



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. IV, No. 6 March 1907

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], March 1907

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

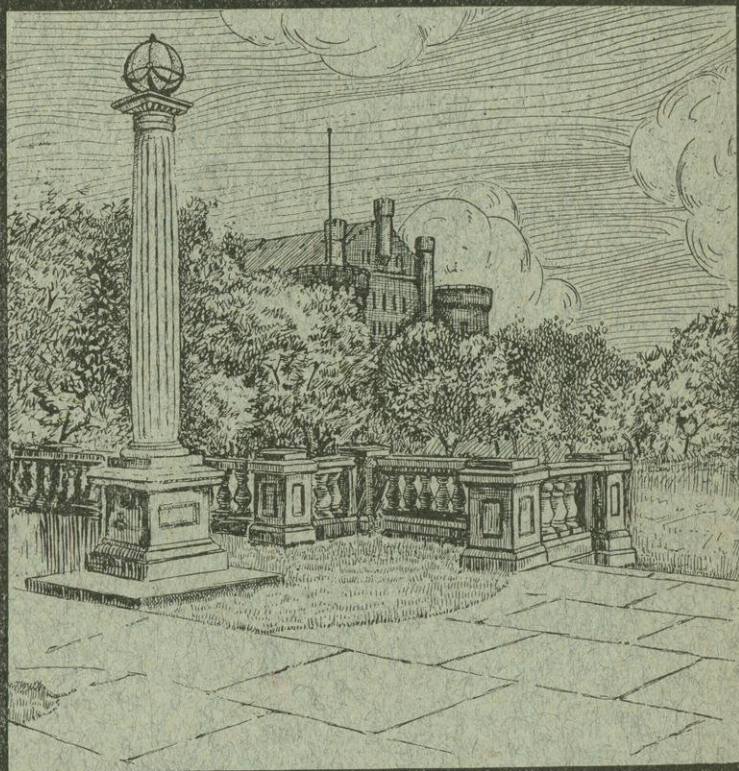
Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

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

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

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

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY & MAGAZINE



HUBBARD - 1770

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. IV

MARCH, 1907

No. 6

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly during the College Year at Madison, Wis.
Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter
of the second class

Vol. IV

MARCH, 1907

No. 6

CONTENTS

An Optimistic Analogy	- - - - -	161
	<i>Carl Russell Fish</i>	
The Best Laid Schemes	- - - - -	164
	<i>Cora Case Hinckley</i>	
The Budlong Case	- - - - -	167
	<i>Lucian Cary and Geo. Hill</i>	
Goodnight (verse)	- - - - -	188
	<i>Ernst Jung</i>	
Editorial	- : - - - - -	189
DeJeuner	- - - - -	191
	<i>Tony Tablecloth</i>	
A Scarlet Skater	- - - - -	192
	<i>E. L.</i>	

THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 6

AN OPTIMISTIC ANALOGY.

CARL RUSSEL FISH.

During the seventies the public service of the nation and of many states and cities exhibited a condition of inefficiency and corruption that caused many honest citizens to question whether democracy was not a failure. Conditions were, to be sure, no worse then than they had been in England in the eighteenth century, but while there had been improvement there, affairs in the United States were going from bad to worse. New York city was dominated by Tweed, and New York state was falling under his influence. Jay Gould, a member of the same ring, by bribing the brother-in-law of the president, and the second financial officer of the United States, swayed for a time the policy of the government. A private secretary of the president was saved from a just conviction for bribery only by the active exertion of the later. A secretary of war allowed his wife to receive twenty thousand dollars as the price of his retaining a man in office. The president himself received gifts from officeholders, out of all proportion to their legal salaries. The tragedy of Custer's death was probably due to the demoralization of the Indian service. Custer's officers accepted petty bribes and were expected to contribute of their scanty incomes to the party treasury, and of their time to party service. From top to bottom the civil list was permeated with bad men, but what was infinitely worse many good men engaged in questionable practices, and winked at the unquestioned thievery of their associates.

Some attributed this state of affairs to the president, and there can be no doubt that Grant's liking for men who could do things, combined with his inability to judge moral char-

acter, and with his energetic support of his friends, right or wrong, did much to aggravate the situation. It is not possible, however, for one man, even as president, to demoralize so vast a civil service as that of the United States, and it must be remembered that while Grant's influence was pernicious, his intentions were good.

Most people saw in politics the disturbing element. The two great rival organizations, and the numerous factional rings within the parties used the offices as the sinews of war, men were appointed primarily because of party views and political ability; they were changed frequently, and offices were multiplied to feed more party workers, and to give them more leisure for party service. Still a spoils system does not necessarily mean inefficiency or dishonesty; it is to the interest of the parties that scandals do not become too flagrant. In the years between 1830 and the Civil War, the spoils system was practiced by both parties, but corruption did not extend into as high places, nor so widely contaminate the service as during the period of War and Reconstruction.

The most important new factor was simply growth, unparalleled expansion; all departments of government developed like mushrooms, some increasing their business twenty times within a year. Nor did peace bring with it contraction; the revenue of the national government was never after the war, less than five times what it was in times of peace before. Not only was the country expanding, but the functions of the national government were permanently increased. This growth, of itself, created a new problem, by making service impersonal. Washington knew personally nearly all government officials. For many years after the service was small enough to allow of some personal bonds, connecting top with bottom, some knowledge of the habits and private life of the subordinate, some sense of loyalty to the superior. The president was able, to some extent, to impress himself upon the civil service, and all of our presidents have been honorable men.

This condition had long disappeared; a person robbing the

treasury seemed to injure no one, and more people are humane than are honest. Yet no more checks were put upon the method of appointment and the conduct of business than in the days when the personal check was real and efficient.

The recognition of this changed state of affairs, and the adoption of a system of mechanical appointment and mechanical regulation, which, while not as good ideally as the personal judgment of competent men, had become absolutely necessary with the expansion of the service, has, as we all know, corrected the abnormal condition of the seventies. While the service is not perfect, there is not much more official sinning than there was in the beginning, and will be evermore. The situation in the seventies was an episode, caused by the failure to adapt legislation to changed conditions.

In the present appalling revelations with regard to private business we find an analogy both as to cause and effect. The coming to the front of men of the type who can do things, and who care very little about the means employed, the organization of the financial interests of the country into great rival groups that use men, barrels and railroads as the sinews of war, as the politician uses the offices, and finally the wonderful expansion of business organization which sunders wide the employer from the employed, the stockholder from the director, the consumer from the producer, and the producer from the merchant, have brought about a debasement of business ethics, as similar causes produced a low standard of public morality. The demoralization of the civil service was but an earlier manifestation of the same stage of progress through which private business is now passing, reached earlier because of the size of the service, and cured earlier because it was more in the public eye. It is unnecessary to think that the present revelations are uncovering normal business conditions of very long standing or that the evils found, are without a cure. The present code of business ethics, like the idea of public service in the seventies, should prove but an episode in the history of the American people.

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES.

CORA CASE HINKLEY.

"Did you order your suit, Mollie?"

"Y-yes, Tom. How about yours, dear?"

The Burtons had just finished their coffee and rolls, and Mollie was helping her husband into his coat. They had been married about two years—just long enough to have recovered from the first glad intoxication of uninterrupted bliss. Suddenly certain hard truths were beginning to assemble about them on all sides, like misfortunes around a sinking monarch. They were learning that every additional outlay for clothes, meant a corresponding cutting down on the butcher and grocer's bills, and a complete elimination of the fruit store and caterer stalls. Especially this spring, they were completely out of everything. It seemed hard to realize, for at the time of their wedding, Mollie had thought her pretty trousseau would last forever. But only yesterday the last of her sixteen waists had just completely fallen to pieces, and her little tan suit was getting actually thread-bare; and Tom, too, was realizing that no amount of pressing and brushing can keep even broad cloth from getting shiny, and that no tailor alive can cut straight legs over into peg tops.

But Mollie, rising, as always, to the occasion, had marked out so fine a campaign of procedure that, with almost no discomfiture at all, they were both to appear on Easter in new clothes from tip to toe. She had planned the whole day out in its every detail. First of all they were to go to church. Their pew was well up in front, and they were to go, knowing that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. Then they were to stroll over to *The George* for dinner, and in the late evening a drive to Windgate Park was to close their happy day. If a month of sacrifice seemed

hard to bear, the thought of this day was to compensate for all. Tom was good-natured and Mollie was a fair cook, and at first it was really quite fun to see how much one can make out of nothing. But after a time bean soup gets very beany, and somehow or other mock pie doesn't have the same twang as porterhouse. But the system was certainly progressing finely. Breakfast had become almost a useless form, and dinner could be prepared for almost a nominal cost. If the house seemed rather dark and gloomy, it was brightened by the forty-cent gas bill, and if Mollie's cheeks had grown a little peaked it was easy to shut one's eyes to the fact. Nor was it hard for Tom to do his own shining and shaving and read the news over his neighbor's shoulder, and thus cut out the *Daily* bill. It was an inconvenience, to be sure when he had to refuse a ticket to the Business Men's Banquet, but his brave little Mollie helped him bear that by giving up Fritzi Scheff and Mrs. Raven's Illustrated Lectures.

However, at the end of the month of fasting, they had managed so well that several unspent dollars still remained, and so they had planned a little spread for Easter eve. They had gone shopping together and had fairly reveled in luxury. There had been club house sandwiches in editions de luxe, Roquefort and Bents, olives and lobster a la Newburg, and to wind up with a box of Allegrettis for Molly and three Bobby Burns and a little bottle for Tom. And finally when it was all over, like two happy children they had gone, hand in hand up into the spare bed room. All the trials of the past were scattered to the winds in the joy of this one night. The Burtons had feasted till the last owl car had jangled past, and if they had been too addicted to the flesh pots, they were surely justified; for as they stood looking down at the object of their sacrifice, a joy beyond aught else that they had ever known filled their hearts. There on the bed was Mollie's little green suit, with hat, gloves and shoes to match, with a bewitching little bunch of those curls now so much in vogue. On the window sill, and to be the crowning touch of

her glory, was a tall yellow jonquil, representing economically about a pound of French clipper chops. Next to Mollie's suit was Tom's with all its endless accessories—the high heeled pumps, the gray cravat and bamboo cane. For some time the Burtons hovered about their treasures, then with a last smoothing rest of wrinkles, and a last loving pat, they left the room to go to sleep—and to dream, perhaps of bottles and Bents, of lobsters and cheeses and canes and curls.

* * *

The Easter dawned and the Easter waned, but the Burtons kept indoors. They were living in quite another world, where churches have no place, and where even hats seem unexciting—in a world where King Roquefort reigns and courtier lobsters do him service. The suits remained quite all unflaunted, and the jonquil winked its wicked yellow eye at the bewitching curls.



THE BUDLONG CASE.

By

LUCIAN CARY and GEORGE HILL.

[Copyright, 1907, by George B. Hill.]

(Continued from the February Number.)

Jim, come here, and you, too, Bernice.

(Bernice and Jim walk over to the table, and Jim sits on the edge of it.)

FRANCES—Jim, I dare you to put on a party dress and go to the Psi Chi dance in it tomorrow night.

JIM—I'm on; I'd do it just to see what Mrs. Mac would say.

FRANCES—That's what we want you to do it for, Jim. Just to see what Mrs. Mac will say. You dress up to look as much like a girl as possible; get a wig and everything.

JIM—I took your dare all right, but what's the sketch—I don't want to appear in a rig like that for four hours.

FRANCES—But, Jim, you must. You must come over here in it at about half-past seven tomorrow night—no, later than that—after Mrs. Mac has gone—say half-past eight. Your name is to be Miss Jones, and you are to go to the dance with Llewellyn Russell.

JIM—Oh, sure. But really, Frances, I can't do anything like that. He'd get wise in a minute. And, besides, I've got to be at the dance in my own personality, and besides—why, what are you talking about? Don't you know that I'm an instructor and a member of the social committee?

FRANCES—You're not a bit like a prof, Jim.

JIM—Thank you.

FRANCES—And, besides, if the faculty did hear of it, they wouldn't do anything; they'd think it was a good joke.

JIM—No; not our faculty; you don't understand the Wisconsin professor's sense of humor. It's different from your's.

FRANCES—What could they do about a little thing like that?

JIM—The faculty can do anything but take your life.

BERNICE—Look here. If you went up there as Miss Smith or Jones or something from Stoughton, they'd never find it out. We could put everybody wise except Mrs. Mac and Llewellyn. Phil can get busy and steal his eye-glasses, and he won't be able to see a thing.

JIM—What about Mrs. Mac?

PHIL—I'll go down town and send you a telegram calling you out of town—then Mrs. Mac and Llewellyn won't expect you to be there.

FRANCES—Don't you see, Jim? The plan is simply perfect.

JIM—It's perfectly simple all right, and I'd do it if it weren't for one insuperable difficulty. Llewellyn hasn't invited me, or rather Miss Jones, of Stoughton, to accompany him to the Psi Chi dance.

FRANCES—We'll tell him where to get off at; you leave that to us; if he doesn't ask you, you won't have to go. Don't you see, Jim?

JIM—Yes, I see. But I don't like that name Jones.

BERNICE—You can have any name you want; that's a girl's privilege—if she's foxy enough.

JIM—I want to be called Phyllis; Phyllis suits my figure to perfection; I don't care about the last name.

PHIL—(ceremoniously) Le Moyne sounds good to me. Miss Langham, I want you to meet Miss Le Moyne, of Stoughton. Miss Ryder, Miss Le Moyne.

FRANCES—You people dig out now, and one of you tell Llewellyn that I want to see him for a moment.

JIM—Yes. I don't want to be here when you do it.

(Jim goes off and Bernice and Phil go over to the screened corner.)

(Enter Llew.)

FRANCES—Oh, Mr. Russell, I'm in an awful fix—

LLEW—Miss Ryder, I should be more than pleased, I'm sure, if my assistance could be of any service to you. I should only be too happy—

FRANCES—I hate to ask it of you—but the fact is, Mr. Russell, there is a girl—that is, I mean—are you going to the Psi Chi dance tomorrow night?

LLEW—Yes, I'm going to try to. I'm going to get up early in the morning and spend the day getting my clothes ready.

FRANCES—Well—you know—have—have you made any arrangements to take anybody?

LLEW—Why, no. I haven't made any arrangement so far. I don't know where I'll find a girl, either. I'll have to have a girl. I hate to ask anyone so immediately before the event takes place. It doesn't seem good form.

FRANCES—Oh, no. It's a very informal affair, very.

LLEW—I understand. Say no more. Miss Ryder, may I have the pleasure of your company at the Psi Chi dance?

FRANCES—Oh, I didn't mean—thank you so much, Mr. Russell, but I'm going with Jim, with Mr. Budlong, that is I—

LLEW—To be sure; I was stupid. Say no more.

FRANCES—But Mr. Russell, there's a girl that we have invited to come down to Madison for Commencement Week; to stay with us—we're rushing her.

LLEW—Rushing her—

FRANCES—Yes, we want her to become a Gamma Delta—that is, one of the girls does. If the rest like her we'll ask her to join.

LLEW—That's the point. Now, I've always wanted to ask about that. What will you do if she is tried in the balance and found wanting.

FRANCES—Oh, just drop her. Though of course we always tell her to come and see us again—drop in any time—and all that.

LLEW—But in case you don't decide favorably, won't the young woman be chagrined, horribly disappointed?

FRANCES—Well, we hope so. That is—well—we hope she wouldn't feel bad. She'd be liable to make some other crowd. Not as good as ours of course, but still a sorority.

LLEW—Yes, to some people, a sorority is a sorority.

FRANCES—But you see, Mr. Russell, we are all going to the Psi Chi dance and the girl is coming earlier than we expected. She's coming on the six-thirty train and—

LLEW—And you want me to meet her at the station.

FRANCES—Oh, no, no.

LLEW—But I should honestly, really, truly like to.

FRANCES—She won't want to see you just after a long railway journey—no girl would. She'll want to come up to the house in a cab and get fixed up first. But, Mr. Russell, could you—would you care to take her to the Psi Chi dance?

LLEW—Why of course. But how do you know she'll go with me? I'm afraid she might not—something would be sure to happen—something always does happen to a girl when I want to take her anywhere.

FRANCES—I'll promise you that she'll accept your invitation; I'll arrange all the details myself.

LLEW—Thank you. I'll be here early. Say half-past seven?

FRANCES—No, oh, no. Don't come before half-past eight. It will be at least that before she is ready.

LLEW—But—

FRANCES—Now you must go back to Mrs. MacWhorter; you've kept her waiting too long now.

LLEW—(as he moves off.) I don't quite understand this business. It seems too good to be true. There must be something wrong somewhere.

FRANCES—Oh, Mr. Russell, promise me that you won't say anything about this to anyone. I don't want Mrs. MacWhorter to know that I asked you to take her. She wouldn't approve of it at all.

LLEW—Quite right. I'm glad to hear it. I care a great deal for Mrs. MacWhorter's opinion. Hers is one of the few good ones, I've got. But I don't see why she should disapprove. Why, it's delightfully informal and quite the proper thing, I should say. I'm *glad* that you asked me. I'm charmed at the prospect of accompanying Miss—a—what did you say her name was?

FRANCES—Smith—a—Jones—a—I mean Phyllis, Phyllis Le Moyne, the Le Moynes of Stoughton, you know. Now go back to Mrs. MacWhorter, you—

LLEW—Yes, I will. And I thank you so much, Miss Ryder. You are a friend of mine from now on (turns to go). Phyllis, Phyllis Le Moyne, charming (turning toward Frances). At half after eight tomorrow evening, then? (as Llewellyn goes off, Bernice and Merkel come forward and each enthusiastically grasps one of her hands.)

BERNICE—Good work!

PHIL—You're it; we all will be.

(Enter Jim.)

JIM—How did you come out, Frankie?

PHIL and BERNICE—Fine!

FRANCES—(Phil and Bernice move toward the corner.) I feel so bad (almost ready to cry).

JIM—After you're once in, you've got to stick.

FRANCES—I'll stick; I'm game; but I wish I wasn't. He thanked me for it. He called me his friend.

JIM—Never mind. (Mock sentimentally.)

FRANCES—But suppose you should get caught Jim; you'd lose your job.

JIM—Suppose Llewellyn should find it out! Here I've been playing the friend to him too. He's come and asked me for advice several times and I've given it to him. He isn't such a fool as people think he is. If it hadn't been for that maiden aunt of his he would have been a mighty good fellow; he is an able one.

FRANCES—Oh, dear. I feel horrid to think that I've tricked him so.

JIM—But he'll never know the difference if Phil gets his eye glasses, and he'll have lots of fun out of it.

(Gong rings.) (Phil and Bernice come on apparently in heated argument.)

(Enter Mrs. Mac and Llewellyn.)

FRANCES—Can't they stay a little longer tonight, Mrs. Mac? It isn't term time any more, and George Austin hasn't been here for three years.

MRS. MAC—But George will be hanging around all day tomorrow, and you are all going to the dance tomorrow night, so I don't believe it's wise.

FRANCES—Oh, Mrs. Mac, please!

MRS. MAC—Don't tease, Frances, you'll make me angry; the men must go now.

(Llewellyn steps up to Jim who is down center.)

LLEW—Mr. Budlong (he holds a small memorandum book in one hand and a poised fountain pen in the other), will you give a dance tomorrow night?

JIM—As many as you please, Mr. Russell.

LLEW—Thank you.

(All exit, exchanging "good-nights," leaving Mrs. Mac to turn out the lights. The stage is dark for an instant, then the girls steal back, carrying a chafing dish. They sit in a circle round it, singing softly.)

Air—"HONEYMOON."

I.

Gamma Delt ! Gamma Delt !
Daughters at thy shrine have knelt,
Year on year afar and near,
Gamma Delt !
Pledge we all our faith to you,
Render we thy rev'rence due.
Goddess-mother, tender, true,
Gamma Delt !

II.

Gamma Delt ! Gamma Delt !
Year on year our hearts have felt
Love for thee wax wondrously,
Gamma Delt !
Though may wrath ne'er cloud thy brow,
Darn the Kappas anyhow;
Pful on them ! Fzzt ! Miaou !
Gamma Delt !

(As the song ends, men's voices are heard in the distance, chanting "Cheer, cheer." They come nearer, changing to "Lindy," as they approach. The serenade runs into "Good Night, Ladies," gradually dying away again.)

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

(Reproduction of Keeley's College Room. A round table with four chairs about it is placed down stage c. The back wall has a wide open doorway through which may be seen the foot of a stairway leading to the dance hall above. On either side against the back wall are booths. To the right is a swinging door leading to the service department. A pair oared boat suspended from the ceiling acts as chandelier.)

(Birkman Zoldo lounges easily through the entrance and sits at the round table. His clothes are startling in style and pattern and he moves with the air of a true lord of creation.)

(A waitress, dressed in black with white apron, cuffs and collar, is clearing a table in one of the booths. She has a turn up nose and a neat figure.)

ZOLDO—Holloa, Grace!

(Grace continues as if she had not heard.)

ZOLDO—Say, Grace!

(Grace picks up the full tray and walks quickly out of the swinging door to the right, her nose in the air.)

ZOLDO—(staring after her) Sore. (Whistle) (picks up carafe and strikes table a resounding blow) (listens) (lifts carafe and raps quickly several times) (listens) (after a few moments he raises the carafe as if for a tremendous blow, then lets it down easily as Grace appears on the jump.)

GRACE—(sweetly) Has your order been taken?

ZOLDO—I want a pistachio-nut-chocolate Sundae with cherries.

GRACE—We are all out of chocolate; we'll have some tomorrow.

ZOLDO—Give me a little fricaseed pompador.

GRACE—Will you kindly give your order, sir? This room has been engaged for the evening by the Psi Chi's. We're going to close to all others in about three minutes.

ZOLDO—Come, Grace, be a sport; cut out your grouch. Can't you? You know I don't want to order anything. I only want to talk to you for a minute.

GRACE—You didn't seem to want to talk to me very bad last night.

ZOLDO—Now, Grace, I couldn't help that. I'm sorry.

Honest, I am. But I simply couldn't make it. You might have waited a few minutes—

GRACE—You can't flim-flam me. I waited for f-o-r-t-y-f-i-v-e minutes and you didn't show up.

ZOLDO—Really, Grace I—

GRACE—From now on, you and yours, don't cut no ice with me. You just remember that I have never been introduced to you.

ZOLDO—What will I do without you? You are the only reliable source of information I've got. I couldn't hold my job on the *State Journal* if you ditched me. Why here in the Pal you hear all about the doings of the frat crowd; it only takes a hint or two, a shred of fact, to hang out a double column head on the front page.

GRACE—(considerably mollified) I might 'a known better'n to expect you to keep that date. You've never kept one in your life unless there was money in it.

ZOLDO—Say, Grace, is this a straight tip about the Psi Chi's reserving this room?

GRACE—Sure Mike!

ZOLDO—Tell me what's doin'. I know you've got a good one this time, Grace; you act just the way you did that time you gave me that story about the professor at the Varsity who had two wives and was trying to marry a third.

GRACE—No, I ain't. There isn't anything much doin'. Just a little practical joke among the society crowd.

ZOLDO—You've got to tell me, Grace.

GRACE—Got to! Don't you talk like that to a Hogan.

ZOLDO—But Grace, I fell down on that story about the bunch who got fired last week and I've *got* to make good or lose my job. I don't care how true it is, just so they can't afford to deny it.

GRACE—I don't want to figure as the beautiful but honest waitress that gave the game away and lose my job to boot. Why my mother would show me the door if the *State Journal* had my picture.

ZOLDO—If I give you a satisfactory excuse for not showing up last night, will you tell me? (Rising to his feet and speaking appealingly.) Won't you forgive me, Grace? I'm sorry, awfully sorry.

GRACE—(weakly) N-n-o-o.

ZOLDO—I'll promise you, if you'll tell me what you know, that I'll retract the whole story in case anyone gets fired. If you don't tell me, I'll find out anyway. I'll find out.

GRACE—It doesn't amount to as much as all that; you can't make a story out of it.

ZOLDO—(Pulling out a pad and pencil ready to write on his knee under the edge of the table) Go on.

GRACE—I heard that young Merkel—you know that awful fresh kid from Chicago?

ZOLDO—Yes, yes. Go on.

GRACE—Well, he and that Langham girl were in here this afternoon, and a couple more, and they were telling about a scheme they had fixed up to get that willy boy, Llewellyn Russell, to take—

ZOLDO—Llewellyn! that's the guy you heard say: "Zoldo strikes me as an exceedingly vulgah pusson, exceedingly vulgah." If I ever hit him it'll jar his entire family.

GRACE—As I was tryin' to tell you, they fixed it up to have this Russell take Professor Budlong to the dance; they're going to dress Budlong up to look like a girl.

ZOLDO—(With the air of a stage villain.) This dance to-night. (Writing busily.) Won't that look good to the city editor, though? "Scandal in 'Varsity Circles. Prominent Professor Masquerades as Young Woman. Society Agog."

GRACE—You mustn't put that in the paper, Birk. He'd lose his job.

ZOLDO—(Full of the excitement of the chase for a story) And I'll get one.

GRACE—You'll get it all right. Why, the students will fall all over you; they'll kill you; ride you out of town; that man Budlong is the most popular member of the faculty; he's one of the boys; why, they *like* him.

ZOLDO—Don't worry. I'll be in Chicago when this comes out, and, anyway, they'll never know who did it.

GRACE—Please don't do it.

ZOLDO—He can stand it; he's rich; all these profs are rich; they couldn't be profs if they weren't. If he isn't, it'll do him good to get boosted. Let him hustle for a job the way I have. I haven't always fallen onto a soft snap. (Regarding paper lovingly.) "Scandal in 'Varsity Circles"—This'll be the makin' of me. This is where Birkie Zoldo comes to his own.

GRACE—Yes; this is where you get *yours*.

ZOLDO—Aw, come out of it, Grace—don't be so gloomy—you act as if you'd been reading *The Sphinx*—(pause, then looks over shoulder)—Say, Grace—

(Grace does not reply; continues with dishes.)

ZOLDO—Oh, Grace—Oh, Gracie-Grace—you remember that tune we heard at the Majestic the other night. (Sings.) "Hello, peaches, you're just the girl for me."

(Grace does not reply.)

ZOLDO—(Sings with orchestra softly; Grace finally cracks a smile and comes over to him.)

(“PEACHES.”)

I.

From time's the season of waltzin' and
squeezein'

And such like stunts;
The soft swaying dance and the dreamy-eyed
glance

Are supreme for once.
If he calls you Peaches, such candified speeches

At Prom are correct things to do;
You reign but a day, so be gay while you
may—

Don't shy when we sing to you:

Chorus.

Hello, Peaches, nice little Prom time queens,
Hello, Peaches, sweet little nectarines,
Wasn't the Prom a perfect dream?
Wasn't it nice of Mr. Rehm—
You two—peaches and cream—
Hello, peaches and cream.

Hello, Peaches, you're the girls for us;
Hello, Peaches, isn't it fun to fuss?
Dodge the chaperone, just to tease her;
We may be cream, but she is the freezer—
You be the lemon and he'll be the squeezer—
Hello, peaches and cream.

II.

Muck rake exposures and shocking disclosures
Are now in style;

Madison has 'em in regular spasms,
The live-long while.

Edward Sapolio Jordan's outclassed,
And Hearst turns an envious green
Beholding the flowery concoctions of Mowry
And Max of the Magazine.

Chorus.

Yellow kidoes, raking the college through;
Yellow kidoes, making the *Journal* stew;
Nice little scraps of misinformation—
Cub reporters' imagination—
'Varsity scandal! Tremendous sensation!
Rah-rah! Screeches and scream!

GRACE—Oh Birk! You've *got* to go now; it's pretty near eight and the Psi Chi's will show up here any minute.

ZOLDO—You go on and close up if you want to. When I get ready I'll get out all right. You run along and sell your papers—I'll get out all right.

(Grace shuts doors back, exits.)

(Zoldo looks into all available hiding places; then up. No chance is too long for Zoldo; he mounts the table and tries his weight on the chandelier, listens a moment; suddenly springs upward, catches the gun-wale with his hands and climbs into the boat.)

(All is quiet for a moment and then laughter is heard outside and Phil Merkel opens the door; he switches on all the lights, and is followed by Frances, Bernice, June, Mrs. Mac, George Austin and other guests.)

PHIL—We've got this joint all to ourselves tonight.

MRS. MAC—I wonder why Llewellyn isn't here yet; he is the soul of punctuality, and I'm sure that he wanted to come.

PHIL—Maybe he hasn't got a girl.

FRANCES—Oh, I'm sure he's coming; he probably decided to wear a different tie at the last minute, and had to stop and change.

PHIL—Well, while we're waiting for Llewellyn and his girl and his tie we might have a song. Bill, you sing; Rolly, you were on the glee club once, *come* on up.

(“NESTLE.”)

(“Come and Nestle Closely,” etc.)

I.

A nice young man with a long gray coat
And his trousers creased at the side,
Was a shining star with his Winton car
Which his daddy had supplied.
He wasted oil on the Kappa girls
And rode them 'round the town's environs.
But innocent lad, his end was sad,
When the D. G.'s sang like sirens:

Chorus.

Let us nestle closely by your side,
Let us call you all our own;
Do not take the Kappas for a ride,
For we want you all alone,
Let us sting the Pi Phis for a while,
Snub the Kappas while we can;
You're the candy kid we're looking for—
Be a D. G. man.

II.

In the Chi Psi Lodge on a cold, cold morn,
The furnace went up the flue,
For the pipes blew up and the fire blew out
And the Chi Phis said, “Well—whew!”
Skidoo for them at 4 a. m.
“Deac” Kimball found the house neglected
And empty and forlorn;
“We are pinched,” he said, in scorn;
“This is what I've long expected.”

Chorus.

“Come and nestle close,” the Phi Deltis cried,
Megaphoning o'er the street,
“Come and nestle closely by our side—
Come before you freeze your feet;
Let us fold you fondly in our quilts,
Come and fill a room or two;
Bring along your duds for our hotel
Will hold you too.

III.

A Delta Tau, with a sunburst vest
 (Ike Dahle, 1904),
 Come back to see what the style might be
 That the little Tau Deltas wore.
 He saw loud hats and explosive spats,
 All colors from maroon to cherry.
 They had suits of giddy cut on,
 And coats with just one button,
 But the flossiest was Harry.

Chorus.

"You've the flossy clothes," Ike Dahle cried.
 "Trousers with a six-inch rim.
 You've the kind of vest no cat can hide,
 All the people say, 'That's him.'
 You have caught the Tau Delt rag-time style—
 Harry, you look good to me;
 You're the very kind of a candy boy
 I used to be."

IV.

When *you*, my dear, came to Prom down here
 You were proper as could be,
 But yesterday you were pretty gay,
 Your shyness had to flee.
 When *you're* with *him* and the fire glows dim,
 Comes Cupid in your ear a-crooning,
 And about tomorrow night, in the dim roman-
 tic light,
 You'll be really, truly spooning.

Chorus.

You'll be nestling closely by *his* side,
 Telling him you're all his own;
 Sitting in a space about *so* wide—
 Pfu! on the chaperone!
You'll be folded fondly in his arms,
 Talking lovey-dovey-goo;
He'll be nestling close as *he* can get
 And so will *you*.

GEORGE—(rising) Come, June, let's dance. I haven't danced with you for four years.

PHIL—Come on, Bernie, let's nestle. (All exit.)

(Enter Llewellyn and Phyllis.)

LLEW—Goodness knows, we're late enough.

PHYLLIS—I'm awfully sorrow to have been the cause of your being late.

LLEW—Not at all. It was my fault, not yours. Don't you see. My fault entirely.

PHYLLIS—Let's not go up stairs just yet; let's sit down for a minute. I'm a bit tired. I'm afraid I shan't be able to dance much tonight.

LLEW—Yes, you must not dance a bit more than you like, tonight. I'll tell them all that you are too tired to dance; you wont have to dance with anyone but me, and we can sit out most of them.

PHYLLIS—How kind and considerate you are.

LLEW—O, Miss Le Moyne. But I'm forgetting all about the dance; I beg your pardon. We were so late and I am so upset by the loss of my glasses! Do you know, I can't imagine what has become of them. I left them on my table this morning when I went down to get the mail, and I sat on the veranda and talked awhile, and when I went back they were gone. It's most peculiar.

(They start through the open doorway; as Mrs. Mac appears at the bottom of the stairs, Phyllis sees her and steps back out of sight).

MRS. MAC—How do you do, Mr. Russell.

LLEW—I'm so sorry to be late Mrs. Mac. I—

MRS. MAC—That's nothing; I was very late myself to-night—but you must go upstairs and act as chaperone to those young people in my absence. I've just been called over to the long distance 'phone in the drug store.

LLEW—Delighted, Mrs. MacWhorter.

(Mrs. Mac hurries on and Llewellyn looks about for Miss Le Moyne.)

LLEW—The loss of my glasses has so upset me that I have forgotten my manners. I walked right out ahead of you. Haven't you met Mrs. McWhorter?

PHYLLIS—Met her! I should think I had. Mrs. Mac was once one of my best friends.

LLEW—Once? Is she no longer your friend?

PHYLLIS (tearfully)—I don't want to *speak* to Mrs. MacWhorter; I don't want to get within ten feet of her if I can help it; I don't know what I'd do if that woman—

LLEW—I'm so sorry that you've had a falling out.

PHYLLIS—I don't want to create a scene, but you'll help to keep us separated, won't you?

LLEW—(as they pass from the view of the audience.) Indeed, yes.

(Enter June and George; they sit opposite each other at the table c.)

JUNE—I think it's a shame. Just think how that man will feel when he finds out what a fool they have made of him.

GEORGE—He'll never know the difference, I hope. But they do carry a joke too far. They are only kids and don't know when to stop.

JUNE—Llewellyn is partly a victim of circumstance, too. His people died when he was quite young and he was brought up by a maiden aunt who didn't understand boys. He came down here to the University when he was a good deal older than most freshmen, but without knowing the ropes as well as the youngest and greenest of his class. He didn't even know the men from his home town.

GEORGE—That was enough to spoil anybody.

JUNE—That wasn't the worst; his aunt was old-fashioned and didn't give him a cent above his actual expenses; he used to wear the clothes his uncles left. Well, he became a Phi Beta Kappa pledgeling the first week; it was the only field open to him; he was bright and he bucked; he made Phi Beta in his Junior year.

GEORGE—He doesn't look a typical Phi Bete now.

JUNE—His aunt died at the psychological moment and left him a hundred thousand. And after his three years' economy he had—well—a reaction.

GEORGE—I s'pose he made a few bad breaks at the start, and that queered him.

JUNE—He certainly did; he queered himself right. He is the universal joke of the University; the mention of his name will draw a sneer any time.

GEORGE—Why didn't he stick to his bucking?

JUNE—He wanted friends; people to talk to and go and see; he wanted to enjoy himself for the first time in his life. He'd made Phi Beta; his incentive to buck was gone. Why, this new man Ross conned him in Sociology. Think of it—a Phi Beta conned his last semester and can't graduate.

I don't see why Jim and Frances didn't let him alone.

GEORGE—Oh, well, you must forget all about it; it isn't your fault.

JUNE—I know, George, but when I'm so happy I can't bear to see a man treated that way.

GEORGE—Jim's taking a long chance this time, too; he'll lose his job if the faculty hear about this.

JUNE—He is hoping that Harpers will accept his new novel for serial publication. He and Frances are going to get married if it is, so she confided to me this afternoon.

GEORGE—Don't any of them suspect that we are engaged?

JUNE—I should say not. They are all tremendously interested though; they seem very anxious to impress me with your virtues. Frances and Bernice have told me all sorts of fine things that you've done.

GEORGE—Phil has been telling me that I stood a fine chance with you and advising me to go in and win and all that sort of thing.

JUNE—They'll have a surprise when those invitations arrive, won't they?

GEORGE—Won't they? But say, June, wouldn't it be lots more fun to elope and escape all this fuss and the marching down the aisle before your friends, each with a grin of anticipation over the fun he's going to have at your expense, before you get away.

JUNE—It would be glorious for us but we can't. Mother would never forgive me if I weren't married in church.

(Enter Bernice and Phil, who take seats with George and June.)

BERNICE—We're going to butt in on this little *tete-a-tete* of yours. You've missed three dances straight.

PHIL—You've missed more than that. You ought to have seen Jim and that willy boy; it's better than anything at the Majestic.

BERNICE—Look! They have been too interested even to order anything to eat.

PHIL—You know, Beau, you've got to buy if you're going to make a hit with your queen (picking up a carafe and rapping sharply on table top) (waitress appears promptly).

GRACE—Has your order been taken?

PHIL—(pointing to the bare table top) Did you think we ate the dishes too?

(Orders are given and waitress disappears.)

(Enter Llew and Phyllis who take seats with the bunch after Phil has rustled more chairs.)

JUNE—Are you people enjoying yourselves to-night?

PHYLLIS—Yes, indeed. I was tired when I came, but I feel like a pippin now. I'm having the time of my life.

LLEW—I, too, am enjoying myself hugely. If it were not for the loss of my glasses I should regard this as the one evening of my life.

PHIL—I don't believe you'd have half so good a time if you had your glasses.

LLEW—Dear me! And why not?

(Waitress comes for Llewellyn's order.)

BERNICE—There goes that "Dream of Heaven" waltz, Phil. We can't miss that. (Bernice and Merkel get up to leave.)

JUNE—(rising) We're sorry to leave you people, but the music has begun.

(All off except Llew and Phyllis.)

LLEW—Do you know, I believe that you and I could get along splendidly together?

PHYLLIS—I think that we *are* getting along splendidly together. I am sure I am; aren't you?

LLEW—Yes, indeed.

PHYLLIS—This ice cream isn't very good, is it?

LLEW—Dear me, I'll call the waitress and—

PHYLLIS—No, no, don't do that. I just hate to kick up a row about anything.

(Zoldo leans over the gunwale, his face illumined with a saturnine smile.)

LLEW—To tell the truth, I do, too. Of course, I'd do it for you. Though one—ah—sort of gets out of the habit here at Wisconsin. The *Daily Cardinal* really does enough kicking for the entire student body.

PHYLLIS—We agree perfectly in everything, don't we. It is so pleasant for once to meet someone with whom I can agree.

LLEW—And you don't know what it means to me to be with someone who can appreciate—if I do say it myself—my artistic temperament.

PHYLLIS—I'm sure that you like poetry Mr. Russell. Your profile is so poetic.

LLEW—I live on poetry. (Pulling a small volume from his coat tail pocket.) Here's a little volume—a collection of magazine verse—that has some real poetry in it.

PHYLLIS—Oh, do read some. I do love to hear verse read aloud. It was never meant to be read silently.

LLEW—I agree with you perfectly. I have grown to depend on books for companionship. You know what Cicero says about books?

PHYLLIS—*Omne Gallia est divisa in partes tres; et tu Brute.*

LLEW—Well, that's hardly the quotation I referred to—but I'm *sure* you've read your Cicero and remembered him too.

PHYLLIS—Aren't you going to read?

LLEW—I can't find anything in the book that suits this occasion. I'm going to quote something from memory.

(Phyllis arranges herself in an appreciative attitude.)

LLEW—(speaking in a ridiculously affected tone, his voice pitched high in a tremendous endeavor to read with expression.)

I read Catullus till the page I scanned
Grew indistinct and half asleep I dreamed
That you and I lived long ago. We seemed
In Sabine meadows walking hand in hand
A boy and girl. Our sunbrowned faces fanned
By languid breezes that streamed
From off the blue Tyrhennian sea that gleamed
Far westward. Surely that was love's own land.

(Leans forward, speaking directly to Phyllis, and looking into her eyes, as he finishes the sextet he leans closer.)

Ah! How you laughed to see the clumsy bees
Shoulder their way among the chalices
Of purple thyme. And when I kissed your hair
You ran off pouting yet came back again.
It seemed so real—the soft warm air
And yet—could I have loved you better then?

(At this point Phyllis clasps her arms about his neck,) (after a moment they break away.)

LLEW—I have always laughed at love at first sight.

PHILLIS—Do you really love me?

LLEW—(evidently thinking.) Yes really.

PHYLLIS—I knew that we were meant for each other the moment I saw you, but I could not have hoped that we would both realize it and confess it so soon. It's too good to be true.

LLEW—Yes, it's too good to be true.

PHYLLIS—(reaches up her face to be kissed, and he performs the operation with visible reluctance.) Let's not tell anybody about it yet.

LLEW—(fervently) No. Let's not.

PHYLLIS—Tell me that you love me.

LLEW—I did.

PHYLLIS—But I love to hear you say it. Your voice has such wonderful thrills in it.

LLEW—Has it?

PHYLLIS—Yes, and you have the kindest, finest eyes.

LLEW—You have pretty eyes yourself.

PHYLLIS—Oh, (kisses him) you dear.

LLEW—Hadn't we better go back to the dance? Some one is likely to come in any minute.

PHYLLIS—(pouting) You haven't told me that you love me yet. I don't believe you really do (almost in tears). I know that most men are gay deceivers, but I couldn't, I can't think it of you.

LLEW—I do love you with all my heart, and we'll be married tomorrow if you like.

PHYLLIS—All right.

LLEW—(escaping an enthusiastic attempt to embrace him.) We must go up-stairs.

PHYLLIS—And you must dance with some one else, so that no one will suspect that we have grown fond of each other.

LLEW—A good idea.

PHYLLIS—Besides, I have got to fix my back hair. (Coily) You've got it all mussed up. (Exit.)

ZOLDO—(jubilantly waving a wad of copy paper.) This'll be the juiciest scandal the *State Journal* ever published, and I guess that's going some.

(Enter Frances and Phyllis.)

FRANCES—How are you making it?

PHYLLIS—It's horrible. He's proposed to me and I've accepted him; but he's already beginning to think better of it.

FRANCES—Why did you lead him on so?

JIM—I don't know. The excitement of it got hold of me. I guess I wanted to see how far I could make him go. I know now how a girl feels when she is drawing a man out.

FRANCES—What will he do if he ever finds out?

PHYLLIS—He musn't ever find out.

FRANCES—But how will we get rid of Phyllis Le Moyne after tonight?

PHYLLIS—Oh, you can say that she had to go home—anything'll do.

FRANCES—But we're rushing her.

PHYLLIS—Oh, tell them that she left her spoon in her coffee cup, so of course you couldn't pledge her. I suppose it will all come out, all right. He probably won't catch on if I can dodge Mrs. Mac. I never felt meaner in my life, though.

FRANCES—You'll feel meaner still when you get caught.

PHYLLIS—Why are you so sure that we'll get caught?

FRANCES—I know it; that's all.

PHYLLIS—I shall be glad if we do; it will be a good thing for that man to discover what a fool he has been making of himself; he is a good deal of a man at heart.

FRANCES—But he may never get over this.

PHYLLIS—Better never to get over the chagrin of this experience than be what he is. It'll be a good thing for me, too. I know now that I'll never be a prof. I'll resign before they have a chance to fire me and go away out west or north or south; somewhere where the real world is; I want to see

life; not the playing at living that one sees here; and I'm going, too.

FRANCES—Oh, Jim, promise you won't resign until you see how we come out.

PHYLLIS—All right; I will. There are no quitters in Wisconsin. Let's play the game. We aren't caught yet.

FRANCES—I'm going back upstairs; I've got a dance.

PHYLLIS—I'm going to stay here until my fiancée discovers me. (Frances goes off and Merkel and Austin enter.)

PHIL—Oh, my queen, drink to me only with thine eyes.

GEORGE—How does it go?

PHYLLIS—My nerves are badly shattered. I'm engaged to the boy.

PHIL—He proposed to you?

PHYLLIS—Said he would marry me tomorrow.

GEORGE—You're in for it now, old girl.

PHYLLIS—I've got to have a smoke. Hasn't somebody got the makings!

PHIL—(pulling out a huge briar pipe) Here's my pipe. (George and Phyllis get up but Phil remains seated.)

PHIL—Here. We can smoke right here. We own the place to-night.

PHYLLIS—I'm afraid Mrs. Mac will come back, but I'll risk it. (Seating himself.)

PHIL—She won't be back for awhile yet if central keeps up her good work. It is going to cost me about nine rollers for telephone charges.

GEORGE—Aren't these clothes uncomfortable, Bud?

PHYLLIS—Uncomfortable? They're HELL.

GEORGE—(George and Phil light cigarette and cigar and Phyllis puffs comfortably at the pipe.) Say, Bud, do you remember that night that your crowd and mine fell off the water wagon the night after exams. and how we met that old Greek prof., in the dog wagon.

PHYLLIS—It's odd, isn't it, how when a fellow falls off the water wagon he generally lands in the dog wagon. (Reflect-

ively.) But things aren't what they used to be any more, Beau; the faculty will fire a man nowadays for going on a jag.

GEORGE—Do the German profs. still hang out down at the Bismarck Sunday night?

PHYLLIS—No, they've cut that out. Some of them resigned, and some of them have their beer delivered after dark.

GEORGE—I can remember when there was a bunch of English instructors who used to live down on the court, that had all the fun they wanted by themselves.

PHYLLIS—That's gone too. That bunch got canned.

PHIL—Oh, a fellow can still get a decent load if he knows how to go at it.

PHYLLIS—Oh, yes, they still sell beer in Madison.—Give me a match.

(George hands out a match and Phyllis relights his pipe.)

PHYLLIS—(between puffs) Wouldn't it be better to put Mrs. Mac wise and explain the joke to her. Tell her that it has gone further than we intended and that it will hurt Llewellyn's feelings if we don't carry it out to the finish. She'll understand. And you know she's really fond of him. She'll protect us in order to save him mortification. I don't see how I can work the deal when we get out to the Gamma Delt house even if she doesn't get wise before that.

(Enter Mrs. Mac.)

MRS. MAC—(as she comes in) I don't understand this business. Here I've waited an hour and answered call after call—(catches sight of Phyllis in the act of applying a lighted match to her pipe.) (She gasps.) (Merkel and Austin rise to their feet trying ineffectually to shield Phyllis from her gaze.) (As Mrs. Mac speaks, Llewellyn and the rest are seen to enter.)

MRS. MAC—Oh—Oh—Oh!—You disgraceful creature! What are you doing here? What do you mean, George Austin, by bringing such a woman here? Take her away! Take

her away! At once! Go! Go! Go! You've ruined my reputation as a chaperone. O-O-O-h! Take her away. Go! Can't you hear? Go! You awful creature. Go!

(Phyllis quietly faints into Llewellyn's arms, and Birkman Zoldo catches his balance just in time.)

LLEW—Mrs. WacWhorter, you are speaking to the woman whom I am going to marry.

Curtain.

(Continued in the April Number.)



GOOD NIGHT.

ERNST JUNG.

Good night! The stars are here
And send their tender light;
The moon is watching near,
Good night.

But stars will fade from sight;
The moon will disappear
From its alluring height.

But when they're gone, don't fear;
When all have taken flight
I'll stay; God bless you, dear,
Good night!

THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 6

WALTER S. UNDERWOOD, '07, EDITOR
614 Langdon Street

ASSOCIATES

IRVING P. SCHAUS, '07 JOHN V. MULANY, '08
EDITH SWENSON, '07 CORA C. HINCKLEY, '07
GEORGE B. HILL, '08 F. P. BAGLEY, JR., '08
HARRY PARKER, '07

F. P. BAGLEY, JR., BUSINESS MANAGER
237 Langdon Street

F. A. AFFELDT, Law '09, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions should be addressed to Editor; business communications and subscriptions to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL.



FROM time to time, the *State Journal*, a Madison daily newspaper, has seen fit to indulge in criticisms on the University, which it seems impossible properly to characterize by any less forceful term than scurrilous. Just what is the object of this policy is uncertain. It may be but a virulent outbreak of the century-old ill-feeling between town and gown, it may be unadulterated meanness, but we strongly suspect that our esteemed if undignified contemporary, *The Sphinx*, was not far from the solution, when it suggested that the *State Journal* was an up-country newspaper, attempting with its special

dispatches from Lodi and Sun Prairie, and its sensational tales of the University, to become, in a small way, a second *Chicago American*.

So keenly did *The Sphinx* feel the obnoxious character of the *State Journal's* publications, that it devoted an entire number, done in appropriate yellow, to a portrayal of that paper's methods,—to which the *State Journal* retorted the next evening with an attack on the immoral brewery advertisements of the college funny paper.

It is not our purpose here to enter into a theological discussion of the propriety of advertising beer, but let it be said, as a matter of fact, that brewery advertisements are to be found in the most reputable magazines of the country, that college magazines no less than others, are dependent upon advertising for their existence, and, finally, that brewery advertisements are always paid for. It may even not be out of place in this connection to mention that college publications do not commonly advertise patent medicines.

Having no other criterion of the *State Journal's* circulation than its own figures, we are at a loss to estimate how great an injury it may be doing to the University—but a very little yellow dog may inflict a very dangerous bite. The doctrine of the total depravity of the student, linked with that of the inherent dishonesty of the professor, will, if preached long and hard enough, produce an undesirable effect. Belief that comment on the motives of the preacher may offset the same, has inspired this editorial.



DEJEUNER.

12:00—1:00.

By TONY TABLECLOTH.

Vin rouge—I feel rather weak today. But then, at best, my life is rather a short one, and I'll have to leave my clothes to the next vintage. They give me so much water to drink that my spirits sink lower and lower.

Pain—Well, anyhow, you don't feel half so much cut up as I do. Talk about '93! I'm the constant subject of the guillotine. Thank heaven here comes my friend, la purée.

La Purée—Come on, old chap, let's take our little walk together.

(Enter *Vol au vent*.)

Vol au Vent—I see, *vin Rouge*, you're nearing your end. Rather early in the game, too. You look remarkably like your brother, *Blanc*, today.

Vin rouge—How are all the little champignons today? Parbleu! Did you ever hear that tale of the old woman who lived in the shoe? You sort of remind me of her. What, gone so soon? Good-bye! Well, well, how are you?

(Enter *Mouton*) *Mouton*?

Mouton (shrugging his shoulder)—Rather weak; as if I'd been rejected by the Academy. My reputation is longer than my life. Good-bye?

(Enter *les légumes*).

Choux de Bruxelles—I thought this time perhaps we'd get at least a fleeting glimpse of *le Mouton*. But he seems to avoid us. Don't you think that our lives are terribly restricted, *Pommes Frites*?

Pommes Frites—Yes, fiancée! What do you hear from your British relations?

Choux de Bruxelles—Oh, their name is legion. You can't miss them over there. Come, let us go. I hear that *Gateau de riz* coming, and he's never been a friend of the family.

Vin rouge (expiring) — Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home!

A SCARLET SKATER.

(EPILOGUE FOR THE WINTER OF 1906-7.)

E. L.

O, city of the inland domes down the Winter's track,
(Whose hills, between the frozen lakes, glow with amber
fire),

Where the blue air drove your ice-boats out along the bluffs
and back,

'Twas there among your skaters that I found my heart's
desire—

The tasseled head, the cloak of red,
The swiftest of your skaters with the feet that never tire!

Hands across and whirl away! And how we fled the rest!

(Setting sun and silent waste, and path of orange fire)—

Onward to the purple cones and woods below the west,
Where the rumbling ice was greener and the world-end
winds were higher—

Round tasseled cap and scarlet wrap,
The fleetest of your skaters with the stroke that wouldn't
tire.

And whirl again! The round moon was off the western
shore

(We were homing after twilight down a strip of lunar fire)—

With Orion floating up the south, where summer nights
before

I had seen from out my swift canoe the coming of the
Lyre—

From swift canoe, ere yet I flew
With her, the scarlet skater with the starlight streaming
by her.

O, city of the inland domes beneath the polar star
(Gold light, silver light, bells in the spire),
Where the blue air drove your ice-boats out along the bluffs
afar,

'Twas there among your daughters that I found my soul's
desire—

The flaming wings, the thrill of things,
The Spirit of the Far and Wide whose feet can never tire.

Madison, March, 1907.