



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. V, No. 7 April 1908

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], April 1908

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE WISCONSIN
✧ LITERARY ✧
✧ MAGAZINE ✧



HUBBARD • 001

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. V

APRIL, 1908

No. 7

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Founded in 1903 and Published Monthly by Students of the
University of Wisconsin.

Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter
of the second class

Vol. V

APRIL, 1908

No. 7

CONTENT

	<i>Page</i>
A Wisconsin Poet	285
Further Adventures of Don Quixote —Frances Lundquist	290
The Irresistible Force —Ralph Birchard	298
An Italian Morning (verse) —Alice L. Webb	302
A Stylite of St. Anne's —Shirley H. Shannon	303
Lines on Acquaintances (verse) —P. M. Willis	308
The Seat of Learning at Ouisconsang —H. J. Parmley	309
Delilah (verse) —Walther Buchen	313
From the Second Story —Elizabeth F. Corbett	314
Impression (verse) —L. P. S.	315
Chubby —D. M. Burnham	316
The Professor's Secret —William B. Kemp	318
The Boy and the Devil —Translated by F. L.	324
The Eternal Feminine —Dorothy Maria Burnham	325
Entre Nous	330
Editorially	331

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

APRIL, 1908

Number 7

JOHN V. MULANY, Editor
821 State Street

GEORGE B. HILL, Asst. Editor
Y. M. C. A. Building

ASSOCIATES

EDITH D. SWENSON
KENNETH F. BURGESS
ERNST JUNG

DOROTHY M. BURNHAM
GEORGE M. SHEETS
ALICE L. WEBB

FREDERICK C. SCOVILLE

WILLARD L. STEPHENSON, Business Manager
614 Langdon Street

TERMS: \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in the "Lit" box in the front entrance of Main Hall.

A WISCONSIN POET

SUNSET

I SAW the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge
And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp;
High in his hand he held a blazing lamp.
Then dropped it and plunged headlong down the ledge.

WITH lurid splendor that swift paled to gray
I saw the dim skies suddenly flash bright,
'Twas but the expiring glory of the light
Flung from the hand of the adventurous day.

—From "Miscellaneous Poems" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IT IS nearly sixty years since the University of Wisconsin was founded, yet the list of her alumni who have distinguished themselves in the literary field may be numbered on the hand. It is extremely doubtful, indeed, if Wisconsin will ever point to a distinguished literator and exclaim in all truth—"He is my own!" Talented men she shall have,—builders of dams and bridges, justices and chief justices, wizards of scientific research, enlightened agriculturists. All the products which the best in routine and training can furnish shall be hers, but men of letters, whose natural genius has been rounded and developed in an atmosphere of literary and artistic training, shall be denied her.

To seek an explanation of this very obvious truth and its subsequent prediction is a baffling task indeed. So many random causes are suggested. Perhaps our northern climate—where we commune with nature in fur jackets and arctic overshoes—is partly responsible. Poetic fervor, like Mendota, is congealed for the half of the twelve-month. Perhaps it is this "commercial spirit" so rife amongst us that stifles all suggestion of "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread," as compatible with self-sufficiency. Perhaps it is a department where Browning jostles "child study" and English literature goes hand in hand with "mental development." And then, perhaps, after all, our misfortunes are but the reasons of mischance.

There is but one poet of our state who has ever acquired a national reputation and yet, so soon is the past buried, so little does tradition live among us, it will be a surprise to many students of today to know that Ella Wheeler Wilcox was once a student at Wisconsin. Though here but a short time during the early seventies, when she was but sixteen years of age, Mrs. Wilcox studied no further on leaving Wisconsin, and in this respect she is ours.

It is interesting to read her reminiscences of life in Madison, to note how irksome and restrictive student life was to her, to observe the fine independence with which she set re-

strains aside. Writing in the *Cosmopolitan* for August, 1901, she says of her school life:

"I was not at all happy; first, because I knew the strain it put upon the home purse; second, because I felt the gulf between myself and the town girls, whose gowns and privileges revealed to me, for the first time, the different classes in American social life; and third, because I wanted to write and did not want to study. I had lost all taste for books.

"On composition day I undertook to distinguish myself by writing a 'narrative,' as the class was requested, but my ardent story only called forth a kind rebuke from gentle Miss Ware, and I was told to avoid reading the *New York Ledger*."

Shortly after, Mrs. Wilcox left school to devote herself entirely to writing. Many of her poems are of school day inspiration. Her two lyrics, *The Waltz Quadrille* and *The Beautiful Blue Danube* are memories of a commencement ball in the old Wisconsin gym.

Mrs. Wilcox, whose maiden name was Ella Wheeler, passed the years before her marriage at her birthplace in the little town of Windsor, some fourteen miles from Madison. Some of her early poems appeared in the *Madison Democrat*, and Ella Wheeler, "the child poet," was a prominent figure on the program of the old Monona Assembly. As a poet of occasions she appeared at all great state events, and it was through her appearance before a Grand Army reunion in the city of Milwaukee that she first met Mr. Wilcox. After their marriage they moved to Meridian, Connecticut, and later to New York city.

A few of the poems of Mrs. Wilcox are known to everyone—little gems of the common-place, clothed in lyric strength and beauty. It is easy to discern her admirable quality of deep sincerity; it is also easy to criticise and to decry. A study of her early life, however, and the conditions under which she wrote her earliest work craves an indulgence. Beginning to write when very young, finding not only encouragement but a clamorous demand for her writings, she was

hastily prolific. Often she wrote eight and ten poems in a single day. In her maturer judgment she repented her youthful haste and, of over ten thousand pieces of verse, she now sets the seal of approval on a limited number only. As was natural, this young poet was much maligned, especially by those who found Parnassus Way more steep and thorny. The finer merits of her work, however, have borne her safely over all attack. Not only is she an American poet, but the première poet of the Middle West. Her connection with the university, though brief and academic, closely associated her with the university as it then existed, and has made her our own.

It is more than thirty years since Mrs. Wilcox was a student at Wisconsin, and no greater proof can be found of her affection for old surroundings, of her genuine sincerity and kindness than a recent letter to THE LIT, in which she speaks of her brief career as a student. The letter, in part, is as follows:

‘HONOLULU, HAWAII, Feb. 17th, '08.

* * * I find myself, in this far colony, as far from America proper as my university days seem to my real life. My attitude to the university is much like one's attitude to a dream—the day after! It was such a brief little dream of ‘getting an education’—and when, at the end of months of home-sickness (or rather sick-of-schoolness), I found I had learned nothing but my own unfitness for college, I awoke from the dream of *learning things from books* and said I wanted to stay at home and *write things* from within me!

Only the courage of ignorance enabled me to do this. If I had known more, I never would have dared. And since it proved the best for me, individually to develop myself, I have always been grateful to the “university” for *not* making me happy enough to stay on.

But my sentiments are most kindly. The happiest event connected with my association there was a ‘commencement

ball" a few years later—an occasion where I felt I could shine in a terpsichorean contest far more to my credit than I had been able to do in intellectual efforts while at school.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX."

SONNET

From "Miscellaneous Poems."

Methinks oftimes my heart is like some bee,
That goes forth through the summer day and sings,
And gathers honey from all growing things
In garden plot, or on the clover lea.

When the long afternoon grows late, and she
Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,
So heavily the too sweet burden clings,

From which she would not, and yet would, fly free.
So with my full fond heart; for when it tries,
To lift itself to peace crowned heights, above
The common way where countless feet have trod,
Lo! then, this burden of dear human ties,
This growing weight of precious earthly love,
Binds down the spirit that would soar to God.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

Recorded by Frances Lundquist

THE sun, shining smartly down upon the closed eyes and rusty armor of Don Quixote, awoke that valiant knight; he rubbed his eyes sleepily and stared about him. Here he was on a plane of ground about the size of a Spanish square, in front of a large white building which, he judged, was the castle of some foreign knight or, possibly, an American White House. He never could be sure of his geographical bearing, as the constant change from country to country, from one scene to another, confused his sense of time and place. To assist the reader, then, let me tell him that the spot upon which Don Quixote again came to himself was no other than that familiarly known as the Lower Campus; the white building which presented its Ionic columns to his opening eyes, no other than the Wisconsin State Historical Library; the time, eight o'clock, March the thirteenth day, in the year of our Lord, 1908.

The first thing that Don Quixote did, as has been said, was to rub his eyes and look around. He raised himself upon his elbow with some difficulty, for it was a long time since he had been adventuring and his armor had grown very rusty and unpliant. He tried to identify his surroundings, but it was impossible; in this particular place he was certain that he had never before been. What a curious medley of buildings, to be sure. There was one of red brick, quite strong and respectable in appearance, looking like an old fortress; but that one beside it, white and skinny, looking like a pale, consumptive youth! And on the opposite side of the square, what could that be? A shed attached to some kind of prison or orphan's home, no doubt,—thought Don Quixote. Still looking leisurely about, he prepared to rise.

Rising indeed required some preparation. All his bones were stiff, and he felt as if he had been cudgelled. No wonder; so many translations and editions of Don Quixote of La Mancha had well-nigh worn out the old fellow, requiring as it did much traveling from one corner of the world to another. But he finally succeeded in getting to his feet, and after stretching himself carefully, with all due consideration for his armor and his bones, he proceeded down the street which lay between the Orphan Asylum and the castle, for so he styled the two buildings. Before him was a high slope with buildings upon it of divers shapes and styles, arranged in a most orderly fashion. Our friend had scarcely run his eye over the view, when his attention was directed to his immediate surroundings. From the various houses about, youths and maidens issued in a steady stream, with here and there a bearded man, and here and there a gray-haired woman, all tending in one direction, like so many bees toward a central hive. The hive in this case was plainly the above mentioned hill. Our knight would have followed the stream had not his more immediate curiosity been concerned with the white building of the Ionic columns, and he entered it with the fixed purpose of not leaving until his curiosity should be in some measure appeased concerning his surroundings.

The simplicity and purity of the interior at once appealed to Don Quixote and he concluded that he must be in good hands. The mass of white columns, which caught his eye upon entering, shed a soft dim light; they seemed to be waiting, like so many noiseless sentinels. Only in the center was there color; and there, where the eastern light had invaded the place, a touch of pearl illumined the floor's mosaic and brightened the pillars.

While our knight was observing these things he heard a slight cough at his side, and turning, he perceived an old man standing near an iron grating at his left. Don approached him immediately and addressed him with a courtly gesture.

"Senor," he began, "thou art, no doubt, the Alcaide of this castle?"

The man thus addressed was a little old man with a loose muffler tied about his throat in a negligent knot; his hair was long and hung over his coat collar; his eyes were weak and watery; he was unshaven; he stooped; his gait was feeble and shambling.

"I am," he answered to our knight's address. "And the cook and the captain too. Some call me Library Dick; some call me Father William."

"Thou art old, Father William," said Don Quixote, respectfully, who believed the Fountain of Youth to be in his own veins.

"I know it, I know it," the old man replied, "and it comes from employing a quack, who said if I laughed when the crocodile—"

"Would'st mind informing me," interrupted our knight, whose attention had wandered from the Alcaide to the misty interior about him, "would'st mind informing me upon the nature of this edifice and the busy population without?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," answered Father William, officiously. "This building is a kind of sweat-shop for the superfluous young people which you saw outside."

"What!" cried the knight, scarcely believing his ears. "This beautiful building a factory for toilers?"

"That's what it is," replied the old man, calmly. "And there's lots more of 'em up on that there hill. They're all run by one concern, and that concern is a set of giants who've got a magic power over 'em and make 'em go like clock-work."

"And these giants, worthy Alcaide," asked Don Quixote, whose eyes were glistening like two morning windows when first struck by the sunlight,— "these giants, where are they to be found?"

"They live yonder, about a mile or so to the west," the old man answered, indicating the direction with a shaky arm, "in a village on a hill. Some calls it Olimpus, some calls it the Hights."

"I was born to be their destroyer," cried our friend, "for know, Alcaide, that I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he of the Rueful Countenance, the friendless people's friend, and the terror of all giants!"

He would have rushed off immediately, but the old man's glistening eye held him rooted to the spot.

"Stop a bit, brother, stop a bit," said that worthy, "you'd better go around this factory and see for yourself, Mr. Donkey-Hot-ch. Besides, such an extinguished personage as you couldn't leave without signing the registering book in the museum. Ceylon would be broken-hearted if you didn't."

"I may then wander about uninterrupted?" asked the knight.

"With my permission, with my permission," answered the old man, graciously, and the two parted after mutual exchanges of good-will.

Fortified with the Alcaide's consent, Don Quixote ascended the broad marble stairs, thinking deeply, trying to adjust himself to the fact that he was really in a factory and not in the magnificent castle which he thought he saw. He reached the second floor and would have entered the swinging doors upon his left, had he not been arrested by these words upon the glass:

GENERAL READING ROOM

OPEN TO READERS ONLY

VISITORS USE BALCONY

The knight had no idea where the balcony was, but he decided that it must be up still higher, so he ascended the stairs yet another flight. He found himself presently in the balcony, looking over upon the immense work-room below.

The sight which presented itself to Don Quixote's astonished eyes was indeed awful. As he stood surveying the scene, he considered the words used by Father William as pale and listless beside the actual facts. Here were tables upon tables of bewitching damsels and noble youths,

giving their fresh young lives to the soul-destroying work of copying, word for word, the text of heavy and villainous looking volumes. Here was no opportunity for action, dear to Don Quixote; no opportunity for the play of fancy and of thought, dear to his heart also. The sweat fairly stood out on the knight's own brow in contemplation of the scene below. He rushed from the place, fearing that if he stayed there longer, he would really become mad, as his niece and the barber had declared him to be four hundred years ago. He dropped down upon the hall-seat weakly, trying bravely to reach some kind of a sage plan by which he could remedy this sad state of affairs. He was lost in thought for some time and was only brought back to a sense of his surroundings by a delicate perfume which his sensitive nostrils recognized as signalling the presence of a lady. Looking up, he saw that it was so, indeed, and he rose instantly to his feet and bowed gallantly.

"Who are you?" asked the lady, "and what are you doing here?" For she thought the figure of the old knight the most singular and alarming one she had ever seen.

"I am Don Quixote of La Mancha," was the answer, "and I exist for the purpose of rendering homage and devotion to thy sex as well as to render succor to the oppressed. But, gracious lady," he could not refrain from inquiring, "who art thou and whither bound?"

"I am a member of Cunliffe's Browning Class," the lady answered proudly, "and I am now upon my way there."

"Ah madam," the knight begged humbly, "may I detain thee for one question? I only wish to ask if it is customary to think in that class?"

"Think?" echoed the student indignantly. "*Think!* Why, certainly not! That's what Prof. Cunliffe is here for, to think for us!"

"But surely," returned Don Quixote, somewhat confused, "surely a little individual thinking is necessary for an interpretation of life!"

"Why no, Browning does that for us,—the interpreting, I

mean. Come along with me to class, Don Quixote, and you will understand."

The old knight bowed his acceptance of the invitation and gallantly offered his arm, which the lady took gingerly, not wishing to be discourteous, yet disliking the rust upon his armor as much as she did the ridiculous appearance they made together. They stopped at the seminary door, but one glance at the learned assemblage within was enough for Don Quixote, and disengaging himself from the lady's arm, he made a hasty excuse and fled down the corridor. When he reached the stairway he looked back, but though neither Prof. Cunliffe nor the lady were pursuing him, he descended the stairs as rapidly as his great age and breathless state would permit. He reached at last the door by which he had entered the building and finding himself still unpursued, he stopped for a moment to think. It would be a good plan, he considered, to go to the factories upon the hill and see what conditions prevailed there before attempting the desperate measures he had in mind for ridding the land of the giants who, as Father William had said, "were at the head of the concern."

As to think with Don Quixote was to execute, he found himself shortly at the foot of the hill, contemplating a scheme whereby to reach the top, for to rise unassisted was, he saw, clearly impossible.

A plan was forming in his mind which took definite shape when he beheld approaching a large and corpulent gentleman; a hale and hearty gentleman, who did not look as if the relentless hand of Disease had ever laid her bony fingers upon him. What our knight did was this: he took from his belt a long cord which, while slender as a needle and soft as a cobweb, was as strong as iron; this cord he slipped about the corpulent gentleman's waist and permitted himself to be pulled up the hill. Prof. Sellery meanwhile (for it was no other than that honest historian) had his mind intent upon Petrarch and his Laura, wholly innocent of the fact that he

was being used as a pony, considering the unusual rosiness of his face due to the six plates of muffins which he had despatched as well as to his hurried walk up the hill.

With this assistance it was not long before our friend Don stood before the doors of the most imposing factory on the hill, having released the puffing professor and replaced the cord in his belt. The Library Hall clock struck eleven silvery chimes and Don Quixote entered, for the first time, the wide doors of University Hall.

It did not take long for the knight to find the situation here confirming his worst fears. Around the dusky corridors, up the worn-out stairway, from north to south he went and back again, and up and down, finding rooms upon rooms devoted to the same kind of feverish, spiritless work which he had seen in Father William's castle.

One of the rooms which he entered was a class in composition writing impromptu themes. At the end of the room sat a tall, slender, moustached gentleman scowling darkly, while in utter dejection of spirit the youths and damsels before him were writing; writing so rythmatically that it was as if so many clocks had been set to ticking at the same rate of speed.

This methodical, clock-work writing was characteristic, not of one room but of all. Each room seemed to have also this official gentleman to superintend. Don Quixote at first decided that these men were the foremen or "bosses" of the place, but he soon perceived his error; these, too, were part of the workers and under the same magic spell. Now and then Don felt it a pity that the young people did not have leisure to listen to the garrulous knight at the front, for there were odd moments when the sage's lips dropped golden words of wisdom. The same mechanical writing went on when the head-knight spoke informally and delightfully of Sir Richard Steele, whom Don Quixote had known personally and loved with all his chivalric heart.

Once in passing suddenly around a sharp corner, Don

heard strange and ominous noises proceeding from one of the rooms. "Methinks that sounds most like a German tragedy," said the knight to himself, thankful to be relieved of the scratch of pens for a moment; but upon investigating farther he found that the tumult was only caused by a young history assistant arraigning his delinquent class.

The knight had again reached the main floor, and feeling the langor of suffocation (due to the many scents of perfumes testifying feminine supremacy of Letters and Science) stealing insidiously over him, he found it absolutely necessary to seek the open air.

He stood under the portals of the main entrance for some time, turning over in his mind the matters which he had just witnessed. It was plain that affairs here were in a critical state. Something must be done. Action was necessary, and that without delay; while he, Don Quixote of La Mancha, of the valiant hand and intrepid heart had been placed here for that purpose.

"Ah Dulcinea del Tobosa," he cried, raising his eyes to the sky, "assist thy knight today with thy most gracious favor. Aid me! that I may do valorous and mighty battle on them that dwell in yonder citadels,—the relentless giants at the head of the concern."

So saying, he slowly and painstakingly edged his way down the path of the hill; edging sideways, after the fashion of Mr. Winkle's horse; gaining the foot at last, but not without difficulty.

[How Don Quixote of La Mancha did valorous battle upon the enemies, together with his subsequent death, and divers other interesting incidents will be related by his recorder in the following chapter.]

(To appear in May.)

THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

Ralph Birchard

STEELE yawned wearily and pushed the magazine from him in disgust. It closed compactly, concealing the offending story, "Clay's Christmas," from his sight.

"Lord what rot," he said to himself, "what utterly inane twaddle. I can stand for romantic flights and the rummiest sort of melodrama, but this slush about indefinable longings, and vague unrests, and the irresistible call of home, is too much. Here's this fellow Clay, in this story, all fixed up fine in South America; good job, nifty employers, swell place to stay, best kind of prospects, *and* his pick of the local peach crop. And then just because it's the 25th of December the fool author thinks he has a right to make him out a drivelling ass. It's disgusting. I can't understand why editors read such stuff, let alone publish or even pay for it. Sickeningly silly sentimentality, that's what I'm going to tell Beth the Christmas spirit is, when I write her."

That was on the 20th of December, and Steele was comfortably ensconced in a window seat while pursuing this train of thought. Being the happy possessor of a good position and a rosy appearing future, he felt a large content with himself, his surroundings, and the world in general. The social ties of his old home town he felt were rapidly weakening, even as those of the new wider life in the metropolis grew strong. True there was Beth, in particular, besides his family, but letters from her had not been so frequent lately. It was nearly a year since he had gladly left the old home behind him to enter the "wider sphere" as he liked to put it—that wider sphere which he firmly believed was the "real world."

The city had responded nobly to the demands he put upon

it, and now, if any one had the temerity to compare it unfavorably with the small town, Steele was always ready with the pitying contempt, scorching denunciation, or earnest argument that he thought the case demanded.

Williams, strolling into the reading room came over to where Steele was lounging and said mildly, "Hello Steele, going home for Christmas?"

"No."

"No?"

"No! Why the devil should I?"

"Oh! Well, I can't say, I'm sure. Sort of a custom you know. Lots of fellows do it. Even I myself—"

"Foolish custom—foolish sentimental custom. Now why, tell me, should a man who has lived here in peace and comfort the whole year think that because it's the 25th of December he's got to rush for the first train so as to get home in time to start back?"

Steele spoke with quite unnecessary heat, but that was Steele's way.

"Well," began Williams, "there's one's family of course."

"Sure, there's one's family. What's that got to do with it. All my family were here less than two months ago and they'll all be back in March. Now I guess I am about as foolish over mine own people as the average run of ducks, but I can stand it not to see them for four months without any fierce effort."

Williams hazarded another reason. "I've heard there's a girl—sometimes," he said.

"Certainly—certainly. Of course there is—that is, I mean there might be—now in my case—Oh! by the way Williams how is that new show at the Colonial? Good? Yes, I believe I'll go down and see it tonight. Well so long, I got to be going. Hope I haven't offended you, old man, but this Christmas pilgrimage business is rot, you know—rot."

Thus lightly did Steele dispose of that compelling irresistible force—the Heimweh of Christmas time. But that was on the twentieth of December.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth Steele began to reflect. He had no wish to do so. He fought the inclination with all his strength of will as often as he felt it stealing over him. And each time he drove it back it came on again, stronger than before. About four o'clock he yielded grudgingly, and because he could not help it.

Perhaps it was the Christmas shoppers that did it. Perhaps it was the unwonted bustle and stir among the people in the office. Perhaps it was the joy in his stenographer's face when he told her that there would be nothing more for her to do till after Christmas. It might have been any of these things—or a letter. I am inclined to think it was the letter.

"Of course it's all rot," he told himself,—“that is, it would be if I were going. Beth said she would be at the train with the cutter to meet me. Pshaw! She'll be up here in a month anyhow. I need a good day's rest and—I wonder what time trains run to that damned—I mean blessed—old burg.—No, I won't give up my principles for this idiocy. Hm! One goes at six. Well, it's just this way; if I can stick here till then I'm safe. Another one at 12, but that's too late—don't get there till nearly noon.”

Forthwith he bit savagely into a big cigar, put his feet on the desk and dug a great intellectual pit in the most absorbing case the firm had. He fully intended to bury himself in it after the approved style for rising young lawyers, but although he did not quite succeed in doing that, he did manage to stick with it till he knew that by no possible effort could he reach the Union Station at six.

The evening dragged slowly for Steele. About 8 o'clock he decided to go to a theatre. Did you ever go to a theatre on Christmas Eve? If not, don't. It is a depressing place. The actors are all cursing their luck in being there, and whatever joy is loose comes from in front of the footlights. To be sure you hear “Merry Christmas” on every side, but it is the hollowest of mockeries—to you. The merrier people are, the gloomier it seems to the outsider.

Steele did his best to enter into the mood of the natives, but it was no use. He saw no one whom he knew; doubtless they all had some better use to make of the precious hours of Christmas Eve.

After the play had dragged wearily to its close he considered going to one of the fashionable restaurants. Eventually he discarded that idea. There is one thing a fellow can always do, he thought, and that is go home and go to bed. Well, why not? Surely it was a pleasant prospect. A long night's rest, a long morning to be spent in lounging and the rest of the day to do what he pleased with.

He looked at his watch several times, abstractedly, and then when he did think of the time the lights on the front of the theatre suddenly went out, leaving him in darkness that momentarily seemed most profound. He lit a match and saw that the hands pointed to twenty minutes past eleven. For fully a minute he ruminated over this discovery; then he started toward the station on a brisk walk that soon became a run. He thought it was just barely possible that he could make the train. Of course it was foolish—preposterous—inexcusable, but, after all, fellows did it. It was a custom. Williams had said so.

The hands of the clock on the tower were blending into one at the top of the dial as Steele rushed into the station and sailed down the broad stairway four steps at a time. He brushed past the ticket man at the gate and just managed to swing aboard the last coach of the midnight express as it moved smoothly down the long platform. There he stood panting and exhausted, watching the lights of the station group closer together and grow small in the distance. He thought momentarily of how Williams would have laughed if he could have seen the chase. "I don't care," he said fiercely, "I'm going home."

Absurd—but remember this was the 25th of December.

AN ITALIAN SPRING MORNING

Alice L. Webb

SPRING in the Valley of the Rampo,—
The brawling, madcap Rampo,
With golden-netted shallows, and rapids full of foam.
Spring in that breeze-swept valley,
That laughing, sunny valley,
A forest of fruit-blossoms—like the orchard trees at
home!

THERE, ever winding, glinting
Between the terraced hillsides
That lift their blue-gray shoulders clad with many
olive trees,
Is the romping little river,
Clear, icy crystal flowing
From distant peaks, so far no chill is on the scented
breeze.

SEE, from the brink receding
Like dwarfs and crookbacks dancing,
The gnarled old fig trees bend and writhe, fantastic
minuets;
And in the grass beneath them
The hyacinths are blooming,
And violets that thread the air with sweets one ne'er
forgets!

SPRING in the Valley of the Rampo!
Bees drone; leaves rustle, whisper;
Birds call their mates and gossip, dispute, then join
in song;
And weaving through the music
Now soft, now bubbling, rushing,
Is the Rampo's accompaniment clear, joyous all day
long.

A STYLITE OF ST. ANNE'S

Shirley H. Shannon

“**A**ND so this good and pious saint quitted his pillar of mortal pain, and was wafted to endless bliss in the realms above.”

There was nothing unusual about the ending. The saints in Sister Julia's day-book were all alike in this respect. Meek as St. Francis or wild and half-human as good St. Augustine, they were nothing but saints in the end; and though we listened breathlessly each morning, half-hoping some patron would break the conventions, we were never rewarded. They braved the red-hot irons, they faced the lions, they “gained the martyr's crown,” and on their deaths were, one and all, “wafted to bliss in the realms above.”

But there was something striking, it must be admitted, about St. Simeon. As Sister Julia closed her manual and moved away to devotion in the chapel, we followed her with staring eyes—still, in spirit, on the desert sands of Syria, gazing upward. There was an appealing freshness in the old saint's originality, to be sure! To stand aloft on a column through sun and storm, waving away from its base one's solicitous friends and refusing to eat or come down—how delightfully perverse! I was conscious myself of a slight, romantic thrill. I looked across at “Holy” Wright. His eyes were shining.

It took a second imperative tap of Sister Gertrude's class-bell to break our trance and summon us to Christian Doctrine. We came sullenly, reluctantly—all except Holy. He was radiant like unto the text-book pictures of the three young men in the fiery furnace. As he ranged himself at the head of the line on the recitation bench and rose to give his psalm, the smile on his face was fairly cherubic.

“‘I have watched,’” he quoted, in pulpit tones, “‘and am

become as a sparrow all alone on the house top. ”—How apt Wright always was! And that saintly voice, that ethereal look! Artie Taft, who sat next, gave him a sly, vengeful kick on the ankle, but his repose was unperturbed.—“ ‘All the day long my enemies reproached me; and they that praised me did swear against me.’ ”

Sister Gertrude was ecstatic; the rest of us, depressed. It was hard, indeed, to persevere in this atmosphere of sanctity and Holy was ever raising the standard, sufficiently high already to normal mortals. How thoroughly the class despised him!

He passed to his seat when the lesson was finished, and we saw him open his *Lives of the Saints*. An hour later he was sitting in exultant rapture, his gaze directed through the mullioned panes of the class-room window, towards the blue void of the sky. Only once before had Holy suffered such visible abstraction and on the evening of that occasion old Michael, the janitor, had hauled him struggling from the basement—the sinfulness of St. Anne associates and the day’s morbid introspection having driven him to a hermit’s cell in the depths of the coal bin. Worldly things were far from Holy now, it seemed, and as he raised his slender hand in question, Artie gave me a sharp, reminding nudge.

We heard Holy ask to be excused, and though it lacked but twenty minutes of luncheon time, Sister Gertrude nodded sweetly.—Such is fond virtue’s privilege.

“He’s going to chapel,” whispered Artie. “Say—wait ’til after prayers tonight? We’ll fix that boy.” No saving Christian charity breathed through his tone. I giggled in reply, “ ‘All the day long my enemies reproached me and did swear against me.’ ”

“Boys,” called Sister Gertrude, catching us red-handed, “whispering? Come forward and kneel on the rostrum.”

And during the next fifteen minutes, as we squirmed in anguish on the dusty, hard, oak floor, we invoked swift retribution on the zealot of St. Anne’s.

At noon, as we lower form boys skipped into our seats at the lower end of the dining hall table, we were buzzing with excitement. Sister Julia was forced to speak sharply—quite an unusual tone for her—before proceeding with grace. She had gone no farther, however, than "Bless us, O Lord," when her eyes fell upon the vacant seat by Billy Walker, and her voice hushed. How indeed, could she give thanks with the whitest lamb of the flock so unaccountably missing!

"Will some one," Sister Julia ventured timidly,— "Will some one go to look for Hallie, please?"

She was quite unprepared for the wild rush as sixteen lower form boys charged clatteringly out through the folding doors. Twelve rushed for the coal cellar; two, for the sleeping rooms, and two more, for the chapel organ loft.

In three minutes sixteen wide-eyed youngsters stood again within the dining hall before Sister Julia. No trace of Holy had been found. In five minutes more St. Anne's was the scene of tumult. Nuns and small boys poured in wild confusion through the school corridors, calling aloud, and indulging in vaguest conjecture with each searching party met. Sister Gertrude, with dishevelled and cobwebbed head-dress, explored the attic. Sister Ursula, her stock all awry and grimed with coal soot, was calling through an air shaft in the basement. Sister Bona Venture peered gingerly up the chimney draft. Sister Julia, with lower form assistance, was in the auditorium exploring a dark and cavernous space beneath the stage. It was relief at last to hear a loud, triumphant shout from the eastern play grounds.

As the excited inmates of St. Anne's came pouring down the stone steps of the classic east entrance, they beheld Billy Walker, standing with tragic finger pointing skyward. There, on the capital of the great central pillar, sat Holy Wright. His eyes were cast upward in a look of ethereal rapture—contradicting, quite, the evident cramp of bodily substance. He sat on a shelf of stone, scarcely eight inches wide, where the capital joined the architrave, and, with des-

perate hold, clung to the cornice molding. How he had ever scaled the corrugated column and gained his perilous perch unaided, only the wild religious enthusiasm of Simeon Stylites himself could explain. His legs dangled limply, his arms were rigid, but the martyr-like calm of his upturned face, in that first supreme moment, was beautiful to contemplate.

"Hallie," cried Sister Gertrude, in a voice shrill with fright as it broke the silence of our little assemblage, "come down this minute, I command you."

For a time, only silence. Slowly the upturned gaze was shifted and the ashen face of our stylite bent toward us. Terror seem to seize him wholly as his glance met the lime stone flags full twenty feet below him. His cry was the wail of a soul in torment.

"O, sister, I—I can't get down." His words ended in a sob, and he grasped convulsively for a new hold on the narrow cornice.

There was not a moment to lose. Seldom had we seen the nuns hurry, but on that memorable day in St. Anne's, restraints were forgotten. Sister Ursula fairly sprinted for the chapel, Sister Genevieve raced away towards Michael's office, and a moment later, as Sister Bona Venture came clumsily down the stairs with a stepladder, old Michael came hobbling rheumatically to the rescue. Following these, Sister Ursula re-appeared, from the priest's house down the street, with stout Father Burke puffing close behind, his finger still marking the place in his prayer book.

The stepladder was planted, but fell full eight feet short.

"Mount it, some one," cried Sister Gertrude, the real general of the occasion, "Mount it and lift him down."

We looked at rotund Father Burke and groaned. One foot of his upon the nun's frail ladder would have wrecked it quite. Sister Genevieve thrust Michael forward. He mounted caustically and clutched the pillar tremblingly as he unbent himself. His extended hands were fully two feet still from Holy's dangling legs.

A wail broke from that exalted martyr. "I'm falling! I'm falling! I can't hold on!"—He didn't fall, however, but began to sob most pitifully. There was scarce a dry eye in that little pool of upturned faces—though, to this day, Artie Taft denies the suspicion of a tear.

Once more the sisters scurried; Sister Gertrude, to her school office and the desk phone; the others to the sleeping rooms. In a moment the fire bell on the town hall of Elmwood, a half mile distant, began a furious clangor. Sister Jean came running from the dormitory with a great red woolen blanket, the other nuns in close pursuit. They clutched the blanket edges in well known firemen's fashion, and a yawning scarlet basket awaited the saintly fall.

On the crisis of the moment, a new sound broke and a cloud of dust rose down the road as the Elmwood Volunteer Fire Compauy, with fire crazed Elmwood in its wake, came charging to the scene. As they hauled up before the school yard gates, the valiant Clarence Clancy, fire chief and truck driver, sprang nimbly from his seat. Grabbing a coil of hose and a fireman's hatchet, he came running through the gateway.

"The fire?" he shouted.

"A ladder," cried the nuns, gesticulating like the chorus in a Greek tragedy,—“bring a ladder.” And Artie Taft, for whom the real crisis was already far past, exclaimed in low, but mocking tones, “O fireman, save the che-ild!”

When Clarence Clancy, with his valorous comrades, had withdrawn, a crisp bill from Sister Gertrude and the gratitude of the good sisters going with them; when Elmwood, too, returned peacefully to rest; when Holy, after being kissed and fondled and wept upon, had been carried off to a sumptuous feast and more fondling in the nuns' apartments upstairs, we lower formites stood grouped in confab, at the foot of the near-tragic pillar.

"Little smartie," said one vindictive soul, "it served him right." And then—"Gee, but he did look holy right that time!"

“Lo, I was like a sparrow all alone on the house top,” tee-heed Billy Walker. “He didn’t chirp much like a sparrow, did he?”

“Hush,” said Artie Taft, with the air of mild reproof, and he raised a warning finger to the third story windows whence nuns’ voices filtered happily. His tone was Sister Julia’s drone of the litany. “Let us give thanks, O miserable worms of sin and evil, for him our holy brother. He has quitted his pillar of mortal pain; he is wafted to bliss in the realms above.”



LINES ON ACQUAINTANCES

P. M. Willis

TWO leaves upon a forest stream
 Fared side by side,
 Together floated on awhile
 But parted by an eddy’s wile.
 To meet again?
 Perchance again
 But farther down that gliding forest stream.

WE met upon Life’s changeful mystic stream;
 Toiled side by side,
 Together toiling on awhile,
 But parted by sly Fortune’s wile.
 To meet again?
 Perchance again,
 But farther down that changeful, gliding stream.

THE SEAT OF LEARNING AT OUISSONSANG

H. J. Parmley

IN MY travels I came to the Seat of Learning of the Ouisconsangs, which was upon a hill beside the city of Phlegra. The beings there were tailless apes and in many respects were intensely human. In the lower portion of the first building which I entered, it being the place where many congregate for the purpose of study or gossip, were two small inferior specimens of the species in an enclosed wire cage, engaged in some unintelligible card game. Upon my entrance they ceased their performance and relieved me of my hat until I should return. My guide led me through scores of rooms until we came to the center of the building where hundreds of apes were meandering about, turning over pages of books, looking at pictures or making copies of the sayings. When I told them that this was wholly useless they insisted that it was customary and that the rules of the place were such that all must do it before they might add "letters" to their names and make honorable escape from the place. I learned that these "letters" meant differently with different apes, but as a rule they meant "ass," meaning formerly a variety of stupid horse. The sole aim seemed to be to secure these letters although their intrinsic value is not great.

In an adjoining room we came upon huge heaps of "copies" which bore the names of the departed and were called "theses." These theses are written upon inoffensive subjects and are prepared for the express purpose of preserving the names of the writers from oblivion. Those former apes were undoubtedly most retrograde.

I observed that some of the inmates of the temple knew why they were there, not all of them being sent, and a few of

them had sound judgment. Between these few and those who sat in authority there was constant contention for the former considered the latter "sap-heads" while the latter regarded all others as "dupes." There were those who murmured when they were required to count the hairs which grew upon the backs of guinea pigs killed for sake of "fair Science," others thought it useless to ascertain the exact number of scales upon the fishes kept in the aquarium. Some even objected to the perusal of antiquated languages when such excluded more pleasurable and profitable employment. But the rules of the place are hide-bound, and one must take what is prescribed rather than those things for which he came.

Those who gave instructions were for the most part, "one bottle apes," and seemed to be wholly out of their heads, the size of which being by no means indicative of the size of the brain. One there was who determined for those who listened that the souls of apes are made from frog-spittle and do not inhabit the body until thirteen days after birth. This same deluded creature maintained that there is such a thing as happiness in the earth, and that it is possible for one to be generous and considerate of the feelings of others; also that there are times when duty and principle must prevail over all other considerations. One undersized hairy-faced ape stood upon his ear in order to illustrate the forces of equilibrium. Another there was who assured me that he had done nothing but conduct research in "Onomopothamusology" in which he had devoted three thousand pages to the consideration of the "unquestionable jim-jam" of certain prehistoric apes. He stated it had been necessary to coin new words, the old ones being inadequate, and he was sure that he could do no greater good than to establish this beloved philosophy.

In one of the buildings we found a wizened chap amidst the confusion of charts, maps and all manner of curiously devised appliances, with which, and by means of such words as: "bibacity, bedim, doadish, forficula, piedough, etc;" he was

endeavoring to predict atmospheric phenomena. The poor fellow was sullen and dejected, and begged me to join him; he feared he might not be able to regulate the seasons much longer, it was so trying to please every one.

All of these beings looked listless and sat upon raised pedestals from which they delivered loud and meaningless phrases at those beneath them, those beneath endeavoring to look pleased or wise as occasion seemed to demand. One went so far as to assert that right is correlative with duty; that a stony heart and a good digestion are not the primal requisites for a successful career; that war is cruel and should be indulged in when necessary only. No one, however, paid the slightest attention to these apes, so that they did but little harm.

There were "idol" apes of both sexes who appeared to act as criteria in dress. One Izaak was pre-eminent, his fame extending as far as to the city below the temple, his name and likeness being placed upon a fashion sheet which had since been lost. It was said to be "unetiketikal" to wear "duds" unlike those which Izaak wore. Males wear stiffened white bands about the throat and wrists which hinder completeness of action, but custom being law, all submit though some murmur. The she apes wear flowing robes with huge, densely plumed head-gear and usually have the odor of many spices about them, which with the head-gear, cause the he apes to secretly curse. Upon the feet of the she apes are leathern cases known as "lifts," which serve to keep them cold in winter and warm in summer, besides producing corns upon them,—because of their looseness. It is impossible to secure cases sufficiently small. Tight bands are worn about the waists which make them look like bundles of hay, while others look and feel waspish.

I was greatly amused to find that the females monopolize all paths, bumping unceremoniously into one another and thrusting the males off into the mud, whereupon the males salaam stiffly, affect to look pleased and taking off their

outer jackets they wave them over their heads at the females who have passed by and see them not. Of their conversation I shall speak at another time. But I was shocked upon learning that the males do various vile things which the females secretly countenance, or at least do not visibly reprehend. My guide told me that it was not unusual for them to drink "pop" or "ice-tea" so that their heads became dizzy and their tongues were loosed. Then would they act intensely, placing stress upon vaporings, caring most for battle, or would embrace themselves and shake hands with their coat tails. Some had been known to wind up the cat, throw out the lamp, turn down the clock and then sleep upon the top of the house or in the clothes-press. They even acted foolishly at such times, more so than common. Most of the males, while quite young, form habits of eating compressed licorice root, spitting the juice upon the clean grass round about so that it seemed a profanation, for their persons savored of the odor which is not pleasant to others. So far as I was able to learn there were none but who smoked of the dried leaves of the licorice tree and then blew the smoke into the eyes, ears and mouths of the she apes. I was shocked not a little to see that they did not openly resent such rudeness. Indeed my insides were sore troubled like unto a small ship in a stormy sea, because of the odor, and I longed in vain for a club that I might rid myself of the nuisance. Even upon the steps round about doorways were those who puffed blue smoke which made me to cough and choke. Upon the ways between the temples were to be seen hundreds of small cast away bags, pouches, boxes, match stems, papers and much "makings" which had been dropped by those who smoked of the leaves. They made my eyes sore to see them and I wished to be gone from their midst.

One base ape there had been, who ate some kind of vegetable called onions, and he had become so degraded and obnoxious a creature that he was thrust out of the temple and away from decent society, and his name had been erased from their books.

DELILAH

Walther Buchen

The heaps, the mounds of silver—how they shine!
I ever loved the silver's starlike glare.
And this, all this, they gave me to call mine
Because I shore that Danite bull his hair.

—He was as clay beneath these little hands—
White hands he held within his killer's paw
And fondled, oh, so often—while the bands
Of Israel's children looked to him for law.

—But Dagon's is the credit, so they say!
Bah! The clipped lover that I sold my lords
Could topple Dagon from his shelf today .

The heads of men are all as empty gourds
But I, and such as I, are they that reign.
Sin's cohorts keep for us an eager earth,
'Though Virtue spits upon our gilded fane
She helps us nobly for she causes birth
Of subjects, slaving, thirsting for my kind—
Of heiresses to prosper when we fade,
And take our thrones.

I've knocked the hardened rinds
From off men's hearts and know of what they're made.

But still, that Danite was a man of men
For he could slay my folk in heaps and heaps—
I loved that fiend-strong body even then
While I was leading it to sightless deeps.

—Much coin for some few hundred pounds of flesh
That none could even eat! I'll make good use
I'll weave my beauty to a finer mesh
By decking it with jewels—a noble noose
To snare that Timnath lord who yesterday
Passed down the Sorek valley with his folk—
He goes to Gaza so my people say—
He was so bold, I'd like him 'neath my yoke.
—He is the friend who stole strong Samson's spouse
Down there in Timnath at her father's nod—
Blind Samson grinding in the prison house
The corn of foes, how he must curse his god!

FROM THE SECOND STORY

Elizabeth F. Corbett

IN THE bookish quiet of his small up-stairs sitting-room the old man sat all day. Every morning the carriage took him for a brief drive; occasionally his daughter rustled in brilliantly dressed and almost aggressively groomed, sat on the edge of a chair, stared vaguely about her, asked whether there was anything that he would like, and rustled out again. But the greater part of the time the old man sat by himself in the sunny window. Sometimes he read his well-worn Thackeray or the "Spectator," that his grandfather had brought from London, or the Scott that he had bought volume by volume in his young manhood. Sometimes he sat with his book in his lap and looked far away at nothing. Very often he looked out of the window.

There was a small park opposite, and on sunny days nurse-maids with perambulators and the dreary pensioners of an Old Men's Home in the neighborhood walked there. But rain or shine there was always one person who passed his window during the afternoon, and looked up to smile at him. It was a slim girl with red hair. She went by every day about four o'clock, and always alone. She invariably wore a long, tight, black coat, a small, very jaunty black hat, and trim button boots with ridiculously high "military" heels, in spite of which she walked freely and swiftly. Sometimes she carried a book, as if she were about to return it or had just borrowed it. He wondered what she read. Some of the books that she carried looked very substantial, but he did not think that she read them from a strained sense of duty. Well, he would wager that Tom Pinch and Sairy Gamp had been comrades of her childhood, and that she had known Sir Patrick Spens before she could talk plain. But she took life at first hand and very independently; her alert steps, her

ready smiles, her pleasant nod to him, all told him so. He hoped that her one dark suit was a personal whim, not a necessity enforced by poverty. It would be awful to have her bright glance dulled by the grind of the years; he wished he could always see her as bright and brave as she was now.

The last day before his daughter took him away to her summer cottage, the girl with the red hair came past as usual and smiled up at him. She looked very fresh and glad, with her long coat unbuttoned to show her stiff white waist. She carried in her hand a switch of lilacs, on which the tender green was just beginning to show.

When he came back in October the leaves in the little park were the color of a woman's red hair.

One day his daughter found him gazing down at them in the twilight, his eyes vague and wistful. She asked uneasily whether he wanted anything. He shook his head. "There was a little girl used to come past here," he said, "a little girl with red hair. I liked to see her. She never comes now."

His daughter fidgeted for a moment and then walked out, murmuring something dutiful. He sat alone as night fell.



IMPRESSION

L. P. S.

The dim cloistered depths of the forest,
The day new-born, fresh, untarnished, expectant,
The tears of night still wet upon the grass.

O, cool green depths, beckoning on and on,
In my dreams I behold you, ever in my dreams,
Threading the mazes of your murmuring cloisters,
Kneeling beneath your awaiting arches,
I crave the benediction of your infinite peace.

CHUBBY

D. M. Burnham

HIS name in the family Bible and on his class cards, was Clarence Sylvester Creighton, but everyone called him Chubby. The reason was obvious. He was barely five feet tall, spherically shaped, with a round, red face and a high, piping voice. When he entered college he was hailed with delight. Here at last was what the college wits wanted,—a permanent subject for jokes and “roasts,” and one who would not be hurt or angry.

For apparently Chubby was not sensitive. He had been teased and laughed at in “prep” school until he had learned to take it gracefully. Not even his closest friends knew how keenly he felt his misfortune, and what a struggle it cost him to smile at the remarks of his companions.

To look at Chubby one would never have dreamed that he could have deep thoughts or noble aspirations. He was altogether too grotesque. He realized this, and knew that any revelation of his true nature would only be greeted with laughter and applause, as a new comic pose on his part. So he played ragtime on his mandolin, though he loved music. Instead of trying for one of the dramatic clubs and reading Shakespeare, he took the clown’s part in the college circus, and subscribed to *Munsey’s*.

It was evident to everyone that Chubby had more than the usual amount of college spirit. He always attended class-meetings and made side-splitting speeches for his candidates. No one ever thought of putting him up for office, somehow. Of course he could not play football, so he went faithfully to practice and rooted till he was hoarse.

Someone suggested to Chub that he might be coxswain of the crew if he tried for it. He was delighted at the idea, and began to train at once. The boys protested at his continued absence from the “bunch,” but he was deaf to their entreaties and only beamed more and more at each pound he lost.

Chubby's only competitor was rather indifferent about succeeding. He was lazy and careless about showing up for practice; so it was a great surprise when he was chosen coxswain, because he was a little lighter than Chubby. Of course no one dreamed that Chubby really cared, and he received "roasts" for sympathy. The night after the decision he firmly refused to join the "bunch."

"I'm awful tired, fellows, going to turn in early," he said. He did not sleep all night, but tossed about wretchedly, wondering if his whole life would be a repetition of such disappointments.

It was about this time that he fell in love. He had never seen much of girls, for those he had met usually laughed at him, and that hurt. Then he had no sister, and could not even remember his mother. This girl was the daughter of a professor in the college,—a tall, queenly young woman, who, it is safe to say, never knew of Chubby's infatuation. She was married that spring to one of Chub's friends, a splendid young giant, and invited Chub to the wedding. He was the gayest person there, and hopped about getting rice and ribbons and old shoes until he was exhausted.

It was about a month later that he went out one rainy night on an errand for his landlady; the next day he was ill with a severe cold. By night the doctor pronounced it pneumonia. Some of the fellows heard of it, and came over to see him.

"Little Chubby got the croup?" they asked, as they burst in.

"I s'pose you fellows will laugh at me, even when I'm dead," Chub whispered, hoarsely. They all shouted. Chubby with a pathetic droop to his mouth was too funny for words.

That night he died,—the first dignified thing he had ever done. The college was inexpressibly shocked to hear of it next day. A few dimly realized what torture life must have been to him, but only very dimly. The majority sincerely mourned his early death.

"He was such a jolly little fellow," they said. "He enjoyed life so much! It's a shame he had to die."

THE PROFESSOR'S SECRET

William B. Kemp

EXCITED and breathless I passed up through the dark streets and climbed Observatory Hill. I paused a moment to look down upon Mendota as it lay perfectly calm in the clear moonlight, but scarcely realized what I saw. The dome of the great observatory towered high above me. Its outline was clearly defined against the background of a cloudless sky. To the west and directly below my eyes I saw the huge and palatial Museum of Biology and beyond it the towering Laboratory of Psychology. Everything was aglow in the moonlight. Momentarily forgetting my errand I stood gazing off across the lake. I remembered the professor's warning to avoid all chance of detection, turned and glided across the glistening marble porch. The hallways inside the building were feebly lighted by a few lamps. The dark red granite walls lent an air of somber and uncanny suggestiveness in the pale, diffused light. I went straight through the observation room, past the great telescope and chronometer to the offices at the rear. Mechanically, as I passed, my eyes fell upon the various dials, reading in years and months and days and hours. I cannot recall the exact date, but I know it was some time in August of the year 2002. It was early; there were some two hours before midnight. I shrugged my shoulders involuntarily as I hurried on, for there was something terrible in the extreme quiet and desertion of the place, lighted only by a little moonlight coming down through the dome.

The professor was in his room, but for fear of detection his lights were turned off and I found him in an almost complete darkness. It was so much darker than the halls that when I entered I could distinguish nothing.

Carefully he closed and bolted his door, then explained in whispers how he wished me to follow him.

"First," said he, "we must descend through the observation pit. We will stop a moment to use the telescope and then go on. Be careful to make as little noise as possible and follow me wherever I go. Above all do not speak; do not even whisper. You have long been in my confidence, but now I wish you to be doubly careful. Never before did I admit you to the secrets of *my own* laboratory. Do you promise?"

"Yes, professor," I answered, "to be sure. I shall guard everything. Not a word of this shall escape me."

He opened the door. We glided out into the hall, back through the observation room, down to the basement floor, and thence into the tunnel. We stopped only for about five minutes to use the great instrument. It was trained on Mars, and as we made our way down the tunnel amongst the giant electrical cables, I wondered why he had given me this mere glance.

The professor pulled me aside into a recess cut in the wall of the tunnel. A door rolled noiselessly across the opening and fastened itself automatically. I began to become fearful of the outcome of my adventure with the professor. We were shut in here by three walls of stone and one of steel. There was but a space of some four by six feet. I heard footsteps in the tunnel outside. My feelings were so wrought up that I almost shouted, but a warning hand was laid upon my arm. The professor switched on a tiny half-candle power lamp and counted out a combination on a dial in the wall. He touched a button and to my surprise we dropped downward. We passed just well below the level of the tunnel and stopped. The door was thrown back and I stepped out into a well lighted passage, which was more like a hallway than a tunnel except for the heavy power cables along the wall.

"Now," said the professor, "we are beyond detection, and safely, I hope. Let us enter my laboratory. You know it as every one else does, as the large windowless stone structure down the hill, north of the observatory. Well, let us be at work."

I did know that tower of black stone and steel without window nor outside entrance. I had often wondered at it, but never suspected that the entrance was underground. Peculiar stories have been told of it, which have no place in the present account.

From the end of the tunnel we ascended a stairway, opened a door, and stood in the laboratory itself. About the walls ran a great maze of instruments and machines. Opposite to me a large spool turned out a broad metal ribbon which after passing through its intricate path wound itself upon a drum. A man beside the moving band gazed at it through an electrical instrument fastened in place by a head gear and operated from a flexible cord attached to the wiring overhead. The professor passed him without a greeting nor a disturbance of any kind. The man kept at his work; I hardly think he knew we were there.

The professor seated me before a large screen. Over its surface played a constant, half-defined, shimmering light. Below it was a small switchboard, and a group of brightly polished brass levers rose from the floor.

It was not until we were both seated that the professor spoke. Looking steadfastly at me with his calm, thoughtful eyes, he said:

“Now, friend, I have my object in bringing you here. Without one I should never allow any man in this room. There is too much at stake. You can aid me in making the most important discovery of astronomy. I will first show you what I need, then we can intelligently discuss the matter. You saw Mars through the instrument upstairs in the observatory. I am determined not only to be the pioneer in really definite knowledge about Mars and the Martians, but to begin some kind of communication with them. You will soon see that I am justified.”

He turned off the lights. I heard a metallic thud behind me, and looking about saw by the pale light from the screen that one of the great drums full of the metal ribbon had been

picked up by a crane. It rose to the upper part of the room, turned slowly about and was finally deposited in a frame, where it was grasped and set in rotation. The end of the ribbon was picked up and carried through a network of peculiar electric combs. From them a dazzling light began to shine, the green metal of the ribbon reflected the illumination, the screen grew more intensely luminous and I instinctively turned back to it. The light now issued not from the whole screen, but from a large disk on its surface. It was partly blue green and partly of an orange tint. At the top of the circle I noticed a white area. As my eyes became accustomed to the light I saw that across it ran regular straight or curved lines of green radiating from greenish spots. I saw that markings on one side of the disk were going out of view, while on the other new features were coming up. The disk soon resolved itself into a revolving sphere.

"Why, this is Mars!" I explained breathlessly, "but how large and vivid?"

"This record," said the professor, "shows a Martian day. Observe the *canali* about which the astronomers of a hundred years had so much ado. Of course they have long been known and studied, but in running through this record I wish to point out a particular spot, which I will show you in the next drum. See the intersection of seven canals where they radiate to the west, almost on the center of the disk? This area I have been studying as carefully as I could for a long while."

A shift of the levers brought the other drum into action. I was truly astonished. The first drum had shown an image of Mars far beyond anything of which I had ever heard, but here the field of vision had again been narrowed down until scarcely more than the intersection of the canals was visible. The enlarged oasis at this point, no longer appeared as a circle, for it was very irregular. The vegetation had ceased to appear as one solid mass of green and now I could discern what I took for separate groves with what gave the appear-

ance of fields between them. I saw the canals themselves as thin glistening threads. I could fancy myself hanging in a balloon not more than fifty miles above the surface of the planet. A faint murmur seemed to come up as of some great noise. I felt a field glass placed in my hand and without for a moment averting my eyes I raised it and looked through the lenses. I almost dropped the instrument.

"Professor," I fairly shouted, "take it! Take the glass! There is an object moving swiftly across the face of the planet. It's a mere speck; look at it."

"Yes," he said calmly, and smiled, "I know it. I have seen the object. Remember that you are merely looking at a permanent record. I may run it through as often as I please. Now you begin to see it, do you blame me for my hobby? Would it not be aggravating if some other man should discover these things before I am through with my work? I have spent weary years on these machines."

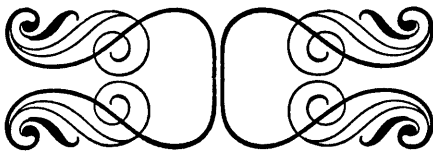
While he was speaking, the drum was hoisted from the frame and the screen became dark. He shifted the switch-board, altered the position of a large lever at the side of the room and again pulled one of the brass handles towards him. Looking into the screen I saw a spot of light far away in the distance. The professor turned a wheel and the spot began to fall toward us. Larger and larger it grew until I could recognize the tracings on its surface. It was Mars again, as I expected. Closer and closer it seemed to come. It filled the field of vision and still grew. Finally a small area of it lay before us.

"Here," explained the professor again, is "one of the most interesting regions. We are using the apparatus as an electrical telescope. We see the actual surface of Mars and what is going on we may soon know."

The image was much better even than the almost perfect images from the ribbon. The colorings were much truer. I raised the glass to my eyes again. A large, regularly formed object caught my attention at once. I asked the professor what he thought of it.

"It is," he replied, "an immense work of architecture of some kind. I have taken it to be a city.——Ah!——Did you see that?——There is some of the best evidence I have yet seen.——Those four clouds of smoke sprang up from the ground at the same moment.——Is it smoke?——They are at the vertices of a square.——Did you notice that?——See, they are already dissipating. The Martians are trying to signal back with clouds of smoke. One of my electrical impulses has been felt by their instruments! Hear that too. My instruments over there moved feebly.——Yes it was four taps.——There is another group of clouds!——Three this time and a following one in the middle.——Did I not tell you?——The instruments tap out three——one! I am too excited to watch them longer. Tell me what they do.——Listen.

"This instrument, as you see, is very limited. It must be helped out by a glass and is still somewhat unsatisfactory. Give me the required efficiency to my instrument and we can not only see what the Martians are doing; we can see them! Practically all I need is a new type of current. I must have a higher frequency and at a higher tension than has ever been produced. You are connected with that sort of work. Help me to finish my task."



THE BOY AND THE DEVIL

(From the Norwegian of Jorgen Moe. Translated by F. L.)

ONCE upon a time a Boy was walking along a road cracking nuts. He came to one which was worm-eaten; at the same time he met the Devil.

"Is it true," said the Boy, "what they say, that the Devil can make himself so small that he can go through a button-hole?"

"That it is," the Devil replied.

"Ah, let me see it," cried the Boy, "and crawl into this hole in the nut." Well, the devil did so, then; he made himself very small and crept into the hole.

No sooner had he got snugly inside, when the Boy put a pin into the nut.

"Now I've got you!" he cried, and put the nut in his pocket.

He continued upon his way until he came to a smithy. Going inside, he asked the Smith if he would crack his nut for him.

"Certainly," answered the Smith, "that is easily done." Accordingly he laid the nut upon his anvil, and taking up his smallest hammer, struck it, but the nut did not crack. He took a hammer which was larger and struck at the nut, but it did not crack. Now he took a still larger hammer, but the nut would not go to pieces. Then the Smith became very angry and taking his largest sledge hammer, he struck with all his force. "We'll crack you yet, old boy!" he cried (not knowing who was in the nut).

This time the nut went to pieces, but with such a violence that part of the smithy roof went off and there was a rumbling as if the smithy would fall about their ears.

"The Devil was in that nut!" exclaimed the Smith.

"You bet he was," said the Boy.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Dorothy Maria Burnham

JOCELYN MARLOWE certainly was a problem. Nobody ever understood her in the least, unless maybe Jerry did, and everybody thought it was mostly luck with him. Jocelyn isn't here now, she graduated last June, so it's all right to tell about her.

We used to have spreads in her room most every night, because it was the worst looking room in the house anyway, and we couldn't upset it any more. We called it "the Tenement." Phoebe used to make rarebit or creamed lobster in the chafing dish, and we discussed everybody in school, and everything from hair-dressing to Love. We had some real heart-to-heart talks on Love, after some of the girls had gone to bed and there weren't too many for confidences. The older girls would tell their opinions and experiences, and we Freshmen listened respectfully, for we hadn't had any experiences then. Alice usually settled all disputed points, for she had had six proposals, and had been engaged once.

Jocelyn never took any part in the heart-to-heart talks, but just leaned back and listened with a funny look on her face, half scornful and half amused. She was a Senior, twenty-one years old, and had never had a sign of a crush! It was just because she was so cold and indifferent that some man hadn't carried her off to Rockford long ago, because she was awfully attractive. She was small and graceful, and had big, dark eyes and lots of black hair. She had a saucy, petulant little mouth, that made her look mischievous and wilful.

Lots of dandy fellows had been crazy about Jocelyn, but she was so horrid to them that they soon got discouraged. There was Artie Corbett in her Sophomore year, who every one said was a perfect being; but Jocelyn couldn't stand him, because he wore his hair pompadour. Then there was Bert

Benick, '07, stroke on the crew, who was devotion itself for two months. He was too good looking, Jocelyn said. She couldn't stand a pretty, pink-cheeked boy!

We were right in the midst of a pink-tea one night,—last March, it was,—and Betty was telling our fortunes in the tea leaves, when Jocelyn came in, looking bored to death. It was quite early, and we wondered.

"Where's Dave?" Alice asked, in surprise. Dave was the dearest little thing you ever saw, only an inch taller than Jocelyn.

"I sent him home," Jocelyn answered, briefly. "He had some new shoes on,—pointed, just like a girl's! I couldn't stand them. Don't care if they are the latest thing. Here, Betty, tell my fortune, will you?"

Nobody laughed, for it wasn't safe when Jocelyn was in this mood. Betty took the cup and peered into it intently. Then she gave a little squeal.

"Oh, girls, listen to this! Here's a tall man pursuing Jocelyn,—and a wedding! She's going to fall madly in love, and have all kinds of trouble!"

We all laughed at the thought of Jocelyn falling madly in love.

The next night we had a little dance at the house. It was the ninth of March, I remember, because it was the night I met Ted Harper, and we started a Platonic Friendship which developed into a perfectly fierce crush along in May. Well, Dave brought a new fellow over to the dance, a man from Williams, who had just entered second semester. His name was Jerome Scott, and he was a Senior. I didn't think he was very exciting,—big, slow, and not a bit good looking. He had light, sandy hair and brown eyes; and when he looked at you it made you feel as if you were just part of the furniture. He didn't laugh at all, and only smiled once or twice. Jocelyn wasn't very nice to him. Usually she was nice to strangers and people that didn't make love to her. I happened to be standing near when Mr. Scott asked her for a dance.

"I think they're all taken," she said, very coolly, just glancing in his direction. He reached for her program and wrote on it.

"May I have the tenth? Thank you," he said, as if she had given him one. Then she did look at him, and said "Certainly," before she thought. I didn't see much of them after that, for Ted and I sat out seven dances on the stairs, discussing our ideals. I guess I corresponded pretty closely to his ideal, at that time.

Well, that was the beginning of it. Jerry Scott began coming to see Jocelyn, and he took her to every theatre during Lent. About once a week he sent flowers, and sometimes candy. Jocelyn gave us the candy, but not the flowers. She was just as cold and indifferent to Jerry as she had been to all the others, but to the surprise of every one, including Jocelyn, he didn't seem to care. He was just as indifferent-acting as she was, and seemed sort of amused at her spoiled ways. Of course Jocelyn tried all the harder to make him angry, but she couldn't do it.

We girls knew that she must like him a little, for she turned down everybody else for Jerry. We tried to quiz her about him at a spread one night.

"How can you stand him, Jocelyn?" her room-mate asked. "He leaves off his r's." Jocelyn tried to look unconcerned.

"Well, he's an Eastern fellow. It doesn't sound affected in him," she replied.

"But Jocelyn, you know how you hate knitted ties. He had one on Sunday night!" Rachel piped up.

"Did he? I didn't notice his tie," answered Jocelyn, in mild surprise. Then we knew! If Jocelyn no longer noticed shoes, ties, hair, and hat-bands, she must be mightily interested in the man himself!

They went on in this warlike courtship until Interscholastic. Then Jerry suddenly stopped coming. Not a flower, not a telephone call from him for two weeks. We were worried about Jocelyn. She was so gay. She sang and laughed

and played wild pranks all the time, and even studied a little. Some of the girls thought she didn't care about Jerry, and called her shallow; but Alice said that it was to cover her true feelings, and I thought so, too. I was having an awful time, trying to cover mine and pretend I didn't care for Ted.

Then one afternoon, the first week in June, the bell rang and I went to the door. It was Jerry.

"Hi, kiddo," he said, "run up and ask Jocelyn if she can go to Middleton with me at five o'clock."

Jocelyn looked perfectly stony when I asked her, and said "No," in an icicle sort of voice. Then I went down, real slowly, and told Jerry. I guess I must have looked scared, for he laughed, and offered me a stick of gum. "Tell Jocelyn I'll be here at five," he said, and went away whistling. I did tell Jocelyn, and she got as red as fire, and jerked at the fastenings of her dress till she tore it. She stayed in her room with the door shut for about two hours. We never dreamed she would go with Jerry, but about half-past four she came into Jean's room to borrow a curling iron.

"Are you going out?" Jean asked her.

"Yes, I think a drive will do me good," Jocelyn said, without looking at us. She looked like a picture when she was dressed—all in lavender, even her shoes and gloves. She just barely spoke to Jerry when he came, and we wondered how he could possibly enjoy himself on the drive.

Ted stayed till eleven o'clock that night, and we sat in one corner of the porch, planning how we could get married on seventy-five dollars a month. I told Ted I knew Dad would give me some, but he said he wanted to support his wife by himself. While we were talking we heard a carriage drive up. I had forgotten all about Jocelyn until then, and I knew if Jerry found us there we would never hear the last of it. So Ted and I climbed over the railing and sneaked around to the side door. I managed to get upstairs to Jocelyn's room before she did. She came walking in right after me, with an absent, faraway look on her face.

"Did you have a nice time?" someone asked.

"O, yes, perfectly lovely," Jocelyn answered, beaming at everybody. "It was a grand night, so warm and still." This from Jocelyn! Smiles were exchanged and significant glances.

"Jocelyn, honey, how mussed your hair is!" Alice exclaimed, in her motherly fashion. Jocelyn started guiltily.

"Oh, yes, it was *awfully* windy out in the country," she explained, and blushed suddenly and unmistakably. No one had ever seen her blush before. Alice went over to her and opened her jacket. Then she fairly screamed with triumph and delight.

"Here it is, girls, she has his pin on!"

The girls all rushed at Jocelyn, who was so scared and so fussed that she couldn't say anything.

"Now, Jocelyn," her roommate said, sternly, "stop looking so ridiculously happy, and tell us when the wedding is to be."

"Next October, Jerry says," answered Jocelyn.



APOSTROPHIZING THE DECENT AVERAGE

NOT long ago a professor in Chicago explained to a class of undergraduates that the theory of the university as a leaven for raising a considerable mass of people to an approximate standard of efficiency was a mistaken one. He described the university as a testing device which had no concern with the average student beyond discovering that he was merely average. He said that the university which disclosed one man of talent, one candidate for membership in the true elite, during a decade, was to be judged fortunate.

Whether the university has been successfully designed to carry out the testing process is a question which I may ignore. I confess that the theory seemed cynical. It is rather depressing to be told that unless you are one of the elite—and no matter how high an opinion of your talents you may have you are never sure, for very long at a time, that you are the one in the ten thousand—you are an encumbrance.

By way of reaction I welcomed Miss McLenegan's apostrophe of the decent average. There is no denying the warm glow with which one reads a justification of the common man. No one thinks he is common but it is pleasant to hear praises of those who are—the implication is obvious.

I did think that Miss McLenegan overdid it. It hurts to hear the man and woman of mere culture discarded in a phrase as "quite as beautiful and quite as useless" as one of Alma Tadema's paintings. I had thought that the truly beautiful could never be wholly useless.

When our critic says that "nowadays the drama pays best when it is only an amusement for people fagged out with living," I remember to have read that the bear baiting contests of Elizabeth's time emptied Will Shakespeare's *Globe*. It may be that there as many people in the America of today who care for drama that is something more than a soporific as there were in the England of centuries ago.

I think that the juxtaposition of the "tired business man" and "the modern drama" is a joke. People go to plays when they can, to have their emotions played upon, very much as they go to football games and prize fights to enjoy a thrill. Miss McLenegan says that the "cultured exquisite" may "write more ballades of dead ladies but who cares?" Perhaps Miss McLenegan is not impressed with French literature; Villon was one who laid the corner stone of it.

And as for problem plays—are not all plays problem plays? I hope the advance of the decent average does not mean the loss of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, or of *Hamlet*, or even of *Ghosts*. For I am sure that Miss McLenegan is right when she says that "this is the day and the time of the decent average."
—*Lucian Cary.*



EDITORIALY

IT is a pleasant LIT experience to find editorial space thus cramped by contributions. It is, moreover, a beneficial experience, for it checks discursiveness and brings us quickly to the point. But one more issue remains to complete our present volume. Copy must be in for the May number by April 24th at the latest. We ask all those interested to furnish copy by that date. We wish to make the last number a strong number, and urge an even wider literary cooperation than we have received through the numbers past.

Mr. George N. Northrup, a very good friend, of the English department, will review the present issue. THE LIT extends formal thanks to Mr. Northrup and likewise to Prof. W. G. Bleyer, "infelix criticus" for March.

For two years past manuscript has been piling up in the editorial department. Those in quest of their contributed material may receive same from the editor at his address. The business manager, we beg final leave to state, may still be prevailed upon to accept cash for unpaid subscriptions.



Just the best typewriter that
money can buy.

The Remington

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

414 BROADWAY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Wm. F. Vilas, President
Joseph M. Boyd, Cashier

Frank W. Hoyt, Vice-President
A. O. Paunack, Asst. Cash.

BANK OF WISCONSIN

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Capital Paid in	- - - - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus	- - - - -	50,000.00
Additional Liability of Stockholders	- - - - -	100,000.00

BRANCH BANK

For convenience of west end of city, corner State, Henry and Johnson Sts.

DIRECTORS:

Wm. F. Vilas, Frank W. Hoyt, A. O. Fox, S. H. Edison, Eugene Eighthy, Joel Boley, Geo. Soelch, Frank Kessenich, A. L. Sanborn, Joseph M. Boyd,