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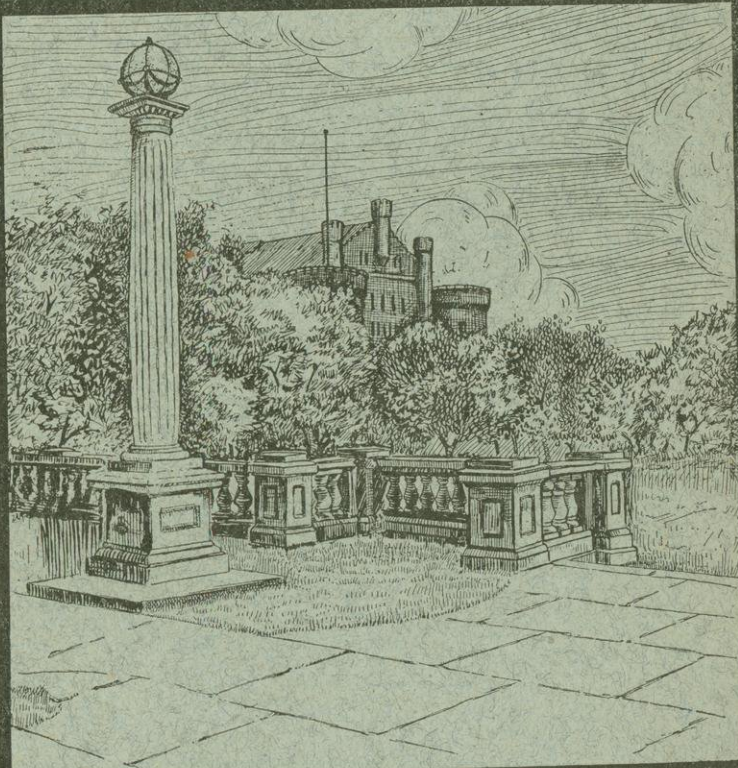
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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY & MAGAZINE



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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Vol. IV

APRIL, 1907

No. 7

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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1907

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 7

**IS THE KREUTZER SONATA AN INSULT TO
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE? IS IT
IMMORAL?**

WILLIAM M. LEISERSON.

On the thirteen of March, Madame Bertha Kalich, appeared at the Fuller Opera House in an adaptation, by Langdon Mitchell, of Jacob Gardin's Yiddish* play, *The Kreutzer Sonata*. On the fourteenth a review of the play appeared in the *State Journal* under the sensational headline, "The Kreutzer Sonata, a Play Immoral and without a Moral." And the following day the *Cardinal* contained a report of a talk before the members of the class in Modern Drama in which Prof. J. F. A. Pyre characterized the play as a "direct insult to the American people."

To those who witnessed the performance and saw in it a faithful representation of the life and problems of an immigrant race, these attacks must have come as a complete surprise. To the writer of these lines it seems that the criticism is due to a misconception of the meaning of the play.

The charge of immorality or non-morality is absurd. The *Kreutzer Sonata* is a tragedy precipitated by an attempt to break through the Great Wall between the Jew and the

* Yiddish is the universal language of the Jews. It has been dubbed by them the "Jargon," to distinguish it from Hebrew, the language of the scholars. The two are very unlike. Yiddish sounds like a corrupted German. It has no grammar.

"Gentile." It becomes complicated by the presence of the social tradition, common to most races, which condemns any violation of the form of the marriage relation, while it gives the stamp of approval to the grossest violation of its spirit. And finally the tragedy is worked up to its climax under conditions in which a new and strange environment suddenly releases a family from the strong bonds of social and religious tradition without substituting any other controlling force, and before an appreciation of the meaning and responsibilities of freedom has been developed.

The other charge is more serious. I quote the *Cardinal*:

"My reason for scoring the audience is that the *Kreutzer Sonata* was a direct insult to the American people," said Prof. Pyre, "and the audience laughed at it and thought it a good joke."

. . . "Had the audience been properly patriotic, they would have resented a play of this kind. . . .

The play was written by a person whose ideas were foreign to our own. The author went even so far as to say the American had no sense of honor or justice.

That shameless creature who laughed at death was an American. In other words, people become cold and heartless when they come to America; yet we laughed at it, and thought it a good joke."

In conclusion, Prof. Pyre said in speaking of the audience at the theater, that they lacked above all the truly artistic idea. They lack the power to see the real meaning of the play.

That is a strong charge both against the play and the audience. A representative gathering of Madison people is indicted for lack of patriotism. But may it not be that even though they lacked the "truly artistic idea," they still felt that this was no attack on the American people, but rather a condition which might result from the adoption of American manners without a proper appreciation of the American spirit? It seems to me that the audience recognized instinctively the

meaning of the play. There was enough universal truth in it to make it appeal even to people unacquainted with the particular conditions described.

It may be well here to give a sketch of the story. Raphael Friedlander is a wealthy Jewish contractor in a small village in Russia. His favorite daughter, Miriam, falls in love with an officer in the Russian army, a "Gentile." The latter's parents forbid the marriage, and in despair he commits suicide. Miriam is to give birth to a child. Her father, to hide his shame, offers her in marriage to Gregor Randar, a musician, telling him all, and giving him a large sum of money on the one condition that he make Miriam happy. The newly wedded pair emigrate to America. Gregor sets up as a "professor" of music in New York City. The father's love for his daughter soon makes Raphael follow her to the new country. Here his life is further embittered by the infidelity of his children. They no longer respect their old father and their old ways of living. They refuse to live on the farm which Raphael has bought in Connecticut. They can support themselves, and prefer to live on the East Side in New York. They are free to do as they please, they say. Celia, the younger daughter, has meanwhile fallen in love with Miriam's husband. In the final scene, Miriam, driven to desperation by her long suffering, kills both her husband and her sister as they come back together from the opera.

To one who is familiar with the conditions set forth in the play, nothing could be better than the way in which the author has pictured the supreme problem of the immigrant family, viz.: the estrangement of the young from the old generation. In the east they say that one is not a real American until he has lived in the west. It might be said with equal truth that no one can really appreciate Americanism who does not know what "the making of an American" costs. You will have to go to the immigrant settlements to find the American in the making. And the cost? It is dear, very dear, especially to the old people. In "Lit-

tle Italy," in "Little Hungary," in "Klein Deutchland," in the Ghetto, you will find a separation of the old from the new generation which is truly tragic. You will find hearts broken, families scattered, traditions shattered, homes destroyed, all because the young generation has drifted away from the old moorings without having obtained a firm grasp of the new.

It is a complete misconception to think that the children of Raphael Friedlander were represented as typical Americans. In truth, the author showed here a distinctly unique type—the child of the immigrant. This child is thrown into an environment entirely different from that which he has left in the old country, and which has in part been brought over by his parents. In order to make his way in the new world he must affect the manners of the new world. He must speak a new language, adopt new ideas, think new thoughts. He must do as Americans do. He admires everything American, and he learns to look with contempt on everything foreign. His parents, his home, his family, all the old ideas sink lower and lower in his estimation. The ethical foundation has been knocked from under him, but he knows nothing as yet of the traditions underlying the new life. He is essentially an imitator. To be sure he claims to be an American; and his parents come in contact with little else that is American. Is it any wonder then that they should attribute their children's sympathy and devotion, to the loss of faith in the old religion, and honor for the old traditions—to the influence of the new land, America? That is exactly what Raphael Friedlander did. But it is absurd to say that the author intended to say that the American had no sense or honor or justice. The loss of faith, honor and reverence which Raphael bewailed cannot exist in a family the continuity of whose life remains unbroken, and whose children, parents and grand parents are conscious of a unifying force which binds them all. Jacob Gardin knows this; that is why he has taken the trouble to point out the lack of unity in an immigrant's family.

“That shameless creature who laughed at death” was by no means an American. She was a sensuous being who was kept in bounds only by the narrow life of the Russian village and the Jewish family. That was evident from the moment she appeared on the stage. It was only when the new environment broke the restraining bonds that she gave way to her passions. It is evident that she was entirely foreign to the American soil. Had she been an American she would have felt bonds similar to those which restrained her in Russia, to keep her in bounds here.

That this problem of the immigrant's child is no mere speculation is evidenced by the experience of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood*, who spent several years investigating the life of the New York Ghetto.

“The growing sense of superiority on the part of the boy to the Hebraic part of his environment extends itself soon to the home. He learns to feel that his parents too are ‘greenhorns.’ In the struggle between the two sets of influences that of the home becomes less and less effective. He runs away from the supper table to join his gang on the Bowery, where he is quick to pick up the very latest slang; where his talent for caricature is developed often at the expense of his parents, his race, and all ‘foreigners,’ for he is an American, he is ‘the people.’ . . . He laughs at the foreign Jew with as much heartiness as at the ‘dago;’ . . .”

“‘Why don't you say your evening prayer, my son?’ asks his mother in Yiddish.”

“‘Ah, what yer givin' us!’ replies, in English, the little American-Israelite, as he makes a bee line for the street.”
. . . “Then, indeed, the sway of the old people is borne.”

“‘Ameri Kane kinder, Ameri Kane kinder,’ wails the father, shaking his head.”

One can understand from this how faithful is Gardin's picture of Ghetto life.

* See *The Spirit of the Ghetto*, by Hutchins Hapgood, Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1902, p. 26.

COMMENCEMENT.

DOROTHY M. BURNHAM.

"I thought, maybe, you wouldn't mind *very* much if I kept them all," Jack said, as he gave Bernice her program. "You see, it's our last party, and it's considered a good sign to dance a straight program at one's Alumnae Ball. Sort of sentimental, I suppose, but if you don't object—"

"Not in the least," Bernice answered, smiling. "I think it would be great; I've never danced a straight program in my life. But this isn't—why, who are these people, 'John,' 'Mr. Ford,' 'Jack,' 'John Howard Ford,' 'J. H. F.'?"

"O, I just wrote it that way so it would deceive the casual observer," Jack replied, complacently. "Good stunt, isn't it?"

"Will you ever grow up, Jack?" Bernice laughed, as she handed back the card. "You're the biggest *kid* and the best." Then, as they stood in the doorway, she added, "How much nicer it would be, outside. Let's walk, this next dance."

"We'll get a boat and go for a row," Jack declared. Or, better still, a canoe. It's easier to propel."

"But it's nearly ten o'clock," Bernice objected. "Think of S. G. A. rules."

"O, hang the rules," Jack answered, easily. "Anyway, we're emancipated now. We became alumni at eleven-thirty this morning. So come on, you know you're dying to go."

They went around to the boat house and secured the only remaining canoe. "Our idea was evidently not original with us," Jack remarked, as they moved noiselessly out upon the water. It was warm and still, and the lake and shore were white with moonlight.

"It is perfect here," sighed the girl, leaning back among the cushions. "How much better the music sounds at a dis-

tance. That old, old piece, 'Friends that are good and true!' Oh, doesn't it make you *sick* to think of leaving it all—all the friends and places and good times? I've been as blue all week as a—a 'forgetmenot,' Jack suggested.

"Thanks, awfully! I was going to say a robin's egg or a blueberry. Really, I've cried so much that I'm afraid I'll have lachrimitis or chronic red-nose. You don't begin to appreciate college until you have to leave it. Even reformed Wisconsin is better than no Wisconsin at all, and '09 has always been the banner class. It doesn't seem possible that we've been here four years and are grads. GRADS, think of it, Jack! And now you'll start to work in 'dad's' office, and I'll become an old maid schoolma'am, and we'll forget all our old college chums!"

"Think so?" Jack murmured. Bernice began to sing the words softly,

"Friends that are good and true,
Friends that will stand by you."

"We've been pretty good friends all through, haven't we?" Jack interrupted. "Ever since the fall of our freshman year. I remember what a conceited little piece you were that year, because you had four bids to the Prom."

"Well, you were rather conceited yourself, because I decided to go with you!" Bernice retorted.

"Remember how we used to scrap about everything? I'll never forget the way you went for me that time I tried to hold your hand, going home from a military hop. Whew!" and Jack fanned himself reminiscently.

"'Member how I used to write your Freshman themes for you that year?"

"Yes, I 'member,' and I "'member" you stopped when you got crazy over that pink "cheeked fellow from Iowa that wrote poetry to you!"

"Well, I had to, in self-defense. You were so smitten with that Southern girl that said 'you all' and rolled her eyes!"

"Oh, I never went to see her but once in my life," Jack protested.

"Your memory is strangely faulty," Bernice observed, shaking her head. "What students we all were the next year, when the Faculty began to reform everything! The Libe was the most interesting social centre in town."

"You were sort of a stude last year too, Bernice. I really used to suspect you of Phi Beta Kappa aspirations, until you were in the Junior Class Play, and went in for dramatics."

For a few moments they floated on in silence. Then Jack continued, "We've gone to all four Proms together, and I've been proposing to you ever since the first one, and you've been refusing me. Even when you had crushes on other fellows, I never rushed another girl. Don't you think I've been pretty faithful?"

"Ye-es," Bernice said, "And we'll always be friends."

"No, we wont!" Jack replied, with a determined stroke of his paddle, which nearly upset the canoe. "I don't want to be a friend. I don't feel a bit friendly toward you!"

"O please, Jack!" pleaded Bernice. "You're only a boy, and these college affairs never last. Why, you'll change your mind in six months."

"Funny I haven't changed it in four years," Jack said, meditatively.

"Besides, just being devoted isn't enough," Bernice argued. "There should be some test."

"Test!" Jack cried. "Woman! Didn't I take singing lessons for two whole months for you, and get guyed to death for it? And last fall I gave up smoking for your sake, and you just ask any fellow if that isn't a supreme test!"

"Well, I gave up wearing a Senior cap all spring because you hated them," pouted Bernice.

"That *was* noble of you," Jack remarked, drily.

"Of course it was; and today was my last chance to wear one. I hate *last* things, don't you? I've made my last visit to the Hill and the Libe and the Pal, and this is our last party

and our last 'Dream of Heaven.' I wonder how many 'Dreams of Heaven we've danced, Jack?—and our last boat ride!"

"And this is the last time I'm going to ask you to marry me," said Jack, as she paused. They were nearing the shore. The orchestra began to play the "Dream of Heaven."

"You know, there's something enjoyable even about all this sadness of "last times,"—a sort of a bitter-sweet feeling, and maybe if you said the right thing, I could stand the pain of asking you for the last time." He tried to see her face, but she turned it away. "If you only would, dear," he urged softly, "and make this Commencement the happiest week of my life! I—I don't know what I'd do if you said no." His voice trembled. They reached the pier, and he helped her to land. When they had turned the corner of the boat house and stood in the deep shadows, Jack stopped and held Bernice by her arms. "Which is to be, dear?" he whispered, beseechingly. She hesitated, then swayed toward him in surrender, with tears and laughter trembling in her voice, "I'd hate to spoil your Commencement, Jack," she murmured against his shoulder.



ENTHUSIAST AND CYNIC.

(A Spring Conversation.)

KATHARINE HALL.

"Listen to that robin singing!"

"Didn't know that robins sang."

"All the air with joy is ringing"—

"Yes, the breakfast bell just rang."

"Don't you love the freshness blowing,
While your hair streams out behind?"

"If the wind weren't always throwing
Dust around, till you're half blind."

"And the sunshine! Why, I never
Felt so free from every care!"

"H'm, your joy'll not last forever
Rheumatism's in the air."

"Why are Spring moods so uproarious?"

"Puddles everywhere, I say."

"O, but overhead it's glorious!"

"Few are traveling that way."

THE BUDLONG CASE.

By

LUCIAN CARY AND GEORGE HILL.

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

(Continued from the March Number.)

ACT III.

(The scene is the same as in the first act, and the time is the afternoon of the next day.) (Frances and Bernice are on the stage when the curtain rises).

Enter JUNE—(with medicine glasses on tray)—I never saw Mrs. MacWhorter so completely done up in four years.

BERNICE—I wonder how Llewellyn feels this afternoon?

FRANCES—I hope I never see him again.

JUNE—Never mind, dear, he'll get over it, and twenty years from now he will be telling it to his children. It's the one college experience he's had that he can reminisce about; he'll get to be rather proud of it.

BERNICE—Proud of it! Why he'll glory in the fact that for once he was mixed up in a scrape with the Psi Chi's and the Gamma Delts.

JUNE—I think you're wrong there, Bunny. Llewellyn isn't the kind of fellow you all think he is; he's a good deal of a fool just now, but at heart he isn't so bad. Why, this experience will turn out to be the best thing that could have happened; he'll realize what a fool he has been; he'll begin to be somebody from now on.

BERNICE—I don't believe he has an idea above his clothes, Phi Beta Kappa? Any fool can make Phi Beta.

JUNE—Did you?

BERNICE—Thank you, June.

JUNE—I beg pardon, Bernice, but you do make me sore.

Just because a man doesn't happen to be the kind you're used to, isn't any reason for condemning him.

FRANCES—I wonder if the faculty will get wise?

BERNICE—Why of course not. How could they?

FRANCES—I don't know how, but I'm sure they will if they haven't already. (Doorbell rings. Bernice runs to answer it).

FRANCES—Oh, I'm sure that's the Dean now.

JUNE—You Goose, the Dean wouldn't come here (putting her arm around Frances). Don't worry; it'll all come out right in the end.

(Enter Bernice with a freshly opened letter in one hand and four sealed ones in the other.)

JUNE—Why the mail man doesn't come this time of day.

BERNICE—This was a messenger boy; listen (reads from the letter):

The University of Wisconsin,
Office of the Dean of the College of Letters and Science.

Miss Bernice Langham:

DEAR MADAM:—You will kindly call at my office at four thirty this afternoon. I wish to apologize for such short notice, but the emergency seems to warrant it.

Yours truly,

A. E. DIRGE, *Dean.*

JUNE—(reaching for the other letters) Are those for the rest of us?

BERNICE—Miss June Carter (handing her a letter). Miss Francis Ryder (handing over a letter to Frances who tears it open as if she did not already know the contents). Mrs. J. B. MacWhorter and Miss Phyllis Le Moyne.

JUNE—(looking up from her letter) Then they don't know that Jim appeared in costume last night.

FRANCES—They'll find out and Jim will lose his job and

(breaking down) it's all my fault (slumps into a chair and sobs).

JUNE—(patting her shoulder) Don't take it so hard Frances; maybe his novel will be accepted and then he can afford—

FRANCES—The-e-ey wo-on't accept it now.

JUNE—Why this little stunt of Jim's won't make any difference to them; it isn't disgraceful enough to be good advertising.

BERNICE—(busy opening letters) The one to Phyllis is just the same. I wonder how they found out.

JUNE—Nobody will ever know; they just do find out things and that's all there is to it.

BERNICE—I'll go you ten to one that Llewellyn Russell knows how they found out.

JUNE—You haven't the least reason for thinking it of him; I know he didn't; I know he couldn't do it.

BERNICE—He is the only one who could have done it, the only one who had anything to gain by it.

FRANCES—(tearfully) What difference does it make who did it; somebody did.

(Doorbell rings and June goes to door.)

(Enter Llewellyn dressed in frock coat, pearl gray trousers, white spats, white vest; carries silk tile in one hand and cane in the other.)

LLEW—Why, how do you do, Miss Langham?

(Bernice turns away without answering.)

LLEW—(catching sight of Frances with her head in her arms) I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to intrude. But I came here on business. A half hour ago a messenger boy brought me a note (pulls sheet from his pocket). It is a request to appear at the dean's office within a few minutes. I merely wanted to ask if you people had received similar notes; I am sure that it must be in connection with the affair of last night. He speaks of calling me up on short notice because of the emergency.

JUNE—Then you aren't the one who—(stops short).

BERNICE—It's all a bluff.

LLEW—I beg your pardon, but I do not understand what you mean.

BERNICE—We refer to the fact that you were the one who told the faculty all about it.

(There is a moment's silence, broken by June.)

JUNE—You didn't tell them, did you?

LLEW—(evidently controlling himself with care) No, I didn't.

JUNE—I knew you didn't (offering her hand, which Llewellyn takes).

BERNICE—The question is: Who did?

LLEW—I beg your pardon; it seems to me that the question is: What are we going to tell them?

BERNICE—(surprised out of it)—You're right.

(Bell rings.)

BERNICE—I suppose Jim and George and Phil are coming with their letters.

(Enter Phil, Jim and George bearing letters in their hands. They all look very much happier than the people on the stage.)

PHIL—Well, we're up against it now; they're wise. Listen here:

BERNICE—Never mind reading it again; I imagine (holding out her own missive) that it reads something like that.

(Jim and George crowd around with their letters.)

GEORGE—I guess they all came off the same mimeograph. (Joyously) Think of me being called up by the faculty within two days after hitting Madison, for the first time in three years.

PHIL—It'll seem like the usual order of events for me; I wouldn't be comfortable if I didn't get called up at least once a week.

JIM—This will be the last time unless the faculty sense of humor is stronger than usual.

LLEW—(Llewellyn, who has passed unnoticed, steps out)

I believe they will take it as a joke; how can they help it? I am beginning to see the humor of it myself.

JIM—I beg your pardon. I—

LLEW—It's all right.

GEORGE—How's Mrs. Mac this afternoon?

BERNICE—She's still in bed. The doctor has been here most of the time.

JUNE—I'll telephone up and tell the Dean that she can't come (goes out).

PHIL—We've got to get a wiggle on; we'll have to be there in about three minutes. What kind of a story are we going to tell?

JIM—We won't tell any; I've got my resignation in my pocket, and they won't say anything to the rest of you.

FRANCES—Jim Budlong, you promised me you wouldn't resign until we found just how we were coming out.

JIM—I'll keep it if you want me to. I'm in for it now, and I'll have to play the game; but I have hardly nerve enough to go up there and lie to the old Dean.

JUNE—The Dean says that under the circumstances he is willing to hold the meeting here. I told him that you people were here when he asked about it.

PHIL—I'll bet he laughed.

JUNE—He did chuckle.

FRANCES—How soon is he coming?

JUNE—He said that he and Professor Herring and Miss Furst-Base and Prof. Hurse would be down inside of three minutes.

PHIL—Suffering Mike! The whole blamed committee.

JIM—I don't see how we can fake any story; we don't know how much they know already. Mrs. Mac would spoil it anyway.

BERNICE—I don't know; I don't believe that Mrs. Mac will be very communicative; she'd give anything to get out of it.

JIM—You'd better go up and tell her about it, hadn't you.

JUNE—I'll go (leaves the room).

LLEW—Poor Mrs. Mac!

JIM—They must know more than that.

BERNICE—They don't know that you did the smoking, or they wouldn't have sent that letter to Miss Le Moyne; they must think that it was one of our guests.

GEORGE—They must have heard that Mrs. Mac had to have the care of a doctor as a result of the incident; they think that it is worth investigating on that account.

PHIL—Oh, syrup! Let's tell them that we don't know a bloomin' thing about it; never saw a girl named Phyllis Le Moyne; don't know what they are talking about. This is a dead-safe rule: When investigated, look blank.

GEORGE—If we did that the Dean would be sure to get off his kind remark to the effect that young people so completely oblivious to all that went on around them had no place in the University of Wisconsin.

PHIL—He has already delivered that little speech for my delectation on a previous occasion.

JIM—The only thing to do is to tell as little as possible; when they ask you a question don't jump at it; don't get balled up in your story; act as if you couldn't imagine why they should be interested in the matter.

(Bell rings. Enter counterfeit presentiment of Dean Birge, with papers and the fedora hat he has worn ever since the Law building was dedicated, followed by Miss F., tanned, in white duck, short sleeves and skirt; and Herring, wearing light flannel trousers, well creased and rolled up at the bottom, blue serge coat, gloves, but no hat, Phi Beta Kappa badge, glasses and a Boston accent, slightly hesitating and punctuated with an ingenuous smile.)

JUNE—(goes forward to meet Dean) How do you do, Dean Dirge? Will you be seated? I believe you know everyone here. Mrs. Mac will be down in a minute.

DEAN—Yes. Thank you, Miss Carter (seats himself). Mr. Budlong, you are present. I believe we would better begin at once.

(Mrs. Mac is wheeled in by Bernice, with the assistance of Llewellyn.)

DEAN—(rising) (shakes hands with Mrs. Mac) Mrs. Mac-Whorter, I am very sorry to have had to disturb you under the circumstances.

(Takes his seat at table facing the audience.)

MISS F.—Yes, Mrs. Mac, I am sorry to see you under the weather (goes to her).

HERRING—Ah—h; under the weather or under the—ah—circumstances?

(Enter Hurse, somewhat flustered.) (He wears dirty duck trousers, caught at the ankles with bike clips, carries a tennis racket and dirty canvas hat. His shirt has lost its neckband by his own hand, and his jacket, of nondescript color, is shapeless, with pockets full of tennis balls.)

HURSE—I am very sorry to appear in this costume, Dean Dirge, but I received your note just as I was setting out for Camp Randall; your secretary told me I should find you here.

DEAN—That's all right, Dr. Hurse. This is an informal occasion.

MISS F. B.—(holding Mrs. Mac's hand and mauling her unconsciously) Really, Mrs. Mac, you should keep in better training. What you need is more exercise, more life, more excitement.

MRS. MAC—Thank you. I have had *quite* enough life and excitement for the present.

MISS F.—Well brace up Mrs. Mac and in a day you'll be as well as—I am. (Flexes biceps, pats Mrs. Mac vigorously; Mrs. M. visibly shrinks under her treatment, and Miss F. throws herself into a chair.)

DEAN—I should like to dispose of this matter as expeditiously as possible.

HURSE—I hope it won't take long; I have a very important engagement—with Dr. Dodge, at Camp Randall. (All arrange themselves).

DEAN—It is hardly necessary to explain the nature of this meeting; I understand that an incident of a somewhat serious nature occurred last night at the Palace of Sweets on the occasion of a dance at which most, if not all of you were present. I have asked you (turning to Budlong), Mr. Budlong, to be present because you are a member of the social committee, the only member who happens to be in town at present. We should like your assistance in determining just what happened, and of just how serious a nature it was. I shall read the list of those whom I have asked to meet the committee; those who are present will please answer to their names. Mr. Austin?

GEORGE—I'm here.

DEAN—Mr. Merkel?

PHIL—As usual, thank you.

DEAN—Mr. Russell?

LLEW—Present.

DEAN—Miss Le Moyne? (silence) Miss Le Moyne? (there is no answer and he looks up sharply). Is not Miss Le Moyne present?

BERNICE—Miss Le Moyne is not here today.

DEAN—Do you know where she could be found?

BERNICE—I doubt if you ever succeed in finding her; she disappeared last night and we never expect to see her again.

DEAN—That's very queer.

HERRING—Yes. Hardly other than remarkable. She seems to have passed into as complete oblivion as a yesterday's *Cardinal*.

DEAN—We will consider Miss Le Moyne more in detail at another time. Unless some one wishes to tell us just what happened last night I shall be compelled to examine each one of you separately.

HURSE—I wish some one would tell us. It looks as if this affair were to have as many ramifications as the Schlieswig-Holstein controversy. You know (assuming lecturer's pose) that the house of Schlieswig-Holstein—

HERRING—Would not the underground railway—so-called—be a more fit comparison. You remember that the Dred Scott decision—

DEAN—We can determine the historical parallels of this case with more certainty when we know more about it. Mr. Austin, I should like to ask you a few questions.

GEORGE—I shall have to refuse to answer, Dean Dirge. I am no longer connected with the University; I prefer to take no part in these proceedings.

HERRING—One might have expected you to be more interested in a matter which so vitally concerns your university, your fraternity chapter and yourself.

GEORGE—I'm interested all right, but not in quite the way you mean.

DEAN—If you do not care to appear I have no means of compelling you to. Miss Langham, may I ask you a few questions? Were you present at the Psi Chi dance last night?

BERNICE—Yes.

DEAN—You were a witness were you not, of the incident which marked its close?

HERRING—Ha! Marked its close. Just like the Pantorium putting a tag on your—ah—trousers.

BERNICE—Yes, Dean Dirge, I was there at the finish.

DEAN—Did you see this young woman smoking a pipe, this woman whom you say has so unaccountably disappeared?

BERNICE—I did not see any woman smoke a pipe.

DEAN—Did you hear Mrs. MacWhorter order the woman to go?

BERNICE—Yes, I heard her suggest that it was time for some woman to leave.

HURSE—Were you not forcibly struck with the proceeding? (Illustrates, with racket.)

BERNICE—Not specially.

DEAN—Is Mrs. MacWhorter in the habit of asking the guests at dances where she is chaperone, to leave?

BERNICE—She does if they try to stay after twelve.

DEAN—Did this incident occur after twelve?

BERNICE—I really don't know.

DEAN—How far away were you at the time the incident occurred?

BERNICE—I really couldn't say.

DEAN—You were perhaps, a dozen feet away?

BERNICE—Perhaps.

DEAN—Do you think that you were twenty feet away?

BERNICE—Yes, maybe twenty feet.

DEAN—It wasn't as much as thirty feet was it?

BERNICE—Yes, I guess so.

DEAN—Fifty feet?

BERNICE—Yes, fifty feet.

DEAN (growing a trifle excited)—Were you a hundred feet away?

BERNICE—Yes (doubtfully).

DEAN—Two hundred feet?

BERNICE—Yes.

DEAN—Three hundred feet?

BERNICE—Dean Dirge, don't you think that we have carried our little joke far enough?

DEAN—That will do; I should like to talk to Miss Ryder.

FRANCES—I don't feel equal to the occasion, Dean Dirge.

DEAN—Miss Carter.

JUNE—I can add nothing to the testimony that has already been given.

DEAN—You saw the incident?

JUNE—Yes.

HERRING—Ah—immediately, or telescopically, like Miss Langham?

HURSE—Professor, it seems to me, both your joke and Miss Langham's are pretty far fetched.

DEAN—Were you especially surprised by the spectacle of one of your young lady guests smoking a pipe?

JUNE—Not at all.

MISS F.—Why! It's a gross breach of all training rules, not to say etiquette.

DEAN—It seems to have affected Mrs. MacWhorter differently to the rest of your party.

JUNE—Mrs. MacWhorter didn't understand the situation; didn't know the girl who did the smoking; had never met her before; she was naturally surprised to find a woman whom she did not know smoking a pipe at a dance where she was the sole chaperone.

DEAN—Quite naturally, I think. Didn't you explain it to her?

JUNE—We tried to.

DEAN—That will do; I should like to ask you a few questions, Mr. Merkel.

PHIL—Ask away.

DEAN—You were present at the incident which characterized the close of your dance last night?

PHIL—Yes, I was an interested bystander.

DEAN—How long were you present before the incident took place?

PHIL—You mean how long was I in the college room? Oh, several moments had flitted by.

DEAN—How long did she smoke?

PHIL—Until Mrs. MacWhorter came in.

DEAN—Did the person who smoked the pipe seem to enjoy it?

PHIL—Quite obviously.

PHIL—What kind of a pipe was it?

PHIL—(pulling out the pipe) This was the pipe.

DEAN—Exhibit A, the pipe. I see that we are getting to the bottom of this matter.

(The dean passes the pipe over to Miss F. B.; she sniffs it gingerly, passes it to Herring.)

HERRING—I prefer the Durham cigarette (passes pipe to Hurse).

DEAN—(to Phil) You furnished the pipe, did you?

PHIL—Yes.

DEAN—Are you in the habit of furnishing pipes to young ladies at dances?

PHIL—No; not as a practice.

DEAN—Then you were considerably surprised when this young woman asked you to lend her your pipe?

PHIL—Not at all. I rather expected it.

DEAN—(interested) Then this young woman, to whom you furnished the pipe, was the kind of person who habitually smokes a pipe?

PHIL—Yes.

HURSE—Did you or one of your fraternity brethren regularly invite this woman to this particular dance?

PHIL—One of my fraternity brethren did.

HERRING—And you did not consider it unusual or improper?

PHIL—It was a little unusual, but not at all improper.

DEAN—I believe, Mr. Merkel, that you and I differ on the definition of the word improper; I consider the affair disgraceful in the extreme. Who accompanied this person to your dance?

PHIL—One Mr. Russell.

DEAN—That will do; Mr. Russell, did you accompany Miss Le Moyne to the dance last night?

LLEW—I certainly did.

DEAN—How long had you known the young woman when you asked her to go to the dance?

LLEW—I had just been introduced to her.

DEAN—How long had you been at the dance before you discovered that she smoked a pipe—this pipe?

LLEW—An hour or two.

HURSE—An hour or two—that reminds me of my appointment—can't we proceed a little faster, Mr. Russell?

HERRING—Yes, in general, a little more brown ginger would—ah—

PHIL—(officially) Would—ah—would—ah—help some.

DEAN—Were you favorably or unfavorably impressed with the woman up to the time when you discovered that she smoked a pipe?

LLEW—Quite favorably impressed.

DEAN—In what way and in what degree?

LLEW—She impressed me as a person of education, taste and refinement.

DEAN—How do you account for the fact that a young woman who impressed you as characterized by education, taste and refinement seems to have particularly enjoyed smoking a pipe?

JIM—(stepping forward) He doesn't account for it at all. The fact is, Dean Dirge, that no woman smoked a pipe at the Psi Chi dance last night. I am Phyllis Le Moyne.

DEAN—What do you mean?

JIM—I mean—that I appeared last night dressed as a woman; Mr. Russell took me to the dance under the impression that I was a young woman. He did not discover his error until Mrs. MacWhorter happened to catch me smoking a pipe.

DEAN—This information begins to change the face of the affair. May I ask the object of this extraordinary performance?

JIM—It was done as a joke on Mr. Russell; there was no other object.

DEAN—Such a joke is rather a questionable one for a member of the university social committee to be indulging in.

JIM—It seems to have turned out rather badly.

HURSE—I believe, Dean Dirge, that very few people are aware of this remarkable joke. As long as no one outside of those immediately concerned learns of it, it can do the university no harm. Don't you think that we could afford to overlook the incident under the circumstances?

DEAN—Unless the affair has become generally known it would seem to be rather outside the province of this committee. Does anyone, as far as your personal knowledge goes, Mr. Budlong, know of your joke besides the people here present?

JIM—No one that I know of.

DEAN—Professor Hurse, you then believe that we can afford to wink at this misdemeanor on the part of Mr. Budlong and his friends?

HURSE—I do. I have no reason to believe that Mr. Budlong will continue to masquerade as a pipe-smoking young woman.

DEAN—The newspapers have, apparently not learned of it. We are not, therefore, forced to take any action in—

NEWSBOY—(outside) Uxtry! *State Journal* UXTRY! All about the Varsity Scandal! Professor Masquerades as Young Woman. Uxtry! (Phil rushes out, the rest rise to their feet in excitement.) (Enter Phil with papers; throws copies to the Dean and some of the others. All start to read eagerly.)

GEORGE—(reading aloud) “Prominent professor disguises himself as young woman. Town scandalized.”

PHIL—“Professor James Gordon Budlong, of the University of Wisconsin, the well known short story writer, is the chief actor in a drama which has stirred university circles and Madison society to the depths. Last night, Professor Budlong attended the annual dance”—listen to that, Dean—“annual dance,” and it was only a scrub affair gotten up the day before—“attended the annual dance of the Psi Chi fraternity disguised as a woman. The trick was not discov—”

DEAN—Mr. Budlong, I advise you to hand in your resignation before it is officially required. I—

JIM—(pulling letter from his coat pocket) There it is.

DEAN—I may advise you, unofficially, that it will undoubtedly be accepted.

(The Dean and the professors pick up their papers and hats and go out.)

(Frances throws herself into a chair and sobs with her head on the table.)

FRANCES—(between sobs) I-t-'s a-a-all m-m-y fault.

JUNE—(putting her arms round Frances' shoulders) Don't don't, Frances. Why it isn't any more your fault than it is mine.

BERNICE—You spoke truer than you knew that time June; the reason we planned it all was so that you and George—

JUNE (raising her face)—Hush, Bernice.

BERNICE—It can't do any harm to tell now; I saw George kiss her at the foot of the stairs last night.

MRS. MAC—What?

BERNICE—I saw George kiss June, last night.

GEORGE (moving over to June's side), I believe it's time for me to tell you something. May I June?

JUNE—Yes.

GEORGE—June and I are engaged; we are going to be married in a month.

MRS. MAC—In a month?

FRANCES—Oh, June (kissing her), and you never told me!

BERNICE—When did it happen; last night?

GEORGE—Three years ago today.

BERNICE—Ye Gods!

FRANCES—And you never told me!

GEORGE—I seem rather neglected.

(Phil and Jim congratulate him).

FRANCES—And to think of that plan of ours to throw you two together.

MRS. MAC—I wish you girls would help me upstairs; I'm going back to bed.

(June and Bernice help her out.)

LLEW—Haven't you heard from the publishers, Mr. Budlong?

JIM—No. I ought to have got a letter today. I slept at the Psi Chi house, and I haven't been home to see whether I got any mail.

PHIL—I'm going to run over and see; it's only half a block.

(He goes out.)

FRANCES—(looking rather tragic) I want to tell you, Mr. Russell, that I didn't realize what I was doing when I planned that horrible trick. I can't ask you to forgive me, but—will you shake hands?

LLEW—I'm glad to (they shake hands heartily.) You don't need to ask my pardon; I forgave you long ago; I'm glad you did it.

(Frances runs out to avoid crying in front of the two men.)

JIM—Russell, this is the hardest position I have ever faced.

LLEW—Let's not talk about it. I owe you an everlasting debt. I'm going to quit being a fool just as fast as I can; it comes a little hard to see myself as others see me all of a sudden, but I know I had it coming, and I'm glad it came when it did.

JIM—You haven't been any more a fool than I have. At the bottom we have both been in the same boat. The trouble with you has been that you've been trying to be a social light when at heart you are a student; the trouble with me has been that I have been trying to be a prof. when at heart I'm only a kid with literary ambitions. A man's got to be himself, his real self, or he isn't a man. It's better to be a first class burglar who doesn't know any better than a defaulting bank cashier who does. A man's got to fill his own position, and not try to be the whole team and play the whole game. That's my philosophy—

(Enter Phil on the run with a letter.)

PHIL—It's marked *Harper and Brothers*. Open it quick.

(Enter Frances, then Bernice, June and the rest).

JIM (tearing the letter, reads)—“Will you accept \$10,000 for the serial rights of your novel, “The Golden Age?” We should like to begin its publication in *Harpers Monthly* next fall. In case this offer is satisfactory, we should like to reserve the privilege of bringing out the story in book form at the usual royalty of ten per cent. Yours sincerely, Harper and Brothers.”

FRANCES (throwing her arms around Jim's neck)—Oh, Jim!

PHIL (snatching a pennant and singing)—Cheer, boys, cheer, Wisconsin's got the ball, etc. (The rest join in the chorus).

(Curtain.)

HORACE, ODES I 21.*Dianam tenerae dicite virgines.*

MARY ELEANOR STICKNEY, '09.

Ye tender maidens, of Diana sing,
Ye youths, of unshorn Cynthius above,
And of Latona, whom great Jove the king
Of gods immortal doth most deeply love.

Sing praise to her who doth in streams delight,
And woodland foliage towering toward the sky
On Algidus' cool slope, or Cragus bright,
Or the dark woods of Erymanthus high.

Ye youths, with equal praises fill the air
For Tempe, and for Delos, where was born
Apollo the divine, whose shoulder fair
The quiver and fraternal lyre adorn.

The woes of war and plague and famine's curse
From Cæsar and the people whom he leads
In answer to your prayer he will disperse
And turn against the Britons and the Medes.

BOOK REVIEW.

Sonnets and Poems, by William Ellery Leonard.

This little book, written by an author as yet hardly known, even to the reading public, has shown to those who have been fortunate enough to peruse it, a new person, an American lyric poet. Short verses and odes on many diverse subjects and to many kinds of people, each bear a distinctive and appropriate touch; they are marked by a delicacy of feeling and expression, which, while it may be art, seems spontaneous and natural. Although many of the subjects of which Mr. Leonard treats are essentially sad and melancholy, a strong motive of optimism pervades the entire collection. His confidence in the ultimate outcome is sure and constant. This is shown as well perhaps, in the "Resolve" as in any of the others, where he concludes:

"And I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragments of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a God."

A vein of cynicism is noticeable, however, in one or two passages, especially in the prelude to the "Jester,"—

(" 'Tis little here nor there to you
Or me what now I say,
But just another rhyme or two
To pass the time of day.
You like my rhymes, you say you do,
They are so very gay.")

All of Mr. Leonard's verse betrays the wide reading and study of the author. His language is full of quaint conceits and classic visions, and the tone is more that of a scholar and student than that of a man of action. His descriptions are

most particularly strong. The poet sees far beyond our vision, and finds the beautiful in the more prosaic experiences and sights of daily life. The locomotive, the dirty, smoky city, the kitchen garden, all show the Ideal to his discerning eye. The verses on "New York in Sunset" contain many lines of rare beauty; the characterization of the city as

"The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands,"

seems to me to be a new and appropriate view; one which is not often taken. From the lines in "Lady; not mine"—

"Come, let us take the moonlit marble way;
The nightingale is in the cypress tree;
And past the terrace the stream glides on to sea;
And when beyond the dim hills dawns the day,
The morning star shall sing my song to thee,"

can not one conjure a picture of a mediæval Italian garden, with its stately walks and avenues, chastely white in the moonlight, bordered by black cypresses; such a garden, in fact, as Maxfield Parrish so loves to paint? This is one of few instances of formal nature to be found in the entire volume, for the poet is a lover of the woods, the fields, the elements and the waves. In more than one place this primeval love of the earth is shown; the seeking of the truth in the manifestation of the Supreme Good in wild things. As he has said himself,

But ever he loved the sunrise and the night,
And silver regions of the wintry sky,
Valleys and flowers and shadows of the clouds
On purple mountains in the golden fall.

—*F. P. B.*

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

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237 Langdon Street

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

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EDITORIAL.



ONE of our professors remarked recently: "There are some men in my class who can't think without perspiring." No doubt there are many in the 'varsity about whom this might truthfully be said. But a university is not intended for the bright alone, and if it be true of a man that he can't think without perspiring and yet he does raise a healthy perspiration, we hold it is so much to his credit. To our view it is a far more lamentable matter that a man may now run through his four years' term without occasion to perspire mentally. Not that no work is required of him, even under our delectable elec-

tive system. The new student is registered, classified, started down one of the scheduled tracks of the great educational machine, and if he does not work while the wheels move,—out he goes. Beautiful theory, all men look alike to the machine, no discrimination, judgment on *results*,—and there the evil lies. The results required do not demand genuine mental effort; the pace of the machine leaves little time for thought by the wayside.—So many facts an hour and so many pages a week, turn in the notes, file the cards, make up sleep at the lectures, and stay on the track. Twice a year the student is shunted off to a strange sort of merry-go-round where he crams all night and writes down the cram-mings in the daytime; if he writes enough, back he goes to the main track. Eight of these semi-annual runs and the machine turns out the finished product, polished, labeled,—educated?

What is the plea of this editorial? Well, smaller classes perhaps, more individual attention, less work by the page and more with thought prerequisite.—Dream?

THE LIT takes pleasure in announcing the election to its board of editors, of Dorothy Marie Burnham, Ernst Jung, George M. Sheets, and Kenneth F. Burgess, all '09. These newly elected members have all contributed to THE LIT during the current year, and owe their selection solely to the quality of their work. Other contributors will doubtless be considered in the fall, for though confined to the two upper classes, the board is not limited as to number. A working staff is the desired end.

That proof readers are born not made is a fact sadly brought home to the editor of THE LIT by this recently received communication: "Will you kindly note the following in the next issue of the magazine? In the verses on p. 192 of the March issue, the word 'western' should have been 'eastern,' the full moon rising in poetry as in nature, directly across the world from the setting sun.

Sincerely,

THE AUTHOR."

BETWEEN THEM.

W. A. BUCHEN.

“No, he was no coward; I saw him, down in Natal, kill a Kaffir who had mocked him, with his hands—and the Kaffir had a knife! It was so well done that I made him my friend. That was in the year you left for Zanzibar to go with that old Arab thief you thought so wise in the ways of this folk. Yes, he was brave enough and it grieves me to think that he is dead, for in a long life among strong men I have never known one who was so completely after my own heart as he. More than anything does it grieve me that he died such a death. To be stabbed with a knife while asleep!

“A woman, an Arabian woman! For two years I taught him of my wisdom until he seemed to me to be without a heart—even as you and I have been these many years. I thought it better that he himself should tear it out in his youth than eat it out in bitterness all his life long. But then he was not of us, an Outlander and very young.

“She would not speak when you took her? That is strange. I would have liked to see her, for a silent woman is a thing I have not yet seen. Moreover, I do not think, my friend, that your way was good. Mercy is not a necessity nor a right; it is even true that it is often a folly, but the use of a rope would have been as cheap as a fire and would have been as sure.”

A Song

G. N. NORTROP.

Give a hand to me, my dear,
And give a hand to Spring;
We'll sing a measure full and clear,
And dance all in a ring.

My heart is yours, and yours is mine,
And Spring laughs at our folly:
Our health is meat, our joy is wine,
Our foe is melancholy.

We'll sing as blythe and sing as clear
As yon wee children of the trees;
Our only notes are those of cheer,
Sing love, and vie with these!

