore and freshman classes only. All manuscript will be carefully examined and the result of the contest announced in our January issue. Affix name and Madison address to all manuscript submitted.

# ENTRE NOUS

## THE CREW

The most fitting time to discuss a great event, when circumstances render a timely discussion impossible, is at the first opportunity. Three months have elapsed since the Poughkeepsie regatta, yet the crew race is the live topic of athletic talk for the first week of the fall reunion. To say that many enthusiastic crew supporters were deeply disappointed by the poor showing of the varsity eight would be putting it mildly. To say that any—even an inconsiderable few—were gloomy and disheartened would be to venture a suggestion which no loyal Wisconsin student will admit.

We are not going to make excuses for the result of the varsity race. Succeeding years have staled the variety of such a task. We do not admit, however, that there are no grounds for excuse. Rather let us meet the bald fact unflinchingly: *we were fifth*. This should not incite a mad desire to knock the naval department. It should only inspire us with a stronger determination to “show them” at the next opportunity. The trip of Syracuse to Wisconsin and the result of the freshman race at Poughkeepsie prove that a long journey has little, if any, effect upon the condition of crews. What is most essential is four years’ training under one experienced coach without interrupting changes of method and supervision.

The victory of the freshman crew was brilliant. Keeping a safe head from the outset they won easily, finishing two lengths ahead of the nearest competitor. Their victory goes far to redeem the defeat of the varsity and



shows what Wisconsin men can do. With 1910 material to draw upon and with another year of Coach Ten Eyck's efficient training assured us the outlook for the crew has never been brighter.

The Easterners have shown great respect for Wisconsin's sportsmanship and gameness. Moreover, they have never been without fear of her prowess, even though our naval performances of the past few years have been aught but remarkable. A clean record of manly grit and perseverance, such as has been displayed during the past decade by the Wisconsin navy, is in itself a thing to be proud of and well worth the expense and trouble of the trip to the Hudson. We are proud of our record in this respect and well content, knowing that the near future promises more substantial, if not more praiseworthy, grounds for rejoicing.

### CORBIN AND WISCONSIN

For a better appreciation of the true greatness and renown of our alma mater every student should read John Corbin's article on the University of Wisconsin, which appeared during the summer months in the Saturday Evening Post. Not only does Mr. Corbin pay high tribute to Wisconsin by placing her first in the list of colleges with which his series of articles has to deal, but his opening paragraph, quoting the opinions of the Hon. William Henry Jones of the Mosely educational commission of Great Britain, refers to Wisconsin as the leading educational institution of America.

Mr. Corbin neither concedes nor denies the entire truth of this rather sweeping statement, but he proceeds to point out the many different respects in which Wisconsin should be given precedence over other American

universities. The fine spirit of democracy among her students; the faculty which the university has shown for rendering practical returns to the people of the state and nation; the exceptional excellence of her agricultural, engineering and law courses; the wholesome soundness of her educational plans and practices; the common sense practicability, aimed at in each course of the institution; her unparalleled beauty of location—all these are among the many strong points to which Mr. Corbin credits Wisconsin's distinction among colleges.

We were much interested on the occasion of Mr. Corbin's visit among us last spring to know just what quality he would find most characteristic of our institution. Mr. Corbin sounds the key note of his impressions in the title of his write-up—"Wisconsin, the Utilitarian University." Unpleasant as the adjective may sound to many, it is admittedly well chosen and entirely applicable. We could wish that the so-called "Hill" courses smacked less of this utilitarianism; that the aims of instruction be directed more to character building through liberal education and less to the turning out of English instructors and high school principals; that the end of the instruction be more, as Mr. Corbin says, "to educate mind and morals by means of the studies that are called liberal, as distinguished from those that are primarily scientific and technical." However we concede that, apart from the Hill, especially in the College of Engineering and Agriculture, utilitarianism becomes a virtue. So long as the gradation of meaning between utilitarian and commercial is kept distinct there should be no objection to the former attribute as applied to Wisconsin.

Student life is treated in Mr. Corbin's article in a manner which shows plainly the author's understanding

and admiration of the Western undergraduate. While exhibiting a broad grasp of the social life at Wisconsin the writer showed a marked unfamiliarity with details. He discovered but *two* social clubs in the university, namely the Monastics and the Yellow Helmet. The Storks, the U. W. Club, the International Club, the Wislynx, the Waldorf and a score of others fully as representative of Wisconsin's social life as the above mentioned were overlooked. Mr. Corbin, however, may be pardoned such oversight as the error undoubtedly lay in his sources. One can scarcely expect any individual to become completely familiar with the working and full details of a great institution in three weeks' time.

Mr. Corbin's article was, on the whole, very comprehensive, very truthful and,—though in no way did it magnify the importance or utility of any department,—very flattering. It is evident from the tone of the article that Mr. Corbin liked Wisconsin. Wisconsin, in turn, is always loyal to her friends and a man who can find so much to admire and commend is always welcome among us.

