

**THE YALE LITERARY
MAGAZINE, VOL.
LXXXII, NOVEMBER
1916, NO. 2, PP. 26-66**

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-second Volume with the number for October, 1916. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduates, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, to JAMES REED SANDERSON, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1917.

ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER

SAMUEL SLOAN DURYEE

PERCIVAL GRAY HART

ROBERT PAUL PFLIEGER

CHARLES MORTON STEWART, III.

BUSINESS MANAGER,
JAMES REED SANDERSON.

THE LITERARY MEDAL.

STIMULATED by the reorganization of Chi Delta Theta, comes the remoulding of the Medal offered by THE LITERARY MAGAZINE for the best written essay submitted by any undergraduate. Perhaps one may ask why Chi Delta Theta should influence THE LITERARY MAGAZINE to offer the medal again for competition. The reason is because it seems apparent that Yale undergraduates are steadily becoming more and more eager to read and write. Therefore, the LIT. feels that it is fitting that it do its part in giving these undergraduates something to write for. Perhaps it is unfortunate, however true, that those in Yale do things not because they enjoy it, but because they feel that it is required of them to accomplish something. For when a man plays football, or runs, he does so with always before him the material reward—a "Y." But when a man writes—(it is a disease even the best of us have)—there is little which he attains by so doing.

Of course, one may rightly argue that the benefits of writing for writing's sake (No! not the reader's) are manifold and an enormous reward for his labors. To this we answer in the affirmative; we agree with all our hearts. What we do say is, however, that at Yale one must have something very concrete to show for what he has done to be considered successful in college. The eternal question asked as a graduate's name is brought up, "What did he do up here?" perhaps frightens us into doing what we don't care for, what does not interest us. We shudder when we think of our names being brought up by future usurpers of our campus, our Yale. Why is it so often we see an entirely physically unfit youth spend afternoon after afternoon having himself hounded to pieces on the football

field? Or again, how can we account for the stammering Dramat. candidate or the News heeler. Are these enjoying themselves? Of course not. Are they "doing it for Yale?" We doubt it. It is the pervading nervousness of the place that keeps us going, that has made it a tradition that a Yale undergraduate accomplish something. The editor, the heroine in the Dramat. the 'varsity hero are all on a par. Each has succeeded in his line. But is it good medicine, this forcing a man to do something, this fear of being the unaccomplished? Is it good for one? Of course it is. It creates in the undergraduate, *first*, determination, and *second*, energy—a pretty strong combination with which to meet life.

Perhaps a gold medal in itself is not a reward sufficient to warrant any great exertion to obtain it, but a medal is as heavy as what it stands for. A great number of years back it was first awarded, and until 1908 the Literary medal was considered a sign of accomplishment. So again the MAGAZINE offers this reward for the best combination of knowledge and natural writing ability, in short, for the best written essay of the year.

Someone once said that the ability to criticize an essay is the surest mark of the educated gentleman. This is true and certainly, therefore, may the same be said of him who can write an essay *worth* criticizing. So one may see that THE LIT. is attempting to accomplish something itself in again awarding the medal. We are offering compensation for work in the form of Yale tradition moulded into gold and we are forcing you, (to repeat what we previously said with regard to enjoying that which we are doing at Yale) to make yourselves educated gentlemen. Truly a worthy ambition.

The ability to carry a football safely through a crimson mob and between two white posts is not life lasting. Neither can one ride madly on a bicycle all his days. Even he who struts and plays his part must soon weary of the "glamor of the lights." The delight of a good book and the proverbial pipe are ever enjoyable. It is for this reason more than all the others we have so laboriously enumerated that we are *really* doing our part to keep bright the glow of Literary enthusiasm which of late seems to be burning anew at Yale.

Charles M. Stewart, 3rd.

SONG OF A FORGOTTEN SHRINE TO PAN.

Come to me, Pan, with your wind-wild laughter,
Where have you hidden your golden reed?
Pipe me a torrent of tune-caught madness,
Come to me, Pan, in my lonely need.

Where are the white-footed youths and the maidens,
Garlanded, rosy-lipped, lyric with spring?
They tossed me poppies, tall lilies and roses
And now but the winds their soft blown petals bring.

Where are the fauns and the nymphs and the satyrs?
Where are the voices that sang in the trees?
Beauty has fled like a wind-startled nestling,
Beauty, O Pan and your sweet melodies.

Come to me! Come to me! God of mad music,
Come to me, child of the whispering night,
Bring to all silences, torrents of music,
People all shadows with garlands of light.

John C. Farrar.

OF THE LEAST?

THERE is a delightful fascination about antique shops with their miscellany of faded glories. A relic of Madame de Pompadour hobnobs with an Etruscan vase, while fans and perfume jars, jewels and rapiers furnish infinite suggestion, piquing the imagination of the beholder until his mind runs riot in the midst of imagined amours and intrigues. All the artifice of all artificial ages is here: Watteau's shepherdesses, Corot's nymphs, Gainsborough's huge-hatted duchesses—now they fascinate us with their delicacy, now with their gorgeousness. Just so that flirt among the muses, Society Verse, captures us with her naïveté or her euphuism. Where most poetry makes an attempt to interpret the deeper moods of life, she, with various gay devices, stifles the greater part of emotion and is able to capture all things: a muff, a fan, a good old wine, a book, a sauce and not infrequently, a petticoat! This is a genial muse fit for an evening near an open fire, one in whose ranks we find many anonymous writers, yet such names as Dryden and Shakespeare; for even great men, when off their guard find pleasure in the contemplation of certain muffs, good sauces and old wines.

In form, in extreme elaboration and naive idealism the troubador *chanson* furnished the ground work for all future court poetry and *vers d'occasion*. But the ballads and romances of the Chaucerian Period while borrowing that magic background of grim castle and fantastic dragon, had not yet the *Provence* ease and charm of expression. It is not unpleasant to feel that the English language was slow to don the saffron cloak of artifice, nor to know that the sturdy Saxon limbs are not afraid, on occasion, to wear the brown smock of peasantry. Gradually, now, from the Renaissance and its artistic brilliancy in Italy such poets as the deft and bitterly satirical John Skelton caught a lighter spirit, which jumped the ages to Calverly and Gilbert, exotic in rhythm, daintily expressed:

"My propire Bessy
 My praty Bessy
 Turn ones agayne to me,
 For sleepeyste thou Bessy
 Or wakes thou Bessy
 Mync herte hyt ys with the."

"My deysy delectabyll
 My primrose comendabyll
 My violet amyabyll
 My ioye inexplicabyll
 Nowe turne agayne to me."

From now through the period of the Cavalier poets was the May time of Society verse. Since then, life has become more complex and more imitative. It is not that good light verse has not been written but there is not so much of it, and it lacks the careless babble of country pleasures, the lilt of pipe and tabor, the preponderous artificiality and whimsicality which the sheerest leisure alone can inspire. Some of its charm lay in its wantonness, its play with life as if every day were a holiday and every holiday filled with sunshine. In those days writing was not merely a vocation or even an avocation, it was the natural way for a gallant to court his queen or his mistress. How delightful it must have been to plan a masque or frame a compliment for Queen Elizabeth! What a wonderful task to write an eulogy for such an ugly woman! There must have been many sly winks over sputtering candle flames when the court darlings penned delightful songs in *her* honor.

In modern times we are consciously writing light verse. Having escaped from the *κομποφακελορρήμονα*, pomp-bundle-worded days of Johnson and Pope we have attempted to leap back, but grotesqueness of rhyme scheme or other oddities of form often take the place of sheer native charm. Thackeray's peculiar rhymes and sparkling wit, for example, while they are in the main delightful, at times through a direct effort to appear exotic, are a trifle halting. It seems almost as though we forgot to laugh at the humor which crowds the streets of life, and sat contentedly in our smug studies manufacturing grinning puppets of nonsense.

Among the followers and imitators of Horace and Catullus—those whose harps have been touched with the *leviore plectro*—two stand out giants in their pigmy division of poetry,—Robert

Herrick for the old time, Austin Dobson for the new. A consideration of these two men crystallizes the tendencies of light verse throughout the long course of its development, and brings forward for our consideration some of the most charming lyrics of all time.

Herrick lived through practically the entire Elizabethan Period, a partaker of its depths, a singer of its virtues, vices and customs. We know little of his life, but what we do know—that he was a parson in a quiet country village—leads us to suspect that his flock was not burdened with discourses on strictness of morals. Perhaps nowhere in poetry is it easier to read character than here, and the one word that sums it up is *easy-going*. Can't you picture him, comfortably stout, ambling down the road on a contented gray mare, nodding to Cynthia or throwing sly kisses to Perilla, getting down at the tavern to talk it over with the boys, and preaching of a quiet Sunday, a sermon that only now and then wakes the dozing squire with flashes of daring humor?

His poetry covers as wide a range as it is easy to imagine; from cedars to the king, from daffodils to manna. Of all these he sang with the irrepressible spirit of youth and the care-free voice of the enthusiastic epicurean. Each moment of the day, each object that crossed his path seems to have been filled with delightful suggestion, there is nothing so small that it is not worth a glittering epigram, and, sad to relate, nothing so base, that it cannot be expressed in his verses. His love, his religious opinions, indeed his whole outlook on life is permiscuous and indiscriminating,

"This lady's short, that mistresse she is tall;
But long or short, I'm well content with all."

That he finds Julia's breath charming in no way hinders him from adoring carnations in Lucia's cheek, nor from dreaming wild dreams of Electra. All things receive their due, with a light golden touch as if enclosed in a shimmering bubble, ready each moment to break. Saintsbury says he was a man "skilled at catching and contented to catch the thoughts, the impressions, the joys and the sorrows of the present moment." As a chronicler of rural customs he tells us of hock-cart and meadow, of the