



The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVII, Number 8 May 1918

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May 1918

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVII



Number 8

"My Marie"

Esther Forbes

The Monastery

Marjorie Kinnan

The Way of Shadows

Bertha Ochsner

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TEN CENTS A COPY

May, 1918

To Our
University friends:

We have enjoyed co-
operating with you dur-
ing the past year.

We wish you God
speed until we meet again.

Democrat Printing Company
Personal Service Printers
Madison, Wisconsin

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVII

Madison, May, 1918

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H. G. WELLS deplores the fact that Americans are all ego—he finds them vulgarly subjective in their thought and manner. At first he is attracted to the American girl, he is swept away by the novelty of her alertness, her personality; but a few moments later he gets himself in hand and turns deliberately from her, back to the intellectually aristocratic English woman. And later he writes down, "Those American women are constantly seeing themselves as personalities; shaping in their minds what sort of a person they *would* be—and, with the adaptability characteristic of their race, succeeding in forming themselves according to their ambition. It is interesting for a time; their self-awareness itself, though usually taking on the garb of unself-consciousness, is magnetic. We reckoned almost in-

stantly to their private resolve, 'he shall notice me, me as a care-free, unconventional, public-minded girl.' But we soon crave the freshness of opinion which we get from the English woman—she gives it to us genuinely—because she thinks it and is interested in it—not because she wants us to realize that she is the kind of girl who *would* think it."

He finds the American woman to be the product of her own ideas and ambitions; he finds the English woman's ideas to be the product of her own nature. When he talks to an English woman he feels confidence in her judgment, for it is a very part of her own growth. He soon wearies of the American's expression of opinion, for he feels that it is an external thing to which she has attached herself deliberately for effect and for the satisfaction she gets from "belonging somewhere." He feels that the imperative of her life is to classify herself into some creed of thought. If she is intellectual she is so because that appears to her to be her most becoming guise; if she is feminist she is so because she sees herself attractive as a feminist (not because she is naturally antagonistic to these institutions of a man-made world); if she is a "womanly-woman" she is so because her reasoning has lead her to the conclusion that embroidering and being submissive will outline her most distinctly in the minds of men. In fact he accuses the American woman of choosing her personality, her creed of thought, deliberately, as she would choose a hat, with the idea of getting the one which will make her most striking.

The American woman preserves no mystery about herself; she reveals all she is to the public. The public talks about her, thinks about her, writes about her—she has no alternative but to join the multitude. . . . The American man insists upon her consciousness of her "mirrored self"; it saves him time. If she will make it her special business in life to impress him with what she

is, he will not have to waste energy and vitality in seeking out her nature for himself. When an American man, having won in the race of livelihood-getting, is ready to marry, he is ready; he does not care to waste the better part of his life in fathoming different women's characters until he discovers the one that will suit him. When he is ready to offer a good price he wants the goods on the counter before him that he may choose rapidly, and then get back to business. The woman who keeps her nature locked up, never wakening to a consciousness of her *self*, is simply passed by in America; men haven't time.

English men are more patient, more curious—they live slower. When they meet a woman who, because she is unconscious of the exact impression she is making, makes no vivid impression, they are interested and willing to take the trouble to discover what she is without the label, "athletic girl," "business woman," or whatever it may be, they accept her, and proceed to find her label. This is where her tragedy lies, and I am surprised that Wells in his great effort to discover the source of woman's to-be-hoped-for freedom, has not thought of it. For, often Englishmen are blind and label their women wrong—expecting them to live up to the label they blundered onto; and often they are strong-willed and determined to label their women—as they please, demanding that they submit.

The American woman, though unwittingly, protects herself by insisting to the public what her personality is—she averts the danger of being taken and trained by a man. The English woman marries, never having defined her personality to her husband; nothing has been settled upon and therefore everything may be expected. This ability of the American girl to impress the world with her *as she would be* in a large measure constitutes her freedom. A man may choose a personality for a woman and then take it away again; but he cannot deny a woman that to which she has dedicated herself, publicly, determinedly.

H. K.

THE second annual subscription campaign of the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE, announced in the preceding issue, has been held, and the results demonstrate that the magazine will continue to live and flourish, regardless of war-time conditions. The campaign was in the hands of enthusiastic women student solicitors, recruited from the several sororities and dormitories. The prizes offered were awarded to the Chi Omega and the Delta Delta Delta sororities, both of whom did excellent work, obtaining between

them over four hundred subscribers. Minor prizes were also awarded for strikingly effective individual work. We desire now to express publicly our appreciation of the effort put forth by all those who participated in the campaign and brought it to such a happy conclusion.

The success of this drive for subscribers for the next academic year proves once again the position the LITERARY MAGAZINE holds in the esteem of the students and faculty of the university. We are shown that our endeavor to make the magazine an artistic expression of the best in student life and thought meets with an ever-heartier response.

During the next year, we feel ourselves open to a pursuit of the same general principles and ideals which have guided us in the past. We anticipate that the magazine will undergo a normal growth and enlargement of interest and value. We call for an even greater activity on the part of the students in the production of stories, poems, and essays, in order that we may present more and more of the best that students are capable of writing.

R. P. C.

The LITERARY MAGAZINE should not be limited in its circulation to the University campus. It should be given a state-wide circulation, in order that the people of the state may have some conception of literary work accomplished by the students of our university. Critics acknowledge that altho the Lit represents the literary efforts of students, it has sufficient literary merit to make interesting reading for readers not primarily interested in student publications. We desire to secure representatives to solicit subscriptions during the summer months, and shall pay a reasonable commission for such work. Anyone wishing to enlist in this service and thus render valuable assistance toward the success of the Lit, as well as make a little more money to invest in War Savings Stamps, may secure the necessary information by communicating with the business manager.

H. S.

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“My Marie”

A N EAST WIND, cold and wet, blew steadily across the low hills and meadows, turning the poplars inside-out until they flashed silver. It whipped across an undulating grain field. It blew the horses' tails between their legs, and it ran amuck thru the narrow streets of the village of God's Mercy. In the village it blew a tile from a roof. The tile struck within a few inches from where Dow MacNamee was standing with his motorcycle.

“Mon Dieu,” he exclaimed. “Comme le diable!” and then grinned. He certainly was learning the language when he could express himself so naturally in it. Again he said, slowly as if trying out his pronunciation, “Comme le diable.” The door of the house—an old, bulging house of white stucco, with its red roof pulled well down over its tiny shining windows—swung open.

“Monsieu was not injured, no?”

“No,” agreed Dow, “Monsieur jumped, but he was not hit. Is it from you that one may buy gasoline?” He pointed to a sign tacked upon her gate.

“It is from me,” the girl assented. “See, I will open the gate. In the old boat-house by the river is the gasoline.” Dow trundled his motor-cycle down a cobbled drive, thru an extravagantly pretty and tidy plot of turf and flower-beds. Under the thick shadow of three lindens, tables and wicker chairs were set, and beyond the lindens, overhanging the brown river, was a line of willows.

“How much gasoline?” said the girl.

“Oh,” suggested Dow, not liking to admit a certain weakness in his knowledge of the metric scale, “fill her up, and we'll see how much she holds.” The girl put on an apron and gloves. He noticed that she was deft about her work. The gasoline gurgled into the tank; suddenly she raised a face of dismay.

“Monsieur, there is no more. You see, so many are afraid that the Germans will cross Belgium. Machines have been going thru here all day, and yesterday. I am so sorry, but you may buy it at a garage on rue Concorde. Dow was not inclined towards leaving. He was studying the face of the young girl. Suddenly he exclaimed,

“You must be named ‘Marie.’”

“But, yes,” she cried laughing, “How did you know?”

“I knew immediately. It was the only right name for you.”

She flushed a little, and drew back, and Dow saw the resemblance even more clearly. In America there was just such a girl, with exactly the same grey friendly

eyes, set too far apart for beauty, and with just such a flashing smile and red-brown hair. This girl had been “his Marie” from whom he had never wavered since prep school days. True, she had wavered from him, but he had been all enduring. She was, and always would be, in his thoughts “My Marie.” Here in Belgium was her double and he laughed in the pleasure of the discovery and took an unconscious step towards her. The girl glanced at his brown young face, at his good eyes, good mouth and blunt nose. She read him rightly, and did not turn back towards the house.

“You see,” he began quickly, “There is a Marie at home just like you. I'd give a lot to see her, and that's why I am so glad to see you.”

“Oh.” She took his explanation naturally. “It is odd that her name is also Marie.”

“Yes, and she is—she is—well, in confidence I will—”

“Monsieur will marry her?”

“He certainly will,” said Dow. They both laughed. The Belgian Marie was a trifle taller, a trifle less pretty than “My Marie.” And one was the daughter of the very rich, the other of a sturdy middle-class. Dow grew confidential.

“I never tell her how much I care for her. She knows all about it. Twice every year I *pretend* to like someone else better. It used to worry her, but now she has caught on. Still between you and me, Mlle. Marie, she likes me best. . . .” He stopped short, wondering why he had so confided in a Belgian girl, who had come out to sell him gasoline, and probably could not understand his college-learned accent. Her next words told him why one should confide in Marie; she said quickly:

“I am sure that it is Monsieur who shall have her. Without doubt, she likes you best.” The last letter from “My-Marie” still burned in his pocket. It had not been a nice letter. He needed encouragement.

“Does she really look so much like me?”

“Here she is.” His hand went to a vest pocket and drew out a bunch of photographs. “Most of them are of her, but that is my mother, and that one was taken on the steamer, coming over. Oh, yes, that's the chap I'm rooming with next year. All the rest are of Marie.” The idea of a double frankly fascinated the girl. “She is much prettier than I,” she said, “but even so, I can see the resemblance.”

“Hum, that picture that you have in your hand flatters her,” Dow admitted with the candor of a lover of long standing who is not afraid to face any defects.

"You are quite as pretty and you stand much better. She has taken up with the *débutant* slouch. It is pretty poor."

"What is it? Ah, her *début*. No, monsieur, she cannot then be pretty poor—not so poor as I. My father is an accountant in Bruges. I live with my uncle, the curé. I keep house for him."

"I'll bet you do it well," said Dow, who found a quality of comfort and homeliness in this girl which the American one lacked. He looked about him. He noted the rabbit hutches, built against the crumbling and mossy brick wall which separated this garden from the next one, and he noted the quaint century-old beauty of the sagging house and the details of the chimney-pots, and the lindens which stood like three sisters with branches interlaced, and he noticed the bright turf beneath them which stretched down to the hairy willows and the river. "You must be very happy here," he murmured and he had a sense of being at home, at last, which his own home in a New York apartment had never aroused. After all, that was his parents' home—not his. This garden, old house, and brown river seemed to belong to him and to Marie.

"And you," she asked, "what is it that you do?"

"Sometime I will be an architect. That's why I'm traveling thru Belgium on my motor-cycle making photographs and drawings of buildings; by the way, I want very much to get some of the details around that door of your house, and the chimney pots. I am not an artist, you understand," he added quickly, as if not wishing to be mistaken for one.

"And you go about all alone?"

Dow laughed.

"That's part of the fun of it. I talk with every one I meet. It has helped my French a lot. But as for these 'details' on your house—can't I make some drawings of them and do a little measuring? That is, if you would trust me not to step on the plants or scare the rabbits."

"I am sure that you can, but first we will go into the house and ask the curate—he too, loves houses and guild halls and churches. He has studied them all his life."

Dow found the curé a fine old man with considerable interest in ecclesiastical architecture. Then the conversation swerved violently. The curé was saying,

"What will America say if Germany invades Belgium—what will she do?" and he noticed that the thin hands on the stem of his wine glass twitched convulsively. A sudden sense of danger imminent and terrible struck to the young man's heart.

"I do not know," he said, "but you think—"

"Ah," said the curé, "I will not abandon my faith in my fellow human beings."

"If they should pass thru," said Dow,—his voice had fallen to match the curé's low tones—"if they should, there will be nothing to fear. These German troops are so well disciplined, and the German nature, altho brusque, is so gentle, there can be no 'atrocities' such as in the Balkan war. You and your niece will be respected." The girl was standing near his chair. He put out a brown hand and touched her arm. "You, Mlle., you are not afraid?"

"No, no," she smiled.

"And I," said the curé, "after many years have learned that at heart all men are good . . ."

This was not Dow's philosophy, but something in him responded to the faith in the old man's words. He glowed as if the light country wine was strong and heady.

"I cannot be afraid," said the curé, "of my fellow human beings,—ah, monsieur, I suppose one would call me an old man. Have I not lived life almost thru? Shall my last lesson be that all which I have learned is false? And yet men go to war . . . men fight. Holy Mother of God! How can men fight *here*? There is no room for a battle. We are a country of little villages. Tho Germany will march to the border, and she will make demands, bah! nothing shall come of it. She must have her military parade. Her army is her pride, her teeth—she will lay them bare, like a dog, snarl, and go back to her kennel. You will have more wine? No? Marie, he will have a cake." Dow took a cake merely for the pleasure of being waited on by anything so glorious, so womanly as the young girl now seemed to him. He watched her as she lighted the candles and closed the wooden shutters. The curate noticed how his eyes followed her subtle movements. He said,

"Ah, but you are so much younger than you realize!" Dow laughed quickly, the vertical veins springing out on his forehead as they had a trick of doing.

"Why do you say that?"

"Life," answered the curé, enigmatically, "is very complicated. There is so much to learn, and then when you are old you may see that all your knowledge is false. But I talk like an old man! Here are the lights. I will show you my photographs of church interiors. It has taken me almost a life time to get this collection. Marie, fetch me my pictures—you know—in the box under my bed."

For three days Dow stayed in the Village of God's Mercy. He found much to measure and draw, making neat pencil sketches on stiff cards. On the back of each card he wrote what he knew about the building, its age, its size, its materials. One afternoon he worked with the curé's collection. The old man—so much more like an etching than like flesh and blood—nodded

by the window. The girl sat across the table from him vigorously knitting. When she knit she put on a pair of great spectacles, which gave her fresh, young face a look of sudden responsibility, as if the eighteen-year-old girl had become a grandmother and acquainted with all human grief and weakness.

He wrote a letter to "My-Marie" all about her lovely double. It was never mailed. The letter was still in his pocket when the blow fell. Of these three Dow had least dreaded a possible invasion from Germany. The old curé had a vague fear of the worst—he feared that in his old age his carefully nurtured belief in man's goodness would be destroyed. This fear seemed more than any personal violence. Marie never admitted anxiety, but Dow knew that she dreaded the possible coming of the Germans. She explained that she hated Germans. Dow did not expect invasion, but if there was to be one he was secretly glad that he might have a chance to see it. It would be a great sight to see the vast lines of German forces marching thru the Village of God's Mercy. In his imagination he never pictured them as stopping—it was to be a gigantic parade always passing thru. At heart he was a bit sorry that it would be such a modern, unheroic affair. It would be pleasant to be Marie's protector. It was pleasant to imagine her clinging to him. . . . to his left arm, in his right an automatic; or himself and Marie in hiding, bidding her to lie close in the hay, while he raised himself to reconnoiter. Then on the fourth day the Germans came, and contrary to all of Dow's expectations they stopped. They stayed for three days, and when they left, the Village of God's Mercy, which had stood upon its escarpment by the river since the days of the Frankish Kingdom had ceased to be. There remained but a blackened ruin, with red fires still smouldering in cellars, and smoke rising as from a sacrifice. Where many people had lived in security and comfort there was no life left. This thing Dow saw.

At first it was quite as he had imagined it—thousands of dusty men, sweating under their packs, marching thru the village. All railroad communication had ceased. The men came afoot and with horses, as armies had come many times thru those crooked streets. They came quietly and somberly. They did not more than glance at the wondering and hypnotised villagers on the curbs and in the windows. Dow thought they were dead-tired, and admired their patience, their perfect order and discipline.

"Of course," he said to Marie, beside him in the shadow of her gate-way, "they are wrong to be here, but they march,—golly! how they can march! and they are endless."

"Don't, don't," cried Marie, "let us not look at

them; they are so terrible, inhuman, oh they are ghastly, ghastly." He found that she was crying. In the shadow of the gate he put his arms around her, but his eyes did not move from the vast grey marching spectacle upon the street.

That night he awoke at midnight to find a part of the town in flames, and the streets filled with a disorderly mob, drunkards mostly. He heard screaming and shots. He went to Marie. On the way he learned from a sergeant that the commanding officer had discovered a conspiracy among the townspeople to resist the invasion, and therefore—the man made an airy gesture. Dow left him. In front of the post-office he saw the execution of five. They were put with their backs to the grey building. Over their heads was a window box of pink geraniums. Dow noticed, that unlike accounts which he had read of such executions, the men were not blind-folded. For the moment he seemed more surprised by this breach of etiquette than by the tragedy itself. But just as the men fell, and the din and smoke rolled about him, he became sickeningly aware of what he had seen. His face grew hard, and the muscles strained in his neck and jaw. Slowly the vertical veins appeared in his forehead. Apparently with the indifference of a sportsman to a dead hare, he walked towards the bloody heap upon the pavement, and carefully looked at each crumpled and sprawling body. There was not a quiver, or a shifting of the gaze to suggest any reaction in the young man from the hideous sight. He turned away from the post-office square and ran rapidly to the house by the river.

"What is it, oh, what is happening?" cried Marie when he found her on the pavement before her house. "Monsieur, monsieur, do we dream? Have you seen my uncle? He has gone to talk to their officers. They could not hurt him. He is so good—anyone could see how good. And then his cassock will save him."

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly During the Academic Year.
Annual Subscription, One Dollar. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Madison, Wis. Publication Office, Room 82, North Hall.

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"Nothing will save anyone to-night—not even being a woman. You must go into the house, Marie."

"But no. I was in the house. A soldier came and told me that it must be empty. I was to stand here." Quite suddenly from the dark, a lieutenant appeared, with a group of subordinates. Dow addressed him.

"Is it necessary that we remain in the street?" The men swore at him.

"You are speaking to an officer—salute!" Dow had lifted his cap. He thought he had done enough, nevertheless he obeyed.

"Who is behind you?" the lieutenant swayed as he spoke.

"My sister," said Dow, "and an American like myself."

"Ah, he is an American is he? Yes dat I may believe, but your sister,—come here."

"Don't move," Dow whispered to her.

"Come here—bah! she is not your sister but mine, mine." He caught her by the wrist.

"You blackguard," said Dow and struck his grip loose. The officer reeled.

"Go, quickly, Marie," Dow whispered. "To the boat-house—quick!" The lieutenant was storming,

"For dis you are under arrest—striking an officer! And you—salute you, when I speak to you, ach, mein Gott, where is die lady?" He looked about with so foolish and vacant an expression as to move his men to uproarious laughter.

"Es machts nicht, we soon shall search the house, the garden. Eh, you beast, salute!"

"I've saluted enough," said Dow. "Take that instead." He swung his fist up against the lieutenant's jaw. Blood leaped from his nose and mouth, mixing with the mud of the gutter where he rolled in the dark street. At the same time the butt of a gun crashed down on Dow's head, and a bayonet, missing a vital part, gashed his thigh. Then as he lay in the gutter the men kicked him and struck at him; and passed on with their injured officer. Dow lay half between consciousness and unconsciousness. He knew he was bleeding badly, but was indifferent. Sometimes he was in complete coma. Once he was aware that more men with guns and great boots and lights had stopped to look at him. They poked him with their bayonets and passed on. Next came hands, hands that lifted him up, but were powerless really to carry his weight. Little by little he was dragged from the dangers of the street to security.

"Marie?"

"Yes, yes. It is I."

"What ever is happening—silly—this is—Damned silly." And then suddenly, "Good Lord, you didn't carry me? Did you?"

"I couldn't leave you out there. I saw them, thru the gate . . . they struck you with their bayonets." Dow did not thank her; he remembered that afterwards; instead he murmured.

"You might just as well pull me a little further into the river. I'm painting your garden pretty red." She had already found the worst wound in his thigh but was powerless to stop the black flow of blood. Her cool hands on the flesh came like a blessing. He felt himself slipping off into unconsciousness with an assurance of peace. Suddenly he started up. He had had a dream or vision which had terrified him. It was of Marie not of himself, and in his dream he was not sure whether it was the Belgian girl or the American.

"Marie, Marie," he cried out.

"Monsieur."

"Oh, thank God you are here. Marie, do not go out on the street again. Do you hear me? Do not go back to the house. Stay here."

"Monsieur, but I must go."

"You cannot. To go out on the street again . . . Listen!" Thru the hubbub of noise came a woman's scream—never to be forgotten. He felt Marie tremble like a frightened animal. "You are safe here, comparatively safe. Do not move."

"But monsieur—" she was getting on her feet, "I must go. . . ."

"You cannot."

"Monsieur, I must get a doctor, or you will bleed to death."

"Get a doctor! One doesn't go running around for doctors on a night like this. We are now in a different century than the one we were born in, we are . . ." he found that his brain was fogged over. It would not shape the words.

"I must." She was breathing hard. "Ah, Monsieur, your blood—your blood has come as far as here. My shoes are wet with it. I cannot stop it. There must be a doctor. If I but cross the road I can reach a telephone. There must be *someone* left."

"Absolutely, I insist. You are not to go. I do not feel like dying, I am only sleepy. If I do die, if I should happen to . . ." his voice trailed wearily, "it will be all right, it will not matter." He settled himself as for sleep. "Do you hear me," he murmured, "say something. Are you still there?"

"Yes, I am here, and I listen." He sighed.

"There, sit beside me. This is very nice of you. By morning I'll be well. Hit on the head you know." He was conscious of no sharp pain, more a numbness, a heavy aching which included every inch of his body. He wondered that this weak and wretched thing could be himself. And his head was hot and heavy—incredibly full, pressed full, like a motor-cycle tire. It

seemed to grow fuller and fuller. He cried out, "Don't pump any more air in. It's full already." Then he laughed. He had mistaken his head for a tire. He would tell My-Marie. This would make her laugh. Where was she? She had been beside him the minute before. He remembered that she had said his blood was up to her shoe-tops, that it was running in a stream down to the river. He could see her standing in the dark puddle, with her skirts held up, screaming and laughing. Just so had he seen My-Marie jump and laugh, when she had gone wading in a city park—with her shoes on. That was three years ago. "Don't, dear," said Dow, "Why, you little beast, you'll track up everything with all that red on your shoes."

Could it be that he was being carried again? No, he was floating. He felt as if wrapped in long grey clouds, stringy clouds, not such as one finds in the sky. Clouds, he told himself, which are made by machine, and are sold by the yard. He could hear the machine, hum and churn. But his floating was interrupted. Someone had stopped him, and was unwinding the clouds. Then a very definite arm lifted him up, something fiery hot was forced between his lips.

"Trinke dieses!" a voice commanded. "Ah!" thought Dow, "I'm in a hospital." He was conscious of a blinding light. The liquor scotched thru his body. The heart leaped in answer. The warmth burned to his finger-tips. Then he aroused himself and looked about, and found that he was still in the black garden by the river, but someone had raised him on to a bench. There was an electric lantern of great power, held by a young soldier, and bending over him was a grey-bearded man with serious brown eyes and high forehead. Both men wore the red cross upon their arms.

"So," said the older man, letting Dow's head sink back upon the bench. He proceeded in laborious English, "The wound is not severe. It is unfortunate. An accident. It is not the purpose of my government to hurt the Americans. You have lost much blood, but you are to recover." Dow saw that in his hand were blood soaked papers taken from his pockets which proved his identity beyond question. "These papers," continued the doctor, "must be shown my government. Copies will be made. Then they will be returned to you."

"Where's Marie?" Dow questioned abruptly.

"Who?"

"Marie."

"Ah, das fräulein." The doctor was kneeling on the ground packing his kit. The orderly held the lantern so that it flashed on the shining instruments. Dow tried to sit up.

"In God's name," he said, "tell me what has become of her."

"Ah." In German the doctor directed the orderly to change the angle of the lantern—it was blinding him, he said. Dow was powerless. An immeasurable distance seemed to separate him from the stolid back of the doctor.

"Tell me," he insisted, "even the very worst."

"Truthfully," said the man, turning so that his bearded profile stood in silhouette against the radiance beyond as on a poster. "Truthfully, I do not know. (Kurt, mache schnell mit dem Buckel. Ya, Verstehen Sie?) You understand," he continued heavily, "that this is—war. The people of this town were so unwise as a plot to make. Therefore are they punished. Our men have suffered terrible strain. It is well that they drink the wine. For many it was relax or break, break," he tapped his amazing forehead, "here," he explained. "Sometimes it is well for men to drink—to be drunk. Altho, we are not a race of drunkards, such as the English."

"But Marie."

"All I can say is I do not know." He turned to his patient. "I am sorry," he said simply, "you and I can guess." Dow was on his feet, the veins knotted on his forehead, his fists clenched. If a dead man had risen up the doctor would have been no more surprised. "It is about time," said Dow, "I want to find out what you devils are doing." Then he collapsed upon the turf. Without a comment the doctor straightened his limp body, covered him again with the blanket, again took his pulse, then stood a moment in thought. The lantern-light was reflected on his dazzling white forehead, and on the face of his wrist watch as he glanced at it. It was twenty minutes past two.

"We shall come in the morning, Kurt. For to-night it is enough."

The uproar thru the town had begun to die down. The fires to the north and east still burned orange, but were not spreading; not until the next night was the destruction of the Village of God's Mercy completed. The sickly smoke, so unlike the clean, pungent smell of burning brush, was laden with human desolation. It smelled of plaster, of mattresses, of paint, of clothing, of upholstering. As the wind rolled it thru the river valley Dow moaned and tossed his arms. Minute by minute the town grew quieter. There was a hush, a moment of wonder just before a new day should dawn. Far off across the river a cock crew, then another nearer by. The birds in the willows and current bushes woke up and first found voice in drowsy conversation. Dawn came, a thing of no great beauty. The world was blankly limpid; the sky clear grey; the trees evenly lighted and shadowless. Shadowless! A world quite without shadow or passion, where all things seemed flat and unreal. The birds left off their chattering and sung out boldly. Then stopped—dis-

pleased by the smell of smoke. Sunrise itself was still an hour away. To this hushed and shadowless garden Marie came back. And Dow, restless and tossing, looked up thru his bad dreams and sick mists, and saw her standing by him—much taller than he had remembered her, and white as a shell. Her head moved from side to side, her dry eyes were meaningless as a blind child's.

"Marie," he whispered. She smiled—a wonderful smile on a face so white and drawn. Curiously her eyes went about the garden, examining everything as if for the first time. Then she sighed and turned from him. He was so weak he could not raise himself higher than his elbow, could hardly call her name, twice, three times, as he watched her push thru the willows and heard the soft plashing of the water as she waded out into its cool, brown depths.

The grey-bearded doctor, coming in the morning, was amazed to find his patient in delirium, and for the moment feared for his life.

Dow took kindly to living. Once in the white ward of a Hamburg hospital, his natural vitality asserted itself. There were hours and hours in which there was nothing to do but think. He longed for My-Marie, to her and to her alone could he tell the story of that night.

* * * * *

When he finally returned home My-Marie was still at the shore. He had known the big, sprawling house on the rocky point for many years. At one time or another he had slept in all of the many guest rooms. He knew where the strawberry beds were and the best place to sit on the rocks and watch the tides crawl in and out and the crabs follow them. He knew which winds brought foul weather to "Yellow Sands," and which fair sailing, but best of all he thought that he knew Marie.

As the train drew into the station he found that he was dreading to see her wide eyes, her chestnut hair, her lovely mouth, all of which would remind him so keenly of the other Marie, but the shock was not so much as he had expected. Yes, certainly, My-Marie was the prettier of the two. She immediately began telling him of a dance she had planned in honor of his return.

"Everybody will be there," she promised, "even that funny little Squires girl you used to like to play tennis with—she has to wear glasses all the time now. Did you see her picture in 'Vanity Fair'? It flatters her horribly. And then . . ."

"And then . . ." Dow found that he had ceased to listen. Suddenly he interrupted.

"But Marie, I can't dance. You know I picked up

a game leg in Belgium. I'm sorry. Besides I've been all summer without dancing and am all out of it."

"Nonsense, I'll teach you the new steps. You'll learn fast enough. What did you think of the war? Was it fun?"

"No," he said soberly, "It was not fun. It was well,—war."

After dinner the two left the dancing and went down to a bench under the jack-pines. Sixty feet below were the yellow sands and the lapping sea. And altho it was past sunset the gulls were still wheeling and crying. The two sat and watched them for a moment in embarrassed silence. Dow realized with masculine candor that she was waiting for him to draw nearer to her and say again that he was glad to be back, this time with his arms around her. He moved from her slightly and began to hit at his shoes with a stick.

"Marie," he said, "I've something to tell you."

"Yes? Tell away."

"As soon as this leg gets fit, and I can pass the physical exams I'm going back to Europe to join the Allies."

"Pooh, they don't need you. That's silly."

"Whether they need me or not I've got to go. I never really had a 'conviction' before."

"You should talk with Papa. He'd tell you how absurd you are. It isn't our fight."

"Marie! It is our fight, and most of all it is mine."

"Just because they stuck a silly old bayonet into you. You wrote that it did not hurt so very much. Why Dow, think of your future, and Dow you might get killed, or *maimed*. Only think of being blind!"

"That will be all right," said Dow grimly. "It makes no difference."

"You ought to be neutral. You know the papers . . ."

"Never mind the papers, Marie. I know what I've got ahead of me. I've got to do it, even if it's ugly and dirty work, and it isn't so very pretty, this war. Why, Marie, I don't especially want to go, but that has nothing to do with it. I must go."

"Dow," said Marie, "you've changed a lot. You are so much more serious, and your mouth has grown ugly."

"Of course," he fretted. "Dear, the Dow whom you knew, died in Belgium. The question is, will you like the new one?"

She pouted, "I don't know. It was your light-heartedness which I always liked so much. Don't take this war so seriously. It's silly. Why, at first when the Germans blew up the convent where I went to school for a whole year, and then sank the 'Rubonia'—I had crossed on her four times, you know, and the papers began those horrid atrocity stories—oh I was

awfully depressed. But I got right over it. What happened to you over there?"

Dow told her. He told with the simplicity of his own architectural drawings. He told of the Belgian Marie's beautiful smile, and sunny eyes. He told of the curé and his thin, twitching fingers, of the night of darkness and murder and outrage, of the drunken lieutenant, of his own loss of blood, and of the return of Marie, no longer as a living woman but like a ghost coming back to haunt the garden and him, and he told bluntly of what she had been thru. When he had ended his chin was in his hands, his eyes on the horizon. Marie moved restlessly, he turned to her, and saw that in some way his story had shocked and offended her. She was on her feet, murmuring something about "disgusting." Dow could not believe that she would really resent the frankness of his story. He studied her with his fine, serious eyes.

"Of course," he said, "I would not tell everyone what I have just told to you."

"Oh yes," said Marie. "To another man—that would be different."

"You're wrong, Marie. There's not a man in the world I could tell this to, not even to old Dave, or Stubby, or Mac. But I had to tell you. I thought you would understand and love this Marie who looked so much like you."

"I think that you loved her yourself." So this was

the trouble—jealousy! His eyes grew rich with expression, and distrust. The mouth which she had complained had grown ugly, curled, then set grimly.

"Anyway I've given you my reason for going back to Europe. You see, it is my war, and I can't be neutral and feel I am a man. There was a moment's silence. The dance music faint in the distance died away and the breathing and sobbing of the sea became audible.

"Marie—I may never be happy again. I don't know, and very likely the war will kill me. I don't know that either, but I've got to see this thing thru." Marie was on her feet.

"Oh, I know that you'll do what you want. You always were pretty stubborn. No, don't come with me. I want to go in alone—you stay here."

He took her at her word and did not follow her. Instead he remained for the long, changing hour after sunset brooding over the dim sea, questioning the future. To the work ahead—the bloody, the terrible work he consecrated himself, and squared his shoulders to receive it. But the past, that dark night by the river, the other Marie, the five dead men by the post office, the sick reek of smoke, the eyes of Marie, the radiant smile,—all that went up to make that dark night—these things he would never forget. No; that black night he would neither forget nor forgive.

ESTHER FORBES.

The Monastery

Over the wall is—home. The window of my cell
 Stares at my truancy as if to ask,
 'Why should a mission to the town mean this—
 A day-long absence in the woods and hills?'
 It seems so strange, the monastery there,
 So questioning, so alien; but I see
 The duties filling up the sunset hour,
 Picture the others passing to and fro.
 There are long balconies above the court,
 With lattice-work that checkers out the sun;
 And dark-cowled forms behind stalk up and down,
 Telling their *Pater Nosters* on the beads.
 The court, a still oasis buried deep
 Within the monastery's breast, is green
 With slender blades of grass and myrtle leaves,
 Where spring has wantoned in and left a kiss.
 Shadows are gathering about the shrines,
 The tapers down the halls will soon be lit,
 When Father André makes his shuffling round,
 Dressing the saints and altars for the night.
 I know that silence fills the corridors,
 Save when a windy sigh goes rustling through,
 A door swings wide, and in the distance hums
 A resonant chant—then the door's shut again,
 Leaving an echo and a memory.

Here in the grove outside the wall I lie,
 Where the last ribbon'd sunlight filters in
 Between the saplings; shadows here are bold
 And purple, warm as the damp earth under me.
 Silence is here, as there; but breathing deep,
 Pregnant, alive—not ominous and chill.
 I had not meant to loiter here so long—
 This means a penance and a fast for me,
 Who should be now before the crucifix.
 Something like hands has kept me here tonight,
 Something in tree and bird and wind and sky,
 That would not let me go away again.
 I must go back—must throw aside this flower
 Tight-crushed within my fingers; when it's gone
 I'll be myself again; and can go back.

Arbutus—it was waiting here for me—
 It was not odor—it was suffering
 Borne on the breath of April to my soul,
 Out of a past long-buried and forgot.
 The earthly incense, passion-sweet, rose up,
 And passion-painful curled about my heart,
 Bringing remembrance of warm years of Spring,
 Filled with arbutus, filled with wind—with life.
 And then I digged it, underneath the mould
 Laid bare the fragrance of its small pink face,
 And held it to me, drinking in the pain.
 I could not get enough, it seemed; must strain
 To breathe the utmost of the agony in—
 Such, I remember now, were love—and death—
 And all the aching mortal things I knew
 So long ago.

Ah, it was sweet to taste
 That mad and stabbing passion once again,
 That wrestling of the flesh and soul to touch
 The infinity of beauty crowned with stars!
 To find eternity through hungry sense,
 That needed God to be quite satisfied!
 I felt it all again; the throbbing surge
 That used to stir me like an organ-peal
 Thrilling into the cloister; life aflame,
 Calling me, world to man, and God to man—
 Daring to fight, despite the suffering!
 Arbutus—poignant—crushed between my palms—
 Burning my heart out with the love of life—

I must go back—the vesper bell has rung—
 Twilight is filling up the grove; the stars
 Are showing past the monastery dome
 Like an old painting. Father André's there,
 Holding the lamp above the gate. I'll go,
 And take my chastisement as is my due—
 I'll leave the arbutus here—I have been mad—

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

The Way of Shadows

Persons of the Play.

The Count de Guise—the master.
Pendeaux—an old family servant.
La Mika—the dancer.
Mariana—her nurse.

The Scene:

Paris. The town-house of the Count de Guise. As the curtain rises vagrant flashes of yellow light from a great stone fireplace play over the high walls of a luxurious apartment. Above the arched door-way a dingy tapestry is hung, wherein pale wide-eyed ladies from the Court of Charlemagne must gaze forever on the virtues of their square-faced suitors. In the far corner a somewhat tarnished coat of mail catches the fitful glint of firelight and above it hangs the gleaming escutcheon of the House of Guise. Just now Pendeaux, the old servant, is down on his fat knees blustering effectively at the fire, and brushing up the wide hearth stones. Very quietly the center door-way swings open and a tall lithe figure enters the half dark room. It is the Count de Guise. The lines in his face are those of high-strung nerves and sensitive temperament. His hair is tinged with gray, but the light in his dark eyes is that of eternal youth.

Count de Guise—"Well, my good Pendeaux, is everything in readiness?"

Pendeaux, rising with considerable haste and difficulty—"Yes, M. le Comte, but there has been no fire in this grate for almost fifteen years now—and so—poof—my eyes and ears are swimming in smoke."

Count de Guise, half to himself—"Ah yes—you are right, old friend—almost fifteen years—think—fifteen years—time enough for any sensible man to forget anything—and yet tonight, in fifteen flashes swift as lightning—of well—hah!—light the tapers, Pendeaux, all of them. The room is so ghostly!"

Pendeaux, lighting the many wax tapers in their polished holders—"Would it be presuming, M. le Comte, to—well in short to ask who is to have the honor of occupying this apartment?"

Count de Guise—"It is to be a child, Pendeaux, a very particular little lady—she is called La Mika, I believe."

Pendeaux, all but letting a brass candelabra crash to the floor—"Not La Mika, the dancer?" And then

as the Count nods assent, "Oh Grand Dieu! what joy to have her under this roof—that play-child of all the world—you know, we servants saw her from the gallery of the "Royal" last night. Ah—she is like the light of stars and sun and heaven, the very flavor of dew and honey and—"

Count de Guise—"Whoa—la—whoa—and artichokes Pendeaux, you forget your beloved artichokes. I am really surprised."

Pendeaux, recovering from his ecstasy—"But no, M. le Comte, while this child dances, even I do not dream of artichokes."

Count de Guise—"Eh bien, neither do I, but to-night old fellow, I dreamed of many things—and always one face. It was the music of Ravel, his "Jeux d'Eau" and when this little dark haired girl, this child of the beautiful, this spirit from another world than ours, when she at last, in a glistening maze of thousand-colored scarfs whirled every pulse from the pit to the gallery into one great ecstasy—then—then—I saw faces—hundreds of them but all fused into one. Bah, Pendeaux, I'm a fool."

Pendeaux, respectfully—"Yes, M. le Comte." There is a momentary silence. The Count lights a cigarette.

Count de Guise—"Well then, my old fellow, see that La Mika is provided with everything she may desire, and she is to remain as long as she wishes. As for myself, I must hurry on if I intend to catch the mid-night express for Bordeaux."

Pendeaux, in great astonishment—"You, M. le Comte, leaving for Bordeaux, and not even remaining to welcome Mademoiselle?"

Count de Guise, from the door-way—"No—no I think not. That is all." And he goes out quietly, leaving Pendeaux mystified, to shake his stupid old head in the fire-light.

Pendeaux—"Ah well, we common folk are not artistic souls, but it takes more to make us lose our minds."

The old man resumes his poking and blowing about the fire, as a slight commotion is heard in the long, resounding outside. The door is opened by a fellow servant, and La Mika enters followed by Mariana, her old nurse of many years and pounds, loaded down under a profusion of garlands and bouquets and puff-

ing like an old dray horse. The man-servant now addresses La Miķa in almost reverential tones,

"These are your apartments, Mademoiselle, I trust there is nothing lacking. Your supper will be up directly."

La Miķa seems scarcely to hear him. Her blue eyes are wide and grave as she gazes about the chamber in naive wonderment. The child is exquisite with a delicate transparent kind of pallor that so frequently accompanies vivid crimson lips. Her hair is dark and smooth, quite short and hangs in clustered curls about her neck. She is unbelievably fragile, like a scudding cloud, like the play of magic waters, like a wraith in the night, her moods are things of the moment. They come, they flutter for an instant and are gone. Her charm is the fascination of desert sands that shift with the wind, and are never the same.

Meanwhile Mariana, having shed her burdens, is pawing about the room like a strange cat.

Mariana—"Well, little Miķa, I should say that fortune had blown a lucky wind into our sails. Think—the great Compté de Guise offering you the hospitality of his town-house for the season. Par bleu! La Miķa must have danced well tonight. Why so silent, petite?"

The child does not answer. She seems fascinated by the gleaming coat of mail.

Mariana—Paff—these floors are so slippery, I shall be breaking my stiff old neck before long." (Then suddenly the old woman sees the liveried figure of Pendeaux standing obedient and unobtrusive in the shadows. She cries out in a breathy scream)—"Ah, Jesus,—oh—oh—Santa Marie, its only another of those brass-buttoned monkeys. Get out of here you worthless—you—"

La Miķa, interrupts, laughing softly—"Be still, you foolish old magpie." (And then to Pendeaux)—"Don't mind her I beg of you. I like brass buttons, and you didn't frighten me in the least, for I saw you standing there all the time. Moreover, you really don't look much like a monkey at all."

Pendeaux, radiantly—"Thank you, Mademoiselle, is there any further service you desire?"

Miķe—"No—ah yes—wait—there is something. Please hurry the supper. You see, Mariana is so terribly hungry."

Pendeaux goes out chuckling.

La Miķa throws off the long cape of black velvet and in the startling white of her ballet gown, she stands strangely contrasted to the dingy walls and ancient coat-of-arms.

Mariana—"Come here, petite, by the fire. That gown is very thin and you are very pale."

Miķa—"I am tired, Ana. Everything has been so strange tonight."

Mariana—"Perhaps the theatre was warmer than usual—and then too the stupid, crowding people with their barbarous cheers and bravos."

Miķa—"No—it wasn't that. I hardly saw the people tonight."

Mariana—"Na—na, na, little one. Come sit here by the fire in Ana's lap. You're still such a baby."

Miķa—"And what will you tell me—something nice? Not about good children who always do the right thing."

Mariana—"Na—no good children tonight. What shall it be?"

Miķa, resting her dark curls on the old woman's ample shoulder—"Tell me this: was my mother much like me?"

Mariana—"Ah yes, petite, and yet—no. Her hair was pale as early sunlight—"

Miķa, eagerly—"But her eyes—they were like mine?"

Mariana—"Yes."

Miķa—"She too danced—did she not? And her face was the color of the sea shells on the white sands at Guardon."

Mariana—"Yes—yes."

Miķa, in a sudden ecstasy—"Then it was her face I saw tonight—"

Mariana—"Hush, petite, you are feverish."

Miķa—"No, Ana, it is true. All evening, in the dressing-room and waiting behind the wings I felt so strange and groping, as tho something must happen soon. You remember—I called for my smelling salts."

Mariana—"Yes, yes—hush now."

Miķa, springing lightly to her feet—"Then the orchestra began my beloved Jeux d'Eau. I ran out into the lights. They were brighter than ever before and everything about me swirled into a thousand colors. I felt the rippling, sparkling, jewelled waters play over my fingers, and thru my hair, and then I saw faces smiling, myriads of them, and blue eyes laughing—but all were hers."

The girl has run across the dark chamber, and parting the heavy window draperies, stands looking out into the night, where a white caress of snow is lying over the streets of Paris. There is a knock at the door, and Mariana waddles over to answer it. Meanwhile, La Miķa, startled, gazes wide-eyed as tho she awaited the coming of some strange presence.

Mariana, spluttering irritably at the intruding servant who arrives at length, in charge of a well-laden tray—"There now leave it to me. To be sure I can manage the thing myself. A parcel of curious-eyed servants are none too restful for Mademoiselle when she is tired." And by a well-placed kick, the door is slammed shut with a meaning bang. The old woman after carefully setting the heavy tray on a low table near the fire, hastens to the side of La Miķa, where she stands, now listless and dreaming by the window.

Mariana—"For every malady there is a cure and here is yours, petite, voila—a nice little supper."

Miķa—"I wish nothing."

Mariana—"Bah—now you are playing with me."

Miķa—"No—it is true—I cannot eat a bite."

Mariana, in coaxing tones—"Come—just one swallow for Mariana. What would M. le Directeur think of me for letting his star of the season fade away into nothing more than a whistle?"

La Miķa, smiling a little wanly follows her old nurse to the fireplace, brightening in spite of herself at the prospect of such dainty food. Mariana is setting the tray before her mistress when she attempts to stifle an involuntary gasp of surprise, but her emotion is ill concealed.

Miķa, startled—"What is it Ana?"

Mariana, attempting to compose herself—"Grand Dieu,—nothing at all. But you are right, petite, this has been a strange night indeed. Anchovies on toast, and a bowl of blue violets on the tray."

Miķa, bursting into a ripple of laughter—"Well what of that, you stupid old dear? I could die happy eating nothing but anchovies. As for violets—you know I love them most of all."

Mariana, slowly—"Yes—yes, petite Miķa—your mother—she was that way too."

Curtain

BERTHA OCHSNER.

A Maid of Caesar

BEND down, Caesar, kiss me—there. Ah, it were better not done! Your kisses now are cold, and not from hate, I think; nay, apathy—worse than fiery hate—indifference. Great love breeds in its essence moments of splendid hate. And now no hope is mine, no hate is sign of hidden love: only a dull pretence is in your eyes, your lips, your hands: limp, yet starting ever with feigned warmth and pressure. You would be kind; ah, my heart leaps to your soft touch, beats sympathy for Caesar, love for Caesar; death-love, feeble, aching; love that would flame in wildness but for this weak, miserable body. You give me these few moments from your daily cares. Ah, time has been when moments stretched to hours; hours seemed but moments.

Bend closer, I will tell you of this love, your triumph of my soul—your final and supreme indifference. A girl, you brought me from Thessalian shores—but all this you know. How I made show of wit, defiant, keen; and laughing, you would have me for your own: not common slave, but mistress—mistress, too, of villa, slaves, and many bounties from kind Caesar's hand. My laughing mouth, my curling midnight hair of boyish length, my eyes too great and deep and black for aught save dancing shadow of reflection, my sweet slim figure, all spoke to Caesar, conquest: conquest of a milder sort, pleasant, making woman from wild southern elf, creating soul of gold and radiant mind—a creature near perfection made by God's laws and man's device—for Caesar!

Your mind seemed to be concerned only with far distant matters. Ah, yes, you reassure me—but—well—I've said it all. You conquered. I bowed to none on earth but Caesar. He made my will a thing apart, then seized upon it, greedy, for himself. He made me feel the earth through God-like love, now man, his sympathies, swift intuitions, very heart reactions. But, then this Caesar feared my keen-edged penetration, frowned. And so I cowered, but still knew all things, soft lights of flowers, wafting music, deep thunder-song of sea and mountain, passion of moon and stars and sunsets; all things created by almighty love, and mad desire to give you my full soul. Then when I'd seen all things, and glowed superb with three-fold beauty, when tender sympathy wrapped me with this sweet earth, and when withal I still beheld thee calm, mighty, and a god unfathomable; then was great Caesar's conquest well attained. Then did he revel many days and nights in wonder of his art and God's. But what is conquest once attained to Caesar! Slight thing when energy relaxes, effort's goal achieved. I would not—.

Ah, my eyes close, my beating pulses forsake these feeble veins. I am forever yours, Caesar—yours, feel that I am once more—no, no, your lips are cold—your eyes speak pity; gentle, cursed pity—great Caesar, god of men, this soul which you have made slips from you—Caesar—again—kiss me—ah, now—comes death—.

ANONYMOUS.

He Laughs the Best

(From a Danish Folksong)



Roselil and her mother they sat o'er the board,
 They bantered so many a frolicsome word:
 Ha, Ha, Ha;
 So, so—so, so, so.
 They bantered so many a frolicsome word.

"In the garden each tree shall bear flowers of gold
 E'er I pledge my troth to Sir Peter the Bold."
 So, so—so, so, so.
 Ha, ha, ha;
 E'er I pledge my troth to Sir Peter the Bold."

Sir Peter, the rogue, overheard what had passed:
 "He laughs the best who laughs the last."
 Ha, ha, ha;
 So, so—so, so, so.
 "He laughs the best who laughs the last."

And when they had come in the garden, why see,
 They found a gold-ring upon every tree.
 So, so—so, so, so.
 Ha, ha, ha;
 They found a gold ring upon every tree.

Sir Peter his arm now about her has passed —
 "He laughs the best who laughs the last."
 Ha, ha, ha;
 So, so—so, so, so.
 "He laughs the best who laughs the last."

HARDY STEEHOLM.

FRIEND OF MINE

Do you remember, dream-days' friend,
 The changing scenes at every bend
 And turn of dusty paths and lanes:
 The sun-lit trees, the noon-day rains,
 The new-mown hay; the lazy drone
 Of honey-hunting, gold-flecked bees,
 Exalting work as we lay prone
 Outstretched beneath some great oak tree?
 The satisfying smell of dust
 Inhaled with every gentle gust
 Of winds which whirled it up, and then
 Played tag among the leaves again?
 Ah, friend of mine, do you recall,
 These souvenirs from memory's hall?

Oh, friend of many happy days,
 And days of sorrow too,
 Though Fortune plots to part our ways,
 I know your heart is true
 As when the country roads we walked
 With carefree step; how short a mile
 Became when we so gaily talked
 And measured each one with a smile—
 When all creation seemed to be
 A fairyland for you and me
 To conjure airy castles in—
 Each hour a new one we'd begin:
 We kneeled at friendship's holy shrine—
 Do you remember, friend of mine?

HARDY STEEHOLM.

ANSWERS

Blackbird on the rye-stalk, why do you sing?
 For joy—for joy!
 For the wind in the sedge,
 The chirp of the cricket;
 For the sun on the hedge
 And the buds in the thicket—
 I sing.

Bullfrog in the marshes, why do you croak?
 For grief—for grief!
 For the passing of day,
 The flight of the swallow;
 For the moon on the bay
 And the mist in the hollow—
 I croak.

ERNEST L. MEYER.

OVERTURE

There is silence, silence in the shadowed hall,
 A silence passion-healing, mystical,
 Wooing the soul to dreams; now faint and sweet
 Viols are breathing, seeming to complete
 The stillness; and my heart, made strangely free,
 So thrills to it new sense of prophecy,
 That almost, when I see the velvet curtain rise,
 I think to have all life revealed before my eyes.

E. MARION PILPEL.

THE BALLAD OF THE BLUE PLATE

Just a bit of a scene from Japan,
 On an old plate of mine, dim and blue;
 I have had it,—oh since time began;
 It's been broken and mended with glue.
 There I always can find something new;
 I can see dazzling colors there laid,
 Tho the same hazy, misty, old blue
 On the plate, never varies a shade.

I can see the blue stream where it ran,
 'Neath a bridge of the palest bamboo,
 And a girl waved her emerald-starred fan,
 On the bank where the rose petals blew.
 And beyond, if my fancy leads true,
 Gleamed a temple of ivory and jade,
 And inside a fat, bronze god, too;
 Tho the plate never varies a shade.

There near the temple, a man
 In a rose-pink kimona, I knew,
 And some day, as soon as he can,
 Thru the cherry blooms heavy with dew,
 By the bridge of the pale bamboo,
 He will find the almond-eyed maid.
 Long they've wanted each other, these two,
 'Tho they never have varied a shade.

Envoy

Together they'll wander up to
 The temple with gems thick inlaid,
 The man and the little maid who
 Never have varied a shade.

—ADELIN BRIGGS.

Mrs. Berkovitz

THE deputy coroner handed the reporter a cigar and told for the fourth time that day his story of "How the Dead Man Came to Life." The reporter did not forget to chuckle at the proper point in the narrative—the cigar imposed that obligation—while the deputy coroner laughed so uproariously that his tall stool teetered dangerously, and his lusty guffaws filled the tiny office, awoke the echoes in the adjoining jury room, and even penetrated into the gloomy corners of the refrigerator room across the hall.

"And to think," repeated the deputy, to make sure that the reporter had not missed the point, "to think it was only the *ice* that made the racket. But you'd ought to've seen the way Bob dropped his cards and turned pale. Hee, hee—!"

The features of the deputy suddenly stiffened, and his laugh turned to a strangling cough. The reporter coughed, too, and sniffed suspiciously of the burning cigar.

"Phew!" cried the deputy. "That dissecting room—"

"It's this cigar," interrupted the reporter.

"Beggin' your pardon," said a high-pitched, thin voice, "if it's the smell you mean, it's me."

The deputy wheeled about and regarded with a scowl the head and shoulders of a man framed in the wicker window. If the smell the visitor brought with him compelled attention, the man himself shrank into atom-like insignificance. His face was furrowed, yellow and hopeless, and his small eyes held a light of pain and apology. His black cap and coat were wrinkled, and spotted with yellow stains.

"Phew!" said the deputy.

"I can't help it," quavered the thin voice. "We all smell that way; leastways all us men who work in the beam house over in the tannery."

"Well?"

"I jest came to take a look at the woman you fetched out of the river yesterday. I guess I know her."

The deputy grunted, opened the office door, and led the way to the refrigerator room. The reporter followed. The room was cold and moist and very quiet, with one long wall lined with square compartments, each with a metal handle.

"Unidentified 87," muttered the deputy. He found the compartment that bore the number, pulled at the handle, and drew out into the room a wooden stretcher on which lay a corpse covered with a white sheet.

"Take a look at her," he snapped, uncovering the face.

The man had taken off his cap, and stood nervously twisting it in his hands. He bent over and peered intently.

"Gawd," he said, straightening again.

"Well?"

"It's her. Only there's something—I can't tell—"

"All right; come along," said the deputy. He shoved the stretcher back into the vault, shut the door, and removed the white card. Then he led the way back to the office.

"What's her name and address?" he asked, opening the record book.

"Mrs. Berkovitz, sir. Don't know her first name. No. 10 Walnut street."

"The deputy's pen scratched.

"Married, eh?"

"Widow. She's got one child."

"Any other relatives?"

"Don't know, sir."

"When was she last seen?"

"I seen her only night before last, sir. She was—"

"Never mind. Your name and address?"

He gave it. The deputy shut the book.

"That's all. We'll let you know if you're wanted." He scrambled hastily off the chair and made for the open window. The man looked doubtfully at the reporter who was standing at his elbow, rolling a cigarette.

"Tell us some more about her," said the reporter. "Maybe I can be of help."

"Thank you sir. I guess it's too late, though. But it does seem somethin' ought to be done. She was kinda driven to it, seems to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I ain't sayin' that anyone's to blame, but things jest naturally didn't go right with her. It was one thing, and then another. It was the company, to begin with. She worked over in the shoe factory, some sort of piece work it was. I seen myself how her fingers was sore and cut most every night."

"You saw her often, then?"

"She lived right across the street from me, and I'd meet her coming from work. And then, as I was about to say, the war came on, and the big orders, and she worked overtime till she was that weak it was a shame to see. And all that extra money she earned went for her boy. I was with her myself when she bought some of the stuff, toys, you know, and things like that, and she with scarce a whole sole to walk on. 'Mrs. Berkovitz,' I'd say to her, 'you should look out for yourself sometimes, too.' And she would say: 'He is such a good boy—such a baby.'"

"It kept on that way a long time, with her gettin' thin and sickly. And then one night a couple of months ago I didn't meet her at the yard gates like I used to. I found out the machine had cut two of her fingers off. I knew she was a goner, then, 'cause I've seen that happen before. They fire you, you know. They had a trial about it, maybe you read it in the paper, but they found she hadn't been watchin' proper, and all they did was pay the doctor—it goes like that at the works, you know.

"I didn't see her much after that, except once in a while when I met her at a store or some place, gettin' something for her boy—and she lookin' nearer dead than ever. She wouldn't talk much. She said something once about havin' another job, but she didn't say where.

"It was a week ago, sir, that I read in the paper she'd been up in police court. They had a funny piece about it—the woman who stole grain at the railroad yards, you know, and loaded it in a baby carriage and sold it to a fellow on Grove street. I laughed—until I read her name. She got five days at the works.

"Next day after the trial a policeman and a woman came to her house and took away the boy. I guess that's what finished her. It was just night before last she got out of the works, and I s'pose she went straight home, for the next thing I knew she was standing on her doorstep screamin' so the whole block could hear. I ran out of my house and over to her, and she grabbed me tight.

"My boy!" she says.

"They took him away, a policeman and a lady," I says.

"She let go my arm and looked at me. I felt kind of weak and sick—it was the way she looked at me, sir. And then she goes in, with her hands to her mouth, and I thought maybe she'd get over it, and me and the neighbors went away. But she must-a sneaked out that same night, and she never came back, and last night when I read about that woman drowning herself and read what she looked like I guessed right off it was her."

The man stopped and nervously pulled on his cap.

"I—I guess that's about all."

"What happened to the boy—do you know?" asked the reporter.

"They took him to the asylum, sir. The policeman told that to the woman who lives upstairs where Mrs. Berkovitz lives, and she told Mrs. Berkovitz. I guess she knew she'd never get him back."

"They took him to the orphan asylum, you mean?"

"Oh no, sir. The insane asylum. He was crazy you know, and all crippled up. Twenty years old he was, and jest like a baby. Couldn't speak a word you'd understand, but'd roll around on the floor and play with his toys and things."

"Gosh!" said the reporter.

The man opened the door and passed out. The reporter entered the office.

"Hear that story?"

"Um," grunted the deputy.

"Inquest?"

"Hell, no."

"It'll make a good yarn anyhow," said the reporter, copying the names off the record book.

"Don't forget to put the smell in it," said the deputy.

—ERNEST L. MEYER.

Sally Argues

WELL, do you think she's changed, Henry?" There was a challenge in her voice that made Henry uneasy. It had been his life-long policy to agree—agree at any cost.

"Let—me—see," he began cautiously. "Of course you must consider that they do grow up. Aside from that—I don't believe she's changed much." Then, feeling that he had said the right, the noble thing, he patted his wife softly on the shoulder and smiled.

But naturally, from the moment he agreed with her, Sally managed to set forth many doubts. It always irritated her a little to be agreed with—she had to think out so quickly a new set of arguments. Still Henry knew the better way. He had tried disagreeing—once.

"Mary has some new, most unusually queer ideas in her head—unusually queer!" Sally maintained stoutly.

"Well, well," said Henry, recognizing by the pause that something was expected of him. "We sent her

there to get ideas. Of course, it's likely she's got 'em all jumbled together now, but they'll come straight—you see. She's had a fine bringing-up, Sally." He smiled at his wife. "That counts. She isn't going to forget, in four years at any school, the things she's learned here."

"Nevertheless, Henry," broke forth Sally, with new vigor. "She worries me. She speaks of working in the slums—the slums of *Chicago*. Oh, I told her of course we wouldn't hear of such a thing and she smiled, a very saucy smile, and said with her head in the air. 'You have no right to preordain my future. Read Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh," *Samuel Butler*, Henry,' Sally was reaching her climax, and her voice went higher and higher. "And," she continued, "if you don't think she's changed, listen to this. She said, 'Mother, you and father have cared for me well, reared me, fed me, educated me, as it was your *duty* to do, You owed it to me, as I owe it to my children. From

now on my future must be made without regard to your wishes. I must live my own life, according to my own ideals and standards. Parents should not thwart their children!" "

"She puts things nice, doesn't she?" said Henry with weak-minded pride.

"Henry!" gasped Sally. "Is that all you can say! Don't you mind what she *thinks* at all? Oh, why did we send her to a co-educational school? She'll be saying there's no God soon like Mary Clement's boy came home and said. And if she's got all these ideas in four months, what will she be at the end of four years?"

"Mary Clement's boy is a Methodist minister now," said Henry, and Sally stared. This was rather a remarkable turn for Henry. But she raised her head higher. The weaker her arguments were, the higher she raised her head.

"Girls are different!" she said scornfully, and Henry saw this argument ending in the same spot that all of the others, during their thirty years together, had ended.

"Yes," he said and withdrew.

Two afternoons later Mrs. Reynolds called, and Henry generously departed for the dining-room, leaving

the "sitting" room for his wife and her guest. He modestly wondered how Sally—after her recent undemocratic denouncing of state universities—would greet this arrogant caller, this woman who had sent her lone child "to an eastern finishing academy rather than to a horrible, socialistic, co-educational school." Then the stocks of the day interested him, and his wife's affairs were no longer his. Suddenly he realized however that Sally's voice in the next room was "going higher." Her tone was vastly, beneficently comforting, and he listened.

"But, my dear Mrs. Reynolds," she was saying. "You must remember that we sent them away to get ideas. Of course, it's natural for them to get these ideas jumbled at first, but they'll come right, you see. Look at Mary Clement's boy. Why," she added tellingly, "our girls have been too well brought up to forget everything they've learned at home in four years at any school." She spoke as though she had mothered the entire human race, and done it successfully.

Henry gasped a little, smiled a great deal and thanked the Lord he had been born a philosopher.

—MILDRED EVANS.

The Psychology of Brothers

IMAGINE yourself, if you have never been there, gentle reader, coming downstairs of a Sunday morning in the conscious glory of a new hat. This is not a homemade hat; neither mother's old black silk waist, nor Cousin Harriet's ostrich tips, nor that jet that Aunt Delia left off when jet "went out" were sacrificed for its production. This is a brand new one left by the milliner's boy at eleven o'clock the previous evening, and under it for an hour afterward you posed before your mirror with the door locked. Since it has not been lying around on sofas and mantles in a half-made condition as most of the hats of home manufacture inevitably must, the family, mother excepted, has never seen it before.

This is a triumphant and yet a trying moment. It will be a triumphant and yet a trying day. There are drawbacks as well as joys in having a new hat. Marching up the church aisle to the family pew (chosen three rows from the front because father is slightly deaf) has all the sweet but fearful intoxication of your morning cold bath. You screw your courage to the sticking point, then the worst is over. But the ordeal of the long carpeted aisle is not to be compared with that imposed by the family board of censorship drawn up on the front porch. It must be done sometime; best have it over. You sneak quietly out and wait quailing. Only the

boys are there. Father, thank goodness, is still struggling with his studies.

"Ya-a-a-y", jeers Dicky, hopping down from the railing where he has been perching perilously in his stiff new Sunday shoes, "gotta new hat!"

This is the signal. Finn lifts the dog's paws off his lap and rises with black and tan hairs clinging to his best overcoat.

"Gee!" he snorts, "that's a queer looking thing. Looks like—looks like—le's see—looks like a dishpan turned upside down with a potato masher stuck up in front." Since Hortensia's sudden exodus, Finn has been introduced, somewhat against his will, to the culinary end of the household.

Bud is not to be outdone. In fact, the highest ambition of his eight years is to keep his brothers from getting ahead of him. So he shoves his stubby gloved fingers into his pockets, and the soap-polished face above his starched eton collar takes on an expression characteristic of stomachaches and spankings.

"Say, but you look cra-a-a-zy!" he groans, "What d'y'u call that stuff on top anyway, parsley?" At which he looks around anxiously to see if he has made a hit with the admired ones. But they are worried with further troubles.

"Now, Ma," they complain, "you ain't going to

Continued on page 217

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make us walk to church with her looking like that, are you? I don't think it's fair. Bad enough to have to sit in the same pew with her. Good night, what'll the fellers think!"

The psychology of brothers! Why do you know that each one is secretly swelling with pride that his sister has a new hat before the other fellows' sisters, but would cut out his tongue before he would say so? Why do you know that each one is longing to walk up the aisle with you? Why? Because through years of heartache and tear-shedding you have learned the psychology of brothers. It has cost you much, but you have learned. And why shouldn't you know? You and he have studied and played and fought together side by side, have sat together around one dining room table, have been spanked and kissed together. He has played checkers and baseball, and hide-and-seek, he has pulled candy, washed dishes, and climbed up the barn roof with you. Side by side you and he have gathered wild strawberries and together have gotten stuck with blackberry vines and chestnut burrs. You raced home from school two steps behind him on snappy winter afternoons and started for the pond with might and main. The two of you skated furiously till dark then stampeded home together through the frosty evening. Your skates kinked against your shoulders and you felt good all over and ready for anything once you'd swallowed the hot supper Mother had waiting for you. How astonished you would have been had anyone told you you were studying his mental traits and aspirations. Psychology was a word all unknown to your world of geography and arithmetic. But in spite of your youth, your pigtailed, and short gingham petticoats, you were studying him all unconsciously.

The younger brother is dismissed with a word. To him you are one of the "bosses" who insists on face-washings, starched white sailor suits and socks, going to bed early, saying "please", and other abominations. You are one of life's hindrances and little disciplines. If he can annoy you all the better, if he can eavesdrop under the front porch while you are entertaining company in the hammock and then like the sword of Damocles hold the gory things he has heard over your head for weeks afterward, then he is in his element. He finds you useful sometimes to bind up cut fingers or take him to the circus, but as a general rule you are an imposed necessary evil to be endured, not enjoyed. I will admit one hears occasionally in literature of the beautiful relationship of a younger brother to his older sister, but too often, alas, it is a spineless youth, who either dies young or turns into a poet.

The older brother is a being to be idolized, to be waited upon, from whom to bear hard knocks, and rough words and petty injustices. These are the impositions which prepare you for wifehood; they are part

of the discipline. Mother is economizing on a nursemaid; from her point of view older brother is quite unemployed. Older brother then becomes a nursemaid; you are the luckless victim. Together you walk down the shady street. He grasps your hand and holds it viciously. Wrath must find an outlet. Slim Jim appears from the drug store around the corner licking his chops.

"Hi, Sandy, where you going?" he whoops and makes for your side of the street.

"Ain't going anywhere."

"Gotta mind your sister, I s'pose," taunts Slim cruelly, exuding tantalizing savours of sarsaparilla. Sandy smells and his nose dilates.

"Say, where d'y'u get the money, Slim?"

"Choppin' wood", says the other airily, "Ma gives me ten cents an hour for anything I do." Sandy's face grows bitter. Slim sees it.

"Say, don't your ma pay you for taking care of the kid?" he asks.

"Naw, she don't!" Sandy is waxing savage.

Then it comes over your baby mind in a rush of anguish. Sandy doesn't want your company at all; he wants Slim's. This is no labor of love, but an act of fearful drudgery, and you are the cause of it all. Your idolized brother is enduring you because he has to. He despises you, Slim despises you, all the other fellows at the swimming hole are despising you this minute. And it is a very bitter minute.

Sandy has gotten into trouble. Dad told him not to throw his baseball against the side of the house. He did and is now lying in bed at half-past five in the afternoon with gloomy thought of hoarded pennies soon to be laid on the counter of the hardware store for a new pane of glass. Mother has also planned the starvation cure, and your heart rebels. You sneak up the back stairs with three doughnuts well sugared and a glass of milk. He is lying close up toward the wall with the bed-clothes pulled completely over him. The whole mass shakes convulsively. Is Sandy crying? Sandy the intrepid, the daredevil who can lick every boy in school and give him the nosebleed and a black eye for good measure? Something inside you gives way. You set the doughnuts and milk on a chair and walk timidly over to the bed. You touch the hump in the middle with shaking fingers, almost weeping yourself.

"Oh, please don't cry, please don't. I brought you some doughnuts so's you wouldn't starve to death."

The motions become more violent. "G'way! Leave me 'lone," shrieks a smothered voice, and heartbroken you flee. Do you think he wanted you to go, before you had comforted him and told him who won in the baseball game he was to have pitched in that afternoon and pilfered him some pumpkin pie when he had consumed the other spoils? He wanted you to stay, he

simply had a queer way of saying it. You were so blinded with tears that you couldn't see him heave up in bed, even before you had reached the door, and grab wildly for the doughnuts and milk.

Suddenly he seems to grow away from you, perhaps because he goes to high school and you don't see as much of him. He slams the door of his bedroom when he goes upstairs nights and sometimes he locks it. He goes to parties now, and you gaze awed at his face and hair and necktie, so transformed, so immaculate, so altogether not like Sandy. You watch him polish his shoes, complaining all the time that the "other fellers have pumps". Did you ever know Sandy to want pumps before? You lie awake and hear him come sneaking up the stairs at half past eleven and go into mother's room and close the door. The low murmur of their voices soon puts you to sleep. One day there is great excitement in the family. Sandy needs a new suit, and mother says he may have "longies". Then begins the reign of terror in the kitchen when every dishtowel disappears to turn up later as a pressing rag for the precious new trousers. He has of late taken a lot of interest in your school, asks you questions about it in a brusque way whenever he can get you alone, wants to know all about *Clio*, your literary society. Flattered, you chatter on, pleased that he should want to know of program and debates, and the wonderful president, Charline. You are so enthusiastic that you fail to notice his furious blushes at mention of the last. But somehow your conversation always drifts to her, and one day, when he has saved a little boy from drowning and you are telling him how everyone at school had lauded him, he turns a vivid scarlet and says in a careless offhand way, "Did Charline say anything?" No, you can't remember that Charline said anything.

Sandy is in college now, and he has asked you, his sister, to go to the military ball. To be sure he tells you when you get there that he had intended to take Charline, but she couldn't come. The ticket was all bought, and I "had to have somebody, so I thought I'd take you." But that doesn't phase you. And even at the end of the first dance when he takes you into a corner and blurts out, "I wish you wouldn't try to lead. Nothing makes a fellow madder'n to have a girl try to lead him around. And when I poke you in the back that means to reverse"—even then you bear it meekly. It was so good of him to even ask you to come.

Just lately you have realized all of a sudden that Charline is going to be your sister-in-law, and your cup spills over. She comes to the house of a week-end, and Sandy is very jealous of her. They disappear together for hours at a time, nobody knows where, and you wander about and feel hurt and lonely and sad. But strangely enough Sandy is *getting* tender toward you

too. He neither kicks you under the table at meals, nor openly contradicts everything you say. Charline has told him she thinks you are sweet, and now he sees you with new eyes; you have become glorified. Sandy's love must be true, for it's course runs anything but smoothly, and you accept without question a new role, that of mediator. But Sandy is not yours any longer; you realize it with a jolt at every corner. You have served your apprenticeship learning the psychology of brothers, Sandy belongs to someone now who is going to study another branch—the philosophy of husbands.

HELEN KNOWLTON.

Their Son

BUT he *stole*. He walked out and deliberately took the picture with him. And, Bert, he lies—not just fibs—he lies to me in the most brazen manner when it would be much simpler for him to tell the truth. It—it isn't that he's spoiled the picture. We can get them another," she sobbed. "It's his *character*. Oh, what would his grandfather have thought of him," she raised her head proudly, "his grandfather, the very soul of honor, who would have died rather than lie—Bert, do you suppose the stock is degenerating—or perhaps," a queer little light came into her eyes, "Perhaps we aren't bringing him up right."

Bert sat back in his chair. He relaxed and threw up his hands hopelessly. "It's hard lines, Helen," he said, "but really *you'll* have to decide what's to be done. I'll do anything you say, anything, my dear. Heavens! I don't know a thing about children, and when I come home at night I'm too tired to think any-way. He looked puzzled again. "I can't remember stealing, just for the pleasure of stealing. And he took away a picture, did he—how odd! We youngsters used to steal healthy out-of-door things like apples." He smiled, "I remember Bill and I used to steal apples and get walloped and steal more and get walloped again and again. . . . "Helen," he said suddenly, "that's what he needs. He's four years old, and he's never been spanked. He has been spoiled: utterly and completely spoiled." Bert looked triumphant. "When he doesn't get what he wants, he howls, and *you* give him any thing to keep him quiet. The child *must* be whipped!" He spoke with an air of absolute finality.

"Bert!" gasped Helen, "You couldn't touch that baby!" She gazed unbelievably at her husband's stern face. "Why, the soft little thing—it would kill him. Oh, you are cruel! I really believe you *would* touch him, Bert! That little baby!" She looked very winsome, charmingly scornful. Her eyes were big and blue, and her hair was curly.

Concluded on page 221



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But Bert had to be firm. The honor of his only son was at stake!

"Helen!" he said sternly. "You—"

Helen's little hand covered his mouth. "Perhaps he isn't so bad she murmured. "He told me a pretty little story. He said that a little boy came up from below his sandpile. And the little boy was crying because he didn't have a picture. So you see Davy took the picture to him, and the little boy laughed and dug way down to his home again. You should have heard Davy tell it, Bert. It was rather sweet and generous of him to even think it, wasn't it, and you know, I think he really believes the whole story. Bless his little heart! Of course he cried the other day. He was hot and tired, and babies don't like to make calls. You are so unreasonable, Bert," she continued haughtily, "to say that he is being spoiled. He always says 'Please' and 'Thank you,' and he is taking his naps much better than he used to."

"But, it's no wonder, Helen. You rock him to sleep."

"Bert," said Helen not heeding, "he is a remarkably beautiful child. People turn around to look at him when I take him walking. They say 'What a lovely child.' And he has the softest skin," she said distantly, "and the sweetest little dimpled hands in the world."

"He is a manly youngster," said Bert, dubiously. He smiled the typical father-of-a-progidy smile. "You can tell it in a minute when you see him 'rough-housing' with the dog. He's a fighter all right."

They sat for a moment in silence, pondering on the singular virtues of their son. Then Helen stood up. "Let's go up and look at him," she said eagerly. "He looks like a little cherub when he's asleep."

MILDRED EVANS.

APHORISMS.

How much joy anyone misses who embarrassedly never allows himself to be flattered.

We like to discover our own ideas in important people and books, for it confirms our wisdom.

A general disbelief in the virtue of others is really one's own first step into vice.

A friend should know not only how to give gifts and render services but also how to accept them.

Never grovel before anyone either with apologies or with thanks.

The real art of friendship consists not merely in flattery but in so altering your own character that other people show what they think are their best sides to you, relying with absolute security on your keen interest and entire tolerance.

FRANCIS LATHROP.

"GREATER LOVE"

IN ONE of the halls of a great University, I looked, not long ago, at a memorial tablet placed there in honor of the men of the university who had entered the service of their country. It had been presented with fitting ceremony at a great convocation where the audience had stood solemnly and sung, "God Our Help In Ages Past" as it was being unveiled, and now it stood under the marble arches of the Library that all who passed might see the Alma Mater's tribute to her soldier sons. Upon its frame above the list of honored names, was a motto in letters of gold,

"Greater love hath no man than this,

That a man lay down his life for his friends."

While I stood there, I was aware of a lady who read the motto in a hushed voice and with shining eyes.

"What a wonderful thought," she said.

I went outside to stand on the steps of the building overlooking a bare and dusty stretch of campus which served as a drill ground for the school's cadet corps. There a company was receiving instruction in the use of the bayonet. The voices of their officers were plainly audible on the steps:

"Remember the butt of the piece is not to be used except to temporarily disable an opponent. You must finish him off with the point."

Inside, the good lady was still admiring the wonderful sentiment—"Greater love hath no man than this . . ." and from the drill ground the voice of the officer:

"When you have tripped and thrown the opponent, disarm and kill."

THEODORE L. SCHOLTZ.

IF I WERE A MAN.

IF I WERE A MAN I would send a girl flowers once in a while, and candy.

I would tell her when a hair pin is falling out, or her petticoat shows.

I would ask her to a dance at least two weeks ahead of time, so that she could have the pleasure of anticipation.

I would find out whether the Orpheum was embarrassing beforehand, and, if so, take her to the Fuller.

I would read up on her hobby so that we could talk about it.

I wouldn't ask her to a show if I couldn't get the best seats in the house.

I would tell her the nice things the other fellows said about her.

In fact, if I were a man I would be wonderful to a girl. And I would be crazy about me.

SARAH SPENSLEY.

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