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# *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine*

Volume XVI



Number 7

Good Friday, 1917

At the South End of the Common

The Lover of the Beautiful

The Stinging Lash

PUBLICATION OF UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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April 1917

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOLUME XVI

Madison, April, 1917

Number 7

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EVERY University student is confronted today by the questions *what are my obligations to my country, how can I serve my nation best.* These questions are only a part of the general problem of the nation, *what is the United States going to do to serve best the cause of the entente, the cause of Democracy.* Any citizen's action that does not conform to the ideals of the nation is unpatriotic, and detrimental rather than beneficial to our national interests. A thorough scrutiny of the situation, based on unlimited freedom of discussion is the absolute requirement of the present moment.

The danger that faces this country is two-fold: military and intellectual. The military situation has been sufficiently discussed and analysed. It is evident from the statements of the President and of our allies that we have exaggerated it considerably. The allies want food and supplies, not men, and consequently, an organization of economic rather than of military forces is of paramount importance. The engineer, the agriculturist, the skilled laborer who abandons his work to enlist acts contrary to the best interests of his nation and of the cause of the entente.

The intellectual danger that faces this country, if not all of the fighting countries, is entirely overlooked. We do not seem to realize that the world's civilization is at stake. Democracy, in whose name this war has been waged, is drowned in the noise of military and demagogic jingoism. We seem to overlook entirely the distinction which President Wilson has made be-

tween the military autocratic governments, against whom we are fighting, and the people who suffer under the yoke of these governments. We seem to forget that we have no aggressive territorial policy and that we have entered upon a war of liberation from autocracy and imperialism.

Freedom of Speech, the sole weapon of Democracy, the heritage of centuries of progress, is now beginning to be suppressed with all the rigidity of military censorship. Certain elements in the School, the Press, and the State are determined to eradicate it for the sake of their pseudo-patriotism. We hear daily of persecutions and even arrests for free utterance of opinion. An attempt is being made to suppress national judgment for the sake of the storm and fury raised by yellow newspapers and hot-headed demagogues. The mob spirit is beginning to break through. This condition is only in its nucleus, yet if not checked in time it may develop into a world wide disaster. The names of Bertrand Russell, Karl Liebknecht, Scott Nearing, Simon Patten, Frank Raguse may prove to be the fiery MENE MENE TECKEL UPHARSIN of the world's Democracy. Busy with economic and military preparedness we do not seem to notice this great danger.

Students who are willing to serve their country must examine this situation and apply themselves where they may bring the greatest good. Students are responding to the call to the soil. Students are responding to the call to arms. Yet the ideals of democracy and civilization which ought to mean more to students than to any other class of the population we leave unprotected. In doing so we act contrary to the best interests of the nation. It is unpatriotic. We are not at our post. We are deserting the most important position in this struggle between democracy and militarism, and do not serve the cause of the nation to the best advantage.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine considers it its duty to encourage free discussion of current issues. Students and faculty members are invited to express their opinion and aid us in clarifying present problems. Editorials or essays submitted should be signed by the author, who is responsible for the opinion expressed.

P. A. A.

**B**ELIEVING that the best literary productions of students deserve a permanent form, the *Lit* takes pleasure in announcing the publication during the coming month of a volume of the poems of R. D. Jameson. Mr. Jameson is well known to our readers as the author of *The Concert* and *The Rider* which have appeared in previous numbers of the *Lit*. These two poems will be included in the volume together with a number of poems which Mr. Jameson has written during his attendance at Wisconsin. Of particular interest in the collection is a sonnet sequence, *The Heritage*, from which we quote two selections in our pages of verse.

Since Mr. Jameson is one of our editors we cannot praise his poetry as we otherwise should do. We, however, feeling that the tone of all of his poems is consistent with that of those which we have published, let the latter speak for the whole volume. We call the reader's attention to the fact that Mr. Jameson's poetry represents in artistic form the moods and ideas of a student of Wisconsin. As such alone it is a noteworthy publication. With it the *Lit* hopes to form a precedent which will lead to future volumes of student work.

J. L. C.

**M**ORE than four-fifths of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin have endorsed the action of the government in declaring that this nation is in a state of war with Germany. This action is significant because our faculty are not only the spiritual leaders of this community, but they represent with fair accuracy the attitude of the spiritual leaders of the nation.

The spiritual leaders, the thinkers, the idealists of the United States have endorsed this war. Yet four years ago these same thinkers and idealists were active in their attempts to settle peaceably the disputes that brought on the war in Europe. It is not our purpose to censure this change in attitude, but merely to point out that it offers material for thought. This material resolves itself into the one question: What is the student's function in a country at war?

It is self evident, I suppose, that the function of the student is two-fold. It is first, to preserve for coming generations the great traditions of spiritual freedom. In the second place it is to supplement these traditions.

The heritage of the student—those great traditions of spiritual freedom—have been evolved in humanity's constant progress away from materialism and superstition. In periods of calm thinkers have been agreed that reason rather than brute force is the civilizing principle; and that the ability to think things out rather than to fight them out is the exponent of an individual's civilization.

But beside this principle that idealism is superior to materialism, the heritage of the student contains other traditions, traditions of tolerance, of sympathy and of understanding. The student must be tolerant of the mistakes of his opponent. He must understand the contributions which the enemy has made to the progress of humanity. He must understand that the enemy is as sincere if not as just as the student himself.

From these obvious considerations it must be evident—as it was evident to Americans four years ago—that the progress of civilization has been directed away from war. It must also be evident that the world of the student is the higher world of the spirit which is greater than the world of political party. Yet a nation in war time is dominated by force. It is dominated by superstition, by tolerance, by misunderstanding, and by materialism. It is these forces of the emotions rather than the blinded army of the enemy that the student must fight. He must remember that patriotism consists in serving the best interests of his country. These best interests are not gold and silver afloat in transports, they are not munitions of war, they are, rather, the preservation for future generations of the great traditions of spiritual freedom.

This is the true function of a student in a country at war. He must remember that one cannot shoot culture or democracy through a cannon. He must remember that the enemy is as sincere as himself, and that the men he kills on the battlefield really desire to harm him as little as he desires to harm them. But above all, the student must uphold the great traditions of tolerance, sympathy, understanding and idealism.

That the faculty of the University of Wisconsin have endorsed war is unfortunate. Their action, however, can be understood. The idealists of Europe who four years ago pursued the same course of action are telling us now that war proves nothing. They are telling us that it is a delusion and a vain sacrifice of human life.

Four years ago they believed themselves as justified as we do now. At a great cost they have learned otherwise. Must we?

R. D. J.

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## At the South-End of the Common

**D**URING her first day in the tiny village, when she had become enamoured of all the little red brick-houses, and most of all with the Matthews cottage with its white trellised portico, the school-teacher had burst forth to Mrs. Matthews:

"How happy you must be here!"

And Mrs. Matthews, raising her head quickly, had said almost defiantly, "We are."

It was a positive statement and yet the schoolteacher wondered.

\* \* \* \*

The schoolteacher had become impatient. For fully ten minutes she had been waiting for Mrs. Matthews to conclude the meal. Mrs. Matthews was, perhaps, unaware that she ever formally concluded those wonderful meals of hers. Yet long after they had dined, Mrs. Matthews' guests and boarders watched her fascinatedly as she leisurely drank her tea. She always drank tea from a small, delicate, white china cup which seemed never to have had a saucer. She generally talked at this time; she talked in short cold sentences, which fascinated, not because of their contents, but because they were so much like the china cup. And when the tea was finished, she rested her hands in her lap for a second or two, then her right hand reached for the sugar-spoon, clicked it against the side of the bowl, fitted the cover, and the meal was at an end.

During the two years that the schoolteacher had lived with the Matthews and occupied the seat on Mrs. Matthews' right, she had attempted several times to leave before the clicking of the sugar-spoon. But she had never succeeded. Sometimes when she was unusually tired, she felt as though she would lose herself and scream, but she always sat as stiff and quiet as Mrs. Matthews herself.

But now it was seven o'clock and fast nearing the time she had promised to go riding with Ted Smith.

The mid-September sun came through the western windows and shown full on the china cup. The dining room was more or less detached from the remainder of the house and its four windows seemed to make the garden a part of the room. The whole out-of-doors was dreamy and quiet. The rows and rows of magnificent yellow and pink dahlias stood as majestically serene and unrelenting as Mrs. Matthews. The cosmos drooped with the weight of many shell-pink blossoms. The north window showed a gorgeous splash of Dutch marigolds and hosts of saucy clammering nasturtiums.

But Mrs. Matthews saw nothing of the color she

had studied to produce. She was looking out upon the road which came through the Commons and stopped at the South-End, just before the door of the old red brick blacksmith shop which stood in the Matthews garden. For five days the shops had been closed and because of the silence the shop had grown old and tired looking. Mrs. Matthews had never before noticed its decrepit look.

A sigh stirred within her and she turned somewhat guiltily to meet the schoolteacher's worried and embarrassed look.

"You had better go, Mertie, and not keep Ted waiting," she said.

The schoolteacher looked more confused than ever. Never since her second meal at the Matthews' had she failed to assist in the clearing of the table. Now because of the old habit she stooped to pick up some plates, but Mrs. Matthews, without rising from her seat, said "No, Mertie, leave the dishes to me. I don't feel like hurrying to-night."

When the girl had gone and not even a creak was heard in the house, Mrs. Matthews sat alone at the table. Dusk had come on slowly and softly, a lavender-grey kind of twilight. Two or three lamps from the windows of the cottages about the Commons sent out pointed streaks of light which sometimes danced into the room. Now and then a baby's gurgle, a woman's protest, or a man's laugh came to her.

And she who sat so quiet was wondering at the disappearance of her anger. For four days, ever since her husband had taken the ponies and driven out of the yard without once looking back, she had been filled with an intense and bitter anger. She, who had been for seven years the most faithful of wives and the most diligent of housekeepers, should suffer such disgrace. She, who through hard work and careful managing had succeeded in taking off the mortgage and making the Matthews house the most attractive red-brick cottage in the village, she to have her husband drive away, loudly proclaiming that he would never come back. He had said he much preferred having a wife like Mrs. La Belle who did not know how to cook or to keep a penny, than one who never had time to laugh with him, play with him, or love him.

She was kneading bread when he came to ask her to go driving with him to a nearby farm for a sack of oats. And when she had refused, he had cried, "I tell you, I'm tired of this, damn tired of your snapping 'I haven't time.'"

She never dreamed he really meant to leave her.

She only thought when he had walked out to the barn that she must soon get him some new work-a-day shirts. The one he wore was somewhat frayed about the cuffs.

Now she remembered he had been somewhat disheartened for weeks.

And so during the first four days her intense anger at his ingratitude had spurred her on to greater activity. The garden and house seemed to blossom under her doubled attention. But all this fifth day she had been as one who unknowingly drinks a love potion. She wandered about the house, looking at pictures and bric-brac as though she had never before noticed them. She had stood before her prize ferns and begonia, sprinkler in hand, and the water had dropped unheeded to the floor.

Now, unconsciously, her hand crept out to his place at the table, the fingers lingered over the linen, and smoothed an unpretentious wrinkle. Then she shivered, got up slowly and groped her way into the living room.

The house was quite dark, but the out-of-doors still showed streaks of light. The east side of the house, faced by hemlocks and cedars was a solemn contrast to the brilliancy of the west. Mr. Matthews had built two swinging seats under the trees, but no one but the occasional guests and boarders ever occupied them. Mrs. Matthews could never see the pleasure or good of sitting there after dark and she thought it heathenish to sit and swing when she might be sewing.

But tonight she unfastened the almost rusty latch of the east door and stepped out. Almost tremblingly she sat down upon one of the seats and swayed slowly. She sat thus for a long time when suddenly it seemed to her that the hemlocks and cedars were filled with the faces of men. But all the faces were the same, long, lean, dark faces with angry blue eyes, the face of Jack Matthews.

With a sorry attempt at her former resoluteness and utter independence, she arose and walked quickly into the house. She lighted the living-room lamp and took it up with her into her room.

She began to undress, but the resoluteness had gone even before she removed the linen housedress. Never, even during the days of Jack's courtship, had she lingered over this getting into bed as she did tonight. She found herself pausing to dream, yet she did not know of what she dreamed.

Once into her long white nightgown, she crept to her mirror almost guiltily. She put her hands to her head and slowly began releasing the too tight hair. It fell in wonderful long straight lines which reached to her knees. Every night since her marriage she had put her hair into curlers. But tonight her arms were too wistful and languid for that duty.

Out of the habit of seven years she lay straight and

still on her side of the bed. The sheets were puritanically cool and when her feet came together they felt cold and strange. Out of the close quietness of the night nothing came to her but the sound of crickets. Wondering, half whimsically, how they could be so persistent in their chirping, she fell asleep.

Several hours later she awoke to find that she had been half sobbing in her sleep. The room was alive with moonlight. She lay very still but breathless, wondering what had made her sob. Then it came, that almost human cry of the small white screech owl. The first few notes of its call were like a trill, then it grew more liquid with sobs, until the night was alive and pleading. She remembered that Jack had always turned restlessly at this cry of the owl, sometimes too he had sighed, but never until now had it moved her.

The owl seemed to be coming nearer, until with each last sob, she felt that it must be very near the window. She felt lost and so very lonely. She wished she might cry, but she had long ago forgotten how. She slipped from the bed and went to the window. She pulled up a big chair and sat down. She could see the little creature fluttering in the cedars.

Then out of the brilliant and intense night came another call, another owl with the same liquid plea. It seemed to be some little distance away, perhaps across the Commons, near the schoolhouse. The owl in the cedars became quiet—nothing was heard but the cry of the other bird. After what seemed to Mrs. Matthews a very long time, the bird gave a long throbbing call and flew from the cedars. Mrs. Matthews leaned forward to watch, but in spite of the brightness of the moonlight, the owl was soon lost.

Then she leaned back in her chair, tired, desperately tired. It was a strange kind of exhaustion. Each breath seemed to pain her and leave her more tired. She grew cold, the bed seemed to invite her, to be the sum of her desires, and she imagined herself lying there smooth and straight. But she sat motionless, breathing jerkedly. At last she imagined herself moving towards the bed and under the spell of the illusion, she walked mechanically to it and fell into a heavy sleep.

Some minutes after Mrs. Matthews had left the window, a man came out from the shadow of the hemlocks and slowly walked across the Commons. He seemed to notice nothing, and without raising his head picked his way through the tangle of shrubs and high grass. In the school-house shed he untied his ponies, climbed into his one-seated buggy and drove out of the village towards the Lake.

Jack Matthews was one of the puzzles of White County. He had been the son of wealthy farmers,

(Continued on page 218)

# The Lover of the Beautiful

**M**ETA was tall and dark and her hair was black. Her eyes were large and brown. The fathers of her young girl friends had spoken of her among themselves as 'Madonna.' She looked best in dresses of brown, of golden brown, and in big hats crowned with black-eyed susans.

One summer day Meta took me to her father's home. You see, when she and her brother were children, her father's re-marriage had made it necessary for them to go. Perhaps they would find a refuge with other relatives, perhaps not. Mr. Vergeront had said,

"If they go down they will not have been worth the saving, if they succeed, they will be the better for having made their way."

I could see so clearly how they must have left their home. Meta had said little things to me about it from time to time. The boy had hired an old wagon from a neighbor. Together they had packed it with their treasured, poor belongings, a bedstead, a mattress, and a few other such articles. There were some beautiful things, too, though they may have been worn. Meta always had something beautiful in her possession. Then they had gone away. The boy had driven, and somewhere on the wagon, Meta had struggled desperately to keep the pack together.

Those days were years back. They had succeeded. There had been dark days, and struggles and hurt. But now their lives were full and rich and big. They worked and joyed in the working. They knew and loved many people and were loved in turn. Their father's wife had died, and they had forgotten his cruelty, remembered only that he was a lonely old man. They remembered the beauty, the exquisiteness of his home and garden, his poetry, his painting, his architecture. Pity, the inborn, insuppressible love big souls bear their kindred, and the love of beauty drew them again to "Pine Barrow."

One summer day, as I said, I went with Meta to visit her father. The bungalow and garden lay not far from the town, but oh, the peace and seclusion of it! And everything there, each little pathway, each chair and lamp and moulding in the house, was of his designing,—the work of a master landscape gardener and a lover of Nature, Nature in her wildness; of a master architect, a master artist.

He was tall, gray haired, a little bent with age, active as a boy. He had blue eyes that were intensely brilliant with every deeper mood. Brilliantly he talked to us of the treasures of his house,—of his garden with here a holly he had brought from Europe, a

rhododendron from the swamps of Monachie, a cactus from the Watchung Mountains. On the meadow path to the river, he was as omniscient of the wild as of the garden flowers. He knew each bird's call. Here and there he pointed out some beauty of the landscape, a curve of the river, a magnificent grouping of trees.

Late in the afternoon we left him with his painting. I swung idly in the big scoop on the island. Meta sat in a chair near by and close to the great table whose base is a tree-trunk, whose top a huge concrete slab, like a great toad-stool, with the shoots of the tree growing up about its edge.

It was a warm day, but a shy breeze was straying. The skies were as blue as the skies of Greece and blown with great white cumulus clouds. Over all was a sunny, restful, dreamy peace. The bark of the white birch gleamed silvery in the sunlight. Sweet-pepper was in bloom, sweet-pepper with its fragrance finer than that of any other wild thing. It came to us mingled with the odor of pine, of mint, of many growing things. The dragon fly flashed a blue thread from flower to flower, or hung listlessly in mid-air. The tit-mouse flew back and forth to his nest in the cedar tree. Over the bridge in the garden by the currant bushes, the cat-bird sang rapturously. Had we ventured near to gather some of his currants, he would have scolded us unmercifully. So we sat and talked idly and were contented and as happy as it is given mortals to be.

"Meta," I said, "there was never any one looked like you."

She smiled mockingly. Then her face clouded a little.

"There was," she said, "an aunt of mine—my father's youngest sister,—exactly like me."

"Your father? I did not know he had a younger sister. Was she as good as you? Tell me about her, Meta."

"Tell you, tell you? What shall I tell you?" She seemed a little reluctant.

"Was she like your father? Did she know the outdoors, love beauty so intensely as he? Where is she now? Do you never see her? Doesn't she ever see your father? If she is like him, they should be together." I, like Meta, had forgotten the hatefulness of the man to them years ago. I was wholly enchanted by him. It seemed to me this family was scattered. They should be with each other, and joy in each other, these wonderful people.

"Do be less impetuous! You scatter my thoughts



like the fluff of that milk-weed pod!" She pointed to a flock of the downy things spreading on the wind, was silent a little, and looked thoughtfully over the lake into the garden.

"The only time I ever saw my Tante Linda was when I was a very little girl. That was before all this was my father's garden and before his art had made it the thing of beauty that it is. My mother and I visited my grandmother here. I didn't like my grandmother, or my Tante Gertrude, so I ran away into the garden with my Tante Linda. She made a basket for me, out of acorns, and filled it with all sorts of treasures,—tiny lucky-stones, a speckled, blue egg from which the bird had long flown, and the quaint little Chinese poppy-pods.

"She was young, perhaps sixteen or seventeen. She ran with me through the garden paths, hid with me. Presently we found ourselves in the far end of the garden, a part a little wild, unseen from the house and where the others seldom came. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright and happy. She caught me and looked down into my eyes, while I clung to her rapturously.

"Can you keep a secret?" she whispered. The expression in my eyes must have satisfied her, for she shook me gently and still whispering,

"Come, I will show you something!" And we ran round a low mound to a wooded part of the garden. Straight to a tree all overgrown with the honey-suckle, the trumpet-vine and clematis, we ran. She pulled aside the vines, and a debonair young man, picking the dead leaves from his hair and rubbing the dust out of his eyes stepped gayly out from under them.

"Welcome, Prince of the Greenwood!" Tante Linda laughed, courtesying low.

So I knew he must be a fairy prince. A little shabby, I thought, but that was probably his disguise. Overcome with awe and joy at at last meeting a prince face to face, I courtesied, a somewhat wobbly courtesy. They laughed heartily.

What a joyous hour we had! The prince was a gay prince, and the princess happy and beautiful. We played games, we sang; the prince told us delightful stories of his land, of his wealth. He told us of his home in the green-wold. It was built of the rough logs of the forest, covered with vines, and filled with the treasures of the wild. He told us of the evenings when he sat alone by the huge fire-place and smoked (the prince smoked!)—and thought of the princess. We asked if we might not sometime come and see this wonderful forest palace. He smiled down into the eyes of my Tante Linda and said confidently,

"Some time."

At last the sun was getting low, and my Tante

Linda said she would have to leave this fairy world, and go back to the world of every day. So we kissed the fairy prince good-bye,—(I thought of that for so long after! I had actually been kissed by a fairy prince!)—he stood with his hat in his hand by the vine covered tree, and watched us as we slowly wound up the paths that led to the house.

When we entered the living room, the 'sitting room' in those days, they asked us where we had been.

"Oh, we were playing with the fairies in the garden", I cried gleefully.

"Really, Linda, you should not put such fancies in the child's head," said my grandmother. "Child, your father has come. Go to him. He is on the terrace, painting. Linda, make Mr. Carver welcome."

It was then that we saw a thin man, his hair touched with gray, eyes sharp and dark, standing within the shadow of the heavy curtains about the window seat. I felt my Tante Linda's hand tighten about mine. I did not like the man.

"I should like to go with Meta and speak a few words with my brother," my Tante said,—"it is so long since we have seen each other." But my grandmother looked at her so coldly that she dropped my hand. I was glad to run away.

I sat down near my father on the terrace. He paid no attention to me, but went on sketching in the fading light. A little later my Tante Linda came running out.

"Henry, I am glad you are here!" she was breathless and her voice shook a little. Then she spoke to him hurriedly,—words that I could not catch.

When she had done, he stilled his brush long enough to look at her and say—

"My God, Linda! Must you continually plague me with your petty affairs?" He went on painting. She stood tense, and looked and looked at him for a few moments. Then she turned and slowly walked away. I would have followed her, but my father said "Stay!" and I sat down again quietly.

Meta smiled, a little wanly. The light of joyous

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# The Stinging Lash

Well, Bob, you was askin' about that man Jim,  
 Who used to belong to your crew;  
 I ain't heard never a word from him  
 For many a year, have you?  
 Queer duck, wasn't he, with his sad, solemn ways  
 And his mellow voice like a gal;  
 All of us knew he had seen better days,  
 Though he wasn't high-toned like some blasted jays,  
 But called every man of us pal.  
 Poor Jim, I suppose he is mushin' along  
 Near Dawson or Nome or some place,  
 With the curse on his heart, that damnable song  
 That bites in his soul like the sting of a thong  
 And marks all its pain on his face.  
 What, Bob, ain't you heard? Well, hitch up your  
 chair;  
 John, fill 'em up clean to the brim.  
 I ain't in no hurry to feel the cold air  
 That's whistlin' like wild in the valley down there—  
 Here's how! While we're talkin' of Jim.

## 2.

We were down on Salmon River 'bout ten years or so  
 ago,  
 Runnin' levels for the N. P. engineers.  
 It was summer; I remember how the south wind used  
 to blow  
 'Cross the hills and down the valley from the desert  
 land below,  
 And it seemed as how it hadn't rained for years.  
 I remember there was seven of us workers in the crew,  
 Countin' Jim, who joined us early in July.  
 It was hot as hell an' blazes; when the month was up  
 we grew  
 Kind-a tired and talked of quittin'; it was awful lone-  
 some, too—  
 Nothin' but the river, sand, and sky.  
 But O'Sullivan, the camp boss, promised us a raise in  
 pay  
 If we'd stick until the summer job was done,  
 And he sent back home to Pasco for his phonygraph  
 to play  
 In the bunkhouse of an evenin'. "It'll cheer ye up,"  
 he'd say,  
 "Ye'll forget the dirty river and the sun."  
 And it did, Bob. I'll be jiggered, but that pesky  
 phonygraph  
 Sent all our groans and cusses and our grim  
 Grouchy faces to the woodpile, and we'd sit around  
 and chaff

One another right good-natured, then we'd listen and  
we'd laugh—  
And now, Bob, drink another while I'm tellin' you of  
Jim.

## 3.

One evenin' late in August we was campin' on the  
floor,  
And listenin' to that dinky old machine,  
When O'Sullivan, the camp boss, came bouncin'  
through the door  
With a handful of canned music—there was maybe  
three or four  
Shiny, rubber records, new and clean.  
"Boys," says he, "bust all them old ones; you have  
heard the brass band play  
Home Sweet Home and Down In Dixie forty-seven  
times a day;  
Throw the danged old things away!"  
So we did, and tried a new one, with a brand new  
needle, too,  
And we sat and listened silently, and then—  
Bob, it was the sweetest music—opry song in Parlevoo,  
Like an angel singin', like a bell so clear and true,  
Risin', fallin'—just could hear it—then it rose again  
Higher, higher! Lord, it gripped me, sort of charmed  
me, and the crew  
Sat like statues, silent, starin', and I heard old Jack-  
son say;  
"God!" Just that, and turned his brimmin' eyes away.

\* \* \* \*

There we sat, and suddenly a-bustin' through the  
room,  
There comes Jim, as pale as death,  
And we all could hear his breath  
Whistlin' in his windpipe, like he'd heard the crack  
o' doom,  
And we saw his lips was twitchin', and his wild eyes  
in the gloom.  
"Sing!" he roared. "Sing like an angel. Angel?  
Fiend were better word—"  
We were all struck dumb and breathless; no one  
stirred.  
Then a sudden jerk and whisk,  
And he seized the shinin' disk  
And flung it with a curse against the wall,  
And we heard the pieces fall.  
"Broke!" he cried. "The song won't charm you,  
Kill you, as it has killed me;  
Broke! The blasted voice can't harm you,  
Drive you on in agony,  
Prayin' for the curse to leave you, prayin' God to set  
you free!"

## 4.

Well, Bob, that's all. I'll have to start;  
 The time keeps a-moochin' along.  
 What? Siren, you say, and a broken heart?  
 Gosh, no, old man, you're wrong.  
 'Twas only his wife what had sung like a bell,  
 'Twas only her voice what Jim had loved well,  
 For her face was a fright, and her figger was hell!  
 He loved that voice for a whole darn week,  
 And then she batted him on the cheek;  
 With the self-same voice she kept naggin' him,  
 And a-cussin' him, and a-raggin' him,  
 Till he climbed a boat for a forrin' land—  
 But you can't shake a voice—for she had it canned!

ERNEST L. MEYER

## The Runaway

POP Peters, his tongue tightly caught in one corner of his mouth, slowly traced a chocolate "L W" on the top of the shiny cake before him. Then he stepped back to view his handiwork. What if the frosting tended to slip off the sides, what if the "L" and "W" tipsily leaned toward each other; it was a noble birthday cake and Pop was proud of it. As he stowed it away in the huge ice-box and carefully turned the key in the lock, he grinned at the thought of the fun he would have at supper, when he would carry it in, and solemnly place it before the surprised Luella Walker. Luella Walker (known as Christine Cavanaugh on the bill-boards) was having a birthday, and, as far as Pop knew, the whole secret lay between Luella and himself. Circus birthdays are usually very private affairs, but few things were wholly private in Pop's camp since he had adopted the whole troupe.

Pop had found out that it was Luella's birthday in the morning when he delivered the mail. Her sister, somewhere up in the state, had sent her a post card, on which a blushing angel blew, from his tinsel horn, the tidings "Birthday Greetings". Pop snorted at the irony of sending a circus performer greetings for a happy birthday. "Might as well send a boy to the dentist and wish him a pleasant time," he growled.

All the forenoon memories of old time birthday festivities rose insistently in his brain. He thought of parties, games of post-office and "going to Jerusalem"; of the march to the dining room, *the birthday child*, stiff and awkward, leading the way; in the dining room the rows of chairs, the "Ahs" and "Ohs" at the sight of the Birthday cake! There he had it! Why not have a birthday cake for Luella? It was Sunday and

no performances until tomorrow. There would be plenty of time for a little celebration at supper tonight.

Immediately after dinner he hauled out the dusty cook book and picked out the recipe for a cake euphoni-ously named "Angel's Praise." Now at half past two the cake was done. The edge that had burned a bit and the spot where the cake had fallen, were all well covered by the sticky frosting. He had finished and, chuckling and rubbing his hands, he walked down the few steps leading from the kitchen wagon. At the bottom, a tiny, dark-haired woman came running up to him, dragging along a little girl of five.

"O Mr. Pop!" she began breathlessly, wiping the dust and perspiration from her face with a cheap, lace-edged handkerchief. "O, Mr. Pop. You going to stay here all afternoon?"

"You bet." Pop answered, fanning himself. "I'm not going to move an inch until supper time." As he talked, he recognized his guest as Mademoiselle Char-iffe, a trapeze performer who had joined the show at Lincoln. This was about the first time he had seen her, although he had learned about her in bits of conversation he overheard. "Anything I kin do fer ye?" he inquired kindly.

"O, Mr. Pop, would you be so kind—would you mind taking care of Gaby?" She nodded toward the youngster at her side, who unblinkingly gazed at Pop, her forgotten all-day-sucker limply held in her hand.

"Mind? Well I should say not," he replied jovially. "The little lady and me will get along grand while Ma's gone to a movie, eh?"

"Oh no! Mr. Pop, no movie. Just to walk and mail a letter. I'll be back soon," she added earnestly.

She stooped to wipe the sticky nose and mouth of Gaby, kissed her perfunctorily on the forehead, and smiling a "Thank you" at Pop, hurried off.

Pop and Gaby watched her disappear, then looked at each other. Pop was bewildered, his brain whirled in confusion as he tried to think of something with which to entertain the youngster. As he smiled at the dark-eyed chit at his side, she looked up, and coyly slipped her tiny hand into his, as much as saying, "Here I am. Let's do something." The two walked, hand in hand, toward a large oak. Between licks at her candy, she regaled Pop with bits of her adventures, of the snake she had found, of her brother who lived with Grandma, and of a pony she hoped some day to ride. Pop half-listened to her chatter and raked his brains trying to think of some way to keep her busy. When they reached the cool spot, he pulled out his pocket knife, and, out of a branch he had picked up, soon carved a presentable doll. In place of a dress, he wrapped his brilliant bandanna about its shoulders. When he handed the plaything to Gaby, she shrieked with delight, and immediately fell to playing "house" with her "Bambino." All was very peaceful under the oak, the hurry and rush of the past week seemed very far away, and as Pop listened to Gaby sing and coo to her dolly, his head drooped and he fell asleep.

In a tent not far from where Pop and Gaby were resting, O'Brien, bareback rider of the circus, was hastily completing his toilet. He swore as he hurriedly mixed the lather in his cup. There was no need of Jim's haste, O'Brien thought, he could have waited for his partner so that they could have gone downtown together. As he vigorously covered his bristly face with lather, he thought of "catching up" to Jim, and hurried all the more. His haste made him careless, and he swabbed some of the soap into his mouth. As he coughed and spit out the stinging stuff, a dainty voice, seemingly out of nowhere, inquired,

"Don't it taste good, Mister?" He whirled and peered over the snowy heap under each eye in search of his visitor. There on his battered property trunk, on top of his clean collar, Sunday shirt and coat, sat Gaby, staring at his puffy face with black eyes that danced with laughter. Before his astonished gaze, she looked down, and with the manner of embarrassed five-year-olds, she smoothed out the wrinkles in her lap with tiny dimpled hands. She was the first to break the stillness.

"How-de-do?" she offered.

"Pleased to meet ye. Where in h—," O'Brien, remembering his visitor a lady, checked himself. "Where did you come from, girlie?"

"Over there," she promptly answered, indicating

"there" by a jerk of her thumb. "Say, what's your name? Mine's Gaby."

"You can call me Uncle Bill, Gaby." O'Brien now wondered how to send his uninvited guest home. He was very anxious to get to town before all the pretty girls were taken.

"I think your Ma's looking for you. Maybe you'd better come to see me some other time, huh?"

"Oh no!" she stated decidedly, shaking her head so her earrings jingled. "My Ma don't care." O'Brien, deciding to finish his toilet and then get rid of his company, turned to daub on some more lather.

"Goin' to spit again?" her tiny voice queried.

"Say kid, if you're going to sit here you gotta shut up. See?" and he turned away to squint at himself in the tiny mirror. All during the process, chuckles and jingles from the trunk told him his guest was still present. When he finished, had washed all the soap from his face, and was groping blindly for the towel, he became aware of a sudden, uncanny silence. He turned to look at her. She sat stiff and uncomfortable, her glued eyes on Pop Peters, who stood in the door-way wagging a playful forefinger at her.

"So here's where ye run to the minute my back's turned?" She started to slide off the trunk. "Leave yer old grand-dad fer this handsome devil?" She sidled over to Pop in the skittish, playful manner of a bashful puppy, never even glancing at O'Brien. She tugged at his hand, urged him to go, but Pop was loquacious and wanted to talk.

"Ye're looking fit to entertain a lady." O'Brien glanced down at his sky-blue undershirt and said,

"I didn't invite her. She just come. Say Pop, who is she? I never laid eyes on her before." Pop looked down at the youngster at his side.

"Her? She just come a few days ago. Her ma's Mademoiselle Chariffe, the world's premier child trapeze artist. Don't you remember, they joined us at Lincoln?" O'Brien shook his head and grinned at Gaby as she peeked at him from behind Pop's spindly legs.

"Sure and since her ma was going out, she stayed with me. Only I guess I must have dozed off and then she run here." O'Brien suddenly asked,

"Who's her mother?"

"Why, Mademoiselle Chariffe, the world's—"

"Don't string off all that. Is she that little, foreign girl that comes on just before me? The one with the dark eyes, pink cheeks and curls?" Pop nodded. "Why Pop! It can't be. She's hardly sixteen."

"Sixteen!" Pop snorted. "Huh—nearer twenty-six, I guess. Gaby"—he nodded toward her, "she's five and she told me of a brother who's eight and lives with

a grandma." O'Brien looked dazed. No use in denying what Pop said, it always was true.

"Well, I suppose you want to be going down with the rest," Pop said grudgingly. "Be sure and come back for supper. Will ye bring me a paper and the baseball score?"

O'Brien's desire to hurry suddenly left him as Pop's words died away. He went to his table and picking up

a square of cardboard, tore it into bits, which he threw out the door. One piece rolled and rolled, and finally, as tho tired, leaned against a tent stake. Here in dainty letters, could be seen the words, "Mademoiselle Chariffe, world's"—the rest had been torn away.

O'Brien, smoothing the wrinkles in his shirt, mused. "So one is five, the other eight. Dam Pop, he knows too much."

ALICE TALSMAN.

## Verse

### GOOD FRIDAY 1917.

All the world is one wild cry,  
And you and I have seen  
Three crosses on a blood-red sky,  
And the long years between!

All the world is one mad word,  
And all wrongs that have been  
Rise up and shake a red sword  
Over the years between.

Woe! for the world is mad!  
And woe to those who have seen  
Three crosses on a blood-red sky  
And the long years between!

CLIFFORD F. GESLER.

### A SONG-WISH

Lo, love, I wish that all my song might be,  
Full of sweet cadences and jewelled words,  
Rhythmic and joyous as the song of birds  
When sap runs swift within the maple tree.  
But all unwillingly my songs arise,  
Careless of joy and love's impassioned praise;  
No gleaming word or color-quicken'd phrase  
Lend them warm beauty of empurpled skies,  
But sad and hushed and still their numbers seem,  
Like a pale shrinking nun, robed sombrely,  
Who loves warm color in the sky and sea,  
Yet fears the lure of beauty's haunting dream,  
So wistfully my song looks after joy,  
But joy has fled, ah love, what soul knows where?  
And only pain, with thorn-bound brow and hair,  
Stands sadly by with love's unsought alloy.

MARY MORSELL

### TWO INTERLUDES FROM THE HERITAGE

#### I

I heard a cook in an apron say:  
"What can you expect of Jim?  
His father worked in the streets by day.  
His mother drank all the wages away.  
What *can* you expect of him?"

"And Jim is rotten and not much good.  
He steals my flowers away.  
He took my tulips, red as blood.  
I saw him do it! Why he's no good!  
I saw him slink away!

I heard a cook in an apron say:  
What *can* you expect of Jim?  
His father worked in the streets by day.  
His mother drank all the wages away.  
The boy's the same. Mark what I say.  
He steals my flowers most every day.  
What *can* you expect of him?

#### II

Sometime they'll fade away into the distance,  
—The ones whom I have loved and I'll not care.  
And then my senses will be dulled and even pain will  
go,  
And all my tortured being will find rest,  
And a great loneliness.

Perhaps I'll feel a hand laid on my head  
—Cool and rough—so like a father's hand,  
And a deep voice half muffled in a beard will say,  
"There, there, boy rest . . . There . . . There  
boy, . . . rest."

R. D. JAMESON.

## LAST LULLABY.

Little One, Little One, who shall sing songs to you,  
 Who will watch over you, when I am gone?  
 How shall they cover you, who will bring love to you,  
 Oh, my sweet Little One, when I am gone?

Silent, the house seems to fearfully listen;  
 Our old home, Baby, with secrets to keep.  
 Hush!—Go to sleep. Shut your eyes—how they  
 glisten;  
 Shut them, Dear. There—there—Now go to sleep.

Sleep;—One night more you sleep safely beside me—  
 There will be hours enough when sleep has flown!  
 Will you know, Baby, I still watch beside thee,  
 When in the cold dawn you wake up—alone?  
 —DUDLEY BROOKS

## THE FROZEN RILL.

Now as swift winds blow keen across the snow,  
 And all fair blooming things are dead and still,  
 My grief seems frozen like that half-choked rill,  
 Which trickles through the woodlands where I go,  
 To wander idly in that weary mood  
 Which seeks the sting of cold and bitter wind,  
 To drive away sick broodings from the mind,  
 And lend the soul a sense of hardihood,  
 Through braving wind and snow and bitter pain.  
 So wandering with grief half choked and numb,  
 I feel relief that this surcease has come,  
 And poignant grief is hushed awhile again.  
 But still beneath warm dreams of springtime flow,  
 Spring with its ecstasy of burgeoning,  
 Spring with its aching love and mating things,  
 Spring with vain hopes, and throbbing life, and woe.  
 MARY MORSELL

## THE STUFF OF DREAMS.

I dream of a low-roofed, sprawling house,  
 Little and brown and wrapped in vines,  
 With a pebbled path, and a garden, filled  
 With roses and larkspur and columbines.

I dream of the solitude, the hush,  
 The rustling of leaves on the tall oak trees,  
 The touch of a summer moonlight, soft  
 As fairy fingers on distant leas.

I dream of this—and of nights with rain—  
 Of pine knots crackling—ruddy flames—  
 Wavering shadows—little forms  
 Nestling against me, worn with games.

I dream of misty morns in June,  
 With the smell of jasmine, the glint of dew,  
 The thrushes stirring under the hedge,  
 The fresh, damp air—the world brand-new!

Out of the noise, the push, the whirl,  
 Out of the aches that will not cease,  
 Out of unsatisfaction, pain—  
 I dream of this—of this—and peace.

—M. K.

## TO SHAKESPEARE: VALEDICTORY

(Imagined as accompanying a volume of essays written in honor of the Poet.)

Not with these gifts, never with gifts like these,  
 Revisit we of our own will thy tomb,  
 O Searcher of the Soul. But still our doom  
 Is failure evermore, though on bent knees  
 For light we cry: vain each attempt to seize  
 The myriad pattern of thy thought's rich loom,  
 Or paint in our poor words thy spirit's bloom . . .  
 Lo, all our offerings are but dross and lees.  
 Yet oftentimes plunged in Hamlet's mood profound,  
 Or wrought to tears by Desdemona's woe,  
 Or startled when the wild King piteous cries  
 "No, no, no life!" . . . though dumb our lips and  
 bound,

We feel thy wonder; knowing not, we know;  
 Trembling amid transcendent mysteries.

—BY X

## THE SINGING LINK.

I cannot think, that when my zealous sun  
 Has spanned a life across the open sky,  
 And fades into the night, without a sigh,  
 Leaving a moment's glow to say, "'Tis done,"  
 I cannot think immortal life's begun.  
 My Heav'n, my Hell, are finished as I die.  
 I smile on life and soul of mine that cry  
 For full expression in their petty run.  
 But they find answer in a word Thou lent,  
 "Progress", eternal, 'til man's mind espy  
 Perfection's highest towers and turrets nigh.  
 That can be never. But I am content.  
 I am one singing link of Progress' chain.  
 There's immortality! Is Soul in vain?

MARJORIE KINNAN.

## Resurrection

HE was a little man, like a beetle; with a small head and immobile body. He was dressed specklessly and in perfect taste.

As he entered the university lecture room and mounted the little rostrum to his desk, the class regarded him with indifference and even hostility. He was a Great Man. His courses had the reputation of being easy, but he possessed none of the academic facetiousness of the professor. Apparently he disliked his students,—he was accounted a bore.

It was the opening day of the term, and he called over his students' names from little cards without looking up. They responded dully. It was warm outdoors—early fall—and they wished only that he would hurry and let them out. The classroom was unreal—the worn, familiar cracks in the plaster were fantastic, lifeless, and the professor sitting at his desk was lifeless. He droned on, as though he had memorized his lecture out of a book. That is what he had done. It was his own book, and yet he was uninterested. He had said the same words over many times and he would say them many times more in the succeeding years. They had meant much to him once, but the meaning had died long since. Sometimes he felt it strange that the words themselves remained, and would remain. They were such husks.

As he talked he was conscious of an eager, disturbing gaze fixed on him. He looked up to meet the eyes of a girl sitting near the front of the room. She was young and rather tense. There was a hunger for experience in her face, and at the same time a searching thoughtfulness. There was a low, rich color in her cheeks, and she had a wonderfully modeled throat.

He felt her questioning look like a warm flame; he had an odd impression that she was searching him, trying to find the real person behind the empty formalism of his talk. And he almost laughed out loud. The futility of it—now. If she could know, as he did, that there was nothing behind the formalism. . . .

The faces of his other students were the same sort he was used to—some conscientious, some empty, some indicative of high overflowing spirits, some just young animals, all eyes and mouth. It was just the one face that was different, the young, puzzled face of the girl who seemed to be groping and, oddly too, at the same time to be sure of herself. That was what youth brought, sureness even in groping. Later in life the sureness vanishes and then one stops groping.

A bell sounded somewhere in the building and was immediately followed by the scrambling of feet. It

was the end of the class period. His students erased themselves from the room, their faces almost bright with relief. He slowly gathered his papers and books together, and followed them. He was through for the day. Thank heaven. Through!

His chief emotion, as he passed out of the building, was of torpid relief, but even he could not help being stirred by the rare beauty of the afternoon. A glitter of roofs among trees was visible from the eminence on which stood the university—roofs, and a cool and passionless little lake beyond. An unfathomable spell of peace was thrown over the distant landscape and the nearer campus: one expected monks in cowls to issue from those still buildings. Young life there was an intrusion. He thought of his class and breathed deep that it was over.

When he first came to teach in the university, it had not been like that. Life then was poignant in its inadequacy. He was young, ardent—he loved his work—and he expected to meet with other minds, equally ardent, among his students. But the desired disciples never came, to touch his work to life. He went on, year after year, turning his beloved subject into predigested bits which could be pigeonholed in young minds. His classes were hopelessly lacking in vision or in the ability to express that vision if they had it. And he had no vision to give them. It was a vicious circle. Gradually he became inexpressive. At first he found solace in writing learned books, and then he suddenly realized that he had nothing to say—that he had never, in fact, had anything to say. His mind was utterly languid. And he sank into a gentle coma, alternating between his home and the monk-walk and dreary monotony of the campus.

He had never married, but he had once taken pleasure in fitting up his apartment. Yet the taste shown was passive. It seemed almost as tho he had designed the furnishings to keep out as much of his individuality as possible. The beautifully furnished rooms gave an impression of inarticulate gentleness, as he did to the world.

If he felt a lack in his life, he never showed it. He seemed always to be drawn within himself. One could have imagined him as being possessed of an intensive inner life. Yet his emotional existence, too, was pale grey. He had lost the way, somehow, in all these years—missed it—missed either fulfillment through his work or the asinine self-satisfaction that would blind him to his losses. At first he had been visited with an occasional and stabbing pang of regret, but those few



flames had gone out because he refused them fuel for sustenance. His hearth was banked and grey, and he never poked among the ashes to see if there might be any live embers. It was better so. Suffering, when one was inarticulate, was agony without reward.

He had therefore kept away from disturbing influences, but as he walked home on this particular afternoon the girl's face remained with him. He did not think of her as a woman—he had long become too passive for any interest in women as such. But the searching young gaze, that passion for life revealed in her face—reminded him of that which he had buried. It was his own young unsatisfied self.

The days went on. He gave the class in which the girl was a member the same material he had given previous classes. Most of the students accepted it, uninterested but glad of so perfunctory a way of earning credit. She did not. She opposed him, not with hostility but with the evident desire to make him give more, to make him put more of himself into his work. He felt her protest, "This is not enough. This is a scanty frame-work. You are holding back from us because you do not care."

He knew it was true. His lectures were lifeless, but he had nothing to give. His enthusiasm was drained so utterly that he could not conceive of himself ever again being interested in his teaching, his books, in anything.

One day she asked him a question which stirred that carefully banked hearth.

"Do people study because they like to, or because they think knowledge is power and will be useful, or just because it is the thing to be educated?" she asked.

He fenced. He had once thought that people studied because they liked to, as he himself had liked to, but for years now he had made it a business not to think.

"Why do you?"

"For love of it," she replied. "But no one else seems to love it as I do—with something deep down in me as well as with my head."

She paused irresolutely as though hesitating whether to probe him for an answer.

Should he warn this bright young intelligence that there was nothing before her but apathy or suffering—his own two alternatives? He could not yet. Fussily he rose to his feet and started putting his papers together.

"Come to me some other time. I must be going now. I have an appointment—"

He preceded her down the hall, mumbling in his throat, almost as tho he were running away. At a safe distance he looked to see her following, a slight, momentary dejection clinging around her like a chill.

He hoped that he had disarmed her, at least that she had not penetrated the full iniquity of his refusal to live. But one day he was standing unobserved outside the classroom and he heard an animated conversation going inside, between the girl and another of his students.

"The trouble with him," the girl was saying in a secret yet confident tone, and he heard his name, "is that he is bored. Terribly bored."

"Bored?" repeated the second voice.

"Yes. Bored with his work, with all of us, with his whole life. That's why he puts as little effort into his lectures as possible. It's why he just memorized stuff out of one of his books and drones it off as tho he were half asleep. It bores us, but that isn't the main point. We bore him."

He heard an uneasy rustle and pictured the second voice reaching around in its mind to readjust a conception, as one readjusts the angle of a hat, and failing. "I don't like him anyway," the voice announced finally.

"I do." A glorious young spirit vibrated in her tones. "And I sympathize with him. I've known—just in spots—what it is to be bored with your work, as he is. Heavens, think of being bored in this beautiful, world, full of adventure and experiences—" The girl's voice trailed off into a calm and then gathered force again. "Only I'm not all sympathetic, for I resent his not giving us any more of himself than he does. One is always being held back by people who are not interested. It's like a blank wall, when you think you have found a pleasant street. I want to shake him up. . . . to make him teach again for the love of teaching. . . . even to suffer, if necessary. I would rather suffer than be apathetic, wouldn't you?"

"You talk like a book," said the second voice, after a still more apparent effort at readjustment.

The girl sank back in her seat, half amused and half glowering at the owner of the second voice. She looked up in alarm as he entered, searching his face for evidences of his having heard her words. But even she could not read him that deeply. His face, with the sensitive, impassive features, gave no sign. He proceeded to his desk and began opening letters and papers with his usual meticulous movements.

His lecture that afternoon was even more barren, more dry, than on other days. But there was a different cause. He was repressing a desire to batter those blank faces in front of him—all except hers, to fling his books and papers out of the window and go to earning a living with his hands, but most of all to get the girl by herself somewhere and talk the agony out of those buried depths in him.

After that day he waited for her to come to him. He

*The Name--*

## HOOK BROTHERS

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felt a certain security when she was in his presence, as tho the awakener of his dead dissatisfaction could lull the monster to sleep again. Of course she could not. Nothing could, except dull years and more repression or a final herculean effort to find himself. Now he was in torment. It was what he had feared. He was insufficient, and he knew it, but this awareness of his insufficiency, this sentient anguish because of his falling short, stirred him. He envied those of his colleagues whose happy egoism blinded them.

He watched the face of the girl to see if she had changed. Somehow he felt that with the change she had wrought in his peace, her own must change. He wanted her to change, and at the same time he rebelled passionately against a diminution of her brightness. The conflict went on in him. And it seemed as though he felt her reaching out, tasting every moment of experience, sensing with unerring precision the experience of others. Did she know what he was undergoing? Did her feeling for life tell her that?

Finally he could stand it no longer. He told her that he wished to see her after class. And this day everyone could see that he was troubled, that he was no longer just bored. He felt her watchfulness, that sympathy of hers which was just reaching out a branch, like a vine that grows and feels its way. If she had come twenty years back in his life, while he still was longing to give—!

He was relieved when the students had left the classroom and she was there alone. Trying to preserve some trace of his usual manner, he made some excuse for detaining her. Then the pretence dropped and he spoke to her without evasion.

"You said something a while ago about loving knowledge for its own sake," he said. "I warn you that you will be hurt if you do that. Learning is a cult. You must not love it or love anything too much. You will be hurt."

"I am not afraid of being hurt," she said, speaking quickly. "I want everything, anything, except to be bored." She looked frightened. Had she said too much?

"Oh." He was silent a moment, wondering whether he could say it. "I heard you talking about me, some days ago."

"You heard—what I said?"

"Yes. About my being bored." He spoke with difficulty. "You were right. I can not—I could not conceive of myself ever being interested again. I can't now. Only then I didn't mind. You said you would like to shake me up, to make me give more of myself,—you said you would like to make me suffer." A pause. "I thought you might like to know that you

have made me suffer. . . . I thought you might like to know."

—ELENORE KELLOGG.

## "Society Notes"

"JACK, I want you to meet Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Carson." Betty introduced us with that grace that is all her own.

"Glad to meet you, Wilson," said I casually. Wilson, I could see, was more than a little embarrassed. I judged that it was his first formal party. Not that he was really very awkward, but he was not a man born to be at ease in a dress suit. He was a mild mannered, rather mediocre looking, neutral tinted little chap, one of those people whom you instinctively expect to be named Smith or Jones because that is the way you always think of them anyway. I recollected that Wilson was rumored to be considerable of a shark at mathematics or something of the sort, but that was not in my line. It occurred to me that he looked pained when I came to claim my next dance with Betty, but I promptly forgot all about him. That was nearly five years ago, but I can still forget all the rest of the world for Betty.

Yesterday there was an auto accident up town. It happened just in front of the office as I was going out to lunch. I helped the ambulance surgeon pick up the seedy looking little man who was very white and still, and all afternoon I kept thinking about him. Couldn't get it out of my mind. So I knocked off work a bit earlier and went around past the hospital on my way home to ask about him.

"He's in a bad way," said the interne unemotionally, "but he may pull thru. It's funny, the driver of the car swears he warned him, and it looked as if he didn't care a hang whether he got run down or not."

"Was there any identification?" I asked.

"Nothing but this old card case in his pocket with a clipping in it."

I took the tattered case and looked at the clipping. It was old and yellow, evidently from the columns of a newspaper. It was headed,

### "Society Notes"

"Theta Gamma Delta entertained at a dinner dance at the chapter house last night."

When I got home, I told Betty about the seedy little man and his clipping. "Why, how funny," said Betty snuggling a little closer against my shoulder, "Theta Gamma Delta, my own sorority too."

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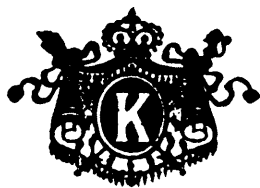
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## Kessenich's

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## At the South-End of the Common

(Continued from page 204)

but the only farming he ever tolerated was the care of horses and dogs. When only 16 he would play the fiddle at country dances. He was not much over twenty when his father died. He sold the farmlands he inherited and left the country. Many and various reports came about him, but no one ever knew what he did in the eight years that he stayed away. But he returned to the village, lean, dusty-eyed, and penniless. He mortgaged the red-brick cottage in the village which his mother had left him and fitted up the brick barn as a blacksmith shop.

Smoking was the one constant thing he did. In the middle of his work, he would stop and dream, his short-stemmed pipe clutched tight between his teeth. His trade was good, but he spent freely and so it was that during his first year he made no attempt to pay the mortgage on the red-brick cottage.

Then Agnes Whitehall came back to the village. Agnes was straight and tall with tight braids wound about her head and the short ends of her hair curled about a rather square forehead. Agnes had left the village five years before to keep house for a brother who had gone west. Now the brother had married and no longer needed Agnes as housekeeper. People of the village only knew her as "quiet and capable", but it was no fault of theirs that they did not know more. She became housekeeper of the one hotel. She had grown even more quiet and capable than before she left for the west.

Jack used to come to the hotel in the evening. He would choose a seat where he might watch Agnes. Even speculative old Grandy Miller, who owned the Inn, never decided just why Jack watched her. Sometimes he thought it was because she had all the efficiency and completeness of work that he lacked. At other times, Grandy was sure that Jack expected to see Agnes get up, flit about the room like an incarnation of one of his dreams. He would watch her with so intent a raptness, that Grandy would get nervous, knock the ashes from his pipe in a most noisy fashion, and ask Jack to take a drink with him. Agnes herself never seemed at all perturbed at Jack's attention.

A few months after her return they were married. Though the villagers were much surprised and somewhat amused, they thought it a sensible arrangement of two discordant elements.

Jack himself could hardly have said why he married. He could have lived comfortably without a housekeeper and his debts did not worry him.

Her capability fascinated him, but in a dim sort of

way, he believed that her poise and cold efficiency were but a cloak to a personage which she had never shown in public, a personage of which she herself was perhaps unaware.

She discouraged all Jack's romantic tendencies. She frowned when he bought her finery or when he ran in from the shop to pick up his violin and play a rollicking air or a sentimental song. Flowers were her one diversion and she would allow no one to assist her in the placing of them about the cottage.

Her chief aim in life seemed to pay off Jack's debts and mortgage. She asked the school-teacher to room and board with them and during the summer got people from the city.

Jack used to sit and watch her in the evenings. Always before going to bed, he would play upon his violin. If she ever noticed his dogged gaze, she never spoke of it. For seven years Jack had watched and to his sorrow and chagrin, she seemed only more quiet and efficient than ever.

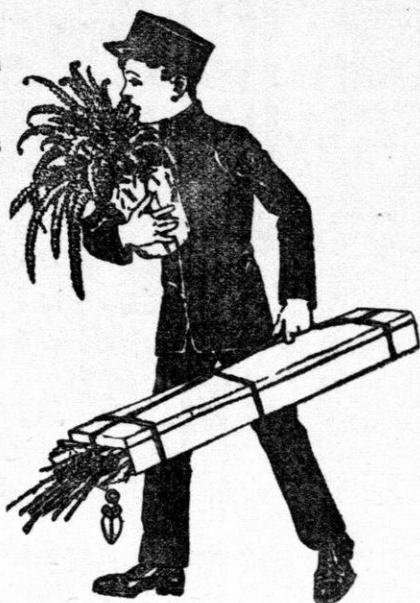
Then early in the summer of this eighth year, the La Belles had come to the village. They lived in a two room little shack with a leaky roof for which the owner disdained to take rent. She was a somewhat plump little woman with a quick eager face and he a good humored, black-headed giant.

Jack Matthews was a tinsmith as well as a blacksmith and the La Belles called him to repair the roof. Because they were not newly married, their close companionship excited Jack to wonder. They were constantly scheming and planning jaunts and trips which they might take together. The little house was badly furnished and Mr. La Belle not reputed to be the most reliable of workmen and yet the little woman's face would glow with eagerness as she stood in the doorway watching for him. More often she would walk up the road to meet him as he returned from the farm where he had been working. After having once seen the little woman's face radiant with anticipation, Jack would find some pretext or other to pass that way several times a week. Once the big Frenchman had lifted his wife into a wheelbarrow of vegetables he was wheeling home. They were both laughing and chatting like children and did not even notice Jack as he passed them.

He became moody, ate little, smoked much, and had a strained look about his eyes. Then came his one and final outburst. Without thinking, only feeling an insufferable sense of disappointment he had taken the ponies and driven off. With the same unconsciousness, he had taken the road to the Lake. Jack as a boy had often run away to spend days alone there.

The ponies trotted on at their own pace. Jack sat bent in the seat, his pipe so fast between his teeth that

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his jaws hurt. When he reached his cottage, he sat so long without getting out of the buggy, that the pet ponies turned around and whinnied. At that he climbed out and stood in front of him. They licked his hands and tried to push off his hat. Finally he laughed and seemed to become conscious of his new surroundings. The ponies unhitched and set to grazing, he went off to the Lake store to get supplies.

Then for four days he fished, rowed, and tramped until he almost dropped from exhaustion. On the fifth day, he found himself too tired to set out for the long tramp he had planned. And the fascination and longing to know returned to him. He moved restlessly about the cottage, went for a row on the Lake, returned dissatisfied, only to continue his restless pacing. Then he remembered that it was his violin he needed. Oh yes, that was it, his violin, he had never been so long without it. Then he decided that he would go to the village that night, slip into the living room and take the violin without being observed.

He was much surprised to see Agnes at the window. She had never been known to do so impractical a thing before. His heart tightened at the possibility that the owl had drawn her from sleep. In the shelter of the hemlocks, he waited beathlessly for her to show signs of real emotion. But he heard nothing and when she rose and left the window, his lips became cruel and his hands cold. And the violin was forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Matthews slept late the next morning. She was listless and her face was flushed. In the living-room she found a note from the schoolteacher saying she had risen early and gone home for the week-end. Mrs. Matthews sat down in an easy chair, read and re-read the note. Mertie had often gone home for week-ends, but somehow she did not know what to think about and she was still very tired. An old song kept going through her mind and later in the day she found herself singing snatches of it. When Jack sang "My Bonnie Bride", she called him "silly". The last time he tried to sing it to her, he had crept behind her chair and rubbed his hand softly over her bare arm. She had become very impatient and sent him off. Now she wondered at her impatience, she really didn't object to the song or to the touch of his hand.

No one came to see her. She had always been very busy on Saturdays and even the gossipers hardly dared to approach her. Suddenly life had ceased to be a matter of importance. In truth she did not know why she need ever move again. Her head was hot and she had no desire to eat. She tried to imagine a life without Jack and she seemed to come to an abyss. So she sat listlessly dreaming until dusk came. Then like a

sick child she went up to her room. And the "Bonnie Bride" song still clung to her.

\* \* \* \*

Jack Matthews' day was but a waiting for the night. He tried not to think but that gave him small consolation for the white figure at the window troubled him. Now he was sure she must have called to him, must have seen him, and needed him. Then he would laugh at the absurdity of the idea that Agnes would need him. But he would get his violin.

That night he crept stealthily to the east side of the house and knelt beneath some shrubs. The moonlight was as white as the night before and from his position, the fragrance of the star-shaped four-o'clocks was sweet. Cautiously he looked up at the window. She was not there.

"She sleeps well," he thought.

Then he became alert for the latch of the east door was raised and a white figure came out upon the little porch, then stepped down upon the path. Even in the moonlight Jack could see that her face was flushed and that her eyes had the fixed stare of the sleep-walker. The short hair about her forehead was moist and curling. Just so had she looked once during their first year when she had had a fever. As she stood quiet in the moonlight, a toad hopped across her feet, but she did not notice it. Then she began to croon and move through the trees. Much alarmed Jack groped his way near her.

"Ay, she is my bonnie bonnie bride," she almost whispered.

He meant to come upon her gradually, but she suddenly put out her hands as though feeling for something. When her hands touched his head, Jack rose unsteadily to his feet, picked her up, and carried her to the largest of the swinging seats. Holding her in his arms, he tried to stop the crooning lips.

Gradually the staring eyes closed, she shuddered, and began to weep. When the sobs became less hard, she put up her hands to feel his face. When the two hands held his face embraced, he bent and kissed her on the eyes.

ROSE PEREL.

## The Lover of the Beautiful

(Continued from page 206)

memories in her eyes had died, the happy lines about her mouth disappeared, and little lines of pain came there.

"Mr. Carver was that cursed old friend of the family whom it seems impossible to exterminate from off the earth. He wanted the Princess, and my aunt and grandmother had planned that he should have her;

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they should have part of his wealth. All that was necessary was to persuade the Princess. They thought they could do that!

"The Prince, you see, was but a poor modeler of clay—without name, without fame. (He and the Princess had planned to win that together.) The Prince could bring no honor to the family; no wealth. That wonderful gift, the most priceless on earth he was bringing, the gift of joy, pure, radiant, sparkling, they were blind to.

"My grandmother and my oldest aunt hounded my Tante Linda day and night. When the Prince came, they treated him so shamefully that he and my Tante Linda planned to meet only in the garden. At first she only laughed at the behests and commands of her mother and sister. She was kind to them, gentle and merry; she could not have been harsh, and she prayed for time to soften them and teach them to love the Prince.

"But time went on, and her mother and sister became only more cruel, demanded more insistently that she marry the rich, old friend. They made it more difficult for her to see the Prince, and she and the Prince were needing each other, their heart strings were stretched near the snapping point.

"As she saw less of the Prince, she would wander alone very often in the garden. They would come upon her frequently, in deep, sweet converse with some marble, garden deity. They would chide her, but she would only laugh, a little brokenly.

"First, when they had flung at her their exhortations, she had tied them with caresses, and sealed their mouths with kisses. Now she would look at them beseechingly and say,

"Hush!" They pursued her unrelentingly, and at last, when she saw one of them coming and prepared to rant, she would look at them a little wildly, and fly.

"At the close of one day, she again met the Prince in the garden. He was a little perplexed at the wild light in her eyes. But they were so gay and joyous, he forgot for a time. When it was almost time for him to go, and they were sitting quietly on a fallen log, watching the lingering sunlight, he took her hand, and spoke to her persuasively. He told her of the ages they had waited for the good will of her mother and sister, how it was incompatible with any sense of human justice that they wait longer. He begged her to go away with him. He painted her the beauty of their forest home, the loneliness of his fire-side without her.

But she said only, "Hush! Hush! Hush!" in a low and sorrowful voice. At last he grew impatient.

"You are wronging us both. You must come! You shall come!"

They sprang up, but she held him away and looked at him so wildly, so strangely, that a sudden, awful despair filled his heart, and he felt as he looked into her eyes that she was slipping away from him, that he was losing her forever.

Meta was silent a long time. I did not look at her, but was very still.

"——He never saw the Princess again. They took her away and locked her in a tower. She seldom saw anyone. Cruel people stayed away, and kind people could not bear to see the dark, beautiful face all drawn with pain, or the sweet voice murmuring, "Hush! Hush! Hush!"

They found the Prince by his smouldering fire-place, one day, dead. He was *always* seeing the Princess' dark, drawn face, and hearing her murmur, "Hush! Hush! Hush."

"And your Grandmother and your oldest aunt?" I asked.

"They died a long, long time ago."

"Your—your Tante Linda, is she still living?"

"No, dear. A long, long time she was locked in the castle. Then as she grew old, gradually her reason returned, but never strongly. She was weak, and there was no one to care for her, and so they forced her to work as a kitchen maid in the castle. A few years ago she died, and she is buried not far from the vine-covered tree."

"But your father, Meta! He did nothing for the lovers? Did he not try to help them? When it was known his sister was well, did he not bring her home from the castle?"

"My father? He was wholly apathetic to the affairs of the Prince and Princess. After she had been in the tower a long time and people told him his sister was well and working as a kitchen maid in the castle, he merely shrugged his shoulders. It was always himself and his art."

I looked about me at the beautiful lake and gardens, the peace and the wonder of it, and thought of the old man who had created it, the old man who had so charmed me that day, the artist, the great knower of Nature, and the lover of the Beautiful.

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they should have part of his wealth. All that was necessary was to persuade the Princess. They thought they could do that!

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