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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XVIII



Number 6

One Fool or Two?

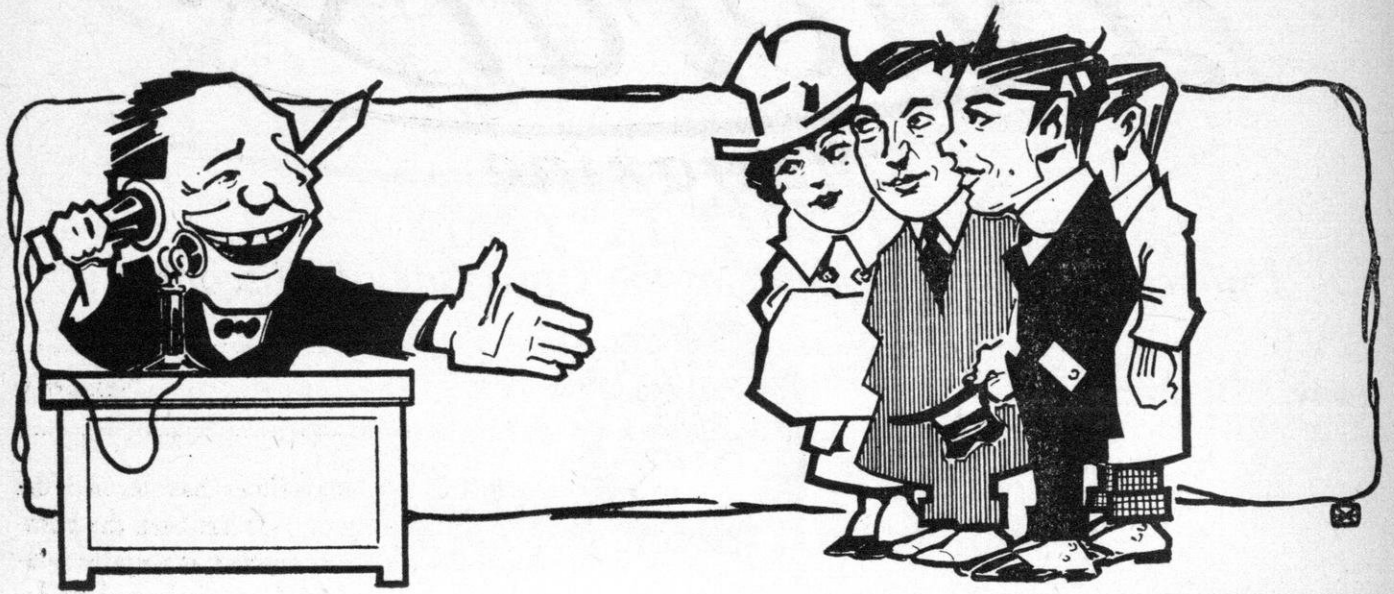
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March, 1919

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVII

Madison, March, 1918

Number 6

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OF THE two thousand young men who will comprise the quota of the State of Wisconsin in the second draft, no doubt there will be many students, as nearly all of us are in class 1A. The Wisconsin students are called to pay the price for their citizenship. Their attitude to the war is to change from intellectual wrangling to that of the practical work of the soldier. But before we don the khaki, let us analyze what are the conditions which make peace-loving students, inherent pacifists, exchange their books for guns and become soldiers? What is it that makes a non-aggressive country like the United States send her sons four thousand miles away to fight a foreign nation?

At no time in the history of this war have the programs of the contending powers been more clearly defined, and their political aspirations less evident than they are at present. For the last decade the principle

of self-determination of nationalities has formed the stumbling block of Democracy. It has been the burning problem and the centre of conflict at socialist congresses, until finally it has arisen from the impudent demand of a few insignificant groups to the height of a universal democratic principle, and as a result the old ideal of cosmopolitanism has been replaced by a new ideal of internationalism.

In his address to Congress on February 11, President Wilson emphasized this principle and made *the rights of small nationalities to self determination* our fundamental condition of peace. Our President's message is a challenge to the old world. It states:

"That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were chattels or pawns in a game . . . but that

Every territorial settlement must be made in the interests and for the benefit of the population concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states."

President Wilson thus defined the American policy. Count von Hertling in turn defined the German policy. "President Wilson seems to me in his view of ideas to have hurried far in advance of existing realities," said the German Chancellor in his address to the Reichstag on February 26. Germany of today does not hurry in advance of existing realities. Quite on the contrary, it is interested in the maintenance of these realities—the reality of aggressive imperialism, consisting of conquest, subjugation, and exploitation of small nationalities; the reality of cultural expansion at the expense of the cultural possessions of the conquered, hoarded and preserved through centuries of misery as their richest treasure; the reality of militarism which makes such a rapacious policy possible.

All the horrors of Belgium shrink into insignificance

before the crime Germany has committed against Russia. Idealistic Russia, the Russia of Turgenev, Nadson, and Tolstoy; of Plekhanov, Gershuni, and Kropotkin; the Russia of the endless line of martyrs for the cause of Democracy from the "Decembrists" to the "Legion of Death"; ingenuously thought that it could stop this bloodshed and end this carnage of mankind by a direct appeal to the hearts of the German soldiers, which lies hidden deep underneath their thick military cloaks. With a Tolstoy-Christian naive Russia turned the other cheek to Germany . . . and Germany slapped it most brutally; and the German socialists, "these Judases of the proletariat," as Trotzky calls them, have looked on in silence.

This great Russian calamity has not been without good results. It tore down the mask of hypocrisy from Germany and exhibited the abyss of her moral depravity. It shattered the only ray of hope of naive idealists and brought to them the conviction that no nation is assured a minimum of liberty as long as the military caste of Germany remains in power; that under present circumstances we cannot have peace unless we fight for it. Leon Trotzky, the world's archpacifist, has learned this lesson at an exorbitant price. According to latest information this *uncompromising pacifist* in his new rôle as *war commissary*, is now organizing a new Russian army to secure peace for his nation by force of arms, since it could not be obtained otherwise, while his compatriots are pleading for mercy and are willing to accept the most humiliating peace terms from the bloodthirsty "Kulturtraeger."

Shall radical America learn from the Russian experience, or shall we insist on an experiment of our own and place our head in the lion's mouth? This question is perhaps too broad, for the vast majority of our radical element refused to experiment with the Prussian political monster long before the beginning of the Bolsheviks' regime, and even predicted the present Russian calamity. But the question still has some vitality for certain radical elements. Dogmatic socialists who in the middle of the nineteenth century divided all mankind into two conflicting classes and ever since then have explained all the world's woes as a result of the eternal struggle of the two have not failed to apply their universal formula to the present situation. "This is a capitalistic war," say these doctrinaires. "Why fight? A victory would mean a victory of American capital. According to Marx, the true millennium must come via the class struggle, as a result of historical process. Ergo, why worry about Prussia which is only an incident, a speck, in this process? "Social Evolution! Economic Interpretation of History!" etc., etc.

It is needless to analyze the argument proper. Let

us examine its sources. This bit of archaic socialist dogma comes on the one hand from people of German descent, perhaps born and raised in Germany, quite irrespective of their social and political sympathies in times of peace. It is but a subterfuge which conceals a heart outworn with pain. Many of those who advance this argument have friends and relatives on either side of the firing line. Their tragedy is due to an inherent sense of loyalty which keeps old and new obligations at balance. We may sympathize with their inner tragedy and pity them, but we cannot consider their view seriously. They themselves did not hold it prior to the war, and will give it up immediately after the war.

But those orthodox socialists who now repeat with parrot-like exactness those sacred principles of class-struggle which they memorized in their youth, they are conservatives by blood, who were accidentally brought up on a socialistic bottle. Had they been raised in some medieval rabbinical seminary, they would have chanted psalms all their life and waited for the coming of the Messiah, but since they were raised in a radical environment in the twentieth century they recite dogmatically the assertions of their spiritual fathers of the last two generations and wait for the "historical process." Unable to think independently, to handle data, to deal with novel situations, to add one original iota to the world of thought—they quote dead authorities for all occasions. "The proletariat has no fatherland," they quote from Karl Marx. Asked about the struggle between internationalism and cosmopolitanism, as displayed for the last decade at international socialist congresses, as well as in state parliaments, where socialist representatives of oppressed nationalities often gave up their economic for their national interests and combined with the capitalists of their own race to defeat some imperialistic measure of the ruling nation,—these pedants of democracy scratch their intellectual heads, rub their eyes, and with the alertness and sagacity of Rip Van Winkle reply: "Alas! gentlemen, we are poor, quiet men, natives of the place, and loyal subjects of Karl Marx. History bless him!" These remnants of the nineteenth century have no message to the American people, who only not realize our dependence on the rest

EDITORS

PHILIP A. ADLER	ESTHER FORBES
MARION C. CALKINS	MARJORIE KINNAN
AGNES DURRIE	HELEN S. KNOWLTON
MILDRED EVANS	BERTHA OCHSNER
CHARLES RAWLINGS	

of the world, but even possess a humane spot (a perversion of human nature according to these interpreters of Marx and Kautsky). American people feel reluctant to experiment with Prussian kindness and prefer to make history rather than wait for it.

Taking conditions as they are, the hope of Democracy lies on the Western front. Not that we cherish any illusions that a victory for the allies would bring about a redistribution of wealth and abolish all evils, but that it will check medievalism and uphold the rights of nationalities which have not as yet gained recognition in official political spheres. President Wilson's peace terms are based entirely on this nationalistic principle which Von Hertling wisely recognized as "hurrying in advance of existing realities," but which our American socialists in their political nearsightedness

fail to see. Today Germany is the only aggressor upon this principle. It conflicts with the imperialistic ambition of her junker class, and with the idealistic ambitions of her "Kulturtraeger," among whom we find the German social democrats and many men of fame.

The students of Wisconsin stand behind our President who champions ideals of Democracy which lie in advance of existing realities. And those of us whose fortune it is to be drafted will exchange their books for guns and respond to the duties of citizenship not from the same motives as our stupid jingoes or selfish war profiteers, but as idealists, as firm believers in the future of Democracy, who have come to see that in order to bring about a realization of these ideals German militarism must be crushed.

P. A. A.

Mrs. Hale

AFTER ten years of absence, Mrs. Hale arrived in Carpenter at noon of the day before her son's wedding. She knew, she said, every person in town except the girl who was to be her daughter. This was a defect in the situation which she intended at once to rectify. She therefore planned to draw Miss Valler into her wide circle of intimate friends between lunch and dinner-time. She was diverted from her project, however, by flocks of enthusiastic, inconsiderate friends, who allowed her a scant thirty uninterrupted minutes with that young woman. Not that the charming Mrs. Hale would not feel rather well acquainted after thirty minutes, yet she would have liked more time to devote to Miss Valler under the circumstances.

They all dined together that night, and afterwards Hale and Miss Valler evaded the festivities, and went back into the library. As a matter of fact, Hale had a boy-like anxiety as to the impression his mother had made upon his *fiancée*. Within a very few minutes he had brought the conversation to the point of his query, and Miss Valler was responding with a recital of the afternoon's events.

"She told me, John, well, it was lovely, and natural for her to say—but after what people have said,"

"What have people said?" demanded John, fiercely.

"Nothing, oh, nothing at all, except that everybody is wild about her, and that she is perfectly charming and—"

"And what else?"

"Well,—that she is a little temperamental."

"What did she say to you that seemed so astonishing after that?" persisted Hale, a little angrily.

"Well," continued Miss Valler with a timidity which mollified Hale at once (Miss Valler was enchanting when timid) "she told me she was so glad that I was sane and balanced and industrious. Maybe not those words. But that was what she meant. She said that her ideal in life was equanimity."

"Is there anything amazing in such an ideal?" Hale inquired with severity. Nevertheless he smiled.

"No—but she seems to have so completely realized it. She was so calm and reminded me of running water. Not quietness she had accomplished, but quietness she was born with. And people so seldom have for an ideal their own kind of selves. You know what I mean, John. Oh, you're not hurt, are you darling? I loved her at once, and I hope she's going to love me. I just thought that perhaps you'd tell me about her."

So it was, that the night before John Hale married Ellen Valler, he told her about his sister. She had asked, it is true, about his mother, but their story was so inextricably one, that he himself was not aware of a discrepancy. He had decided against it after long debate, but in face of Ellen's innocent, but point-blank inquiry, he reconsidered. It was a question of time, anyway, and other point-blank inquiries might not be made so innocently.

Hale looked at her for a long time. "Ellen, what have I ever told you of my sister, Adelaide?" he at last demanded.

"Nothing, dear, except that she died very suddenly two years ago in June."

"I think I will tell you about her now," he said, suddenly, and finding a new chair, he placed it so that he

would be looking out through the white streaks of fog across the lake, and at the sun swinging down through them like a red balloon.

"It is rather a long story, Ellen, it begins so very far back. Adelaide, as you know, was my only sister. She was twenty when she died, which made her, you will see, eight years younger than I. Then there was another eight year stretch between her and Jack. He'll be here tomorrow. You'll like Jack, he's a charmer. Father died when Jack was ten.

"I've told you that I was with Father in Florida when he died. He was in bed for many months. His death had the most powerful effect upon my imagination—he was so silent all the time. I used to think that he constantly weighed life against death, or perhaps felt the texture of them as a connoisseur would feel of beautiful materials and decided that death was the richer. It was the merest fancy, of course; there was a definite physical cause for his death. It was only that I was so well versed in affairs at home, that I was reading them between the lines of every event.

"Adelaide was, I think, the most beautiful person I have ever seen. She had an oval face and classical features. Men were always wanting to paint her. She took it as flattery and wouldn't consider it, tho once Mother made her sit. I'll show you the picture when I take you home, and then you'll understand what I mean. It's something about the eyes.

"There isn't any particular chronology that I can follow, altho I think there must have been a rise of events throughout her twenty years; they culminated so abruptly. I have thought about it of course, and have wondered, but I can only tell you as I see it. I know that I don't see it all.

"Have you ever known any temperamental people? I sometimes think they can be classified into two kinds, the productive and the unproductive. But when I think of Adelaide it upsets my classifications,—unless I make another group for her, and I don't know what it would be called. Besides, I'm rather of the mind that there wouldn't be any others in her group. More than that, I'm not at all certain that she was temperamental. I only know that she hated temperament above all things in the world, which is, I've frequently found, indicative of its presence. She had a violin teacher once who nearly drove her mad. He had an ingrowing grouch which he palmed off as genius. Father stopped her lessons. Then when she was eighteen, she fell in love with a philologist who wrote. He composed her sonnets in nineteen or twenty languages, and was exhausting. She was addicted to running into people of the kind. She fascinated interesting, odd persons. Because she was with them so much, she developed the art of getting along with them. The part that was

most evident, was that they themselves, tho annoyed by everyone else, found nothing irritating about her. It was she who was worn completely out. Apparently, none of them made a lasting effect upon her, except to add to her craftiness in getting along with the next one. She developed an uncanny knowledge of what they meant when they themselves didn't know. She had almost an instinct for what they were going to do next. I've only mentioned two, the violinist and the playwright, but there was always one. They were always people whose peculiarities were the outward sign of some unbalanced productive twist in their minds.

"This doesn't take into account Mother. Mother belonged to the other kind—I use the past tense—you'll soon see why. She isn't a genius, though she has a graceful sort of talent for anything she wants to do. She didn't have a temperament. She *was* a temperament. She was in turn an angel and a devil, and no one on God's green earth could have told when she was going to be which. She could work up a melancholy that would put the family on the shelf for days. She could tighten us up to a pitch of gayety that made our house the center of things for weeks, and end in a temper that Satan himself would have envied. She could be religious to the point of piety and blasphemous in one day. But most terrible of all were her streaks of self-pity, when she offered her family upon the altar for ingratitude. She could quarrel with sonsummate skill—get you into a terrible argument when you didn't want to argue,—take the opposite side of everything you said, be furious if you were silent. And all of this with the most undeniable charm. Father was a quiet man and if he hadn't been, of course I should never have known what he thought about it. I used to think he worried about Jackie—he sent the boy away to school so early and to the country for so long in the summer. I wasn't at home much of the time, and was supposed to be rather well able to take care of myself when I was. I answered when I wanted to, and when I didn't, didn't. I think people have thought us rather heartless about things, as a family. She has worked on our sympathies so mercilessly that my heart, until Adelaide died, was dried and hard, like a decrepit, old man. I could sit through things that would bring tears from stronger men than I and feel nothing. It wasn't that I was intentionally hard. I couldn't help it. My emotions didn't function. That was in itself the only thing that could grieve me. It is very nearly as hard as anything I know, to look at intimate, emotional minutes coldly and speculatively, and not be able to look at them in any other way than coldly and speculatively. Jackie, of course, was too young for that, and reacted to her every extreme. But the hard part was for Adelaide.

(Continued on page 163)

Elegie

Ce soir où j'écoutais ta voix dans le silence
 devant la maison pauvre où tremblaient les lilas,
 ta mort saisit mon coeur où sanglottait Jean Gilles
 comme aux plus tristes jours de mon adolescence.
 La nuit de Mai, brisant l'âme des jeunes filles,
 montait au seuil obscur des plus humbles villas
 et mon rêve mêlait aux voix de ma souffrance
 des cris d'oiseaux grisés aux pelouses voisines. . .

Lafon, j'appris ta mort à l'ombre des glycines
 qui défailaient d'amour aux murs de la terrasse.
 C'était l'heure où l'on voit s'attarder aux sentiers
 les garçons tapageurs qui reviennent des classes
 et que ton coeur aimait à conduire jadis
 quand tu quittais, l'après-midi des jours de fêtes,
 l'obscur collègue où s'épuisait ton âme lasse
 d'apaiser trop souvent la voix des écoliers.

Le soir, tu rencontrais aux faubourgs de Paris
 des amis comme toi malheureux et poètes;
 dans la verte banlieue, où vous aviez trouvé
 près d'un humble gazon la maison sous les arbres,
 l'été vous ramenait loin des tristes pavés;
 la rivière chantait, étroite entre les berges,
 dans l'amère tristesse et la fin du dimanche;
 des lampes de couleur luisaient dans le feuillage;
 vous aviez une table aux jardins de l'auberge
 pour écouter la nuit pleurer après l'orage
 l'accordéon voluptueux dans les guinguettes. . .

Brisé d'amour, ton coeur aimait les soirs de fêtes,
 les fanfares chantant les refrains populaires,
 et les jardins fleuris des petits hôteliers
 où tu t'attendrissais de voir à la lumière
 la neige lentement tomber des amandiers.
 Tu pleurais d'écouter la voix des jeunes filles
 dont le rire tremblait à l'ombre des sentiers,
 et ton âme s'ouvrait au peuple de la ville
 dont tu voyais passer au long des noisetiers
 la trainante misère et les humbles familles. . .

Comme toi j'ai connu d'amers et beaux dimanches
 dans la chaude langueur des jardins de banlieue,
 le rire des enfants perdus dans les bosquets,
 la paisible douceur du ciel entre les branches
 et le baiser du lierre aux murs de la maison;
 puis, quand l'heure avançait, d'ennivantes soirées
 faisaient luire la lampe au travers des volets;
 la fontaine d'été sous la brise tremblait
 dans l'obscur tiédeur et la paix des gazons;
 d'ardents parfums grisaient nos âmes altérées
 et la lune montait au loin dans la nuit bleue. . .

Lafon, je ne vois plus les lignes que j'écris
 avec mon coeur en deuil au bas de cette page;
 l'ombre descend parmi les joncs de la rivière
 où l'amour a conduit des barques sous les saules.
 C'est l'heure du baiser dans la nuit qui sourit;
 à peine le désir a-t-il clos mes paupières
 que j'évoque à demi courbé sur mon épaule
 le front clair d'un enfant au sourire meurtri. . .
 Mon Dieu! il ne faut pas, lorsque je pense à lui,
 mêler un chant confus aux voix de ma prière;
 voici la croix, la tombe et la branche de buis;
 comme une aile, voici le vent dans le feuillage. . .

ROBERT SILVERCRUYS.

The Direct Method

IF A college bred girl with a pretty face and a quiet manner should approach a man, the gentleman of her choice, and say without a blush, "Mr. Freeman, I have grown to love you and to consider you my ideal of what a man should be. Would you please consider marrying me?", she would establish herself as being 'one of those wild, modern, man-crazy feminists.' Her own sex would look askance at her as if she were a misplaced cow-girl using her lasso on the wrong kind of animal (they have been reared with the idea that whereas broncos are hauled in with a rope, men, like fish, are caught with a delicately arranged piece of bait attached to an invisible string). The opposite sex would look amused at the girl's daring and might give their wives and sweethearts a little uneasiness by their frank admiration; but men are slaves of convention, they are almost Chinese in their reverence for the institutions of their grandfathers, and, even more, they are secretly so fond of delicate perfumery and the subtle hidden baits of the old-fashioned woman, that they would never be lured away by anything so prosaic as frankness.

But men should stop and think. Suppose this charming Miss Brant should fearlessly and openly invite Mr. Freeman to consider her as a potential wife. Along with her newly acquired right to propose Mr. Freeman would gain the right to refuse. And that would be a wholly new privilege for the male sex! Heretofore, by subtler means than the proposal;—by fearing the hideous world and the hosts of covetous men; by confessing to a great loneliness or by weeping, women have offered themselves for marriage; but never since the day of Eve's appearance, has man been allowed the right to turn down a woman. Man has really been in constant danger; he has been an unprotected thing let loose in a world of designing pirates who have been carefully trained in the art of capturing. No wonder mothers of boys are infinitely more fearful

of being robbed than mothers of girls; no wonder they see in every petticoated, daintily shod passerby an intriguing danger to their helpless sons! Their innate fear of the perfumed damsel is comparable to the natural dread of hidden snipers; immensely more easy to cope with are the ranks of an open army! Disdain, unkindness, pretended admiration for a rival suitor, all these common forms of ammunition which are at the disposal of the feminine sex are more deadly than the bullet of a confessed attack. The strongest of men are captured by them; and, what is most strange to comprehend, the strongest of men enjoy them, are attracted by them! If womankind could throw off its grandmother's coyness, its great-grandmother's insincerity, and its great-great-grandmother's false pride (congenital since the days of chivalry) and relinquish inherited subterfuges, for open, truthful manners, mothers' sons would be safer. They would be met frankly in the light of day for conquest instead of being lured into dark alleys and stabbed in the back. Men could then look upon marriage as they now look upon a proposed business partnership,—before a man accepts a co-worker in whom he trusts his affairs of state, he looks him over coolly and sanely, with no feeling that he must, according to all demands of polite society, accept him because he has hinted. . . .

If society could be persuaded to allow women equal rights in the matter of proposing, girls, like boys, could devote their attention whole-heartedly during their school-days to work or play, without the constant fear that they were getting behind in the game of sex. Their history lesson would not have to be interspersed with coy glances at the boy in the back of the room in order to stimulate jealousy in the bosom of the boy in the front of the room. For, before Miss Brant ever reached the point where she could approach Mr. Freeman and ask him to marry her, she would have felt perfectly free to suggest to him that they attend a high-

school foot-ball game together. She would not have had to friz her hair into a hopelessly frowsy mess, or wear green shoe-strings in her oxfords, or dance about the hall like a colt to attract his attention from the other girls and suggest to his sub-conscious mind that she was a noticeable enough girl to warrant his taking her to a foot-ball game. All the energy thus spent in luring Youth Freeman into escorting her to the game could have been concentrated on an Algebra problem or a rousing game of tennis, either of which lines of activity would have developed in the girl more solid and noble traits than slyness.

Philosophers look sagely over their proverbial spectacles and say, "Women and men are different. You cannot bridge the gap by calling attention to their difference of opportunity; some women, many women, have broken loose from convention and tried their powers, but no woman has written a classic epic, and no woman has invented an aeroplane or a submarine. Their minds are different from men's minds, inherently different, and their talents lie in the field of home-making." And then, if the philosopher is a tactful one, he eulogizes domesticity and professes to believe in the sanctity of motherhood. I have a quarrel with this philosopher, not with his conclusion that women have remained in the rear of the world's mental accomplishment, for this must be conceded him, but with his lack of insight and ability to discover the *why* of woman's backwardness. You cannot explain it away with an omniscient wave of the hand and the word "inherent."

Sex is the paramount interest of life—it may not be constantly in one's mind or emotions, but it is the creating, the animating, and the sustaining force of the universe. The fact of woman's traditional and more or

less necessary captivity in the home sphere has accentuated the sex instinct in her;—she has lived, first in anticipation of marriage, and then in fulfilling the obligations of marriage, which have meant home and family exclusively. And yet, in the face of these recognized truths she has been considered ideal only when she outwardly denied all interest or responsibility in the problem of getting herself a husband. In order to get herself a husband she has had to appear ideal,—and so she has built up a mountain of subtle and delicate attractions, deliberately or unconsciously, to win a man, all the time being scrupulous to keep her purpose under a cover of indifference. So resigned and accustomed are women to this method that they are rarely conscious of their own procedure in the business of mating. They have employed underhanded means for so long that they do not recognize them as underhanded. Ideally a woman is utterly indifferent to men; her ultimate capture by her husband is the result only of patient and constant attention on his part; her final capitulation implies indulgence and mercy from her. We have not progressed materially in this matter of wooing beyond Chaucer's Code of Courtly Love. All this evading and masking has absorbed a lot of woman's time. Unless she has been content to remain in the rear of the race to marriage, and perhaps be discarded and doomed to die without issue, she has had to devote her brains and ingenuity to the business of luring a man in such a manner that he would think she was running away from him. When women become accustomed to wooing by a shorter, more time-saving method, they will gradually direct their mental energy into new paths. Who knows but that an epic poem or an aeroplane may result?

HELEN S. KNOWLTON.

Woman Courageous

"IT IS all your masculine egoism. Man enslaved woman for his own convenience, and insists on her remaining a slave. But you cannot do it. The modern woman is not that meek, cowardly, submissive creature made for man's comfort. The modern woman revolts! The war has shown that woman is capable of doing all of man's work, and she does it just as efficiently as man. Modern woman is strong and brave. She demands her rights, and wants no protection or sympathy!"

Nellie was saying all this as we were leaving the house for a midnight stroll. It was a beautiful night, one of those last capricious outbreaks of winter at the end of March. The sky was a deep blue, almost black, strewn with millions of stars. A fresh layer of snow, probably the last one of the season, crunched

under our feet. But the air bore the soft fragrance of early spring.

"Let us walk to the cemetery," I suggested.

"Quite romantic," she agreed.

Half an hour later we were walking in a narrow track in the snow, with nothing but silhouettes of trees and the peaks of tombstones before us. And Nellie was saying:

"Your courting and wooing is a delusion and a sham! You, men, like to pat yourselves on the back and to think that you capture the woman you love. Your irresistible magnetism, masculine hypnotism, you call it. Poor Man! From the first accidental drop of the handkerchief to the last millinery or grocery bill you are the prey of Woman. All these decolletes, evening walks, comparing notes, and consulting library

references, are parts of the great game. Woman is playing the game consciously, why not play it conscientiously? Why this hypocrisy which is called feminine modesty?"

I like Nellie, and like her chirping. I agreed with everything she said and did not interrupt. I could not, for Nellie is of the loquacious type, and talks neither in sentences nor in paragraphs, but in little torrents.

She took my arm saying, "It is quite slippery," and went on.

"Why all this hypocrisy? Woman is the leading figure in the whole play; let her play her rôle in the last act. Woman conducts the entire attack; let her make the last assault. Let women propose." . . .

She stopped suddenly, quite unexpectedly. . . . She gripped my arm; her breathing stopped, her teeth chattered; she buried her face in my coat.

I felt the cold perspiration starting on my brow. . . . My heart sank. . . . I'll be d—. Am I entrapped? Is she going to propose? . . . What shall I do? . . . Fool! Idiot! Look out George! No sentimentalities!

"George," she stammered, shaking from head to foot, "George, do you see?"

"See what?"

"The fire, fires."

"Fire! Where?"

"There, in the cemetery, behind the tombstones."

"Fire in the cemetery? You are dreaming, Nellie. Show me the fire," I said, as I tried to raise her head.

"There is one; and there is another; see the flame, here and there. . . . There are so many of them now. One behind every tombstone. . . . They move. . . . They flicker. . . . George, don't leave me."

She clutched my arm impetuously, clung closer to me, and again hid her face in my coat.

"I guess the stiffs are having a picnic or a smoker," I joked; but I soon realized the gravity of the situation: joking was dangerous, reasoning—perhaps more so.

"Let us go back," I suggested. "We are not far from the entrance."

I forgot all about the brave modern woman of two

minutes ago. Before me was a child, a shivering, frightened child. I was reminded of my seven-year-old sister.

"Now, don't be afraid, child. Don't be afraid. No, I am not going to leave you. There is nothing out there. Nothing at all. I won't let anything happen. Now, just look the other way, and be a nice little girl. And don't think of it, dear. It is nothing at all. You just imagined it. It was the reflection of the moon," (there was no moon)—"no, it was the sparkling of the snow, or perhaps some light reflected from the tombstones."

The last theory sounded plausible to me, and I turned instinctively to verify it. By this time we had come near the entrance of the cemetery, where a large arc light, the only one in the neighborhood, was swinging rhythmically, illuminating the polished surfaces of marble and granite with a glowing light. The situation was clear.

"Look at your dead ones smoking their pipes and warming their numb limbs by the fire which you saw. Every swing of the lantern brings a thousand of them out of their graves. Do you see them creep? Can you hear the cracking of their bones?"

Nellie again hid her face, but this time in her muff. Now it was a feeling of shame not of fear.

"Ugh, how silly, how stupid!" she cried. "And what made me act like that? You know, I wasn't afraid. It is because. . . . You see, if I were alone or with another girl I would not have been afraid. It is different when you are with a man."

"Do you mean to say, Nellie, that I invited these spooks to frighten you?"

"No, you see . . . I wasn't afraid . . . Only . . . Oh, I am so ashamed of myself!"

"I know you are a brave girl. You are brave with the living, but I don't expect you to be brave with the dead. And how about your theory of women proposing? You did not finish."

"You won't tell anybody, George, will you?"

"Tell what, about women proposing?"

"No, about the dead."

I promised.

PHILIP A. ADLER.

The Little Boy

His soul and body were so lean,
And so loved wind and sunning,
I have to think, in fashioning him,
God fashioned him for running.

His soul and body were so gay
And so loved romps and leaping,
I can not think, in fashioning him,
God fashioned him for sleeping.

MARION CALKINS.

Since My Lady Bobbed Her Hair

Venus thought my love too fair
 And bade her cut her wondrous hair,—
 Now in sorrow, Venus, weeping,
 Sits where lies my love a-sleeping,
 Knowing all must now adore
 Tho they had failed to love before.
 Olden charms to new ones wed
 Cluster round the maiden's head;
 And lines of never dreamed of grace
 Enhance the beauty of her face.
 Youth discloses, unforbidden,
 Loveliness that once was hidden.
 Soft as silk the short hair lifting
 On breath of zephyr, aimless drifting
 Stirs but lightly, half in fear,
 To show the secret of an ear.
 Inturned ends are softly pressing,
 Love-curves of her neck caressing,
 Curves that heavy tresses flowing
 Kept the god of love from knowing.
 No wonder Venus doth repent
 The rash command her envy sent,
 For since her folly hath revealed
 The beauty they so well concealed,
 In vain it were to e'er implore
 Great Jove those tresses to restore.

DEVOTEE.

Master Danny Du Bois

The scene is one in an attic, dim and dusty, where two dormer windows look out upon an endless vista of sooty chimneys and dreary roofs. Far to the west, a slate-gray churchspire rises into the river's fog, where often the golden cross on its summit catches the late glint of a smoky, crimson sun. At one window there is a heavy work-table cluttered with a confusion of tools and wooden toys. A cot and two chairs are the only other furnishings of the room, but here and there, sketches in charcoal and oils are fastened to the gabled walls.

Now a timid Knock is heard—another, then a third. At length the door opens noiselessly as the disheveled head of a Slavey slowly appears. She draws in a mop and an enormous bucket of suds after her.

Slavey "I thot as how he might be asleepin'—and now him not in sight fer all the stealth of me". Chuckles ruefully, then shivers and draws a poor grey shawl more tightly about her thin shoulders "Sure and I'm not blamin' him fer stayin' anywheres but in this bloomin' ice chest". She busies herself about the room, at in-

tervals warming her rough hands and singing snatches of an indistinguishable song. All at once there is a confused sound of voices in the hall—, the door is thrown open and Danny hobbles in, his crutch cheerfully tapping the bare floor. He is a slender, little lad, not over twelve years old, with a wealth of tawny hair, and great black eyes that burn like two live coals. His hands are white and thin,—one poor leg is shriveled and useless, but Danny is laughing. As he speaks, we sometimes catch the shadow of a Latin mother tongue.

Slavey "Ah, and what may the likes of ye be findin' to laugh so uproarious about. Master Danny?"

Danny, "Oh, Katie, its worth a penny to hear old Granny Moran, next door. She's a kind soul I know, but dreadfully well—(he taps his forehead significantly) It's a shame!"

Slavey "Sure, an' ye'd best not be after jokin' of her."

Danny "But I'm not".

Slavey "Nor feelin' sorry for her".

Danny—"Why that?"

Slavey—gazes mysteriously about and then helping Danny to the cot sits down beside him. "Well, Master Danny, it's sure as the day o' judgment—Granny Moran be a woman with the gift of second sight in her."

Danny, smiling and unimpressed. "That's just the nonsense she's been giving me for the last solid hour. 'Oh Danny' she says getting all stiff and staring straight into the fire-coals, 'I see a change a commin' in yer life, my boy. Ohoo—Mither o' Mary—it's black and green and there be'nt no sunshine in the corners—olhoo—it's after appearin soon. Careful, lad, careful—I'm that fond of ye I could weep.'" That's what the old lady said."

(He laughs and shakes his head, but the slavey stares with fearful eyes and trembling hands.)

Slavey "I'm askin' ye not to be laughin', Master Danny. It's a poor thing to do."

Danny shrugs his shoulders, rises, and hobbles over to the table where he begins to work at his toys.

Danny "Bah, Katie, you'r as bad as old Granny herself."

The slavey gathering up her things moves slowly towards the door, begins to speak, hesitates,—and then merely nods a good-day.

Danny, looking up, cries out impulsively from his high stool, "Wait don't be angry with me, Katie. (Then with a sudden inspiration in his pale face) "Look—see this picture here by the window? There are green trees blowing before the wind a blue-gray river and some white, white, sheep. There are yellow posies enuff for everybody in the world and some day when I am rich and beautiful and famous, and—like other boys, I'll take you there. It's France, Katie, my father's France and mine. My father said never forget "la belle patrie".

Slavy "Bless you Master Danny, I'll be after startin' at a moment's notice". She goes out with a wistful smile.

And now as Danny works with his beloved chisel and his paints, the day outside grows dim. A soft flurry of snow beats its clinging flakes against the window pane. Far off the clock in the slate-gray church spire strikes the hour, a trifle jerkily as tho its hands were bitten by the frost. The room is almost dark now and Danny tired from the strain of working in a dingy light, rests his curly head in his arms with a sigh and does not move for some moments.

Meanwhile a long faint shaft of yellow light falls across the floor. It comes from the hall door which has been silently opened as a strange figure, indistinguishable in the obscurity enters. The door closes and the room is dark again.

At length Danny raises his head and slipping down from the high stool, gropes about uncertainly in search of a candle near the cot. The candle found he lights it and hobbling back prepares to work again, when suddenly, for the first time, he sees the figure of a strange man. There is a brief pause, heavy in silence,—and then the man coming forward into the light speaks in cold, even, tones.

Von Lutz "Do you remember this face, Daniel du Bois?"

Danny shrinks back in terror. He cannot speak.

Von Lutz "I see quite plainly that you do. Your father knew it too. He was a wise man not to let his excellent son forget."

Danny hoarsely "My father said that you had gone to India."

Von Lutz, smiling, "India is not Mars, my boy."

Danny "But how did you dare come back when you know what my father threatened?"

Von Lutz, (ironically) "My country needs me. Ah it's of no use to look so open-mouthed for I am aware of every event which has passed. The great continent is wide but not wide enough to break the will of a Von Lutz. We wait well when we must, but our silence means not idleness. The news of France may come even to the forests of Kahmeer."

Danny, unsteadily. "Then you know—?"

Von Lutz, "I learn what I seek to learn. Three years I have waited under the sweating sun of India until I heard that he was dead. Him I could not touch, but—I have shamed his son."

Danny in dazed tones, then angrily, "Me—you have shamed me? No—it is not true Von Lutz—I have done nothing—nothing I say."

Von Lutz, smoothly, "Come let us sit awhile. It would seem that you are not easily convinced."

The man makes himself comfortable while Danny staggering and weak climbs back onto his stool.

Von Lutz continuing, "About these toys of yours—those wooden inspirations that you make—do they sell in great numbers—frankly now." He rises, and taking a painted elephant from the table, fingers the thing with much apparent interest.

Danny pridefully, "I sell every one that I can make and still they always ask for more."

Von Lutz "And if I may presume who are 'they'?"

Danny, "I'm not exactly sure—that is—well, it's no great business of yours who they are!"

Von Lutz, suddenly shedding his suave manner stands over Danny with an ugly gloating in his deep set weasel eyes and speaks with a cutting sneer. "Don't lie, little angel your father would not care for that. The truth is that you know nothing of the people to whom your miserable toys go for a farthing. You

leave them on the door step every night at six and at seven they are gone with a few puney coppers in their place. Am I right so far?"

Danny's eyes are burning but the lad is choked and he cannot utter a word.

Von Lutz, "A pretty lady in furs made the agreement with you, didn't she? You called her your "fairy-Godmother." Gott, the humor of it all—Baroness Von Rheinberg—a godmother—and to a son of cursed France in the bargain!" (He laughs hoarsely.)

Danny faintly, "Not—you don't mean Baroness Von Rheinberg, the—the spy?"

Von Lutz, "There is only one Baroness, my boy, so much at least is certain. But let me congratulate you on filling orders for the German Government with conscientious precision. Elephants and tigers with hollow bodies and removable heads—nothing could have been better. I assure you that they have carried over a hundred messages of greatest importance to us and never yet were held in the slightest suspicion. Your honorable father would indeed be pleased at the fine way his splendid son has now protected the fast slipping safety of all-glorious France."

A lashing wind has arisen from the east, now jerking fiercely at the loose rattling window casement of the attic room. Some wild thing crazed and bewildered by the storm beats blindly at the frosty glass and falls to earth. In the candle light the face of Danny du Bois grows like the color of long discarded ashes and then a flaming spot of red burns in each hollow cheek. His eyes are all at once a fury of lightning flashed storm clouds. Like a little animal at bay, he clutches a toy leopard and with a choking inarticulate cry hurls the slaying at the grinning face of Von Lutz.

Von Lutz staggers back, clutching at the wall to save himself from falling. "You damnable little rat, you hell-animal, so this is the only answer you can make—Then here is mine." The German lunges forward reeling as he comes, and clutches Danny by his slight shoulders. After shaking him mercilessly by the throat he drags the boy from his stool and flings him crashing to the floor.

Danny, crying out wildly, "Father, father, Oh, mon père!"

Then all is still. Von Lutz is on the point of escap-

ing when hurried footsteps sound in the hall—the door bursts open and the slavey comes running in.

Slavey, "Master Danny—was it the voice of ye callin' out that I be ahearin'—and where's the likes of ye now, Master Danny? Sure and you're not jokin' of me this time?"

Meanwhile, Von Lutz has slipped out quite unnoticed in the confusion and a whistling gust of wind thru the broken pane bangs the door with a ghastly echo.

The slavey runs first to the cot and finding it empty looks bewilderedly about the room. Finally in the dim light she sees the crumpled figure of Danny, lying still, inert, upon the floor.

Slavey passionately kneeling by him, "Oh speak to me darlin', speak to Katie what loves ye. Don't be alyin' there with the great black eyes of ye shut."

Danny stirs ever so slightly in the Slavey's arms, his lids tremble and his black eyes open once more. The lad is dazed and mute and then suddenly awakening with a start he cries out pitifully.

Danny, "Save me, Katie, save me, don't let him kill me now!"

Slavey, compassionately, "Come Master Danny, ye poor lad, its dreaming more o' them unholy dreams ye've been at agin."

Danny, oblivious to her words, "It was fearful. He shook me like a rat until my teeth came loose."

Slavey, shaking his head to quiet the feverish little brain, "Sure and 'twas the way as you fell off your stool there. Don't iver make me like to catch you playin' with the sandman on such a dangerous high purch again, lad."

Then, all at once, superstition creeps over the girl like a potent charm. Her eyes grow wide, and she adds in a husky voice.

"Sure and no good iver comes o' thim as laughs at old Granny Moran."

Now black shadows are playing over the walls and on the ceiling.

Upon the table, in long rows, the small bright wooden animals of Danny's pride are nodding their foolish painted heads in the candle light.

Curtain.

BERTHA OCHSNER.

Wind on the Nile

By God, it is a joy to be alive!
The wind blows up the river in a gale,
The white caps crowd, the staggering, close-reefed sail
Sweeps the broad shallows, with the hawks adrive.

The mountains and the sun above are still
And the blue deep above; all else wild life,
Leaping and shouldering in a headlong strife.
How the blood tingles and the senses thrill!

N. D.

Night

(Two Studies)

I've wondered;—is the satin tent of night
 Only a blue-black canopy that's spread
 Above the world as o'er an ancient bed
 Whose heavy 'broidered tapestries are dight
 With sudden, single jewels winking bright
 In stately wrought design, so are the stars
 And little suns and moon and fiery Mars
 Sewn glue-like on the sky in pattern'd light,
 Or are the wind blown folds of Heaven torn
 And through its rents we gaze beyond and see
 The Secret Place whereof the Dark was born
 Where Light and Color and even God may be—
 And where a light-shaft's pierced the curtain through,
 A star—we call it—flames against the blue.

* *

She says the sky is shaped umbrella-wise
 A parasol of colored silk by day,
 Cloud-'broidered with dawn streamers, she would say,
 By night it's folded and in waiting lies
 Till day again, for night now walks the skies
 In her dark finery, with purple shade
 'Gainst which for trimming she has featly laid
 Pale yellow jewels, all of different size.
 I rather think that night's dark mantle's torn
 And through its countless little rents the light
 Which lives beyond, to us below is borne
 In gentle rays and tempered to our sight.
 Think how that land beyond the dark must gleam—
 Stars are to tantalize us—make us dream.

CONSTANCE NOYES.

“Them”

I WAS walking briskly through the autumn woods with the leaves crackling under my boots, like the snapping of loose finger joints. The red oaks and maples, and here and there the box wood and the birch leaves scampered by in a gypsy wind which caught at the brightest colors and gathered them into a crimson scarf. Precisely beyond that hamlet which stands god-mother to the most beautiful city in the world, I found hidden villages of wasps buzzing in the tall lotus trees that overtopped great Gothic cathedrals; I saw huge amphitheaters with bull fighters ready for action; and a Wright biplane half buried in the mud. Now my path led me unreservedly into a quiet slope of meadow land dotted with slender chimneys, white daisies, and clipped yew. At the opposite end of the meadow stood a picturesque little cottage, shining white in the naked sun, and smiling an impertinent welcome. The woods stood behind, a body of sentinels with drawn swords, as protection to the lady of the house, and ducks swam blissfully in a nearby pond. Anne Hathaway, her-

self, should come out of such a cottage and ask me to tea, I thought, for I am a somewhat sentimental old man.

A tiny form appeared at the green shuttered window above, and I thought I saw the flutter of a white handkerchief. Then I heard a low laugh, but when I turned it was only the splash of the ducks in the green-scummed pond. On the vine-covered porch, wherein humming birds darted like will o' the wisps, a woman sat knitting a sweater of grey jersey wool. As I was forming a pretext for stopping, the ball rolled toward me, and although I am getting on in years, I succeeded in rescuing it without too much difficulty.

“Oh, you startled me,” she said. “Thank you.”

“I wonder if you could tell me the way out of the woods?” I ventured. “I was taking a little stroll near here and I saw you from across the meadow.”

“Won't you rest awhile?” she said slowly, as the steel needles clicked out her invitation.



"You didn't hear anyone laugh just now, did you?" she asked without looking up.

"I did think I heard a little titter as I came past the pond," I answered with curiosity.

"Please don't think they were laughing at you. Words won't behave, sometimes, you know."

"Words?" I said, confusedly.

The woman laughed as musically as the sound of boiling coffee.

"I didn't mean to tell you that! Now you will think I am very strange indeed."

"Never!" I answered, for I am not so very old after all.

"You see, whenever new words comes from anyone's lips they fly here to me. At first they arrive somewhat ashamed and shivering, but I give them clothes to cover their stark bodies, and they become happy here for the most part."

"Am I to infer that spoken words may laugh from upper windows?"

"If you are doubtful, you must go," she said with some dignity.

"I am sorry," I answered humbly.

She knitted for some moments in silence, which was broken by a sound as of letters struggling for articulation, inside the cottage.

"Is that THEM?" I asked presently.

"Yes, they don't always agree and sometimes they even quarrel. The slang words are mischievous and hard to manage very often, but they are lovable little things."

"How about the profane?" I said, feeling my way, lest she think me curious, as the asininity of my words struck me.

"If you listen, you can hear them. They sound like a drone of bees on a sultry day. I keep them in the farther end of the cellar where they carry on their vulgar conversations alone. Love and Music and Laughter couldn't endure them, so at last we separated them from the rest."

"You are very wise," said I deferentially.

"My name is 'Logos,' the perfect Word" she said slowly, as she continued her knitting.

I hesitated to interrupt the dreamy, drowsy atmosphere of the place by speaking.

My hostess got up suddenly, and went to the door.

"Oh, children," she called. "Come down!"

I heard a low whisper on the stairs, but I saw nothing.

"The little new born words are not so plain to the mortal eye. Only the world-old Words have developed forms. It is an evolutionary process."

A tiny girl-shape with a delicate oval face and an ethereal smile stood wistfully at the doorway.

"She is very shy; don't address her," she warned.

"She is Poesy and behind her is her tormentor, Free Verse!"

He was a boisterous youth and shone with tinsel and cheap jewelry, and he plucked teasingly at her richly embroidered frock.

A little red shape darted behind my chair, but not so quickly but that I saw that his hair was a scarlet clot and that his eyes were bloodshot.

"That is blood," she said in a low tone. "Poor little mite! He is aeons old, for he sprang from the body of Abel a long, long, time ago."

I seemed to be racing at right angles through cross sections of remote and incomprehensible lives. Something in me went out to these frail little beings.

"Aren't you ever afraid of hurting them?" I asked.

In answer she drew for me the Ultimate Truth itself, first yellow, red, white, green, etc. as it is given to very few of us to see.

"I am afraid you must never come again," she said when she had finished.

"But why? I don't understand," I said tremulously.

"Because you are a Mathematics Professor," she answered with finality, "and words are entirely remote from numbers."

JANET DURRIE.

Laughter

I laugh, because the world I know
Is made of lies and death and pain;
Because such tragic people go
Across my path, and back again.

I laugh, because the end I see
For men is mists and silences;
Because romance must ever be
Mother to tears and penances.

I laugh, because the flame I sought
Has burned my soul like autumn chaff;
But I must live, for I am caught;
And so, to live, I laugh—I laugh.

MARJORIE KINNAN.

A Song of Kinamurah

A heron flew across the moon, and blow, in the Garden of Yellow Butterflies Kinamurah, the Little Lady, sat and sang. What she sang I am, alas, unable to remember precisely, but it was a mad, wild tale of Rin-Jin, Dragon and King of the Sea, and of Hanagaki, the brave young warrior-lover who slew him and brought from out the deep green castle of the King, white pearls and pink coral to his beloved maiden, Kyo, who sat singing beneath a pine-tree by the sea-side.

And the Little Lady sang in so sweet a voice it seemed as if the flowers that hung about her head and grew at her side bent toward her rustling their foliage, and sending out little puffs of perfume for very joy at the liveliness of the song. And the little gold-fish that had lain asleep in a pool near by, gleaming like flakes of light shaken off from the moon's disk, now let down the finny shutters from their eyes and presently were hurling themselves through the black waters until it seemed as if a million elves of light had suddenly come to dance within the pool.

Now you may think that this Little Lady was beloved by a brave and splendid prince or warrior or even poet and that her singing sprang from happiness of love. But that was not so. This Little Lady was the daughter of Yuki-Onna, the Lady of the Snow, and of Fudo, the God of Wisdom, and she had always lived in this garden of Yellow Butterflies laughing in the sunlight; playing beneath the purple wistaria that cast

violet shadows on her ivory skin; dancing to the tinkle of raindrops; and playing hide-and-seek with the large yellow butterflies that lived with her. The Little Lady had never seen a human being; her singing was always joyful for never a note of sorrow could be heard in it. A thing which does not happen with the singing of those who love.

The Little Lady sang and sang; now of Toyotama; now of Yuki-Onna, her mother whom she had never seen; and now she turned her eyes toward the round white light that hung in the velvet sky like a huge lantern and she sang of Tsuki-Yumi and that is the name of the Moon God.

And all this while along one of the paths of the Garden of Yellow Butterflies stole a tall dark figure whose foot paused many times with awe and admiration at the sounds of beauty that came from the center of the Garden. Dark, narrow eyes gleamed from the face of the figure, and silver and gold embroideries shone dimly from his breast. Love had come into the Garden of Yellow Butterflies; and now if you go there to listen, you will hear two voices singing; but that of the Little Lady is not as happy as before and the flowers all about are quite still; the fishes in the pool lie motionless like strips of silver in ebony, and the moon is burning steadily, for no herons pass across it casting shadows as they go.

B. EMES.

A Nigger Baptizin

We were driving on a dusty Texas road, our sleek lazy horse ambling contentedly along in the warm sunshine. In the drowsy quiet of the morning, gradually we began to hear—off in the direction of the river, voices singing:

“Oh dem golden slippahs
Oh dem golden slippahs
Golden slippahs I'se g'wine to wear,
Because dey look so sweet
Oh dem golden slippahs
Oh dem golden slippahs
Golden slippahs I'se gwine to wear
To walk de golden street.”

We drove on. We knew at once what was happening. On both sides of the river were hundreds and hundreds of negroes,—all in their gayest, starchiest clothes. Men, women and children from all the country miles around had come to the “baptizin’.”

We stopped our slow, ambling horse and walked

nearer to the crowd on the banks of the river. On a little raised platform the preacher,—a gray-haired old man who had probably been a slave in war-times, had begun his sermon. About him on the platform were seated his deacons,—all old and gray like himself.

“Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?” the old preacher was reading from his Bible.

“Dat's de truf; dat's de truf,” the deacons agreed, “dat's what de Good Book says.”

“Therefore we are baptized with him by baptism into death; and like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.”

“Dat's it,—newness of life,” the old deacons repeated, wisely nodding their gray heads, “dat's it; dat's what de Good Book says.”

The preacher looked at the deacons approvingly, but he did not seem satisfied.

"Why don' you shout?" he called out to the audience on the banks. "Why don' you shout? If de spirit of de Lawd ware in you, den de shoutin' would be magnificent. Ye ain't got de spirit of de Lawd in y' hahts,—dat's what's de mattah."

Somewhere in the back of the assembly there was started a low crooning sound. Gradually it increased until the whole mass of negroes was droning a weird, yet harmonious chant, a chant strangely musical. It seemed to have no words, yet now and then, some voice, louder than the rest drawled out in full rich tones: I— am— so— happy—. De— spirit— of— de— Lawd— are— in— me. The sound grew louder and louder,—yet it never lost its weird harmony. As they chanted, the negroes seemed to forget all else. They were soon swaying slowly back and forth, chanting and swaying, tirelessly, unceasingly.

As we watched them, we noticed a general movement toward the river. The old preacher had gone down to the bank and out into the water. The deacons followed leading two candidates. The crowd on the bank crooned and chanted their strange music, swaying evenly, regularly, unceasingly, while the gray-haired preacher "buried in baptism," the two candidates, one after the other.

Then he raised his hands above his head and called out to the people on the shore.

"Come on in; come on in," he begged, "come on in and get baptized."

The chanting on the shore ceased. Every negro looked at the negro beside him.

"Go on in, brothah," we heard an old woman say to a young man near her. "A've bin in dat watah many times,—and each time it was mahvahlous,— simply mahvahlous."

"If yu' don' come in and get baptized," the preacher continued, "thar's jes' one thing: You ain't g'wine t' git none of dat *wine* we'se g'wine to give out, at de communion dis evenin'."

The wine proved to be a persuasion stronger than Scripture. All through the long hours of the morning, one by one, the negroes went down into the water and were "buried in baptism." All through the long hours of the morning that assembly of negroes, each in his gayest, starchiest clothes, swayed to and fro, crooning their strangely musical chant.

It was long past noon when we drove on once more. Behind us the negroes were preparing to leave for the church—and the communion. As we drove over the hill beyond the river, we heard once more the sound of voices singing:

"Oh dem golden slippahs
Golden slippahs I'se gwine to wear
To walk de golden street."

BEATRICE UTMAN.

Russian Youth

A GOOD deal is being said these days about Russia. Every book, every article on the subject reveals some phase of Russian social and political life. We hear daily about the dynasties of the Ruricks and Romanovs, about some sensational escape from a jail, or about the agricultural prospects of Siberia. But few attempts have been made as yet to get down to the heart of the Russian people, to make a study of those universal ideals which underlie this or that particular fact. And until such a study is made American and Western European critics will be confronted by a mass of disconnected facts and wonder at the impracticality and illogicality of this great nation of one hundred and eighty million people.

I am not attempting to present Russia in a nutshell. This article is not a commentary on Russian life, but is more in the nature of a document. It is a translation of a letter which I recieved in February, 1908, from an old classmate, a boy of sixteen or seventeen. It may be of some interest as the "Weltanschauung" of a Russian boy of sixteen, and as a retrospective view on the type of men who are at present controlling the fate of Russia.

The author of the letter is an "extern" student, (one

who pursues privately the gymnasial course), who was graduated from an elementary school in 1905. At the time he wrote this letter his academic education was equivalent to that of our second year high school. Like most "externs" he lived by tutoring.

February 12, 1908.

---My affairs are still in the same state. I study, teach and am progressing gradually. My teacher says that by October I shall complete my studies for six classes and shall take State examinations the following May. My tutoring is improving. A. had to quit. He had been working long hours, felt tired in the evening and was making very little progress; but I obtained two new students. I am preparing R. for the Junker School—three lessons a week at three rubles per month. I am tutoring another fellow, a future pharmacist,—three times a week at four rubles per month. Together with my old students it brings me a total income of eighteen rubles per month. You see, economically I am quite independent. Home conditions are quite changeable, on the whole, business is rotten, and I am not spared. I shall run away from home as soon as my financial conditions improve.

Concerning my spiritual life there is not much to be said. A good deal of the unknown and inexplicable is becoming clarified. I read little; have no time for reading; whatever little reading I do is mostly in contemporary Russian and Yiddish literature. I was quite carried away by Shalom Ash. He has written a new historical drama *Shabsey Zvee* and we

were quite enraptured with it. Our enthusiasm has ebbed somewhat since the appearance of Zetlin's criticism of the play. By "we" I mean S., M., and myself. M. has rented a room in an old villa and we read there every Saturday. You see, I am busy all week; I study from early in the morning till five, then I tutor—and the day is gone. Saturday is my only free day, and I devote it to my spiritual needs. I read, walk, etc.

At present S. is grinding for his examinations. I doubt if his private gymnasium will hold out much longer. On the one hand it is pressed by finances, on the other—by the government. Of the once excellent pedagogical staff some are dead and buried, others are in jail, and the remainder have resigned. The personnel of the staff will soon be replaced with bureaucrats and then—good bye to student freedom. The government is beginning to limit the "rights" of the school. Of course it goes at it in a round about way; thus a few days ago it issued a circular forbidding students of private gymnasiums to wear uniforms. The principal of the school is in constant fear of some debacle, and persuades his students not to take the state examinations. Generally speaking, he acts like a cur: looks down upon the poor, has a lot of red tape, and burdens the students with stupid and entirely unnecessary examinations. S. earns four rubles a month by tutoring.

The government shut down ITO [a branch of the Jewish Zionist movement]. They were getting along quite nicely and even intended to have in every large town a bureau to regulate Jewish emigration to America; but now all is gone to the devil. Other societies have sprung up in their place, but they are not as influential; you don't hear much about them. But philanthropists and "Versorger" are coming forward again. They called a congress in Petersburg to ameliorate the social condition of Russian Jews. They wanted to organize a society to secure employment for Jewish workmen, but could not agree on the kind of employment to secure; and the delegates wondered. Since Jews are artisans they wanted to find something in the line of handicraft. One delegate suggested to develop within the pale the manufacture of tubs for the transportation of butter from Asia to Europe. Another delegate, who hails from Tula, suggested the following: whereas Jews have entered into every trade except the manufacture of harmonicas, therefore to introduce into the pale the manufacture of harmonicas. The product, he said, would find a market in the province of Tula, as the Tula muzhiks are quite musical. Thus they solve the Jewish problem!—

It may seem to an outsider as if the old movement were still alive in spirit, but as a matter of fact it is quite dead. The old workers and "talkers" have now turned to money-making. Everybody thinks only of dressing nicely. On Saturdays and Sundays the city park is overcrowded with "the old fighters" who come to exhibit their fashionable costumes and to chase after skirts. And this state of affairs exists also in the *Bund*, the *S.D.*, the *S.R.*, etc.—

Our literature is in a similar condition. You cannot find the old serious attitude. I presume you have heard about Sherlock Holmes and Pinkerton. These according to the publishers are the world's greatest detectives and possess almost supernatural qualities. About ten years ago a certain Conan Doyle wrote a few stories about the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Russia grabbed this book and every day there appears a new book of Holmes' adventures. Of course all of them are the products of the imagination of the Russian authors; the number of adventures Holmes had in Russia is by far greater than the number of days he lived in this world.

Holmeses are now springing up like mushrooms. We have also a Pinkerton and a Kartush and a Carter, and a Jew detective, and a woman-detective—every one of whom has thousands of adventures and commits thousands of deeds of valor, hunting down the world's greatest criminals and eradicating evil from the face of the earth. The Russian public must consume all this trash, and the Jewish intelligencia is no exception—

Our contemporary *real* literature did not get very far ahead of Sherlock Holmes, but in a somewhat different manner. Here you will find no adventures. None whatsoever. Here they eulogize the "nude", condemn marriage, and seek salvation in "free love". This "free love" business has caused some poor girls a good deal of trouble. The wisest of those who followed their emotions are now committing suicide rather than become mothers—This is the influence of our contemporary literature! Apparently it has been more successful in its sphere than Chekhov in the sphere of caddishness and philistinism. Publishers are not even ashamed to place some dirty poems of Roslaalev among the works of Andreev and Ash. No wonder our contemporary literature is called *pornographic* and sensual. The best writers, such as Gorky, Timkovsky, Korolenko, are silent. You find on our literary horizon Gorodezky, Cenzor, Solozub, all men who either rave about feminine beauty or seek and search something, and I'll be damned if I know what!—

Arzybashev has written a novel *Sanin* in which he preaches free love and individualism. At the State examinations for a gymnasium certificate the students were asked to criticize *Sanin*; they did, and, of course, all were flunked. Andreev is at present producing a long series of symbolic works, such as *The Life of Man*, *Hunger*, and quite recently he produced *Lazarus*, quite typical of his genius. Somehow everything he does is full of grandeur and mystery. But he too is carried away by fashion. He is now seeking the meaning of *Death* and is carried off into the clouds. In a word, nothing is left of the healthy *Chekhov-realism*.

As for our political life, in the Duma the Octobrists and conservatives labor "in the sweat of their brow." The Kadets fawn, especially Milukov. The other day Gutschkov [the leader of the Octobrists] challenged Milukov to a duel for some words. Milukov apologized sweetly and the matter was closed. Now *Rech* [Milukov's paper] has published an article which says that *Rus* [another paper] extorted large sums from banks under a threat to make public some of the bankers' tricks. The following day two men from the *Rus* slapped Milukov in the face. I suppose there will be another duel. Duels are quite frequent of late; delegates fight, civilians, and even women. Our own city has had some. Wilna does not fall behind the rest of Russia. The other day two friends fought a duel for some woman; one of them is dead. Some judge and his wife were killed by their servant. In another instance a general was killed, also by his servant. We have no lack of suicides; they occur frequently—

But I must close—As for our friends: K. is in jail for some political offense and will probably be sent to Siberia; R. promenades and always seems to be philosophising about something; P. goes to school; G. is a fop, a typical twenty-ruble clerk; B. is looking for a job; and T. grinds—

While I have tried to follow closely the original Russian letter, I have found it necessary to make a few cuts and omissions.

PHILIP A. ADLER.

Sans Introduction

But then, our dainty debutantes *must* be patriotic.

You've seen our adorable debutantes knitting all season, either *between* or *during* courses, dances, and flirtations.

It's such good exercise—ever so patriotic—and the men have the idea that it's such brainy work—especially on four needles.

Then knitting was revolutionized by that fascinating war worker, the Countess of something, who came across last week.

"Write to the boys when you send your knitting," she said. "Don't be selfish and write just to the ones you happen to know. Send cheery, bright letters to all our soldiers."

"Without introductions?" amazed the debutantes. The audacity was pleasing.

And that is why they have stayed away from the Red Cross rooms all this week. They have been doing their utmost patriotism: writing to the gallants of the U. S. A. in France.

Here is a dainty scribble from little Maye-Belle, a debutante who is most as pretty as a Follies queen. She encloses a scarf which she has been knitting since September, demurely setting a patriotic example to the less popular debs. She writes:

Dear lad in khaki:

Or is it olive-drab? I never can get that straight. It's one of the difficult war problems, don't you know? I suppose you do know, cause you're wearing it. And that's the reason I made this scarf gray—so's it would harmonize even if it didn't match. I'm studying harmony this spring, you know. I gave up aesthetic dancing ever since one of the girls fell on the wrong count and sprained her nose. I wouldn't damage mine for worlds—it's so nice and straight.—Hoping yours it too, and that you'll love this angora scarf,

With dearest love,

Maye-Belle Vann Oustermure.

Bettie knit wristlets for France because she loves to "knit two, purl two" better than anything else in the world. She didn't have time to finish more than one, so she sends that along with this interest-full letter:

My Brave One:

Just to think! Perhaps we know each other! Wouldn't that be glorious? Here I am writing to a perfectly strange man—and you may not be strange at all! Do you remember me, my brave one? I wore a Peacock-Gold suit always at the Ritz last sea-

son, and—I just hate to confess it but you may know it anyways—I have a lisp! There now, I've told you all about me. I'll expect a long, long letter from you. And if you should happen to be one of the boys I owe a letter to, please answer this just as if you thought I knew I was writing to you when I did it. Dear me, that's all balled up, isn't it? But what I mean is, isn't it loads easier to write to a soldier you haven't seen than to some one you're already engaged to?

Sincerely your own,

Bettie Vander-Pander.

Sweetest Susie scrawls to soldiers. Ah, that is unkind, when she uses her crested stationery and everything. This is the first of a series of Susie-Sammy letters which promise to become of equal international import with the Willie Nickie correspondence.

Sammy Dear:

Just a wee note this time, and a confession. I didn't knit this jacket all my own self. Grace set it up for me—80 stitches!—and Agnes did the purling. The last part, the blotchy place where it looks as if I kept changing my mind or needles, is where I was teaching Reginald van Vleck to knit. And how dense he was, to be sure! The dear boy cleverly escaped the draft but doesn't want to be a slacker and asked me to show him how to knit. He used your back to practice on, so's he wouldn't have to waste his own yarn. I felt you wouldn't mind, Sammy Dear, for we often spoke of you. And I have been holding by thumbs for fear the war would be over before this reached you, to warm you on those icy German drives I've read about.

With all the love of,

Susie.

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Mamie isn't really French at heart. Her papa owns a dozen big coal mines, so she is one of our foremost debutantes. The French in her letter is just a bit of clever camouflage, to hide her deep emotions and keep the soldier from getting homesick.

Mon cher Soldat:

Voici un bande abdominale, which j'ai knitte pour vous. Acceptez-le dans l'esprit de corps dans which il etait purle.

Je suppose que vous parlez only le francais now. Je desire que vous understand moi letter, ainsi je le write ainsi. Besides, il n'est pas fair que les francaises filles ont l'avantage over nous en America. Je hear que les francaises sont deadly—qu'elles get away forte avec les americans soldats. Mais, ne regardez pas les, mon cher soldat. Pensez only a la fille vous avez left behind vous.

Avec affection et tristess,

Mamie Murchbankster.

SALLY SPENSLEY.

Peace and the League of Nations

HOW mankind is to deliver itself from the scourge of war, how the nations of the world can so organize themselves as to preserve peace and equity is the concern of every forward-thinking man. The fundamental idea of a league of nations is so universally accepted that practically our entire problem lies in finding ways and means to make feasible the institution and operation of the league after the present war comes to its close.

It is not infrequently stated that the failure of the Hague conventions of 1899 and 1907 to keep the world out of war shows the impracticability of using international organization to foster permanent peace. Such a statement usually springs out of ignorance as to what was done at these conventions. The nations represented at the Hague did not agree to submit their disputes to the Hague for arbitration; they merely agreed to do so in case that course were consonant with their desire. Arbitration remained on a voluntary basis, as it had been during the centuries before. It was encouraged, but it was not made obligatory. No agreement for a general limitation of armaments was reached. The practical work of the conferences was in the main simply a laying out of the rules as to how men should fight when they did fight. No sane and informed man could have expected this makeshift to bring enduring peace, other conditions being as they were. Thirteen disputes were voluntarily submitted to the Hague, and these were satisfactorily disposed of; but Italy conducted a war of conquest against Turkey; England and Russia peacefully gobbled up Persia; and Bulgaria, Montenegro, Serbia, Greece, and Turkey, mixed it up in the Balkans. When the great crises of July and August, 1914, arrived, the Hague was found impotent.

It is to the high honor of the United States that during the first year of Mr. Wilson's administration she inaugurated a series of international treaties whereby both parties agreed to arbitrate any and every dispute that might arise between them. Compulsory accept-

ance of the arbitral decisions was not included in the treaties, but a year for "cooling off" before a beginning of hostilities was provided for. These treaties mark the nearest approach yet made to a practical arrangement to insure international comity and fair-dealing.

The Wilson treaties are a step in the right direction; they are not a solution. If the league of nations is to do the work it is designed to do, the basis they lay down must be altered and enlarged. Universal agreement to arbitrate every dispute is good, but it is not sufficient. It is painfully evident that nations will not always do what they have agreed to do. If we form a league of nations merely upon the promise of all nations to arbitrate every dispute, it is morally certain that some nation or nations will make war without first arbitrating. If the agreement is to have staying power it must be enforceable by economic and military pressure that can be quickly mobilized. It is usually proposed that the nations shall be only partially disarmed, and that the remaining land and naval forces shall be held in readiness to compel obedience on the part of any recalcitrant nation. As has been pointed out by Mr. Bertrand Russell, no nation would initiate a war with the certainty of final defeat staring it in the face. No nation, fore making war if it knew beforehand that all the rest of the world would rise against it. If the limitation of armament were fairly applied to every nation, no one or two or three nations would stand a ghost of a chance in a conflict with the rest.

Some advocates of the league to enforce peace propose that all nations shall be obliged to submit their disputes to arbitration, but that after arbitration a nation may have recourse to war if it is dissatisfied with the decision. If this proposal were accepted, a convenient and dangerous loophole would be left in the international structure. Many wars would undoubtedly be avoided, but the shadow of war would be forever upon the horizon. To guard against possible injustice, provision might be made to enable a nation to appeal to

another tribunal in case it felt that it had been unjustly treated by the board of arbitration which first heard its case; but war as a means of redressing grievances or attaining ends must have no vestige of legality. The arbitration method must be iron-clad. It must be enforced all around.

Upon what laws are the arbitration boards to base their decisions? International law as we know it today is hopelessly inadequate. It is merely a collection of old customs and precedents together with a heterogeneous batch of conventions, agreements and treaties. It is partly written, partly unwritten. It is old-fashioned, inelastic, vague, and incomplete. Under it, nations are frequently at a loss to know where they stand. Obviously, the present international law must be revised and in large part remade. It must be codified, made definite, and applied universally. This is logically the great task of the nations in the years immediately succeeding the present war.

The body of men who will inaugurate the reconstruction of international law will have all the history of human experience to draw upon, to learn from. They will be able to judge with a fair degree of certainty which precedents and patterns it would be well to follow, which precedents and patterns it would be unwise to follow. They will be able to evolve an organic law which will be essentially sound, and which will be able to withstand many of the assaults of palpitating experience.

It is nevertheless obvious that no matter how wise, no matter how public-spirited and sincere, are the men at the conference they cannot draw up laws that will be satisfactory for all time to come. Practical acquaintance with the laws enacted will show that the constant flow and flux of human life brooks no unchangeableness in law. What is good law in one decade may be bad law in the next. Preparation must be made for keeping the law alive, for adapting it to changing conditions. This can be done only through provision for periodic assemblages of an international body possessing power to suggest amendments of the organic law for ratification by the people or popular legislative bodies of the several nations, and to enact such new laws as the provision giving it birth empowers it to deal with.

A problem of prime importance that will come up is involved in the matter of voting upon measures before the international assemblages. By what process is a measure before the house to be declared law?

In the quasi-legislative conferences at the Hague, the possible genuine advancement in international regulation was vitiated by the unanimity rule. Frequently, one or

two obstinate nations blocked the passage of measures which would have brought infinite good to mankind. A majority rule could not be obtained because the larger nations argued, with justice, that a number of small nations might constitute themselves a majority and rule the conference even though they represented only an insignificant proportion of the population involved. Rule based upon population, on the other hand, was impracticable because the smaller nations contended that in such a case three or four large nations, such as China, Russia, and the British Empire, could dictate to the rest.

A solution to this dilemma can be found whether a unicameral or bicameral legislative body is utilized. In the case of a unicameral body, it could be provided that *any measure shall become law when sanctioned by delegates representing a majority of the nations provided that the nations sanctioning the measure are not only in the majority as to the number of nations but also represent a majority of the population concerned.*

In the case of a bicameral legislature, the upper house could represent the nations, as nations, one vote being accorded to each. In the lower house, on the other hand, the number of delegates from any given nation could be based upon the number of inhabitants of that nation. Difficulty will be found in working out a way to represent colonies in the lower house. It would hardly be fair to permit the mother country to select those delegates which come within her sphere in virtue of her possession of populous colonies. It would seem altogether desirable that the colonies themselves should select their representatives. This problem must be worked out upon principles of mutual fair-dealing, just as must innumerable other problems of organization and detail if the international league is to have an auspicious beginning of life.

The presentation of these facts and reflections upon the contemplated league to enforce peace is made with no purpose of laying down a dogmatic and rigid scheme. Some practical problems and their possible solutions have been suggested. It is of the utmost importance that in the days preceding the conclusion of the Great War men shall actively direct their thinking upon international lines, that as intelligent members of society they shall not feel themselves overwhelmed by the fact of war but shall rather in the grand strength and noble purpose inherent in mankind face the situation with the courage of men and make themselves its masters. Sane thinking, thinking unblinded by prejudice or hatred, in conjunction with intelligent action, can enable the world to break the shackles of war and the war system.

RAMON P. COFFMAN.

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Tubby

The soft spring breeze blew lightly through the elm trees bordering the street, and the moon gleamed tenderly down, but Mr. Birr, called Tubby by his friends, was not happy. His steps lagged as he made his way to Miss Williams' door, and the grey eyes behind his thick glasses had lost their usual twinkle. For Mr. Birr was a graduate of Dartmouth college, a firm disapprover of coeducation, and it annoyed him greatly to be obliged to call on this girl-friend of his Dartmouth chum. Besides, he had just that afternoon taken his Doctor's examination in economics, and he did not feel sociable. He knew he would not like the girl at all.

"Homely if she's brainy," he grumbled, "Silly like all coeds if she is pretty!"

Miss Williams proved to be very pretty and Mr. Birr was really pleasant by nature. So they sat on the steps and talked. Tubby leaning against the railing and looking up occasionally at the girl above him. She certainly was pretty.

Miss Williams was an ardent Junior, aspiring to be a settlement worker. When the conversation turned to such matters, Miss Williams plunged into an enthusiastic revelation of her hopes and desires, charmed by his attentive silence. At the end she said: "And Prof. Ramsey has praised my work often tho' I have never talked to him about it much. Don't you think, Mr. Birr, that there will be some chance for me after another year's work?" She bent impulsively towards her companion. A gentle sigh came from the lips of the post-graduate. The girl leaned a little closer, looking through the glasses into his eyes. Then her face changed. He was sleeping quietly. His head, bent forward a little, showed his tiny bald spot glistening in the moonlight. He was slightly hunched up on the steps, making his round body look rounder. Miss Williams gasped. She was unused to such treatment. She rose to go into the house and leave her unresponsive caller. But on the top step the French heel of her slipper caught. She clutched at the air wildly, and then fell headlong down the steps into the lap of the slumbering Tubby, whose glasses flew off into the grass, leaving him in nearsighted helplessness. And then—well, she was the friend of his Dartmouth chum and he a Dartmouth man who did not approve of coeducation!

RACHEL S. COMMONS.

Mrs. Hale

(Continued from page 144)

"She had this terrible resentment toward temperament, but at the same time she had a peculiar feeling of responsibility toward it—as if she must understand it.

Mother was the only one of all the clan whom she irritated. And it had been her constant study to find out ways of avoiding friction. All of her uncanny intuition availed her nothing when it came to Mother. She simply did not get her. And with it she never hardened as I did, nor grew indifferent, but maintained an endless sympathy. That it wasn't the sympathy of love, I never discovered until that last morning.

"She came to me up in my room about eight o'clock. God, but she was beautiful! Her red hair was down. I had always thought that she should have had blue black hair; she was so calm and still, like a night. Hers I had thought too flagrant. She had on a white dressing-gown. She stood in front of the fire while I finished dressing.

"John," she said, "I want to talk to you."

"I invited her to go ahead, rather uneasily. She had never come to me that way before.

"I have never talked to you about Mother before, John," she continued. "I know how you have felt, and you probably have known how I have felt. I have wanted more than all things on earth to understand this affair of ours and be calm about it. Do you know how many times she has threatened—suicide, I mean?" I nodded dumbly.

"When I was a little girl it always frightened me. I thought she meant it, and often I used to go through the drawers of her table to see if she could have hidden anything there which she could have used. Later, when I began to try to understand her, I used to lie awake night after night to wonder if she ever meant her threats, even when she made them. Alternately I decided that she did or didn't. I've never told you, of course, but I'm afraid you've seen how I've grown. If you only knew how I grow taut inside at every new turn,—how it has seemed as if I should die in one great scream. For the last few months, every change has eaten itself into my very heart and my heart is corroded. If I could only have grown hard like you. You'll outgrow it sometime, but all of these years of trying to learn by putting myself in her place have made hardness impossible. See, John, this is it. I feel every single thing that she does. I am Mother when she does it. And I hate her, John, don't you see? I don't sympathize with her and pity her. I sympathize with her and despise her."

Hale's voice tightened, but he continued without pause.

"I must say, that though I had suspected Adelaide of her sympathies and even of the detestation, she had, by her quiet certainty disarmed all suspicion of her vicarious temperamental activities. I was amazed. She did not see it, for she had turned and walked to the window. She was looking down into the garden

and I knew what she was seeing. There were daisies in bloom, and the roses were at their height. I hoped that the sun-dial, which always gives to me a feeling of 'this, too, will pass,' would relieve her a little. But when she turned to me again, I knew that she had seen none of these things.

"When I was a little girl,' she began again, 'I used to think that if she were ever resisted, or told of her faults, or made to see herself as she really was, she would kill herself, as she had threatened at every provocation. That's why I began to be calm, I think. When I decided that she never would kill herself,—that she neither wanted to nor had the courage, I kept on being calm, because it seemed to make things easier for all of us. But now—'

"I did not interrupt the ensuing silence, which lasted several minutes. She came very near to me and her voice seemed different when she continued.

"When I awoke this morning Mother was quarrelling with Jackie. He was at high pitch, poor little fellow, and she was threatening suicide and deploring the fallen estate of the family and blaming him because she had mislaid something, and for the war, and everything in one breath. I went out to them.'

"I can remember that she put her hand over upon the mantel to steady herself in order to finish.

"I don't know quite how I did it. But it seemed to me that a dam had burst inside me and let out all the fury that had been accumulating inside me for twenty years. Oh, it was terrible! I told her she was a coward and a criminal and insane—that she held the family's life in her hand and wrung it like a sponge every day of her life. I told her that she had made you into a stone statue and Jackie into a nervous invalid—that she had killed Father—that if she wanted to kill herself—'

"I wanted to do something for her—I didn't know what. For the first time in ten years, I felt genuine emotion. Adelaide stood there like some flaming thing. How awful the scene had been, I could only judge from its effect upon her. I finally mustered my wits.

"It is a dose of her own medicine,' I said. 'Perhaps it will jerk her up for a bit. What is it you are afraid of? You said yourself that she will never carry out her threat. Things will go their same old way, and you'll get back your old equilibrium, and it will be a jolly hell again.'

"John, dear,' she said again, 'I haven't told you, this is what I have to say to you. Last night I went over it again. And this time in the unbiassed light of several days' abstinence from thinking. I am certain this time. I know she will kill herself if she is resisted. I know she has meant her threats. *I knew this when I told her those things.* They came upon me sud-

denly at the minute and I couldn't have helped it, but way back in my mind, I know it was deliberate.'

"For this my carefully petrified heart had never been prepared. Bit by bit I understood why she has come to see me. She expected,—knew that Mother was going to kill herself. More that that, she had to all intents murdered her, with careful speculation as to aim. It never occurred to me to doubt the truth of her belief. There was nothing to say. However, I had to say something.

"You have made a mistake,' I told her. 'You put your powers much too high. How can you expect to know what's in any person's mind—much less Mother's. There's every reason in the world to believe that you are mistaken. I believe it myself.'

"John,' she said to me, 'that's the one thing I counted on your seeing, and you don't. All my life I have learned to understand peculiar people. It hasn't been a hobby, for it seems to have arisen from a terrible need—of knowing Mother, I guess. The others I haven't cared about. As I look back on them they seem like exercises—they gave me technique, skill—call it anything. I've had a talent and I've used it. That makes art, doesn't it? Yes, it's gone that far. I don't make mistakes. I know. Mother is going to kill herself.'

"It did not come to me to rush to guard Mother from the impending climax. I only wanted to stay with Adelaide who was now sitting at the window, watching the sun-dial. Her face was motionless. Her eyes were cold,—terribly cold, as if they were turned inward and judging herself mercilessly—trying herself—a judge and jury and indicted person, all in one,—for murder.

"She stayed in my room a long while. I stood at the other window trying not to think. Finally she came over to me.

"Jackie will miss her so,' she said. 'He loves Aunt Eve—perhaps—I have often thought that if it weren't for Mother and me, Aunt Eve would have looked after Jackie. He's going to be a fine man, I think, now,' she added clearly. She pulled me down and kissed me on my forehead.

"The servants told me afterwards that she had gone to her room with a headache. They came to me when they found her, and I had them leave me with her. There was a little vial by her pillow. The others never knew this. Her death was pronounced heartfailure, and it was understood that she had had attacks of the sort."

Hale stopped his narrative, and drew his gaze in to rest upon Ellen's face. They were both silent. Her unframed question he would answer presently, she knew.

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"She was wrong, of course. Her years of study had taught her nothing about Mother. Nothing could have taught her anything about Mother. Mother was the grand exception. Adelaide had filed her intuition into a tool to build with, and the tool killed her.

"Mother stood the shock magnificently, although she was heartbroken. She had worshipped Adelaide. The storm of the morning she had apparently forgotten the moment it was over, although we'll never know.

She never doubted for an instant the truth of the doctor's verdict. Ever since then, she has been as you saw her this afternoon, calm like flowing water. She may be that way until she dies. It is considered by her friends, I think, that her temperament is gone forever. It seems to me, though, that I am sitting on the edge of an irregular volcano. When its next eruption will burn up the things I love in its molten fire-well, God only knows."

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THOMAS H. DICKINSON, *The Insurgent Theatre*.
B. W. Huebsch.

The Insurgent Theatre is an addition to the books about dramatic production which is valuable to the student of play-making as well as to the uninstructed outsider. The book traces the course of the so-called little theatre movement in its struggle against commercialism. Mr. Dickinson presents the arguments for the need of a revolt against the old order convincingly and deals with the difficulties sympathetically.

He gives form to the faults of the old theatre and to the erroneous methods that were employed to rectify them,—subsidies set aside to guarantee new ventures and drama leagues designed to organize audiences,—reforms which were projected for "palliation rather than cure." The cure can only come within the theatre itself when it ceases to be a purely commercial undertaking, and when its artists are a co-operative guild that work in a pleasurable enterprise and not for reward. A little theatre he insists, must be four things, a small building, a principal of economical management, a co-operative guild of artists of the theatre, and a system of alliance with the federated audience, an audience of intelligent people who respond to the spirit of the workers.

Mr. Dickinson's treatment of the Little Theatre themselves in their struggles, successes, and failures adds further interest to his practical working theories. All of us, at one time or another, have been part of an "intelligent audience" before a Little Theatre performance. And so we especially enjoy being led behind the scenes of these companies. They are a well known group The Wisconsin Players of Madison and Milwaukee, The Ben Greet and Coburn Players, The Little Country Theatre of Fargo, North Dakota, Maurice Browne's Little Theatre of Chicago, Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Players and The Washington Square Players. As college students we are interested in Mr. Dickinson's plea that the universities do more constructive work in producing and training to produce.

It is the working conditions of organization and management in these theatres that Mr. Dickinson has set forth in detail and in a way that will help other organizers of little theatres to avoid the pitfalls of their predecessors. Because they began again at the beginning and built up through crudities and failure, experiment and adjustment, all the time definitely tending toward the best tenets of order, he thinks that the insurgent theatres will last. Says Mr. Dickinson in summary, "All in

all the theatre seems to me to be today in the not unencouraging position of a young runner who for some time has been cantering about warming up and now bends over the tape ready and eager for a race against strong odds."

—AGNES DURRIE.

Tales of Chekov—Anton Chekov—Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan Co.

The Tales of Chekov—appearing in several volumes—add another necessary view to a complete picture of Russian life—a view of this life presented in the manner of Manpassant—that of the short story. The internal realism of life and the faithful interpretation of the people more than offset the characteristically weak plots of the stories. Chekov takes single incidents in the life of a man or woman, and reflects the reaction of influences upon the individual. He started out in his literary career with comedy, and later turned to sorrow and tragedy, an almost inevitable result of the social and political life of Russia upon the intellectuals. All classes were treated by him—peasants, professionals, merchants, nobles, beurocrats, and all the stories leave one with a sense of gloom. In his works, there are none of the larger motifs as are present in those of Gorky, or Tolstoi, such motifs as renunciation of evil, simplification of life processes, or criticism of State and government.

The stories are mere pictures, they do not philosophize or urge action, but they are superb written with rare skill and aristocracy. Chekov treats as would a psychologist, "those people who loved cheerfully or greatfully, or those who loved without genuine feeling, with superfluous phrases"—and "others who are cold and on whose faces there is that expression of obstinate desire to snatch from life more than it could give."

One of the characters voices the spirit of the stories when he says of a married woman whom he loved, "There is something pathetic about her."

There is a feeling of suspense and passively anxiety for the future, as expressed when he writes, "and it seemed as tho in a little while the solution would be found, and then a new and splendid life would begin and it was clear that they had still a long road before them, and that the most complicated and difficult part of it was just beginning."

A pathetic despair—this is the tone of Chekov.

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