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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XXII

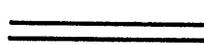
Number 1

Walt Whitman

His Appeal to the Younger Generation

By Ida G. Gilbert

Awarded the Vilas Prize for 1922



Sweethearts While You Wait

By Cheryl Dewey

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXII

MADISON, OCTOBER, 1922

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FOREWORD. The LIT makes its appearance this year somewhat changed in form and in the character of its contents. It comes before readers who may be, many of them, unfamiliar with its aims and purposes. A reassertion, therefore, of what the magazine is, and aspires to be, seems eminently fitting at this time.

The editors conceive the function of the LIT to be two-fold; first, to provide a medium for the most talented writers of the school, thereby encouraging and fostering the art of literature; secondly, to furnish to the student body, in attractive form, reading matter of interest and of intrinsic merit, representative of Wisconsin, and of which Wisconsin may be proud.

There should not be, and we do not believe there is, any real inconsistency in these two ideals. We are unwilling to admit that, in this university, a high standard of literary excellence can operate to alienate the esteem and support of the student body. We are likewise loth to believe

that deference to our readers' tastes will involve a depreciation in literary worth. Wisconsin wants the best always; it shall be our aim to obtain, and supply, the best.

In pursuance of this dual purpose the present editors have published, and will publish, the LIT, confident of the support of the university which the magazine, in its particular field, represents.

The most effective service to student writers, we believe, can be rendered only through close cooperation with the Department of English, and other literary departments of the university, by whom writers are being trained and developed. Although all-university in character and appeal, the LIT is, in the selection of its material, most intimately concerned with these departments. In this connection, we expect to publish annually, hereafter, the winning essays in the Lewis and Vilas Prize contests, awards in which are made by members of the English faculty.

For the bulk of its material, however, the LIT must depend upon direct, individual contributions. It is indisputable that literary talent is abundantly present on the campus; the editors take this opportunity of urging those who are able and willing to write to submit their material. It is our hope that the work of many new writers will appear in the LIT this year; stories, verse, sketches, short plays, essays, articles,—these and other forms offer a wide field for serious literary effort. We expect, in the near future, to announce prizes to be given for the best contributions of the year.

Not only for literary excellence, but also for its appeal to students as such, we hope that the current LIT will be noteworthy. For many years our covers have borne the legend: "Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin." That is, and must be, the LIT's reason for being;

it exists not of divine right, nor of its own volition but solely in a representative character. Nor can it long endure if its aims, its opinions, and its ideals, are at variance with those of the student body at large.

It shall be our endeavor to maintain the LIT as a magazine of literary merit, to keep it constantly in close touch with student thought and opinion;

and to make each issue a worthy representative 'publication of the students of the University of Wisconsin.'

EDITORS

FRANK D. CRANE

MARGARET EMMERLING

In Ancient Greece

GASTON d' ARLEQUIN

In ancient Greece, the sages say,
The poets sang, as we, today,
 Their old, enchanting melodies
 Among the fragrant olive trees
Before the orient turned to grey.

But now the centuries, that slay
Monarch and slave, have turned away
 Sad faces from their memories
 In ancient Greece.

Yet we who love, and you who play
With love and life till both decay,
 We live and love the same as these,—
 Alkaios, Sappho, Sophokles,—
Whose hearts are mingled with the clay
 In ancient Greece.

Walt Whitman—His Appeal to the Present Younger Generation

IDA G. GILBERT

It has often been said of this age that it is materialistic; that even its younger men and women are participating in too many activities, and chasing too eagerly after America's almighty dollar to spend the amount of time that they should in the perusal and appreciation of the great writers of this or any other century. This criticism is, to a great degree warranted. The younger generation of today is engrossed "in getting things done"—to use its own words—is primarily interested in this world, here and now, rather than in the creative dreams of some poet. It is to be questioned whether much more time is spent by it in studying the poems of last century than is required by their various teachers and professors. It may be, then, slightly unfair to say that any poet of the nineteenth century appeals to the present younger generation. It is, however, quite possible to say that Walt Whitman makes an appeal. Whether or not his appeal is recognized is another question, the fact remains that Whitman is the great exponent of the ideals and aspirations of youth, but especially of the youth of today.

It has already been observed that the present younger generation is interested primarily in this world, this material world of lovely sights and sounds, colors and forms; this world of industry and invention, of cities and people. It is, in the eyes of almost all young men and women, a world in which one can accomplish many things. This was also the world of which Whitman so keenly aware, and which he has described and expressed so fully in his poems. And it is because he was so vitally a part of this actual world of beauty and activity that he makes his first appeal to the members of the young generation. There are among his poems so many that tell not of mystic dreams, with which few of the youths today have much in common, but of the occupations like those in which most of the youths find themselves. He has found reality in the doing of the everyday things which the young people everywhere must do. He has written for them a *Song of Occupations*, a few lines of which will serve to show why Whitman appeals to the youth of an age of industry, as is today:

"In the labor of engines and trades and the labor of fields I
find the developments,
And find eternal meanings.

The men and the work of the men on ferries, railroads,
coasters, fishboats, canals;
These shows, all near you by day and night—workman! who-
ever you are, our daily life!
In them realities for you and me, in them poems for you
and me,
In them the development good—in them all themes, hints,
possibilities."

What a sure, sweeping vision of life—the daily
life of work—such a poem gives!

In other poems, too, like *Manahatta, Proudly
the Floods Come In*, and *I hear America Singing*
he portrays the city and the nation as young men
and women see it today, teeming with life in its
multitudinous forms, with movement, with ac-
tion,

"The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the
houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-
brokers, the river streets;
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses,
the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing
clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the
river, passing along up or down with the flood tide or
ebb-tide."

Nor does he stop with this nation. Like that
of the young people of today his interest ex-
tended to other nations, and in *A Broadway
Pageant* he has called forth the peoples of many
countries. What he said of the pageant is true
of the poem,

"Geography, the world is in it."

These are but a few quotations, and one could go
on and on, giving almost endless instances which
show how much Whitman was one in spirit with the
present younger generation in his interest in and
love of the world of men and things. But he was,
also, a lover of the world of nature. To those
who love the out-of-doors because of the pure joy
of living in it, as well as to those who feel that
from nature great things are to be learned, Whit-
man appeals. To really appreciate his love of it

and the sureness and fullness of his expression of his joy in it and intimacy with it, it is necessary to read in entirety such poems as *Sea Drift*, *Song of the Open Road*, and *Proud Music of the Storm*. It is possible, however, to understand, at least in part, why he does attract the younger lover of Nature by noting a few lines here and there.

For instance, where is the young man or young woman who does not feel immediate sympathy with Whitman when he reads

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading me wherever I
choose,

* * * * *

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west, are mine, and the north and the
south are mine."

In those lines are the essence of youth's spirit of wanderlust. How many are there, too, who have, as Whitman has put it,

"* * * I ain abstracted and heard the meaning of things
and the reason of things.
They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen,"

and have felt with him, after an evening under the stars,

"Here is the test of wisdom,
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not
having it,
Wisdom is the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own
proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content,
Is certainty of the reality and immortality of things and
the excellence of things;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that
provokes it out of the soul.";

and have wondered also

"Why are there trees I never walked under but large and
melodious thoughts descend upon me?"

There are so many who are glad that he has said for them that which they knew but had not expressed,

"The earth never tires,
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first,
Nature is silent, incomprehensible at first,
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well
enveloped,
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than
words can tell."

No, there is no doubt but that the younger generation, full of this same confidence in the present

and ultimate good in things, answers gladly to his invitation,

"Allons! the inducements shall be greater,
We will sail pathless and wild seas,
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee
clipper speeds by under full sail."

But lest there are those among the younger generation whose joy in Nature is more passive, more quiet, Whitman has not given only the call to be us and away he has given such lovely pictures of Nature at rest, and in motion, as, to name a few, *From Montauk Point*, *A Prairie Sunset*, and that delightful little description of *The First Dandelion*, which is short enough to quote here;

"Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics had ever been,
Forth from its sunny nook of sheltered grass, innocent
golden, calm as the dawn,
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face."

In all completeness, Whitman has expressed youth's joy in the earth around them. But he has done more than that; Whitman is also the great poet of the younger generation because he was the great defender and appraiser of the Self.

The dominant desire and demand of the young man and young woman of today is a chance for, and the right to, complete self-expression. Youth believes in itself. Is it any wonder, then, that when he reads page after page of the glory of having a self, of the joy of letting that self live and be expressed, of the divinity of that self, that the *Song of Myself* should strike an answering note in his mind? It is to be also noticed, however, that it is doubtful if the younger generation would respond so readily to this great eulogy of self if it were not that it is an unselfish self—an inclusive self—that is being acclaimed. The young people of today, for the most part, are interested in self-development and self-expression, but they also maintain that that right belongs to each and every individual, that it is a case of every Self having a chance to be itself. They are, therefore, wholly in sympathy with the first lines of this unusual poem,

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I shall assume, you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

Indeed it is this truly democratic element in Whitman's poems that is one of the chief sources of their appeal. The whole attitude of Whitman toward his fellow men was essentially democratic. His ideas moreover, have been expressed by him again and again in his poems, not only in the

lines quoted. It is these expressions which, when found by the younger generation, lead them to look to Whitman as the true poet of real democracy. And the younger generations are, for the most part democratic. They are trying to plan new schemes, new governments, that will more nearly fulfill their ideals, but they realize that a 'democracy such as they wish is possible only when each man respects the other, and all are willing to act in a truly democratic manner in the deepest and broadest sense of the word. They, therefore welcome the man and poet who said to his fellows everywhere, high and low,

"Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves
to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and
rustle for you."

Such lines contain the essence of democracy, of a democracy based on that which the younger generation are coming more and more to realize is the only basis on which any democracy can rest, namely, a knowledge of the innate oneness of all men, that beneath all seeming differences are the same wants, the same joys;

"It avails not, time nor place—distance avails not,
I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever
so many generations hence,
Just as you feel when you look at the river and sky, so I
felt,
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a
crowd,
Just as you are refreshed by the gladness of the river and
the bright flow, I was refreshed,
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the
swift current, I stood yet was hurried,
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships and the
thick stemmed pipes of steamboats, I Look'd."

He, too, has wondered, as youth today wonders, why there should be differences and estrangements between men. How many there are who feel as he must have felt when he wrote,

"Stranger, if you passing me desire to speak to me, why
should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?"

Whoever you are! motion and reflection are especially for
you,
The divine ship sails the divine sea for you.
Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the earth is
solid and liquid,
You or he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the
sky,
For none more than you are the present and the past,
For none more than you is immortality."

There is a depth, a breadth, a sureness to such a view, to such a basis of democracy that attracts and holds the younger seekers after firm founda-

tions and generous ideals and standards. The dream of a person with such a social vision is, necessarily, their dream;

"I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks
of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love,
it led all the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the man of that city,
And in all their looks and words."

Yes, there can be little doubt but that Whitman appeals to the present younger generation because he has made of the self a greater Self, a Self which can include all other Selves, and love all Selves, and still be itself; a Self which dares dream great dreams.

Whitman's Self, however, is more than a Self which includes or which dreams; it is a Self which is, in all respects, free. The younger people turn to Whitman because of their wish—a desire which is, at times, almost overwhelming—to

"Unscrew the lock from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!"

For good or for bad, as one may view it, the younger generation is insisting on more and more freedom. Yet it does not necessarily demand a destructive freedom; its attitude toward convention and institutions, and its answer to the criticism it is receiving was, to a great extent at least, accurately stated by the poet,

"I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy
institutions,
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with
the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Manahatta and in every city of
these states in land and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or
large that dents the water,
Without edifice or rules or trustees or any agreement,
The institution of the dear love of comrades."

It is not a complete overthrow of laws as such that the younger generation is demanding, but merely a more general recognition of the fact that the laws were made for man and not man for the laws. It sees the truth in that which Whitman has said,

"I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of
you still,
It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life,
Leaves are not more shed from the trees, and trees from the
earth, than they are shed out of you!"

It is, however, rather impossible to create that sense of freedom which permeates Whitman's poems and which makes him so thoroughly the

poet of the younger generation, by giving mere quotations. But it is unescapable when one reads much of his poems, especially such of the longer ones as *Song of Myself* and *Passage to India*. It is not that he advocated breaking loose from any one bond or set of bonds; he uttered no commanding assertion; he was the medium through which came a revelation of what is meant by true freedom from the flesh, a freedom, in a sense, from the mind, a freedom from this sphere-world, an opening to the real Self of the doors of new worlds. Whitman is the poet of the younger generation because he has freed it from every bond, and bid each and every one of its members go forth and pass all walls.

Perhaps the most common thing that has been said of Walt Whitman is that he is the poet of the Cosmos, and it is the truest. It may seem paradoxical, or even contradictory, to say that it is this very cosmic element in his poems that is one of the most important sources of appeal to a younger generation who, it has already been stated is interested so vitally in this world. Yet the two statements are, in many respects at least, consistent. The youth of today is largely materialistic, but he is also beginning to question the purpose of this material world in which he so delights; to wonder as to the whys and wherefores of this Self in which he has, especially at times, so much faith, and which he is so desirous of expressing; to doubt at times its immortality and yet to feel rather keenly, perhaps, the futility of the seemingly short term of its mortality. He is searching for answers to these questions, yet he realizes how almost impossible it is to really know anything.

To these youths everywhere Whitman appeals because he is not only a poet of the individual Self, not even only of the democratic or social Self, but also of the Cosmic Self—a Self which is the Universe—a Self which can say,

"Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently mastereth the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smildest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastness of Space."

It is obvious that there are no limits to the growth of such a Self, and it is because he has passed all bounds that the youth of today look after him so eagerly. They feel that he has perceived those very questions which are puzzling them, and that, while accepting the material, he has led the way to the spiritual by answering them according to

the dictates of the only authority which youth will accept, Self. He has made no effort to force his beliefs on his readers; he would "leave all free, as I have found it free," yet there is that strong element of confidence about his savings which impress his younger readers. There is a compelling note of courage and adventure, too, in such lines as

have meaning,

I will see if the fishes and birds are to be enough for themselves, and I am not to be enough for myself.

I will see if the fishes and birds are to be enough for themselves, and I am not to be enough for myself.

I match my spirit against yours, you orbs, growths, mountains, brutes,

Copious as you are, I absorbe you all in myself, and become the master Myself."

He has not been content with filling all Space, he has had to master it, and everything in it.

Yet in the midst of all this Cosmic sureness he has not asked his younger readers to take their feet off of the rationalistic ground upon which they insist on standing. He maintained from the first to the last a meticulous interest in this actual world; he took an almost scientific delight in

" . . . This round and delicious globe, moving so exactly in its orbit for ever and ever, without one jolt, or the untruth of a single second."

It is simply that he saw behind Science the Scientist, above the earth and its wonders, men. He saw in evolution not merely the history of our physical development, but also a description of our spiritual progress; a progress which he realized will take mankind even beyond this scientific knowledge, which it now deems so important;

"This day before dawn I ascended the hill and looked at the crowded heavens,

And I said to my spirit, 'When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be satisfied then?'

And my spirit said, 'No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.'"

It is not surprising that the youth of today listens when such a Self speaks, and begins to loose his doubts when it cries to him, with such surety, to advance gladly and fearlessly, for

"You are not thrown to the winds,

You gather certainly and safely around yourself,
Yourself, yourself, yourself, for ever and ever!"

Whitman, however, did not stop with merely a few such assertions here and there. This indomitable sureness and confidence is the predominating element throughout such poems as *Passage To India*, *Songs of Joys*, *To Think of Time*, *A Persian Lesson*, *A Song of the Rolling Earth* and others.

Indeed it can be said that practically all of Whitman's works express the assurance that the Self is so big, so inclusive, so divine in its reality that it can in itself absorb all things and explain all things. If his poems were to be compared to a great symphony, as they well might be, this note of confidence would be as the rich, powerful theme underlying and connecting all the many variations and bursting forth triumphantly in such passages as,

"The best of the earth cannot be told, anyhow, all or any is best,

It is not what you anticipated, it is cheaper, easier, nearer, Things are not dismissed from the places they have held before,

The earth is just as positive and direct as it was before, Facts, religions, improvements, politics, trades are real as before,

But the soul is also real, it too is positive and direct, No reasoning, no proof has established it, Undeniable growth has established it."

and,

"Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death I should die now,

Do you think I would walk pleasantly and well-suited toward annihilation?

Pleasantly and well-suited I walk,

Whither I walk I cannot define, but I know that it is good, The whole universe indicates that it is good,

The past and present indicate that it is good."

and again,

"The sun and stars that float in the open air,

The apple-shaped earth and we upon it, surely the drift of them is something grand,

I do not know what it is except that it is grand and that it is happiness."

He offered no proofs except the surety which is so sure that it requires no proof. It is the only surety that the younger people today recognize. Only in the face of such confidence do they realize that there may be something greater than science; that men, having "leveled that lift" may indeed continue beyond. In the midst of so many laws and arguments, for the youths who feel torn this way and that, and bombarded on all sides by contradictory theories and theorists, this assertion of the ultimate reality and supremacy of the Self, by one who knows beyond all need of proof, tends to bring order out of chaos;

"We touch all laws and tally all statements,
We are the skald, the oracle, the Monk, and the knight,
we easily include them and more."

They accept Whitman for their poet because he ratified and confirmed their beliefs in the reality and power of their individual Selves; because he has said that which each has wished to say, and so few have dared,

"Sail forth—steer for deep waters only,
Reckless, O Soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O my brave soul!
O farther farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!"

Finally, Whitman appeals to the present younger generation because he has had the bigness and the courage to put himself—all of himself—into his poems. It is as he has said in his *Songs of Parting*:

"Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

And it is the man who, through the book, calls to the younger generation, and to whom they respond. They respond because he knew things, they know; loved the people they love; delighted in the blue sky and boundless sea as they delight in it; dreamed what they dream; hoped what they hoped; believed in the Self as they believe in It. It is impossible for them to read his poems, page after page, line after line, without feeling behind the flowing rhythm of the verse the man who was not only sure of the Cosmic quality of his own Self, but who also enables all men and women, and especially the younger ones, to know that they too are a part of the great, ever-moving life force, a force as deep and broad as the Universe, and taking cognizance of everything therein. It is this intimate depth, this universal breadth, this absolute sureness of both the man and his poems that explain the very real appeal which Walt Whitman makes to the younger generation today. More than any of the others, he has opened to them new worlds for the Self to enter and to conquer.

"After me, Vista!"

Sweethearts While You Wait

By CHERYL DEWEY

Jimmie Harrington said I would never dare tell this story, because I'd get no support. Well, I do dare, and I don't care whether anyone supports me or not. If they don't, it only proves they have a depraved taste and no judgment, because anybody who has the sense God gave little children knows that it isn't nice to manage people. People shouldn't be made to do things they don't want to, whether they know it or not. It isn't modern. Besides, they always find it out.

That is just what I did. Ted Blair told Jimmie the night they called to take me to the Military Ball that instead of trying to fix it so that I couldn't dance with Denis, he would better *make* me dance with him as often as could be arranged, and do nothing but praise him morning, noon and night. The object of all this was to make me tired of Denis. They didn't think I heard them, but I was standing at the head of the stairs, having gone that far to save time. Then I heard Ted say:

"You found out yourself last summer that there is only one way to manage Peterkin. If you give her rope enough, she always hangs herself."

"Oh, I know," sighed Jimmie, "but I'm getting damned tired of running around after her turning her jump rope."

He might have spared himself the sigh. He was relieved of the burden from that minute, only I didn't tell him until the next day, dances being a bore when you owe it to your pride to be mad at your partner. But he knows it now. I'm all through with him, and this very minute I'd be putting him out of my mind forever if he hadn't said what he did about me not daring to get an impartial opinion about the whole story.

Last summer I went home to spend the summer with Peggy Paine, with whom I have roomed all through boarding school and now a year and a half of college. Muv decided to go to Santa Barbara, right in the middle of the hot weather, and Peggy said it was a good time for me to pay back some of the visits she had made me. She said I would be amused, but after you have been amused every day for a week, that mental attitude begins to wear threadbare, and you long ardently to be entertained. I was just getting to the point where I was plotting a means to shock the community,

as you always do when you haven't anything interesting to do, when Peg suggested that we go riding with some boys who had asked us several times. I almost refused when she said we might be amused, because that meant there was something odd about them, but there was nothing else to do anyway, so I decided I might as well go.

Harvey and Bud were odd all right—much too odd, though I hope I am not one to be critical of those who have had lesser advantages. Bud was awfully good natured, and funny, too, when he didn't try too hard, and once in a while he even forgot to use the double negatives of which he seemed positively enamored. Anyhow, Peg had him.

"Vamped?" teased Peg that night while she was brushing her hair for bed. "You've been quiet as Mona Lisa ever since we got home."

Peggy knows I am never vamped, not caring enough for men to be bored with them except because they are convenient to dance with. I ignored her question scornfully, but she looked rather superior, as though she had scored point one, so I finally deigned to talk to her, she being one of those people who can't commune with themselves in comfort very long, but have to commune with someone else.

"I am not vamped, as you know very well, after all my sad experiences and being disappointed with Jimmie so often. However, if you want my private opinion of Harvey, he isn't so bad when he doesn't talk, which is to say most of the time. He's good looking enough to go in the movies, and he is the best driver I ever saw in my life, which, as you know, I consider a more important accomplishment than dancing."

"Rave on, while yet the sky is clear, for when Lona hears there's a new girl in town—"

"Lona? Who's Lona?"

"Lona, my dear, is Harvey's girl, though nobody would ever notice it except Lona. She appointed herself to that position when she was still in long hair, and has held it ever since—when ever somebody else didn't have it."

"Whenever somebody else didn't have it! What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing's the matter with Lona. She's a nice girl—in fact she's afflicted with just plain nice-

ness. Spends all her time suiting Harvey, so of course Harvey can't see her."

"But," I gasped, not knowing the suiting kind of girl as I do now. "If Harvey doesn't pay any attention to her, why doesn't she beat him at his own game?"

"I honestly don't think the poor innocent knows how."

"How does she look?" I asked, beginning to get an idea. "Is she awful looking, or do other men like her?"

"She's worse than homely, Peterkin. If a girl is just homely, you can always make her stunning or vampish or something else like that, but when she's good looking and still doesn't get by, she's hopeless."

"Not always. Look at Cathy Manard. She seemed perfectly impossible, and now she's the rage of the school. I'd like to meet this Lona."

"Feature! Peterkin, master impresario, stages another of her real life dramas. Finds obscure but talented actors for her leads. This gifted young woman who, in the nervous reaction after each successful production, retires from public life, has once more harkened to the appeal of a struggling world and consented to bring true love to its final, lived-happy-ever-after curtain."

I ignored this outburst, which is supposed to be a take-off on me for studying journalism, and pretended to be asleep. She didn't believe me, though.

"Well, I'm glad you've found someone's affair to manage, to keep you entertained," she said pretty soon, after I thought she was asleep too. "I admit this town is dull. I'll be doggone glad when Ted and Jimmie get here."

"So will I also. Anyhow I haven't said yet I was interested in Lona."

"At least, I'll be mighty glad when Ted gets here," I explained a few minutes later, having thought over what I had said, and thinking she might misunderstand me, though I have always been perfectly clear on the subject of Jimmie.

Ted and Jimmie came the next day, and I was very distant to Jimmie. I determined to be very nice to Ted to show Jimmie how little I was interested in him, and that it didn't make any difference to me whether he was on earth or not. Secretely, I thought it rather bad form for him to visit Ted, who lives in Peg's town, at the same time I was there, when he knew right well before school was out that I was furious with him. I knew he'd probably spoil my whole summer, except that I intended to ignore him, but I didn't

tell this to anyone except Peggy, whom I used to consider trustworthy.

Peg and I were going down to the bakery to have a sundae, bakeries being the places to have sundaes in Eamonsville, when we met them just getting into town in Ted's car. Jimmie was going to pretend that nothing was the matter, but he couldn't get by with anything like that with me.

"Teddy dear," I exclaimed very elatedly, "It's so good to see you! How in the world are you? I'm so glad you're home. It's seemed just ages since last week.—Oh, hello, Jimmie," and I made the last remark very nonchalantly, as though I would be mad at him if it were worth while, which it wasn't. He could never have guessed from my tone that I wished he would apologize so that I wouldn't need to be under such a strain this summer, with only the four of us in town and all, because it is perfectly futile to wish for Jimmie to apologize. He always pretends he has nothing to apologize for, so I just have to stay mad at him as long as I think it ought to take to punish him, and then make up.

A day or two later Mrs. Blair had a welcome home party for Ted, and it was simply lovely. Lona was there, and she wasn't at all like I thought she was going to be. She was slender and cultured and educated—everything under the sun I didn't expect Harvey's girl to be. She was blonde and dainty, and had on a love of a yellow frock trimmed with black-eyed susans. In fact, she was quite regular all over, and I knew she was going to be hard. When a girl hasn't anything the matter with her, it's hard to know what to fix. I knew right away I was going to try to do something with her, and wondered how to start. I needn't have racked my brains for anything subtle; Lona herself gave me an opening by making the conversation personal in a way I considered poor taste.

"I've heard so much about you from Peg, I should like to be friends with you in spite of Harvey," she said. "Please don't think I blame you—he's always like that. If it weren't you, it would be some other girl."

"Thanks!" I thought, but of course, she didn't know it. Aloud, I said:

"Between you and Harvey, I think I choose you. But why stand for him being 'always like that'?"

"I don't know what to do with him. I never do anything I know he doesn't like, but he doesn't seem to appreciate what a sacrifice I make for him when I don't dance or do anything of the things he objects to."

"Don't even dance! Doesn't he like to dance?"

"He used to. He was a lovely dancer, but he got converted at a revival meeting last spring, and now he won't do anything interesting, and he's even trying to dictate my morals."

"You mean to say you stand for that dictation from anybody! Lona Seldon, how can you? If I were you, I'd send that man packing so fast he'd—what can you see in him?"

"Harvey has a lot of good qualities other people don't appreciate. I sometimes think that people who don't know Harvey as I do don't understand him."

I thought so, too, but I couldn't say so. I also thought that a girl who would air her feelings like that would take a lot of understanding to be appreciated, but anyhow it was a Situation, and I just love Situations.

"Tell you what, Lona, Harvey's no different from any other man. (I said this with a mental apology to every other man I had ever known, even Jimmie.) You can have him if you will do *exactly* as I tell you about everything, and trust me implicitly. First of all, don't pay any more attention at all to Harvey until I tell you to, and pretend to have an awful case on—on—well, on Ted. I'll fix it with Ted, and give Harvey his fill of playing with me, and I'll manage to call his attention to you two whenever the situation looks promising. It's up to you to take care of that part of it."

Of course, that's old stuff, and the best way to treat a man is not to give him his own way very often and be very different with him—sometimes nice to him and sometimes disagreeable; sometimes gay, and sometimes very pensive. This makes him think you are mysterious. But I could easily see that Lona was not at all subtle, and I had to give her old primitive means, like an ardent rival. However, Harvey didn't look very subtle either, and it has already been truly said that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement.

Right away Lona got difficult. "Oh, I couldn't do that," she objected. "Harvey wouldn't like it."

"Then everything's all off. Besides, Harvey isn't supposed to like it. If he does, your case is hopeless, and you might as well come out of it," and I made my voice sound very final, which had the desired effect, and she put herself in my hands utterly. Then I hunted up Ted, and he behaved like the good sport he is, except for asking a lot of unnecessary questions first, just like a man.

"Be a darling, Ted, and do me a favor?" I coaxed.

"Sure would, only Jim's off'n me now."

"This hasn't anything to do with Jimmie, who has ceased to exist for me," I told him severely. "I need somebody to rush Lona, and I think you were sent straight from heaven for that very purpose."

"That wasn't the temperature of Madison when I left. And why feature me?"

"Somebody has to show Harvey some competition, and I think you would have a good effect. Please don't reduce me to the ignominy of asking *Jimmie* to do me a favor.

"Perish the thought! Anything I can do to serve *you*, my child, I will gladly, but include me out. I sprained my sword arm in baseball this spring, and Harvey—"

"Please try not be any bigger idiot than the good Lord made you. I'm reforming Harvey. He seems to think a girl highly favored when he notices her existence on earth, and he's due for a jolt."

"Ah, enter the villain. Your show's getting interesting, Pete. Rave on—am I the villain, or the dashing hero. And where do you come in?"

I knew he was back on the subject of Jimmie again, and I was determined to be sufficiently vehement to convince Ted that Jimmie was nothing in my young life except a sort of bore to be put up with on account of our families being good friends. Then I had a brilliant idea. Dick Reynolds, who used to fuss Peg, graduated in June. I could get Jimmie interested in Peg and he could play with her next year. That would dispose of him, and besides, it would sound well to Ted, so I explained it to him.

"I see," commented Ted. "Going into the business. Why not hang out a shingle, Pete? 'Isabella Marsden—Sweethearts While You Wait' 'Good morning, Mr. Blair. What can I do for you today?' 'Good morning, Miss Marsden. I'd like you to make me up something thoroughly up-to-date in sweethearts, please; a bobbed-headed model with a blue dress that makes her summer tan perfectly fetching, and a cute little way of wrinkling up her nose when she is amused, but not sufficiently so to laugh outright. I want her to pay some attention to me, and—"

"Why, Teddy dear, you're Irish. I'd plumb forgotten it. Go on, talk to me like an Irishman some more, Ted. I adore the Irish above all other beings on earth."

"How can a man talk to you like an anything when you card-catalog all his best inspirations

that way? S'pose I'd better be getting on with the play, don't you think?" and Ted went stalking off in search of Lona, pretending to be mad at me for the next hour.

It had a wonderful effect on Harvey. At first, he was having a good time playing with me, but after he noticed Ted and Lona, he started to get uneasy. I wasn't paying much attention to Harvey myself, having to watch Jimmie to see how he was progressing with Peg. The way he was acting was proof of what I have always heard, that all men are fickle and undependable. I will never trust Jim again, in spite of having to associate with him on account of our families. Anyhow, I am glad I found him out, and all I can't see now, is how I ever made up with him at all.

And Peggy—I must say that Peggy had always been modest and ladylike until I turned Jimmie over to her, and then she began throwing herself at his head like a little idiot. I couldn't quite make out how I was going to put over a case between them if she insisted on vamping him so openly, and I always like to finish anything I start, so just to keep the situation from getting away from me I concluded I would relax some of my stern coolness and distract Jimmie enough so that the case would not progress too fast for permanence, but he was about as clubby as a prairie dog, and I had to treat him cooler than ever just to show him I hadn't noticed it.

Harvey was frantic by the time the party was over, and could hardly wait to get me home so he could go straight over to Lona's, late as it was, and get a date for the next night. And she gave it to him! I suppose she thought she had him all cured in one night. I was so disgusted that I gave her up as a bad job, and pretty soon Harvey was back asking me for dates.

One day Jimmie dropped over to take me swimming. It is just like a man to think he can treat you any way he pleases, and then come along and ignore it. He thinks you will fall right at his feet, you will be so glad to have him back. Anyhow, I told him I couldn't go, having already promised to go with Ted, which reply he didn't waste any time grieving over, but asked Peg to go with a sigh of relief, as though he had only asked me from a sense of duty! I was wishing I was in Santa Barbara, getting as black as a south sea islander, and I didn't care whether I ever bleached out again or not, when Ted came along and asked me to go to Trier to a dance that night, and didn't ask the others. I could have hugged him.

Ted is my second favorite partner, Jimmie being first only because I have gone to dancing school with him all my life and am used to his step, and I had an awfully good time. A girl never has to be "amused" at Ted, because he keeps her entertained all the time, and I was so sorry when the evening was over that only the thought of the long, cool ride home consoled me. And then the car broke down. We were going over the bridge just outside of town when a wheel got caught between a couple of loose planks where they were repairing it, and some way or other, the axle got broken. We couldn't imagine what to do. Ted had about exhausted all the garages, and none of them had a car we could hire to take us home, when Harvey came up in his beautiful grey speedster and asked if he could help us. Help us! Neither Ted nor I had ever had such welcome company in our lives, though Harvey was one of those people who are not socially equal to a threesome.

It was perfectly characteristic of Harvey that he took Ted home first. Ted raised his eyebrows at me to ask if I wanted him to stick by and see me home, and I wrinkled my nose at him to tell him that it was a mess, but we had better let things go as they were. Ted is an awfully understanding person most of the time, as all Irishmen should be, but I have discovered that some of them aren't.

When we got to my house—or Peg's—Harvey came up on the porch *and took off his hat*. I was so astonished, I had to talk about it.

"This is so sudden, Harvey. I seem to have you well trained. It must be because I understand you so well, don't you think? Perhaps we are kindred souls."

But of course Harvey wouldn't understand me. Some men can't be kidded without thinking you are pining away for love of them, or else they get the idea that you aren't entirely nice. Harvey didn't say anything, but just leaned over to kiss me. I was so surprised I forgot to be shocked. All summer I had never thought of him as a person, but just a sort of specimen to be studied under the microscope, and I just took one step backward and stood looking at him to see what manner of being this was. He didn't seem at all impressed by my withdrawal and took a step forward, but I backed up again. I hadn't any intention of "encouraging him," as men are always accusing you of doing; I hadn't any intention at all except to find out all I could about this kind of person, being naturally curious. At first, Harvey

registered bewilderment; then a bright and shining light.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, with the air of Sir Launfall throwing gold at the beggar. "I'll marry you."

"Really," I gasped, still laboring under the strongest emotion on earth—blankness—"You are much too kind."

"Oh, I don't mind," he still threw.

"But Harvey, dear," I demurred, having recovered enough to make my voice gentle and grave, as I think you always should when rejecting a proposal, "I couldn't think of accepting the sacrifice." Of course, sarcasm isn't nice, but I thought he was too inexperienced in all forms of humor to get even sarcasm. However, it must have soaked through a little, for he looked at me as if he were trying to figure out something, and finally he said:

"Say, what in hell *do* you want, anyway?"

Then I did a terrible thing which I have never done before when being proposed to, even by soldiers, who only used you for practice material, but I couldn't help it. I had to laugh. Harvey pulled his cap down till it came over his nose and got stuck, and walked down stairs as Peg did the time she was playing "Macbeth" in boarding school. I sat down on the step and simply rocked, when suddenly I thought that this would not seem funny to Lona. I began to think how tragic she would consider it, and by and by I began to feel so sorry for her that I even forgave her for behaving like such a fool the other evening and losing all she had gained. I finally decided to give her one more chance.

Next morning I called up Ted to see what I could fix up, and Jimmie answered the telephone. He seemed to think I wanted to talk to him, so I asked for Ted right away, it being bad policy to encourage a man when he is feeling sure of himself.

"I'm going into business again, Ted," I began when he got there.

"Business?" echoed Ted, blankly.

"Sweethearts While You Wait," I quoted to him, since he started it.

"Oh, I see. Paging the magic paint brush who is to camouflage Lona as the sweetheart of Harvey's rosiest dreams. Well, what do I do now?"

"Oh, just help me. I haven't seen Lona about it yet."

So Ted promised he would, like the dear he is, for he is always a perfect peach about helping a fellow out, or at least, I used to think so before I heard him spill the beans the other night, which

only goes to prove it is not safe to trust any man, no matter how nice he seems, because they are all probably only wolves in sheep's clothing. When I think how innocent I was last summer, in spite of being thoroughly sophisticated and up-to-date, I shudder at my own erstwhile ignorance. But one has to live to learn, and now I know I will never be so taken in again.

Lona was not only willing, but eager. Ted was immense, and Lona followed his lead quite well, getting better and better all the time. As soon as people began to get it through their heads that she was no longer "going with Harvey" she was besieged for dates. She was awfully pretty, anyway, and dainty and lovely as they come. In fact, she became quite a belle publicly, though still a prune in private, pestering me as to whether "Harvey would like it." In vain I told her again and again that it was her mission in life for the time being to keep him from liking it. She was really improving, though. She never let him dream for a second that she was in danger of backsliding. Besides that, she had a lot more spunk and self confidence, now that she saw what she could do.

I was nearly flattened, though, when she called up one day and said that she and Ted were fixing up a theater party for that night, and wanted Harvey and me to go along. She had been handing out single dates right and left, but she always left it to me to handle Harvey.

"Theater party! Lona, don't imperil my equilibrium thataway."

"I should have explained that it is our way of designating the vaudeville show in Thier. Will you go?"

"My poor fellow, are you drowning? Permit me to extend you a life preserver. Do you prefer grey, or white?"

However, Lona, let the invitation stand, in spite of my overeagerness, and we went. I had to admit that Harvey was vastly improved, too. He was perfectly darling to Lona all evening, but did not go out of his way to be so, and pretended, at least, to be interested in the rest of us. At first when Lona started really going out with others, he raged, then sulked, but after a couple of weeks he began watching Jimmie and Ted, and behaving as much like them as possible.

The show was over about ten or half past, and Lona suggested that we go dance. Harvey looked perfectly astonished, but he didn't say anything, so we went. Peggy and Jimmie were there, so we girls only sat out every third dance, even though Harvey wouldn't dance. It was awfully hot,

though, and about eleven o'clock Ted asked me if I wanted to go canoeing, for the dances were held in a pavillion built out over the lake, and you could just go down the steps on one side, right into the water. There was a late moon just getting up for its evening cruise, and it was a regular be-careful evening, but Ted wasn't being careful. He was being sympathetic, which is always bad, but worst when Irish, so I thought I had better change the subject.

"I care for the way things are going tonight. Have you seen how this is getting on Harvey's nerves? He'll fall for dancing again himself, if he doesn't look out."

"We'll leave Harvey and Lona out," said Ted. "The conversation was much more interesting, as should was."

"But, Teddy dear, how can I leave Lona out and tell you all the lovely compliments she has paid you in the last few weeks?"

"One thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine years B. P. G., which is to say, before Pat the Great, my direct ascendant, made that remark to the queen of the little folk, being then in need of a moon-mist wedding veil for his youngest daughter, who was to marry the most powerful king in all Ireland. Still, it's a perfectly good remark, and if—"

"Who's that in the canoe ahead of us?" I interrupted, because when Ted gets started he never says anything anyway, though making it sound perfectly darling. Anyhow, I though I recognized that quick twist to a paddle, and I always hate being kept in doubt.

"I think it's Peggy and Jim. Both plans working fine. But please note, Isabella Peterkin Marsden, that we have with us tonight a young man of rare good looks and intelligence, who would like to be recognized by sight, anyway."

"If I professed to be as crazy about dancing as James Harrington, I shouldn't be mooning around the lake with only three or four more dances left," I remarked, now seeing through Jimmie's hypocrisy ever since he first decided to spend the summer in Eamonsville, and hoping Ted would tell him I was disillusioned at last.

"What's the matter?" Ted wanted to know, being a man. "Didn't you fix this up yourself?"

"Yes, but they needn't go paddling about it," I explained very slowly, wanting to be accurate.

"Said she, snapping like a turtle," retorted Ted, who has no ear for inflections. "Now you listen to me, Isabella Marsden—"

"Teddy dear," I almost begged, being too homesick for Madison to get mad at him for not

understanding me, and anyway it wouldn't have done any good, for Ted is only an unusual man in being nice, and not in being intelligent, "please don't call me my mad-at-me name. Please call me Peterkin; and I want to go home, I'm so tired. I think Jimmie and Peg ought to go home with us, for I'm sure it would have a much better effect on Harvey if you and Lona were to go home alone."

At that Ted simply roared. I couldn't see anything funny about it, but probably Jimmie was doing something silly behind my back, having gotten around there by then. Then Ted took me back, and what was the first thing I saw when I got back to the pavillion but Harvey and Lona *dancing*. Furthermore, they were determined to spend the rest of the evening dancing together, and I couldn't even coax Harvey away when I tried.

"Only one more week till school, Peter-girl," Ted petted me with his voice. "Glad?" and somehow I knew he was saying, "Lo, the dawn," or something like that.

"Yes, awfully," I enthused, only it didn't sound very peppy on account of my being so very tired. "Isn't it nearly time to go home?"

"Poor Peterkin. I'll round up the others and we'll start right away. Only I think we had better let Harvey and Lona go home together—if we have anything to say about it."

He put me in the car and saw that I was comfy in the nice way he has for such things, then went around the back to get in from the other side. The doors of Harvey's car slammed and it shot past, leaving us in the dark, for Harvey's headlights had been turned on our car. Ted got in beside me, and we started, too. I was glad both other couples had gone in Harvey's car, for I didn't feel at all like talking. Finally I remembered, however, that Ted was always saying he liked a little attention.

"It's a wonderful night to ride," was the best I could think of. I guess Ted didn't think much of my conversational accomplishment, for he didn't answer. The silence lasted some more, then I tried again.

"You've been an awful peach this summer, Teddy dear, and I adore you for it. I do anyway, of course, but anyway, it was perfectly dear of you to help me. Don't you feel repaid though? I think both Harvey and Lona are reformed for good." Still no answer. "Have I spoiled your summer for you, Ted?"

"Ruined it," came in savage tones from Jimmie.

"James Harrington," I iced, "What are you doing in this car? Will you be so good as to overtake that other car and let me out?"

"Sorry, but I have a rather pressing engagement with you myself. People who make sweethearts to order will do well to ascertain their clients' specifications." I put my hands over my ears and turned my back, rudeness being the only answer I could think of to abduction.

"Peterkin," he coaxed in a voice between laughing and talking, which is his best Irish, and which I could never deny anything until Ted betrayed his perfidy. "Do you think you could make me up a sweetheart to specifications?"

"I'm out of business," I told him. "Besides, it seems I can't suit anyone."

"I admit I'm very particular about my sweetheart, so I'm not asking you to make her while I wait. But I wonder if you could make one

like a picture I have in my suitcase—I'll bring it over and show it to you tomorrow, if you like."

"I've closed my shop, Jimmie, and I've only an old stock model left which I was going to keep for myself, because nobody else could possibly want it very badly. However, if you think it could be altered to your taste—"

"It's just the model I've been looking for; it doesn't need any alterations. Can I have immediate delivery?" and Jimmie proceeded to demonstrate how exactly the model fitted his—specifications.

Jimmie is nice when he is on good behavior, though that isn't often. I don't mind being in love with him if he doesn't interfere with me, but just let him try to make me tired of Denis! I hate people who are always managing other people's affairs, and I'm going to stay mad at him till I'm sure I have him cured. Don't argue with me.

Yacinth

S. G. WEINBAUM

Men love the softness of thine arm; thine arms
are white, are white and warm,
And flushed as is the flower whose charm the
Arabs name almost *Yacinth*.

This garden breeze that gently blows the satin
where thy limbs repose
May sigh: "The fragrance of the rose I lose as
I have lost *Yacinth*."

The wind that whistles on the land, and fills
the eyeless dead with sand,
How softly does it kiss thy hand, and love thee,
as it must, *Yacinth*!

Thy lovers journey on the sand to bring thee
pearls from Samarkand,
But wilt thou let *them* kiss thy hand for gems
of wondrous cost, *Yacinth*?

For one shall fall along the way, and one the
desert men shall slay,
And one shall linger lone and gray.—Wilt thou
not fear *that* ghost, Yacinth?

And one, whom love of thee could purge of fear,
shall find upon the surge
A mighty drum to beat his dirge along a distant
coast, Yacinth.

And one, thy bird-eyed Bedouin, shall find
Aleppo full of sin,
And thou shall meet him sick and thin, and
point at him, and boast, Yacinth.

And one, the little Mecca man, shall journey in
Arabistan,
And night shall seek him faint and wan. Then
may he find a host, Yacinth!

And one, the singer of this line, shall seek for
love an anodyne,
And pledge in poisoned Persian wine, and who
shall be his toast, Yacinth?

I read it in the birds above the trees, and in the
hearts thereof,
And I have told thee not for love, so hate me—
as thou dost, Yacinth.

And when the night shall leave thy bed, and leave
thee still, as are the dead,
Shall come the gardener in red, who loveth bright
blooms, most, Yacinth.

Those Nearest and Dearest

By MARGARET EMMERLING

Miss Twinhofel craned her neck upwards and looked at the film. Mildly envious, she beheld the fur-clad heroine entering the big businessman's sanctum, saw her immediately arrest his attention, saw her smile winningly, cunningly; saw the magnate melt. She sighed and continued, from the orchestra's pit, to produce bar after bar of the Minuet in G.

She looked at her watch; ten minutes after five. Miss Twinhofel sighed again, because she did not want to go home, and soon she would have to. She was horribly afraid to go home. Her thoughts shot evenly through her mind to the deft accentuation of the Minuet. She wondered how that girl in the furs did it, up there on the film. How she got everything she wanted, like that, so easily. Miss Twinhofel sniffed up her long nose resentfully and hitched her left shoulder, where her dress was slipping off. Strange about that dress; it didn't fit very well.

But how could a dress fit Miss Twinhofel's shoulders? They were too like a picket fence for that. She had made this one herself; it was olive green serge, slightly faded now, and splitting under the arm that was used for bowing her cello. But she was, after all, rather fond of the dress. She had clung to it a long time. The other people in the orchestra had grown accustomed to it, now; but at first, they had commented, among themselves.

"That spinal column!" the lady harpist, who stood behind Miss Twinhofel, had remarked upon one occasion. "It sticks out like a row of little green serge covered buttons down her back. I have to laugh."

And she laughed. But the lady cellist did not know this, and she felt only vaguely resentful of the elegant damsel on the film, and bore her no grudge.

In fact, she had never felt uncomfortable about herself until the affair of the bedspread. Thinking of it now, as she sat in the pit and played, she shivered, and nervously tossed back a little bunch of hair that had been sprawling across her forehead. The bedspread! When must she tell her family? She couldn't keep it back much longer. Mrs. Schmidt would have seen one of them, and told them; was telling them now, perhaps, at this very minute!

She screwed her neck up to look at the picture again. No good! She couldn't get it out of her mind. She turned around to the auditorium to look at the people, but turned away quickly again. Perhaps someone was in the audience now, who knew, and was looking for her, to grin at her.

They were playing Madam Butterfly's lament. The violins piped the little song brightly; Miss Twinhofel's cello came in with an undercurrent of slow professional grief, while in her mind she wondered painfully what her little brother would say, and what Aunt Emma would say, when they knew she had won that bedspread. She could not bear to think of it. She shrank back in her chair, and, as she drew her shoulders nervously together, the dress juttied out more than ever, but she went on sobbing the sentimental undertone of the Butterfly song on her cello.

It has been in the house for nearly a week now, that bedspread, and nobody had found out about it yet. Miss Twinhofel had hidden it. But she was developing an air of secrecy which made her feel very like a criminal, as if she had really done something, instead of merely winning a raffle. Of course, she should never have taken that raffle! Miss Twinhofel was acutely aware of that, now. For an instant, she yearningly contemplated a world in which she had refused to take the raffle. Then she began making excuses. How could she know she'd win it? People never did win those things, and she had been so sorry for the Starving Austrian Students.

If only it hadn't been such a queenly piece of work! A Renaissance pattern, worked in a convent near Florence. Miss Twinhofel half-closed her eyes in luxurious recollection of its softness and fineness. But, if only everyone at the Bazaar hadn't been taken by its beauty, too, and raved about it, and gossiped, and speculated. . . . oh, oh! Someone had brought it from Italy; it was of Belgian linen, the finest, with Florentine embroidery and fairy-like, Florentine lace. There was only one purpose fit for it; it belonged on a bridal bed.

Miss Twinhofel's panic subsided for a while, as in her imagination, she musingly watched herself, in a charming negligee, with a modest little cap, also very fine, on her head, and somewhere not too far away, but not too close either, a nice young

man (several years, alas, too young for Miss Twinhofel; but she did not notice that); and the bedspread in its place. She caught herself up just in time, as she was beginning to breathe a gentle sigh. Instead, she hastily turned a page of music, too soon, and began playing by ear, very industriously.

Miss Twinhofel knew that one woman, whose daughter was about to be married, had taken eight chances on the spread. She would be very angry, and she might say spiteful things. The lady cellist smiled uneasily at the score.

It was very hard to go home. She wondered if there were not some shopping to do, first? She bethought herself of the rubber for Aunt Emma's garters, and went, accordingly, to the Notion Counter of Gimbels and bought it. She paused again. Was there nothing else? She could think of nothing, and so there was only one way for her: the way home. She walked, tho, to make it a little farther.

Surely they would know by now. Mrs. Schmidt, who had sold her the raffle, must have met one of them, and dryly commented upon the trick luck had played. Miss Twinhofel could see them raising their eye-brows and grinning at one another, Mrs. Schmidt and Lottie, or Mrs. Schmidt and Papa. She scuttled nervously along the street toward home, and as she went, she earnestly wished she had accepted that offer to play in the Minneapolis movie where her friend could have gotten her a job, or that she had never gone to the Bazaar at all, or anything, so that she would not need to face her family with that bedspread in her possession.

She let herself in at the front door quite stealthily, and tiptoed up the front stairs; that was not necessary because they had recently had a carpet laid on the front stairs. Miss Twinhofel had paid half and should have remembered. She stole nervously down the hall to the back and closed her bedroom door carefully behind her. Subconsciously she was aware that the stew smell was worse in her room than anywhere else. It drifted up the back way from the kitchen. Anna must again be reprimanded for leaving the kitchen door open.

She took off her hat with its stiff feather, and, still tiptoing, laid it on the closet shelf. She laid her black cotton gloves in the second little drawer. Miss Twinhofel always wore gloves to protect her hands for the sake of her art. She ran her fingers through her pale hair and blew her nose.

She waited. She could hear Paul grumbling to somebody over the phone in that peculiar in-

tonation that people save for telephones, in the hall downstairs. She listened, breathless. Did he know?

She looked at her watch, three minutes before the bell would ring. The Twinhofel household was run by bells. There would be just time for a peep, one little, tiny peep, at her bedspread. Her face beamed with a secret of bliss. She carefully opened the closet door again, and drew out the bottom drawer of the chest that stood in the back, behind the clothes. She lifted out some winter underwear, smelling of moth balls, and laid it recklessly on the floor, where it might get dirty. Then she reverently laid her hands on something done up in white tissue-paper.

The dinner bell rang; the First Bell. Miss Twinhofel sat on her heels in front of the chest of drawers, surrounded by clothes hanging over her head; and she added her complaint to the list of the world's wrongs. Because the First Bell had to be obeyed; they would all be cross if it weren't. She knew how it would be. So she closed the door again and hurriedly made her way out of the closet, leaving her treasure unvisited.

At the stairway she paused for one awful moment of panic. Did she *have* to go down to them? Then she went.

They did know. They were sitting on the back porch together. Lottie had been rocking and crocheting at the same time, an accomplishment of which she was very proud, and Aunt Emma sat quietly, as usual, with her hands in her lap, and a vague stare in her eyes. But still there was something—an air—as Miss Twinhofel suddenly appeared in the doorway, she felt it. They had not been talking just now; she had not interrupted a conversation, but she could feel that her presence was an event. Lottie stopped rocking but went on crocheting.

"Hello, Edie," she said, and Aunt Emma nodded, without taking her eyes off the Distance.

"Hello," said Miss Twinhofel, anxiously. It was necessary to say something else; so she announced in a loud voice:

"I bought the rubber for your garters, Aunt Emma. I got a yard. That's too much, I know, I suppose twenty-seven inches would have been enough. That's what I get for myself, twenty-seven, and you aren't so fat as you were. It would have been enough, but I wanted to be on the safe side. You can always take off but you can't add to. That's what Mother used to say when we first started making our own clothes,—you can always take off, but you can't add to."

Now, Aunt Emma was regarding her niece; it

was a curious look, fastened on her, Miss Twinhofel thought, uncomfortably.

"Yes, Edie. Thanks," said the old lady. Aunt Emma rarely looked at anyone.

Her voice, thought the unfortunate lady, was unnecessarily thick, even for Aunt Emma's age. It made the cellist nervous. And why did she have to look at her with that patronizing, understanding air? She hated to be "understood", Miss Twinhofel thought, resentfully. It was none of their business, anyway. And she had known, without their glances, that they had her secret. She had felt it the first instant.

Then Lottie began politely to inquire about the picture. Perhaps this was because she had perceived her sister's discomfort; but Edie could not be quite sure; if she had, was it likely that she would be gentle, like this, just in the family? But then, Lottie had been putting on airs and graces lately. She wanted to know all about the costumes worn by the star, and whether there had been Oriental scenery, of which she was so fond.

Then the Second Bell rang; so they all trooped silently into the dining-room, with Aunt Emma, in her cherished aura of mystery, slowly bringing up the rear. Papa was standing behind his chair, with a string of chatter waiting for them, as usual; eager to see them, because they would listen to his latest adventure in the Store. But Paul was absent. Miss Twinhofel offered to fetch him, but her sister stayed her.

"No, dear," she said, gently. "Just you stay here. I'll go." And she went, leaving an uncomfortable, marvelling sister. She was unused to such consideration. She waited, wondering when they would start about the spread. She would not look at Aunt Emma, lest her eyes be still mildly, patronizingly feasting upon her, instead of dreaming idly, as was their custom. Miss Twinhofel looked at the stew, and wished Paul would come, so they could start.

Papa talked, all the way to the dessert. It was a relief to Miss Twinhofel to hear him because he, at least, had not been told, and he kept her mind off Lottie and her insufferable kindness. Just to look in her direction was to receive a smile of such beautiful sympathy that Miss Twinhofel twisted her gaunt shoulders nervously and wished she were safe in the pit with her cello.

"I told him I didn't know I was sure; he'd have to ask Mrs. Schmidt," said Papa.

Miss Twinhofel pricked up her ears at the name. The woman who had raffled the spread!

"He thought I might know who won it, because I was treasurer of the Bazaar. But I told him I

had nothing to do with it. Not that I'm not interested. I've been thinking about that piece right along, wondering what lucky little bride would get it. Wonder what he wants with it. I wished him luck, though I don't know as I did right, seeing Paul tells me our Edie here took a chance on it. And I wouldn't want to prevent *her* from getting that bedspread, by wishing him luck, eh, Edie! Well, I told him he'd have to go and ask Mrs. Schmidt himself. It was a fine piece, from all I hear. Nice for somebody's hope chest, eh, girls?"

Of course, he had never forgiven his girls for not marrying and getting of his hands. They were failures; but still, he was goodnatured about it.

There was a silence, in which Miss Twinhofel stared at the dinner-bell, hanging over Papa's head. It was a large, brass thing, hanging from a little wooden roof, with a motto from Byron burnt into the wood. She could almost hear the motto, as one half of her brain dwelt upon it.

"That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell."

Miss Twinhofel was painfully conscious of the flaw in the meter and she wished to heaven somebody would say something. Anything at all, just to break this horrible silence. She could feel the stillness getting still more brittle every instant. And she could feel Lottie's sorrowful gaze upon her, as well as Aunt Emma's mild eyes, that rarely looked at anyone. She knew Papa was disappointed at the lack of interest in his story. Paul was the only sensible person, for he had gone on steadily eating.

"Speaking of embroidery," said Lottie suddenly, "I mustn't forget to put the L's in my new teddy-bears. Edie thinks it's foolish to mark underwear, but I say you never can tell, even if it's washed in your own house."

But Mr. Twinhofel was not to be so lightly put off.

"I say, about that Italian bedspread, though," he continued, "that was a rare piece of work, wasn't it? They say it was made in an old convent in Florence. Mrs. Kalter was telling me about it when she came in the store the other day. Mrs. Harry Kalter. It seems she had a raffle on it too, though what she'd want with a delicate thing like that, is more than I can see."

Another painful silence. This time it was Aunt Emma who broke it. She looked up, very quickly, rearranged her spectacles on her nose, and leaned far across the table to Miss Twin-

hofel. She raised a crooked finger and shook it warningly at her.

"I say, you ought to sell it!" she announced, in a high, thick voice. And, that done, she drew back into her old dilapidated slouch, and regarded her boiled potatoes.

You could see that Lottie was grieved by her aunt's want of tact. But since the evil was done, she meant to make the best of it.

"Yes, dear," she said, sweetly, "sell it. I think that is the wisest plan. Then you can realise on it, at least."

Eddie was stung at that. For a moment she sat quite motionless, recovering. Then, with determination, she addressed her father.

"Papa,—" she began. But she didn't go on. She couldn't. And, what was the use? She turned away.

"Sell what?" inquired her father, brusquely, nettled because he wasn't receiving any attention. Paul too looked up.

"What's the row?" he asked.

Once more Lottie rose beautifully to the occasion.

"The loveliest little yellow sweater Eddie knit-

ted. It's too small, and there isn't enough wool to rip it and do it over. Aunt Emma and I think she ought to sell it."

The men grunted, bored.

When that meal was over, and they rose to leave the table, Miss Twinhofel was not sure of the steadiness of her legs. They felt queer. Her cheeks were intensely hot, and she could not look at her sister, but, making some little excuse, left the room at once. All the way up stairs, she was indignantly muttering to herself, "Sell it! *Sell it!*"

For a long time afterward, she sat by her window, weak with fury at her Aunt's suggestion. Sell it! It was hers.

And when, late in the evening, Lottie strolled into her sister's room through the door ostentatiously left open, she found the bed covered with a queenly piece of Italian handiwork. Florentine embroidery, and fairy-like Florentine lace. Miss Twinhofel was practising on her cello, and hardly noticed her sister's intrusion; so Lottie withdrew again, hastily. When she was gone, Miss Twinhofel sniffed, and lifted her shoulders and went on playing her cello.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Freshman themes obtainable up to the time of going to press did not, in the opinion of the editors, fairly represent the best ability of the incoming class; they do not, therefore, appear in this issue.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, 1530 University Ave., or to the office of the magazine in the Union Building.

When Knighthood Was in Bud

JAMES HARGAN

It was in that golden period of the day which precedes sunset. Two young boys, enthralled by the hour and the delightfulness of the spring of the year, sat idly talking to each other.

"She's the prettiest girl in the world!" said one in low tones of confidence which the very young use when, unaccused and unashamed, they speak out their heart's opinion of the fair sex.

"Yes;" said the other, "and she talks so sweet. Just like music."

"And smiles so nice,—" mused the first.

"If an ogre had her in his power, I'd break down his old castle and release her."

"That ain't nothing;—if a giant was dragging her off by the hair, I'd knock him on the head and take her home."

"If she was the enchanted princess behind the thorn hedge, I'd tear through and wake her with a kiss."

"Huh! I'd kiss the very ground she walks on!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

The speaker whose imagination had been outdone, was discomfited. He was now somewhat appalled at the tangible prospect his rival had set forth. But he snatched victory by abandoning unreality and resorting to the ready retort of youth.

"I dare you to!"

His opponent stopped his soaring and came to earth abruptly. Too late; his honor had become hopelessly enmeshed in the web woven by his fancy. He had made a too bold statement, and must now support his words, however, merely poetic they might have been intended, or else he must submit to intolerable jeering, confessing his ardor to be but fleeting wind.

"Of course I would!" he said testily, stalling for time.

"I double dare you," came the relentless taunt.

The snared one fidgeted, and seeing no possible way of escape, accepted.

"All right," said he, "I've got to go to supper now, but meet me here right afterwards. I'll show you."

II

Two velocipedes came down the street. The foremost rider was serious and haughty of mien,

his expression such as Gawain might have worn while riding forth to keep his sworn oath and meet certain death at the hands of the Green Knight. Even his follower had become awed, and showed some traces of reverence. Down the street they went, and back on the other side. Dusk was perversely slow in thickening. Besides, one or two people were to be seen, or rather, what was more dangerous to sensitive youth, might see. That was not in the contract, nor welcome.

Slowly and more slowly they went until they stopped. They cast a glance of caution, up the street, down the street, and at her house itself, that forbidding citadel to be attacked. Everything appeared inattentive. They advanced. They had agreed that she surely must tread on the front steps of her own house, and that these, then, were hallowed and sacred enough to merit the act of devotion. They advanced; one to hold the gate open in preparation for retreat, the other to proceed. Pale was the hero, but consumed with inward fires; he passed through that portal for the first time, and as he fervently prayed, for the last time unless equipped with a cloak of invisibility.

The gate had stayed open of its own accord, and the one stationed there had become excited. Suppose she were to look out of the window at the critical instant—what chance would he have then for first place in her regard? Stirred at the idea of such an undesirable happening, he abandoned his post and started after his rival whom he had thought to martyr and found himself in danger of exalting. He overtook him on the lowest step even as he began to bend. So it was that two instead of one touched their lips to the cold stone and felt twin thrills of adoration at that contact.

Two also collided at the gateway in their eagerness to leave quickly. Like Adam and Eve fleeing guiltily from the sight of God, two velocipedes clattered away, hastening to escape the observation of multitudinous millions of eyes, that seemed to stare from every window, from the keyhole of every door, from the house tops, and from the gratings in the pavement itself. Hot, flushed, they sought corners to turn.

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Il Penseroso

By PENNELL PIGMENT

She wandered lonely as a cloud . . . And there was no reason why she should not have gone on picnics with people, or laughed and worried with them, except that she was always too busy strolling softly about and chanting sad songs at dusk, and, in the uncompromising daylight musing wanly by her window or in some obscure corridor of the house.

Windslopes was admirably suited to such pursuits; in fact, Carolyn was accustomed to remark to herself that she alone was a true dweller there, because she understood the place; for her alone was it home. Mother and sisters might come and go, but they merely played about on the surface. The house was a large, informal arrangement, with superfluous rooms scattered about in unexpected corners, and, of course, a large number of halls to wander in. Sometimes Carolyn would spend a morning in one of the usually empty little old bedrooms and dream that she was the sweet lady of long ago who had lived a tragedy in that room. Carolyn was twenty.

Shelley and Blake were with her constantly; I should not have said that she was solitary. Their dreams were her company. But sometimes she sang to herself in verses of her own, and these she thought might in later days afford solace to some fourth lonely, sorrowful soul; her verses with Shelley's and Blake's. She would have liked to be happy sometimes. She looked upon herself as a sad muse who could not get free from the toils of woe. Weltschmerz was consuming her; she wailed for the world's wrong. But, as she revelled with Shelley in his dejection, she envied him, a little, too, in his rejoicing. If only she too could be a Skylark, like Shelley, just for a little while, she thought, without losing the sorrowful sympathy which was the keynote of her soul.

Five august cypress trees grew in the expansive backyard of Windslopes, and between two of them was a delightful little staircase which led to a marshy frog pool. The pool by the mournful dark trees was of course Carolyn's most precious haunt; she would steal to its fringed side early in the morning when the frogs were just waking up and throw herself wearily upon the grass to gaze at the pool's thick, green surface.

It was odd that a tang of woe pervaded her

every mood; even on the gayest April morning she was a bit dreary and forlorn. She said it in verse, at the pool, one day:

A canticle of death
Came drifting, drifting,
On the April morning's breath,
Straying, playing.

It wound about the air
(Singing, swinging)
A cold and pallid care
Of winter, of winter.

Then early April sighed,
(Palely, palely)
And its golden laughter died,
Wailing, falling.

And all of that day she wandered languidly about droning those verses to herself and feeling richly, inexplicably forlorn.

When she sat down to the lunch table she was wet. It had been drizzling gently during the latter half of the morning. The sister of Carolyn who was visiting from Cleveland laughed a little and mildly suggested a change of costume, but her mother hastily motioned her to silence.

"Carolyn, will you have a waffle?"

"No, mamma, I think not." Carolyn had declined everything that was offered to her, so far. "I came in just because there were going to be waffles, too."

"Well, eat one, silly," said the sister, who was married and sensible.

"No, I think not," was the reply, but it was obvious that only the physical parts of Carolyn were present in this company and replying to their remarks. Her eyes gazed far off into the Distant View that was always pointed out to visitors, from the dining room. She was silently repeating the singing, swinging verses that had come to her out in the garden.

She left the table without eating anything.

She roamed about in the attic for a long time afterward, dancing a bit to her own humming, or making verses to the rhythm of the rain that beat on the roof of the house.

Presently she became intolerably hungry; so she stole surreptitiously downstairs to the kitchen and ate a very large quantity of cold fried bacon that was left over from breakfast.

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NOTE BOOKS, PENCILS

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SNOW ON THE DESERT

"Lighting a little hour or two, 'tis gone."

SONNET

Composed midway between the Library and the
Boathouse

(With the most abject apologies to Wordsworth)

Two Voices are there; one is of the Lake,
One of the Textbooks; each a puissant call.
Each in imperious tone beseecheth all
To follow it, and vain pursuits forsake.
Betimes the shimmering Pond its plea doth make;
Anon the Notebook striveth to enthrall;
The Picnic struggleth with the Lecture-hall,
And feasts of Reason vie with feasts of Cake:
Of these impassioned voices, which to heed?
The Brooks we yearn for, or the Books we need?
Or Creek or Greek must languish in dismay,
Unhonored and unsung. Which will ye choose?
The Dryad or the Solemn-visaged Muse?
What grave perplexities beset our day!

WHY I HAVE GOT SO FAR NOT SO GOOD.

IPSE DIXIT

It is the custom for personages of literary eminence, real or imaginary, to dash off in their spare moments some timely little article entitled "How I Became Famous," or "Why I Have Got So Good," which keeps them before the public eye and the paying teller's window. This list of achievements is usually enlivened by chatty little anecdotes modestly intimating that the writer's success is not as undeserved as you might think. In most cases it couldn't be.

There is no reason that I can see why I should not write a similar treatise, being a famous writer myself, though not in the common or ordinary sense of the term, inasmuch as practically no one

has ever heard of me. I am what you might call an unknown celebrity. In view of the fact that an overwhelming majority of the personnel of this goodly nation are in the same category, the interest aroused by my revelations should be enormous. Much as I dislike to thrust myself to the fore, when duty calls far be it from me to hang up on her.

Without any desire to get personal, I yet feel that the public is entitled to enlightenment in regards to my early life, what influences have moulded my character, how much I owe to environment, how much to the grocer, and other like questions of absorbing and universal interest.

To commence, then, I was born on Saturday, of careful parents, in the front parlor, and after passing through the customary vicissitudes of childhood I arrived at the age of eight. I think it was then that my dormant literary talent first came to. The occasion was a prize poem contest, engineered by the local journal, wherein all juvenile *faiseurs de rimes* were invited to partake or participate. Being at this time a poet of the younger school, I hailed the opportunity with delight, and submitted, among others, the following gem:

Baby Nell is better, yet today we had to leave her
(May she soon get well, O Lord)
In the scarlet fever, scarlet fever, scarlet fever
Convalescent ward.

This composition can be seen to possess in addition to a fine realism, subtle nuances of tone color and rhythm, apparent only upon close scrutiny. Yet—can you believe it? This poem into which I had put my whole soul, this admittedly unique combination of tender feeling and compelling meter, this masterpiece of genius in the bud, if I may so express myself, was not even granted honorable mention. Well, there you are!

It was an appalling shock to my sensitive nature. The divine flame, glowing feebly in my immature bosom, was irreparably smudged.

Well, as time passed and acorns became oak trees and bartenders revenue agents, I too devel-

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oped acumen of a sort. I realized that the great American public was not absorbingly concerned, *ipso facto* or *per se*, with the outpourings of my soul. I say this in no mean or backbiting spirit; it is a simple fact. And when this conviction was forced upon me, I resolutely determined to draw a veil before my palpitating emotions.

On the whole, therefore, I feel that I have indeed got so far not so good. I have still to explain why.

It is rather a delicate matter, to speak of oneself frankly, and I hope none will accuse me of self-glorification, or, on the other hand, too great modesty. Only the conviction that an explanation is due the public could induce me to speak.

Well, the reason is just this. I have been too true to my ideals. The world at large is abysmally ignorant. It ought not to be at large. The masses cannot appreciate genius; they plod slowly along, whereas I—I soar! No, the world will never appreciate me. But I am comforted by the consciousness that neither will I ever appreciate it.

AN APPRECIATION

(In an ill-advised moment, we were so indiscreet as to suggest that certain verse contributed might profit by editorial revision.)

Awake, O lyre, and Muse, unbend;
 Thrice potent inspiration send!
 At last is found the poet's friend,
 The simple, kindly soul
 Who heals at will with magic touch
 Rhymes that are lame and halt, and such
 As tritely limp on verbal crutch—
 Lo, they are now made whole!

The basket that was wont to yawn
 For sprightly odes on dusk and dawn,
 And 'Sonnets to a Woodland Faun',
 No longer takes its toll.
 What meed of praise can reimburse
 The poetaster's genial nurse;
 This rescuer of fallen verse,
 This kindly, simple soul!

LOWBROW REVIEWS OF HIGHBROW BOOKS—I

Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion

By Emile Coué

In this work Dr. Coue expounds with brilliance the theory of auto-suggestive healing. The panacea for all ills is given, expressed in the remarkable simple formula:

"Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." In constant repetition of this phrase, solace may be found by the physically, and more especially, the mentally weak. The publishers frankly admit in their advertisements that all America is now repeating these potent words.

If there be some few exceptions to this unanimity, it is probably on the part of those who, for aesthetic reasons, deplore the monotony of constant and unvaried repetition. They feel, not without a certain measure of justification, that even self-eulogy may become irksome and meaningless if too baldly stated. To overcome this difficulty, it is proposed to devise variations of the formula which will suit the patient's individual needs. A modest lecturer, for instance, would no doubt infinitely prefer an adaptation like the following: "I confess, albeit with reluctance, that each day I surpass, in every respect, my previous achievements in the matter of eloquence and lucidity." Constant repetition of this statement, it is thought, would be no great strain.

Another suggestion which has found favor in certain quarters is that of rhythmic amplification. A student, for example, instead of repeating the bare formula, might with great benefit recite at convenient times some such credo as the following:

"Oh how good I am!
 I'm a smart, clever, hustling go-getter!
 And every day, in every way,
 I'm getting better and better!"

Enthusiastic recitation of this quatrain (or, better still, it might be set to music and sung) cannot fail to have the most happy results.

All in all, Dr. Coue has produced a remarkable book. And if, as advertised, Americans everywhere are repeating his formula, they have a worthy predecessor in Little Jack Horner (or was it Simple Simon?) who

" . . . stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,"
 and repeated over and over "What a good boy am I!"