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The Wisconsin Literary

Volume XX

Magazine

Number 6

Two Men and a Train

--Earl Hanson

Of Strong Drink

--I. M. Ramsdell

Adolescence

--Horace Gregory

March, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XX

Madison, March, 1921

Number 6

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials	P. V. G. 137
O'Carolan	John Culnan 138
The Decorative Treatment.....	Pennell Crosby.... 139
Song	Horace Gregory.... 141
Jazz	Don Hanson.... 142
Happy Day	Adah Newcomb.... 143
Two Men and a Train	Earl Hanson.... 147
Wisconsin Books	Paul Gangelin.... 150
Adolescence	Horace Gregory.... 152
Of Strong Drink	I. M. Ramsdell.... 154
Swinging	Marion Strassburger.... 155
"Sing me a Song of the City".....	Alice H. Crew.... 156
Dust from the Bookshelf.....	Diaskeuast.... 156

COLLEGE SCANDAL! The title of this editorial is adopted from a headline in a Milwaukee newspaper. It was a blaring scarehead over an article relating with a journalistic smacking of lips details of certain indiscreet conduct of students at a small college. What is there, it leads one to ask, about a "college scandal" that makes it seem so particularly delectable to the prurient reader or publisher of newspapers?

The question is one that can be answered. First, our dailies are, above all things, exponents of the fine art of swelling their circulation. To do this, they must pander to the lowest curiosity of their readers, a business to which they attend with a diligence that is reassuring. Furthermore, a "college" scandal is infinitely more interesting than, say, a "bookkeeper" or "truck driver" scandal because we, dear reader, represent the scions of the decadent American aristocracy, we are "pampered sons of affluence" as that delightful Mr. Clancy said recently. Our peca-dilloes are immediately dragged into the spot-light, for we are

known to be of a dissolute and wanton character, reveling all the night and rah-rahing by day.

The general American public has a conception of college life and those who live it gained from the Blumenthal drawings of 1910 and thereabouts, the sensation section of Sunday newspapers, and the old song entitled "He's a College Boy." It is willing to believe anything that fits in with this conception and nothing that does not.

Therefore, let us warn you to remember that when next you scorch down State Street in your Rolls-Royce, flinging champagne bottles through store windows, you may bring undesirable publicity on your school and your fellow students throughout the country. Remember, also, that people in other walks of life never do anything iniquitous, and that the only group to which vice is indigenous as a group is composed of those in college.

If it were not so futile, one might spend a few moments pondering over the mentality of the newspaper reporter and of those who publish papers. Many of these men have been to college, although, of course, most of them have not. Those who have been college bred must forget that college students are no better and no worse. It would be pleasant if now and then no worse it would be pleasant if now and then one of them remembered his own college career long enough to discourage such headlines as "200 Co-eds have Tummy Ache" and "Co-eds Shooting Craps" and "Student Mob Threatens Policeman."

However, as long as the watch-word of the newspaper is "Bunk, and more of it," we cannot even hope.

* * * * *

IMPROVING THE OUTPUT. In *School and Society* for February 26th there is an article by Professor Grant Showerman of the Department of Classics which sets forth clearly the attitude of one who deplores the lowering of university standards. It is a sane, level-headed exposition.

Professor Showerman does not advocate burdening the student with impossible tasks, nor does he advise harsh measures; what he does suggest as a remedy is intelligent discipline, the "setting of a just and practicable requirement", and a cessation of the worship of numbers, for we have reached a point where, like a factory, a university is inclined to estimate its importance by the size of its output. We are turning out machine-made college graduates, and they are not what they might be, for they do not receive consideration as individuals, and they do not work as individuals. Professor Showerman would have intelligent selection of those who are fitted to do college work, discrimination against those who are not equipped to keep the pace. Such discrimination is not insidious; it is, on the contrary, essential to the welfare of the educational system.

Professor Showerman has been on the Wisconsin campus for twenty-eight years, first as a student and then as a member of the faculty, and he understands us thoroughly. His purpose in pointing out the defects of the modern university is not destructive; it is, rather, to assist in bringing about a change which will improve the university's standing.

One of the most significant sentences in the article is the following: "By discipline . . . I mean the assignment of work to students as men and women, with consequences to be suffered as men and women if they prove unfaithful or dilatory."

Both the students and the faculty fail in this respect: The former do not regard their work as the responsibility of men and women, and the latter are inclined to treat them as recalcitrant children. It would be an ideal state if this attitude could be changed, if "clinic excuses" and all that sort of nonsense were abolished,

and a premium were not set on evading the law. We students have played hide and seek with the faculty too long. Let us come to an understanding.

Most of the students in the university will not read Professor Showerman's article. It does not matter. Its real importance lies in that it indicates that a change is coming, that education has passed through a period of depression, and that serious thought is being directed to improving conditions.

B. L. T. The news spread like the w. k. wild-fire, as he might have said. There was no gathering of large crowds, but here and there two people met and one said: "B. L. T. is dead", and the other nodded silently, and they stared at each other with uncomprehension, almost unbelief, in their eyes. It was true, though it was hard to believe, and with the passing of Bert Leston Taylor went one of the elements of life that made it a privilege to live.

Attempts at eulogy would be idle. The tribute paid him by the *Chicago Tribune* was splendid and sufficient. Could any epitaph please him better than this one, quoted from the *Tribune* editorial on his death:

"A kindly, genial, amiable, laughing member of the so-called human race".
P. V. G.

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EARL HANSON

FRANCES DUMMER

HORACE GREGORY

RACHEL COMMONS

DOROTHY SHANER

O'CAROLAN.

JOHN CULNAN

O'Carolan came down the trail
Blithely at the dawning,
Stirring the drowsy nightingale.
O'Carolan came down the trail,
Fresh with the wine of his night's regale,
Angry at his yawning.
O'Carolan came down the trail
Blithely at the dawning.

The Decorative Treatment

PENNELL CROSBY

Slowly, almost languidly, swaying a little in her walk, she went down the hall of the art museum, passing by the familiar casts of Laocoon and Niobe with scarcely a glance, and only pausing to run a light, loving finger over the metal work of the little Spanish treasure chest that stood just opposite the stairway.

It was to be her last day of life, and she had come here to bid farewell to the things she loved best. There was no hurry. It was warm here, and everything should be done decently and in order. It was very cold outside—bitterly, freezingly cold, with a wind that gnawed through her worn coat. But it was gorgeously warm here, and in her pocket reposed the tiny phial that contained her key to—heaven? No, she did not expect that. But to sleep, and forgetfulness, at least. She was almost perfectly happy.

She stroked the metal leaves and flowers that decorated the dark, polished chest once more, and turned and moved slowly up the long marble stairs toward the Burne-Jones at the top. She had not eaten anything for three days, and she kept her hand on the shining banister to help her a little. She felt a curious sense of detachment from everything. Her hand—how odd that it should be hers! She wondered how she looked—very pale, probably. But it didn't matter.

Who would do the criticisms of the painting now? Probably they wouldn't do them any more. The city editor thought they were a waste of time. He had told her so, when he told her that she didn't understand news values.

"I suppose I have failed," she thought, "but I had to do my work in my own way. I can't see the value in a murder or a divorce story. It isn't decorative. He doesn't understand the decorative treatment. But it doesn't matter now."

She stopped before the Burne-Jones. "He knew!" she said, softly. After a minute she moved on through the rooms beyond, bidding mute farewells to her favorites,—the Whistler, the painting of the lovely sunny garden, the Spanish lady with the wonderful lace. The Redfield "Winter" she loved, but she could not help but shudder a little, looking at it and thinking of the cold wind outside.

After all, it was the only way out, the way that she had chosen. She had failed in her work; there was no one in the city whom she might call "friend"; and she was tired. The artistic temperament is capable of lofty heights, but the pathway to them leads

also through the lowest depths that the human spirit can know. Despair had opened its black, slimy pits before her, and she had gone down into them. She was sick unto death with life.

But now it was to be finished. She thought of the noisy newspaper office, of the greasy café where she ate, of her dark cubbyhole of a room. She was going to escape! She was too young to die, perhaps, but there was nothing worth while in life for her. She wondered what they would say when they found that she had not come to work that morning. She had not told them that she would not be back. Her landlady would sell her few clothes, and the newspaper would save the money on her next pay-check, due in two days. She had three dollars left from the last one, but she was simply tired of living.

That was the tragedy of her life—the secret of her failure—that she could not look at reality without shuddering, and turned to the artistic, the *decorative* as her only reality. But the decorative is never real. She had given her life to it, blinding herself to the actual with the abstract, and yet she did not realize that the decorative treatment of her life had betrayed her to death.

She went on to the room at the end of the hall that held the newest exhibit—the one she had last written up. Her story would be in the paper tomorrow, because there was more room for "feature stuff" in the Sunday edition. It had been a good write-up, she was glad of that, but too idealistic, the editor had said.

"How shall I spend this three dollars?" she was thinking. She had had so little of spending money that it seemed a pity to waste that much of pleasure. "I could get one good meal, I suppose. But food—faugh! How much time, money, and thought we humans spend in stoking the furnaces of ourselves. I do not need to eat, because I do not need to live. It would give me no pleasure. But what shall I do with this money?"

She thought of the starved years when three dollars to spend would have seemed a little fortune. She remembered the terrible ache of peering into shop windows at things she could not have—warm, pretty clothes, frivolous little hats, big luscious looking chocolates, a beautiful blue vase in a jeweler's window, and chocolate doughnuts. She thought of the many times that she had had to drag herself past the shop where they served chocolate doughnuts and coffee on cold mornings when she could not afford breakfast, although

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was having the most wonderful dreams about a sort of paradise. He took the poison by mistake, he said, but most of us thought it was suicide. An easy death, though!"

She smiled, recalling the bottle in her pocket, which was to give her just such dreams.

His eyebrows went up reprovingly.

"You surely don't believe anyone would be justified in taking 'an easy death' as the way out?" he cried.

"Why not? It depends on the circumstances, I think. Suppose anyone—I, for instance, were utterly tired of life, and could see no particular benefit to any one in my going on living?"

"But you are not, are you? You did not mean yourself, of course. If you—or anyone—were tired of living, it would be your own fault. Be like Pollyanna. It is easy to find something to be glad about. A person with any imagination should be able to think up ways of bettering his own condition, and one who didn't have any imagination would never know that he was unhappy."

"You are mistaken," she said, slowly, trying to control the trembling of her lips, "only those who have imagination are able to perceive their own misery so keenly that it overwhelms them."

"But think of the moral side of it," he argued, "what a terrible example a suicide is to other people! And an educated adult owes a debt to the world which has supported him through his childhood, and must live to pay that debt. One has no right to kill one's self."

"You remind me of social science classes," she said, drooping a little. "I can't answer your reasons, but you have not changed my belief."

"I learned it in social science classes at school," he beamed, "but surely you don't intend to—? You're happy, aren't you? Your eyes seem to be always asking me questions!"

"Yes, I am happy," she agreed, softly, "very happy! But I wish that you could think as I do about this."

"Oh, instead I'll make you believe with me if I have the chance," he said confidently, "I hope you will let me see you again? You've attracted me tremendously—you're so different. Will you give me your address?"

She hesitated. Might she not live, after all? If she had met him sooner—but now it was too late, and besides, he—Pollyanna! she spread her fingers in a little gesture of repulsion that he did not see.

"No, I don't think so," she decided.

"Please! Really, anyone could see that you're a nice girl—don't think I don't know you are, and I want to see you again."

"Perhaps I shall come here again," she mused.

"Oh, might I meet you here?" he begged, eagerly, "Will you come, say, Tuesday afternoon?"

"If it is possible," she said, her lips twisting into an odd smile.

"If you don't come then, I shall come Wednesday afternoon, and Thursday, and keep coming till you take pity on me. I wish—could you—would you have dinner with me tonight? I don't have to go to work till seven, and we could eat early."

She drew a long breath, and then shook her head. "I shall be very busy tonight," she said. "I wish I could, but I have another engagement that I couldn't break."

"It must be with someone you like very much!"

"No, it is someone I don't know very well, but whom I expect to like very much. A friend—and I must go now."

There seemed to be nothing more to say. Their eyes met, and his glance seemed to to holding hers, she could not tear her eyes away. His hand found hers, and she clung to it a moment, as though she were seeking courage.

"Goodbye," she said, and turned away.

"I've enjoyed looking at the pictures with you," he said, "they have lots of life, don't you think?"

She laughed a queer little laugh.

"No!" she moved toward the door. "There is no life here. These things are only decorative."

SONG

HORACE GREGORY

These are the gifts I made for you:
The sun, the soil, the rain, the dew,
The clouds, the wind, the changing blue
That swings into the sky
To say my love with silent tongues
When you go walking by.

And you may touch with raptured lips
Sweet draughts of life whose beauty drips
From this rich world that fades and slips
Into eternity.
And you shall take these gifts of mine
Without a word from me.

Jazz

DON HANSON

THE din of the banjo surmounted it all. Through the dense smoke it permeated to every corner of the murky room, sometimes it was drowned out by the wail of the saxophone, or by the thundering of the drums, or perhaps by a woman's shriek or the crash of a chair hurled against the wall, yet always in the partial lull after such a burst of noise came the steady, persevering din, din, din of the banjo. It seemed to bind the whole thing together.

Bud could make particularly wicked sounds on that banjo when he was drunk, and he was drunk then,—blissfully, thoroughly drunk. His shrill voice, with that laughing, dry note that made one think of maniacs with clutched hands and hollow, staring eyes, rose at intervals above the furious, gay noise of it all in his own interpretation of the piece they were playing. This was his hour. He was gloriously drunk, and he played with the mean fury which had spread the name of Bud Carlton's orchestra to all parts of the city, and had given the Casino a very much desired ill reputation.

It was New Year's eve. The Casino was crowded. There were old men and young men. Here an elderly fat man, with a greasy looking face and hands of blubber, moved back and forth on the floor, a painted woman with upturned face in his arms. Others were dancing. Young men with passionate eyes and stretched necks danced with women whose heads were thrown back as though trying to escape and whose bodies belied their heads. Here was a soldier, ravenously clutching a bob-haired woman with a laughing mouth and crying eyes; there a sailor swaying to the ghastly music, a tired-looking girl supporting him. At the tables were others some too drunk to dance, some too old, some too fat, some too intensely interested. In one corner, his head thrown forward on his arms on the table, was a marine. His chevrons showed him to be a sergeant. His whole body shook in a series of sobs. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Now and then he would break out in a drunken wail, and the woman clinging to him would try to comfort him. When she kissed him, he would tear her hands from about his neck and throw her from him, but always she would come back, to comfort and be rejected.

There were many that were strangers to the place. But the women, most of them, were regular customers. Drunken, some,—others partially sober,—all with a forced spirit of gayety belied by their very eyes.

They danced furiously and with laughing abandon. Now and then one of them would walk down past the bar and out into the street,—with a man. The women always returned later,—and they always returned alone.

In the back room, lying down on benches or cuddled in the corners, were those who lacked the physical resistance to join in the wild celebration. Here lay a woman,—dropped there after fainting dead away on the floor. She was out of the way and forgotten; there a boy, hardly more than nineteen, with tousled hair and a flushed face, figured foolishly with his fingers on the table top just how he would get home and to bed without discovery by his folks. "Easy. I'll jusht sne-e-e-a-k—slow-w—one—two—three—whee!" And he broke into a pitiful laugh. In another corner, tenderly caressing a swollen, blackened eye, a blank look of miscomprehension on his face, was a thin man who looked as though he might be a bookkeeper or a clerk. There had been a fight, about a woman,—and the other man had won. But if he ever got hold of the other man, damn him,—say, what was the matter with that waiter? Bringing drinks in a,—in a,—a,—a, damn—a,—well, in such a damn small glass anyway!

And through it all, surmounting it all, came the din, din, din of the banjo,—steady, persistent, as if binding the whole thing together.

* * *

The sudden ceasing of the music, a loud and long roll of the drums, and shouts of "shut up" and "pipe down, you lubbers," brought the celebration to a stop. A neat-looking, well-dressed man had come in, leading a war veteran who walked with a cane and wore dark glasses. There were crosses on his breast, received for valor in service. Except for an occasional moan from the back room, the sobbing of the sergeant in the corner, and the shuffling of feet of some who kept on dancing despite the ceasing of the music, the place was still. The well-dressed man introduced the blind veteran as "Captain McAnthers,—gassed after three years' fighting." He told a little,—not too much,—of action in France. He told of a family cut off from support,—of weeks of starvation for the veteran. Someone sobbed, and it seemed as though the wailing of the sergeant in the corner was in harmony with the plight of the veteran. *

The well-dressed man ended by saying that Captain

McAnthers would try to entertain the ladies and gentlemen with a few songs. The captain stood near the piano, leaning slightly on his cane. The dense smoke curled lazily about his head. It was heavy with sobs and groans and muttered oaths. He heard weird laughs and the clinking of glasses. He heard the stifled groans of women being pressed in the arms of men who thought not of them, men crazed by drink and passion.

Someone struck up a tune on the piano, and he sang. It was spring. The world was rejoicing. The song of the lark drifted down from blue skies. The air was sweet and fresh, with just the slightest hint of hiding flowers. A light wind rustled through the tops of the trees, and its music blended with the babbling of an invisible brook. And in the picture—a man and a girl. He sang of spring,—and happiness.

They laughed and ridiculed. They cursed. They wept. And they gave. The well-dressed man had been passing the hat, and it was full to overflowing. Some turned their pockets to produce pennies. Others stuffed bills into the bulging hat. They gave recklessly. And the blind captain sang.

Suddenly there came a shout from the sergeant of marines.

"Let me at him! The son of a sow! Let me at him! He never saw service in his life, damn him. It's a fake, a borrowed uniform. Let me at him, I say. Dog of a hell-pup. Let me at him!"

And as he broke away and started across the floor a woman threw herself about his neck. He tossed her from him to the floor.

The riot was on. Few tried to stay the drink-crazed mob. Someone kicked the hat out of the hand of the well-dressed man, and there was money scattered on the floor and the tables,—everywhere.

The well-dressed man fought furiously. He was sober and strong. But they got him. A wine-bottle crashed over his head from behind, sending him to the floor, bleeding and senseless. Women huddled together against the wall, and women knelt beside those on the floor crying and pleading aimlessly. One man was hurled backward through the bass drum. Another crashed into a table,—overturning it and smashing glasses and bottles to the floor. There was hard, forced breathing. The odor of hot sweat was in the air. The woman in the back room came to, and stared weakly. Here was excitement. It pleased her.

And amid all this confusion the blind captain beat about him with his cane. There was a sad look on his face. His lifeless eyes stared mysteriously into the distance. The crowd tore his uniform to shreds and ripped from his breast his orders of distinction. They battered him to the floor and kicked him, bleeding and bruised, down past the bar. Someone opened the door, and with a final volley of curses they flung him out into the night.

* * *

It was all over as quickly as it had started. Someone kicked most of the glass into the corners. Tables were righted. Those who had suffered the most were helped into the back room. The orchestra struck up a wild tune, and the dancing started again. Again painted women clung like vines to greasy-mouthed men. Again came the harsh, maudlin laughter. Again came the tinkling of glasses. The celebration was on—it was New Year's eve.

And through it all, surmounting it,—as if binding the whole thing together, came the steady, persistent din, din, din of the banjo. My God, Bud could play that banjo when he was drunk!

Happy Day

ADAH NEWCOMB

A new June day is trembling expectantly on the eastern horizon. There is not a sound in all the little village—not a cock crows, not a wheel turns in the street. All the world is on tiptoe for one gray moment waiting. Waiting, the cock balances himself on the hitching post with one foot and one spread wing and here and there a cat or a gaping dog presses an impatient nose against a kitchen door. Waiting, the puffs and spirals of smoke struggle in the chimneys. There is breathless anticipation and awe in the country at the precipitancy of a new June day.

And now suddenly it bursts into glory and laughs aloud in fresh young glee.

Mary slammed the screen door and spun down the walk like a joyous top. The sun jerked free from a pursuing cloud and dazzled the earth below and the sky above. A rain had fallen in the night. Jagged rivers rippled in the road ruts and jewelled drops still glistened on the leaves which were quivering gently at every fitful breeze. Mary's heart sang a gay tune as she skipped over the reeking grass and swished through the brown puddles.

"Oh, a day! A day! What a DAY!" She sang the words and there was a quivering, vibrant lilt in her voice that came from a young heart thrilled with the wonder of living. "Wash day. Everything washed clean last night and now the sun doing the ironing."

She flung back her head and ran faster and faster. She couldn't walk. It was no morning to walk. From under her broad brimmed hat her long dark braids trailed and danced from side to side, glistening red in the sun. Rather tall and lithe, with a young boy's straight slenderness, she radiated strength and health. Her face was lean and tan and if you looked under the broad brim of her hat, you saw that her nose was saucy and freckled and that her eyes were filled with thrilled wonder like her voice. She began to sing a joyous chant that she had liked to sing when she was two years old.

"Happy day, happy day, happy day. A day, A day. OH," she cried, "I've got to do something very, very rash or I'll burst. Now if I only had something exciting to do, if I could just have a world to conquer or some adventure. I'm so brim, choke up, chuck full and there is such a push inside me that I feel as if I'm going to separate and fly apart into a million pieces," she called to the wind as she sped over the fields.

At last her flying steps halted. She pushed back her hat to cool her forehead and glowing cheeks and stood still on a low green knoll to look back to the village, now rousing itself to slow activity. She breathed in short hurried gasps that sent the quick blood tingling through her body and pounding in her breast.

"What can I do?" she cried, throwing out her arms in importunate abandon to the world. "What big, hard thing can I do so that I can bear to live? I want to walk and walk until I come to something."

A wistful discontent stole into her eyes as they scanned the valley. "The village is so small and the world is so big. The world must be very wonderful and there must be so much to do," she mused longingly, letting her eyes come to rest for a moment on the house which she had just left, a low white house with a wide porch and green shutters. She was helplessly fettered to school and to that little white house. Idly she watched a man come into the main thoroughfare. Something in his briskness seemed to bring her back to the stir of day, and she came off the knoll in six short jumps.

"Well, I want to do something," she said when she reached the foot. "I believe—Oh, Mary me, let's get our little red Ripper and zippity zippity zee all over the lake."

She began to run again and in five minutes jumped over the first bank to the lake. The sun was tinting pink the edges of white mist which hung close over the dark blue water, sharply etched against the bold purple of the hills. The air was cool and crisp, fragrant with fresh odors of green willow, water weeds and water life.

Mary stopped where she had landed and watched a long, zig zag line of dark birds silently skim over the rising mists. Her whole being grew light and seemed to rise and float with them in an ecstasy of sympathy and freedom. Up and up, higher and higher, until Mary and the birds were lost in the pathless blue.

Slowly, gently, the water rose and fell without sound or spray even when it slid up a few inches on the sand. A perch with a loud, silvery splash leaped clear of the water, disappearing just as a big brown bird dove toward it with a great flapping and whirr, and Mary came back into Mary out of the pathless blue. She did not say what she had seen but the wonder in her eyes was infinite. Her boat was forgotten. She went nearer to the lake and stood a-tip-toe on the edge of a rock to look into the water.

Shining ripples showed where big black water beetles shot over the sparkling surface, and under the clear water below, snails and clams lay at the end of their ridgy paths in the sand. Mary crouched down at the edge of the lake, fascinated, and sifted the warm, wet sand through her open fingers.

Suddenly she stood up and threw a handful of pebbles as far as she could out into the lake. Coming from nowhere in particular, low and indistinct, a symphony of rapturous morning spirits approached out of the enchanted spaces and vibrated around her. Great bubbles of joy and inspiration began to surge up from her toes and found expression in one exuberant shout which the hills flung back in mock dismay.

She must move now to be in gait with the morning, so she ran along the sand at the edge of the lake until she found her red skiff hidden in the willows which grew into the water. With one strong shove she sent it far out into the lake, and pulling off her shoes and stockings with impetuous haste, waded after it and climbed in over the bow. With long effective strokes she sent the boat cutting through the glassy surface, leaping and bounding into the blue. Up and down, out and in she rowed until from sheer exhaustion she was obliged to stop. She pulled in her oars, lay back on them and rested, with her eyes closed and her toes dragging in the ripples on the water.

"Now, why doesn't something happen?" she said aloud. "I'll bet, I know that I'll just die of old age waiting here for something to happen. Nothing ever

does happen and there is such a good chance for something to happen in this world. Such good chances and they just won't happen."

She complained to herself dreamily and then relapsed into silence. The day grew warmer, the lake became more rough and its rocking lulled her into a luxurious drowsiness that hypnotized her lax sensibilities and directed them triumphantly into vagrant stagery. Sometimes her voice picked up the thread of her dream and droned aloud in amity with the waves as they slapped gently against the side of the Ripper and gurgled away from its bow.

"In the South Seas—and the black men came over the sands—with knives, knives—and their eyes were wicked. But I was thinking only about the man in the tent—And the moonlight was soft and white—and he came along the shore in a canoe.

"It was dark on the ice sheet and I got down on my hands and knees to be near to the dog and we crawled out over the snow to find him—"

A big wave that almost bowled the little craft over came across the lake. Mary sat up and let the oars slide out through the oarlocks. She blinked at the sun.

"Making believe," she said. "Just making believe and nothing will ever happen here. Oh,—I'll think something into having to happen. I can make anything that I want to happen. I'm wanting hard now and then I'll try my old charm once more. Just once more," she apologized shamefacedly to herself, and took seven strokes ahead, turned around three times, and went seven strokes to the right, repeating solemnly:

"Nilly, Nilly, Higgly, Higgly, Hill,
Neeny, Neeny, give me what I will.
Then open your eyes, and—Oh—a man—"

For the first time in ten years the charm had worked. Here at last was something exciting. At least the man who had leaped down the bank and was running over the shore was excited. Mary noted that he was tall and handsome. She thought that he must be the man that she had seen in the village street that morning. At once he assumed the personality of adventure and all that was worth while in life. When he reached the water's edge and called to her, all the unsubstantial make believe of ten years was dissolved in one triumphant moment of intoxicating reality.

"Give me that boat please, or take me over to the other side, will you? And hurry," he cried. "Whether I get over there in sixty-five minutes or not means everything,—understand everything—to me."

She thought that the blood pounding at her throat

must choke her. Her eyes glistened and she swung the boat toward shore. Suddenly she glanced down at her bare feet and dripping stockings and shrieked across the water, "Oh, wait a minute, just a minute—I—a—"

Laboriously she pulled on one wet stocking and was struggling frantically with her shoe when he waved his arms in despair and roared, "I can't. Do you hear? I've got to—"

"Yes, I know, but—I'm coming," and throwing her other stocking into the bow, she sat down on her other foot and landed.

"I'll make it in sixty minutes, sir. I've done it before."

He sprang in hot and panting.

"Here give me the oars."

"Well, really, I'd rather,—I—it's so hard for me to walk on one foot—a"

He glanced at her for the first time, mystified and sorry, and colored. She lifted her head; he looked under the broad hat brim and his eyes fell. Mary's cheeks burned with vexation. Impatiently the stranger seized one oar and pushing it into the wet sand, turned the bow, sending the skiff leaping into deep water. Mary had moved over on the seat; so he sat down beside her and fitted the oar into the lock and both bent far forward to stroke.

Only the methodical lap, lap of the blades cutting the water, punctuated by the dull rattle of the oarlocks and followed by the cool, trickling dribble as the oar was raised again, broke the stillness. Gradually the sun grew hotter and both took time to pull off their hats and coats. Mary's arms and shoulders ached. The perspiration rolled down her forehead, smarted in her eyes and fell off the end of her burned nose. The stranger's neck and cheek were red and blistery. Mary glanced at him out of the corner of her right eye and found him regarding her with his left. There was an encouraging twinkle in his eye and such an amused smile flickered across his face that she grinned at him companionably. But he did not speak or take further notice of her and she began to lose enthusiasm in excitement that was so one-sided. A person liked company even in mystery. The man at her side remained silent, however, and bent all his strength to his task, his dark eyes full of feverish anxiety. She noted his hands, how tense they were, how desperately they gripped the oars, and was filled with remorse. The spirit of the race caught her and she rowed steadily on wondering in her dazed, hot mind if his wife were sick or if one of the babies had swallowed poison fly-paper.

A sudden bump cleared her head and all dizziness

left her. She gave a cry of alarm. In her abstraction she had neglected to turn out around the big sand bar. Something had struck the bottom of the boat and when it ground off, a little spout of water flashed through.

"Oh a hole! Take that can there and bale out while I row," she commanded. He sprang to obey and by rapid work kept the boat almost empty while he searched around for something to calk it with. They were nearing the other side. The steep wooded hills rose up almost straight from the water's edge, and cast ragged shadows over the swirls and eddies of the channel.

"Almost there and no train in sight yet," he cried, looking up apprehensively as he tore and twisted Mary's stocking and stuffed it into the little hole in the bottom of the boat.

"Oh, are you going to flag the train?"

"Hope so."

She reached far back for a long stroke, but, alas! The oar slipped the lock, she fell back into the water at the bottom of the skiff and her feet shot out over the seat. The man regarded them in silent amazement. His face twitched convulsively, and he broke into a roar of laughter that threatened to upset the boat. Mary, feeling the cold water soak through her clothing to her scorched back, stared at him in dignified silence; at least she tried to stare in dignified silence although it was rather futile under the circumstances. Her spirit writhed in, disgusted humiliation. It was always this way when a person wanted to appear at her best. Her chin began to quiver but immediately she bit her lip and tried to sit up and grin. Both attempts proved rather difficult, so she began to giggle a little hysterically.

The stranger silenced his mirth abruptly and helped her up carefully. He sat down beside her again and reached for the oars, but both floated several yards behind.

Up the track a faint column of smoke appeared and a whistle sounded far but shrill. Despair leaped into the man's face and he prepared to dive for the oar but Mary stopped him.

"Wait. Sit down. Take that board there. Now paddle to the right. Careful—too far—to the left now. There I can reach one oar. Now the other."

The train rounded a bend and they could distinguish the first dim black outlines and hear the soft rumble of the engine.

"Oh, God," he breathed as he drew the other oar out of the lake and plied it with all his great strength, "I can't make it."

Mary did not speak. She was straining every nerve and all her strength to the breaking point and crying to herself in a weary refrain, "Oh, he must make it! He must!"

At last, just as the engine flashed into clear view, the boat touched sand. Before it was landed the man jumped out in the shallow water.

"Goodbye," he panted, and was gone. He disappeared in the bushes at the foot of the bank as she pushed the boat out into the lake so that she could see whether or not the train stopped. After what seemed many minutes she saw him emerge from the shrubbery below to the ridge above. He looked back and she waved her handkerchief, but he was already running to the train. It came to a slow clanking halt and she knew that he had not missed it.

She sat down on her knees and watched the dark line of cars wind along at the base of the hills until it disappeared in the haze at the foot of the lake and then paddled home leisurely. When she looked toward the village, she saw a man come briskly into the main thoroughfare; when she looked down in the water, a pair of brown eyes floated up from the mysterious mermaid regions and smiled into hers from the surface, when she looked up to the sunshine and turned away she found green and violet stranger faces photographed on her skirt and hands on the oar blades.

It was noon when she entered the cool porch at home and ran to tell the family her news. But at the door her sister met her and before Mary could speak, cried all out of breath.

"Oh, Mary, the most awful thing has happened. Did you hear about the bank being robbed this morning? And the man's gone and they can't see how he got away. Why, Mary, what is the matter?"

"Nothing. It was so hot on the lake. Was the man very tall or did they see him?"

"Sit down and I'll get some lemonade. Yes, Jim White saw him. He was medium tall—quite tall—and he had on a blue suit. His hair was brown and I guess his eyes were brown too. Well, what's the matter? The lemonade? Yes, I'll get it."

Mary took off her hat and threw it onto a chair. Her eyes were filled with hurt understanding. She walked across the porch, her head drooping, and closed the door behind her lifelessly.

Two Men and a Train

EARL HANSON

THE sun beats down on mile after mile of shimmering steel tracks. Occasionally an express thunders by and scoops its water on the fly from a long trough between the rails. Woe to any tramp who is riding the train blind. He is fortunate if the flying water does nothing more than to pin him against the end of the baggage car and give him a sound drenching. Hours later the simmering silence of the day may be cut by a long rattling freight-train or by a wheezy little local which stops at every siding it can find and waits there for apparently nothing at all, a picture of rural tranquility with its clumsy and peaceful box-cars and delapidated flats, with its slightly puffing engine and its crew of five men who are more often than not sprawled on the embankment, eating wild strawberries. Woe also to the tramp who expects to get anywhere on such a train, for no sooner has it gotten up speed on its journey, than it sights a new siding and wearily plumps into it, to doze another few hours and keep from obstructing the main-line traffic, or at the most to shake off a box-car or two, or to pick up some farmer's load of potatoes.

* * *

(1)

It was such a train which stopped for three long hours, at least twenty miles from any place anybody had ever heard of. The engine was lazily wheezing away. The engineer and the fireman lay in the grass of the embankment and slept the sleep of the just. The sun beat down with unrelenting fervor on mile after mile of smooth steel rails.

A man slipped out from one of the empty box-cars and began to pick blackberries at the side of the track. He was a large husky man, about middle age, with the face of a bully. From a gondola, five or six cars away, came another tramp, somewhat younger than the first.

"Find any?" he said as he reached the berry-bushes.

The other didn't answer. But the thought came to him:—

"What is it to you if I find any or not. I was here first. What's here is mine."

For a long time nobody said a word. The two tramps picked over the bushes, ate what they found, lifted the branches and searched minutely for any traces of the fruit, for all the world like two pigs pushing their snouts into the far corners of the feed-trough. When there was nothing left to eat, the younger one said:—

"Cripes, it's hot."

"Got anything to drink on you?" the other turned to him.

"Not a drop." And so the two stretched out in the shade of a tree and waited for things to happen.

When the big NY9 went thundering by on the other track, somebody remarked that they should have had the sense to wait for her in Toledo instead of catching their little rocker. And when their locomotive opened up with her consumptive whistle, the two of them shambled back to the young man's gondola and started on another lap of the slow journey.

"We can catch a through-freight at Brimwood," observed the older man. "They've got a coaling station there."

For a time no one spoke. They rattled on, past a few farm-houses, and cheerfully waved their hands at a section gang. But it wasn't long before the younger one asked his companion personal questions about the latter's life, and, failing to get satisfactory answers, did the next best thing and came forth with a few details from his own.

"How's working where you came from?" he asked once.

"Nothing doing anywhere."

"Cripes. I gotta find something. I just have to."

The older man turned to him with half a sneer on his face. "What kind of a talkative young bird is this?" he thought to himself.

"There's a wife at home, and she's going to have a kid. I gotta find something good. I have to."

"What'd you leave her for?" laconically, as if it were only a mechanical question, and leaving a wife were the most natural thing in the world.

"I stole some money from the boss. I lost two hundred in a poker game, and I had to leave town. You know how it is in a small town. I had a good job there and I had to leave town. Just when the wife was going to have a kid. And now I can't go back till I have the money. I can fix it up, but they'll put me in jail if I don't. Cripes, am I ever in a fix."

"Some line," his companion thought to himself. But he said:—

"How soon are you going to get two hundred dollars together when you're working? What are you going to be, a bank-president?"

"I don't know. I gotta find something. You know how it is with a wife. A fellow can't—oh Cripes."

"We'll be pulling into Brimwood when we get around that curve. Get off on the left side and as quick as you can. They've got a dick at the coaling-station."

"I'm getting as hungry as hell," said the younger one. "Got any money?"

"No."

"I've got a couple of dollars. We can get something on that."

And so, when the local No. 16 pulled into the coaling-station, two men jumped off who could look almost like respectable working-men, had their collars been clean, and their clothes less unkempt from three long days on the road. They went over to the little village of Brimwood and entered the general store. They bought crackers there, and milk, and near-beer at which the one looked disdainfully, and cheese and buns and cookies and ham. The younger man made a goodly hole in his last two dollars to pay for the purchases.

"Just a minute," said the other as he left the store. "I'll be back in a minute."

And sure enough, he came back to help eat up the supplies and to induce his companion to buy a package of cigarettes.

The two of them strolled through the town and settled down to wait by the railroad-track, some ways off from the coaling-station, where the dick wouldn't see them. When No. 13 came through, stopped for coal and water, and pulled out again on another flying lap, which sent all the smaller fry among freight-trains scurrying for shelter in the sidings, the two hoboes boarded a flat-car and gently dozed off, one at each end of a large case of machinery.

Young Casey didn't know how long he slept. A flat-car with machinery is no ideal bed, but on the road one must sleep when one can and where one can, and a nice roomy flat is far better than the blind of a passenger, or the shaking top of a box-car. When he awoke, he looked over the top of the case at his companion, who was drinking whiskey from a pint-bottle.

"Where'd you get that?" he asked in astonishment.

"Never mind where I got it."

"I thought you was broke."

"Maybe I was. What do you care?"

So Casey went back to his end of the car and kept still a while. Then he had an idea.

"Say," he called, "did you get that bottle when you left me at the store?"

"Never mind when—" but a few drinks from the bottle had made the man reckless, and brought out the bully toward the younger and smaller one. "Well, if you have to know, that's when I did get it. But is ain't any of your business. Try to tell me. Any

little half baked young fellow comes along and tries to tell me."

Casey went back to his companion's side of the crate and did try to tell him.

"I've got my idea of anybody that's low enough to let a pal spend his last dollar on him for a bite to eat and then sneaks off and buys a bottle of booze on the sly. You didn't have any money, eh? You low-down rat. You bum."

"Ha! Ha! Listen to the kid talk. Say young one, you keep your mouth shut, or I'll toss you to the blackberries out there. I'm going to do anything I please with my money, and if you want to know, I've got a winter's stake on me right now, and neither you nor anybody else is going to tell me what to do with it."

With that he pulled out his bottle and took another soul-satisfying drag.

Casey kept still. What was the use of talking to a low-down bum like that. Beside, he was much bigger. But gradually there came to his mind the picture of his wife and of his boss in the small town he had had to leave because of one measly poker-session.

"You've got a whole winter's stake? Lend me some. Maybe you got five hundred dollars. Be a sport and let me have some."

"Well I'll be damned."

"For God's sake, let me take some of that. Come on back with me. I can show you how it is. The wife's going to have a kid: Lend me two hundred. Just two hundred and I can fix it up. I can get money then. I know I can. I can fix it all up so that you'll get yours back. You can come along and live with us as long as you want, and it won't cost you a cent. Lend me two hundred. Oh, my God."

Casey was tugging away at the other man's shoulders. There were tears in his eyes.

"Listen," said the other. "What do you think I am, a damn fool? Here I go and work my head off for pretty near a year, and when I have a nice stake saved up and want to take it easy for a while, some young bird that I never saw before comes along and says 'lend it to me.' What do you thing I am?"

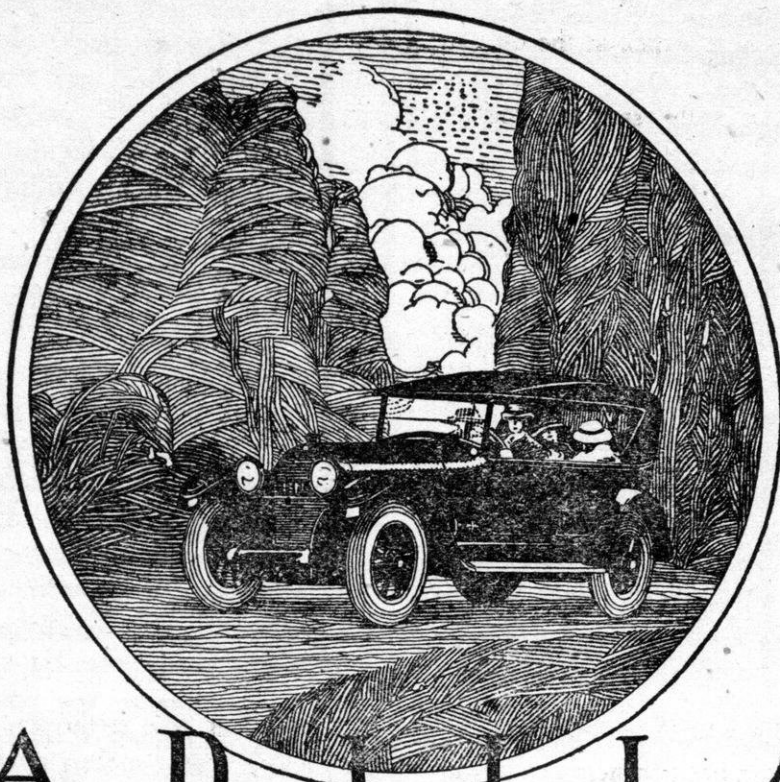
"I know how it is with you fellows and your stakes. You go to town with it and some woman gets ahold of you and in two weeks it's gone. In two weeks. I can go back with that money and—"

"You make me tired." The older man turned and started to climb to the top of the box-car which was coupled to the flat.

For a second, Casey stood there and watched him.

"I gotta do something," he told himself. "I gotta do something quick."

He made a jump for the other man and jerked him



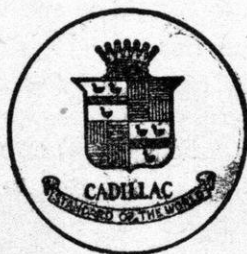
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back to the flat. "I gotta do something," he told himself. He saw a bulging coat-pocket with a wallet in it. He snatched it. And so a battle began between two tramps on a rattling flat-car, with the caboose far behind, hidden from view by a string of boxes, and a roaring engine ahead, sending all the smaller fry to the sheltering sidings. Had the conductor looked along the side of his train, had the engineer looked back from his engine, they might have seen a man topple out from a flat-car and roll down to the blackberry-bushes.

Two weeks later, a section gang found the dead body of a nameless tramp, the big husky body of what had once been a first-class bully lying among the blackberry-bushes at the side of the track.

Casey sat on the flat-car, his own little world now, and said to himself: "I gotta do something." He wasn't thinking of any big bully with a bottle of whiskey. He was thinking of a little baby, a feeble-minded child like the one Tom Evers had. At his feet lay a wallet, and in his hand he clutched three hundred dollars.

"I gotta get back. Cripes."

He sat there a long time, as if in a stupor. Then he jumped up and walked about on his shaking little world and prayed to the gods that the train would have a hot-box.

But No. 13 went tearing along as was her habit and stopped for nobody and nothing. She went thru villages, past cornfields and blackberry-bushes and straight through small-town passenger-stations without any hesitation whatever. She was an express freight and stopped only for coal or water.

The words came back to Casey as an incessant refrain: "I gotta get back."

But every pounding of the wheels, every squeak of the couplings, every blast of the whistle up ahead shrieked at him: "You're going the wrong way. Go

on. Try to get back. Why don't you jump? You'll land in the blackberries."

The wheels underneath jeered at him. Thump. Thump. I gotta get back. I gotta get back. Past cornfields they rushed and through villages; through towns where the children played in the streets and the evening lights were being lit in a thousand happy homes, while a hobo sat on his own little flat-car and stared dumbly into space.

Finally the whistle gave a long blast and they pulled into the town of Hester, where there is a coaling-station and a water-tank.

Casey jumped from his car and hid in the bushes at the foot of the bank. Every instinct in him told him to be careful until he got away from the coaling-station and could buy a ticket for home. And by his very care he excited the suspicion of the detective.

"Hey, there, wait a minute. Where're you going?"

"N-Nowhere. Over to the depot to buy a ticket."

"No, you're not. You're going along with me."

And along he went, to see the chief of police.

One cannot blame the police. When a tramp comes along, an outcast of society, with a little money, they may as well have it as he. He would be bound to owe them a little board-bill after fifteen days at any rate.

And so Casey was relieved of his nickel-plated watch which was added to the collection in the magistrate's desk, and what little money the police claimed to have found on him,—just enough to pay the costs,—which disappeared nobody knows where, but certainly not into the public treasury.

For fifteen long days a young man sat in cell number eight and thought of home and a winter's stake. Neither the pounding of wheels nor the screech of the whistle came to his ears until he was released and once more walked down the tracks, a penniless tramp, an outcast of society.

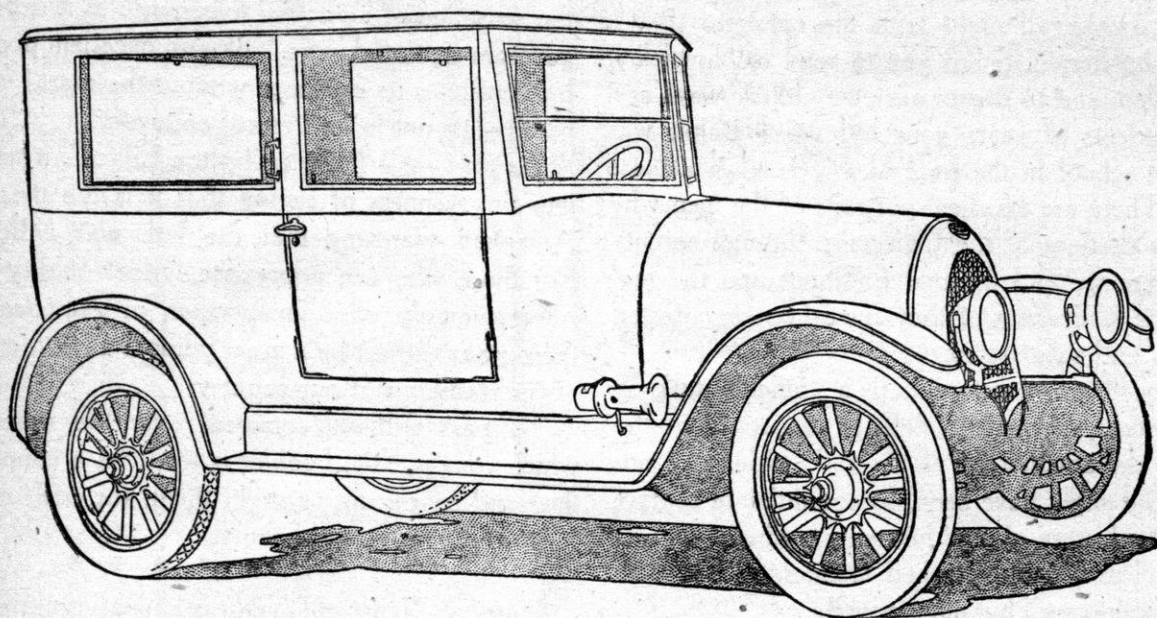
Wisconsin Books

PAUL GANGELIN

It is strange that a book so intimately related to the University as Professor J. F. A. Pyre's *Wisconsin* has not received more notice on the campus. As a part of the *American College and University Series* published by the Oxford University Press it presents a history of the University of Wisconsin. It is a thorough, well-proportioned study of the University, not as a fleeting four years' experience in the life of an individual, but as a perduring entity. Most of us come

here and leave after four years with the impression that the University begins and ends with our contact with it. As far as we are concerned, that, of course, is true; but from the other side, we are ephemera that appear from nowhere, shout our way through four years, and then disappear; the University will remain long after we have gone.

It is this life of the University that Professor Pyre has summarized. He has given us a history of its



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economic, athletic, and social development. It is interesting reading, not fascinating, of course, and it won't keep you awake all night with the emotions that it provokes, but it will tempt you to read on, to pick it up at random and to dream over the college days and college students of years gone by, when Beloit was the biggest school in the state and Wisconsin a mere upstart. There are excellent portraits of the men who guided the destinies of the University through seventy years. Here we find the real traditions and the real spirit of the University as they have been manifested in athletics and scholarship.

Professor Pyre accomplished a difficult task in treating so comprehensive a field as this study of the University as adequately as he did. He was not balked, as he might have been, by too intimate contact with the later history of the University; rather, he treats of it in a clear-seeing, detached manner, as one who knows his-subject well but not too well.

Wisconsin men and women should read this book on Wisconsin. Perhaps it might go far to justify our so-called "traditions" if future Sophomore classes forced only those Freshmen to wear green caps who refused to purchase a copy of *Wisconsin*. At least, the book ought to be a part of every library on the campus.

* * * * *

Among the virile, forceful poems that make up William Ellery Leonard's latest volume, "The Lynching Bee", from which the book derives its name, and "As I Listened by the Lilacs" stand out as the best. "The Lynching Bee" is vivid, realistic; it grips one by its strength of expression and the telling use of detail.

The atmosphere of a crisis, of the terror and lust of a lynching, is so ably sustained that one gets as nearly the sensation of an actual experience as it is possible to get from a printed page. It is an excellent poem which quite justifies its existence without the moral which the poet points out in an ironical epilogue.

As for "As I Listened by the Lilacs", it tempts one into the rashness of saying that it is the most stirring American war-song that the late war called forth. For those who can appreciate lyrical quality and the summoning up of a great vision of America's spirit, these stanzas must be a great, almost a holy, expression of the traditions of our country.

To pass without comment over the other poems which compose the booklet is to make a concession to time and space, not to slight them, for each one is instinct with power and beauty.

* * * * *

Morning, Noon and Night is a pleasing little volume of verse by Glenn Ward Dresbach, ex'13, a former contributor to the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine*. Mr. Dresbach writes charmingly and delicately; at every turn of the page one is greeted by a pleasant little vista of thought. Rather startling it is to find in this book lyrics interlarded with short narrative poems of,—must one confess it?—rather a Wordsworthian simplicity. On the whole, they are not disagreeable, although their naïveté of expression and thought may be slightly offensive to the fashionable sophistication. *Morning, Noon and Night* is a little book which is meant to be picked up occasionally in the tranquility of the night to conjure dreams and meditation.

ADOLESCENCE

HORACE V. GREGORY

I am so young that life's a tragedy;
 Life is the birth of death, and ev'rywhere
 Corruption strips our rich desires bare,—
 Our feasted hopes are left in poverty. . . .
 The sunlight of your laughter, quick and free,
 That brought swift measures to the morning air,
 Your thoughtless words, so graceful, debonaire,
 Close all about me now in misery.
 But when my youth is gone, I'll be a slave
 To cheerful Gods who smile with empty eyes
 Turned to an empty Heaven. I'll be brave
 With senile weakness, and my mirth will rise
 In shattered music to the Summer skies
 That curve above me and my open grave.

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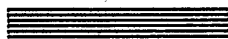
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UNIVERSITY PHARMACY FOR MALTED MILK

Of Strong Drink

(Being the second of a series of essays that were not written by Francis Bacon.)

I. M. RAMSDELL

ALCOHOL is a daughter of Happiness, a sister of Truth, and a mother of liars. She belitteth the mighty and raiseth the weak. She comforteth the sorrowful and maketh the thoughtless to weep for the world. She looseneth the purse-strings of the penurious while spendthrifts count their pennies. She maketh the wise to appear simple, but the fool who courts her is become sagacious.

She is the greatest maker of philosophers. Many a man may drink, and as he goes deep in his cup there is upon him a great contentment. He gazes about him and smiles beatifically. "Lo," thinks he, "here am I, one who containeth his liquor as a true gentleman." He looketh upon the world and is pleased; he desireth not to change his state—meum est propositum in taberna mori. There comes to him a dignity and a grave courtesy. He is generous and presseth a cup continually upon his neighbor. He is fortunate, for he has received the supreme gift of alcohol.

But alas, it is not ever thus. I needs must speak of a liquor but recently come among us which hath a strange virtue. Whosoever esteemeth it quitteth both riches and wisdom. It may be said of him even: Moonshinum suam praetulit immortalitati.

Ale maketh men jovial, wine maketh them sad, whiskey maketh them pugnacious, but moonshine treateth each one according to her fancy. It is, in very sooth, a potent beverage. Some men it maeth drowsy—they sleep in strange places and know it not. For others the world is beautiful—they see beasts of varied hues—the earth is enlarged, the horizon is expanded,—there are two where there was but one.

This liquor mounteth quickly to the head and lingereth long. When a man drinketh ale, he stayeth all night; when he sippeth wine, he spendeth an evening; when he taketh whiskey, he is soon under the table; but when he tasteth moonshine, then doth he sow and reap at once. Many a one but smelleth of his goblet and immediately is he become giddy-pated. He seeketh debate with his fellow tipsters upon some trivial matter; he vaunteth of his hardness in battle. At last he sleeps and his companions put him by his door cautiously, lest they wake the goodwife.

Truly, here is a libation for Satan. It doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those who are shallow in judgment—yea, it prevaieth even with wise men at weak times, but avoid it ye young men. Many a one thinketh little, drinketh much and repenteth more. "Ultima primis cedebant" thinketh he in the morning as he wrappeth a cooling cloth about his head.

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Swinging

MARION STRASSBURGER

"How would you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the sky so blue—"

I looked out over my schoolroom as forty earnest childish voices labored with the melody and forty serious little heads nodded up and down with the rhythm.

"Oh, I just think it's the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do—"

A child? But grown-ups like to swing too.
Till you can see so far—"

Yes that is the advantage of going up but—

"Up in the air you go flying again,
Up in the air and down, and down,
Up in the air and down."

Yes, I thought, the "up in the air" was all right. It's the "and down" periods that makes life such a miserable thing after all. And this has been for me a "down and down" day.

* * *

Edith and I have a little apartment where we sometimes cook our own suppers amid much discussion, philosophical and intellectual or low-brow and gossipy as the occasion may be.

That night we made rick-tum-diddy and Edith was philosophical. I was merely acquiescent.

I couldn't get that silly song out of my head, and my thoughts persisted in a morbid, gloomy repetition of the phrase, "down and down."

What a silly idiot I had been anyway. I, a confirmed, predestined spinster to fall in love! And with a man who didn't care for me! Still, I had thought— But no, I told myself firmly, if he really cared he wouldn't have been able to stay away so long even if his silly masculine pride had been hurt.

Well—I had loved swinging. It had been fun to "go up in the sky so blue." But now that I had hit bottom I was going to stay there. No more soaring for me. My "old cat" had died hard.

The telephone rang sharply.

"Hello," said Jack's voice with his familiar quizzing up inflection. "I'm getting awfully tired of playing Pride. Aren't you sick of being Prejudice?"

"You dear silly boy," I laughed, suddenly all mirth.

"How would you like—" he began.

"To go up in a swing?" I interrupted. "I'd love it, Jack. Edith and I have made rick-tum-diddy and if you get here in ten minutes there'll be some left."

"Swing?" he was shouting as I hung up.

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"Sing me a Song of the City--"

CHICAGO, 1918

ALICE H. CREW

Sing me a song of the city—
The song the siren sings
On the coal barge on the river;
The answer the bridge bell rings;

The mighty roar of the foundries;
The whirr of belt and wheel;
The hiss of molten metal;
The twang of thin-drawn steel.

Sing me the shriek of the engine,
The freight-train's crash and jar;
The blow of the iron hammer
That beats on the iron bar.

Sing, then, the strain triumphant,
Return of marching feet,
Broken ranks of khaki
Timed to our own heart's beat.

And into the song of the city
Gather each minor thread,
Poverty's note, and Sorrow's,
And the laborer brought home dead.

But sing me, too, the laughter
Of children in the street,
And the mystery and music
Of myriad passing feet.

And when the day is ended,
When toil and strife are done,
With church and hovel splendid
Alike in the setting sun,

Then sing the croon of the city,
World-wide, tender, mild,
The vesper song of the mother,
Sung to a sleepy child.

Dust from the Bookshelf

DIASKEUAST

Poetry fans will be glad to know that Edwin Arlington Robinson promises a new book very soon. *Avon's Harvest* is the title of the drama in blank verse. The theme concerns a man "literally devoured by fear, a fear growing out of a boyhood hatred."

John Masefield also has a new book on the way. He is presenting the legend of King Cole, who is supposed to revisit England once a year. The American edition of this book will be illustrated by his daughter.

Henry Holt announces a new novel by Romaine Rolland, the author of *Jean Christophe*, entitled *Clerambault*.

Bernard Shaw's new play, *Back to Methuselah*, can be read either as five short plays or one play in five acts.

Dean Roe appears before us as the author of a new book on *Ruskin and Carlyle*, to be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Conrad enthusiasts will be delighted to know that their charming Joseph will publish the American edi-

tion of "Notes on Life and Letters" this spring. It strikes us that this book will be quite worth perusing, if the author can spin yarns about life and letters such as he spins concerning leaky ships and curious sailors.

Cabell's "Figures of Earth" is at hand, and while it lacks some of those things which made "Jurgen" justly infamous, it still retains the cleverness of style and story that makes "Jurgen" more than rot.

H. L. Mencken's latest book of "Prejudices" is just as entrancing a volume to those who like Mencken as his first book of the same title. This second series deals not only with letters, but flows over into appreciations of Roosevelt, dissertations upon sour stomachs in relation to genius, and sundry other things which bother the unwary and make the knowing grin.

Curiously enough Mr. Mencken predicts that if prohibition continues in these United States every first class man in the country will flee to moister parts. He, however, admits only some half dozen first class men in the country, so we need have no fear of the next census showing a big decrease in population.

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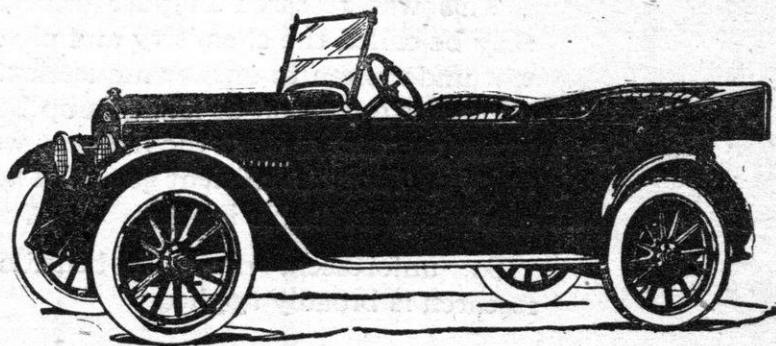
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