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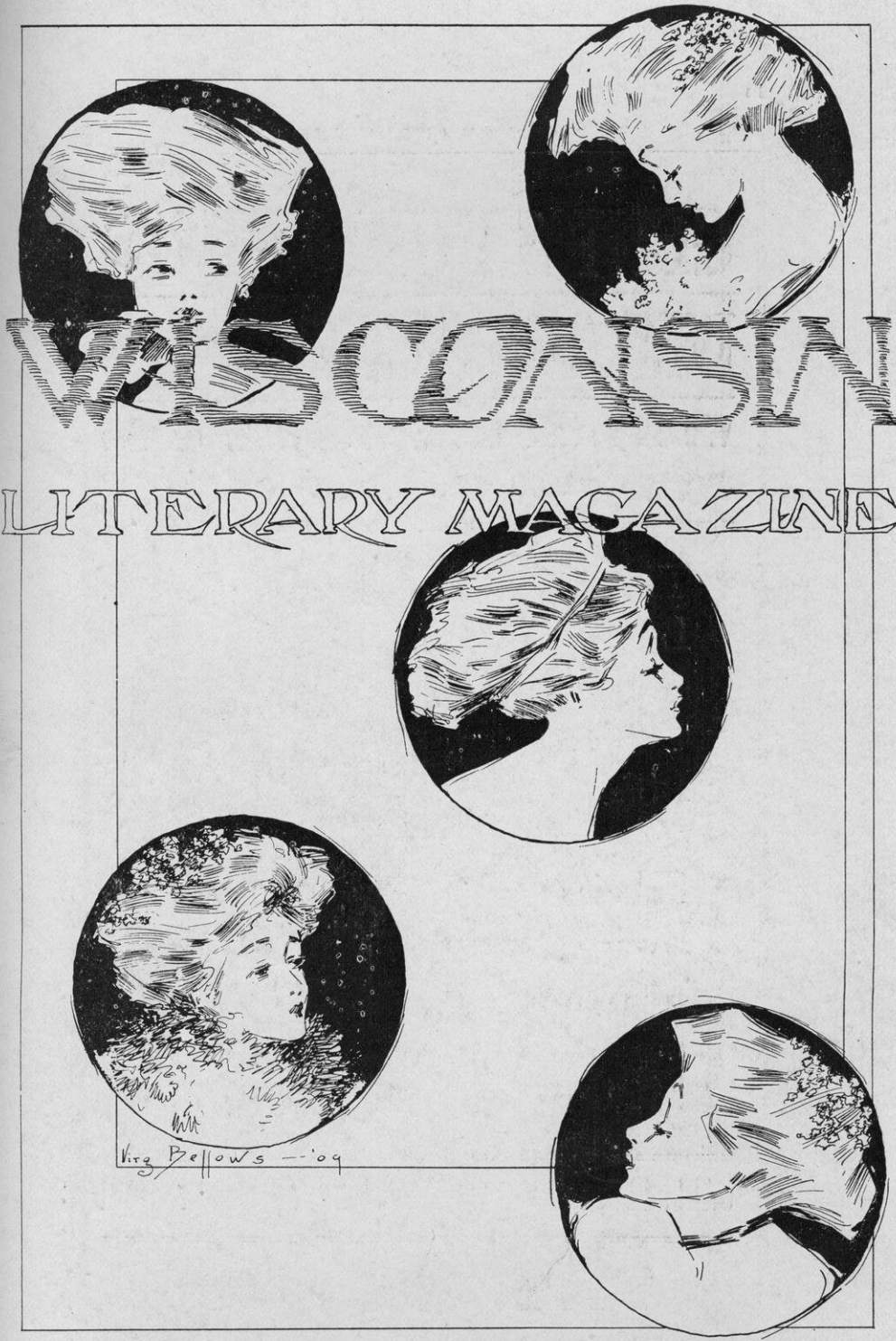
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The Most Fascinating Periods of University Life

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1909

NO. VI.

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## **THE CO-OP**

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

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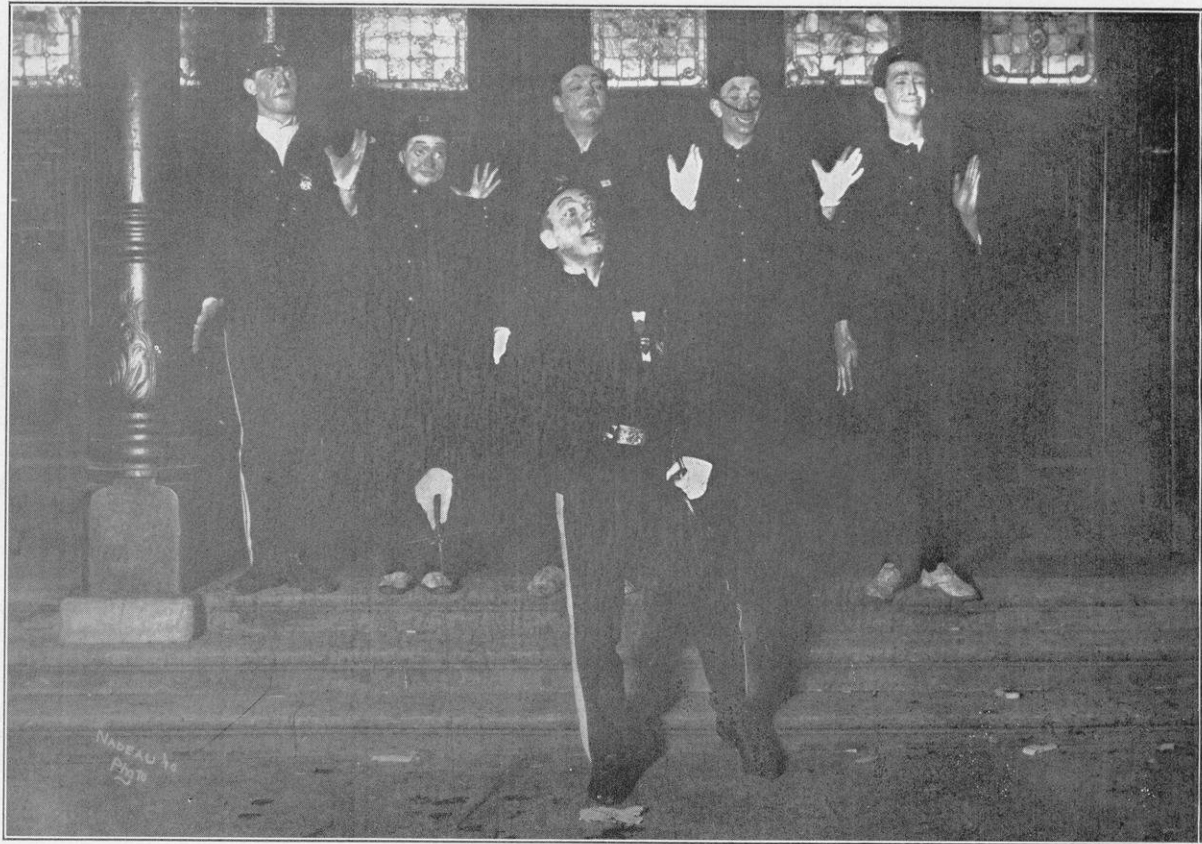
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*Soldiers' Chorus in "Tessie at College"*

PHOTO BY NADEAU '10

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume VI

MARCH, 1909

Number VI

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## THE PRODIGAL SON

FRANCES LUNDQUIST

The pupils of the Academy had just finished their Saturday night rehearsal of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. Some of the young amateurs were disposed to linger, but Miss Irwin, the dramatic teacher, showed no inclination to discuss either the demerits of the latest matinee idol, or the qualities of Ibsen; and when four young men remained to present an obtuse front to her attitude of dismissal, she spoke plainly.

"If you want to continue your business meeting," she said quietly, "I'll let you have the other studio. I should like to have this one to myself a little while before going home."

This delicate hint was understood, and the ambitious four, who had lingered to adore and be smiled upon, withdrew in limp confusion. When the echo of the last descending foot had died away and the door below had noisily swung to, Rachael Irwin drew a breath of relief. It had been an unusually arduous day and she was very tired, but there was another reason which caused her sigh of thankfulness at the departure of her pupils.



"If only Stephen doesn't come home," she murmured with half-shut eyes, drawing out the skein of thought which she had tucked away in her mind ten hours before; drawing out at the same time from the folds of her shirtwaist the letter from her brother.

He was in trouble, he wrote; he couldn't explain the nature of it, for he was sure that nobody, now that mother was dead, would understand. But he wanted to run away—to run away from the University—to run away from himself. If anything should happen, would she look after father, and above all, prevent him from doing anything desperate?

"If he leaves Ann Arbor now in the midst of his course," thought the girl, "he will never go back; nothing in the world would so completely break father's heart. Stephen ought to understand and save us that misery."

The city clock interrupted her musing with nine, deep, sonorous strokes, and Rachael, stirring herself wearily, was reminded that her father might be at home awaiting her coming. After putting the books on her table in order, she donned her hat and coat and left the studio, giving the key to the janitor who stood on guard without.

As the girl reached the street, a wild March wind rushed upon her and nearly blew her into the street; she steadied herself to avoid colliding with an approaching pedestrian, who raised his hat familiarly as she bore past him.

"Rachael!" called a voice. Even so, she thought it the sport of the wind, but catching her veil and hat, she turned with difficulty to make sure.

"It isn't you, Stephen?"

"A piece of him." He was by her side now, and she embraced him happily, forgetting in the joy of meeting, the bitterness of her thoughts.

"Oh, I just waited a few minutes," he was saying in answer to her question as they stood on the corner watching for the Hackett Avenue car. "I tried to get up to your room at the Academy, but the janitor sent me out. He said that more than one other young fellow had tried to work that 'brother' gag on him. I hope," he continued anxiously, "you aren't annoyed here, sis? You oughtn't to have to go home alone."

"Nonsense, Stephen!" she laughed. "'Cupid's foot-pads' have no use for me. Besides," she said, "father always comes for me when I work as late as this."

"He isn't in town, then?" the boy breathed quickly. "I went up to the house and found no one there."

Rachael felt a pang of apprehension. "He may be there now; he was to come from St. Paul either on the 9 p. m. or the 1 a. m. train; he usually takes the earlier."

But when they arrived, the house was silent and dark. "He hasn't come," cried the girl with unconcealed relief, as she turned on the lights in the hall and living-room. "We have three hours to ourselves. Are you hungry, Steve? No? Let's have a fire here then, so we can talk comfortably."

"Now," said Rachael, drawing her chair closer to her brother's as they sat before the crackling blaze, "I want to hear all about it."

Stephen's head had been bowed in miserable silence and at the brief invitation to speak, he bent nearer to the fire.

"I ought to wait for you to tell me, but there's so little time!" pleaded the girl, laying her hand upon his. "And I want, oh I want so much, to help you, Stephen, to mean something to you."

"I don't know where to begin," the young fellow answered, taking the poker in his free hand and stirring the fire. "There isn't anything—exactly—to tell. But you can ask questions if you like, and I'll answer—or try to."

"It was the trigonometry that you failed in—that horrible mathematical stuff?"

"I didn't fail in anything; certainly not in trig., which is my strong point," he answered with a wan smile for the sympathy in her naive question.

"You didn't have enough money?"

"Well, no; that is, I spent what I had."

"You should have written me for more," reproachfully.

"I couldn't do that very well, Rachael. Besides I—I had money and wasted it."

"It wasn't really lack of money that made you leave?"

"No."

"Was there," she began painfully, as a ray of illumination lit the gropings of her mind, "was there—May I ask a question, Stephen?" He nodded. "There was a woman—?"

He did not answer, then when he tried to, he choked ineffectually for words; he rose and walked restlessly about the room.

"Stephen?"

"Well?" He stopped as she turned to him.

"Did you want to—to marry this woman?"

Stephen stretched out his arms in despair. "Oh, God, no! that is, not the real me, not the one who's with you now. But you can't understand!"

"No," Rachael answered slowly, aching to be generous, "I don't quite—understand."

"But I do!" They both jumped at the voice; at the door stood a figure in overcoat and fur cap, on which new fallen snow was rapidly melting. The blue eyes twinkled appreciatively; the white beard shook as if its owner were laughing.

"Father!" cried Rachael.

"Why, dad," exclaimed the boy, grasping his father's hand, "Is it so late? I meant to meet you—"

"And you forgot, in reciting Ibsen dramatics with Rachael here; you rascals! 'Fess up now, Rachel."

She pressed her cheek against his wet coat and smiled, "I'm afraid they're real dramatics this time, papa," she said aloud. The she whispered quickly. "Be gentle with Stephen, dearest."

The father raised his brow interrogatively. "Is it as serious as that? Well, let me get the gist of this little play and then we'll see. Stephen, my boy, if I understand the conversation when I entered, you have met a woman?"

"It is true, sir," said Stephen, with no sense of irony.

"If I remember rightly," said the elder, "you are not the only man. I think Sir Galahad met a woman."

"And I think he ran," said the son.

"I am not sure about that, Stephen; but did you?"

"I confess I took to my heels, sir. I have left Ann Arbor for good."

The face of the older man twitched in sudden pain; he regarded his son for a time in hurt silence.

"Rachael," he said at last, turning to his daughter.

"Yes, papa; I am going."

"You don't need to, child," he kissed her upturned face; "but I can't let you stay up all night and exhaust yourself."

"I understand, dear. Good night." She climbed the stairs reflectively, leaving the two alone.

Mr. Irwin joined the boy at the fire, and father and son sat together in silence a while, each buried in his own thoughts.

"I suppose you despise me," Stephen broke out at last, as the elder did not speak.

"Despise you, my boy?" his father repeated, "certainly not; how could I? I am only very, very sorry for you."

Stephen lifted his head in quick surprise at the unexpected sympathy.

"But, father," he said, "I haven't told you anything."

"Yes, you have,—all that I need to know; unless, of course, you want to ease your mind by telling me more."

"What have I told you?" the young man asked, puzzled.

"That you have met a new problem in life, perhaps even a great temptation, and you have not proven strong enough to cope with it successfully."

"Not strong enough!" exclaimed Stephen. "Good Lord, I'm not a coward! If it were a matter of fighting, I've got the muscle and the will both."

"But it is a matter of fighting, and you haven't even stayed on the field."

"There, father, you don't understand."

"Then please enlighten me."

"I should think you'd see that I left because I didn't want to yield to temptation."

"So I thought; that's what I suggested before."

"Well," Stephen continued doggedly after a pause, "I suppose that you mean that I am a moral coward."

"You leap to conclusions, my boy. But you were afraid, weren't you?"

Stephen was silent.

"I think, too," the father went on, "that you have mistaken your enemy. There is no intangible foe from without, threatening you with destruction; it is only your own irresolute will from which you cannot escape though you go to Alaska."

"What do you intend to do?" he asked, but the boy, with his chin on his hands, looked into the dying fire, not heeding the question.

"Stephen?"

"Yes, father; let me think awhile. I can't answer now."

The clock ticked with uninterrupted distinctness, as the two kept vigil together. They sat an hour in absorbed silence, and then the striking of the clock startled them both.

"It is three o'clock, Stephen; have you come to any conclusion?"

"I want to stay with you and Rachael to-morrow—or to-day, rather, since it's morning now," said the young man.

“Certainly,” but the father noted with some apprehension the resolve in his son’s face; “and then—”

“I am going back to Ann Arbor to-morrow.”

Confidence and relief were evident in the elder’s glance. “But,” he said, smiling in approval, “there is a woman in the town?”

Stephen shrugged his shoulders as he met his father’s eyes. “Not that I know of,” he answered, and his voice rang with conviction.

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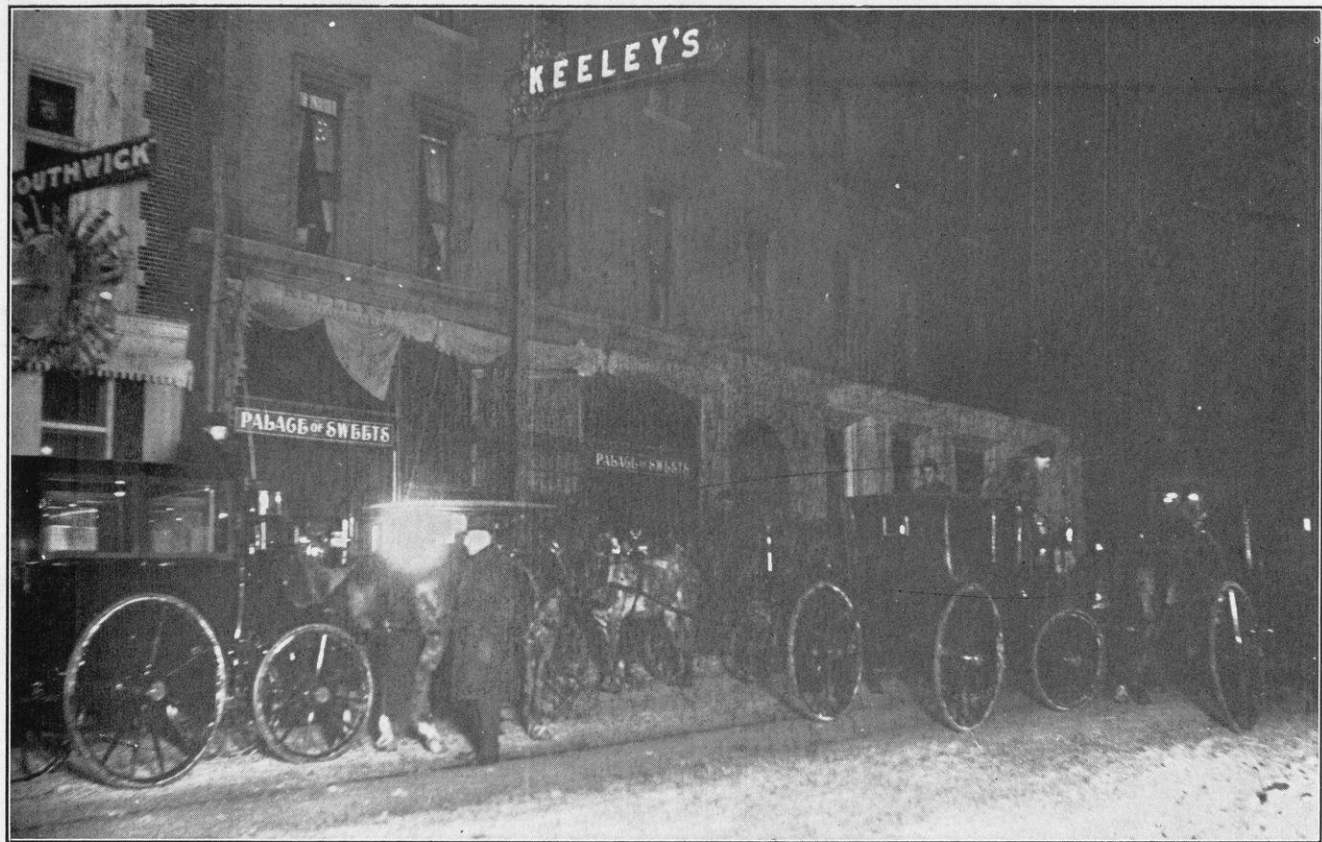
CUI BONO.

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WALTHER BUCHEN.

What does it all amount to at the end?  
 You travelled fast because you went alone,  
 You won some lordship, scratched some unmarked stone,  
 But was it worth the price you paid, old friend?  
 Some men you hated came beneath your boot,  
 You ground their lives out, sucked the blackening blood,  
 Then licked your lips, and smiled, and called it good  
 Because they made soft walking under foot.  
 You conquered, grabbed your little piece of world,  
 Lorded some years some hundred thousand men,—  
 Oh yes! You made your mark, you made your mark, but then,  
 Will that be comfort when the flag is furled  
 And you lie down to stretch yourself and try  
 To fill as long a coffin as may be?  
 ’Twill be as cold—or hot—for you, you’ll see,  
 As for your servants when you come to die.  
 To die alone! That’s hell, I tell you, friend.  
 To feel no woman’s tear upon your face,  
 To know that there is no one of your race  
 To hold you up and help to smoothe the end—  
 That’s worse than hell! And then the thought of Her  
 Will come to vex your soul with thoughts and dreams—  
 You’ll know the thing that is and that that seems  
 And pray you had not been the man you were.  
 We’re old. I say success is peace attained  
 And you say it is power. Who is right!  
 We’ll wait and see who goes into the night  
 The braver and the calmer at the end.





*After the Junior Play at the "Pal."*

# TESSIE AT COLLEGE

Copyrighted, 1909, by Ernst Jung and Oscar Haase.

ERNST JUNG AND OSCAR R. HAASE

(Continued from the February Number)

ACT II.

*Scene—Room at Tessie's lodgings a week later.*

LYRICS BY G. B. HILL, '08.

THE DISILLUSIONED CHARLEY-BOY.

*Air from 1907 Dartmouth Junior Play.*

*Song—College Life's Too Fast For Me.*

I.

In colleges, I used to think  
You didn't do a thing  
But be athletic, spoon, and drink  
And sit around and sing—  
With arms around each others necks  
Upon a campus grassy,  
And wear those clothes with candy  
checks  
Like on the bill-boards—classy.

I thought that college was a grand  
sweet smile  
A sort of Heaven done in poster  
style,  
Inhabited by comic profs  
And fluffy girls and rough-house  
sophs,  
Who in their casual conversation  
Said "Rah" by way of punctuation.  
I was a gulleless high-school lad—  
And since—oh what a bump I've had.

II.

I thought I'd hit a rose-strewn path  
Of well-bred dissipations.  
Two weeks of hash and Freshman Math.  
Dispelled those hallu-cinations.  
I felt it would be much more gay  
To be the undertaker  
The guy that writes the college play  
Is a wild-eyed nature-faker.

I thought that students sang—oh my  
Since then I've heard the Glee-club  
try.  
I found the Greek-limbed ath-u-lete  
His neck 'neath Eric's fairy feet.  
The coy-ed—well I hate to knock,  
But say, she was an awful shock.  
My pipe dream of gay college days  
Was punctured thirteen different  
ways.

III.

A recent shocking rumor ran  
Thru frat-house and thru grub-house,  
Of alcoholic revels in  
The University Club-house.  
"Our Profs drank stuff so hot they had  
To have asbestos lockers."  
So I gummed-shoed in for evidence  
To verify those knockers.

Two bald-heads talking sociology—  
A young instructor drinking weak beef  
tea—  
A gay old grad from out of town  
Was pouring one short dark one  
down—  
Dean Birge was playing with a crokinole  
board,  
And Prof. Voss-kuehler was asleep and  
snored  
Profs sports? They're pure as new-  
mown dew  
Not in the class with me and you.



## IV.

Some honest first year short-course lads  
 Were mailed neat invitations—  
 "Short Course Reception—Chadbourne  
 Hall  
 Feed—Social Recreations."  
 They spruced in Sunday togs, in place  
 Of those that they wore always,  
 And in a compact drove hiked in  
 To Chadbourne's desert hallways.

The blessed damosels leaned o'er  
 The railing on the second floor,  
 And to the fustered crowd below  
 They yipped: "Reception? Mercy no!"  
 Some black-souled senior short-course  
 pup  
 Had faked those invitations up—  
 A disillusioned, red-eared rout  
 Strained Chadbourne's doorway get-  
 ting out.

## V.

You know that horrid Bernard Shaw  
 And Neitzche, who is worsen,  
 Have idolized the Superman;  
 So I, the Super-fusser  
 Whose motto is: "Let each day see  
 Some new peach-bud enraptured"—  
 His own sophisticated gutta-percha  
 Heart uncaptured.

Ferd Bartlett was the boy for me:  
 He'd fussed nineteen sororities  
 He was our social butterfly—  
 But now he's fitting down to Chi!  
 No glances local charmers get,  
 For Ferd has found his One Best Bet  
 One more of my illusions hit—  
 Our social butterfly has lit.

## VI.

At rushing season every year  
 We hear the same old story,  
 The Sigma Nu plans then appear  
 Some day, Frosh, you'll be sorry.  
 Then Betas, Phi Gams, Theta Deltas  
 Are telling all around,  
 They're waiting for the snow to melt  
 Before they break up ground.

This building is too much for me,  
 The Psi U house is still a tree,  
 The Delta Taus are all alarm,  
 The Alpha Deltas have a nice new  
 farm,  
 The Kappa Sigs have broken ground  
 A nice new drainage ditch they've  
 found.  
 And now our interest is aroused  
 We wish these Frats were safely  
 housed.

## VII.

The Sphinx and other maudlin sheets  
 Preserve the sloppy tradition,  
 That Prom-folks sit in window seats  
 In Robert Chambers positions,  
 And kiss to an undue extent  
 Behind a potted palm, kid.  
 So I thought I'd experiment  
 On my particular Prom-kid.

We had a Tartar of a chaperone.  
 At last we shook her, in the hack,  
 alone  
 I deftly took the chance to sneak  
 A kisslet from Cecilia's cheek.  
 With promptitude she slapped my face.  
 For weeks it left an ouchy place  
 'Twas not like what I'd read about—  
 One more illusion down and out.

## VIII.

The Lawshop studes chaw Battle-Ax  
 Without restraint or prudence.  
 Their faculty use axes too—  
 They use them on the students.  
 The study of the Law is tough  
 Why, nobody could doubt it—  
 In fact the Dean himself don't know  
 So very much about it.

Our law profs con us every term:  
 Because they like to watch us squirm—  
 They barbarously bumped Butch Boyle,  
 And badly busted big Bill Doyle.  
 The Irish and the Dutch were stung:  
 To-wit: Pete Murphy and Ernst Jung.  
 The motto of Professor Cook  
 Is: "Brethren, give the studes the  
 Hook."

Tessie: (Enters carrying several books and finds a letter.)  
 A letter from dad—dear old dad. (Reading) "My dear  
 Tess—Well I have the greatest bit of news for you, and I can  
 hardly get it down straight. Will probably sell Primrose land.  
 There were two men from some Chicago Railroad Company up  
 here and offered me \$400 an acre. I have 400 acres and you  
 know I bought it for \$25 per acre. Figure it out for yourself,  
 girl,—my head is all in a whirl. They want me to come down

to Chicago myself to close the deal; when I get there I'll send you a whole trunk of new duds." Oh!—Good old dad. Won't I be grand though. (Reading again) P. S. "Tell John about Primrose and remember me to him; he's a fine fellow." Yes he's a fine fellow. If dad only knew! But \$400 an acre! (Takes up letter again.) What a fortune it would be! And all those new duds. Oh, if it is clothes, John, I can—but I guess it is too late. That wouldn't change it now.

(Enter Mrs. Rumer.)

Mrs. Rumer: There's a gentleman caller for you at the door and I told him you were too busy to see him.

Tessie: A gentleman caller? Please show—

Mrs. Rumer: I told him you were so busy that you had to—

Tessie: (Interrupting her) You will please show him in.

(Mrs. Rumer exits—rather ruffled. Tessie arranges the table; and the landlady returns.)

Mrs. Rumer: Here he is.

(Enter Beverly Smyles—Mrs. Rumer busies herself about the rear of room.)

Tessie: How do you do, Mr. Smyles?

Beverly: How do you do? I dropped in to see—a (Eyeing Mrs. Rumer) to see if you'd been homesick this week.

Tessie: No—I really haven't had much time to even think of it.

Beverly: Well, that's pretty brave. I wanted to know whether you'd care to go to—

Tessie: Why, yes, I'll be glad to go—Where? Won't you sit down?

Beverly: (Still taking glances at Mrs. Rumer) To—Convocation in a week or two, when the faculty feels like taking an hour off. You see since I've had this little accident I'm not of much account—but I must do something to keep down my expansion. I think an hour in Library Hall during Convocation is enough to make anyone thin.

Tessie: How is your arm? By the way, you wanted to tell me the other day how it all happened.

Beverly: Well, I hardly know myself. It was an ordinary scrimmage; game was getting pretty heated I guess and all I know is—someone fumbled the ball. I fell on it, and everybody else on top of me. Then someone stepped on my arm; it was all over in a minute. I don't care—only now I'll gain

weight like the deuce 'cause I can't train. I'll soon be invited to join the Germanistische Gesellschaft at Pete Hamacher's.

(The door bell rings—exit Mrs. Rumer who had been following the conversation with great interest.) The fellows were saying that someone kicked me intentionally to put me out.

Tessie: Kicked you intentionally!

Beverly: Yes, I could hardly believe it myself. But I guess it's so all right. They say John Greenleaf did it.

Tessie: John Greenleaf! What would he do that for? Why John wouldn't hurt even the feelings of—

(Sinks down in the window seat the picture of dejection and reflects. Beverly gets nervous.)

You say you are certain John did this.

Beverly: Why—they say so.

Tessie: Mr. Syles, I don't know what to make of it. The day I came he—he—but you'd better go now, Mr. Syles.

Beverly: I hope you are not sore at me—I—I (Re-enter Mrs. Rumer).

Mrs. R.: The S. G. A. has sent a delegation of girls to call on you.

Tessie: The S. G. A.? What's that?

Beverly: What? You've been here two weeks and don't know what S. G. A. stands for. It's Sour Grape Association. (Aside) Gee! Stella is chairman. (Growing excited) Great Scott, bet she is with them. Can't I go anywhere without bumping into her! (To Tessie) I must be going now—

(Runs to the door at the rear and looks out—then runs to the front door and rushes in. (Loud talking is heard in the hall.)

Don't tell them I'm here. Please, I beg of you—Tessie, I mean Miss—Don't give me away. (Exit.)

Tessie: Don't go in there. What has gotten into him? Enter Stella, Bella, Suzanne and Anna May.

Stella: How do you do. Isn't this a pleasant day?—I think you have met all of these girls; we're representatives of the S. G. A. Of course you are a member since you have registered as a student of the University.

Suzanne: Yes, you can't help it.

Annable: If I can give you information or help in anything I'll be only too happy to do it.

Tessie: I'm glad that you came to tell me about it. (She

looks nervously toward the door where Beverly has disappeared.

Suzanne: The object of the Association is to regulate all matters pertaining to the student life of its members.

Anna May: Yes, Mrs. Woodward insists on it.

Belle: Oh, isn't this a dandy room girls?

Stella: So cozy—Yes; The faculty recognizes the fact that while it must assume a very paternal attitude and formulate restrictions on the men and athletics of the University, it can safely leave the girls to take care of themselves.

Suzanne: So we came to see whether you were doing it.

Annable: Yes, it's hard to get started all alone sometimes.

(Beverly sticks his head out of the door to which a cloak and hat are hanging.)

Beverly: (Aside) Gee! It's close in here; guess I struck a clothes closet. (He closes the door again.)

Belle: Oh, what a dandy bird you have; isn't he cute girls?

Stella: It is my duty as chairman of the executive board to see that the rules are enforced; first in regard to gentlemen callers.

Anna May: Yes, Mrs. Woodward insists on it.

Suzanne: Besides, it might happen that someone would call on you.

Annable: At hours outside the regular schedule for callers, you know.

(Beverly looks out again, fumbles in his pocket, draws out a pipe and fills it. Stella catches a glimpse of him, as he closes the door.)

Stella: (Surprised) (taking a few steps toward the cloak room) Oh, there's Bev—(Makes a supreme effort to control herself.)

Girls: What's the matter Stella?

Stella: Nothing—I—I just had a momentary—pain—It's gone now. As I was saying, you must see that he never stays longer than ten o'clock, unless on a Saturday night.

Belle: Oh, gracious no.

Suzanne: On Saturday night, if your fund of conversational topics holds out, he may stay as late as half past ten.

Belle: Why, what a pretty window seat you have. (Sits among the pillows.) If the Electric Light Company fails to turn its dynamo, as it has on several occasions, your caller is to leave at once.

Tessie: But girls, you seem to take it for granted that I am to do nothing but have gentlemen callers. I never intend—  
(Stops as the cloak room door opens a trifle and Beverly looks out just as he lights his pipe with a sigh of satisfaction.)

Stella: And in regard to parties, you must never—

Belle: Oh girls, isn't that the cutest teddy-bear you ever saw?

Belle and Stella: (Running toward her) Isn't he a darling! How sweet! Oh he's too cunning for anything.

Stella: (Going up to the group about the window seat) Girls, remember we are representatives of the S. G. A. executive board. Don't waste your time on teddy-bears; look for something more alive.

Belle: (Sees the picture of John Greenleaf on the book case.) Well—I declare, here is a picture of John Anderson Greenleaf. Do you know John?

Tessie: He is from my home town.

Stella: (Sarcastically) What! A picture of a man! Let's see it.

Anna May: Oh—h! If Mrs. Woodward knew she'd insist on—

(Beverly opens the cloak room door. A volume of smoke comes out, and he coughs, but chokes it by chucking a handkerchief in his mouth.)

Beverly: (Apart) I can't stand this any longer. (A sudden inspiration seizes him) I know what I'll do. (Closes the door.)

Suzanne: Did you say that John is a very good friend of yours?

Tessie: I—I don't know about that. I know who he is; I don't think he recognized me—the day I came.

Annable: There was an awful crowd that day, I remember; so many strangers.

Stella: Well, John can't recognize everybody. You know its dreadful to be so popular. I know what it is. You can't speak to everyone you know—simply nod, nod, nod all the time. Why I sometimes think I'll have spinal meningitis of the collar-bone.

Belle: Isn't this a pretty pillow? Who made it Tessie?

(The girls group about the pillow, Beverly looks out of the cloak room attired in cloak and hat and veil and stealthily goes toward the door.)

Beverly: (Apart) I was choking in there. It was almost as bad as the Chemistry Lab or a Commerce Course Smoker.

(Beverly proceeds rather dizzily toward the door. He is seen by the girls just as he goes out, but is unrecognized.)

Anna May: I believe a lady at the door wishes to speak to you. We'll also have to be going, girls, come on.

Belle: What do you want to go for? I haven't seen a thing yet. (Goes over to look in the closet door.)

Tessie: Stay a while girls. Your visit has been so interesting.

Belle: (Smoke is noticed coming from the closet) Fire! Fire! (All the girls rush out except Stella and Tessie. Stella looks in the closet door and sees that Beverly has gone.)

Stella: (Stupefied) Well, where did he go? Escaped again. I'll have to get him this time. (rushes out.)

Annable: (Returns quickly when the girls are out) Tessie, won't you tell me your secret; I think I know it already.

Tessie: There's no secret Annable.

Annable: About John the other day.

Tessie: I really don't know what you mean.

Beverly: (Sticking his head in the door) Is she gone?

Tessie: Yes—What'd you do that for?

Beverly: Oh, that Stella Starch makes me feel sick every time I see her. I've told her a million times that I wouldn't announce—I mean that I'd pay—Oh I don't know what I mean. But what did she say to you about John?

Tessie: Oh, I don't remember.

Annable: You don't want to tell me; I'll go.

Beverly: (Sadly) I know all about it. He was a cad to do it.

Tessie: (Dignified) Don't say that—There is nothing that I know he did. Annable, you're not angry? You've been very kind to me. I don't know what I should have done if you and Beverly hadn't been out here.

Beverly: (Looks at Annable and Annable glances at Beverly; both are fussed) Oh—that's all right.

Annable: Why, I haven't done a thing for you yet, Tessie!

Suzanne: (Comes back) Annable, are you coming?

Annable: Well, good-bye, Tessie—I'll drop in tomorrow (aside to Beverly on going out) Don't say anything to her about John; she doesn't like it. (Exit.)

Beverly: (Aside) Kind of soft on John. (Aloud) Pardon me—I didn't mean to be inquisitive.

Tessie: It's all right. I really don't know of anything that happened. But I think you also had better be going now.

Beverly: (Takes his hat) You're not sore at me?

Tessie: Sore? Why no. You're a friend of mine, I hope. You're one of the few that come to see me; you and Annable.

Beverly: Well, I'm glad to see you smile again. All right, I'll break away while the sun shines. Good-bye—and don't forget about—about—(Trying to remember) Convocation.

Tessie: I should say not—Good-bye, Mr. Syles.

(Exit.)

Tessie: (Goes toward table.)

Beverly: (Sticks his head in the door again) A—my mother calls me Beverly.

Tessie: Oh, she does? Well, good-bye Beverly.

Beverly: Good-bye. (Hesitates to go.)

(Exit.)

(Comes in again) What does your mother call you?

Tessie: My mother calls me Tessie.

Beverly: (Aside) (Ecstatically) Tessie! (Timidly) Good-bye Tessie.

Tessie: Good-bye Beverly.

Beverly (Exit.)

Tessie: He's a jolly fellow—Always full of fun.

(Enter Mrs. Rumer.)

Mrs. Rumer: You'll excuse me—of course it's none of my business—but I wanted to ask you—are you going to have as many visitors as this all year 'round? That S. G. A. delegation that was here certainly needs some one to look after it; one of them actually had the nerve to go into my parlor and—inspect everything as if it was some public museum.

Tessie: Why, that's too bad.

Mrs. R.: Well, that isn't exactly what I was going to say—I was going to talk to you about—gentlemen callers. Now if I had a daughter—(door bell.)

Tessie: (Dignified) You could raise her as you pleased.

(Mrs. Rumer walks out in ruffled spirits.)

Tessie: Wish she'd forget that motherly attitude she assumes toward me.

Mrs. R.: (Re-enters; in undisguised amazement) There's another gentleman caller—outside.

Tessie: Show him in.

Mrs. R.: Show him in? You don't mean to say that you're going to have another—man—

Tessie: Mrs. Rumer, I mean exactly what I said—and in the future I shall never say things unless I mean them.

Mrs. R.: (On leaving) I'll have to get a maid to tend door for her visitors.

(Exit.)

(Tessie goes to the bay windows and opens one) Orchestra plays incidentally: John Anderson, My Jo John. Enter John.

Tessie: John, you—

John: Yes—hope you'll pardon this visit, I just—

Tessie: I will if you go. I haven't anything to say.

John: But I have. I knew you didn't care to see me. That's why I waited so long. But I just saw Beverly leave, and I thought you might not mind if an old friend came to see you.

Tessie: Mr. Smyles comes to see me sometimes. It's such a comfort to know that when you're among strangers, someone has taken an interest in you.

John: You like him?

Tessie: What right have you to ask?

John: You're right, I haven't. I bet he's also under the wrong impression which I came to explain—for he hasn't spoken a word to me since the day you came.

Tessie: I'm sorry that I should be the cause of this.

John: I didn't mean that.

Tessie: I told Beverly—that I was positive that you didn't hurt him intentionally.

John: Hurt him!—What do you mean?

Tessie: He's under the impression that you hurt him intentionally in that foot ball game.

John: Beverly thinks that?

Tessie: Yes, but it isn't true is it? You wouldn't do that!

John: (Aside) She does like him. (To her) Why, I don't see how you can ask me that question, Tessie—you! I can't tell what happened in that scrimmage—who can? 'Tisn't like chess, or tiddle de winks where you can watch every fellow's move; but hurt him maliciously!

Tessie: (Aside) I knew he wouldn't.

John: But that isn't what I came here for—I came to tell you how wrong you are in believing that I was too proud to speak to you that day.

Tessie: Let's not talk of that. It wouldn't help matters any now. What I heard and what I saw convinced me.

John: Beverly—



Tessie: No, he didn't say a word. But I wish you'd go now. If your friends knew you were here with the *country girl*, they probably wouldn't like it.

John: Don't say that Tess—We've been pals ever since we've been little bits of tots, and now you want to give me the cold shoulder.—Don't you believe everything those candies are telling you. They don't come out here to study. They only try to find out how much fussing they can get into a week without being conned, and then live up to the limit. But we ought to know each other. We've been together all our lives. (The orchestra plays John Anderson, My Joe John.) Don't you know how we used to go down the fields together and help them bring in the hay? Gee, those were great days.

Tessie: Yes.

John: And when we'd go home—you'd sing my song.

Tessie: "John Anderson, My Jo John."

John: Tessie, I want to explain things. You must listen.

Tessie: I can't—Won't you please go now?

John: Don't act as if you hate me. Can't you forgive me? Can't you forget what has happened.

Tessie: I don't hate you. I can't listen to you—Good-bye.

John: You're doing the wrong thing, Tess, and you'll learn some day. But I'll go (goes toward the door). I'll watch that window when I go and—if you'll be there—you'll forgive me. If not—I won't bother you any more.

(Exit.)

(Tessie is alone; and her actions indicate that she is struggling with her emotions. She betrays that she wishes to go to the window but her pride keeps her away and she slowly goes to the center of the room where she drops weeping into a chair at the table.

Curtain.

## ACT III.

*Scene—Campus—A week later.*

## SOLDIER'S CHORUS.

*Tune: A Soldier's Love.*

I.

We are little soldiers,—real authentic  
soldiers,

Maybe we don't look it, but it's true!  
Getting inspiration to defend the nation,  
By this set of motions we go through.  
Marching in a circle—that's the kind of  
work'll

Make the happy, thoughtless college  
boy

A hero like Lysander, Caesar, Alexander,  
Lieutenant-General Miles or Cap. Mc-  
Coy.

Chorus:

For a collar with starch in,  
Brass buttons, and marchin'  
Around the Gym, or through the mud,  
Kept up for two years,  
Makes our natures so fierce  
We develop a most sanguinary thirst  
to shed blood.

By our twice-a-week drillin'

We're trained to be willin'

To massacre a hostile cuss.

We ain't no tail-enders.

We're freedom's defenders!

It's great to be a pat-ri-ot like us!

II.

Do not get the notion,  
That in real devotion,

Students go and nobly volunteer.

Patriot or not, you

Drill because you've got to—

They drag you to the gun-room by one  
ear.

Alma Mater yanks us, to it, or she spansks  
us

In that thorough way fond mothers  
have;

Except the few she lets

Be hospital-cadets

And handle porous plasters, saws and  
salve.

Chorus:

And has nobody told yer

That each feeble soldier

Our college makes brings fifty beans?

And our perspiration

Nail appropriations—

That's what the famous word Utilitar-  
ian means.

We are Freedom's defenders

For revenue only—

Here sobs of shame affect our voice;

We are worse than we looks,

We are poor conscript rooks

We're heroes by necessity, not choice.

III.

If this feeble spasm lacks en-thus-i-asm.

It all oozed away that last darn  
verse.

If war is what one spells with an H and  
sev'ral Ls,

This drill's about eleven-teen times  
worse.

Our uniforms were new back in eighteen-  
sixty-two—

The woozy way they fit is fit to kill.

Our enemies we slay in a highly novel  
way;

We make 'em die of laughing when  
we drill.

Chorus:

All the powder we smell is the kind Men-  
nens sell,

We're all a'scared to shoot a gun.

And in case of a fight we'd be just out  
of sight—

We'd break the present record for the  
Marathon Run.

The embalmed army beef wouldn't cause  
us much grief—

We're hash-house-trained for eating it.

In a scrap I don't know about beating the  
foe:

It's likelier that we'd be beating it.

On rise of the curtain the orchestra plays the military drill tune: "Mother and Father Pay All the Bills and We Have All the Fun."

Tessie: (Aside) If I could only catch Beverly's eye! (Looks towards the left) I must tell him;—he is still under the impression that John hurt him intentionally. (She waves her hand trying to catch some one's attention) Beverly might decide not to run in that election when he hears the truth, and—and John would get it, I'll bet he'll get it anyway; but you can't tell.—Of course it doesn't make a bit of difference to me who gets it; (she waves her hand again and then hides at the right of a tree) That officer thought I was waving to him. Oh! they are coming. (Exit, hurriedly.)

(The orchestra plays louder and the music dies down after the squad has marched in.)

(Enter squad minus one private for extra "make up" drill; privates of all sizes and all in bad fitting uniforms. Beverly is in the company and is a private.)

Lieutenant: (In charge) Single file! Double time! Column left! Lively. (Squad in single file goes to front, Beverly is the first private in front.)

Right face—double time—movement in place! one—two—one—two—left—right—one—two.

Beverly: (Sees Tessie outside and runs in double time toward her—the other privates continue their double time movement.) Sure enough its Tessie—waving to me; wonder what she wants.

Lieut: (Yells) Private Smyles! what's getting into you?

Beverly: I—I—was short of wind.

Lieut.: Get in line!

Beverly: (Turns reluctantly and runs back into line.)

Lieut.: Squad halt! Stop shaking, private Smyles! left face—column right—forward march. (Squad marches until all are lined up in front of stage) Halt. Front face! Five steps backward, march!—one—two—three—four—halt. (Enter a private all out of breath.)

Private H.: Gee whiz! they've begun—and the way—I—ran—(walks soldierly up to the Lieut.:)

I report, Lieutenant.

Lieut.: Private Hooligan—you are five minutes late again.

Private H.: (Apologetically) I—was—out a little later than usual last night celebrating a birthday—and—so I fell asleep this afternoon—and—

Lieut.: Where you keep yourself at night is immaterial to me, Private Hooligan.

Private H.: Yes—but it was—

Lieut.: Don't give me a narrative. I'm not an English instructor;—get in line!

Private H.: (Goes up to the other privates) Hello fellows!—Gee! we had a great time at Ferd's last night. Should have been there, I tell you.

Lieut.: (Yells) Private Hooligan, shut up. Attention! Heads up—chest out. Private Smyles, more elegance. Left face. (Beverly faces the right) Forward march! one—two—one—two—more elegance. (Beverly marches out right) Halt! What's become of private Smyles? (Looks around and sees him; he yells) Private Symles! come back here;—Private Hooligan, drop out and call back Smyles; He'll walk into the lake if no one stops him.—Rest! (Other privates move about) (Enter Stella and Belle. Stella is overdressed as usual.)

Stella: (Ecstatically) Oh, I simply get crazy every time I hear that band.

Belle: (Sarcastically) So do I.

(Beverly and the other privates return.)

Lieut.: Private Smyles, are you off or am I off?

Privates: (Snicker.)

Lieut.: (Yells still louder) Attention! Or don't I give my commands loud enough?

Stella: Why, Beverly is in the drill!

Belle: A senior taking drill!

Stella: Yes—he has to make up some this year—the poor kid, Isn't he grand; (Rapturously) Oh! he has so many debts! (Waves to Beverly in the line) St! St! (Beverly pays no attention to her) I think Beverly and myself make an ideal couple. He—that—a—is—he and I—well we haven't told anyone about this yet. It is a secret—we're—(Looks around and then whispers into Belle's ear.)

Belle: Engaged!

(Beverly lets his gun drop with a thud.)

Belle: No, Stella is that straight goods?

Stella: It's a secret—Oh Belle, I'm so happy (In each other's arms) Now Belle—it's a deep secret.

Belle: (Emphatically) It's perfectly safe with me.

Lieut.: Aim, fire! (Privates aim at girls.)

Stella: (Screams) Stop—stop it.—

Belle: Stop it.

Stella: Beverly.

Lieut.: Order arms! (All order except Beverly who still aims at the girls) Private Smyles, pay attention! I said order arms. (Beverly puts his gun down. Squad marches out.)

Stella: Oh—if—he had shot me! You know Beverly is just crazy about me; now there is Jimmy; he asked me to go to the Even Dozen last night; he is also just crazy about me—there is a passed up chance.

Belle: Has he any debts?

Stella: I fear not, and I couldn't go with a fellow like that.

Belle: Of course not; why there is Tessie—and in a brand new suit!

Stella: She's always got to run after Beverly—She's trying her best. If I didn't have such a strong grip on him and—if he didn't stick to me so—oh well, what's the use of worrying about it. (Running into her customary talkativeness) Heard Tessie's father made quite a bunch of money on some land deal lately, and I suppose he sent her those glad rags.—Oh, what a hat! Why that was style a month ago! Now, I wear good clothes, too, but I wouldn't think of wearing a thing like that—I'm just crazy about French things, you know. Now that dress isn't a bit French—and how unbecoming!—(Belle sighs) By the way, have you seen Georgianna's new veil? Oh it's a darling, a perfect darling—reaches down to her waist;—you can't get them in town; she had her's sent from Chicago, but they are going to have them in town tomorrow, and me for one.

(Enter Tessie right front.)

Stella: Hello, Tessie!

Belle: Hello, Tessie.

Tessie: Hello, girls.—That is Beverly in line, isn't it? I wonder if they would let me speak to him a minute. I have something awfully important to tell him.

Stella: (Jealously) Important! Well, you can't very well call him out of line now.

(The squad re-enters. Beverly, who is first in line, sees Tessie and fails to obey orders.)

Lieut.: Private Smyles, keep in step—one—two—one—two—

Stella: Beverly gets awfully fussed when he sees me; but doesn't he make a splendid soldier?

Belle: You are wearing a new suit Tessie?

Stella: Yes, it's simply divine. I was just telling Belle

when I saw you coming that your hat was just the dearest thing I ever saw, wasn't I Belle?

Belle: Yes—s!

Tessie: Oh, thank you.—I think I will ask that officer if I can't speak to Beverly a moment. (She walks toward the officer.)

Stella: Some people certainly have their nerve.

(Enter Georgianna, Blanche and John. Georgianna wears a long veil.)

John: Well, I guess I'll have to be going, girls. Got to go to football practice.

Blanche: And I suppose we will have to give you up.

Georgi.: Good luck to you again for the election.

John: Thank you.

Blanche: It isn't necessary to wish John luck, he really has it cinched.

John: Oh, I wouldn't say that.

Georgi.: Of course you wouldn't.

(Georgianna and Blanche go over to Stella and Belle. John goes towards the squad, but stops when he sees Tessie.)

Tessie: (To the officer in the rear) It's just for a minute. Can't I speak to him—just a minute? It's quite important.

Lieut.: Sorry—but it is against the rules.

Tessie: Oh, it is just for a very short time. I've been wanting to speak to him for a week.

Lieut.: (Gruffly) Sorry—but it is against the rules. Forward march!

(Squad marches out in single file.) (Beverly is the last man and as he passes John the latter grabs him out of the line and holds him, unknown to the Lieutenant, who is already out.)

Beverly: Wow! you just jerked off a pound of fat then. What's the matter? Prisoner?

John: Pushes Beverly roughly towards Tessie) Yes, you probably won't object. (John joins the other girls.)

Tessie: (To Beverly) That was rather kind of John.

Beverly: Yes, (Holding his shoulder) almost jerked the life out of me. Gee, Tess, but you're looking swell!

Tessie: Do you like it? Father sent it yesterday;—he was lucky and made money in the Primrose Reservation; and when he was in Chicago—he said—he went to the largest store there and told them to send me the swellest suit and hat they had.

Beverly: Well, it's a hummer; gee, I'm glad you got me out of line; I was just ready to faint or something.

Tessie: Beverly,—I've been wanting to see you for a week. Say, it wasn't John that hurt you at all.

Beverly: John didnt hurt me? (Grabs his shoulder again) Yes, he did.

Tessie: No, No, I mean in that football game the other day.

Beverly: The deuce he didn't.

Tessie: I know he didn't.

Beverly: You asked him?

Tessie: He—came to see me—and told me. Now I'm afraid you went into that election just to—

Beverly: Tess, do you want me to drop out? Is that it?

Tessie: (Blushing) Why no—Beverly—it's—it's—the spirit—you and John have been friends so long, and—

Beverly: Yes, that's right, but he didn't seem to think of that when he twisted my arm and kicked me in the chicken-liver—and I have proof—proof.

Tessie: But I have his word.

Beverly: (Divertingly) Eh-do you think I look fat in a uniform?

Tessie: Why no.

Beverly: Really?—I'm training again you know; I lost a pound and a half the last month; I think I am getting to look awfully thin.

Tessie: Yes, you are awfully thin. I never saw anybody so thin before. But you will tell John, won't you.

Beverly: Tell him what.

Tessie: That you were mistaken and that you know he didn't do it.

Beverly: Do what?

Tessie: Hurt you intentionally.

Beverly: But he did.

Tessie: I know he didn't. (Pleading) Can't you believe me?

Beverly: (Aside) Here's where I wither away. (Their faces are very close—both looking at each other.)

Tessie: (Softly and with her face close to Beverly's) Beverly!

Beverly: I'll tell him anything—do anything—won't run for president of the United States if—but don't look at me like that; I'll get crazy.

Beverly: (Aside) He did it anyway. (To Tessie) I'll tell him everything else you want me to—

Tessie: (Quietly) All right Beverly, thank you.

Beverly: I will have to skidoo now—or I'll be coming back next year for military drill—I just love it. I have only had it four years and I've risen in rank to a private. (Goes toward the left.)

Tessie: Yes, I told him I only wanted to see you a minute, but don't forget.

Beverly: No, I won't;—so long. Gee Tessie! but I know John (Tessie gives him another pleading look)—a-nothing; good bye.— (Stella catches sight of Beverly and goes toward him. Beverly sees her coming and rushes out.)

Stella: Beverly! oh Beverly! I just want to ask you—oh! he doesn't hear me. He is so busy, the poor fellow.

Tessie: Yes, I think he must go back to drill. (Both walking toward John and Georgiana.)

Stella: Yes, I'm surprised he was allowed to be detained that long.

Georgi: Doesn't Tessie look swagger in her new clothes. Heard her father was pretty lucky.

John: He was.

(Stella and Tessie join them.)

Georgi: (Very cordially) How do you do, Tessie. You ought not to pass up your old friends.

Tessie: Hello, Georgianna; I never thought of that.

Stella: Of course not, Tessie, I never slight any of my friends. Georgianna, your veil is a dream, a perfect dream. I have ordered one just like it.

Georgi: (Aside to Tessie) If she gets a veil like this I'll give this to the cook.

Stella: It must be grand to be rich and have all these latest things imported as soon as they come out.

Georgi: Oh yes, but what's the use? Everybody gets them immediately. It's the same with being rich. Dad has plenty of money—but so has everybody else; it's no distinction. And then what is there to buy?

Blanche: Yes, what is there to buy? If you can have everything you want, why, then you simply don't want it.

Tessie: How sad!

John: Yes, how unfortunate! I only hope you will find a man with enough ready cash to buy gasoline for your auto.

Georgi: Oh, I wouldn't think of marrying a rich man. Why, people would think I married for money.



Blanche: Yes, and then you wouldn't have anyone to support.

John: (Aside) That would be tough.

Tessie: But that isn't the kind of man I would want. I couldn't look up to a fellow like that. He must work—work to keep us both; and then I wouldn't care for the rest. He may have a million, or he may have seventy-five a month.

John: (To Tessie near him) You are right.

Georgi: Well, of course, that is one way of looking at matrimony; but I always think one must have the money. It isn't necessary for both to have it—they will always be fighting as to which one had the most. And how are they to find that out? Nobody counts his money now-a-days. I think we will have to be going. By the way, Tessie, how does Beverly feel about the election? It's too bad two good friends like John and he should run against each other.

Tessie: Yes, it is too bad.

Blanche: Of course we know who will win.

Stella: Oh certainly! There is no doubt about it.

Georgi: Not the least.

Stella: (Aside) I wonder who they mean!

Georgi: By the way, we will see all you people tomorrow night at the house. You will be there, Tessie, won't you.

Tessie: Yes I'll be there; but, Georgianna (Quietly to her) do you really think I ought to come?

Georgi: (Embarrassed) Tessie, what makes you talk like that? You promised not to mention that again. You——

Tessie: All right; I'll be there.

Georgi: You're going to be there, John?

John: Yes.

Stella: And Belle and myself will be there too; won't we, Belle?

Belle: Yes, you won't have to worry about us.

Blanche: Well, come on, Georgianna, we'll forget half the things we went down town for; coming our way Tessie?

Tessie: If you don't mind I'll go with you.

(Georgianna and Blanche go towards the right.)

Stella: I simply must wait for Beverly.

John: (Detaining Tessie) Pardon me, but can I call for you tomorrow night?

Tessie: I am very sorry, but Beverly has asked me.

(Exeunt Georgianna, Blanche and Tessie. Stella and Belle go toward the rear, apparently looking for Beverly.)

John: (Walks toward the left) She likes Beverly all right, and I bet she wants to see him win in that election.

(Exit.)

Belle: Why, there comes Percy Candee and Jack Buser.

Stella: Oh, the flirts;—don't look at them.

(Enter Percy and Jack.)

Percy: How do, Stella; take a walk?

Stella: (Not looking at him) I would like to know **who** gave you the right to call me Stella. My name is Miss Stella Starch, Chairman of the Committee on Rules of the Self Government Association.

Jack: Hello, Belle!

Belle: Fade away—and don't get fresh; I want you to understand what I mean.

Percy: You girls are too darned exclusive. I thought **we** might go for a walk. (Slaps Stella on the back familiarly.)

Stella: Mr. Candee, if I'd want a massage treatment, I'd not come to you.

Percy: I happened to lose my schedule and I didn't know where to go for my five o'clock.

Jack: Tough luck.

Percy: Isn't it! Especially if a fellow just made up his mind to really do some conscientious work, don't you know.

Stella: Are you still talking, Mr. Candee? I'm sure no one is listening.

Jack: Go on, Percy; extremely interested.

Percy: Yes, as I was saying—a fellow's studies so often interfere with his regular college course, don't you know.

Stella: (To Belle, aloud) I only like lobsters when they are boiled. (Jack laughs.)

Percy: Were you talking about lobsters, Jack?

Belle: I can't bear shrimps.

(Jack sobers—Percy laughs.) (The laugh is on Jake.)

Stella: (Walks towards the rear) I wonder if Beverly isn't coming this way soon. He knows I am waiting for him.

Jack: I am pretty sure he won't then.

Belle: Well, *you* seem to like our company pretty well.

Percy: Oh, merely a jest;—besides Beverly is kept busy campaigning, I guess. He'll need it, don't you know.

Stella: Oh, I don't know. He'll get in on that ticket all right.

Jack: Don't bet any money on that, old girl.

Stella: (Enraged) Old girl!

Belle: Oh, let's go; they are vulgar.

Percy: That is perfectly huge, ha! ha! Why, John Greenleaf is going in on his ticket, as sure as—why, it will be a walk-a-way!

Jack: Beverly won't even get a smell.

Stella: A smell! Please don't speak so disrespectfully of Beverly—the dear fellow. I don't see how he can help winning. He's so grand; and all the debts he has!

Jack: When are you going to marry him?

Stella: Oh Belle, let's go; they are getting vulgar again. (Stella and Belle go toward the rear) Well, I wouldn't marry either of you, and if you had twice as many debts as Beverly. (Exeunt Stella and Belle.)

Percy: How beastly ignorant! To think that Beverly even had a ghost of a show!

Jack: Don't waste your breath over it. Let's go to Ferd's.

Percy: All right—come on—I wish that band would learn a new tune. They've been playing that one for six years.

Jack: Yes, they ought to play it without a mistake pretty soon.

(Exeunt Percy and Jack.)

(Enter Beverly in track suit and running shoes, wearing a bath robe.)

Beverly: Well, here goes another quarter pound. Tessie thought I was getting awfully thin.—Now she wants me to make up with John and tell him, I don't believe he hurt me. (Fixes his shoe strings) She has easy talking.

(Enter John.)

John: (After hesitating) Beverly—

Beverly: John—you!

John: (Goes over and takes him by the arm roughly and turns him around.)

John: Yes, I'd like to speak to you just a minute; just listen a minute, and maybe I can show you what is what. I'm not the fool you think I am, Beverly.—I thought we knew each other,—Why, I didn't know you at all.

Beverly: Nor I you;—but there is no use in talking about it. All I have got to say is that—is that—I was mistaken. I don't think you—hurt me. Tessie wants me to tell you this.

John: Tessie does! Don't you? You don't mean to tell me that you still think I hurt you maliciously! What on earth would I do that for?

Beverly: Simply try to put me out of business for the election, I guess.

John: (Angrily) Don't be a fool. Will you tell me how that would put you out? A fellow doesn't need physical strength for that.

Beverly: I don't know and I don't care.

John: (Seizing him angrily by the arm) But I do;—see here, Beverly, don't get me wild.

Beverly: You seem to be very excited over this.—Why not be calm? Look at me! I am very calm.

John: Well, I'm not.—But just the same I'll tell you one thing. That girl that told you to tell me this was the best pal I had, until I was a fool. And I still think a heap of both of you and I guess she thinks a lot of you and would like to see you win in that election. Well, tomorrow is the day, and I guess you know how things stand politically. But I owe her so damn much and just to square up things half way, I'm going to withdraw my name from the ticket.

(Curtain.)

*(To be concluded in the April number.)*

## THE PLEA

R. R. B.

Say, Billy, you'll have to come through,  
We haven't got pages enough.  
I don't give a whoop what you do,  
So long as you furnish the stuff.

Hash up some old theme if you must,  
The general reader won't care.  
We've got to have something or bust;  
You haven't been doing your share.

I know it's a tax on your time,  
But look at the glory you get.  
Don't try to write something sublime;  
You've never been able to yet.

Just take some innocuous thought  
And dress it in plenty of words.  
That isn't the way you've been taught?  
Well, I'll set up the drinks down at Ferd's.

Three pages is all that we need.  
I shouldn't think that would be hard.  
All right. Will you have it? Agreed!  
I'll count on you then, for a yard.

## THE FOOLISH THINGS

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RALPH BIRCHARD.

"Do you really think your father will be angry, Burton?" asked Gladys when that young gentleman had at last allowed the roadster to take a speed that made conversation possible.

"Oh, yes, he'll be angry all right," said the youth cheerfully, "But that's all the good it'll do him. I told him one time that I was going to do this. He just laughed and told me to go ahead. He thought that would stop me. It would have in most things. He couldn't catch us now, though, even if he knew, and I don't see how on earth he could find out."

"I wish I knew your father," said the girl.

"You'll get your wish in a few days now, girly," answered the boy. "You'll like him, too, when you really get to know him, and he can't help but like you. He couldn't be my father and not love you, Gladys."

"Oh, I hope he will," she said, "It would be dreadful if he did not. After all, Burton, are you sure, are you quite sure, that we are doing the right thing to run away like this? Miss Arden, the Dean of Women, you know, was telling us just yesterday about how foolish and wrong elopements are, and how badly they usually turn out. It doesn't seem as if it can be quite right, or we wouldn't be running away, would we?"

There was a pathetic uncertainty in her voice; doubts assailed her. She was very tired. They had been driving since early morning, and the warm, white dust of a California road in summer is not the best thing for the tender flower of Romance. When Burton picked San Juan as his particular Gretna Green he displayed a splendid faith in the ardor of their young love, but a lamentable lack of judgment. San Jose, while not so romantic, was only twenty miles from Stanford; its choice would have saved them a long, tedious forty miles.

Perhaps Gladys only wanted to be comforted. She was one of those frail, fluffy, helpless-looking maidens who revel in being comforted. If so, Burton was at least equal to the occasion. What he said to her will scarcely bear chronicling; it was of minor importance anyway.

"It's only about four miles more, dear," he finished soothingly. "That big mountain straight ahead of us is Fremont Peak, and where you see that dark blotch of pine trees is San Juan.

"I'm glad," said Gladys, "Burton, dear, what kind of a man is your father?"

"Well, I don't exactly know how to describe him to you. He's a bluff old scout, you know. A little hasty, maybe, but all right at heart. He is a confirmed realist. He hates romance like poison. He says all men who marry are fools. His pet aversion is sentiment. If there is any one thing he hates more than another it is that. He will hardly look at a modern short story any more, and a magazine like *Munsey's* nearly gives him apoplexy. He won't go to the theatre unless some bum tragedian comes along playing *Hamlet* or some other bloodthirsty old tragedy. He has a bunch of old-fashioned ideas. Believes in no divorce, you know, and all that—"

"Don't you believe in no divorce, Burton," asked Gladys tragically.

"What?—Oh, sure, sure! If all girls were like you, Gladys, there would be no need of divorce laws at all.

This reply, which pleased the lady mightily, shows that Burton, young as he undoubtedly was, had a fair notion of what goes to make up compatibility. The necessity for making it caused him a moment's serious thought, however, and what he saw on turning around to scan the road behind them gave him food for yet another. The big touring car which he had run away from in the morning was fast overtaking them once more. He gave the guidance of the steering wheel into Gladys' little hands, and focused his binoculars on the approaching auto.

"I'm damned," he said expressively.

"Gladys jumped; so did the car. He regained possession of the wheel barely in time to prevent their being overturned. Gladys managed to get the gauntlet of her glove caught in the throttle and to jerk it wide open. The six cylinders responded with a roar. They fairly flew along the road, throwing up a prodigious cloud of dust.

"What's the matter?" screamed the girl, her eyes wide with terror.

"The—matter—," shouted Burton, between mouthfuls of dust, "—is—that—father—is—one—of—the—people—in—that—car."

They sped through the narrow streets of the little old town, passed the dilapidated old mission and the even more dilapidated hotel, and came to an abrupt stop before a low frame house overgrown with climbing roses. He helped her from the car and they ran plump into the arms of the old minister who came to the door to welcome them with a wide, benevolent smile. Burton thanked Heaven and Mr. William Jennings that none of the accessories had been forgotten. There was good old Bill waiting for them as he had said he would.

Some five minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Burton Baker emerged from the little parsonage, pale and shaken but triumphant. Mr. Baker was loudly proclaiming that nothing mattered now—and inwardly wondering whether it would be better to see his father at once and have it over with, or let time dull the edge of his offense. He finally decided on the former course, and, tucking his new wife under his arm with a care which the prevailing weather conditions scarcely seemed to warrant, he turned the corner and walked across the plaza to the hotel.

The big touring car stood outside and the chauffeur grinned amiably and with understanding as he noted the approach of Mr. Baker, Jr. Burton was about to make some inquiries of great interest when Mr. Baker, Sr. stepped to the front of the little balcony which ran around the old adobe building about ten feet above the ground, and called:

"You can put the car away, Jimmy. We'll stay here to-night." His gaze travelled to Burton, and at the sight of him the red mounted to his full cheeks, swift and fiery as the blush of a young girl.

"Sir—," he began, but just then a woman stepped forth beside him—a pale, sweet-faced woman who laid a soothing hand on his arm and asked quickly:

"William, what is it?"

"Miss Arden," gasped Gladys, and Burton had his cue.

"Father," he said sternly, "Who is that woman?"

"That is—she is—she—that is—"

"I am your new mother, Mr. Baker," said the lady with perfect composure. "Gladys Webster, what are you doing here?"

"There must be some mistake," said Gladys sweetly, "My name is Mrs. Baker, Jr."

For a moment there was tense silence. Then the older man found his voice.

"Come up here both of you, this minute," he roared.

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THE ROAD

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WALTHER BUCHEN

I'm sick of the drool and the drivel,  
 The graceful effeminate ways,  
 The care for looks and the talk of books  
 And the washed-out colorless days,  
 Of the narrow hearts and the little souls  
 And the damned scholastic haze.  
 I long for the feel of the brass and steel,  
 The clatter and clack of the code—  
 The restless hurry of brains and trains—  
 Lord! I wish I were back on the Road!

The Road was my father and mother  
 And sweetheart too, to me!  
 A sister she was and a brother,  
 She taught me the pride of the free—  
 Taught me to walk and taught me to talk  
 And never asked for a fee.  
 The sounds and the sights and the smells of her  
 Are a lashing and whistling goad,  
 I'm sick for her—for her bells and hells—  
 God! I wish I were back on the Road!

I'm sick for her blessings and cursings,  
 Her rattle and bustle and bang.  
 For the wires that zoon to the smiling moon  
 And the song that the engines sang  
 As they rushing roared through the hushing night  
 While the rails with laughter rang.  
 Where the extras crawl with a tonnage haul  
 I would reap the crops I sowed,  
 By the lips that curse while the frank eyes smile,  
 I would to God I were back on the Road.

L'Envoi.

Lord! I was never yet sick for home  
 Though so warmly her fires glowed,  
 But I'm sick as hell for the life I love—  
 God! I wish I were back on the Road.



## COLLEGE WOMEN AND UN- HYGIENIC LIVING

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ABBY SHAW MAYHEW.

I have known college women for many years. I have watched generations of them come and go, have seen them adapt themselves more or less well to college environment, going out into the world better or worse for their college courses according as they have or have not made the most of the opportunities afforded to secure sound bodies and trained minds. The opportunities are there—the thing is to see and seize them. I have seen the question of the advisability of a college training for women dwindle year by year, because college women are proving more and more that an affirmative answer must be given, by their adjustment, adaptation, to this new sort of community life.

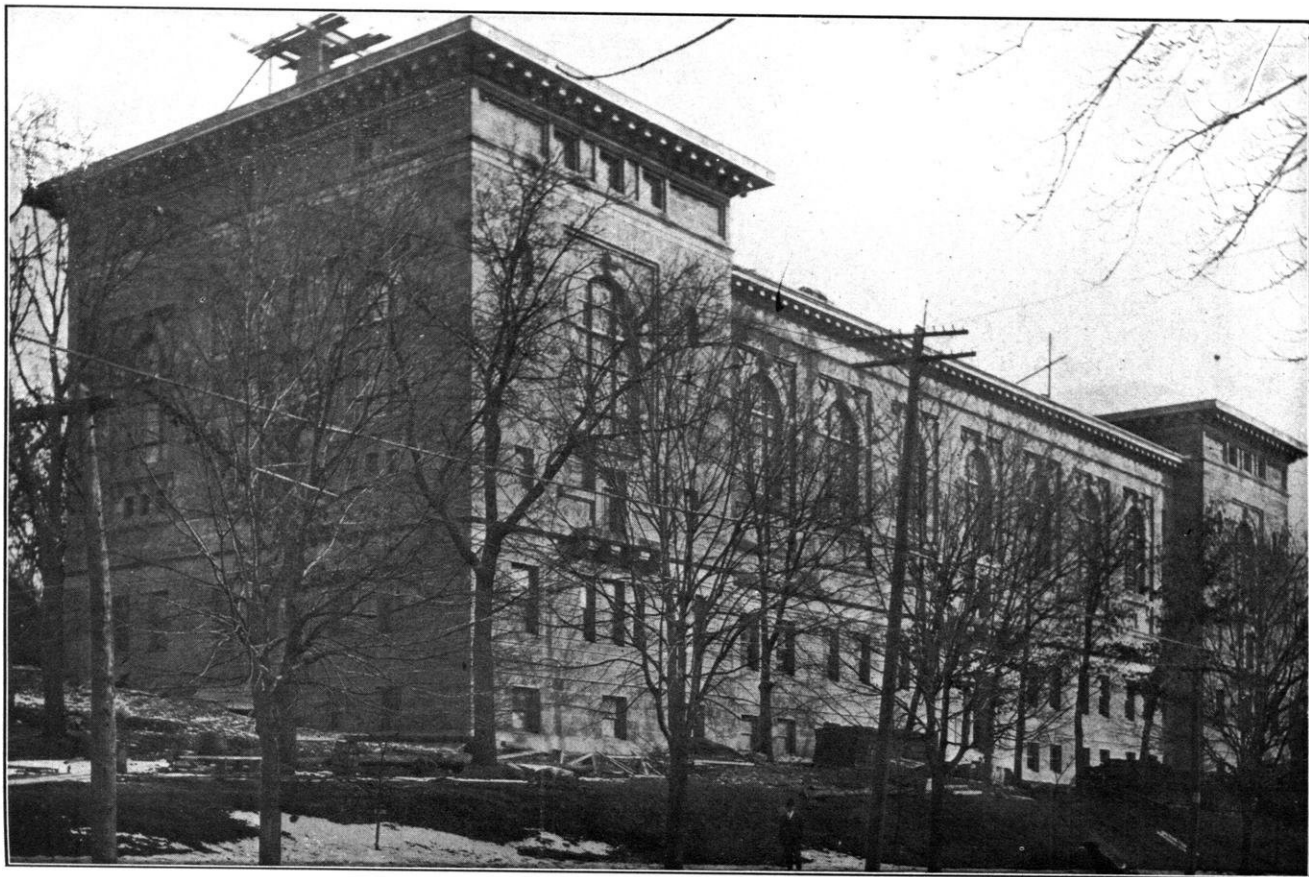
“College fits the individual for life,” they say, and mean a larger, richer, fuller life than would have been possible without it. Again, they say “Health and strength are essential to mental activity and spiritual power,” and the college offers health and strength to all who will rightly order life through college years.

Goethe says:

“Be thou but self-possessed,  
Thou hast the art of living.”

The college offers every condition for the acquisition of this poise, this control, physical and mental, but many times customs and traditions which have grown up in the student body, run counter to health interests and what the college offers for strength is negated by failure to use opportunities or defiance of rules of healthy living.

To the generation of college women just stepping into this



*Lathrop Hall*



new world, I want to show these opportunities and what may be the attitude toward them. Though superficially they may differ somewhat, these opportunities for wise and unwise action are much the same whether the college be a large co-educational university of the Middle West or the Pacific Slope, or a woman's college of the East.

May each reader see the better way and follow it, get all that college has to give her.

Every college gives her women the right start. A member of the Department of Physical Training makes a careful scientific examination of each student, takes certain significant anthropometric measurements to discover defects or excellencies, that the gymnastic work and athletics may be wisely directed. The student's health, past and present, is carefully inquired after, and advice is given for hygienic living that may increase health and vigor. An ideal of life on the foundation of a healthy body is put before the student personally and in class lectures. If she makes a wreck of her health in her college career, it is seldom without warning from an interested woman in the Physical Training Department, if she is or has been a student in that department.

College life offers to a young woman much time to dispose of as she pleases, and an orderly, unstressed life is made easy for her. Her time is admirably divided between the absolutely scheduled regularity, for rising, for meals, for class attendance, for putting out lights, all "done by the bell," and the time when she can assert her own power in ordering her life for play and work, and here is the character building time. Her life is both more regulated and more free than it has been before she came to college.

Up to the time she comes to college, the young woman has been under the watchful eye of her mother, who "makes life a burden" to her by insisting on warm underwear, high shoes, loose corsets, regular meals, etc., in short, on sensible dress and sane habits of living—or she has come, perhaps, from a home where no attention has been paid to personal hygiene or regularity of life. To both, the college brings new experiences. To the one accustomed to much supervision there sometimes comes a wild desire to do "as she'd ruther"—to the one used to no supervision comes irritation at restrictions, and both take advice with something less than avidity. The first girl boasts of wearing summer underwear through the winter, and low

shoes at all times, because she finds at college a sentiment in favor of so doing. She finds perhaps that "style" is the thing that paves the way to "good times," and the shoes become more extreme at heel and toe, and more uncomfortable, the corsets must be tightened to give her a more trim figure, the lingerie waist must be worn the year round instead of in mid-summer, and her hat grows in weight, size and gorgeousness, greatly to her own fatigue and the distress of her professors, who must lecture down at a bewildering array of millinery instead of rows of interesting faces.

Young women who do not take kindly to systematic use of time, as favored by college arrangements, are strongly and often effectually tempted to procrastinate. Some who are conscientious put off play and recreation, and harm themselves by overstudy, while their sisters put off study until the last minute and so steal from sleep and exercise the time for work, and such are always hurried, distracted. Thus the gift of regular hours offered by the college is scorned by one and another.

The college may present the inestimable gift of self-government, but the attitude toward "the rules of the game" even when made by themselves makes it a lost opportunity sometimes, to the detriment of health and scholarship. The midnight oil burns for gaiety or grind,—the breakfast bell rouses to a hasty toilet (the rising bell having been unheard or unheeded), there is a snatch of toast, a gulp of coffee, a breathless run to make an eight o'clock hour. At one o'clock, the young law-breaker is tired, almost too tired to eat, though famished, and she blames "the Profs" indiscriminately for rushing her to death.

Then there are "spreads." Why spreads have become an ubiquitous feature of college life, it were difficult to surmise, for it is an unnatural and an unhealthy custom. I wonder if it did not originate in those wonderful boxes of "eats" sent by mother to her homesick daughter, at Thanksgiving, on her birthday, or when the laundry is returned. And *such* "eats," toothsome indeed and—indigestible to a degree! Would it be a wonder if a woman should leave college after four years of "spreads" with a worn-out digestive apparatus, with a most fickle appetite?

What does the college woman do with her splendid opportunities for training her body in gymnastics and athletics, for becoming acquainted with this wonderful instrument of ex-

pression, keeping it responsive by exercise? Many times she conquers a life-long habit of invalidism, but too often she fails to see things in true proportion, takes her exercise, her play, because she must. There is nothing more hopeless than the girl who stands on the tennis court, for instance, idly waving her racket, feebly chasing balls, asking "Is the time up?" Her physique, mental, moral, and physical, is harmed thereby. Sometimes too, the time given to the lectures on hygiene is begrudged, the physical examination is a bug-bear, and advice earnestly given is indifferently received. Indeed the college woman's attitude of mind toward her mental work, as well as her physical, is often quite paradoxical, and tends to keep her below par. Some common campus remarks illustrate this attitude—"Isn't math. deadly?", "Professor X works us to death," "Wasn't it horrid of him to spring that quiz on us this morning?", "I'm dead tired; I've been reading Lit. for two mortal hours." Imagine the difference to that young woman were she to come out of the library with a happy "Oh, I've had such a treat, I've been reading for two hours, and it was just fascinating." Yet most college women are in college because they want to be, they are grateful for their opportunities, they want to become educated, cultured women; yet too much with us is the spirit of commercialism, veiling the ideals even of our women. Too many times the answer to the question "Why did you come to college?" is "Oh, so I can teach. High school graduates don't get so much." Surely higher ideals and notions of the college should be dominant even in the high school, and early in the course self-government associations, literary and dramatic societies, Young Women's Christian Associations, must make clear this atmosphere where ideals grow; and there are always instructors who, however busy on the lines of their specialty, will give the broader view.

College women, let the college teach you the wise use of time, how to concentrate in work and play; let her help you to well-ordered lives, let her show you the respect and reverence you owe your bodies, as instruments of the mind and soul. These are doors, through which she who wills may enter and find health and energy through the college years, and, out of college, wholesome, beautiful life, in the schoolroom, in social service, in religious work, in the home. College life in itself is health giving and it is possible for every woman to end her course with better health, stronger nerves, and more self-possession than she entered with. The doors of opportunity are

there, and the open sesame to them all, the key which every woman must bring to her college is an *attitude* of joy toward her opportunities.

Let us remember

That the body is the outward expression of the spirit:

That obedience to physical laws is a sacred duty:

That a perfect body is the foundation for mental activity and spiritual power:

Then we shall enter into

Larger relations with Life:

Fuller appreciation of Health:

Greater possibilities for Service.

### MY ROSE OF THE WORLD.

(Dedicated to B. A. R.)

G. W. D.

I come through the muddled maze of days  
 To the calm, sweet night and thee,  
 While the wandering, wonderous Moon-queen strays  
 From the hills o'er the shimmered sea.  
 And the Spirit of Love in my hungering breast  
 Cries out for thy warm embrace,  
 To soothe the longing and vague unrest,  
 That gropes through the gloom of space.

O touch thy rose-red lips to mine,  
 And give me strength anew,  
 For all the love I know is thine,  
 And all that love is true.  
 O brush from me the dust of Care,  
 Now that the day is done,  
 For I am weary of fight and fare,  
 And the blood red glare of sun.

Rose of the World, lean near to me,  
 For I love the light of your eyes;  
 I love the sweets of a curl blown free  
 O'er the blush where the rose bloom lies.  
 And the tender words that you softly say  
 Like rose leaf petals fall  
 Into my heart, and the world grows gay,  
 Our world, that is dearest of all.

Rose of the World, lean near to me,  
 For thus the world is mine,  
 And beams will break o'er the daffodil sea  
 Of Love in its tropic clime;  
 And a thousand weary years may roll  
 Through the vaulted tomb of the skies,  
 But still we'll love, still soul to soul,  
 My Rose of Paradise.

## THE WISCONSINENSIS IDEA

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CARL H. JUERGENS, '09.

For the business manager of The LIT to contribute an article is certainly a novel departure from the usual course that our business managers have followed in the past. The only excuse I offer is that our editor has asked me to write on *The Wisconsinensis Idea*, in itself a new thing, which I am very glad to bring before our fellow students for consideration.

What is The Wisconsinensis idea? It is a simple plan to bring out in place of three or four publications, exclusive of *The Cardinal*, which are now connected with this university, one comprehensive bi-weekly or weekly publication which shall represent the best artistic, literary and journalistic ability of which we as a university are capable.

Not a few have remarked to us that we have too many publications for our own good. This is the opinion of students and of business men who are in touch with the situation here. We have too many publications say the students, because it involves more or less of a hardship on the average student of Wisconsin to satisfy all the student solicitors who every fall plead for subscriptions on the ground that the publication for which they are working is the best. It costs such a generous student from five to six dollars per year for university publications alone, if he wishes to favor them all, whether or not he can read the volumes upon volumes of good, bad and indifferent literature that is thus heaped on him. The advertisers of these various publications grumble at being asked to advertise in them all, for they realize that where there are so many publications, none with the circulation nor the appeal that a single one covering all these fields would have, they are spending a lot of money without getting proportionate returns for it. "Say, how many publications



have you up there anyway?" is a query that the business manager of a Wisconsin publication needs to answer repeatedly. Then, necessarily counting on the fingers, one replies: there are, The *Sphinx*, *Alumni Magazine*, *Spectator*, *Wisconsin Engineer*, *Student Farmer*, *Badger*, *The Cardinal*, and *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine*.

I certainly believe that there is a distinctive need for the technical journals, *The Engineer* and *Student Farmer*, for they cater to special, scientific interests. *The Badger*, as also *The Cardinal*, fills a distinct need at our university. I can even see a separate need for *The Wisconsin Alumni Magazine*, which as President Van Hise believes has a distinct purpose in helping to amalgamate The Alumni Association, although I think that a publication such as I am about to outline would serve the same end. But *The Sphinx*, *The Spectator*, (if the *Spectator* still claims to be ranked among Wisconsin publications since it has turned its attention to the inter-collegiate field), and *The LIT* are in every respect so many individual enterprises, controlled by men who may or may not be in closer sympathy with the best interest of our alma mater than with their own long purses. The election to offices and board-positions on these publications may, or may not be on the merit basis. Too often in the past our publications have been controlled by a kind of dynastic system where the most desirable positions were hereditary from one generation of students to the next and were farmed out in certain cliques and fraternities. Always, the management of these publications has been entirely unaudited.

At the outset I desire to emphasize that the purpose of this article is not to find fault with our publications, past or present, but only to show that one large, representative publication would be preferable to the several which are now being foisted upon us. This I mean to establish not merely because there are administrative reasons for it, but primarily for this all important reason: that such a publication would be a greater credit to our university than all our present isolated, more or less desultory attempts at representing the artistic talent and the literary ability of our institution. I believe in a publication that will be able to stand on its own merits as a commercial proposition, alongside of anything that is printed, and I believe that in time the University of Wisconsin will produce such a publication. A poor publication will surely not add to the credit of our university, whereas a strong one, full of good thought and

intellectual appeal, would advertise us even more than do the laudatory articles in which the big national magazines have rivalled to feature us. Such a magazine of our own would show to the world that we are not only a happy theory, but in truth a fact.

It is a basic principle that a publication to attain the greatest measure of success must appeal to vital interests of the class of people among whom it circulates. In case of competition the publication that best strikes home to the most interests of its readers will win out. Pointing to this fact, I submit that a university publication to be most interesting to the whole student-body, whether 'engineers,' 'agrics' or 'hills,' must have a universal appeal. Such a publication I would have formed by combining the above three or four.

But what is the plan of *The Wisconsinensis*? A publication like I have in mind should give free expression to student sentiment, as well as to the sentiments of faculty and alumni. A committee of editors should decide whether contributions of doubtful propriety ought to be published or not. In the plan at a little greater detail, I think there should essentially be the following four departments: First, a section devoted to good articles from prominent statesmen, professors, students and alumni. Secondly: a strong, first-class literary section, comprising college stories, verse and criticism. Thirdly: an athletic department, which should have the best discussion of current athletics in our own and other universities, and write-ups by athletic editors of the staff. Fourthly, a humorous section, where the varsity wit may amuse with grotesque drawings and cartoons, and in stories, verse and jokes that are really humorous instead of pathetic. Then I will mention three sections which are but suggestive, and may include more or less than the stated interests. These are: a debating and oratory section with articles and comments, a society section, and an alumni section. Necessarily there would need to be an editorial department for each division. In the administration of the publication a separate art-department would be needed to provide cover-designs, illustrate stories, and draw cartoons and picture inserts. This department would have the sole responsibility of procuring all the cuts with which the magazine is embellished.

Such in short is a rough draft of the administrative possibilities that could be worked into *The Wisconsinensis*. Would not such a magazine, coming out regularly every week or bi-

weekly, with real live university news, thoughtful articles and interesting stories and hits have a genuine appeal to every class in our student-life, as well as to alumni and others who value a good magazine and wish to keep in touch with the university?

There are many advantages to the students of our university who do not only wish to read, but who wish to engage in the work of such a publication, which are impossible with our present multi-publication system, where one publication overlaps the other in its field of endeavor. Three or four publications run independently of each other lack the systematized effort to bring out student talent in the various directions that the needs of each such publication require, whereas *The Wisconsinensis* would, I am sure, bring out more students for any one department of such a large publication than all our present publications have together. Obviously, it would be a much greater honor for students to qualify as contributors, and an even greater honor for them to be elected to the staff or an office on such a representative Wisconsin publication than it is now an honor to belong to any of the present publications, for would not the work and attainment stand for more than making any varsity team?

We have now excellent, growing departments in English and Journalism. These departments and others in the university would be only too glad to cooperate to make our proposed publication as much of a success for Wisconsin as possible. Dr. Bleyer of the Department in Journalism has announced himself as heartily in accord with the plan here given. He has said that next year the publications of the university would be given offices in Main Hall where a complete file of exchanges will be kept, and where the editorial and managerial departments of our publications can keep decent headquarters. This, because it is realized how important in the general life of a university like ours it is to have good publications, and because it is considered best to make the work of the publications auxiliary to the work of the class room in the English Department and the Department in Journalism. Professor Bleyer went a good step further than our more conservative plan to have the publication only a bi-weekly periodical, when he suggested to have it appear every week. This should show conclusively that he, who has probably studied our university publications closer than any other person here, considers such a plan eminently desirable.

President Van Hise also considers it highly desirable that our

present three student publications, *The Sphinx*, *The Spectator*, and *The LIT*, combine into such a publication as suggested. As before mentioned he does not believe that *The Wisconsin Alumni Magazine* should be included, since he thinks *The Alumni Magazine* has a distinct purpose: that of making the Alumni Association into a stronger organization than it now is. But he emphatically declared that he was in favor of uniting the above student publications, and that he would do all in his power to bring that end about, if the students desire it to be done.

Now let me suggest a few possibilities in the economic management of such a publication. There would be excellent opportunity for system in carrying on the publication's business. The managerial board would have a general manager, a circulation manager, and an advertising manager. These positions, as those of the editorial departments, should be awarded according to merit, by a fair elective system, after the candidate has shown his ability in the routine work of the publication. There should be an Accounting Department of Course of Commerce students, who could be doing practical credit work in their course, at the same time that they put themselves in line for promotion to higher positions in the managerial department.

Students who would otherwise during the summer vacation solicit for *Dr. Price's Medical Adviser*, or some *Farmer's Stock Book* out in the state, could do much better financially, with a liberal commission, by getting subscriptions for their own college magazine, among alumni, who are always "easy", and others who would take the magazine because it really is as good as any other, and is a home-product. With a large circulation assured, the advertising manager would have no trouble in getting the best class of advertising for the magazine. In this way the enterprise could be made to pay very well.

I am sure that a large circulation here at the university and throughout the state and country could be worked up for *The Wisconsinensis*. Here at the university we would all feel that we could get a lot of benefit and pleasure out of the magazine. We would subscribe to it as our very own, and I am confident that it need not cost more than \$2.00 as a bi-weekly or from \$2.50 to \$3.00 as a weekly periodical.

After giving Wisconsin just as good a publication as talent, hard work, and plenty of money can make, there would then be a liberal surplus over, which could be divided according to some

equitable system among the heads of departments and the staff. The official positions should be rewarded with fixed salaries, so that they would be the goal of staff members, not only because of the honor that would connect with them, but because here would be the chance for a good student to work his way through school in a highly respectable way. The staff members should be paid at a definite rate per line for what they contribute to each issue. Of course the staff positions should be open to all students at the university.

What is the attitude toward this idea of the three publications which it is planned to merge in *The Wisconsinensis*? The *Spectator*, when it was still *The Wisconsin Spectator*, was very willing to consider such a combination. The LIT, I think, would gladly be martyr to the common good, and sink her identity into *The Wisconsinensis*, if the establishment of a strong literary department in the new publication is assured. The *Sphinx* is the only perverse sister. But possibly when *The Sphinx* sees that it is the united desire of Wisconsin students that she become part of a larger, better publication to represent us, she too will get on the band wagon. We are confident that she will have just as 'good a thing' in the humorous department of *The Wisconsinensis* as she now has.

Now that you have a rough draft of *The Wisconsinensis* idea, and the situation, let me only say in closing, that it is very probable that student opinion will soon be allowed to judge whether or not such a plan would result in a better publication to truly represent us than we now have. We believe it would result in two better publications, for, with due apologies to *The Cardinal*, I believe that *The Wisconsinensis* is just the thing to give *The Cardinal* that healthful competition which she seems so much to need. Doctor Bleyer has suggested that the plan be put to a vote of The Student Conference Committee. If this is done and the Conference acts favorably to the plan, then it remains for all of us to do the rest necessary, to put such a large publication on the map. Those who would like to work on such a publication must come out and make it. The rest should support it loyally.

# WISCONSIN AND CULTURE

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ANNIE S. McLENEGAN

“Everybody works but”—etc., the popular ditty has told us. “What do you do for a living?” seems to a good American quite as polite a question to ask a stranger as the Englishman’s question, “How large a family have you?” The noncontributor to society in some mode or other is the only real nonentity we have among us. Moreover, we have a feeling that every young person should learn how to do something useful and should know how to earn a living. A young Milton, living on his father’s bounty until he was thirty-two, scarcely exists anymore outside the ranks of the dress-suited heroes of a society novel. Indeed, if we talk of the fashions, achievement is now much more fashionable than languor: “The Man of The Hour,” you know, felt it incumbent upon him to do something, and thereby hangs the tale. All the institutions of democracy exist primarily to give plain people, born without bank accounts, the means of self-help and of self-expression of the potentialities which slumber in every human soul.

## II.

Whatever may be true of some other planet, culture on this earth has always been the acquisition of the few. The finer things of the mind have been treasured by a social elect, while the masses have shouted and raved in their ignorance. The culture of the past has therefore been essentially aristocratic because it has been something for the few by the few and because it has flourished on rotten foundations, the foundations of privilege. Brilliant are the old, well-worn contrasts between those in old times who might learn and those who must remain

ignorant,—between monk and jester, queen and slave. When our dreamers sicken of the present, back they go to this old order and we take another opiate against dull care from them in the form of a swash-buckling romance in a book or a play. Yes, and we go back to the good old times when the chamber of torment, dungeon, bonfire, and block awaited those whose artistic appreciation of beauty in life was not keen enough to stifle the eternal questionings. Underneath the glamour of all old-world pageantry, lay sullen, voiceless thousands. Antony and Cleopatra reclined sated at feasts which would have fed thousands of those thousands. May not the anarchist, born of crushed peoples, imagine that in striking down an American president, imperial wantonness is revenged, and thus through the centuries is fulfilled the ancient law of blood for blood?

### III.

If we were to make one general statement as to what occupies the best brains of the American people today, it would be this,—that our best men and women are trying to find out the right way to do a great many things for the common good. Social service is the newest activity. With our President in the lead, dinning the ears of the nation's housekeepers about its resources, it seems as if American life just now is marked by an almost frantic application to living of all kinds of devices of good intent. From the last patented mop-stick up to the cure of tuberculosis and the Chicago Law and Order League, they are all with us. The American husband has Yankee enough left in him to be never so happy as when after office hours he has contrived at home some new short-cut to domestic comfort, and, judging by his eagerness to find out what "they" think of it, he does not seem to care nearly as much for the applause of listening senates, as for the approval of a family made happy by his efforts.

### IV.

What we ask of our schools just now is that they shall teach a large variety of useful things. We do not preclude the ornamental, but we insist on the useful. If in teaching useful things, any of the essentials of a good education are neglected, we must do our best to organize our schools so that these essen-

tials, also, shall not be neglected. An extended course of training in the humanities is a fine thing to have, and fortunate is the young person nowadays who has it. A lifetime of music lessons and golf clubs is no substitute for the humanities. But, in the case of the average student, where is the time, the money, and the strength to come from to acquire at the same time liberal culture and all that professional training in any kind of work has now come to mean? The average student finds he must acquire either the one or the other, and so the university graduate with something like a liberal culture at his command has given place to the technician who sometimes cannot spell and speak his mother tongue correctly. This is a sad state of affairs, but I consider our whole social fabric and not the individual to blame. For if society has entered on a kind of stampede of progress, the individual knows very well that he either must join the stampede, or he is lost. The trades, professions, and sciences we must have taught because everybody wishes to learn them. Everybody wishes to learn them because the world wants trained workers in applied science. Are we middle-class Americans all vulgar materialists? If we are, we are having an awfully good time out of it, anyway. The middle-class American may not have his eye upon the mountain peaks of idealism, but he wishes to live a wholesome, sane, comfortable life, and, when he stops to think about it, he wishes his fellowmen to have the same opportunity to live the same kind of life. We are willing to admit that we lack culture out here in the West, especially. It is not so very long ago that Chicago was a trading-post and the Indians trod her thoroughfares. The caustic critic remarks that some of the Indians are there yet. But in 1893, Chicago put herself on the map of the world by an Exposition which was an expression of her peculiar genius, the American genius for doing big things. Deny the West culture, but you cannot deny it the well-springs of the greatest civilizations of history,—power and optimism.

## V.

The growth of that elusive something called culture can no more be hurried or forced upon Western people than the stars in their courses can be changed. The cry is, "The University of Wisconsin is utilitarian. Women are studying literature and do not need it. The men need to study literature, but they



will not." It is my humble opinion that the state of Wisconsin needs good roads, for instance, just now, much more than she does statuary or the fine points of the French novel, and that that is the reason why her taxpayers are calling for instruction in the former. It is a reasonable and a grand thing that a state university should teach the state what she most needs to know. And if it be the American nature to turn to the practical things before the cultural, what are you going to do about it? Our schools must either assist in the tremendous task of getting the national American house in order, or fail to be schools and become museums of dried specimens. Are we Americans wrong in putting the practical things first? Some of us do not think so. There was plenty of culture in England before there were sewers, street lights, hospitals, police, postal service, suffrage. Some of the courtiers of Charles II did nothing but play cards while the plague swept London. We say nowadays, in this country across the Atlantic, that not only is cleanliness next to godliness, but that the decencies of living are the very sine quans of culture.

## VI.

There is no nation in which, in spite of as many instances to the contrary as you please, human brotherhood has so much meaning in actual fact as in ours. American people are a better people morally, with more wholesome notions of morality in actual practice, than old-world culture with its veneer over ugliness, can show. But the thing which will keep our nation unique, and which will be its ultimate salvation, is that our cultured class shall live *with* the plain people and not *above* them. Our schools miss or make their opportunity for great service according as they are remote from the struggle of the world's life around them, or close to it. We want no culture in America which is too fine to be serviceable. And I think the surest way for our cultured people to be serviceable just now is to be teachers of something which bears upon the actual problem of living. The times demand the practical. Thus, in America may be slowly laid the foundations of a saner and wider culture than the world has ever seen. All honor to the University of Wisconsin because she is making herself as utilitarian a university as possible.

## EDITORIAL

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### JOURNALISM IN REALITY

It is gratifying to know that the Course Preparatory to Journalism, which has hitherto proven very inadequate, will in the future offer practical work to those interested in writing for the press. The idea of making the college daily a laboratory for such a course has been put in force at other universities and has worked out satisfactorily. It is the best method of furnishing practical knowledge of journalistic methods and should therefore be of great advantage to the class in newspaper writing. At the same time the scheme will probably result in a better daily, for an entire course of embryo editors will not restrict themselves to one page of news, and the senior class will probably be prolific enough to produce at least one column of editorial daily. But there is one phase of the question which should not be overlooked; the editorial policy of the *Cardinal* should be dictated by the students and not by the faculty, for in the latter case the new periodical system would be apt to succeed admirably but to exist from year to year in a deep and continuous rut.

While making a class of the *Cardinal* is a distinct benefit to those taking the Course in Journalism, it seems that one course a year is inadequate for a comprehensive preparation in the field of newspaper writing. And there should be more than one instructor for such a department if its work is to be at all adequate.

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### PRACTICAL CREDITS

Should the editors of student publications receive university credit for the work they do in connection with college periodicals? seems a pertinent question to ask. When a University like our own has a special field of instruction as the Course in Journalism, which endeavors to teach exactly what is better learned from practical experience, should not credit be given for the latter? There can be no question as to the comparative value of class room exercises and actual work on a college publication. And the actual time spent in the latter field far sur-

passes that necessary for a five fifths, even with a burdensome better half of outside reading.

Such a system has been pursued in other universities, at Nebraska for instance, in the production of the annual, and the system has worked successfully. Incidentally a student would enjoy the novel sensation of being his own instructor.

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### ONE PUBLICATION

In a special article of this issue we have broached the subject of combining several of our student publications into one large and comprehensive magazine. Such a magazine would better represent our University than the several separate ones do now, we fully believe. It is yet to be proven, however, whether such an idea is practicable or not. And that question rests primarily on the attitude which each of the publications take on the question. Do they appeal to separate interests or have they all a common field which would make possible a publication with a unified appeal? Some of the opponents of the idea have derided it in the words of the humorist, "Yes, they would get along fine together if they could only be kept apart," but the idea at bottom is ideal and altruistic, to publish the best magazine possible, for the good of Wisconsin.

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### BREAKING THE RULES

Disregarding all Conference rules, the LIT has decided to institute a contest in which freshmen can qualify and from which all other classes are excluded. The business manager has agreed to pay ten dollars for the best literary work, prose or verse, done by a freshman before April the fifteenth. As this contest was not originated to obtain a collection of A themes, but to bring out the talent which the class is known to possess but which has remained dormant up to this time, it would be well for contestants to write with a view of interesting magazine readers rather than of attempting masterpieces of unity, coherence and emphasis. It is better for our purposes that you do not lose sight of originality, wit and human interest. As to word limits, there are no restrictions. And opening the contest to freshmen alone is thought to give the members of that class the fairest chance of competition. Contributions should be marked as entered in the contest, and may be mailed to the editor or dropped in the LIT box in Main Hall.