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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Founded in 1903 and Published Monthly by Students of the University of Wisconsin.
Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter of the second class

Vol. V DECEMBER, 1907 No. 3

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Tracy, Gibbs & Co., Printers, Madison, Wis.

# A Dedication

To "Wisconsin Spirit"—the indefinable, the evanescent, the much-discussed: —not in the light of a tonic but in the humility of tribute. May she survive home treatment and outlive her physicians; become more tangible and less traditional; more popular and less personal; more sporadic and less defined.

# THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V DECEMBER, 1907 Number 3

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

## EPISTLE TO THE UNDERGRADS

***By an Old Grad***

THERE is a great deal of unrest among thinking people, at the present time, over the social organization of the great American universities. The dissatisfaction is a general one; it is concerned with all the large universities, East and West. East, Middle West, Far West, each has its particular problems; but everywhere there seems to be a conviction that in spite of the huge material growth of our universities, in spite of their improvement in administrative organization, in technical efficiency—*there is something wrong with their life.*

It is not complained that we are turning out less efficient lawyers, doctors, engineers, scientists, scholars, teachers; so far at least as efficiency is a matter of information and direct equipment, this work is being done with greater care, thoroughness, and practical system, than ever before: the fault is found with the work of the universities in turning out *men.* What is taught in the universities is being well taught and decently learned; but there is a great deal to be learned in a college or university which is not taught, which nobody can teach, which students always have got, which every student must get, for himself,—from his environment, from his companions, from the atmosphere, the *life*, of his university; and

this, it is complained, the student of our day is failing to get. If this be true, something must be wrong,—wrong with the student, or wrong with the university.

Human nature does not change so rapidly as the conditions which embody it, and hence those critics are probably on the right track who seek for the causes of the alleged unsound state of student society in the conditions under which students live, and in their institutions and activities. We are all familiar with the current attacks upon some of the most cherished features of student activity. These attacks have come chiefly from the outside, from university presidents, faculties, and from casual public critics; and they have been bitterly, sometimes ignorantly and blindly, and, it must be said, naturally, resented by the students themselves and by younger alumni who have an affection for the only state of things they ever knew. A great many critics have laid the blame for the existing unsatisfactory situation upon our system of athletics and the undue importance attached to intercollegiate contests; in some quarters, fraternities are held to blame; in others, various club and society systems; and, in the Middle West, co-education has been called into the court of inquiry. And the new programmists have, according to their diagnoses, been urging such remedies as the prohibition of intercollegiate athletics, the eradication of fraternities, social clubs, and class societies, and, on the constructive side, the foundation of dormitories, unions, commons, quads, and the partial or complete segregation of men and women.

I am not going to discuss any or all of these complex problems: I cite them only as indications of the general dissatisfaction, at the present time, with the conditions of student life in all the large universities, and as a background for a few observations which I mean to make in regard to the life led by students at Wisconsin.

The writer holds himself to have been an interested, and not disabled observer of student manners at Wisconsin, during a continuous residence of nearly twenty years. During that

period, Wisconsin has developed from a comparatively small, simple, and impecunious provincial college to an immense, complex, opulent aggregation of teaching plants which likes to consider itself "as good as they make 'em." And yet there is reasonable room for doubt whether student life at Wisconsin, is not, at this very present, a less satisfactory life, a less wholesome and profitable life, on the average, than it was fifteen or twenty years ago.

At that time, we had not entirely outgrown the comparatively simple system of training, the comparatively plain and homely way of living, which turned out a Spooner, a High, a Muir, a Van Hise. There were only about eight hundred of us, and we knew a much larger proportion of our fellows than it is possible for a student to know, now; we were less at the mercy of the fate which landed us in a particular fraternity, boarding house, or quarter of the town. The pack was better shuffled, and there was more apt to be "a square deal." And, to continue the shocking metaphor, there were fewer discards in the deck. What we used to call the "pinhead," that is, the man whose college life was essentially frivolous, was less frequent and more effectively despised. There were proportionately fewer girls, especially in the humanities; and they less obviously attired themselves to lure the masculine eye. There were fewer budding engineers and more budding lawyers and publicists. There was less interest in commerce and finance, more in statecraft. Though we were, generally speaking, far less prosperous than the present race, our ambitions smelt not so saturatedly of bread and butter—time would take care of that. We were better read, but less sophisticated. Our social distinctions were less those of our fathers and mothers and aunts and cousins. We were not so well tailored, nor so well fed. Many, even of the "frat" men, still took their meals at boarding clubs where they paid from a dollar ninety to two and a half, weekly; but the conversation ranged on more general topics than I often catch students discussing now-a-days.

The literary societies held a comparatively more important position than at present; they were, in fact, genuine college forums, where the best heads in college met in both formal and informal debate. In addition, the Rotunda of old Main Hall was a bustling student agora; between bells it was thronged with knots of students in all kinds of confab. I remember still, with startling distinctness and a reminiscent thrill of Freshman reverence, a group of badly tailored and well brained Seniors and Juniors who used to hold undisputed possession of one of the landings where they discussed public questions and, I blush to write it—chewed tobacco! I fear, too, that they went down town on Saturday nights, to continue the discussions, and I am fairly convinced that, on such occasions, they did not confine their refection to pistachio and cherry-specials. In sooth those refined and delicate palatables were unknown to the former age, which fed on hips and haws—and hops and malt and, in artificial hours, the quaint and homespun pretzel. Seriously, I think there is less vicious drinking now than then. But I hesitate to prefer the modern substitutes. In those days, the Saturday Evening Post was unsubscribed-for; but there was a Spencer club and a Browning club,—simon-pure student enterprises; George Ade was yet to shed the serene effulgence of his Attic wit over the college world, but Rabelais was well thumbed. Reverend Seniors knew the ways of "Dark Hiawatha," but window lounges and red silk pillows were as yet exclusive enjoyments of sorority rooms and Ladies Hall, and the consumption of Bull Durham was insignificant.

In short, I believe our pursuits were manlier. There was less athletics and more sport; less "rooting" and more enthusiasm; fewer livery bills and more walking and rowing, more enjoyment of nature; there was surely less dancing and more oratory, literature and debate; there was less interest in haberdashery and more in men, less in the hat and more in what was under it; I think there was more marrying in proportion to the "fussing;" and finally, most important of all, for men

whose lives and characters were forming, we "bucked" less conscientiously, and we thought more seriously,—and by seriously, I mean that we thought about the issues of life, public and private, not about the job we were to get, the latest thing in pipe racks, how the team was coming out, or the new Delta Gamma freshman.

I have no intention of doddering into encomiums of times that are dead and done with. I realize that I have scanted the drawbacks and crudities of the old life; and I do not mean to suggest that the university is not better organized, teachers and students more workmanlike, the state better served, on the whole, than in the days that were. Nor do I mean to imply that the old activities have passed from amongst us,—that there is not, for example, just as much, in the absolute sense, of oratory and debate as ever there was. Perhaps there is more. Perhaps its quality is just as good or better. But this is beside my point. What I wish to make clear is, that the proportions have changed. The emphasis of college life as a whole is different, its surface is different. And the average student whose attention is fixed by that emphasis, whose eyes are dazzled by that surface, is apt to be misled as to the real meaning of his college life, is in peril of getting erroneous ideas as to what is really important to him, really important in the university and in life.

To such false impressions, the thorough shuffling of the pack in the old days served as a corrective. But now we are confronted by the remarkable condition, that, while there is a much greater complexity of activities in the university as a whole, the life of the individual student is not so many-sided as it used to be when university life was simpler. He does not come into free sympathetic contact with so many different kinds of men doing the same kind of thing. That was what was so educative in the old life,—there were many different kinds of men all doing the same kind of thing. That is the readiest way for men to get together, to know each other, to get into sympathy with each other; they must live to-

gether, work together, before they can play together, yell together, sing together; then only will the unessentials fall away; then only will they learn to know, respect, like each other for what they really are.

Our social organization is antiquated; it does not meet the new conditions; it has not kept pace with our material and mechanical progress; it has changed in scale but not in kind, and it does not meet the needs of a university whose interests have multiplied, whose social divergences have widened, whose numbers have enormously increased. As a result, we are socially chaotic. We know that something is wrong with us, we feel our ineptitude, but all our efforts to overcome it are ridiculously crude and abortive. We are overgrown, at the awkward age; we do not know what to do with our hands and feet. We shall outgrow it, never fear. We shall orient ourselves in time. But we shall never be the same happy child again. There is no use sighing about it. And there is no use trying to get up our enthusiasm over the old toys. Let us lay them away, wipe off the tear, and turn our eyes to the future.

We hear students on every hand lament the passing of "the old Wisconsin spirit, the old university spirit," and conjecture what they can do to revive it. Trust me, it will never be revived, try as you will. After all, it was not a university spirit; it was a college spirit; and it has passed with the college to which it belonged. This university of four thousand can never live in the spirit of the old one thousand. Never again shall we know the same spirit which in the late nineties, toward the close of the last century,—ponder on that—swept the Wisconsin bleachers as one man to the gridiron, to carry a defeated team to their carriages, swept them in a body up the streets, cheering as one man over their drubbed and hammered hereos, swept them into the lobby of the Victoria hotel, a billowing, roaring maelstrom of football fanatics, so frenzied with loyalty and admiration for their chosen few that casual passers-by pulled men

from the gang to say, "Wisconsin wins, I see! What was the score?" only to be left blinking at the shout, "No! We lost! Six to Nothing! U! Rah! Rah! Wisconsin!" Never again, my dears, never again! They were grand old days, but they are not for you.

Football, intercollegiate athletics, as the rallying point of college spirit, will never be the same again; they have served their time and had their day. The Faculty gave them a push to be sure, but they were tottering before they were pushed; and it did not help things any that their foundations were rotten. There is no need for the enemies of the old spirit to get all frothed up, trying to down it. It is down; it has been going down for some years. Victory will keep it alive in some quarters, for a while, but it will never be the same thing it has been in the past; it will be superseded in due time by something else, by something better. There will still be contests and there will still be victories and there will still be jubilations; but none of these will hold the same relation to college life that they formerly held. There will still be Varsity spirit but it will not be the same spirit, nor will it be proud of the same things in the same degree, nor will it be expressed in the same ways. The old rhythm is going, the new rhythm is yet to be found. Do not you "get all frothed up" trying to keep the thing alive. For my part, I think just about as highly of pumped-up college spirit as I do of pumped-up religion. I have seen you pumping. To be perfectly frank, it was rather pathetic. It is in vain that you issue subpoenas for the recalcitrant "rooter." In vain, you get out your thirty pieces of brass to entice the "candy" from his cozy-corner, his posters and pillow-shams and fragrant "Deities." In vain, would you seduce from his alcove or his laboratory, the cool-headed youth who cannot forget, if he would, which side his bread is buttered on. It takes something more than a sense of duty, reinforced by a brass-band, to make an enthusiast. You can't make these men over. They will shiver a little while in the northern blast, wonder who is the freak in the new head-gear who

**can't catch a punt, emit a few perfunctory rahs, and creep their several ways. Can a man by taking thought add one cubit to his stature? Nay! Nor one ampere to his enthusiasm.**

Time was that when you sat in the bleachers the very air was electric around you and the ground trembled under roaring storms of defiance, challenge, and exultation; the whole Wisconsin mass was elastic, rhythmic, and one. Then "Hot Time" was born and sung, sung with conviction and sung right; then the rahs volleyed across the field as if from batteries of cannon in spontaneous unison, and the cheer-leader was lost in the shuffle. See the poor fellow now, on his little deck, doing his setting-up exercises and issuing frantic appeals to the rooting force, who do their duty, truly, and "cheer-boys-cheer"-oh Lord-*conscientiously!* No use; the old machinery is groggy; you can oil it up and make it run for awhile; but its days of usefulness are over.

A few years ago, we did quite a handsome thing which has enjoyed considerable celebrity, as such things go; our rivals admired it, the Chicago papers praised it, and we have been trying to do it over again ever since. You all know the story of how we were enveloped in defeat, the darkness coming down apace over the scene of Wisconsin's many victories, when a group of girls in the covered stand got up and started the "Varsity Toast," and all the fellows took off their hats and joined in. Such melody as was never heard at a Wisconsin game, before or since, swam high over Camp Randall. Was it not, Kinder, a moment of destiny? Note, that the key was set by the girls. Note the music,—not, this time, that stirring, half-savage, unspiritual chant of defiance which we snatched from the street in an era of victory, thoughtlessness, and self-gratulation; it was not "Hot Time" that we sang, but one of Gounod's melodies,—lofty, proud, reverent, with a note of sadness in it, with words of loyalty only, high, pure loyalty to Alma Mater. Wisconsin sang it and sang it well,—in the hour of defeat, crushing, hopeless defeat. It was

very fine, and very sad. As the writer looked about him, he saw many tears besides those he shamelessly looked through. I fancy it was the *nunc dimittis* of the old college spirit, Wisconsin's farewell, not to *all* her greatness, but to the greatness that rested on athletic prestige, on the necessity of winning athletic victories. Though we knew it not, in that hour of crushing disappointment, we sang our hail and farewell,—farewell to the greatness that had been; hail to the greatness that was to be.

It is unfortunate that a collateral incident of the occasion which I have just interpreted—doubtless to the much discontent of patriotic undergrads—has been falsely emphasized ever since that memorable day. After the incident of the singing, the team defiantly braced and marched up the field in a forlorn charge to a touchdown, with the result that misled enthusiasts have gone on regarding "Varsity" as a touchdown inspirer. It is,—for the other side. Listen to it attentively when it is properly sung, and you will surely be undeceived. If I should hear that song when I was defending my own ten yard line, I think I should lie down and cry. No, "Varsity" is not of the stuff of which touchdowns are made. And yet it is of nobler stuff than ever was "Hot Time." With this correction to your musical judgment, cling nevertheless to "Varsity," and turn your eyes toward the future.

Turn your eyes to the future—no, I'll change that—turn your eyes to the present. Be yourselves. Don't wear out your energies trying to be what we were. It's all very well for "has beens," such as the present writer, and fellows, he was in it up to the outriggers—it's all very well for us chaps, who started rowing and football at Wisconsin, who were learning to feather clean and tackle low, when you were learning to command your spoon and pusher—it's all very well for us to glorify the past; but you are here and now. You have your chance and your work as we had ours. What are you going to do about it? Not, assuredly, wait for dormitories and

unions and quads to make the new college life. They will come, perhaps; but you will not be here to see it. In the meantime, is there nothing to be done?

If you were at all interested in the early part of this epistle, you noted that much of its implied censure was directed against the mere futilities of student life. There are too many drones. With so many chances to do things with their leisure that are really worth while, too many students are doing things that are not worth while, or so far as one can see, doing nothing. You are not meeting enough of your fellows on a proper wholesome basis. You are secluded with your frivolities, or secluded with your books. For you can be secluded in a three-seater, as well as in a library. You are too much at one thing, with one set. You are not leading a full, rich, symmetrical college life. I cannot tell you what to do about it. I can only tell you that you ought to do something; that with you the present of Wisconsin life, of the Wisconsin spirit, rests. And out of the present must come the future.

And now I have almost done. My *prophecy* is largely retrospective. But I look forward to the time when the average student at Wisconsin shall lead a rich, varied, symmetrical, and profitable life, out of study hours; when the mastery of his trade shall not be his only serious concern; when there shall be that democratic interplay of students in all their activities which our President so ardently desires, and toward which his vast plans are directed. I look for the time when there shall be no room in a university life crowded with study, and sport and social converse of an ennobling kind, for the snobberies and fatuities and futilities that are rife in the outside world; when a man cannot afford to spend all his time in study nor much of it in "rooting;" when this *shall be* "the Wisconsin spirit." Let me dream of the past and the future; be yours the present.

—*J. F. A. P.*

## SERENADE

*W. A. B.*

COME out to me, Dear Heart ! The night is calling
Her softened siren call of all Delight,
The moon's smile boldly robs the stars their silver
And flings it as her largesse to our night —
Our master wizard who makes black seem white.

Tomorrow's rose her witchcraft now is learning—
All things of Night are gilded with a charm—
Tomorrow! Ah the discord! Let it perish,
Tomorrow ever was a child of Harm,
Even her rose will curse Love with alarm.

Life's triple wine, Delight, Desire and Joy,
Is here to drink of. Will you drink with me?
Come out, come out, and learn the Night's dear magic—
I cannot drink alone. Come out to see
How near to gods we mortals, once, can be.

The Night grows old! Good nights are rare as rubies,
Come out to me before the glamour die!—
While Wonder lasts, while whirls of Wonders last her.
The Witchery and Beauty, Love, they die.
Come out! Tonight we're royal, you and I.

# THE FIRST RECEPTION

***Elsie Bullard***

WHEN Young, in his admirable "Night Thoughts," wrote, "A man of pleasure is a man of pain," he undoubtedly had just returned from his first reception, where he, together with other dawning social lights, had assembled to spend a few painfully happy hours in each others society. The strangest thing about a civilized man is that he is never so happy as when he is most miserable. This isn't meant for a paradox. Anyone who doubts the truth of the statement has only to note the evident enjoyment with which a new made widow dwells upon the unsurpassed magnificence of her late husband's funeral, or the satisfaction a bankrupt man gains from relating the tale of his failure, to be convinced. And certainly nothing can be more harrowing than the first appearance on the social stage. Of course one has attended parties in childhood, but these are little more than rehearsals of the main play, so to speak, and can not be compared in any way to the "first night" performance.

To all, even the bravest, this first appearance in society is a trying ordeal, but it is especially so to the bashful boy. The latter, let us call him Tommy, for convenience only, not that boys with this appellation are predisposed to bashfulness, absorbs trouble like a sponge and without any conscious effort on his part transgresses every known social law.

Tommy usually arrives at his first reception a trifle late, his tardiness having been caused either by a refractory collar button, a plebian and extremely democratic lock of hair which persisted in standing on end instead of lying quietly in place like its brothers, or else by a meek string tie that followed its namesake more than the dictates of fashion. Tommy's face is a beautiful scarlet, his mouth feels like the Sahara desert, his feet weigh a ton apiece, and his hands look as rough and knotty as the trunk of a gnarled, old apple-tree.

The moment he appears his hostess flutters up to him smiling a kindly welcome. He grins sheepishly, looks down at his toes, then, oh horrors! discovers that he has forgotten to polish his shoes. All the rest of the evening the unpolished shoes haunt him like a nightmare. Somehow or other he manages to stammer out halfway appropriate answers to the commonplace questions of his hostess but his heart is at zero.

Just at this psychological moment a young girl passes. The hostess detains her, introduces her to Tommy and then, still smiling sweetly, moves off. If Tommy's troubles were great before they have now been multiplied a thousand fold. He has a hazy idea that he is expected to entertain his fair charge but how to do it is another question. By instinct alone, he guides her to a sheltered, palm-screened corner and seats himself precariously beside her. Desperately he searches his brain for something to talk about—baseball—politics—fishing—manifestly these are not suited to the occasion but he can think of nothing else.

The moments drag on; something has to be done and finally Tommy, perceiving that silence is no longer golden, draws a long breath and plunges manfully in.

"Do-do you t-think Roosevelt will be elected again?" he asks, staring straight before him.

"Oh yes," the sweet young girl responds and another profound silence follows.

This is rather discouraging but Tommy has lots of determination so after a short breathing spell he starts in again.

"Do you play—I mean do you like baseball?"

"Oh yes," the sweet young girl again responds. Then another silence.

By this time Tommy is desperate but he decides to make one more attempt at breaking the ice.

"I-I caught fourteen fish in Cedar Lake last Saturday," he vouchsafes bravely, then, frightened at the length of his speech, becomes superlatively red and unhappy.

"Oh yes," the sweet young girl replies with a far away look in her eyes.

Tommy has now exhausted his entire repertoire; his mind is as bare of ideas as a prairie is of trees; his tongue feels too big to fit comfortably in his mouth, and he is suddenly seized with an insane desire to rush shouting like a madman from the house. His collar is slowly but surely choking him to death, his shoes feel too tight—in short, he is as thoroughly uncomfortable a mortal as Society and Fashion have ever conspired against.

At length Tommy's mind is illumined by a bright idea which he straightway proceeds to put to practical use. Turning to his fair companion who has been eyeing him meanwhile as though he were some strange animal that existed solely for her amusement, he demands eagerly, "Don't you want something to eat?"

"Oh yes," the girl answers sweetly and off Tommy trots in search of something with which to allay her hunger.

More through good luck than anything else, he succeeds in corraling two dishes of ice cream with their accompanying segments of cake. Now he proceeds to return, and after sundry mishaps such as stepping on unforseen toes, bumping against misplaced chairs, etc., he succeeds in laying the booty before his divinity. The ice cream might just as well be saw dust for all the difference it would make to Tommy. He is too much concerned with how to navigate his spoon correctly to trouble about what is in it.

Soon after the refreshments have been safely disposed of, the orchestra affords a pleasant diversion by tuning up and then swinging into a tender, dreamy waltz. Chairs are pushed back and the floor cleared for dancing. Tommy sees an eager light spring up into the sweet girl's eyes and, strange to say, a queer little tug of joy pulls at Tommy's own heart—for the one thing he can do is dance. Together they glide off over the smooth floor and in a moment all Tommy's troubles are gone. The crowded rooms, the lights, the flowers, the chattering groups, smug-faced chaperones—all fade away. He is only conscious that his partner is a very good dancer, and that he is enjoying himself immensely.

All too soon the music ceases and a stranger comes to claim Tommy's partner. Once more he is a rudderless ship upon the stormy social sea. The music begins again and he longs to dance but cannot summon up courage to seek a partner. As he leans dejectedly against the wall, watching the dancers, a friend in passing tells him not to look so mournful. After that Tommy, laboring under the delusion that he is looking cheerful, grins until his face aches.

Finally he can stand it no longer. He goes up stairs, gets his hat and making hurried excuses to his hostess, departs into the night. Firmly he resolves never to attend another social gathering, swearing by all the saints that he has never had such a miserable time in all his life before. But like little Bo-peep's sheep, Tommy always comes back, and in time becomes that much admired person—a Social Light.

# MISTLETOE

*Alice L. Webb*

Mistletoe—
Told you so!
On the chandelier.
Mistletoe—
Bess below;
What that means is clear.

Mistletoe—
Lights are low;
No one else in sight.
Mistletoe—
Kiss, and so
End the old year right!

# "THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS NO GOD"

*William M. Leiserson*

ONCE more the light comes from Russia. The darkest country in Europe illumines the American stage. It is rather interesting to find that the source, of what we term our "undesirable immigration," is also the source and inspiration of our greatest players. Madame Nazinova, now by common consent the leading English speaking actress, came to New York several years ago with a Russian troupe and played in little East Side halls. David Kessler, now starring on Broadway, was for years the leading light in the Russian Jewish theatres on the Bowery. The history of Bertha Kalich is well known. Several other cases might be mentioned. And now E. H. Sothern, whom many critics have given the late Mr. Mansfield's place as the leading American actor, is touring the east in a dramatization of the famous Russian novel, "Crime and Punishment," by F. Dostoieffski.

Ordinarily one expects to find in a dramatized novel, merely a set of pictures taken from the book and placed upon the stage in more or less disconnected acts. Often, too, the justification for the action of the characters on the stage is to be found in the book rather than in the play. But Mr. Laurence Irving has succeeded in constructiug a perfectly complete and consistent play out of the novel. The dramatist calls his work "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart There is No God."

The story of the play is simple; for the author of "Crime and Punishment" was not telling a tale. He was making a study in psychology. The more honor, both to actor and playwright, that the origin and development of the mental struggles were made to appear on the stage in all completeness and with their full dramatic possibilities.

The struggles center in a student of the University of St. Petersburg, Rodion Raskolnikoff. He is a radical, a dreamer, an idealog. His tendencies, like all reform tendencies in Russia, are anarchistic. The play has it, that he writes a brochure expressing his ideas. Crime, he says, is committed all around us in the name of the law. Thousands of men are murdered in Manchuria because the czar wills it. Peasants are killed or exiled to a living death because they want to live. Workmen are maimed and murdered at their work. Children blow their little lives out in glass factories. Are the criminals ever punished? No! "There comes a time," says Raskolnikoff, "when it is the right and duty of the individual to punish the criminals who are protected by law." Not to all individuals would he grant this right, but to a few men with a highly developed sense of justice. There are select individuals who are by nature endowed with the right to punish protected criminals, to commit murder even, in order to prevent injustice.

This philosophy Raskolnikoff has worked out in the seclusion of his own little room in a St. Petersburg tenement. He has given up all his former companions. He no longer goes to his classes at the university. He neglects the tutoring which is his main support. He has withdrawn from the active world and broods over the injustice which he sees all around him.

Raskolnikoff does not have far to go to apply his philosophy. Overhead in the tenement in which he lives there is a family which has been pushed to the lowest limits of human existence. The mother is dead. The father is a drunkard. An older daughter, Sonia, works to support two younger sisters, and her meagre earnings go to supply drink for the father. The latter dies in a drunken sleep in the snow. Sonia's difficulties in making a living are increasing. She gives lessons late in the evening, and hurrying home in the blinding snow she falls and bruises herself. Her lessons are taken away from her, on the ground that she is following in

the footsteps of her father. She gets copying to do for a city attorney, but must soon give that up, because her employer wishes to take advantage of her defenseless position. In the house there is no food. The youngest sister is ill with a fever. Several months rent are due.

On the day when the play opens, Gromoff, the manager of the house, has threatened to put Sonia and her charges out on the streets unless she will give way to his brutal proposals. In her dilemma she appeals to Raskolnikoff for aid. The latter has just been defending the views expressed in his pamphlet. His already excited feelings are worked upon by the story of misery. The injustice of the whole situation strikes him. All other considerations are forgotten. The time to apply his philosophy has come. Raskolnikoff, the idealist dreamer, must act. He sends the unfortunate girl upstairs with the promise that she will not be evicted from the house. Sonia's joy is unbounded. She does not know how the roof over the heads of her little charges is to be saved but she has faith in the good student.

Raskolnikoff's feelings are in a tumult. He must save the family. He must act. He wavers. The sounds of a cracked piano, played by one of Sonia's sisters, in the apartment above, spur him on. He calls in Gromoff, the manager of the house. "See here," says Raskolinkoff, "your persecution of that girl must cease. Have you no feelings? no kindness? no humanity?" "Young man," the manager replies, "you mind your own business. See that your room rent is paid soon. Isn't an old man allowed to have his little fun?" And with a coarse laugh he slams the door behind him.

The student is left in a state of mind bordering on insanity. The truth of the thesis upheld in his brochure, is demonstrated. Sonia and the little ones must be saved. Gromoff must be removed. Roskolnikoff quietly makes his preparations. He puts under his coat an ax which some one who had been chopping wood had left in the room. That is all we see of the act of murder.

Up to this time everything had seemed simple. Justice and humanity required that the family be saved. The persecutor must be put out of the way. The murder was inevitable.

It was only when this had been accomplished that the complexity of the situation for the first time dawned upon Raskolnikoff. He had to save himself. The family still had to be supported, and to make matters still worse, his own mother and sister appeared on the scene. But the great blow came to him when Sonia, for whom he had done the act was struck with the awfulness of the crime rather than with the benefit which she would derive. Sonia came to thank him for keeping the roof over her head. He felt like a deliverer and told her how he has dealt out justice. The awfulness of the crime took away her breath. She sank to her knees in prayer. Raskolnikoff tried to reason with her. The brute deserved his fate. She and her little ones were saved. Justice was done. Let her take the dead man's money and go with her deliverer where they could all live in peace. "But no," said Sonia, "there is a higher power which dispenses justice. 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'"

Raskolnikoff laughed. He was not sorry for his deed. He had done right. Presently the cracked piano in the room above again began to play. There was his reward. Where would the child at that piano have been if Gromoff had lived?

The dramatic interest now centers around the struggle of two psychological forces. The student wishes to save Sonia from her foolish fears of supernatural powers. She, in turn, with intense religious conviction, determines to have him repent and be saved from the wrath of God. Neither force is victorious. But Raskolnikoff acknowledges the potency of religious conviction. He removes his hat in prayer, and crosses himself, not before the image of Christ, but before the spirit of God which he sees in Sonia. Then he gives himself up to the police.

A word about the acting of Mr. Sothern. To those who are familiar with his famous characterizations, his new role will be a surprise. As Hamlet, as Francois Villon, as Heinrich in the Sunken Bell, his art lies in the skilful expression of overpowering emotions. He makes Hamlet a romantic lover rather than a quiet student "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." As Raskolinkoff, on the other hand, all the skill of his art lies in the expression of emotions, in keeping back the flood of thought and feeling which surges within him. The manner in which he withstood the test of the "third degree" is a piece of acting that can not be easily forgotten.

## ROSALIE

*Ernst Jung*

Rosalie—my Rosalie,
Who has taken you from me
Far away across the sea?
My Rosalie.

Oh, my fair, fair Rosalie,
Hair like the sun—eyes like the sea;
More beautiful than all can be
My Rosalie.

Come, my good, fair Rosalie—
Won't you come and change for me
My sad grief to ecstacy;
My Rosalie.

# MELODIN'S SONATA

*L. P. S.*

AINSLEE had often puzzled over his old music teacher, Mélodin. It could not be gainsaid that the old Frenchman was a genius; his fine sonata for the organ had long since given him a standing among musicians. How came it then that he was so wretchedly poor, reduced to teaching in his old age, living obscurely in an attic, without friends and almost without pupils?

People called him eccentric and unsocial. Ainslee, who alone had succeeded in gaining his friendship, knew that this was not true. Crusty as he had been in the first lessons, the old Frenchman's ironic reserve had melted away, little by little, before the shy advances of his really talented pupil, and Ainslee's visits, now, were received with a wistful, eager hospitality that went straight to the boy's heart. Every day, almost, he would climb the narrow stairs to the dingy little study, with its stacks of books and its tinkling old piano, whose yellow keys often thrilled, under the master's touch, to the old-fashioned melodies and lilting madrigals of sunny France. The white-haired musician would proudly exhibit his newest treasure—some musty volume found on the dusty shelves of a curiosity shop—and the two friends would set out, perhaps, to hunt for old books or rare prints in the little bookstalls that swarmed along the river. Returning, Mélodin would sometimes invite him to share his *pot-au-feu* and crisp Romaine, and they would sit and talk far into the night.

They were dining together that evening. Ashamed of accepting his hospitality so often, for he knew what privations they cost—those little dinners which the old Frenchman cooked and served so daintily, Ainslee had insisted upon buying the wine. Mélodin was greatly pleased with the Burgundy, a rare treat to him then, and they dined gayly, the little table set in the great dormer window of the attic, look-

ing out through the wistaria vines to the fiery sunset beyond the river. The meal finished, they leaned back in their chairs and smoked and sipped their coffee, looking at the sky.

"How beautiful it is, how poignantly beautiful!" said Ainslee, thrilled with the beauty of the scene. "After that, what is the use of poetry, of music even? No art can express the infinite sadness of a sunset."

Mélodin was finishing the last of his wine.

"No? Ah *mon cher*, how much you are mistaken! Art can express everything! Given technique, *bien entendu*. Yes, art can express everything."

"But how? How can we render back to one of the senses what we receive through all of them, perhaps colour also, ourselves, with the associations of a passing mood?"

Mélodin stopped the question with up-lifted hand. In the murky twilight that curtained the room, his white beard and long white hair, catching the glowing reflection of the western sky, made him seem like an ancient Titan at his forge, or a seer in an apotheosis of fire. Finally, after a long silence, he began to speak, looking out across the city roofs to the sunset, talking like one living over again a dream.

"It was a night like this, a night of June, heavy with the perfume of honey locust. The sunset brings it all back. I was organist at the Cathedral; a fine position for a boy of twenty-one, but what would you have? I had been studying abroad, with relatives, since my fifteenth year. When I came to America and settled here, the position at the Cathedral, just finished, was offered to me as a matter of course. I was young then; I had dreams, ambitions. In the long years of my apprenticeship, I had practiced five hours a day. I could not pay for more; for in those days, you know, the organist could not play without a helper to fill his reeds with air. When I came here I worked all the harder. With my stipend at the Cathedral, I hired a boy, and often the fading sunset found me still at the organ bench.

"But usually I spent my evenings in long walks up the river, whose peaceful waters gave back to me strength and inspiration for another day. I often walked until midnight, and then returning to my room, spent half the night over my piano, working out the score of some melody the water or the river pines had given to me. Yes! time and clocks were invented by the old for the old; in youth at least we are free! But old age limits our powers, and we come at last to forget the silver of the moonlight and the gold and crimson of the dawn.

"So the river gave me strength and inspiration. So at last it gave me Her. . . . I was walking up the river road one evening, and being thirsty, I stopped at a farmhouse to ask for a glass of milk. It was a pretty little plastered cottage, with a vine-covered arbor over the door and a quaint old-world look about it; but I was altogether unprepared when, at my knock, the door was opened by a girl who might have stepped out of a Pre-Raphàelite painting; a slender girl with the great eyes and pale haunting beauty of Rossetti's Mystic Rose. I was so confused by the vision, by this sudden incarnation of a dream, that I could hardly stammer my thanks, when she brought the glass and pitcher and asked me to rest. In my embarrassment, I choked over the foamy milk, but when I coughed and laughed, she laughed with me, and we began to talk. We sat there talking in the arbor doorway until some one called her in. Her name was Rosalys, she said; she was an artist's daughter, brought up there alone in the country by a maiden aunt, with her mother's books and her father's colour boxes for her only friends. Of life in itself she knew nothing, but with these dear relics she had created for herself a world more beautiful than life, the world of the old French romances and the Morte D'Arthur. One day she let me see the books, inscribed with her mother's name, and some paintings and sketches by her father, and then I could see how the beauty of the parents' dream had come to life in their child. All

unaware their worship of Rossetti's ideal had drawn the blessed Beatrice down from heaven, and made her flesh and blood once more. For once Life had followed where Art had led the way.

"I went back the next evening, and the next. I was received by her aunt, an old-fashioned *grande dame de province*. Every night, now, we walked by the river, Rosalys and I, now talking, now letting the river or the night breeze speak for us. She was so delicately organized, so sympathetic, that we seldom had need of words. And to her, brought up as she had been in the fairy realm of art, language in itself, it seemed, was too clumsy a means of expression, when a gesture or a look or a line from the poets that we both knew, served to interpret her thought or mood. Yes, it was the old story: I had passed immune through all the capitals of Europe, admiring their beauties as one admires the flowers in a hothouse, but uncovetous, free. Was I to lose my heart here in a foreign country where I thought I was safe? For I had ambitions then, I tell you; I had resolved to wait for Love until my dream of Fame was built into a fact. But here was Love, and I knew that he was master, and that he would not wait for me. I struggled hard to keep my resolves, to turn back from the new path, to close the gate; but after a two day's absence, a truce of two days to our moonlight rambles, I knew that I could not trifle with my destiny, for it was no longer in my hands.

"And then I trembled lest I should miss it—lest she should not care. I was afraid to put my fortune to the test. She was so delicate, so easily disturbed, a lily that one could have blasted with a harsh word, a sensitve plant that a mere breath would close into silence. So I worked harder than ever in the cathedral, putting my impatient energy into my work, striving to subdue the eagerness of the artist by long struggles with the Muse. And I succeeded. I composed, that month, my sonata for the organ.

"This was to be my declaration. I had planned it all: When

the sonata was finished, I would take her some evening to the cathedral—I had been deferring her from day to day—and there I would tell her of my love, in the sonata that her love had inspired. The great organ should be my interpreter, my intercessor. Only in my art, I knew, could I express myself with confidence; only in this way could I be spared the awkwardness and she the crudity of words. And I knew that she would understand.

"So I went for her a little earlier that evening; the sun was low in the west, but the church was still bright and gay. I led her to a pew in the nave, and after giving the word to the boy, I mounted into the dusty choir and began to play.

"I played . . . Now and then, at great crises of effort or feeling, with some only once, perhaps—the artist frees himself from the bonds of flesh and sense and speaks with the soul, with perfect art guided by perfect feeling. That night was my 'once.' I played as I had never before played, as I shall never play again. Gently at first, as befitted the theme, I began my story, then, inspired with the music I had made, I improvised, pleading, urging, playing until all at once I *knew* that she loved me. I felt it, and my song went on into a triumphal wedding march, then broadened and deepened into a psalm of life, like a river whose waves widen and grow more measured as they flow onward to the sea.

"Suddenly the music ceased; the organ would not respond. In the surprise of the shock, while my fingers still moved mechanically over the silent keys, a sudden chill, a cold shudder passed over me, almost a touch of fear. Except for the western windows, the church was now dark and ghostly, and the air damp and cold. Would Rosalys be afraid? I slid off the bench and called down to her, leaning over the rail of the organ-loft. She did not answer, although I fancied I could hear a whisper, and I saw a white arm that seemed to beckon me in the darkness. Had she fainted, perhaps, alone and afraid in the shadows? I ran down the stairs and stumbled blindly among the benches until at last I

reached her. . . . . . She lay half-kneeling on the cushion, her dark head prone on the prie-dieu, one white arm extended over the top of the pew. I touched her hair, but she did not move; I took her hand, and it was cold. Almost frantic now with fear, I burst open the great window at her side, and the light of the sky—a sky like that, all blood-red and gold, told me the truth."

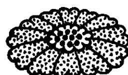
Mélodin broke off, sobbing, his head between his hands. Ainslee laid his hand on his shoulder, helpless as men are at such times. The sunset has burnt out now to a heap of embers, and the blue above had faded to a livid green. Slowly the last vestige of colour turned to ashes, and the darkening zenith showed the broken wafer of the moon.

Mélodin was calmer now, and rising, he closed the window and lit the fire in the grate. Ainslee sat down near him in the chimney corner, still too much moved to ask the questions that were overflowing upon his lips. But, as if in answer to his thoughts, the old musician went on:

"It was her heart—too weak to endure—too weak to bear the double burden of life and love. So it was love she chose; for—Dieu merci—love had written its answer on her face."

They were silent a long time, while the flames caught and the fire crept up between the logs. At last Mélodin looked up from the glowing grate and said:

"Since then I have not touched the organ. I could not . . . Perhaps, sometime, . . . if we meet again."



## VENEZIA

*Lewis Piaget Shanks*

THE faded roses of the sky
  Are dying in the Grand Canal;
The spirit of the Carnival
  Breathes over Venice like a sigh.

Curtained for Love's confessional,
  The gondolas steal swiftly by;
The waters echo fitfully
  With girlish laughter musical.

The moon is rising from the sea,
  Upon the trellised balcony
Milady plays her mandolin;
  And leaning from the palace eaves
A gargoyle grins a carven grin,
  Behind the oleander leaves.

# THE DEPUTY COOK

*Elizabeth F. Corbett*

WHEN Perry Carlisle married Victoria Goodwin and took her to the big, gloomy brick house where he had been trying to get along since his mother's death with a succession of more or less competent housekeepers, he felt that he had solved the problem of existence in a very satisfactory fashion. Every night when he locked his desk and turned his face homeward from his office, he looked forward to a perfect dinner with a charming table companion and, after that, to a delightful evening spent in the same company. Every evening the reality proved much more agreeable than anything he could have imagined. Up to the time of her marriage Victoria had called herself "an old maid magazine poetess," and her masculine acquaintance had called her by all the ecstatic adjectives that they could think of. She was everything that a wife should be—good to look upon, readily responsive, an interesting talker, a good listener. As a wife, Carlisle fully appreciated her. As a housekeeper, he decidedly undervalued her. The wheels of his domestic machinery moved so smoothly under her charge that he did not realize they required any attention from her. "I am not a cook," he overheard her say once to, Mrs Jimmie White, in explanation of her leaving to the servants some domestic duty that Mrs. Jimmie was punctilious about always performing in person. Without his being conscious of the fact that remark settled the case for Carlisle.

"It's funny," he would remark to his cronies, "it's funny about Victoria. She's the cleverest woman I ever saw in my life. You know how well she writes, and she's the best read woman I ever saw; she makes more money than I do and invests it better too. She plays a violin remarkably well; rides, swims, paddles and shoots. She can talk ethics, politics,

art and the drama with equal ease and knowledge. But she can't cook. I don't know why such a brilliant and versatile woman shouldn't have turned her attention to such a common branch, but of the culinary art Victoria knows literally nothing."

When this profound opinion of Cariisle's was made known to her by an interested friend Victoria was at first too much amused at his readiness to convict her on this head to enlighten him; then she was rather indignant. Finally she almost forgot about it.

One day, when they had been married about three years, the cook went out of town to her brother's funeral. About eleven o'clock the second girl was stricken with a "sick headache" and took to her bed. As Perry did not come home for lunch Victoria thought that a noon cup of tea for herself and a restaurant dinner for them both, with the theatre to follow, would tide over this domestic crisis.

At twelve o'clock the telephone bell summoned her from her desk. Perry wished to know whether he might bring a friend from out of town and two or three men that he wished to have him meet, up to the house for dinner. The habit of hospitality was strong with Victoria; she said "certainly" in her sweetest and calmest tones and rang up the best caterer in town. As she had expected, she found that he was engaged for the evening; he offered to send her a waitress, however. Five minutes' reflection convinced her that her course was simple enough. If she wished to get up a perfect dinner on such short notice she must cook it herself. She made out her menu, telephoned in her orders for supplies and descended to the kitchen.

At a quarter past six she went up to her own room and dressed hastily. At half-past six Perry found her in the drawing-room. He had brought his friend from out of town, a middle aged army officer of southern birth; Charley Gale, lazy and captivating, a "good fellow" with either men or women; Nelson, owner of the best automobile in town, and

never quite at his ease unless he were in it or talking about it; Felix Stone, often spoken of as the best newspaper cartoonist in the country, and Webster Davis, a small, quiet man with a boyish wistfulness about him that women found irresistible.

Victoria met them all with her usual quiet hospitality. It pleased Carlisle to see how all his guests admired Victoria, and how beautifully she managed them, drawing each one out, putting them all at their ease, making the conversation flow easily and profitably. She had a word to say for herself sometimes; it was always a well-chosen and usually a witty one; the music of her low laughter was good to hear. She was dressed in a white chiffon gown, and had followed the fad of the moment by fastening a wreath of green leaves in her heavy blonde hair. Perry had never seen her look better.

The dinner was simple, but perfect; Carlisle congratulated himself on the fact that he had a good cook as well as a fascinating wife. Victoria was the more important, of course, but he would hardly have felt her charm so comepletely had not Julia been sending in such good things from the kitchen. There was an oyster cocktail, then clear soup, which was followed by roast chicken and Brussels sprouts, a crisp salad and an ice. Finally there was coffee, clear brown like sherry and deliciously fragrant, with water crackers and imported Brie, toasted until it was as cream.

When the cigars were lighted, Carlilse felt as keenly as he was capable of doing, the pleasure that follows a good dinner in the presence of good company, intensified by an inveterate smoker's love of his principal aid to happiness.

When the guests left, at about eleven, Carlisle turned to Victoria with contentment written large upon his face.

"That was a perfect dinner," he said. "Julia certainly can cook."

"Julia was called home just after breakfast, by her brother's death," said Victoria.

"I had no idea Lenore could cook so well," said Carlisle, in some surprise. "That's why she didn't wait on table, then."

Victoria turned at the foot of the hall stairs and faced him. "Lenore is sick in bed and has been since eleven o'clock. I cooked that dinner myself alone and unaided."

Carlisle stammered in amazement, "B–but you were in the dining room all the time."

"I was all dinner-time. But I was in the kitchen all afternoon. And while I was talking auto with Mr. Nelson and art with Web Davis one of Strauss' waitresses was taking my cock-tail and salad from the refrigerator, my ice from the freezer, my soup from the kettle and my chicken from the oven to set under your unsuspecting nose."

Perry stared at her for a moment in silence. She was the same Victoria as ever, beautiful, clever, finished. And she could cook! She could go into a kitchen and evolve as good a dinner as her own cook.

"Is there anything YOU can't do?" he asked, finally.

She laughed and started up-stairs. "Next time you find what I can't do make sure of your facts. I'm a wise woman, I am."

"You certainly are," said Carlisle, humbly.

# THE BATTLE AX

***Berton Braley***

MY curving edge is whetted
To bite through steel and bone,
Full oft it hath been wetted
With blood of those o'erthrown;
I hiss—a man lies prone
Who stood so staunch before—
He gives nor sigh nor groan,
He knows the light no more.

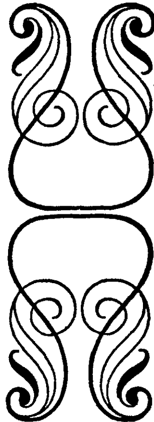
*Swing me flashing, master mine,*
*Bring me crashing to the mark*
*Ah! who once was foe of thine*
*Lies before thee, pale and stark.*
*Wipe me clean of blood and dust,*
*Lest my edge be dulled with rust.*

IN private strife or battle
In righteous fight or brawl,
Full oft the dry death rattle
Hath answered to my call;
I question not at all
The rights and wrongs of war
To kill—and quick withal,
*That* was I fashioned for!

*Flash me swinging, master mine,*
*Crash me ringing through his crest—*
*I would slay this foe of thine,*
*Cut him down at thy behest.*
*So,—he sinketh, blood besprayed,*
*Cleanse me—lest it dull the blade!*

I CRAVE to serve one master
 So long as in the fray
He stronger strikes and faster
 Than those who block his way;
 But an there comes a day
He falters in the fight;
 Ah! then my steel shall play
In hands of greater might.

*Swing me flashing, master mine,*
 *Crash me ringing through his brain,*
*Who would dare be foe of thine,*
 *Or for glory or for gain!*
*Ha!—another bites the dust;*
*Cleanse me—lest I dull with rust!*



# THE BUTTERFLY'S CONFESSOR

**A Fable**
**After the German Model**

***Joseph Maccabee Rubin***

ON one of my usual morning walks among the flower beds of the park in the center of which our villa stood, I saw a butterfly on a rose leaf, and, as I perceived by looking more closely at the beautiful insect, approaching its end in violent convulsions. At its right side sat a black cockchafer, apparently its confessor.

I was very eager to know how the ghostly father of a butterfly would express itself, and being endowed with a knowledge of the language of insects, I approached the two.

"Gay-colored favorite of nature," I heard the bettle say in its deep voice, "thy death has as many charms as thy life. Thou hast accomplished thy work in this world by giving thyself up entirely and constantly to the enjoyment of pleasures of all kinds. Thy only mission here upon earth was to flutter from flower to flower without injuring them, to taste their juices without suffering intoxication, to beautify each one of thy moments; and all this thou hast done admirably well.

"If by thy deserting a flower thou hast made it shed tears and, as it pretended, broken its heart, be not conscience-stricken now, thou hast rather benefited it by awakening in it a yearning and a longing, and thus calling into life natural passions and desires which otherwise would have remained asleep in its bosom.

"If thou hast been accused of being unfaithful to a flower which had the arrogance to claim thee entirely for itself, let not this trouble thee now at thy death hour;—thy heart was by far too wide for one; it had, like the silver waters of a

lake, to reflect in itself not only the moon but also all the stars.

"Be happy! Not heeding the doubts and the foul doctrines of thy fellow insects; thou throwest thyself back into the arms of thy mother-nature. Thy death is nothing but the end of an agreeable mistake."

The chafer closed the eyes of its dying friend. I plucked the rose on which the deceased butterfly bade farewell to life and pinned it upon the bosom of my "Eleonora."

## HERMIT'S SONG

***From the German of Grillpartzer***

All the world is but a shadow,
  Shadows are its song and wine,
Shadows, words and aims and wishes—
  Thoughts alone are genuine.

Genuine the love thou feelest,
  Genuine the good, the brave,
Genuine the dawnless slumber,
  When thou liest in the grave.

# ON THE WINGS OF A DREAM

*Ava L. Cochrane*

DRAYTON lay staring at the stars above his head. No sound broke the stillness save the call of a night bird far away in the woods, and the heavy breathing of his captors, near at hand. Tired after their day's labor and confident that their prisoner was secure, they had fallen asleep, leaving him alone to await the dawn of the morning—his last morning.

The pain of his wounded arm, which had troubled him so at first, was all gone now. A great numbness had settled upon his body and a great peace upon his soul. He was not suffering any more. He was only very, very weary.

The events of the day seemed as far away, dim and unreal as an almost forgotten dream. He could see, as something in the far past, the little camp in the wilderness; the surprise in the early morning; the short, sharp fight; the death of Hal—dear old Hal who had always laughed at the idea of Indians; his own capture, and the long, weary march over the white-hot sand, then the pain and the awful thirst, and now the night, and the stars and the stillness.

Yes, it must be a dream! He stirred restlessly and tried to rise, but he was bound fast with heavy leather thongs, and he could not break them. No, it was not a dream!

He lay still again, for a long time, trying to make it seem real, then his mind wandered back to days that had been, in a life that was not a dream, to joyous, care-free days in a far away land of sunshine. And finally he must have fallen asleep, for it was a very long time after that he became conscious of someone moving outside the barrier that surrounded him.

Presently a dark figure appeared at the opening of the little enclosure where he lay, and someone slipped noiselessly over the prostrate forms of the sleeping guards. Then

Drayton saw that the person who had entered was an Indian girl, tall and lithe, whose large, dark eyes shone in the bright starlight.

He was not surprised. He only wondered dully how she could move without waking his guards from their cat-like slumber. She stood looking at him for a moment then spoke in a low voice, and in broken English, "I come save you. No be 'fraid." And stooping over him, she broke the leather thongs that bound him, as easily as if they had been mere threads. He felt the touch of her cool, smooth hand upon his hot forehead, but he could not see her face.

"Come," she said, flitting to the opening. He rose with difficulty for he was weak from loss of blood, and followed her over the forms of the sleeping Indians, out through the camp towards the woods. Slowly he followed at first, then eagerly while she glided before him, always just out of reach. But when he grew weary, and would have stopped, she always seemed to know, and called to him without turning, "Come, little way." Then he hastened after her again.

Finally, just at the edge of the wood, she turned and waited for him. At that moment the late moon rose, flooding all the land with light, and in the midst of the silver radiance, she stood as one glorified, waiting, with her hands outstretched, her eyes softly shining, her lips parted in a smile. And Drayton saw, wondering, as in a dream, that she was not an Indian maiden, but some one whom he had known long ago and loved—some one who was long since dead.

* * * * * * *

In the morning, when the Indians awoke and came to bring forth their captor, they found him lying as they had left him the night before, his glazed eyes open, and on his dead lips a smile.

But lo! the bonds that had held him were severed, and clasped to his breast was a tiny, jeweled moccasin, such as no red man had seen before!

# A SANDWICH PASTEL

***C. A. H.***

SID tapped on the stained glass window. The emblazoned figure of Admiral Dewey flew back suddenly and, in the opening, appeared the white-capped countenance of Charlie.

"Give me two,—'with' and 'without,'" said Sid, passing up the dimes. A smile, and Charlie vanished. We stamped about impatiently on the cement and studied the drawings in Klein Brothers' until a brisk voice summoned us back to the window and our purchase was handed out. Sid took the "with;" I took the "without." We walked on munching joyously, hiding our dainties behind us when we met a co-ed, devouring them greedily in the faces of our fellowmen.

What a joyous sense of irresponsibility comes with ten o'clock and a stroll on State! What a scorn of convention, of the proper, of the socially correct. What abandon, what zest, what appetite! And what more could appetite desire than the morsels we were eating. We walked slowly, nibbling carefully as the dainties dwindled in size and lingering on every little bite to prolong our delicious enjoyment.

But sandwiches, like all other good things, must perish. As we started up the home steps on Murray, remorsefully I swallowed the last crumb.

"What," I exclaimed, "could taste better than that Hamburger?"

"I know," said Sid, easily.

"What?"

"Another Hamburger."

—And we went back to see.

# EDITORIALLY

OUR opening article, "An Epistle to the Undergrads," seems particularly well adapted to the present period of student and alumni unrest. The views expressed cannot but strike home to the leading questions of athletic discontent. The effect of these views will be varied. The careless and hasty reader will find much to decry and condemn; the more thoughtful cannot but discern the spirit of loyalty which prompted the letter, and forbear.

Our "old grad" has, as he says, kept in touch with Wisconsin for the past twenty years. He has watched with special interest the football season of 1907. His article shows that he has not been misinformed. Even though it gain few converts, if it leads to some earnest thinking along the lines suggested, it shall be far from futile in effect. THE LIT hopes for more articles of the same nature.

THE LIT makes general acknowledgment of the increased interest shown by contributors. The amount of material submitted the past month has been most gratifying. We make special acknowledgment to two former LIT men. Berton Braley, '05, of Billings, Montana, a former editor, contributes "The Battle Axe," in this issue. Through his experience as editor, Mr. Braley understands the best method of encouragement. Lucian Cary, '08, of Chicago, has been very helpful through suggestions, criticism and contribution.

THE editor does not live on his salary. Stamps are not only negative necessities but positive luxuries. Contributors, therefor, who stipulate the return of manuscript to any ad-

dress from Fair Oaks to Middleton should enclose postage. The office boy is working overtime and cannot serve as postman. Manuscript will be cheerfully returned to any designated place about the university buildings, or may be called for personally during the afternoon at 430 Frances street.

THE LIT condoles with the whole university the death of one whose influence extended far beyond the confines of department and college. Prof. Bull held student respect everywhere, not only as one of the senior members of the faculty and as a high authority in his field of work, but as a sympathetic worker for the good of the community in which he lived.

Dean Birge, in speaking of Prof. Bull's work, says:

"He took an active interest in all matters that concerned the university, and was from the first one of the active members of the faculty in all university affairs. His high sense of honor and devotion to public as well as private duty showed itself repeatedly in his public service to the city. The University loses in him not only one who well represented his department and his profession, but loses also a a comrade and friend in the faculty and an inspiring presence in the life of the institution."

# ENTRE NOUS

## AN ASPECT OF THE ATHLETIC PROBLEM

The leading speaker at a recent university function, with admirable daring, referred to Harvard's tendencies as snobbish and undemocratic, and characterized its graduates as small minded and narrow. The attack was a direct result of this trait of narrow-mindedness exhibited by Harvard products in dealing with the western athletic situation—notably with the football situation at Wisconsin.

Concurring in all the speaker said on this occasion, we wish to go farther and ask this question: Are not the tendencies of graduate schools in general, narrowing in their effects rather than broadening? Are not the greater number of these specialists, who leave the graduate departments to become instructors and professors, out of sympathy with undergraduate life? Is it fair then to place this young animal of life and energy, the undergraduate, under the restrictive leash of ossified humanity?

The graduate school at Wisconsin is sufficiently exemplary to illustrate the point. It represents the staid class; the grind phenomena who, by reason of unhealthy application to work, have been out of sympathy with their fellowmen from the kilt era; the antiquated high school professors who can never in this world get back to the student's attitude; the enthusiastic stock catacombers that couldn't distinguish between a gridiron and a flat iron, and among all these, a sprinkling of throbbing, sympathetic humanity.

And it is this graduate school progeny that sifts out to fill up the teaching positions of the country. They are the present day Aunt Ophelias, out of touch with their charges. They can no more enter into the spirit of healthy sport than

shell fish can play marbles. This is the class that holds the reins of athletic control at present.

The problem which arises from this condition of affairs has many theoretical solutions. In these paragraphs we have dealt only with the problem's chief cause. In due time present conditions will be remedied but it will be, we believe, only when the control of student athletics is placed more in the hands of the students themselves—a symphony of athletics, for the athletic, by the athletically inclined.

## WANTED: AN OPPORTUNITY

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains a pertinent paper by Walter H. Page, entitled "The Writer and the University." Mr. Page points out that, though "journeymen writers write almost all that all Americans read," and though the craft "ranks perhaps second or third among the professions," no adequate training is offered men who wish to make their living by writing.

"Every editor of a magazine," he says, "every editor of an honest and worthy newpaper, every publisher of books, has dozens or hundreds of tasks for which he cannot find capable men; tasks that require scholarship, knowledge of science, or of politics, or of industry, or of literature, along with the experience of writing accurately in the language of the people.

"Thus, although many capable and ambitious youths come to the doors of the writers' workshops . . . so few come with proper preparation or in the proper state of mind that the demand for honest, capable, trained journeymen writers is not supplied.

Mr. Page proposes, as a means, post-graduate schools for men who intend to make their living and their careers by writing. He sketches a three years' course of training for "such students as show some aptitude for the art, some facility of expression, some love of the right use of speech and who get joy from its right use."

He asserts that the demand for the graduates of such a school would, during many years, far exceed the supply and he makes a statement that, when one remembers that he has been an editor for twenty years, successively of the *Forum*, the *Atlantic* and the *World's Work*, one cannot ignore: "I have never known a successful and earnest writer of current literature who did not wish that he had had such training."

Wisconsin is not a wealthy endowed institution. We have not the money to establish such a school at once, even if it were the work of one year or of five, but is it too much to ask that we make a beginning? Is it not possible to establish at least a single five-hour course in writing for graduates? We offer professional training in engineering, in law, in agriculture, in pharmacy, and, to a degree, in medicine. If he who reads does not believe that professional training in writing is equally desirable and equally important with these, let him turn to Mr. Page's article, and be convinced.

## THE STUDENT CLUB

There is a good deal of misapprehension as to the functions of the student union committee into whose hands the club house part of Association Hall has passed. Their purpose is not so much to raise up a new and unheard of institution as to lay the ghost of a delusion.

When the Y. M. C. A. began to work for a home and fireside and place to carry on its good work, it was proposed to kill two birds with one brick building, and provide, under the same roof, the much needed Wisconsin student mixing joint—a place where we could mingle informally with our fellow-men after classes, instead of retiring to the seclusion of our hall bedroom. Students supported the project with coin and voice, with the ideal of such a dual purpose building before them.

When Association Hall became an accomplished fact the Y. M. C. A. threw open its doors accordingly; and there were no entries.

The Hall has been a club house in theory only, for several good reasons. The building was finished on the installment plan, with the lower floors in a late installment. Up to last year, there was no attraction, other than the reading room, not essentially Y. M. C. A. The original agitation for the club house plan was farther back than the memory of the present student generation stretches, and, with the Y. M. side of the Hall's activities prominently in the student eye, there arose the natural illusion that the Hall was exclusively Y. M. C. A. In detail, the unregenerate element felt the Hall was not a place where they could be comfortable, and smoke: "Abandon dope all ye who enter here" as it were.

The Y. M. C. A. have not been able to remove this student-body hallucination; they have had troubles of their own, without forcibly attempting to popularize the part of the Hall outside their sphere. Hence the need and creation of the outside committee.

The committee purposes to add to the attractions of the Hall—to furnish a place of definite amusement along with general mixing. But primarily, it has the psychic job of driving into the mind of each student that the Hall, and all its present conveniences, and those to come, are his. His spiritual or financial standing will neither qualify or disqualify—there is no necessity of his ever looking over the fence of the Y. M. C. A. fold; and there is no fee. He is welcome because he is a Wisconsin student.

It is the task of the committee to make every student so much at home that he will come to drop in instinctively, as he does into the handball court (only in more conventional costume) and enjoy that which is his own.

## FRUITS OF THE GAME

Wisconsin's triumph over Minnesota—for under attendant circumstances it was a triumph—has been fully celebrated. It was a battle such as the present generation of Wisconsin students have never before witnessed. To the seniors who are

going forth to live with the memories of Wisconsin life and spirit, this last exhibition of Badger gameness has been a most fitting finale.

In the face of so much that is praiseworthy the voice of the knocker should have pause. It is only in the hope that present conditions may be remedied and in response to numberless complaints that the writer raises the wail and the flail.

Frankly speaking, there was not a single department of the game, except the playing of the teams themselves, that was above criticism. We will exclude from this sweeping statement the Minnesota band and rooters who won the admiration of all spectators. Wisconsin's rooting was glorious, but it didn't begin until after the first touchdown.

Dissatisfaction became manifest at the gate. The passage of the camel through the needle's eye seems a performance of comparative ease when one has watched six thousand people try to jam through the single gate at Camp Randall in a half hours time. If the confusion is great before the game, it is doubled at the close, when autos, horses and humanity become dangerously jumbled. Camp Randall might well have a dozen entrances and ticket offices as the single one it has. If there was confusion with six thousand, what would there have been with twelve thousand?

The next point of conflict was the bleachers. The north bleachers are completely walled in by barb wire except for a three-foot entrance. The jam after a game is most disagreeable, for the fence is an effective barrier. If such a fence is necessary, and unquestionably it is, why not have a wooden bar along the top so that the male members of the rooting force may scale it? If not this then there should at least be more gateways.

The cadet system of ushering at Wisconsin, if the Minnesota game be any criterion, is a flat failure. Green freshmen in uniforms may be nice to look upon but they have proved as useless as they are picturesque. Some people claim to have

been flatly refused service at the game, so hopelessly confused were the ushers. Many found people sitting two deep in their reserved seats, or rose to sing the Toast and sat down in some stranger's lap. The confusion was wide-spread and vexatious.

The university band might have been at a death watch, so silent it was most of the time. Yet that silence was golden compared to the showing the band made against the fifty pieces that journeyed down from St. Paul. What Wisconsin needs and wants is a *university* band with enthusiastic leadership, free from the molly coddle influence of the military department. The present band's performances of this fall have made the opinion wide-spread.

One last shot at the performance between halves! We do not wish to condemn too loudly such performances for we believe that a diversion between halves is a feature that Wisconsin should develop. Had the performers dispensed with the goose, things would have been different. The goose may not have been roughly handled but it looked so to the spectators. Something inanimate should have sufficed.

The suggestions here given, the criticisms offered, though pointed, are given, not to knock, but to bring reform. They represent the concensus of widespread university opinion which demands right treatment, fair treatment and a treatment that is humane.