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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume I

Number 1

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS

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CONTENTS

THE spirit of Wisconsin is constantly demanding higher ideals. In athletics, politics and student life, it stands for continuous progress. In literature it has expressed itself in a desire for better form and matter.

We believe that this desire, springing from the spirit and concerning itself with things essentially of the spirit, has been expressed again and again by the students in a concrete demand for good literature.

For years the Wisconsin magazine has ignored this demand; and to this fact, we believe, was due the lack of enthusiastic support on the part of the student body.

The *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* is a modest attempt to express this long-desired side of the Wisconsin spirit. The editors believe that this spirit is worthy of and demands articulation. And thus we have pledged ourselves to the problem of furnishing an organ worthy of the best literary standards in the University.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Wisconsin "Lit" will devote itself exclusively to literary subjects. This is not the case. By literature we mean the best in written expression. We wish to make the "Lit" a journal for the exchange of ideas, and thus to reflect the thought of the students of Wisconsin. We wish to encourage the making of literature in the university, and thus to add to the university's material productions, this thing of the spirit, a literary creation. This is our goal and hope.

We trust that our appeal to our fellow-students will make for the continuation of this work. And with a deep appreciation of the possibilities of the future, we hereby submit the first issue of the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine*.

THE University has recently been the host of an extraordinary personality. Mr. Francis Grierson has been with us and has gone. Not in twenty years, says Professor Jastrow, has a man come to us with so high and distinguished introductions. Man of letters, musical *improvisatore*, author of a book of extreme beauty—"The Valley of the Shadows," of political insight—"The Invincible Alliance," and of many other works; mystic, prophet—such was the heralding of Mr. Francis Grierson. His performances here took us completely by surprise. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has the University been treated to anything similar.

Now he has gone from us and we wish him Godspeed! He has been good enough to present us, for this, the first number of the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* a poem, the first and only one that he has written on the war, the careful and loving work of months, and a number of aphorisms and reflections, done expressly for the Magazine. We acknowledge humbly the distinction with which he has marked us. We are grateful for the good will he has shown us. In humility and in gratitude we wish him once more, Godspeed!

THE *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* has as its primary objective the establishment of a new era in the production of Wisconsin literature. The editors hope to judge ideas submitted to them, whether these ideas concern the editorial, administrative or busi-

ness staffs, from a point of view unbiased by the considerations of class, or sex. In order that this unbiased point of view may be attained, it is essential that there be established a complete comraderie between man and woman, a rational radicalism whose fundamental principle is value.

The *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* is the only Wisconsin publication which ignores external distinctions. We do not have at present, nor do we ever propose to have a woman's staff or a woman's page; but for this reason we can hold out to the women students of the university, the same incentives and rewards as we hold out to the men.

Positions on the editorial and business staffs are open to both women and to men, to freshmen and to seniors. Promotions will consequently be made on a basis of the intrinsic value of the ideas submitted.

To him who deserves shall be given.

CONSIDER the malted milks. They are consumed by the thousands. Yet the Spirit of Wisconsin should not be found in one of these.

The student body crowds the dispensaries where malted milks are pushed across the counter, sweet, thick, insipid, in fact, altogether harmless. They are good substitutes for a meal if one is in a hurry, and one wonders why more students do not live on them for the whole four years' residence in Madison. After our college days are fading away in the past, with what joy shall we recall those blessed malted milks, with what avidity shall we travel hundreds of miles to return to the scenes of malted milk consumption.

Not to the physical welfare alone are malted milks beneficial, but they also inculcate their excellent characteristics in what we may term the spiritual welfare of the students. For instance, have you noticed the freshman cheering section in the first two football games of the year? Their cheer leader, who knows his business, calls for a cheer or a song, and across the field gurgle those malted milk cheers truly astonishing in their weakness and insipidity, and the words of "On Wisconsin" are so immersed in the enticing beverage that perhaps one out of ten escapes. Towards midnight the effects of the malted milk wear off and if one will walk down to dances, one can see those very same freshmen applauding with good, hearty handclaps a one step or fox trot.

The freshmen are so affected probably because they are not used to dissipation, but not so the hardened upperclassman. The malted milks have so stimulated his mental and physical abilities that if a forward pass is missed or the new signals called slowly, he lacks not the power to impress the errors with great force upon the ears of the criminal end or quarterback. In fact, the upperclassman is made so amenable to circumstances that if the team is winning he is in a buoyant mood and cheers with good spirit; and if the team is losing, he takes a corresponding attitude and groans and jeers in a disgusted tone.

O, glory to the malted milk! It fills such a large part of Wisconsin life that the average student can spend all his working hours in studying those things which will add to his material comfort, which will enable him to own both a touring car and a roadster. Why learn anything of the relics of the empires of antiquity? Their materials which would have added to the money-making power of the student have vanished long ago. Why try to increase the appreciation of the beautiful? The Wisconsin student has his malted milk.

THE announcement is significant that Mr. Arthur H. Mountain is preparing a "Little Book of Wisconsin Verse" which will consist of the best undergraduate verse written in the university. The announcement is significant, not only in that it places the University of Wisconsin in the same class as other universities who have anthologised their verse, but also in that it shows a growing appreciation of literature in Wisconsin and in the Middle West in general. The world looks to the Middle West for a new art; the emotions of the east are played out; the forms, which should have been infused with life, and which served the singers of the past, have been handled unskillfully and have lost their power. The East looks to the West for originality and strength, for imagination, and for youth. Wisconsin has furnished writers of a high type, but she has surrendered them and they now describe New York characters and New York civilization for New York editors. This we believe to be unfortunate. The fomenting life, the imagination, the ideals, the industry which the Middle West has born should find articulation in their home. What the "Little Book of Wisconsin Verse" will bring, we do not know. There will be imperfection, perhaps there will be unripeness; but of this we are certain, the "Little Book of Wisconsin Verse" will show what is coming; it will be a symbol of the future and as such is worthy of our attention. What Mr. Mountain's book will do for the writers who have left Wisconsonia, the "Lit" hopes to do for the writers who are still with us. In hoping to publish the best in Wisconsin, we may not attain perfection, but we will be a voice in the wilderness, and that voice may be heard.

The Fields of Glory

The only war poem Mr. Grierson has written.

Ye hungry hordes that storm the gates of hell!
Who led ye on? Who lures with flashing steel
Your halting steps, your vision grown too dim
To wander from the wilderness of woe?

Ye famished hordes now spurned from Mammon's gates
What seek ye 'neath the tearless stars of night
O'er fields the juggernaut has rolled like dough
Where heroes now forgotten left no mark
Of glory, worldly gain, or God-like grace?

Whither, oh whither, now with ghastly mien
Like frightened sheep sheared midst the icy folds
Of Poland and Carpathia, refuge seek
From pit to pit, from brink to brink along
The jagged edge of hell's imperial route?

Whence now? ye minions of the minataur
In mock majestic mien while multitudes
Wrapt in delerious mourning contemplate
Ten million crosses stretched like pleading arms
Over a wilderness of stony graves!

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

Reflections and Aphorisms

The Spoon River Country

The average Illinois town makes me think of a bowl of tepid punch surrounded by topers who are never quite tipsy, yet who tip the scale toward chronic lethargy and mental flabbiness. The atmosphere of most of the older towns is one of extreme extenuation. Illinois must have stopped when the Civil War stopped.

Perhaps its situation kept it down, perhaps the second generations were born tired, perhaps a sinister combination of conditions and circumstances gave it that peculiar melancholy which strikes the traveler with such force as the train passes through section after section of the richest soil in America and the most shabby towns. And one asks what is the cause of this huge area of human sordidness in a state famed for its natural wealth, with opportunities unheard of in England, France and Germany. A feeling of profound dejection comes over one as the train passes miles of shabby farm-houses hardly big enough for a family of four persons, and it is a question which are the uglier—the farm-houses or the towns.

A shabby frame-house is worse than an old delapidated stone or brick house. The psychological effect on the artist, the poet, the critical traveler is one of overpowering ennui and melancholy. For the mind can never be freed from its surroundings.

After having seen vast sections of Illinois, one begins to realize how "catching" the feeling of general lassitude can be and one is convinced that the conditions, both material and mental, so vividly depicted by Mr. Lee Masters could never have been depicted with success by any other method.

When Zola began his series of realistic novels thousands of Frenchmen revolted at the idea. Such a thing had never been done. But the author of Spoon River Anthology is more direct and powerful. He presents the state of the people's minds as well as the condition of their bodies, the sordid illusions of their lives, as hope-

less as the lives of the Russian serfs before the liberation. In one page he tells us more than Zola told in three chapters.

Blank verse and fine rhymes would never have succeeded in such a work, and the fact that Mr. Masters hit upon the one possible method to convey a true impression of the actual truth stamps him as a man of realistic vision and great common sense, fitted in every way for such a work. At a time when originality seemed to have passed, he produced an original book. And not only is it new in form, it is a revelation of the crude conditions, the sordid lives, the hopeless outlook of millions of people who are supposed to be living in idealistic rural conditions in a country teeming with wealth, with opportunities of advancement on all sides and freedom to develop their talents.

APHORISMS

Men of talent who lose patience are well on the road to a futile martyrdom. To avoid becoming martyrs, reformers should become tacticians. A lack of patience and a lack of tact have been the ruin of hundreds of gifted people.

The secret of genius does not consist in taking infinite pains, but in possessing infinite patience. It is positive knowledge which gives patience its great power. But this knowledge must be innate. The only thing that can add to it is a fresh experience, and the longer we live the greater the fund of experience from which to draw. This is why wisdom is cumulative. All knowledge gained is ours forever.

When the fat begins to fiz on the fire of flattery, look out for spoiled appetites at the festive board of talent.

The wise politician never reveals his tactics, the wise business man never discloses his schemes, the wise author never talks about the work he is doing, the wise artist never displays his design.

One man in twenty is able to maintain what he has attained.

Let us cease to believe that reality is only in the beyond. The reality is here.

Real power begins when doubt ceases.

Eternity is the everlasting now.

Wars are incited by old politicians supported by young patriots. Without the aid of youth aggressive old men would stew in their own juice and evaporate in steam.

An opinion is a negative expression of ignorance, judgment a positive expression of knowledge.

A thing is not good because it is new, but only when it contains a fundamental truth applied to new conditions.

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

The Barrier

Beyond the tottering wall, rose-fondled, sob
The dancers' violins, that half regret
Their singing to the drowsy, drunken mob—
Sing on, sweet voices, that I may forget
This sorrow in my breast, that, like yon wall,
Keeps me from dancers, and from folk, apart!
Over the murm'ring, night-kissed waters fall
Echoes of mirth, not, not on thee, my heart.
It is so dark, the way that I must go,
I stifle in the solitude, the shades;
Dearest, if to-night I did not know
That Dawn and Thou were waiting past the glades,
To let the sun into my dusty soul,
Into the void I'd pass; nor try the goal.

M. K.

Bock Beer and Co-Eds

"TWO steins of bock, Charley," said Feeny, and the white coated waiter scurried away. "You know," Feeny turned to me, "no other brew is like bock to me. It has such a fresh, individualistic taste, a trifle bitter like pine needles. Why, when I get my first stein, I know the sap is rising in the trees and I hear the triangles of wild geese honking their way north. It is like meeting your old sweetheart after four years of co-eds."

I might as well say now of my old friend Feeny, as James Stephens said of the philosopher in the Crock of Gold, since all three belong to the same race, "For him there were two kinds of sound, conversation and noise." In fact, Feeny was ready at any time of the day or night to converse about anything from the neo-Platonists to the best drink mixer in Madison.

This evening, for example, we had gone to the Orpheum, that rendezvous of the tired business man and of the student desiring to counteract the deadening effects of the intellectual germs. After the curtain had descended upon the last display of eight-dollar-a-week girls (they get ten in Chicago), we had escaped to Charley's for an hour's talk.

And now the steins were put before us. Feeny took a long drink, and, after placing his black brier wood pipe, with the hard rubber stem almost bitten through, at the proper angle, his face lost its former rather strained expression, and he began.

"There are two evils which beset a young man's college career at the University of Wisconsin and which are liable, in the long run, to place him among the ranks of respectable citizens. But of the two, I prefer the Orph, because you can sandwich it in between drinks."

Feeny took another long drink. "And what," I asked him, "is the nature of this other besetting evil?"

He removed his pipe from his mouth with a despairing gesture and answered, "That peculiar being, located in the evolutionary scale somewhere between the ward politicians and the reasoning animals, the typical co-ed."

"But what, as they say of the war, is the immediate cause of this hostility?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "you see I have an aunt whose nature I may define by saying that she thinks that Mr. Thomas Feeny is the *nicest* boy. She likes to see, during the summer, said Mr. Thomas Feeny in white flannels at the Country Club, smoking Pall Malls instead of rolling his own, and dancing with the prettiest girls in town. Now I never object to that. But the other day I received a letter from my aunt and it seems that she is a very good friend of the mother of a certain young lady in the University whom I shall call Louise. And as my aunt said, "Louise is the *nicest* girl and quite popular, I understand." And my letter went on to say that I should call on Louise, not only for my own sake, but also as a duty to my family.

"Then I recalled that Louise was in one of my classes, and, as I remembered her, I did not consider the call such a duty after all. She had, to use a canned phrase, a classic profile and one of those veni, vidi, vinci expression, so destructive in a class room. Moreover, she was a good student. If she did not give the exact answer, she spoke to the Prof after class and got an Ex anyway.

"However, not being exactly prepossessing in looks myself, and of rather a doubtful social position in this great educational institution, I had some difficulty in meeting Louise. But finally I arranged an introduction, showed my credits, and then it was up to me to call on her.

"Now my aunt is not progressive. She does not understand that you no longer call unheralded upon a young lady, but that by telephoning her shortly after registration day, you arrange for a date close to the final examinations. For instance, I called up Louise about the tenth of February and succeeded in making a date for the fifteenth of April.

"Nor did my aunt realize that it is not now the custom to call upon a young lady and make fudge. Instead, when the fatal night arrived, I had my pumps shined and borrowed five dollars from my roommate. And Lord, how it did rain. Twenty beers shot for a taxi!

"At exactly half past eight I arrived for Louise. 'She will be down in a minute,' I was told. She wasn't. I chewed one piece of gum. I chewed another. She finally appeared between the heavy curtains in the door-way.

" 'Oh, good evening, Mr. Feeny, I am so glad to see you.'

" 'Thank you,' I answered.

" 'Is it time to go?' she asked.

" 'Yes,' I answered.

"As I was helping her into the taxi, she said, 'It's a bad evening, isn't it?'

"Just then my foot slipped off the curb into six inches of water. 'Yes,' I answered.

"On the way down town I heard all about a fraternity dance to which Louise had been the Friday night before and about which I was just aching to know.

"We arrived at the dance. I escorted Louise to her dressing room and then turned to a crowd of fellows who all smelled of Spearmint chewing gum. In twenty minutes Louise appeared. We started to dance. We had danced perhaps thirty seconds when Louise looked rather doubtfully at me and whispered, 'Isn't this a fox trot?'

" 'Oh, so it is,' I answered, and getting a fresh hold, we walked about the room in a slightly different manner.

"For five minutes there was absolute silence except for the orchestra, which could be heard three blocks away.

"Finally Louise breathed, 'Isn't it warm tonight?'

"No answer was needed.

"Then over Louise's left ear I caught sight of the orchestra. 'Isn't the music fine?' I asked.

"No answer was needed.

" 'The floor's fine tonight, isn't it?' said Louise.

" 'The conversation's ended,' I replied.

" 'What?' asked Louise.

" 'Nothing,' I answered.

"We danced around for perhaps five minutes more. Then Louise said, 'Oh, there's Bob Cameron. Don't you think he's the nicest fellow?'

"Now personally I think that Cameron is a prime ass, but I answered, 'Yes, very.'

"The music ended and was echoed by loud applause. The first encore began.

" 'Oh, Mr. Feeny,' began Louise, 'I hear you are so fond of books.'

" 'Yes, I like to read,' I answerd.

" 'Didn't you think The Eyes of the World perfectly delightful?' asked Louise.

" 'Well,' I replied, 'Harold Bell Wright is better than Gene Stratton Porter.'

" 'I am taking a course in French literature and I think the French are perfectly lovely,' said Louise.

" 'Have you ever read The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard?' I inquired.

" 'Oh, I hate those horrid detective stories,' she replied. Now Louise, who as yet had not had Anatole France's books in her French course, could not be expected to know anything of 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.'

"The music ceased. I attempted to escort Louise to a chair in a corner but finally found myself in a none too retiring position. She was passing judgment on the people who had been dancing, but I, who usually do not lack for conversational subjects, found myself as silent as a dumb waiter in a chop suey joint after the bar on the first floor has closed. I ran over in my mind the gamut of civilization from the time Eve inaugurated coeducation (with what dire results) to the fall of Verdun, and after seemingly unending torture, my mind chanced upon no inconsiderable thing, a play by George Bernard Shaw.

" 'I was in Chicago not long ago,' I began, 'and had the opportunity of seeing Androcles and the Lion. There was a young Epicurean who—

" 'Were the costumes pretty?' interrupted Louise.

"The orchestra prevented an answer. Well, the dance went on. I met other girls and some were better and some were worse. I admit that I had had a bad start and perhaps that affected my natural optimism. But before my eyes always was the image of a group of fellows about a table upon which were large steins of bock, and through the pipe and cigarette smoke, I could see the faces. And even though those fellows were wasting their time and perhaps going to the devil, at least they were not bored.

"As I was leaving Louise that evening, she said, 'Well, Mr. Feeny, I want to thank you. I certainly had a fine time.'

" So did I,' I answered.

" 'Won't you come and see me again soon?' said Louise.

" 'Why I would be delighted to,' I answered from the sidewalk.

"I dismissed the taxi. It had stopped raining anyway. As I was walking home, I saw through a rift in the clouds one star. As I looked up, it twinkled a little. Then I swore, by all that is holy that never again would I forsake the altar of Bacchus for the local shrine of Venus.

"Oh, Charley, two more steins of bock."

J. L. CLARK.

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The Concert

I

Sound of oboe and of flute,
Of clarionet and violin,
Like spirits that have long been mute
Finding a voice to whisper in . . . . .
Andantes, played cantabile
With all the magic of wood wind.

And then I knew that you were mine—
Forever and forever mine;
That I had made you as men make
All women that they love, by lake
Or hill or fireside,
Leaving part you, and part beside
What I thought you were and loved you for.
And then I knew that you were mine,
Forever and forever mine;
That I had made you as men make
Songs they sing by lake
Or wood or fireside,
A perfect thing of tone, and part beside
What they feel it is and love it for.

Sound of oboe and of flute,
Of clarionet and violin,
Like spirits that have long been mute
Finding a voice to whisper in
Andantes, played contabile
With all the magic of wood wind.

II

INTERMISSION

The music stopped. I saw you where you sat,
Saw all you bought to be so pretty in—
For his sake not for mine; the lace, the ring,
The newest gown, the latest Paris hat, ...
I saw you speak to him, heard his sick blat
Respond, saw him lean in whispering his answer . . . . .
Lean close until his chin
Brushed your dear curl, yes, I saw even that.

The lights went out and I was mad clear through
For then I knew you just for what you were—
A perfect thing of tone was half; the other half
Was female, female with a waist of blue,
With lace, and things of tinsel and of fur . . . . .
And when the lights went on, I heard you laugh.

III

AFTER THE CONCERT

You whispered to me as you passed,
"Meet me when he leaves. I'll use
The signal that I used the last
Glad time we were together."

Well, I waited in the cold and rain,
Shivering, swearing, sick with pain
At losing you, watching for the light
That would set in your doorway when he left,
Loving, hating, sobbing in the night
At my own impotence, imagining
How you looked, and what you said,
And what you did, and every other thing
The sick imagination revels in.
I slunk around the corner of a barn
To shield me from the rain, and ~~light~~ a pipe,
And waited hours and hours and still no light.

* * * * * * * *

And then a flash fell in the night.
I saw you draw the curtains back
That I might see him there, and see your hair
Fall on your half-bared shoulders;
See him touch it to his lips, and see
His eager fingers fumble . . . . .
Then through wind and rain . . . . .
You laughed . . . . .

IV

LATER

Again the oboe and the flute have sung
Their old laments, like spirits that were still
And found a voice to whisper in, until
The room was filled with cadence, and I sung
A song I made for you when you were young.
Again I saw you sitting tense and still,
Clasping the chair to feel the cadence fill
Your body with its whisperings far-flung

Upon the heavy silence of the room.
Again you heard the magic of woodwind
And I, half worshipping you, half
Cursing the dim darkness of the room
That would not let me see your lips that had not sinned,
Thanked God, that when the lights flared on—you did not laugh.

R. D. JAMESON.

Reflections on "College Spirit" in Russia and America

"Our students are the barometer of our political life," said a noted Russian publicist. "When the universities are in session, when lectures and recitations are regularly attended, and the spirit of learning prevails—the reactionary bureaucracy is in power. When the universities are closed, the students are in jail or on the gallows—Democracy is at its height."

This statement does not seem exaggerated to anyone who is acquainted with the rôle that the Russian students have played in the recent history of their country. Every liberal thought, every liberal idea has originated within some student circle. Young men who, for social, political, or other reasons, cannot enter the few Russian universities, go to Germany, France, Switzerland, and, though they seldom return home with a diploma and a degree, they invariably bring with them a supply of Western European ideas in philosophy, in political science, in literature, and in art. For many years these students have formed a connecting link between the "Russian Political Exiles" in Western Europe and their country, and have brought home with them, besides new ideas in science and art, well worked out tactics for attacking the old forms of social and political life, and hopes and plans for new.

The history of Russian thought for the last sixty years can be traced entirely through intellectual movements among undergraduates. It is for this reason that the writers of the social novels and dramas of the period so often chose the student for the intellectual hero, or the pioneer of new ideas. His is the leading figure in the works of Turgenev, Dostoevesky, Chirikov, Gorky, Andreev, Arzybashev, and of many other old and modern writers. In one novel the student stands for constructive principles, for social uplift and reorganization. In another he represents the spirit of intellectual dejection, nihilism and negation. Here he is a practical social revolutionist; there an oversensitive aesthete. Here a propagandist of submission to evil; there an active, ultra-individualistic anarchist.

Not alone have the students of Russia dreamed, thought, and preached—they have always acted. In the middle of the nineteenth century we find them busy with "Narodnichestvo." Undergraduates, sons of noblemen, realized their obligation to the lower classes, to the "muzhik," by whose labor they were fed. They gave up their college careers, broke all social ties, and went to live the peasants' life and to spread the first seeds of knowledge among these semibarbarians. Checked by the Government in their work of peaceful reform, the students adopted a more aggressive policy. The movement of "Narodnaya Volya" (The People's Will) was launched, a movement which after a long history, developed into the open revolution of 1905–1906. It finally inspired millions of people and resulted in the granting of the "Duma," the Russian Parliament, by the Tzar.

This sense of social leadership, and of responsibility for the social state of the people has been the great tradition of the students. Always sensitive to all variations of the current problems of life, they select their courses of study in terms of these problems. History, economics, philosophy are read for aid in developing what the student considers his own point of view, acquired most probably in gymnasiums. Philosophy, science, literature, and art, are to him not different, unrelated fields of knowledge, but different phases of the same problem of life. Hence his breadth of outlook and universality of interest.

This breadth and universality is the most outstanding feature in the atmosphere of student life in Russia. It is a feature which the Russian student values above anything else. It is not to be had in the lecture room, nor in text books, but in student circles, in a back room of a dinky saloon over a glass of beer, or in an attic room over a glass of tea. There the prospective lawyer, painter, physician, sculptor, engineer, and statesman come together. The division of arts and sciences according to "fakultets," or colleges, is laughed at; "Kultura," a limitless, all-embracing education, is everyone's object of interest. Book learning, pedantry, narrow scholasticism are sneered at; the spirit of life, of humanity, is glorified. There is no splitting-up of interest, no regard for professional authority. Everything is general, universal, humane. Everybody wants to know everything. Discussions go on without order, without a system. Metchnikoff's latest milk culture, the International Socialist Congress, Andreev's mysticism, Edison's storage battery, the Mikado's throne speech, future possibilities

of art, a new electrical theory,—all are discussed and analyzed by everybody. Mere technicalities of a subject are laid aside, the general spirit is understood and appreciated by everyone. The discussions proceed until late after sunrise. No one notices the passing of time, no one thinks of his "eight-o'clocks," for it is here and not in the lecture room that the students get their education. What seemed in the class-room like a bit of pedantry, covered with the dust of ages, becomes here an ideal worth fighting for.

Much might be said about these ideals, many of which are visions not only of the present, but of the near and far future. Some may not be realized for thousands of years, others perhaps never, since in many respects the impracticality of the Russian student is almost as great as his spirituality. But this article intends to deal with the spiritual atmosphere of the Russian student, and whether his ideals be realizable now, in a thousand years, or never, the fact remains that the mind of the Russian student is open to new ideas coming from any direction; he is always keeping in touch with the great movements; his college life is one great striving towards an ideal. His idealism results sooner or later in some sort of a service to his people.

* * *

The contrast between the spiritual life of the Russian student and the American is almost as great as that between the social and political life of their countries. If it be true, as many people suppose, that the idealism of the Russian student is the effect of the social oppression of his country, it is also true that the spirit of the American student is the result of the social optimism of his country. "As a people we are optimistic but careless, generous but wasteful, buoyant but boastful," says Professor Ely. The American student is the son of his people, the same characteristics hold true of him.

The American student is an optimist, his optimism is not, however, a theory of life, a *lebensanschaung,* but an expression of the healthy animal spirit of a man without care. It is a boyish spirit expressed by "I should worry!" This boyish optimism, if brought in contact with real life problems, could result in a spiritual activity similar to that of the Russian student, but when left to itself it results in a boyish idealism, in a sense of loyalty to the tiny little externalities of college life, which he mistakes for high college ideals. And what is the college from which he thinks he takes his ideals.

The academic policy of the American university is dictated entirely by the faculty, or the college administration, and not by the students. There is no student sentiment, nor a current student opinion which should indirectly control the course of studies. The courses, as well as the method of study, are defined by the faculty, which is consequently entirely responsible for the prevailing "spirit of learning."

As for the academic policy, or view on college education held by the faculty, a whole literature has been written on the subject, and it contains scholarly studies by such men as President Wilson, Dean Birge, and William James. There, a continuous reference is made to the good old times. The change of educational emphasis, the disappearance of the humanities, the apparent loss of the spirit of learning, have all been stated, emphasized, and lamented time and again. But what do our college administrators do to uphold the free spirit of learning *in spite* of the replacement of humanities by technical studies? How do our university officials control and guide the students' enthusiasm for high ideals, and inspire their devotion to learning? The university officials nourish the spiritual instinct innate in all students in two ways. Directly, by setting before them the ideal of scholarship. Indirectly, by fostering "student activities."

The ideal of scholarship is identified by college authorities with high grades, and these are statistically shown to be the direct result of habits of regularity and system. The commercial standard of efficiency is thus introduced into the world of learning. Personality is eclipsed by uniformity. The spirit of learning is replaced with a spirit of lesson making; furthermore, the "high grade" ideal fosters in many students the spirit of political game, a tendency "to get a pull with the prof," to please every assistant, in a word, to do anything to get an *Ex.*

Outside of the classroom the students' spiritual craving is satisfied by their spiritual leaders via pushing the students into college activities. College activities may be roughly divided into three groups, athletic, educational, and political. Into these the students throw themselves, to them they devote their entire energy. They are ready to sacrifice the best that is in them for what thy suppose to be the glory of their university. The strain of athletics, and the dangers involved in it are well known to every student. Yet a college athlete will willingly accept all the privation of the training table, spend hours exercising,

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Two Gentlemen (and a Lady) of Verona

The signpost on Monroe street read: Ten Miles to Verona, and the signpost lied. I know positively that when I arrived there I detected eighteen different brands of mud on my shoes, one variety for each mile. All that I recollect of those ten (?) miles is mud; the landscape was shrowded in it, even the Holsteins in the pastures blinked at me soberly through thick casings of salmon-tinted clay.

I ploughed past the County Insane Asylum where figures in blue jackets sat humped up in grotesque attitudes on long benches, and others in white coats strutted about the lawn, snuffing the morning air; past the Almshouse where poor devils were earning their keep by whitewashing fences and mixing concrete in the back yard. Then, beyond a hill about a mile distant, I saw the white spire of a church, tipped with a golden cross. I waded two or three miles farther, and the spire still maintained the same relative position. When I finally caught up with it, I found that it and the church it was attached to had became snarled up in a mess of other buildings down in a hollow. I counted fourteen in all, and one was labeled Verona.

I once read something about the odors of the old original Verona. The people of this town, apparently, had stolen not only the name but the peculiarities of the ancient Italian city, for on walking down the street, I detected an odor that reminded me of a burning glue factory. It drifted out of a red structure marked: William Wild, Blacksmith and Wagon Shop; Horseshoeing A Specialty. William was engrossed in his specialty. His head was almost hidden in the smoke of burning hoof. He appeared to enjoy it, for his red face when it looked up at me wore a smile. Then he clamped the hot shoe to the foot and made me retreat as precipitously as though he had kicked me bodily through the front door.

A less offensive smell, suggestive of frying bacon, caused me to head for its source, a little white lunch room on a side street. It was in charge of a neat young woman with a demure face that made me feel wicked and worldly wise. The dinner she set out for me made me feel worse. The beans were cold, the bacon elastic, and the coffee dispirited.

"A fine day," I remarked, sawing at the rubber bacon.

"Wonderful," she agreed, looking out of the window with a warm light in her wide, dark eyes.

I thought it a shame that a woman with her beauty and sense for beauty should be marooned in Verona. I lingered over the coffee that I might continue to admire her. Then I arose and walked to the counter.

"Fifty cents," she said.

My face burned with indignation and sunburn. I slapped a handful of nickels and dimes on the counter with a look of haughty indifference, for I never bandy words with women of obviously low mental caliber. I wish that the front of the resort had born some name or device, that I might warn the poor and unwary traveler; however, if he will look sharp he will see three bottles of red pop, a sickly geranium and a gray cat in the front window.

The Auditorium Hotel, Wm. Blankenheim, Prop., is a long white building with a long, low veranda. In the remarkable stout gentleman who dozed in a cane chair I thought I recognized the prop himself, for his chair was tilted against one of the white pillars as though the support of the roof were dependent upon the bulk of his body. His round face was barren of hair and would have fitted a trombone or tuba excellently, for his fat cheeks were blown out as though he were gathering the necessary power for a rendition of Asleep in the Deep. Certainly, he must have had a large enough stock to draw upon, for his portly body might have served Aeolus in lieu of a leather bag. There was such a serious, contemplative look on this gentleman's face that I was unprepared for the comedy which followed. Two farmers in blue shirts, yellow trousers, and straw hats slouched out of the building and sat on a bench next to the fat individual. They discussed the weather, oats, and Johnson's new gang plow for several minutes, and then one of them turned and said loudly:

"Henry, how does the owl go?"

Without a moment's hesitation Henry raised his head, puckered his lips into a cipher and let out a long-drawn and melancholy "Whoo—oo!" which began in deep bass and ran the gamut till it culminated in a shrill and painful tenor. Then his mouth straightened by degrees, his eyes closed again, and he resumed his doze, while the farmers, with an approving smile and nod, took up their conservation where they had left off.

There was something dignified and business-like

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The Little Theatre Movement in America

What is The Little Theatre Movement? I might as well begin that way—right at the beginning. I do hate articles and people that take it for granted you know what they're talking about before they begin, and seem to look down upon you so crushingly if you indicate that you don't.

It would seem that if anyone knows authoritatively what it is, the director of the Little Theatre ought to. I have heard from fifteen out of the twenty-five that I know of. (This, I am sure, is far from a complete list). Scattered over ten states, in fifteen cities, from New York to California, and from Missouri to North Dakota.

From what they said, and they said a great variety of things, I gather that though they may place the emphasis at different points, they are all working toward the same goal—the promotion of an era of truly American drama—of drama which shall be written, produced and acted by Americans, and that with no mean excellence, but of a standard which shall equal, if not surpass, the best of the modern European drama—of Galsworthy, and Barker, and even Synge; yes, and The Irish Players and the famous players of The Seagull Theatre, Moscow.

Yet some of these directors declared that they had nothing whatever to do with The Little Theatre Movement, and professed to be as ignorant of it as I. Winthrop Ames, director of The Little Theatre, New York, says:

"I know of no 'Little Theatre Movement'; at least, I am sure that my Little Theatre in New York is not concerned with any such movement."

Stuart Walker, of the Portmanteau Theatre, says:

"So far, I have never heard of the term (Little Theatre Movement) defined, although I have gleaned that it is applicable both as an excuse for inferior work and as a pose in producing plays which are considered above the level of the common herd. Personally, I have no sympathy with such things."

But Maurice Brown, of The Chicago Little Theatre, which is recognizedly a leader in the Little Theatre Movement, apparently has no sympathy with this highbrow, uplift idea either. He bids us remember that "We are making a home for a popular art, not for Grand Opera." And if Mr. Walker could read his description of The Little Theatre audience he would have no illusions about the plays being above the so-called "common herd." It is composed, he says, of "The average American men and women, without overmuch money or brains, but with a great deal of that splendid, pitiful, underrated quality which is common to all—*ordinary humanity;* they play, in fact, to your cousins and to my aunts, and to Mrs. Lake Avenue's cook's young man, to store clerks and college professors and club women and policemen and members of The Drama League of America and elevator boys; to all who are compact, as you and I and they are compact, of laughter and tears and the divine childish gift of "let's pretend."

Nor in the words of any of the other directors have I found a trace of pedantic snobbishness. Edward Goodman, director of The Washington Square Players, New York, calls his audience "high-brow," but hurries on to qualify the term:

"They are 'high brow' in the best sense," he says, "and not in the usual sense. That is, they have been growing and include now no special class, but are gathered from all conditions of society, their one characteristic in common being that they are those who are interested in seeing intelligent drama intelligently produced."

That seems to be the only qualification; and judging by the growth and increased number of Little Theatres in the past two or three years, one would be led to believe that there is an ever increasing per cent of the American public who are interested in just that sort of thing; intelligent drama, intelligently produced. This bodes well for the approach of the American dramatic era.

As for excusing inferior work—I fail to see the justice of Mr. Walker's remark. From what I hear of The Little Theatre Movement, the keynote of the whole idea is work—earnest, untiring, never-give-up-no-matter-how-discouraging work—work that gives all of the worker unflinchingly, and not for the sake of the almighty dollar that's in it (for there are not many, even for the best) but for the love of the thing itself, and for ambition to make it better, and better, and better. Is this kind of work usually of an inferior sort?

To be sure, in its now pioneer stage, there is often not money enough to provide the best materials for stage settings, or lighting, or costuming. Rare shifts must be made to do the best with what there is—wonderful feats performed to transform a tin funnel into a spot light, or create a queenly robe out of a few yards of flannel. But this only

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Verse

Allah il Allah!

Won't you walk into my chapel
Said the Pastor to the Stude,
Hear me rattle Adam's Apple,
Have a piece of Angel's Food,
Get my notions of the phil-prof,
Right up from the sod,
Have your soul saved by the help of
A Morganatic God.

Not a chapel shall I walk in
Said the Stude unto the Pastor.
I am balkin' silly talkin'
As I'd balk my soul's disaster,
And a watery salvation.
I've no need of in my plan:
I know the true scheme of creation,
I'm a loyal Ottoman.

FATA MORGANA.

EURYDICE

I

Ah, could I pierce the veil thou draw'st
'Tween me and thy retreating form!
Could I but learn what die was cast
Which made thee mock thy Love's concern?
Availed not Cerberus to check
Orpheus' quest of Eurydice,
But I had plucked thee, drawn thee back,
And thou had'st lived eternally!

II

Thou would'st not so, but rather turned
To Pluto's house. So let it be.
Alone, my unstrung lyre retuned,
I sing thy parting threnody.
My Aeolian harp, swept by thy breath,
Had raised aloft inspirèd tone.
This tribute pay I thee in death,
'Ere turn I to my task alone.

HOWARD EATON.

Under the Stars

Infinite blue, thick-sprinkled with diamonds;
Infinite blue,—and silence.
Now I am alone, gazing upwards;
So much alone that the last hour,
The last half-score of hours, and days,
Are forgotten like the mist of dreams,
And there is only Myself,—and Space;
Myself,—and Silence.

Twinkling star-specks, white radiance of universes;
Star-specks twinkling—out There.
Puny Consciousness that is Myself, staring upwards,—
Unperceivable on this dust-grain that is our Earth,—
Whirl with Its tiny, captured Self through Space.
Yet, in the midst of this,—do those Stars mock me?—
I am a Consciousness, earth-conquering,
Expanding Consciousness—and Master.

O Stars! O puny Earth! I, spawn of Thy spawning,
Live deep these little years—long Days of life, death, and re-living,
Building towards the distant hour when,—
Who can say after what centuries of living?—
I shall master even your distances, O Stars,
O wise and silent stars,
Laughing with you in your mighty Harmonies,
Which now,—ah, human speck o' me!—
Now I am too deaf to hear.

Infinite blue, thick-sprinkled with diamonds,—Suns,—
Infinite, unconquered blue—and Silence.

DUDLEY BROOKS.

Rhythmic Characterizations

T. H. D.

Unlike so many of the rarer gifts
That smile and then are quickly snatched away,
Each moment that was spent within his sweep
Was pulsed with ever conscious gain of truths
That lilted from his mind in freshest terms.
No moment could one overlook the mark
Of sterling in that face,—that boyish face.
At times he turns a calculating eye
Which all at once will light with sympathy
At fire,—and his judgment is the best.
But he is gone, and lettered Mecca folds
A chiseled workman to her mighty breast;
And her he leaves behind
Grieves though her son has found a broader realm.

H. M. K.

A maze, a whirl of dithyrambic thought
Flashes upon me from that mental athlete.
He sits there solid, like a bone-rimmed Sphinx,
And smiles and smiles and outward pours the thought,
A dartling mass of lights that blind the eye.
As one who speeds the city street along
And giddied is through signs and sounds and swells
And all the sonnets of the city's life,
So do I feel as there I sit and catch,
Catch at an arrow, now, from many sent,
A clean, sharp arrow of a mighty thought
Awhile the rest fly by and dizzy me.

T. E. M. Hefferan.

The Viking's Dirge

(Written after studying Beouwulf)

Wild were the waves around Wulf, the fierce sea-king,
Loud was the song of the sorrowful north wind;
But strong were the oarsmen that fought with the billows
Forcing their way down the cold, stormy sea-streets.
Never before was such fury as raged there.
The heavens flung back the dread sound of Thor's hammer,
For the sea-king had angered the great god of thunder,
And Wyrd had decreed a dire doom for the heroes
That fought the rough waves from their strong-sinewed sea-horse.
Thor struck with his hammer the steed of the viking
And cleft it in twain on the icy cold waters.
Nothing was left, but the roar of the thunder
That rolled through the sky on the back of the storm cloud.

But still on cold nights, the great breast of the North Sea
Heaves, and bemoaning the death of her war-son,
She sings a wild dirge o'er the grave of the viking,
Long since forgotten, unwept and unsung.

Katharine Page Whiteside.

Shucks

EVEN the wind was restlessly wicked. It picked up the bits of hay and straw about the stage-door, whirled them about in a mad circling dance, then dropped them in a bruised heap upon a splash of sunlight. The secretary to the president of the large Hippodrome sighed as she pulled hard at the heavy stage door. She looked longingly at the sunlight which enveloped the weary dancers and sighed again. It was Monday and Monday meant a complete change of the theatrical bill with all the attendant noise of new settings, the raucous instructions of tired comedians and the cries of overtraveled animals.

With a last vicious pull the heavy door opened and shut out the sunlight. She stood upright and still against the door in her usual effort to adjust herself to the darkness. Soon she made out the figure of the crippled door-keeper where he sat huddled on his stool. With his cane he pointed to the elephant on the right and several fine horses and ponies on the left. "More dog and pony stuff this week," he said, "better be shy of that Shetland's heels." She laughed at his warning which varied with the bill, and picked her way across the immense and half-darkened stage. Many figures moved about in the dim light. Colored maids and porters were flipping dust-cloths in the darkened pit. With the aid of several footlights and a small part of the orchestra, a slender chap with a pasty face and loud checked suit was bobbing back and forth upon his heels. Away off in a corner of the stage she saw the gleam of eyes and heard Billy, the old animal trainer, say coaxingly to the leopards, "There, my beauty, now you are fit to go calling." Then because the next animal was less patient, he cried, "Stop snarling; who in Hell do you think you are?"

The secretary laughed and was about to move on to her office when she found herself facing the owner of the leopards. He was tall and slender and wore high brown boots and corduroy trousers. His white silk shirt was opened at the throat. Mechanically she looked up at the man's face, then moved quickly away. His eyes underneath his deeply arched brows were bloodshot and dissipated. With a shrug of his shoulder he moved off. She noticed that his stride was long and stealthy and with a decided elasticity from the hips. With a shudder and a little laugh at her vague fear of the man she mounted the spiral staircase of iron which led to an old dressing-room. Such windowless vaults or fire traps, with no pretense of ventilation, had been condemned as dressing-rooms. It was now the secretary's office, no provision having as yet been made by the city for the care of secretaries. From the door of this vault she could see the entire stage from the footlights back to the leopards' cages.

Even for a Monday the big theatre was uncommonly noisy and irritable. The usually diplomatic stage manager was almost rude to the star act, the property-man was breaking in new stagehands with no gentle expletives, everyone got out of the way of the booking-agent, and even Big Billy, the chief usher, had a grouch. And all the animals from the leopards to the monkeys were coughing hoarsely and squealing. The secretary sat at her desk staring hard at her memorandum-pad and seeing nothing. When heavy foot-steps sounded on the iron stairway she turned toward the door. Big Billy, carrying the Saturday and Sunday ticket receipts, looked more than glum.

"What's the trouble, Billy, you don't look exactly happy?" questioned the secretary.

"I was up all night with the toothache," grunted Billy, and proceeded to demonstrate in detail the exact location of the pain.

The girl laughed, for she was never quite able to accustom herself to these vaudeville and circus people who were such children to pain. But Billy was not relieved even after a recital of the night, but sat on the edge of the chair, head down and arms resting heavily on his outstretched legs.

"Look here, Billy," quizzed the secretary, "it's more than the toothache. What is the matter?"

Billy looked up and said almost huskily, "It's the weather. It's time for the circus to start and I'm crazy to be out in the open. I've gone with the circus every spring, but now—the wife won't let me. That's what a fellow gets when he marries. Hear those animals, they are itching to be out—Monty leaves for the road as soon as the Old Man can get a new stage manager. Johnny, the call boy, is going and—Oh, what's the use?"

He arose and shambled down the stairs; no, it wasn't exactly shambling, for one can't shamble on an iron spiral stairway.

So that was it! It was nearing spring and spring meant change. Sometimes it meant more than an artificially lighted box of an office with rasping orchestras and ministerial employers who ran vaudeville houses. Sometimes it meant

romance. But here the secretary laughed at the absurdity of her thought and rose to meet who ever it was that bounded so lightly up the stairway.

She knew him at once to be the leader of the Derrick Company, acrobatic performers. He was ready for the first performance and he stood before her in his fleshings, high flexible boots and leather bands about his wrists. They took measure of each other, those two.

He noted the tense slim figure in blue with the questioning eyes, while she watched the play of his smooth muscles and the clean and perfect beauty of him. Her manner, usually cold and somewhat restrained with performers, relaxed; she looked up at the big Germanic god and smiled. He smiled back. Then they both laughed, simply and delightedly.

"Oh," he said, with a pleasant accent, "I nearly forgot what I came for—I expected a letter from home and I thought you would know where it would be."

Even while making her reply, the magnetism of his physical perfection was growing upon her. She felt a great desire to put her fingers about his wrist to feel his strength. He seemed to understand her admiration and proceeded to tell her something of his life, of the more than temperate existence he and his company led in order to maintain that equilibrium of strength, health, and beauty.

"But now," he continued, "the boys and I can no longer play in such warm, smelly places. Next week we join the circus—and you? Do you spend the *spring* here?" His nose wrinkled at the odor of stale cigars, and he shook his head at the small windowless vault. The secretary smiled, happily, dreamily, he was such a beautiful god. And all the ugliness of the theatre which had been hurting her for months—he understood and voiced at once.

At the sound of an insistent electric bell, he exclaimed, "My act," swung about and ran lightly down the stairs. From the stairway landing or balcony, as her employer chose to dignify the position, she watched the acrobat bow at the applause that greeted him. He smiled, too, not a superficial stage smile, but a happy genuine smile. Many acrobats had come and gone, but never had she watched them with interest. But now she watched facinatedly the heavy bars he and his partners swung, stood breathless while they piled weights upon him, and exulted, when, with a smile, he carried his partners from the stage. As he stepped back into the darkened wings, he looked up as though expecting to find her there. She stood tense and straight against the lighted doorway, but her happy smile froze when she saw the leopard owner stare insolently up at her. With flushed face she stepped back into the office and worked feverishly.

But she knew by the slow sinuous music that the leopard act was on, and mechanically she moved again to the landing. Even among those graceful caged animals, his was a graceful figure. He moved as they moved, stealthily and surely; they watched him closely, but he watched them more closely. It wasn't a game of love or friendliness, but a game of hate. He evidently played the game well, but the secretary shuddered, and looked no more.

When returning from lunch, she stumbled across a back-stage obstruction, an arm came out of the darkness and guided her to the stairway. She knew it was the acrobat, but said nothing. When she turned to thank him, the leopard man was there too—his insolent face was even more insolent.

She looked up the schedule of acts and during the three afternoon performances she stood at the landing against the light watching the acrobat's performance. And always at the end of his act, he stood below the landing and talked. After his last appearance for the day, he put out his arms and said, "Come out of that black vault, jump, see I will catch you." She laughed at his lovely nonsense, but an insolent laugh echoed hers. "Good night," called the acrobat, but the secretary forgot to answer and quickly entered the office.

She sorted and opened letters in nervous haste. She was beginning to be ashamed of her conduct of the day. The boss had cautioned, "Handle the performers carefully; be nice, but don't be damned nice." And she was beginning to fear that she had been nice, possibly too nice. Suddenly there was a click and the light went out. She turned about perplexed and annoyed to find the leopard man standing in the doorway. All her being seemed to quiver, yet she sat very still and said in a voice that was coldly civil, "Please turn on that light and tell me what you want."

"You know what I want," he said with a peculiar drawl. "Now, my lady, I'm going to make love to you too, but I don't make love in public or in the light as does our friend, the acrobat. See?"

And while still drawling on the word "See," he made an attempt to close the big iron door of the vault.

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A Sentimental Lapse

I CAN ask no greater pleasure after a day of study than to light a tall candle in an old Venetian candle stick of my grand-aunt's, and to sit with an open window at my right hand, a table and well filled bookcases in front of me; while I smoke a companionable pipe in melancholy. So am I writing tonight, and a lonely spring wind that has wandered up from the south—cool, moist, yet pleasantly so, brings back to me a hundred memories of times I have lived or dreamed.

It seems again that I am in the Johannis Park at Leipzig. Just such a lost spring wind is there too, seeking in the branches of the trees; and the lake, where in the fall I fed the swans, is frozen. I am wondering vaguely where they have gone when Olga comes and sits beside me. I never knew much of Olga, except that she fled from Russia with her Jewish lover in the revolutions of 1905, and that Karl, the janitor's son, and I would fight bravely to have her smile on us.

I snuggle up close beside her, for the wind is rather chilly and I am a very little boy, while in her melodious German she tells of her rich father's household, and the servants, and the large summer home.

"That was in Russia," she says with a gesture. Oh, those gestures! As I think of them even now they thrill me, so expressive of frailness, of moodiness, and of appeal. She tells me about her little canary bird, Hans, that would talk to her when Chaim wasn't there, and how on the day that Hans died, her troubles began. She tells me all this, and because the south wind seems lost, and because the Johannis Park is so big, she cries a little. I feel for my handkerchief and am ashamed, for boys don't cry, only girls and Olga.

"And now you and Chaim are here alone?" I ask, "Why did you leave Russia?"

"Because I loved him, Närrchen, don't you see?"

I'm afraid I didn't, but kept silent. And then we walk together through the narrow crooked streets, to Essinger's Konditerei, and she buys me cake and whipped cream, until in the light and warmth I quite forget Russia and her troubles, and lose myself in the sweet frothiness that is before me.

Now I am in Leipzig again. We are standing by the window in mother's big room that looks out over the Nikolai Kirchhof, where the steep slated towers of the church rise up so close that it almost seems I can touch them. It is early evening again and the same south wind is lost in the roofs of the houses where the great Goethe lived and loved so much. This time not Olga but Hedwig is standing beside me and trying to smoke a cigarette, and this time I am really crying and Hedwig is trying not to, for Olga is dead. We have just seen her where they laid her in the black box in the next room. I kissed her and Hedwig laughed, or tried to, for she is studying philosophy. But she throws her cigarette away, and puts her hand on my head, "So, so, nicht weinen, Kindchen," she says, "so, so." And so we stand until the gaslamps are lit in the streets four stories below us and the room is dark.

I am older now, and wiser—perhaps. I no longer weep for sentimental girls who leave a good home for a lover. I no longer stand by a window in a big room in the Leipzig Bohemia while Hedwigs smoke cigarettes and try not to be sentimental.

Now I am sitting in my room in a little midwestern town while the light of a candle in an old Venetian candle stick is blown by a south wind. It was in this room that the Dr. lived, and here where we read so much together. There, in the bookcase is the same set of Goethe, signed in his own hand; and these pictures that are indecipherable to any but a loving eye, we hung together. This is the table, and these are the chairs, and on my face is the south wind, but he is gone—so long it seems, though it is only a few months, and I am here alone.

Thus does the south wind that is lost and seeking bring back my life to me—here an odor, there a touch upon the cheek, or the sound of a dead voice. Vain life that beats so futiley, vain memories that haunt me with more pleasure, now I believe, than pain, when will you be still? You are like scenes from a drama of Strindberg, illegible, unlogical. You are but lost fragments of a greater fragments, as I am, but I cannot leave you. You are a part of me.

I send my soul out to search with the south wind. It follows the road up over the hill and winds down by the lake. It goes farther. It goes to the many towns where I have been happy or sad with the south winds—lost or seeking. It goes in at a casement here where the white curtains are blowing out, or beneath a dead oak tree, or over the wideness of the prairie, or to a happy company that have gathered around a table at the Boar's Head, and then it comes back to me.

Is there anything more complete than man's loneliness on an early spring night? Now and then it is possible to come into contact with a living soul, in quick, sweet contact, and then the soul slinks back to its home in the night and a gulf has sprung up between you, unfathomable, inexplicable.

Now the south wind is back again and it has brought with it a cold rain that beats in through the window on my face as I write. Olga, Hedwig, Ernest, why will you not come too? I stretch out my hands and try to see you in the blue pipesmoke that eddies around the candle. I try to feel your warm breathing as I did a minute ago, and your hearts that beat so strong.

See the wind has snuffed out the candle and I am in the dark room again and in the house below me I hear voices, those strange other voices that I do not know and that I fear to love.

JAMES WETZEL.

The Little Theatre Movement in America

(Continued from page 12)

means more faithful, more original, and skillful work—not inferior.

Then, too, they employ amateur players for the most part—but this not because they are cheaper labor at cheaper wages—but for the simple reason that they are not already encumbered with the set conventions of the commercial stage, nor the lure of the cash that it brings. They come with open mind and heart, with the ambition and the untried ability to work and to learn, and with a willingness to serve an apprenticeship in order to try that ability. A dilettante is soon discovered, for dilettantes are not fond of hard work, and the selective process is in strict operation.

"The eye of the needle is an archway to a camel compared with the stage door of our Art Theatre to the dramatic aspirant," says Maurice Brown, "work and ability are the latter's only keys."

Perahps some press comments about The Washington Square Players may help dispel the notion that The Little Theatre Movement is an excuse for inferior work.

"It is at present the most interesting enterprise of The New York Stage. * * * One begins to believe that perhaps, after all, there is to be a future for the American drama."—Harper's Bazaar.

"Their's is the livest theatre in New York just now—perhaps the livest in America."—Walter Pritchard Eaton, in The American Magazine.

Free experiment is an essential feature of The Little Theatre Movement—for its promoters are working on the frontiers of dramatic art—and without the privilege of research, they can make little advance toward an American dramatic era. That is one of the great advantages of The Little Theatre. It is not a slave to the box office receipts, for it will not let itself be; and though it aims at popularity, it does not stoop to cheap popularity. It knows its audience and can be sure that they are interested in the very things for which it is striving. It is therefore possible to try out new ideas in staging,—not just anybody's ideas, but the ideas of men like Max Reinhardt or Granville Barker, or Percy Mackaye, or any other who is proving that his ideas are worth being tried.

The ideas of foreigners are not shunned in this endeavor to promote an American drama, because it is not by turning our backs upon the best that has already been achieved that will make for progress. Until America can yield something as good or better, foreign ideas and foreign plays will continue to demand a prominent place in the program of The Little Theatre. For it is by this very means, of holding up the best light of present accomplishment, that those among us who have courage and power, may be aided in finding their way out of the darkness into a still more illuminating daylight.

But there is another way of aiding ambitions Americans—and that is, by producing their plays (when they are good), by using the scenery and costumes they design (also when they are good) and by letting them act, and direct and start new Little Theatres that will be an improvement on the present ones. And this method is being used as well as the other.

The Prairie Playhouse, Galesburg, Illinois, of which J. A. Crafton is director, has for its particular aim:

"To create in and about Galesburg an interest in the work of the theatre strong enough to assemble a group of players (which shall be known as the Galesburg Players), "and to stimulate the dramatization of the life of this section. * * * Consequently, although the Playhouse will be glad to receive all original plays with the hope of producing them, it is particularly desirous of plays dealing with the life of this section, and promises every help it can give in preparing them for production."

Several of the Little Theatres maintain schools in which aspiring players, playwrights, and producers receive valuable training, and, if they show

ability, may be given the opportunity for its further development. The Little Playhouse, of Cincinnati, under the management of Helen Schuster Martin, The Little Theatre of Philadelphia, under Beulah Jay, and The Washington Square Players have such schools. The Harvard Workshop, as the name suggests, is purely an experimental theatre, where plays written by students in the drama classes at Harvard are produced for trial. Many of these plays, with alterations made after their first performance there, have later found success in the theatrical world. The Wisconsin Players, Milwaukee, have a class in Playwriting from which the best plays are produced once a year, as well as other classes in the history of the dramatic interpretation, and dancing. The Wisconsin Players, however, differ from the other four in that they do not support a school in connection with their organization, but their organization is itself a club to which those interested in any of the related arts of the theatre may belong and which offers these privileges of study to its members. It maintains a commodious club-house, called The Playhouse, which contains an English tea-room, reading rooms, a book shop, dressing rooms and bath for the actors, a small theatre for public performances, and a ball room used for dancing classes, and lectures, and, with a movable stage, for experimental dramatic work.

This example of the Wisconsin Players emphasizes another interesting phase of Little Theatre Work—the combination of the arts. Poetry—music—dancing—color and design are all being made to contribute to the oldest of all the arts—the drama. As much attention is paid to the scenery and costume designing, and lighting effects as to the acting itself, for it is only when they harmonize with the spirit of the play, and at the same time form a contrasting background for the players that the whole becomes a unit; and artistic unity is one of the chief aims of the Little Theatre. Granville Sturgis, director of The Little Theatre Players, Denver, appears to be as proud of the rich Belgian blue wall drapings with a lambrequin with a silver gray silk border, which decorate the once-bare auditorium, and the "wonderful depth" which he accomplished in the stage setting for Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate" as he is of the exceptional ability of the actors. Several mention that fine music is a special feature of the entertainments. Classes in dancing are offered by those who have schools. Five theatres announce a series of lectures by experts of the drama and its related arts. Maurice Brown, with his idea of unity, goes so far as to declare that—

"The man or woman who would establish an Art Theatre that is an Art Theatre * * * must be able to design it, to ventilate it, to decorate it, to equip its stage, to light it (and to handle its lighting himself, or his electricians will not listen to him), to plan his costumes and scenery, aye, and at a shift to make them with his own hands; otherwise his costumer and scene painter will do strange things to send him nightmares at dawn and terrify his wife; and in addition to all these things which are essential, he will, if he is a wise man, have the stage conventions of the last generation at his finger-tips,—because he is establishing a living convention on a dead one, so that it is well for him to know what the dead one was and why, for example, Pinero and Suderman are of it, while von Hoffmansthal and Abercrombie are not. And finally, he will know not merely the names of Njinski and Craig and Fortuny and a half a hundred more, but what they have done, and most important of all, how and why they have done it. And the reason he must know these things, which the millionaire and the pauper dilettante who are dabbling today in the art of the American Theatre do not know, is that he is establishing an Art Theatre which shall be the temple of a living art."

This is more than combining the related arts of the theatre—it is combining them in one person, and Maurice Brown does not pretend that any such person exists at present. But he is looking hopefully for him in this new American dramatic era which is coming with the help of the Little Theatres.

The old art of pantomime is being revived, and finds a place in the productions of The Little Theatres of Philadelphia, Indianapolis, North Dakota, and others. "The Kingdom of The Black Isles" by Sarah Yarrow and Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun" are two that have been presented.

The children are not left out in the plans of The Little Theatre, for as the prospectus of "The Prairie Playhouse, Galesburg, Ill., says:

"Drama is woven out of daily experiences and finds its interpretation through the most primitive 'play-instinct' of the races, the pleasure of 'pretending.' Since this play instinct is keenest in children, no theatre can neglect their interests."

Five of the Little Theatres have admitted that they can't. And so has come about a new use for the puppet play, the values of which have been so well demonstrated by Gordon Craig. At The Little Playhouse of St. Louis, puppet plays for chil-

dren are presented by Mr. Michael Carr, a pupil of Gordon Craig. The Chicago Little Theatre devotes Saturday mornings to the manoeuvers of marinettes for the amusement of les enfants, and doubtless of their mothers and nurses as well. Furthermore, for its celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, it presented a marvellous puppet production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with specially made puppets and scenery.

I have not yet mentioned the desire, among other desires of many of The Little Theatres, to become a socializing agent in the community and the means they take of realizing it. Appreciating the friendly influence of "supping together," some serve tea or coffee between the acts. Others find that an informal reception after the play at which refreshments are served, is more pleasant. The Little Country Theatre at Fargo, North Dakota, has a Coffee Tower adjoining the auditorium, where there are cosy chats about the drama and other things, over steaming cups of hot coffee.

A few of the Little Theatres draw all of their talent from the community, as The Galesburg Theatre, and The Little Theatre Society of Indianapolis. The latter has even a local director and manager for it was found that the "community will more readily support a theatre of its own devising and management than one of alien ideals and control, however aspiring and artistic," and it looks forward to "the evolution of a real Hoosier theatre."

Then, of course, there are the settlement and country little theatres which are organized expressly for the social purpose, and are for that very reason not strictly of The Little Theatre Movement, though they are in many ways in sympathy with it.

The Little Theatre Movement is a great big aim, and a little in the way of accomplishment of that aim—to stimulate and develop a new, artistic drama, and a popular appreciation of it, in America, by means of small experimental art theatres dedicated to that end.

CAROL MCMILLAN.

James Whitcomb Riley--The Sign-Painter Poet

The following story, in substantially the words of the narrator himself, I have heard many times from Mr. Charles E. Neff (the present writer's father-in-law), who at the time of Riley's transition from sign-painter to poet, was a resident of Warsaw, Indiana, one of the towns which Riley passed through in his wandering, and the city in which the incidents narrated took place:

"It was in the year 1873, when I was a young man twenty years of age, working in my grandfather's drug store at Warsaw, that I first saw Riley. One day, I remember, there appeared on the streets of the town a tramp (as he was supposed to be at that time), a blind tramp led around by a boy. I learned that he was soliciting trade as a blind sign-writer. He made signs on the plate-glass windows with soap and did beautiful scroll work and fancy lettering on several windows in the town that day. This 'blind' sign-writer was no other than the now celebrated James Whitcomb Riley. The town seemed to please Riley, and he soon got enough work to warrant his setting up a little shop there. He did all kinds of general work, such as painting houses and signs. Two of the houses he painted were those of Selden Webber and B. Q. Morris. Of the signs I remember many that were about town until very recently, all bearing his name very plainly. Among others was the one that hung over the walk at Hitzler's furniture store for twenty years, the one at Foster's drugstore, where Riley 'hung out' a good deal of the time, and the one at Phillipson's clothing store, this last being, I believe, the only one now preserved in Warsaw. The Phillipson sign was buried in the cellar of the owner's store for about twenty years, and in cleaning up he one day accidentally came upon it and put it to its old use in the store. Since Riley was for many years one of the prominent entertainers at the Winona Lake Chautauqua just outside of Warsaw, he very frequently came in to Warsaw to show his friends a sample of his early work in Phillipson's store.

"This young man, who was so active and full of life, we were of course far from recognizing as a poet. He was slim and small, just coming into manhood. I do not think he weighed over one hundred pounds, if that much. But he was jolly and jovial, always entertaining and eager to be doing something. And since his business did not require all of his time he was very often found on the street or in the music store at the rear of Dr. Foster's drugstore where he would play the piano for hours at a time, sitting, as I have often seen him, on the elevated platform playing to an attentive crowd. He also used to frequent Emil Keller's barber shop, where he usually found a violin to play, attracting a large crowd in no time, as he was a skilful performer on almost

any musical instrument and played with much feeling, throwing his whole self into his playing.

"Riley lived at the Wright House, then a famous tavern in this section of the country operated by Uncle Ben Wright and made more famous a few years later by the disastrous fires which destroyed it and its successor. At the Wright House a good many business men and clerks of the town boarded, some of whom later became prominent in state affairs. There was Dr. Irvin B. Webber, who became Grand Commander of the Masonic Lodge; Silas B. McManus, who was reading medicine with Dr. Webber and who later became state senator and a well-known writer and composer of songs; and Byron, the portrait painter, all of them friends of Riley. Dr. Webber, Byron, and I roomed together in a suite of rooms above my grandfather's drug-store in which I was working.

"Well, it happened one Sunday afternoon that Riley paid us a visit. We were all there in our rooms, Webber, McManus, Byron, and I. We were talking on subjects of different sorts, music, art, and what not. Byron was painting a picture which he had on an easel in the room. Suddenly Riley spoke up and said,

" 'Mack, you didn't know that *I* wrote poetry, did you?'

" 'You write poetry, Jim?' said McManus with astonishment. 'No, I didn't, but I'd like to see some of your poetry.'

" 'Well,' said Jim, ' you come over to my room at the hotel some time, and I'll show you some of my poetry. I take spells sometimes and can't help it. I have a trunkful over there.'

" 'Let's go right now, what do you say?' said McManus. 'I want to see that trunk.'

"And so we all went. Riley leading the way to his room on the second floor of the old Wright tavern. When we had all entered, Riley pulled an old hair trunk out from under the bed and opened it. He began to hand McManus his productions, and as Mack sat on the bed reading one after another those poems that have since become favorites, the tears streamed down his face.

" 'What's the matter, Mack?' said Jim.

" 'Did you write this poetry, Jim?' said McManus, wiping the tears from his face.

" 'Yes, I did,' replied Jim.

" 'Well,' said McManus, 'if I could write like this I would call myself a poet. Jim, you've lost your calling.'

"It is my opinion, and I have heard Riley himself say it, that this was Riley's awakening. It was McManus that lit the spark that afterwards was kindled into a flame. It was McManus that gave him the encouragement and the assurance of his genius, and it was not long after this that he joined the staff of an Indianapolis newspaper, and his career as Indiana's poet had begun."

LOUIS WANN.

Reflections on "College Spirit" in Russia and America

(Continued from page 10)

submit himself to all sorts of danger, just to see his college a point ahead of some rival college.

The educational are the least significant among student activities. Primary among them are the Literary Societies, which should properly be called Debating Societies. There, stale economic questions are mechanically discussed by uninterested contestants without a gleam of an ideal, without a spark of life.

Political activities are conducted with a good deal of pomp and bombast. Faculty and students act co-operatively, charters are granted, constitutions are framed; and campaign literature is issued. Senates, Congresses, Assemblies, Supreme Courts, accompanied with all the machinery and paraphernalia involved in a modern republic are set in motion to determine a particular shade of red fit for a button on a freshman cap, to adopt or reject some sort of a pin, or to create some other cherished tradition by legislative enactment.

The general insignificance of all of these activities is too self-evident to need proof. It is equally unnecessary to show how far they are from satisfying the spiritual craving of every student. The American student has no spiritual life. The American college lacks the spirit that unites learning with life, and builds up national ideals. Professors supply students with information, not with culture. In spiritual life students are at a loss and are ready to grab anything. Thousands flock to convocations and swallow the ideas of anybody who happens to be on the platform because he happens to be there. They collect their pennies and send a missionary to China for the glory of their Alma Mater. Some hope to find culture in Bible classes, where they study the miracles in detail; others go to classes of elementary philosophy, and hope to learn to distinguish between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Life rolls on. Student leaders shout "Work and play! Rah! rah! rah! Work and play."

Faculty moralists echo them in return: "Early to bed and early to rise will make you healthy, wealthy and wise!" Sentimentalists of the Schools drop a sympathetic tear for the past; and academic realists gloom over the future.

PHILIP A. ADLER.

Fragments

A Question for the Humane Society

DID you you ever think how pitiful it is for a common house fly to be caught in a heavy breeze and carried for several miles or more, finally to be released in a locality and environment of which he knows nothing? He has, perhaps, been settled comfortably in one of his favorite houses for some weeks, romping about on chair, table and ceiling, making free with man by sitting on him, crawling on him, flying off him, and, best of all, buzzing near him. He has become oriented; he distinguishes the sofa from the sink, the real head of the house from the eldest son, tapioca pudding from Tanglefoot, Rubens from chromo.

Then in a thoughtless moment he lounges through the open window. The rapid fingers of the wind are laid upon him, he is helplessly tossed through the air, and he comes down drunk with the ride, an animal naturally none too strong, a pilgrim in a strange land. It is unfair to the fly. I suggest, I urge, I demand, in the rights of the animal kingdom, that screens be put on the windows to keep the little wanderer in, or better yet, that a last week's *New Republic* be folded once lengthwise, grasped in the hand, upraised, and in order to save the fly from struggles worse than those of the Platonic babe upon the hillside, be brought down upon him as he sits ruminating.

T. E. M. H.

One of the Species

SHE sat opposite me at the library table. Her pale face showed ghastly under the green light of the reading lamp. Her straight, thin, gray hair, combed back simply, disclosed a lofty forehead, deeply set gray eyes, full and beautifully shaped eyebrows, a long, rather thin nose, and a mouth that had once been beautiful. The forefinger of her left hand was pressed against the open page of her book, and with her right hand she wrote on the sheet of paper before her in a quick and nervous manner.

Suddenly and without looking up she stopped writing. And letting the pen slip out of her fingers, she remained motionless with her eyes bent upon the written page before her.

"Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here," came the sound of the band and the voices from outside. The appeal was momentous. All heads at the library tables looked up from their books and papers, and some people rose to look out from the windows and doors.

The woman opposite me at the table, too, was aroused, but only slowly. Abstractedly she took up her pen from the table, held it for a moment aloof from the paper, and then with her head bent low and with her lips moving, she began to write again.

RUTH SOLON.

Was Bacon Shakespeare?

"WAS Bacon Shakespeare?"

"Discuss Phrenology."

"Are there Inhabitants on Mars?"

These were the three topics for a theme given to my agric-freshman neighbor. Bacon, phrenology and Shakespeare meant about the same to him; the poor Agric had no alternative, his only salvation was on Mars.

"Are there inhabitants on Mars?" he asked me almost with tears in his eyes.

"What do you think of it?"

"I know there aren't," he replied. "How could there be? But the trouble is that I have to prove it. Five hundred words. How can one prove such a crazy idea?"

Plagiarism or no plagiarism, I would not see a God-fearing, law-abiding Agric-freshman, a potential bread-giver of the nation, fail in his English because he could not prove that there are no inhabitants on Mars.—I suggested a proof.

"Don't you think," I said, "that if there were inhabitants on Mars, God would have mentioned it in the Holy Bible?"

The poor Agric opened his mouth wide. He did not expect such a simple and true solution of such a difficult problem. I could see the light of wisdom penetrate his brain, then reflect and spread itself in a broad smile all over his face. With an easy heart he went to prove to the world that there are no inhabitants on Mars.

P. A. ADLER.

To Little Boy Blue--on the Threshold

DEAR Little Boy Blue; It is cold to-night, and there is a fire in the big, old fashioned fire-place with the singing chimney. I am burning a bit of the red ironwood tree where the swing used to hang, and the little flames are blue and very pointed as they scamper over it. There are shiny red apples in a yellow bowl beside me, and David lies all stretched out like a gray streak at my feet. He was purring a moment ago, but now he is very still, dreaming wonderful, cat-dreams all his own as he looks into the fire.

When I went to the wood room for a back-log to-night, who do you suppose I found? It was Jasper! He was shoved in behind a pile of old window blinds, just where you and I hid him that rainy day when you were Richard Coeur de Lion and I was the Saracens,—don't you remember? It rained all day and they wouldn't let us play Crusades in the parlor, tho I'm sure I don't know what a house is good for if not to play in when it rains.

Well, anyway, there he was, crammed in behind the blinds that were an Infidel's tower that day, and when I reached in for a piece of the old swing tree, Jasper tilted forward on his rockers and gazed at me out of lonely, bulgy, wooden eyes. Poor Jasper—he is like all our toys—so lonely without us.

Do you remember how we used to save the chocolate mice that Grandfather always brought to us, and only ate them at long intervals because we wanted them to last? And then when there were only two left how we would eat them both in a hurry for fear they would be lonely?

Well that is the way I felt about Jasper. I wanted to take the ax and chop him up into firewood so that he wouldn't look at me with that heart-broken, forgotten look in his painted eyes. But I couldn't do that. Jasper has an intelligent look, even for a rocking horse, you know—maybe it is because he always listened so carefully when I read to you out of Treasure Island, or Ivanhoe or Don Quixote . . . .

Somehow, Little Boy Blue, I don't seem to tell my story straight to-night. Perhaps it is because you are not here to sit breathlessly beside me and say, "go on, go on!" whenever I hesitate in my tale. But I will "go on."

Jasper gazed at me so sorrowfully that the tears almost came to my eyes, and I took him by his ragged old bridle and pulled him out into the middle of the wood-room floor. There we stood among the broken chairs and boxes and chips and wood-piles and just looked at each other.

I might have shoved him back into the dusty shadows and forgotten him, in fact I'm sure I should have done so, but just then Jasper tilted forward on his warped old rockers and poked his funny, limpy nose into my hand, and then he tilted backward until he very nearly stood upon his tail, and he looked cross-eyed at me down his nose and grinned. That settled it. Jasper and I were old time friends and I couldn't leave him all alone in the dark. I thought of the little left-over chocolate mouse, and I knew that the Little Boy Blue that wouldn't let a chocolate mouse be lonely, wouldn't leave his faithful rocking horse to grieve for him in the musty solitude of the wood-room. So Jasper came up to keep me company by the fire to-night.

We have talked it all over, have Jasper and I. We have talked about being old and we have talked about being young, and we have both decided that being old isn't at all bad—if—a great big tall IF,—if you don't forget how to play.

Jasper and I really ought to know, for he was a full-grown horse with gray hairs in his tail when your daddy was littler than you are now, and as for me, well, you know that all grown-ups are hopelessly old, so I needn't tell you that we both think we have had lots of experience.

Anyway, Little Boy Blue, don't you mind growing up. I know you have growing pains in your long legs, and worse ones in your heart when you look down on the world that was once so big and beautiful and see how it grows smaller and more commonplace every day. Never mind about having to forget about the Fairies and the Gnome king and the Little People that play in the moonshine out in the grove; it really doesn't matter, you know, for they will still be here whether you believe in them or not. And don't feel sorry and lost because Black Beard and Jerry Abershaw and Robin Hood have lost their charm. That doesn't show that you are growing old, you know. It just shows that you are growing up. And beside, the charm will all come back some day, and you will love them more than you ever have before, only it will be different.

You were wondering where your childhood has gone—we all do. It seems to drop off suddenly like a locust's shell, or in pieces like a chamelon's skin, and before we know it, it is all shriveled up and gone.

Well, I can tell you where yours has gone. You dropped it in the doorway that night when

you left to go and help poor, lonely daddy keep his home bright. You did not notice when you dropped it, and we have found it, Jasper and I, so when you come again, Little Boy Blue, you will be a man, but Jasper, shabby old rocking horse Jasper, and I will be children.

It was fun being grown up. You will love it. It is the only real adventure after all.

Perhaps some day you will want your childhood back. Well, it will be in good hands, for Jasper and I will guard it carefully in our hearts, and if you have not forgotten how to play—then we will give it back to you. And so, good night, my little Little Boy Blue, may luck and love and laughter go with you into manhood.

GEORGE ANUNDSEN.

A Haircut

"YOU are next," come the long expected words. I jump from my seat, throw my paper aside, and with a heavy heart walk up toward the barber, who is ready to receive me with half-open arms and a business smile. I am placed in the chair, and am wrapped in a dozen towels and sheets.

"Hair cut, shave," comes the same dry voice, half interrogatively, half affirmatively, "How will you have it?"

I know from previous experience that he will disregard all my instructions and do as he pleases, but do not want to show it, and say, "Do not take off too much on the top, straight down in the back, low on the sides, part just as it is."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," affirms the barber at every one of my remarks, cleaning the tools of the inquisition, and not listening to me. At last the tools are ready and the torture begins.

Click, click, click, for over an hour rings in my ears the monotonous song of the scissors. Flocks of my hair fly in every direction; they cover the sheets in which I am helplessly wrapped, and are scattered in abundance on the floor. It is on my face, in my mouth and nostrils, on my neck, and creeps far down my back. I want to cough, spit, sneeze, but am afraid. I can feel my head growing lighter, I can feel the cool air playing on my scalp—but the barber is not quite pleased yet. Here one hair is projecting a sixteenth of an inch over its neighbors. Click, now it is a sixteenth of an inch below the level of its neighbors, and the entire surface of my head has got to be lowered that much. The right side is about a thirty-second of an inch lower than the left. Click, now it is only a sixty-fourth lower. A turn of the chair, a wring of my neck, and another click, and now it is a thirty-second higher again.

I lose all patience and begin to move in the chair, but for every move that I make, the barber plucks a handful of hair out of my head; and, as he sees me jump, he asks me gently, in a whisper, "Did I hurt you?" He twists my head to every conceivable angle; he turns the chair to the right, to the left, then to the right again; he moves it up and down, and up again; performs acrobatic tricks and St. Vitus dance. A few dozen great scissor-clicks, a few more hundred tiny little clicks, an attack of brooms and brushes, a storm of bay rum, witch hazel, lilac, powder—and I utter a deep sigh of relief.

I put on my eye glasses, look in the mirror, and—oh, horror!—I cannot recognize myself. An escaped Sing Sing convict stares at me, a caricature of myself. What inhuman features! What a forehead! What a nose! I soon begin to identify the creature in the mirror with my own self, and to compare my present self with the one of an hour ago. The flock of hair over my left eyebrow, which on humid days showed a tendency to curl, is now gone. My scalp has lost its regular shape of a crooked apple and has assumed that of a cucumber. My heart swells with pity for myself and hatred for the barber.

"A fine haircut," remarks the villain, with the critical air of an artist.

"Yes," I reply, half audibly.

PHILIP A. ADLER.

Shucks

(Continued from page 16)

But the secretary sprang to the electric switch, turned on the light, and said in a voice that almost strangled her, "Stop this blood-and-thunder stuff. You're booked for a leopard act. Besides, we don't rehearse in this office. Close that door and we'll both smother. And"—here her voice rose high, "if you don't walk out this minute, I'll call for help. You need the money too much to be thrown out—now go."

Much to her surprise he walked out on the landing where he snarled, "You, you, you know too damn much. I'll get you fired for this." Then he was gone.

Some twenty minutes later the boss came in. He paced about the little office so continuously that it seemed to the secretary that her control was slipping from her and she would soon scream.

Finally he stopped before her as she stood bent over her desk, he rubbed his hands together, cleared his throat, and said, "You remember, Miss Wells, when I hired you last fall, I wanted some one to be in charge on Sundays as well as week days. That you refused to do; now I have found a young lady who is willing to work Sundays too." But he did not know how to continue. The secretary wanted to laugh; at least the lie wasn't easy for him. Then she grew hot and angry. Why didn't she declare the truth, and yet, how futile it would be. And she had truly insulted one performer and had been too nice to another. Because of her own self-conviction, she looked up at her employer and said, "Shall I leave tonight?"

"Just as you prefer," he said, almost meekly.

When the man left, she began to put the office in order for the new secretary. Her face burned and the refrain "Fired again, fired again," began whirling thru her mind. Billy came pounding up the stairs.

"Miss Wells, I'm going with the circus, here's my contract."

She beamed upon him, put on her wraps and said good night. As she passed back stage the monkeys were crying like querulous, tired children and the orchestra was playing a hideous medley.

She boarded a car and traveled fast to Grant Park. She must get herself together before going home. It was quite dark, but the March wind was kind. She sat down upon a bench very close to the lake. The waters lapped in a horrible fashion, like wild animals with their huge portions of juicy meat. And so she was fired again! It wasn't a new experience, but always and always it was for some cause which she could not or would not explain. It wasn't the being without work or money that hurt so much as this losing of one's ballast. Heretofore she had dreaded explaining to the folks just how it happened. But this was different— it was to herself she owed the explanation.

The autos coming swiftly down the lighted and winding boulevard gave her the sensation of being on foreign ground. She had never been in the park alone at night. One beautiful black car gave forth a fairy peel of bells. Then suddenly she understood—Spring meant change, sometimes it meant romance, and sometimes—but the girl rose from the bench, stretched her arms languidly, and laughed.

ROSE PEREL.

Two Gentlemen, (and a Lady) of Verona

(Contined from page 11)

about the proceeding. Henry, apparently, was the official town owl; he had mastered the art only after agonizing practice with his vocal chords, and it had become his duty to deliver a hoot whenever called upon.

There were other birds in Verona. A short walk down the street brought me to The Eagle's Nest, where, a second sign informed me, imported and domestic drinks might be purchased. The keeper of the nest looked less like an eagle than any man I have ever seen. He had a short nose, beneath which a stringy mustache of neutral tint was appended, a cavernous mouth, and a dull eye. He was feeding three or four nestlings out of a nickeled spigot. I had some of the same.

"Verona," I said, tapping the bar with the empty glass, "may lay claim to some fame. At least two gentlemen of this place have been glorified in a comedy staged last year in Madison."

The Eagle's fishy eyes stared at me somberly while he refilled my glass, and the nestlings hung over the bar to look me in the face.

"Verona owes a debt of gratitude to the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare," I went on. "Where will it again find such a talented press agent?"

The Eagle did not answer. I talked on smoothly and pleasantly, now and then refreshing myself with a domestic drink, and accompanied my dissertation with a few expressive gestures. Suddenly I discovered that I had been talking to myself for some time. The Eagle had walked to the far end of the bar, and I heard him mutter to one of his brood:

"Dummer Kerl. Von dort oben, vielleicht."

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the general direction of the county asylum. The nestlings looked at me with plain disfavor.

I felt angry and aggrieved. I left the town, and am never going back again. Shakespeare was wrong; there are no gentlemen in Verona; or maybe—but no, that is impossible. They were only small glasses.

ERNEST L. MEYER.