The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXIII, Number 2 November 1923

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 1923

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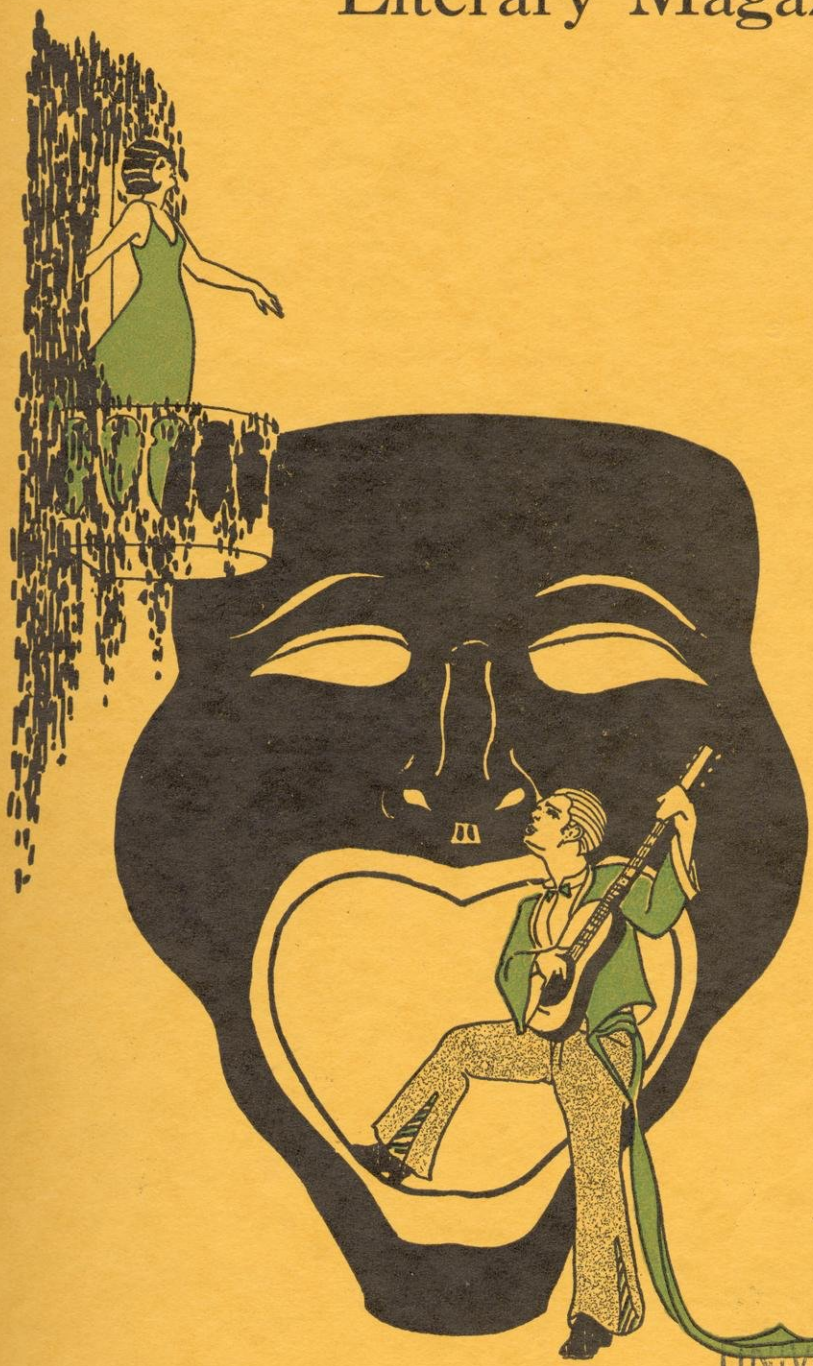
The Wisconsin Literary Magazine



VOLUME XXIII NOVEMBER, 1923 NUMBER II

CONTENTS

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

THE SUM OF IT

"Ho, ho, black man, why are you so black!"
"Ha, ha, white man, because you are so white!"

Oscar Riegel.

Two Poems

By John Schindler

1.
SYLLOGISM

Life is a young man with a dagger and a flower in
his eye.

Young death sits in a cafe
Her metheglin eye
Smiling, toying with the flower
In his eye. i

Say to you who are silent—
Will he try?

Oh, look
She creeps upon his senses.
Have you who are silent
Any doubt concerning the outcome?

It is inevitable—

He must die.

II.
PHILOSOPHY

To-night now, the world is
Only
A moon
A smokestack
And I.

(There is somewhere
A churning street
But it is on the farther side
Of death;
And has no moon.
So need not be considered.)

Irreverently, like a black devil
The smokestack spits his ink
Upon my goddess.

But in her silver gown she still enkindles me
With that green lynx eye of surpassing beauty,
Until I feel the strength of all the Gods.

Just what it is
Or what I am
I do not know.

There is no woman
In my world
To tell me.

The Rope

By Hannah Bryant.

She sprained her ankle, and the circus went on without her. No one of the troupe wasted thought on any such reflection as this: Curious, after walking tight-rope all her life, she stumbles going down stairs and sprains her ankle. Nor did she, turning the matter over in her mind, get the slightest ironic relish. There was a knife in her ankle, she was alone in a strange city and daily her purse was growing flimsy. Before long the wind was going to blow through it.

So, as soon as she could walk, she answered the first advertisement she saw, and hired out to help with housework and the care of three young children. The wages offered her were small, but money mattered very little just then, if there were bed and board and time for recuperation. And she could almost persuade herself that in the medley of humdrum occupation and the quiet of home life, there might be something tonic for feet so long subjected to their own dexterity. Besides, the children seemed like such nice children, and the poor little mother was desperately in need of help, waiting as she was for another baby, and yet apparently cheerful and unconscious of the grave worry that came now and then into her eyes. All things considered, for a month or two it seemed she could do no better.

A month passed. And a second month followed. Her ankle was still a little troublesome, yet had it been otherwise she would not likely have given thought to preparations for a departure. For it seemed the family was undergoing a temporary financial embarrassment. There has been so many doctor bills in the last few years, and rents had been so high, that at present they were a little behind in their accounts. They had not been able to pay her at the end of the first month. At the end of the second they told her, contrary to their expectations, they had not been able to catch up enough to meet the month's expenses.

Something like that was said the third month, and there were words to the same effect when the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh months came and went. Then they told her that owing to impending business transactions, the difficulties under which they were laboring were likely to run on for several months longer. If she could wait—possibly only three months more—they would make the delay quite worth while. Would she wait?

It was very difficult. There was the young father so pleasant-spoken and now very earnest of eye, but with a certain nervous twitch to his lips that was disconcerting. There was the little mother, always so prettily kind, anxiously awaiting her reply. And then there were the children, who had each taken such a fancy to her; and the new baby. . . .

But, oh, no; in spite of everything she could not wait. Could they not understand that it was something quite outside the question of what she might, or might not, consent to do? Could they not see that it lay beyond the range of her own inclination? Hers was a career that demanded the utmost of one, a constant subjugation of self. Already the delay was deplorable, and that very day she had a letter urging her to come. Oh, surely they could see she had waited too long as it was! Much as she regretted disappointing them, she must have something immediately and go back just as soon as arrangements could be made. . .

It was all so difficult that she cried about it, but at least she gained her point. It would have to be managed someway, they said. And she began to make plans.

But while they were no more than plans she stumbled one day over a little toy wagon the children had left on the kitchen floor, and fell, giving her sensitive ankle a fearful twist.

It was, of course, disheartening. There was only the family's kindness in insisting that she keep off her feet for a while, and the evidence of their affection for her, to keep up her spirits. The fact that she had not been forced to inconvenience them was the one ray of light across the very dull horizon in her mind's eye. But it was a thin flickering light, and during the period of rest she often had to make a conscious effort to keep it in sight.

It was simple enough in the daytime, surrounded as she was with the humming family life, but at night with the house quiet, the old life came back and engulfed her. Over and over again she lived the old nights, the old triumphs. Again her ear drank in the old tumult of applause; again she accepted once experienced tributes and attentions, becoming enslaved to the old emotions.

The rest, she decided, had been good for her in more than the obvious benefit to her foot. In

Continued on page 25

Roses and Lilies

By Marya Zaturenska

I

La Bella Simonetta and Boticelli

In a warm Tuscan garden
Where roses and lilies
Colored the light grass
He saw her.

She was gathering flowers,
Roses and lilies
She tore from their long stems
And dropped on the fresh grass.

Roses and lilies were on her cheeks
When Boticelli passed.

He saw her hair, that mesh of curling gold
That Duke Lorenzo loved,
Her eyes, those azure pools of poetry,
Her form, the golden age of love restoring.
"Welcome! oh Lady Simonetta,
Welcome, dear sovereign, lady of my Duke,"
Gravely he said

He saw the dying roses at her feet,
And in her cheeks the rose and lily shining.

The gold in her young hair, and in her gown
The gold weave glowing,
And golden warm that rapt Italian June
Bathing in perfume, all the summer fields.

"Good day to you, Mesoir Boticelli,"
Simply she said.
She said and went her way
Treading the roses underfoot,
Crushing the lilies.

II

Boticelli Dreams of La Bella Simonetta

To put her golden beauty in pure line,
So fine, so true that it will live forever,
To catch a golden day, a field of roses,
And blend them with the memory of her beauty—
Oh, I shall paint her rising from the foam!
With delicate breasts and curving, curling lips
And in her eyes the love of all the world
And in the harmony of hands and feet
And in the flowing of her amber hair
The love that learns its raptures from the stars,
And high and pure and cold and melancholy
Forgets the gardens where the senses are.

III

After La Bella Simonetta's Death

They bore her barefaced upon her bier,
The Duke Lorenzo rode
On a white charger, ever guarding her,
Even the grievous portals of the grave
Seemed loath to take her.

With dimly lighted candles
The friars in procession
Chanted her elegy.

Even thou, oh beautiful
Must come to this,
Like a burnt out candle
Was our bliss.
Death like a candle
Burns out its rapture.
The world's wonder
Cannot endure.

Even the flesh like lilies,
Even the lips like roses,
The grave now closes,
Nothing is sure.

In gowns of palest silver,
With lily garlands,
The maidens mourn her:

"La Bella Simonetta
Why have you gone, and left such grief among us?
Who will now take your place among the dancers?
What viols will play now that your voice is silent?
Why have you left your gardens full of lovers,
Your couch of rose and silver loved by kings,
Your perfumes and your gowns with jewels embroidered,
Your sacred mirror where each day you saw
The face that was the wonder of the world."

Wailing they brought her to the marble tomb,
Under her sleeping effigy in marble
They placed the crumbling lily of her body.

IV

Lorenzo Weeps Beside Her Tomb

Oh, my dear love!
The spring shall never come now you are dead!
Roses shall never burn so red next year,
Nor lilies smell so sweet.
The streets of Florence will grow cold and drear,
All laughter will be querulous and tame,
The poets shall no longer sing their songs,
The nightingale die among the ilex trees,
Olives shall drop ungathered to the ground,
There shall be no more nourishment in bread.

Perished all pomp, all laughter, all delight,
Perished the joy, the glory of my age.

V

Boticelli Records His Dream Lady for all Time

So beautiful she looked upon her bier,
I thought Cytherea had died at last,
Yet there was something saintly in her beauty;
Desiring her was like the love of God,
It led my soul to seek new wells of beauty.
God, you broke the miracle you wrought,
Casting her flowering roses to the worm,
Her lilies to the dust.
And of her body loved by amorous lords,
Only my canvas keeps
In perfect colors, clear as was her beauty,
The secret of its grace.

The Story

By Kenneth Fearing

It was a day of ice, with the wind growling bitterly through the trees. The man loomed in the opening of the cavern, and entering, wearily tossed upon the ground the carcass of a scrawny hare. The woman looked at it with wild hunger in her eyes, and hugged the dark, whimpering baby closer to her.

The man was bloody and bruised; he had had to fight for the hare; another had slain it, but in the end he had taken it by force.

Then the two of them buried the body of the old man that had grown quiet during the night, and on a sudden, brief impulse, embraced.

After that, she skinned the hare, and he scratched idle marks on a flat stone with a piece of lime.

And they have danced it, painted it, sung it, written millions of books about it, since!

A Forgotten Pirate

By Vincent Starrett.

You will search many books of pirate lore without encountering the name of Amory Preston. His brief chapter in the history of the Spanish Main is all but forgotten; even Howard Pyle, among the chroniclers, has ignored him and his remarkable feat. Yet he was a picturesque fellow, this Englishman, with a pretty wit and a hard hand; and in the city of Caracas there are those who still speak his name with proper execration. His name too is a happy one, is it not?—especially sonorous, as should be all good pirate names.

Properly a buccaneer rather than a pirate; but surely the former term is in the nature of an euphemism. In Caracas, that Paris of South America, there is no mincing of words when the name of Preston is spoken. And in the same breath the Venezuelan Spaniard who tells the tale will speak, hotly reverent, of Don Alonso Andres de Ledesma. He will be an elderly, antiquarian citizen that speaks, and the tale will be worthy of attention, for it is finely romantic and involves, appropriately enough, a traitor gently swaying in the warm breeze from a tree-limb in the mountains, a feat of Napoleonic ingenuity and energy, and a concluding exploit as gallant as any in the chronicles of knightly endeavor.

The episode is dated June, 1595. On sea and land, wherever they could find them, the English were doing unpleasant things to the Spaniards. Amory Preston, with a small fleet and some five hundred buccaneers, was careering in the Caribbean. He flew the flag of England, it is true, but after all—!

As he approached La Guayra, it occurred to the doughty captain that there must be considerable plunder in Caracas, if only he could lay his hands upon it; he had heard extraordinary tales of that golden city. So he landed his forces, chased the inhabitants of La Guayra into the hills, and moved upon Guaicamaento, where he caught a Spaniard of little patriotism, Villalpando by name.

Enters the traitor. Caracas lay across the mountains, which formed a natural bulwark to protect the city from invasion, and to Preston the great barrier seemed an obstacle not lightly to be attempted. However, he determined to make the effort. Villalpando, for a bag of gold, promised to guide the English over the mountains by a secret trail, and Preston closed with the offer.

The difficult climb was made in the night, a circumstance which, while necessary, enormously enhanced the perils of the adventure. Even in daylight the task might well have daunted any but an experienced mountaineer traveling lightly and alone. Preston's chore was to move his entire army across the dangerous ridges before sunrise.

By devious paths the traitor Villalpando led the alien invaders. Above them loomed the mighty bulk of El Picacho, and to the east rose the great companion peak of La Silla; with the connecting heights they formed the range of Galipan over which the buccaneers must pass. The upward path was rough and steep and tortuous, a path used only by goats and such human animals as Villalpando. Through the darkness, lighted only by the stars, they pushed onward with incredible resolution until, facing about on a projecting corner of the path, their leader could see spread before him the vast panorama of Caribbean sea and Venezuelan shoreline, as we would speak of it to-day.

Still they toiled upward, and as they climbed their hearts pumped hard and their knees became shaky; their armour dragged upon them with the weight of tons, it seemed. Some fell prostrate in the trail and refused to rise, but their companions tramped over them in the wake of their undismayed captain. By forced marches, with little respites of rest, they pressed forward with unconquerable determination. Before them, unarmoured and light of foot, trudged the guide Villalpando, and on the heels of the traitor trod Amory Preston, ready to strike him down and hurl him into the abyss at the first sign of double-dealing; a sufficiently ironic situation, one thinks, in the light of the guide's initial infamy. Rich tropical vegetation lay all about them, but in the darkness this glory was dimmed. None paused to admire; with the odor of a thousand blossoms in their nostrils the buccaneers climbed upward; all eyes were fixed on a far cleft in the range of mountains.

Thus, desperately, they traversed one range, crossed a deep ravine which seemed to undo hours of climbing, and began the wearying ascent of another range beyond. Gradually the stars faded

out, the bright-hued birds began to whistle and sing in the riant luxuriance about them; and in the early dawn they reached the final summit and saw their prize lying below them in its fair green valley.

Here, while the army rested, the deal with the traitor guide was consummated.

"This," said Preston to Villalpando, "is your bag of gold, which you have earned. And here is a stout and most excellent tree from which you may watch our descent into the city. I would see no man go unpaid for his services, and no traitor go unrewarded for his treachery."

So they hanged the traitor Villalpando to a limb of the stout and convenient tree, and left him staring sightlessly down upon the winding caravan of evil that crept upon Caracas. His bag of gold was tied to his feet and swung with his body in the light breeze of morning, a warning to traitors and testimony to the punctilious honesty of Amory Preston.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all this was accomplished without knowledge of the Spaniards. Certain of the people of La Guayra, those driven into the mountains by the freebooters, had warned Caracas of the landing of the Englishmen, and the entire fighting force of the city, led by the Alcaldes, Garcia Gonzales and Francisco Reballedo, marched out to meet the foe. But it had been taken for granted that the buccaneers would cross the mountains by the "royal range," a longer journey, but one much less difficult than that by the secret trail. In their wildest imaginings the citizens of Caracas had not dreamed that Preston would accomplish the impossibility of moving his army, by night, by paths known chiefly to the goats. And so the Spaniards had stationed themselves upon that broader highway, and had laid a number of clever ambushes. But Preston, while they awaited his coming, completed his descent and walked quietly into the city, almost without opposition.

Almost, but not quite!

In the city of Caracas dwelt an ancient fighting man whose name was Alonso Andres de Ledesma. Don Alonso, greatly to his disgust, had been left behind when the Spaniards marched out to battle, on account of his advanced age; and of the entire fighting force of the city he alone saw the advent of the English invaders.

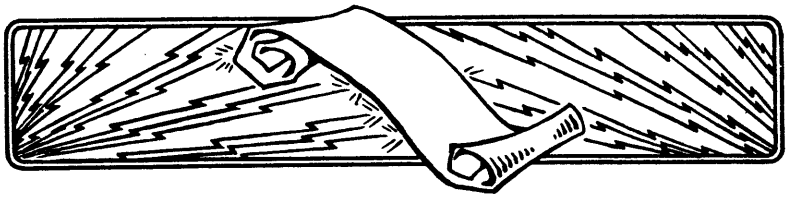
Desperate but undismayed, the gallant old cavalier donned his armour, mounted his horse, couched his lance, and single-handed disputed the entrance of the pirate horde. A tremendous moment! The immortal madman of Mancha attempted no more valiant and insane exploit.

"Don't hurt him!" Preston is reported to have cried in admiration. "He is too brave to die!"

But Don Alonso had put spurs to his horse and charged the five hundred. In a sea of men his horse plunged and whirled; with drawn sword he sought to continue his advance. Then the flood closed over him; the heroic and pitiful whirlwind subsided, and Don Alonso Andres de Ledesma had passed into heroic legend.

Preston thoroughly looted the city, and the Spanish army returned to find him powerfully fortified in its own public buildings. A week later he marched out unmolested, recrossed the mountains and set sail with all the treasures of Caracas.

There is no mention of Captain Amory Preston in privateering history; there is no statue to Don Alonso Andres de Ledesma in Caracas. Two curious omissions.



Der Hans Gruber

By John Schindler

New Zurich, Wisconsin, is thoroughly American, and very modern—as modern as its glaring glass front stores, paved streets, immaculate school buildings, and Commercial Club can possibly make it. Its motor trucks go screeching through the streets with a very metropolitan bustle; its three or four industrial plants are forever blowing their deep throated whistles. The town believes in spreading its intelligence and civilization out upon its surface. New Zurich, as any of its business men will very soon tell you, possesses the largest milk condensing plant in the world; is within the radius of the most concentrated dairying region in America; and the center of a growing lime industry that promises to become, within a decade, the largest in the middle west. After the books have been closed for the day, the tired business man will tell you what he neglected to mention before, that New Zurich has the largest adult Bible Class in the Reformed Church. He tells you this to assure you that New Zurich, in its race for the material, has been broad enough to develop the spiritual aspect of life. His wife, with true feminine collaboration, will further cite the Women's Aristotelian Society, which has for its aim a more intelligent appreciation of Robert Browning and Gene Stratton Porter. You can have no doubt left; New Zurich indeed holds a place in the modern world.

But New Zurich has not always been so ardent an exponent of progress and enlightenment. Here and there, in the oldest and mustiest houses in the old residential section, you will see a loose-boned fellow wearing a black knit cap about the house; and you may perhaps even hear the occasional tinkle of glasses. To the old days! But this last rite has degenerated more and more into a very solemn and stiff affair. There is but little enjoyment to be had in drinking dandelion wine to a dead Past. And then since Hans Gruber was laid away in a public grave, this thin circle of knit caps and tobacco smoke has never quite been the same, for Gruber's glass had a merry tinkle to the very last.

Whatever the rest of the town may think, Gruber was a splendid fellow. Now he is gone with all the rest. But they will gladly tell you his story. They have related it a countless number of times among themselves; it is a story they find much pleasure in telling; for the story of Hans Gruber is essentially the story of each of them, and the tale of the New Zurich of the Golden Age. They will show you, also, this little package of letters, which the original recipient recopied from the letters of Hans Gruber, and sent to his friends in America. The letters are copied on very stout paper, and have been bound between two pieces of red cardboard bearing the white Swiss cross. The little volume is carefully kept in the topmost drawer of a tall Basel cabinet, and leaves it only on the most special occasion. A curious or sympathetic stranger is such an occasion, and the chairman of the little Bund will carefully blow the dust from the covers and watchfully allow the visitors to read its few pages.

* * * * * *

New Zurich, Wis.,
5 Mai. 1900.

Mein Lieber Ruodi,

I arrived here day before yesterday and was very much pleased with the place. To live here it does not seem to one as though he were so far from Switzerland. Only the mountains are lacking. There are hills all around the town, but they are comparatively low.

When I stepped off the bumpy little train that winds around endlessly to get there, I came upon two little boys warming the air in a delightfully ripe Swiss dialect. I could have embraced the words. After the long journey, they sounded as sweet as the variations of a mountaineer's yodel, sliding through the evening air to some sweetheart in a valley village.

I addressed myself to a thin, consumptive-looking fellow, who leaned against the station corner where the sun warmed the boards.

"Good day, sir."

"God bless you," as though he expected a question and was already prepared to answer it.

"Could you direct me to Mrs. Puempel's boarding house?"

With his pipe, he pointed out a whitewashed stone house.

"Thank you very nicely."

"You just come from out there?"

"Yes," I told him, "from Elm."

"You must be a Glarner from the way you speak, not so?"

"Yes," I told him, "from Elm."

"No. You don't say so? Well, well. From Elm. You must know my wife, then. She lived in Elm before we were married—Anna Stauffacher."

Anna Stauffacher! What do you think of that, Ruodi? I told him I was well acquainted with her family; that her brother I knew excellently well, and Anna of course I had known still better. Hadn't we been next door neighbors?

Erli, that is Anna's husband's name, invited me over to supper tonight, and of course I shall go. Who wouldn't?

Mrs. Puempel's boarding house is called the William Tell House. Isn't that just like home? I know I shall like it here. And just to think that Anna Stauffacher is here in this very town!

Well, I must close and get myself ready to go over there for supper. I wonder whether Anna—I can hardly think of calling her Erli's wife will be glad to see me?

Always your friend,

HANS GRUBER.

P. S.—I have just come back from Erli's and since your letter is still lying open on the table I must tell you about Anna. She looked somehow thin and tired, but I think she was glad to see me. Something in her eyes seemed to tell me. Erli has a bright, bubbling personality, but he coughs much, with a dry rattle, that shakes his whole frame. Anna asked me all about Elm, and I enjoyed telling her very much. But she did not mention a word about the old days. After supper we three played cards, and Anna was rather quiet.

Aug. 17, 1900.

. . . . .

I have gotten on well here this summer; both in my work, and with the people. I always try to sparkle genially over my wine glass, to laugh with the men, and joke with the women. My zither playing has helped me not a little. There is no other really good zither player in town, and they ask me to play at their Tyrol entertainments and their dances. Two other fellows generally play with me; the one with a fiddle and th-other with an accordion. Really, Ruodi, we play very well, at least the dancing is very spirited. I wish, Ruodi, you were here to dance the Platter Tanz for these people. You can dance it ever so much better than I, and even I can make these heavy yokels around here green with envy at my dancing. One of the girls told me I danced with "such lightness and ease." But I always like to dance the Platter best with Anna, Erli's wife. You remember how she coulp dance in Elm. But she never mentions the Elm dance we used to go to five years ago, and if I speak of it, she turns her head away and is silent the rest of the evening. Erli never dances himself; it makes him cough, he says.

. . . . .

Always your friend,

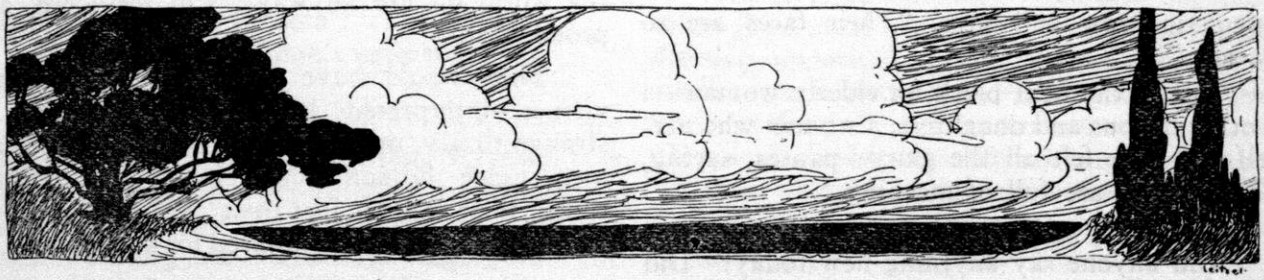
HANS GRUBER.

20 Mai, 1901.

. . . . .

Well, I am in luck. Someone found out that I was a sharpshooter in the Dragoons—that I have several medals for marksmanship—and the William Tell Schutzen Bund asked me to join their society. That is the highest honor the village can confer, Ruodi, for the Bund has among its twelve members the most important men of the town. There are John Theiler, the printer; Steussy, a storekeeper; Hoesly, the doctor; Schlatter, the banker; and now there is Gruber,

Continued on Page 30



The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the students of the University of Wisconsin

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Mss. may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom Hall, the Union Bldg, or mailed to the editor, 14 So. Orchard St., City. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the Mss. is desired.

Vol. XXIII **Madison, November 1923** **Number 2**

Fog-Bound

Some writhe under the charge of stupidity. Others laugh. Still others neither writhe nor laugh—they are too busy resolving methods to keep themselves from thinking. But the charge of stupidity is still before us. Stupidity as the direct result of overwhelming circumstance.

We are cursed with the curse of a demoniacal system—rising at 7, dining at 12:15, retiring at 10. Puppets—hoping that some one will give the strings a not too ironical jerk.

All we want is to get as much done as is possible or impossible in the shortest amount of time.

Another word about stupidity—youthful stupidity—possibly in a narrative tone.

Walking down the street, the romance language instructor—forty years old, unmarried, and unconscious of most things in the world beyond the pale of the comparisons of adjectives and the conjugations of irregular verbs, meets a young man and woman amusement-bound. They are talking and laughing, and sometimes look into each other's eyes.

The instructor looks at them, puckers his linguistic brow and says, "Their faces are so vacant."

But in the next block an elderly woman—a mother of sons and daughters, a woman who herself has once felt all the glory—pauses, saying, "Their faces are full of meaning."

* * *

Did anyone say anything new today? Did anyone do anything new today?

Why prate about originality?

Someone makes a brilliant remark, looks around for approval, and hears only, "Yes, I read that in Dumas today," or "Shakspere says that in Hamlet"—or "Lear"—anywhere.

As a matter of fact, the keenest witicisms are invariably founded upon the tritest of tritenesses. "What is truth?" said Pilate; "Even the truth can be proved," was Wilde's endorsement of Pilate.

Which precisely illustrates the reason that platitudes are so disgusting—they are irrevocably true, in spite of—(because of?)—their vigorous staleness.

* * *

It has been given recently the official approval of the most select cut-throat circles—this scheme of killing off the happily mediocre.

They stalk complacently around, dreamily content with all that is, that was, and happily fatalistic as to what may be. Close to their bosoms they hug a creed which they go about mumbling—something about "nobody setting the world on fire anyway. I'm mediocre, and proud of it."

They would have the good old standard virtues—interpreted by a hundred men in, strange to say, one way—the criterion by which men judge human achievement. In abrupt terms, their creed is just this: "I'm mediocre—so mediocre I ought to be admired for knowing it."

J. W.

A novelist, to be a master artist, should write but one novel; it should be of such fluid, bubbling stuff that it is life itself exactly—exactly—as the artist discovered it to be. The book should be a vivid portrayal of whatever adventures the senses of men encounter in the picaresque of living, into which are insinuated all the changing meanings the mind has read. The book should present the inchoatness of existence without itself being formless, and reveal, with dramatic intensity, the undramatic quality of life.

Any artist that writes a specialized or "theme" novel—i. e., "a study of marriage," "a study of ambition"—falls short of the ideal on the count that he is guilty of attempting to dismember one vital organ from an infinity of other equally vital organs, all of which, in life, are simultaneously inter-dependent. And when the surgery is completed, it will be found that through faulty labeling not one vital organ, but two or three—or a thousand— have been sliced up for the photograph. That is to say, a study of "society's hatred of the superior individual" implies a study of a thousand analgous and contrary urges, over-lapping in every direction, until, if the study is to be complete, and not falsely emphasized, the label becomes an absurdity; not only the one theme, but *all* themes should be present, either analyzed or suggested.

Every great novel then being a gallery containing the sum of the author's observatory sketches—why write a duplicate?

* * *

Critics, by the way, are denouncing D. H. Lawrence for repeating himself! Why not measure the greatness of the artist by the precision with which he repeats? Thackeray, Tolstoi, George Eliot, and now Anatole France—such incorrigible stammerers!

* * *

Washington Square footnote:

Dramatic critic: "Have you read Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln'?"

Novelist: "No. I don't write plays."

* * *

Concerning the first issue of the Lit, we are only dubiously jubilant. We were attacked it is true; so much is undoubtedly to our credit. Cristicism was levelled at us from a variety of angles amazing and interesting, ranging from the aesthetic to the typographic, and even the moral. One English instructor threatened to flunk an innocent underling on our business staff, should should we continue our unswerving policy of—(mislaid it again.) The matter has been laid before an arbitration board consisting of Henry Van Dyck, Ben Hecht, and Giovanni Papini.

Three or four items on our October table of contents were accused of being maliciously incomprehensible. Chief among these was "On the Planes"; we suppose that if we can justify the latter before the public, we will be acquitted of general purposeless inanity. And while by no means retreating from our stand that witty obfuscation is an indispensible literary virtue, we will here take the time and trouble to show that the work in question is, or would be in any but university circles, thoroughly self-evident.

* * *

"On the Planes" was a moment by moment chart of the working of the human brain. It presented in detail the rambling circumlocution of the much touted thought processes, stripped of the artificial consecutiveness that a momentary concentration seems to give it. The composition would represent the stenographic jottings of the mind through the space of possibly not more than fifteen seconds. The title, "On the Planes," was intended to insinuate the constant, abrupt changes from mood to mood, as the chaotic links of idea-association unrolled.

Katherine Arnquist was the author of "Treasure" appearing in our October number.

This issue includes an historical sketch by Vincent Starrett of Chicago, author of "Ebony Flame," "Banners in the Dawn," and editor of the "Wave." This in pursuance of our hope that we shall be able to introduce the work of one national figure in each issue. Mrs. Laura Sherry, director of the Wisconsin Players, has promised us some material, which will probably be our next month's presentation. Mrs. Sherry is a contributor to most of the better known art magazines in America.

* * *

Hardly had our first issue left the press, when the annual ineligibility carnival took place. Passing unnoticed in the turmoil aroused by similar onslaughts upon our minor activities, such as football, Navy committee for Button Day, etc., the Lit masthead became a shambles. All three of our associate editors were separated from it, and much happened to the business staff. With this issue the Lit introduces John Weimer as managing editor; he was the author of "For Theirs is the Kingdom."

K. F.

"The Unexpected Death of Mr. P. Darrington Crenshaw"

By George A. Jones

Mr. P. Darrington Crenshaw was seated in his library. Emily, his wife, always referred to it as the Purple room or the northwest room. It was not the conventional type of man's den—there were none of those ubiquitous upholstered chairs into which one "sank luxuriously." Mr. Crenshaw's taste revolted at such things. No, Mr. Crenshaw was seated ina rather frail chair of no particular period and padded in no particular fashion.

Mr. Crenshaw looked about him and smiled. Really, it was a nicely furnished room. He had been unable to avoid the ungainly oak bookcases, but on the whole—yes, he'd go so far as to say that the place showed remarkable good taste.

Then Mr. Crenshaw frowned. Women invariably wish to tell their troubles to strangers; being a man, Mr. Crenshaw kept his grievances locked up in his asthmatic little body. He was just one more of those men disappointed in life. He spelt it with a small "l" now.

Mr. Crenshaw had wished to write criticism—music, literary, art, he knew not which; pere Crenshaw had wished Addy to enter his paper mill. At fifty-five, P. Addington Crenshaw was one of Allis' most successful men; he belonged to the country club, the Kiwanees, and the Congregational church. Mr. Crenshaw had, under his wife's guidance, been an Episcopalian; this year the Congregational church was being "done." Mr. Crenshaw hated all such poppycock, but lacked the will-to-resist in the face of Emily's push. Yes, beyond a doubt, "push" described Emily perfectly.

For years Mr. Crenshaw had been planning to get even with society for the nasty trick it had played on him. To bloom forth in a new and truer aspect—to shock, to wound. Gazing about the room, he chuckled. Tonight the plan, whose various details had been accumulating indefinitely, was to be carried out. P. Darrington Crenshaw chuckled again.

His wife was calling; she entered the room. Did he intend going to the country club with her tonight? Emily was jerking a dress hurriedly in place about her waist. Mr. Crenshaw hated his wife's wandering about upstairs in varying stages of habillement; it didn't look nice. "I suppose you won't, if you won't. You're an awfully obstinate thing. It's no fun there without you." She stood still while he hooked her up. No fun without him, that was a joke. She'd probably be flirting with young Ladish all evening—she'd flirt more if he only showed some signs of jealousy. Well, let her ogle; he cared a lot. If she but knew how a woman of forty-seven looked when flirting.

P. Darrington Crenshaw jerked his head impatiently. Damn hooks and eyes. He jerked the head again. Why did Emily have to muss his hair? A man's vanity made him stop and smooth the violated hair petulantly. His wife laughed. The mother instinct, terribly puerile it seemed to him. He must get Emily some decent looking clothes when he went to Chicago again. There, the ordeal was ended. As Mr. Crenshaw straightened up, his wife pecked at his mouth, scraping his cheek instead. Erratic eroticism. Mr. Crenshaw smiled at the thought. Not so bad. Yes, he'd be good; he'd be good. With effort he refrained from sending after her the cry, "Don't take any wooden nickels!" but that would be lowering himself, and sarcasm never got very far with Emily.

When his wife had left the house, the husband wandered about the library, then seated himself at the desk and began writing with his mammoth fountain pen striated red and black. The completed paper was placed on the center table. P. Darrington paused in the execution of his plan long enough to rise and get a handkerchief from the adjoining bedroom. He cleaned the horn rimmed glasses, rocking back and forth as he did so to some undetermined cadence.

He walked to the bookcase and reached behind Tom Jones for Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—really, it was a pity Allis' moral standards made him hide the poor girl this way; it almost incriminated her. P. Darrington did wish the publishers wouldn't illustrate Pierre Louy's "Aphrodite" with such accuracy; this book was forced to hide its light behind the more orthodox volumes of Anatole France. To these books Mr. Crenshaw added Stendhal, Remy de Gourmont, and Nietsche; all five volumes were placed on the center table.

P. Darrington Crenshaw sat down before this strange shrine, and began reading, first, "Aphrodite" and then "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Mentally, Mr. Crenshaw was a pagan. But he did not boast, rather was he ashamed of his unusual rectitude. He admired flagrantly immoral men: Casanova was his idol.

But it was difficult to be a pagan when one could find so little beauty in a woman. A nude somehow revolted Mr. Crenshaw. The artist had always to tone down the lines of the model, and prevaricate to create a thing of beauty. Yes, Mr. Crenshaw found it took an effort to be a pagan.

The two books laid aside, Mr. Crenshaw took up Stendhal; de Gourmont followed. It was an hour before he was willing to put down the wonderful man's book. But one of the five remained —Nietzsche!

There was only one passage which he wanted, the last page and a half of the Antichrist. Before reviewing the finale, Mr. Crenshaw took up his pipe and lighted it. He never smoked anything else. Somewhere he had learned that pipes steeled one's nerves for coming crises, and he did not like cigarettes. Invariably, when he inhaled, tobacco shreds came with the smoke, and they were terribly hard to get off one's tongue. Emily said cigar smoke ruined curtains, so cigars went untouched also.

Mr. Crenshaw turned the leaves of the Antichrist over slowly; having found the page, he began intoning the bellicose Teuton's indictment of the church. Mr. Crenshaw boomed out the words, jerked his head from side to side, and waved a hand emphatically in the air. He stamped time. To him the words formed a condemnation not of the church but of all humanity; he was not quoting, but was reading his own composition. The joy in having his say was profound—it mattered little who heard him say it. At the final sentence, his voice died out in a quavering high key. Mr. Crenshaw was sweating from every pore--every pore, he was positive. That had been a great emotional climax.

He was ready for the final ritual—Nietzsche had girded his loins for anything. Mr. P. Darrdington picked up the sheet of paper and scanned it. Yes, a very creditable bit of work. He read painstakingly, allowing no detail to pass by without some approving wag of his head.

"*Last Will and Testament of Perry Darrington Crenshaw.*"

It was dated, and warned that the writer had never been in a saner state of mind.

"To my dear wife, Emily Clizbe, the income on one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, upon condition that she marry James Kensington Ladish the day of my funeral. Income to revert to the coffers of the local Ku Klux Klan upon her demise." Of course Emily would marry Ladish, but to have to do it on the day of Darrington's funeral—that would embarrass the hypocritical heart in her spacious bosom. Mr. Crenshaw smiled.

"Being interested in the furtherance of medical knowledge, after the coroner gets through with me, my head is bequeathed to the State University's medical school for research work." The thought of going over a man's head with a scalpel and other instruments—how that would turn the dear town's aesthetic stomach.

"Desiring the utmost simplicity in funerals, my body is to be cremated, and the ashes scattered over Allis' paper mills. No preachers are to be present at the funeral." The thought of destroying man's sacred body with fire gave birth to a festering horror in Allis' collective mind: let the body be buried decently. And to scatter a revered man's ashes over the dirty, smelly, sulphite mills, that was the final touch, the acme of

Continued on Page 22

Impertinence

It is in the Latin Quarter. A hearse crawls up the slippery, leaf-spattered pavement and comes to a melancholy stop at the curb. Two students observe it with horror and surprise.

"What does that mean?" says one.

"It has no right to be here," says the other, and they both quickly look another way and walk on.

Oscar Riegel

Two Translations from the French of Remy de Gourmont

By Frank Jones

Inscription Champetre

Spring, frail, blue anemone,
In the pale langour of your shining eyes
Love has placed his ephemeral soul,
But you are left shivering by the passing wind.

Summer, when the pride of roses on the bank
Marks the streams course as it flows to the sea,
In the evening I can see shadows lying pensive in the water;
Slowly the cattle are coming down to drink.

Autumn, it is raining leaves, and also it is raining souls,
Souls who have died for love; women
Sadly gaze into the west,
And the trees make huge gestures of forgetfulness.

Winter, cold lady with your jade green eyes cast on the winding-sheet of snow,
Your hair is powdered with frost, and salt and bitterness.
Oh mummy, your heart, conquered and made powerless by sorery,
Sleeps, a sorrowful jewel, in the depths of your immortal flesh.

Dedication to "Les Saintesdu Paradis"

O, pilgrims, wandering upward dreamily,
Dreaming, perhaps, of roses far away,
While you have arms and doubting souls are pity
To dust and sun of the cruel, burning day.
O, pilgrims, wandering upward dreamily,
Dreaming, perhaps, of roses far away.

Here is the path which leads into the hills,
Here is the fount where soothing waters flow,
Here are the shady woods where spring flowers blow,
Here spire-like pines their ancient peace bestow.
Here is the path which leads into the hills
Here is the fount where soothing waters flow.

O, pilgrims, wandering upward dreamily,
Follow the voice which calls you toward the skies.
The leaves are honey-sweet; a lovelier guise
Have they, within whose soul deep beauty lies.
O, Pilgrims, wandering upward dreamily,
Follow the voice which calls you toward the skies.

The Pleasure Hunt

By Oscar Riegel

Tiburce: My dear fellow, please shut that odious book on your finger and listen to me. No, not that way, but with your glasses off, so that you seem at least of this world. To be brief, dear Armand, I propose an amusement.

Armand: A which? An amusement! O, very well. But can't you see, Tiburce, that I am already very happy, and desire nothing more than to be left to vegetate here between these chair arms, with my feet on our horrible rococo settle and my pipe in my mouth. I believe like Hazlitt that a man can not be perfectly happy unless his feet are at least as high as his waist, and I am afraid you are plotting to move me.

Tiburce: I am thinking first of your happiness, Armand, but isn't there something unnatural about your absorption in that book? Isn't it smearing the ends of your fingers in a thin syrup of callousness, and stopping your ears with a waxy austerity? Of course I am no one to talk, with my Shakespere here in red, Baudelaire in yellow, and Sterne in blue. You see, my literary spectrum is complete.

Armand: Your colors are well chosen. What do you propose? You evidently have some rich fun in mind, but I forwarn you that it must be as pleasant as the best tales of many men and women, because I have twenty-six such here in a single volume.

Tiburce: I had really hit upon nothing, but as a random suggestion what do you think of seeing a motion picture?

Armand: Abominable! A motion picture, Tiburce, is a child's picture book full of badly-done drawings of extremely common-place people, a piece of vicious legerdemain designed to attract a simple eye like a piece of broken glass. How in the world can any satisfaction be secured from watching a collection of dumb shadows being jerked about while one is blinded by the lights and poked in the ribs by a neighbor with a bad breath. After one has ingenuously invented some sort of a correlation between the *chef d'ouvre*, news pictures, occasionally musical specialties, and the so-called comedy, one is thoroughly tired. No, there is nothing real, nothing solid, nor anything intellectually stimulating. Luckily everything is forgotten the next morning except that one's eyes feel as if they had been rubbed with a piece of sand paper.

Tiburce: I cry mercy! No, we shan't go to the motion picture. Will you be as discouraging with the concert? Because I suggest that next. Please, please, Armand, do not be as furious with it!

Armand: O no, indeed, I shall remember to be gentle. But what a glorious waste of time! Have you ever been to a concert that you were not disappointed and angered? Music is all abstraction, God's sigh and Nature's whistling, like an empty grove where birds once sang. There can be no words, no statues, no pictures. The best music is heard in absolute silence. It is necessary to think it, not hear it with the outward ear. It has its own vocabulary.

Tiburce: I quite agree with you, and propose that you come with me to overhear the musical thought of great composers. Will it not be exquisite to sit and think with them in terms of their magnificent periods?

Armand: Unfortunately, music is aborted, and destroyed before it is born. When you say "concert" I see a swarm of little people bending their ears forward like asses, and translating into the feeble materialism of their intellects what is as contradictory to the facts of existence as immortality itself. I confess that I am not above this mob suggestion, and it depresses me. Why, even the artist is a little shrimp of a man, shamelessly bald, with a stick of wood in one hand and an ornate box on his shoulder. His finger nails are dirty, and when he plays a fandango by Sarasate he reminds me of a beggar I saw in Madrid. What is more terrible yet, at the door they give us a hopelessly real program, on which every piece is named and numbered and set in its proper place, like an exhibit of turnips at the county fair.

Tiburce: Then these little crudities and realities would cause you unspeakable anguish? O come, forget yourself for a moment and let's be gay!

Armand: Yes?

Tiburce: Why, let's go to a dance. Surely there is gaiety and joy enough in that to tempt the greatest sophist in the world.

Armand: Just a moment. What you really meant to say is this, "Armand, let us find some girls. Incidentally we may dance." Ah, Tiburce, Tiburce, what a sly fellow you are. You profess

the most rigid asceticism; yet I have often found you studying Reynold's courtly ladies with the happiest of smiles on your face. You are like Victor Cousin, who fell in love with the Duchess de Longueville though she had been dead two centuries. No, Tiburce, I am sorry. You are going to tell me how beautiful this girl of mine will be, what an enticing way she has, and how lovely is her cool skin and her lips. I am unmoved, my friend, because the most beautiful girl can only give what she has to give, and what living woman could be as gracious as my repentant Manon Lescaut?

Tiburce: Ah, you are impossible! Neither shall we dance. Give me a cigarette, if you will, so that I may compose myself and think of something else.

Armand: Here it is, but it will not help you at all. A cigarette always makes one restless. It is too small to be held without attention, and the smoke is forever getting in one's eyes. You need a pipe.

Tiburce: I have it! The vaudeville!

Armand: Splendid! I had hoped you would suggest it. It is better than anything we have discussed because it contains the best of each. Vaudville is finely colored froth, with just enough ordinary sensuality and damn-foolishness to restore one's faith in one's ego. It is exactly like standing naked on one's head and tickling the bottoms of one's own feet with an enormous quill. Why, then, should we walk all that distance?

Tiburce: Ye priests profane of Venus! I give up! You have torn down successively all accessible amusements. Now, my distinguished iconoclast, will you kindly suggest something to erect in the ruins?

Armand: Ah, that is a great fallacy. Why is the man who tears the shutter from a darkened room forever being asked by the landlord to put a different kind in its place? Air and light are caressing if we expose ourselves to them.

Tiburce: And the amusement....

Armand: Why you, I believe, Tiburce, would find infinite delight in running around the block, or swimming with swift, graceful strokes in the lake, or standing with three of your friends and baying at the moon. But if I must tell you, I think I have proven well enough that all possible amusements are, paradoxially, impossible. Let us go to bed.

Words on Their Way Into a Poem

By Vivian Dunn.

The poet solders a sonnet:
"Tschaikowski's haunt," and "the moon is
gaunt."

He suddenly wonders if the moon is gaunt
And goes outside to squint at the gaunt moon.

The moon is gaunt enough, all right, all right;
Time and a half for overtime on alterations.

Either the moon is a vaunt, Tschaikowski is a
vaunt,
Or, simply, the moon is a haunt; or even,the moon
is not gaunt.

Then "flaunt!" Endless vistae of flaunt-
Tschaikowski's flaunt, the moon's gaunt flaunt.

Bah!—The poet solders a sonnet:
Aztec pottery, Louisiana lottery.

The Bravest of the South

By Mary Elizabeth Hussong.

The chiefs of the Sioux and the Menomonees were negotiating peace terms in the Tay-cho-pera country. The Sioux had come from the far southwest and were the bravest members of their tribe. One of their number was Massasoit, strong, brave, and comely, the youngest warrior of his clan.

On the third day Massasoit set out with bow and arrows to hunt in the great forest which bordered both sides of the placid Mendota. Just as the sun went down he came to an open place where an Indian girl of the Menomonees was singing a love song. Around her the forest trees stood slim and tall like Indian princes in their war paint of red and yellow.

Massasoit glided softly over the ground and sat down by the side of the maiden. And they talked of the approaching feast of the harvest moon and wondered if the signs in the heavens meant a late winter. Massasoit related tales of the Sioux and Menomonees' wars of the past and rejoiced that now a mighty peace pact bound the two brave tribes in the bonds of brotherhood. He pictured for her the great warm plains of the southland, the painted hills, and the giant cactuses, the meat of which it is torture to extract with the bare hands.

Meanwhile the beautiful Ochaown sat thoughtfully weaving grasses, divining that this was the young Sioux warrior, the young Massasoit. And she detailed for him the brodried moccasins which the Menomonee women made of the deerskins which their men brought home from the great hunts.

And Massasoit sat silent, gazing into her eyes which were deep as fish pools, watching the bloom on her cheeks come and go, the bloom that was like unto the sun on the little hills of the southland. This, he concluded, was Ochaown, daughter of the Menomonee chief, the fame of whose beauty had spread even to the Sioux. For her pleasure they said the young chiefs gave the awful war whoop and the old men did the giddy whirl dance.

Not until the moon rose out of the river did Massasoit leave the maiden, promising to return the next night. Ochaown watched him paddling away into the heart of the big yellow moon until his canoe became only a speck on the breast of the burnished waters.

When she reached the Indian village she found the women standing in little groups, frightened and silent.

"What is troubling my people?" she asked of her old nurse.

"An evil sign, my daughter. A bird of black plumage flew across the heavens."

A little apart from the rest, brooding, stood Tecumseh, the young brave to whom Ochaown had promised her heart. His face lightened up upon catching sight of Ochaown, graceful as the young deer in the forest.

"Oh, my Ochaown, for your sake I would brave the whirling pool to slay this foul omen."

"Nay, Tecumseh, I see nothing."

The camp fire flickered out. The Menomonees retired to their wigwams. On a bed soft with beaver skins the young Ochaown dropped to dream of a handsome warrior, slim and straight and bravest of the Sioux. A slanting ray of moonlight streamed through the door of the wigwam. Ochaown awoke.

At the same instant a form, graceful as a willow, left the vagueness of the forest and glided softly to the painted wigwam of the Dakota princess. Dropping on his knees he sighed and then sang. In his voice was the soft rush of the wind across the prairie, the gentleness of bird songs in the twilight, and the warmness of the southern sun.

"Oh, Ochaown, fairest of all women,
For whom the dawn breaks
And the little wood birds sing,
For whom the mink gives up his skin
And the earth its bright jewels,
What needest with these now
Who hast the red heart of Massasoit,
Oh, Ochaown, fairest of all women."

The next morning the old Menomonee chief called his daughter, saying, "Oh Ochaown, it is you who are the cause of the evil omen. For your sake the young Massasoit braved the anger of Tecumseh and came singing to your wigwam door. Your love for Massasoit would mean the breaking of the great peace pact and the fury of the old Sioux chief whose daughter is the promised wife of Massasoit."

"Oh, my father!"

Continued on Page 21

Books

Anya Kovalchuk by Clarence Wilbur Taylor-Covici-McGee

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Jennie Gerhardt," "Sister Carrie," "Brass," "The Beautiful and the Damned," "Chains," "Many Marriages," "The Nuptial Flight"—many are the the books and plays which have as their central theme modern marriage or certain alarming tendencies of modern morals. Freud, Jung, Havelock Ellis have added new words to the popular vocabulary: complex, libido, repression; the comparatively recent investigations of these men have thrown open new fields to the so-called psychological novelists. The writers have adopted this new aspect for all that is in it—some with the ardent desire to solve a new problem, others prompted by the Will-to-Pander to a never-tiring public's appetite for the sensational.

"Anya Kovalchuk," by Clarence Wilbur Taber (Covici-McGee, publishers), is a book dealing with a new phase of modern marriage. Its author is palpably a new one, and this is his first book. Mr. Taber is handicapped by the publishers' statement printed on the jacket: "Anya Kovalchuk is literaure. It will live. The author's style will hold the keenest lover of good writing."

One is at loss to know just how this book should be approached. The author is sincere; he has something to say, and all the faults of the book cannot prevent it from impressing the reader with a crude, inchoate force.

The plot is novel in that the two women are left upon the death of the man to solve their problem individually. The wife, Jean, has to battle against a puritan strain which prevented her understanding Angus MacDonald; this lack of understanding sent the husband off to war and death. The other woman, Anya Kovalchuk, with her selfishness and fiery temper, is also incapable of understanding her lover.

Mr. Taber has a good general knowledge of plot handling, but the faults are glaringly obvious. It takes fully a hundred pages before the story gets under way. The conversation is at times unnatural; the author tries too hard to make the conversation unaffected; this, coupled with a poor knowledge of dialect (when he employs it) stunts and distorts one's impression of the characters. At times, during a gripping situation, they appear made of flesh and blood; at other times, they are stiffly formal and arouse no sympathy in the reader. Endless conversations on marriage, sex, religion, and art swell a book that at most should be no longer than two hundred and fifty pages to a tome that just escapes being one of four hundred pages. Aphorisms and epigrams flow unsullied from the mouths of the characters.

"An optimist is one who looks through the wrong end of a telescope. A pessimist prefers a microscope." "Conscience is the alibi that individuals use to justify themselves; it has no universal standard or unit of measurement." "Self-consciousness is the modesty that halts the footsteps of angels in the path of fools." "Creed is the sidewalk that keeps the wabbling feet of the religionist out of the gutter of atheism."

The above are only a few of the best aphorisms that are sown here and there throughout the book. As the majority of modern aphorisms, are they not strangely futile?

The book reminds one remotely of Theodore Dreiser, but Dreiser at his clumsiest handles such a story much better than Mr. Taber. Mr. Taber is sincere: his story, as I have said, is not without a certain force, but it is Dreiser's naive, earnest wonderment when confronted with the spectacle of life that endows his book with their brute power to play upon human emotions. Mr. Taber sets his story in Chicago; one would not know this except for an occasional, off-hand reference to a specific locality. How Theodore Dresier in "Sister Carrie" and "The Titan" could endow Chicago with that brutal, almost sordid vitality that is such a part of it! Dreiser makes Chicago live; the author of "Anya Kovalchuk" does not.

Despite its obvious faults, the book is by no means negative. The author's faults should be easily eradicated, and when this is done, Mr. Taber will come nearer writing real literature. The last five pages of the book contain a wonderful climax, a climax which convinces one more than anything else that some day Mr. Taber will do something really good. The finale contains a surprise (inadequate word) which emphasizes the fundamental value of the novel; it is an ending well worth wading through the preceding pages to get to. And it is this ending which makes "Anya Kovalchuk" worth reading.

G. A. J

Continued on Page 20

The Infinite Kingdom of the Unsaid

By Bella D. Sisserman

It was while enjoying the *Fish Reporter* over a late Sunday breakfast of delectable morsels of pickled sea food, that it occurred to me, Mr. Holliday, you might be looking for further reportorial subjects. I would commend to your consideration the subject of Unsaid Speeches.

What becomes of all the carefully framed speeches that are never delivered? To find them would be an interesting adventure into the dimly lighted labyrinths of the Realm Unconscious. What a sensation a collection of these speeches would create! Imagine a periodical something like the one he suggests for the devotees of fish, *The Unspoken Speech Gazette!* Imagine! Prizes might be offered for the best unspoken speech published. What a stimulus for the exercise of thought for thought's sake! Alas, such a stimulus we do not now possess!

Not only prizes, but scholarships could be granted to those excelling in the art. The blase rich would then be blessed with a new object for endowment, the College for the Promotion of Unspoken Speech. In this school the finest quality of criticism should be developed; for mark the immense field for practice compared with the limited ground occupied by Spoken Speech. Indeed, the possibilities for the advance of the subject are infinite.

To such a school I would bring my volumes of unsaid speeches. Some of the speeches stubbornly refused to conform to the regulations governing proper language; such words as damn and hell would plunge boisterously in. At times the introductions played havoc with the rights of the thesis body. The conclusions reported A. W. O. L. Such a calamity befell me on the occasion of a visit to the Editor. Were it possible to submit my speeches for criticism, at so much a line, I might be deprived of many sad experiences. Then there was that gorgeously appointed framework of words I meant to present to a cousin upon her wedding day. Bravely I started to unwrap my thought, but useless was my effort as I had only untied the string when I looked into her eyes, and then for some inexplicable reason the speech was relegated to the infinite kingdom of the unsaid. There is a whole volume which is common to all households, and upon which the searching eye of criticism really ought to shine: I mean that large book of contemplated alibis. Need I go into details of those invaluable speech speeches? I think not. Other volumes such as Proposed After Dinner Speeches, Unattended Class Reunion Addresses, Travel Talks Unlistened To, might profit by censorial touch.

Were someone to exhume all these hidden treasures, some real competition might be aroused and some really fine unuttered speeches be evolved.

This is a job for a man of Mr. Holliday's erudition. Should he undertake the commission, he may rely upon my humble assistance.

-With Fire-

Are you the cat?
Or I—
Or
I the mouse
Or....you?

I wish I knew
So we could play.

By Hazel Farkasch

Continued from page 18

The Blind Bow Boy—by Carl Van Vechen
Alfred Knopf

Whimsicality is a rare spice in the literary pudding concocted by the earnest young writers of today, and that is why Carl Van Vechten is so very necessary. His is not the sweetly plaintive whimsicaltity of Sir James Barrie, of course; he has always a dash of the bizarre. The very plot of *The Blind Bow-Boy* is absurd; there is no rhyme nor reason about it; it is confusing and ridiculous; but it is funny.

It is doubtful whether plots can survive being funny; *Peter Whiffle*, the authors' earlier great success, had no plot to speak of. This book has one, which, however, is at times completely forgotten by the author, and it is as if now and then he suddenly awoke and found that he had left it dangling somewhere and must really be doing something about it. And so, very carelessly, very debonairly, he gives it another quirk. At least he has got himself tied up in its toils and has to cut himself hurriedly out. He is as irresponsible as the freest of his characters.

But, he announces on the jacket of the volume, *The Blind Bow-Boy* is not a novel, and so perhaps its narrative eccentricities should be smiled at and forgiven.

Remarkable people inhabit the book; like birds of strange plumage hovering in the jungle, they are incomprehensible and utterly astonishing. Nearly all of them have illimitable wealth at their command and are thus able to humor every caprice. This, of course, makes them more complex and disturbing than they could ever have been without. They are a joyous pageant, with their snake-dancer protege, their crazy duke, their bits of fine porcelain, perfumes, and fantastic bath-rooms. Mr. Van Vechten is lavish of these ingredients; he does not stint; he scarcely chooses. The result is that he comes very close to conveying the illusion of actual ex perience.

But the central figure of the plot is thin as paper; he was necessary to the plot alone, and he seems to have been done without interest. Campaspe, on the other hand, the real queen of the pageant, is an illuring and admirable person. She was done with zest.

It is too bad, that, having decided that he wasn't writing a novel, Mr. Van Vechten shouldn't have decided, also, that he wasn't writing a near-novel. For the limping plot with its figurehead hero interferes with the entrancing deportment of Campaspe and her companions. M. E.

Continued from page 17

"Know you not the story of the wooing of Massasoit?" he asked. "In the land of the Sioux, far in the bosom of the southwest, dwells a maiden next to my Ochaown, loveliest of women. For her, Massasoit tore the sweet meat from the cactus with bare hands."

On a deep brown beaver skin Ochaown dropped and wept.

"Nay, Ochaown," said the old chief, and looked down scorning on the heart sobs of his daughter. "You a foolish weeping woman! You who will be queen of the Menomonees, wife of the bravest warrior, mother of chiefs to come! Arise and send a message to this warrior. Tell him that you scorn his secret love, that you are betrothed to a Menomonee brave."

The old chief stalked away. Ochaown tried to quiet her breasts with beating hands and beckoned to a Menomonee runner.

All day long the young Ochaown brooded inside her wigwam. All day long the Menomonees gaily prepared the feast of the harvest moon. Their chief had promised them that the terrible omen would never trouble his people again. And the young Tecumseh bore the lightest spirit of all. For in her wigwam Ochaown prepared her wedding garment of brodried skin. At the harvest feast she would become his wife.

That night a full golden moon rose over the forest. Ochaown dressed in her brodried skin slipped out of her wigwam and down to the lake. She stretched out on the bank and dipped her long brown arms into the sparkling water. She cried up into the heavens. The moon was sinking! She must go!

Then she made a little song of sorrow and sang it to the stars.

"Oh, Massasoit, beloved of Ochaown,
How can I give you up?
Why is it thus, Massasoit?
Perhaps, perhaps we shall meet again
On the great sky journey,
Oh, Massasoit, beloved of Ochaown."

The village blazed with a hundred camp fires. The whirl wind dance was on. The women sang and laughed. The old chiefs smoked in their war paint. The feast of the harvest moon had begun. And when Ochaown appeared from her wigwam clad in the brodried skin a great shout went up from all the braves. Tecumseh, called Eagle Heart, before all of his people claimed for wife, Ochaown, fairest of all Menomonee women.

I Wonder

What if an ancient poet had not gotten himself drunk and called love a beauty and delight?

What if the first father had not been awed by the miracle of birth?

What if men had watched Prometheus make fire by rubbing two sticks together, not knowing that such gifts come only from magnanimous gods?

What would have been?

Oscar Riegel

Continued from page 13

Mr. Crenshaw's execration, for the will was little more than that. Now P. Darrington would be living beneath no alien flag. A spasm of pleased laughter made the little man choke—he laughed and choked again. Saliva drooled from his mouth unnoticed.

Mr. Crenshaw was ready for the suicide. He ran back and forth from the bath to the bedroom, and to the library again, gathering implements which were to send him away from the town of Allis forever. Mr. Crenshaw believed in no future life; neither did he believe in a God. However, one must be original, and there were so many blatant atheists howling off their fool heads. Mr. Crenshaw called himself a sceptic.

He had now collected vials of poison and a revolver. There was also an old-fashioned razor which he had purchased the preceding Saturday. Safety razors didn't allow enough room for one's throat to be cut.

P. Darrington Crenshaw tasted the poisons: there was ether and alcohol, iodine and carbolic acid. His retrousse nose wrinkled in disgust. Iodine certainly left a bad taste in one's mouth. Ether and alcohol were clearly out of the question. If these were consumed, the coroner would return a verdict of too much drink, and Sunday all the preachers would rant about the younger generation, or any generation; how from bad gin one went to ether mixtures, and from terrible mixtures one descended to the living Gehenna of alky straight. Mr. Crenshaw smiled at the price the divines would have him pay for his evil habits.

Carbolic acid would more than likely burn his face; Mr. Crenshaw was proud of that face; it should be saved. A razor was plebeian, as was a revolver. It was a despairing glance that Mr. Crenshaw sent wandering about the room. Yes, the lighting fixtures would certainly come loose

Old Shoes

My shoes are old:
They fold in wrinkled smiles
About my feet
And look so friendly.
By Hazel Farkasch

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if he were to hang from them. His eye discovered a battered sword hung on the wall; he took the sword down and fondled it. That was a nice keen edge—hmmm!

Mr. Crenshaw had the room turned about before the sword was fixed properly; it jutted at an angle from the floor, between two piles of dictionaries and encyclopedias. Mr. Crenshaw knew if he ran at the sword fast enough, he would be satisfactorily spitted before the sword had time to fall on its side. Mr. Crenshaw was sure the convention was to review one's past at this final hour: it took a minute for his past to parade by. When this was done, Mr. Crenshaw swore.

With a melodramatic gesture, P. Darrington Crenshaw ran at the sword, then jumped on it. There was a clang as the sword hit the floor; Mr. Crenshaw sat up and rubbed his abdomen. It hurt; he wondered if it were bleeding. Mr. Crenshaw went to the door's inlaid mirror. Beyond a doubt, he did look a lot worse. He undid a few buttons of his shirt and underwear; he scanned the pink little stomach intently. Ah, yes,—a dull flush of crimson. Mr. Crenshaw rubbed the spot. His stomach felt as though he had not eaten in ten hours. But this osteopathy was not committing suicide; this was not transporting oneself from one nothingness into another.

He heard a step downstairs. Lord, it was twelve thirty; Emily must be home. P. Darrington Crenshaw ran about the room with no particular objective—he felt panicky—what if he were unable to die before his wife entered? Horrible thought. Somewhere he located a pin and attached the Last Will and Testament to his coat lapel. There was no time now. He would have liked to smooth his hair a bit, but he could not even pull up the socks which had come down during the sword experiment; he would not be able to tuck in his shirt tails; the two buttons on his underwear would have to go unbuttoned. He would have liked to die prettily, at last, if not beautifully.

Damn, damn, damn, damn. Emily was at the door. He grabbed up his revolver. There was

a shot, and as his wife entered the room, the body of P. Darrington Crenshaw slid to the floor. It was not even a graceful slide—the rug slipped from beneath him. He attempted a smile containing all his contempt for the world, but there was more of a sickly wistfulness to it. He died.

* * * * *

"The Allis World-News notes with regret the recent passage of our beloved and illustrious citizen, P. Darrington Crenshaw, of 537 North Dubuque Ave. Mr. Crenshaw committed suicide late Wednesday night, and is supposed to have been worried over business affairs. At the last he was out of his right mind, and a will written just before his death has been declared invalid. Services are to be held in the First Congregational Church at three-thirty Friday afternoon. The Reverend O. O. Smee will give the sermon. Mr. Crenshaw was connected with the Greenvalley Paper Produce Co., was a member of the Kiwanees, the Greenvalley Country Club, and was a thirty-second degree Mason. He is survived by a heart-broken wife, Emily, nee Clizbe, and a sister, Sophia May, of Normalville. A clause of the will is to be carried out by his wife despite its invalidity. Mr. Crenshaw's last wish was that his ashes be scattered over Allis' wonderful paper mills, one of which is the largest in the Middle West, and which he loved so well. It was a beautiful wish of a great and good man, and of which Allis is justly proud.'

Moral (Op. 2)

Read always between the lines;

As for the rest—
Misprint!!!

K. Fearing

Continued from page 3

becoming physically rested for the first time in many arduous months, she was in a condition to welcome mental unrest. When she was not occupied in building the past into a brilliant present about her, she was employed in evovling an even more resplendent future. At other times she laid out practical plans, and determined as soon as time permitted to state her case clearly and firmly to the family. She even thought out niceties of phrase with which to press home her point unerringly yet with a becoming show of consideration.

As it happened, this much of her time was wasted, for shortly after she was able to be up and around the young father was stricken with a nervous breakdown which kept him isolated in the quietest corner of the house for many months. She was very sorry for the little mother, who was in no condition to bear the extra burden of worry, as there was going to be another baby soon; still she felt she could not put aside what she believed a duty to herself, and again and again she went to her, beseeching her to intervene for her in some manner, to find ways and means of paying something on the accumulated indebtedness though it was no more than would buy a railroad ticket. She would wait for the rest if they could arrange for the fare—for that and just a little more, perhaps. She would have to have a coat, she would have to have shoes. .

At such times the little mother would raise a small sallow face and look at her with kind but distressingly worried eyes. She would listen a while, then burst into tears. And once she became very ill.

A few terrible hours followed. The doctor was called, and on his way out of the house he stepped into the kitchen. She had been weeping over the ironing, and raised heavy eyes to regard him as, becoming more painfully rotund and important every second, he spoke to her at some length. He told her he had heard what had taken place, and he ended by saying he could only hope she would not have to feel herself responsible for dire consequences.

After the baby came the little mother was a long time getting strong. For the better part of a year she lay as though the life had been crushed out of her, looking so wan and pitiable that one would as soon have thought of importuning the old print of Saint Cecilia at the organ which hung in the living room as to speak to her of pecuniary needs. And to approach the young father was

about as difficult, for he moved in and out of the family's daily round like an ethereal presence from a higher world back on earth for a brief visit and extermely nervous and distressed over conditions found there. On the occasions that she brought herself to allude to money matters, she was silenced more by the distorting twist of his lip than by his faintly worded promises of a settlement in the near future.

She had long arguments with herself. She told herself to remember how kind they had been to her when she was in need of care. She remembered the dress the little mother had given her because she had not been able to wear it before the baby came, and the shoes, almost as good as new, that she had given her since. She thought of the children and of what remarkable children they were: the older ones doing so well in school, and the baby who sat up in his crib as straight as a hammer at six months, and who was now displaying such precocity in learning to walk and talk. And she thought of how much they depended on her, loved her and needed her. So arguing with herself, she hurried through day after day of drudgery and climbed to her own room at night to experience what was for her the real beginning of the day.

Much had to be crowded into these late hours. Besides the insistent pleasures of retrospection, there were the practicing of lacy dancing steps, the intricate exercises of breathing, pose and gesture. And then there was the planning of costume, and the planning of costume is something not to be done in a moment; this in itself, to one who knows, is art. There must be carefully selected combinations of color, there must be subtleties of decoration, there must be glitter, yet not such an abundance as to sate the eye—rather it must intrigue, allure like the blinking of a star.

These things became a religion to her. She performed them as a rite, fortifying herself in her faith in them against all doubt and reason. And she told herself when the time came that she would be fit, and ready to the last thought, to turn from the life of recent years, as from a forgotten dream, and go back to the rope.

Often in the late night she felt the rope at the balls of her feet, sometimes as a light caress, sometimes with passionate insinuation. It stirred her, waked her out of herself and carried her into a maze of emotions. It ceased to be a thread bridging space and became the lure of space itself—space made of the insistent interest of a great audience over which she poised, nebulous in the half-glitter of spangles and froth of pale

colors. It ceased to be lure and space, and became a palpitant part of her being, necessary to her as breath.

Time passed; day repeating day, and each night a continuation of the night before. The only variation came when, as the young father regained his health, and stimulated by the triumphant experiences of her nights, she repeated her appeal for a settlement, now without thought of mitigating her blunt speech. She cried at him.

She implored he would not deprive her of what was rightfully hers. And surely he must know she had waited years too long as it was. She must go. She must have money. . .

Always he bore with her as one who would display all possible patience, admitting what she said was only too true, and always promising for the next month, or the month after.

And there were other variations. When the twins were born the daylight hours became such a confusion of worry and drudgery that it took something from the spirit of the night. The twins came into the world without the robust constitutions of the other children. They cried away their first year with a soft little chorus of whimpers that filled the house all day and part of the night. In fact they were well into their fourth year before they ceased to be a constant care and the center of attention, the orbit around which revolved all family affairs.

By this time there was another baby. Fortunately, it was quite a normal baby, for without further responsibilities the family was now more than sufficiently occupied in the struggle to maintain some semblance of order. It struggled to get itself up in the morning; it struggled to get the children off to school; it struggled to contrive three meals a day; it struggled to get itself to bed at night. And it struggled through the extra burdens of sickness: through mumps, whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox and scarlet fever; through innumerable colds, toothaches, earaches and various other kinds of aches. And even it struggled through experience with death, for one summer day the eldest boy was knocked down by a street-car and never regained consciousness.

Under such conditions it was not a matter of wonder that the atmosphere of the home should undergo a change. Where once, in the face of vicissitudes, its affairs ran with something of precision, now they were blown about as dust is blown before the wind. The mother lost the last of her prettiness and developed a sharp tongue. The father became stooped and suddenly old, and was rarely in the house, except to sleep, coming in

after midnight and slipping away early in the morning.

To press her claims now, she had to intercept him in the morning, or to wait down stairs for him at night. She regretted the waste of time at night almost as much as the inevitability of his answer for it took from the hours that held for her the meaning of the day. Though she rarely had energy for actual practice, she was more than ever eager for the stimulus of her visions. Almost too weary to be conscious of the burden of discouragement, she yet conrived to put herself into a passive mood and, after some difficulty, to visualize that great something, the Audience, that she might poise in spirit above it and feel herself drifting, as though on wings, across the void. Often sleep came too soon.

Yet sleep, too, she told herself, was good. In neshening the body for the next day's struggles, it gave the mind strength to grapple with the experience of the night. For more and more she found she must struggle with herself for her nights. The rope, once insistent as a lover, came to be something to be supplicated, fawned upon. As slave before a master, she approached that hour of the night which not so long ago had hotly reached out for her and drawn her into its glamor. Now she thirsted for the fever of vision which once, in yielding to it, she had seemed to grace. In her frequent state between consciousness and sleep, she felt herself to be standing on breaking rock with arms outstretched, imploring space for the touch of caressing substance beneath her feet.

As her conscious experience lessened, she carried her thirst into dreams. One night in a dream, after long supplication, the rope drifted to her across the dark, but eluding her hungry feet, wrapped itself about her throat, strangling her. She waked to a frenzy of consciousness, infuriated as a trapped animal. The dream was an omen.

She was afraid of her dream, she was afraid of wakefulness and the terrible things forming in her mind. She would go back. She would go back before it was too late, though she went on any length. She would go back.

She dared not permit herself to sleep, so greatly she feared that sleep might lessen the passion of her revolt. And the next day, though her utter weariness had accomplished what sleep might have done—dulled the sharp edge of her frenzy—she forced herself to summon a remnant of will-power and confronted the mother with the accumulation of her wrongs. And finally she forced herself to say that she was going back.

The mother stared, then jerked back her untidy head with a sort of laugh. . . . So she was going back after twenty years.

Plein - Air

The bridge-hands at the edge of the water,
Hoisting logs, planks, down the creek of slate,
Calling to the papaw sun,
Played a Sicilian monody
For two baby Squirrels
Under a vertical willow shoot
To a neurasthenic jay
In feather of blue spleen.
The bird in bluing,
Clapped on a ground-twig,
Twitching his pate.
Like a purr of arrows
He shot to the red-oak.

My company in the woods included
A bee,
A zigzag fence,
And Arno Holz.

Carl Rakosi

Continued from page 9

the stonecutter. We have an excelent Schutzen stand just outside the village; and there every Sunday we shoot and drink, and drink and shoot. I find I am still able to shoot fairly well, in spite of my lack of practice, and when I am the least bit drunk I can shoot like the very dickens. Last Sunday I made twenty-five hits in succession, and the other members crowned me Schutzen Koenig, put a wreath upon my head, and carried me into town where we celebrated the event with a supper.

You see everything is done here just like at home. The men are just like those in Elm, and make the most of their Sundays. They all believe in God, and sing "Die Heimat" with as much reverence to the Almighty as to their Fatherland; but they do not take religion too seriously, and they make use of God only when a close relative dies. Then they sit in the mourner's pews for a few Sundays. After that the women go to church alone, to pray for the whole family. And is that not as it should be?

I have been over to Erli's again tonight. Some of the neighbors were there also, and we played at cards. I know the town is talking a little about my constant visits to their house. But both Anna and Erli always seem glad to see me there, and until either one of them says something I shall continue to go. Erli, the poor fellow, I am afraid, will not live long. His cough has continually grown worse, and he has shriveled up into a horribly thin hulk of skin and bone. Then Anna will need someone to care for her, for Erli has nothing. He has not been able to work for three years. I know it is disrespectful for me to look ahead like this. But it is not as if Erli were a healthy man. Anna, I believe, thinks of it too. She looks at me so pitifully sometimes when Erli has a fit of coughing.

. . . . .

Always your friend,

HANS GRUBER.

2 Juli, 1904.

Poor Erli passed away at last. He died rather suddenly, but we have been expecting it for years. Erli has been ailing so long that it did not come as a shock to Anna, but who can help mourning for so genial and unfortunate a man? A few hours before he died, his big eyes looked at me from his thin, pale face, and he asked me to take care of Anna. He has not left a cent, and I understand there are several mortgages on his house.

Anna has asked me to wait until she is out of mourning. Just to think, Ruodi, that I should, after all, marry Anna Stauffacher! I love her more than ever, and I am sure she will again learn to love me.

. . . . .

Something has happened in the town, Ruodi since I last wrote you. A new minister, a German from La Crosse, came to New Zurich last April. From the first he talked about our shooting and drinking on Sunday. At first we paid little attention. What should a German know about the ways of a Swiss? But he so aroused the women, that gradually, one after another, the shooters no longer showed up at the Shutzen stand on Sunday afternoon, until at last I had to shoot there alone. It was very lonesome, but I would rather shoot than do anything else, as you know. And then I took delight at thinking that my shots echoed down the valley to the horrified ears of the new minister and his growing congregation.

One day Schlatter stopped me on the street.

"Gruber," he said, half religiously and half humanly, "I guess we'd better not shoot any more. It's not the right thing to do on a Sunday, you know.

. . . . .

Always your friend,

HANS GRUBER.

29 Marz, 1910.

You must have already received the announcement of our wedding. We had almost decided to come home on our wedding trip, but Anna thought we had better wait until we could more easily afford it. We are no longer exactly young, you know, and we cannot spend our mite as freely as we might have fifteen years ago. We must already look to the future. The stonecutter's trade is very slack indeed. Everyone is beginning to build with brick; they say brick looks better. I'm afraid that if I am to give Anna the home she deserves I shall have to look elsewhere for a living. God, Ruodi, you cannot know how I desire to make her happy! I think I shall have to take up work on a farm until something better shows itself. There is some talk of a milk condensing company building a plant here, and perhaps that may offer something. But just think, Ruodi, the condensing factory will ruin the cheesemaking industry which the Swiss have established around here. It is easy to see that things are changing in New Zurich. Everyone is beginning to talk of business and new industry. They must have something to concern their time with, and the new minister is closing off all their

old avenues of occupation. That meddling fellow, a man of severe and inflexible nature, like steel of too hard a temper, has further concerned himself about everyone's living, and has taken it upon himself to close the saloons and stop card playing; Theiler, Schlatter and Stuessy, all old William Tell Schutzen, are supporting him, first because their wives demanded it, and now because they themselves are afraid of Hell Fire. Dancing is already in a sorry way. When the young people do dance, it is to the tune of an out of town "ragtime" orchestra. I and my zither have been laid away on a shelf.

. . . . .

Best regards,

ANNA AND GRUBER.

19 Juni, 1910.

. . . . .

Things have gone badly with us the last three years. The bank foreclosed their mortgages on our house, and we moved into the living quarters of an old cheese factory about four miles from town.

How different this is from my old dreams. As I ride along, each morning, hauling milk for the farmers to the condensing factory, I have much time for thinking. But my thoughts trouble me like ghosts. My old, bony horses—they are the best I can afford—remind me continually of the wretched living I am making. When the mud is deep, and the horses almost kill themselves tugging at the heavy load, I am always troubled by the thought that I am killing Anna too, making her trudge along with half the necessities of life. In winter, when I shiver with the cold atop of my wagon, there is not much comfort in knowing that Anna, back in our miserable two-room hut, is almost as cold as I am. At such a time, when I step into a saloon to take a few glasses to warm up, it takes all the strength I have to keep from getting drunk and drowning my sorrows. Oh God, why must I make such a miserable living? Why? Why, but because no one in town will give me a decent job. Ruodi, it makes me very bitter sometimes, so that I forget myself and speak harshly to Anna, although, God knows, she suffers enough as it is.

. . . . .

As always your friend,

HANS GRUBER.

21 Aug. 1916.

I indeed thank you very much for your kind, consoling letter, Ruodi. Besides the few from my remaining friends here in town, it is the only word of hope I have received. But I cannot thrust from my mind the thought that it was improvidence that brought Anna's early death. Could you have seen the poor hovel in which we were forced to live, with the wind blowing the snow through the cracks in winter, and the flies swarming about it in summer! Then how Anna bore it so bravely, telling me always, even on her deathbed, that things would soon come better. I know only now what she meant.

Before you get this letter, Ruodi, your old friend Hans Gruber will have been lowered into a public grave. The pistol is already loaded, here on my table. Do not expect me to do different, Ruodi. What else is there left? I have lived my bit of life, and have made a tragic failure of it; I cannot bear to have that failure staring at me each day.

One in my position cannot but wonder what comes hereafter. But it holds not terror, my misery is all behind me. I am calm, Ruodi. I can never be more outcast than I am here. Could I be more punished?

The town stands over me with its foot on my neck; few enough will miss me. But I have this bit of consolation: one of the preacher's daughters, I hear, has an illegitimate child in Chicago, and Schlatter's son, it is openly known, is a confirmed drug addict. Forgive me, Ruodi, but I feel that I am revenged. Yet they, poor devils, must be suffering as much as I.

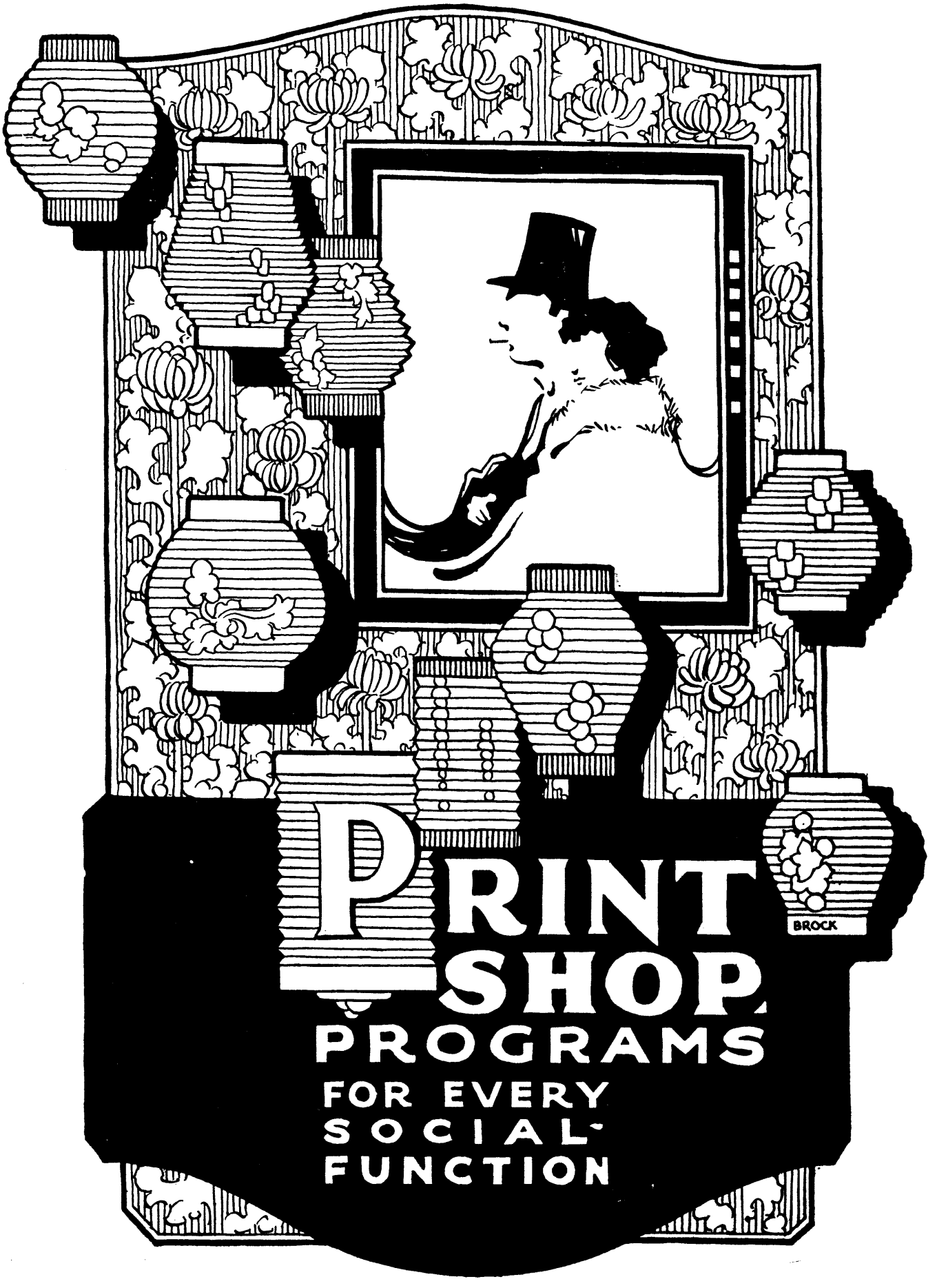
And now for the last time, I shall sign myself, "As always your friend." It has been so since we first played in Elm. Well, perhaps that is one thing in my favor.

HANS GRUBER.

Ledgerdemain

Leaping from his partner's shoulders the ariel acrobat turned twelve somersaults in the air and catapaulted himself into a slender net. He was rewarded with a shimmer of applause.

Meanwhile, his partner fell like a spangled rocket to the ground, and broke his neck. Fortunately, no one noticed. *Oscar Riegel*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