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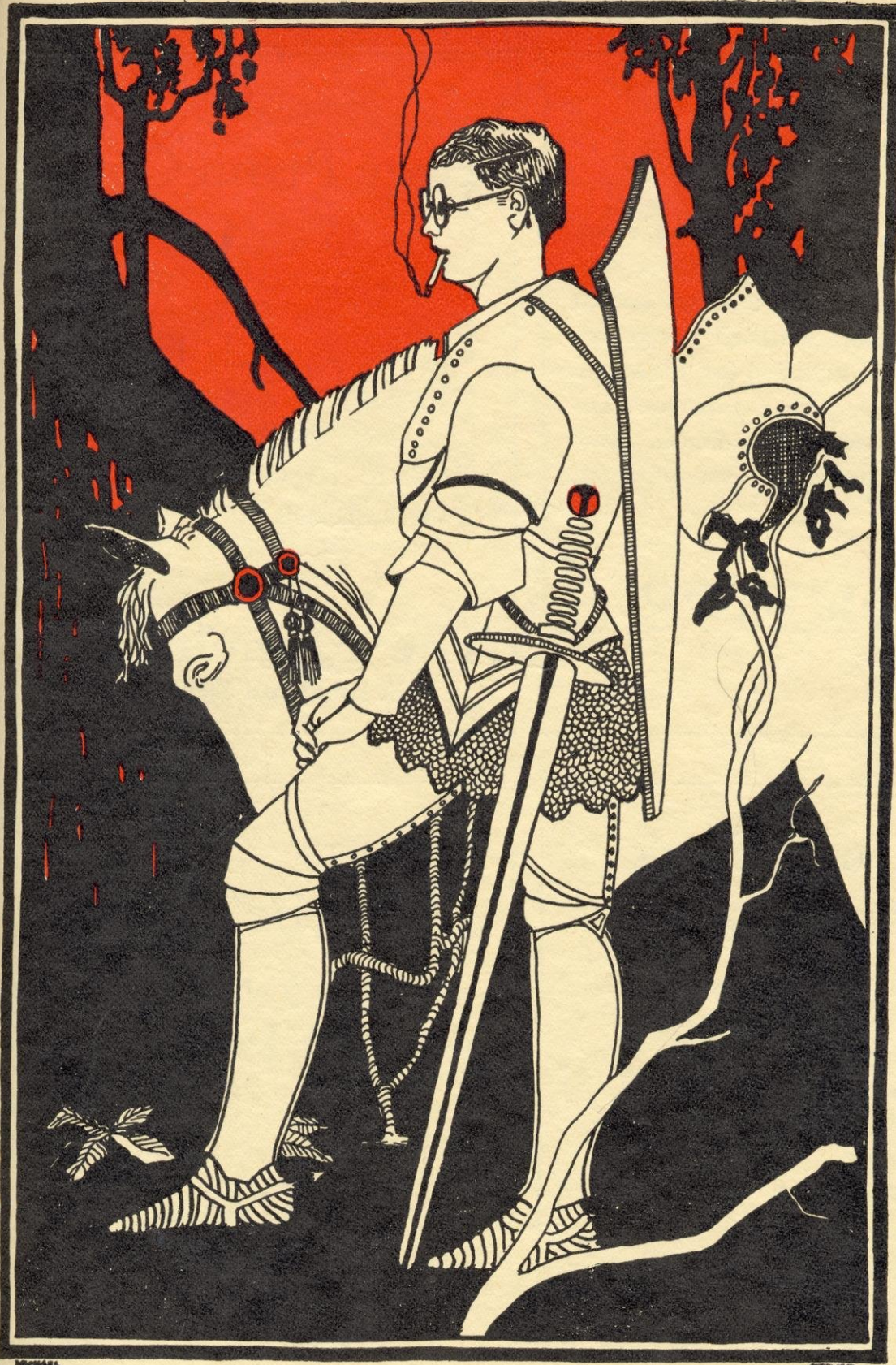
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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Satire Number

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

The Song of Life

A beautiful Greek youth sang so very sweetly that when it came time for him to die, Zeus changed him into a nightingale. But the bird became silent and sombre, because it was the heart of a youth, and not the heart of a bird, that was full of song.

Oscar Riegel

The Same

*Oh am I still that wild, swift girl whose mouth
Was pressed against your hungering, thirsty lips
So many times to ease your body's drouth,—
That fierce unhappy girl, Love drove with whips
To beat against the marble of your breast?*

*I have inherited a dreadful rest;
I who was one who thought the bitter sea
Too small to hold the river of my love,—
I who am grown so quiet . . . Oh I am she!*

*I who have lain the throbbing, pulsing nights
On your hot heart and cried lest day would come
And make an end to all our wild delights,
Whom passion blinded and made deaf and dumb!*

*I who saw art and music whirl and flame
Only as they recalled my strange, wild love for you,
Have grown so empty now, so dull, so tame.
You were the wind that tore me through and through,
You were the wind that broke my strength and tore me.
I was a reed, you the devouring sea.*

*And is my pale thin face, so wan, so tired,
That wild quick face, that once was so desired,
Lifted so often to your wayward kiss?
And have you lived to see it cold like this?*

A. B.

Sir Galahad and The Quest of the Holy Ale

By George A. Jones.

"There is a fair land,
A land filled with milk and honey . . ."

—Popular Song.

The Gentleman from Alabama approached the telephone desk in the big New York hotel. The girl at the desk looked him over . . . she wondered if he was just the ordinary "masher" or good for a dinner and a show afterwards. It would do no harm to string him along, she thought.

"I beg pardon, ma'am—" The girl giggled appreciatively. It always paid to laugh with a person she had found out. He *did* have a nice sounding voice.

The gentleman whetted his tongue. "—Could you tell me where I might find something to drink?"

"No," the girl snapped, and her illusion snuffed out, she turned her back upon a disappointed man.

II

The Gentleman from Alabama walked disconsolately up Broadway to the Great White Way, and paused before a saloon of former days now converted into a combination ticket speculator's booth and a soft drink emporium. To his eye, jaundiced by the circumstances, the refulgence of the Wrigley sign was incapable of dissipating the gloomy outlook. The Knickerbocker Hotel, now an office building, stood a few blocks away—one of the many poignant reminders of better days. He tried to conjure up a vision of its long, polished bar, the rows upon rows of wine glasses, that beautiful mural painting of King Cole and his court by Maxfield Parrish. The Gentleman sighed—a long drawn out, explosive sigh. Here he was in New York for his annual blowout, and the lid was on so tight he couldn't even enjoy a puncture! "Oh Lord," he muttered wistfully, "if Thou lovest Thy servant, send me beaucoup White Horse pronto!"

A little man with a bloated nose and a fishy eye tapped the Gentleman on the shoulder. He slipped a card in the Gentleman's hand, asserting sententiously, "The wish is granted, oh Caliph." Then he was lost in the Saturday night theatre crowd.

Was liquor at hand? The Gentleman from

Alabama hoped so. He looked at the card . . . "Up B. 100, W. 48, 50, S. 100, E. 47, 35." Hmm . . . "Up B. 100," why, that meant up Broadway. He started pacing off the prescribed steps, partaking of a boy's unholy joy when he believes he is defying the law. "W. 48"—he was on 48th Street now . . . the Gentleman paced off fifty paces west. "S. 100."—that meant south and the Gentleman plunged through a gap between two theatrical boarding houses, upsetting various ash cans as he did so. Emerging into 47th Street, the Gentleman covered the thirty-five paces east, and looked about expectantly. His eyes observed a familiar landmark—the red plush-colored canopy and swinging doors of a family entrance. The pilgrim to Mecca pushed open the sanctuary's portals, and penetrated to the inner shrine.

III

Had the little man with the big nose deceived the Alabaman? Apparently, for the southerner had entered the combined ticket booth and soda fountain.

The Gentleman had, at various times, heard of passwords and their like used to obtain the precious fluid . . . perhaps such knowledge might prove of value. He swaggered up to one of the waitresses and winked—winked brazenly to the best of his limited ability.

"Sorry, dear, but I happen to be all dated up for tonight. Call again some other time, won't you?"

The Gentleman asked for a gingerale.

"Say, deary, when you're on Broadway buy a little more than a ten cent drink . . . please." She cooed this last in a crescendo.

Exasperated, the Gentleman turned away. Realizing that several people were enjoying the abortion of his plans, the Gentleman from Alabama gave his all in the traditional third try.

With the air of a condemned man, despairing of deliverance, he put the card down on the sappy marble surface of the fountain. Comprehension came to the eyes of the waitress—sympathy, too, the Gentleman thought. It was as though a

nimbus had of a sudden condescended to hover above the Gentleman's argentine locks.

"One of our speshuls, huh? Why in the Hellespont didn't you say that before? Oh, Cozy—!"

A man with an undershot jaw appeared from the rear of the place. He radiated familiarity—probably the old bartender still retained: the Gentleman was convinced of this. He was told to pay at the cashier's booth. Ah, a risky business: they made you pay in advance. Seventy-five cents a drink—Lord, what prohibition had done to this country! Well, it was worth it at any price.

The Gentleman from Alabama watched the mixing process with interest. Cozy poured exotic appearing liquids from unlabeled flasks. To the Gentleman no weird composition of Strauss or Scriabin ever struck his ear with such a sensual appeal as did the music of the liquids lapping gently against the inner surface of the tumbler. The masterpiece was before him: he seized the slender stem of the cocktail glass. He twirled it slowly between his thumb and fingers, allowing the artificial light to seek out strange color combinations in the depths of the concoction. A frenetic gleam mounted in his eye; he could not restrain a parched and fervid "Bottoms up, gentlemen!" as he drained the glass with the thirst of a man who has totally abstained for six months.

Then the Gentleman from Alabama behaved rather queerly. His Adam's apple refused to stay in any one spot; something bleached his cordovan complexion, and his whole soui entered into the cry: "My Gawd, I've been poisoned!" The Gentleman fell to the floor unconscious.

IV

Scene: The curtain rises, disclosing a small room in the Flower Hospital. Two internes hover about the Gentleman from Alabama stretched out on a hospital bed. A doctor is feeling his

pulse; a prettily concerned nurse, on her first serious case, is crying into an atrociously inadequate handkerchief; two reporters have wandered in.

The Doctor: The third day. The crisis is at hand!

(Nurse feels in apron pocket for another hanky. The Gentleman's eyelids quiver.)

Interns: (tout ensemble) He lives!!

(The Gentleman pulls the sheets up over his head. A minute passes; then he decides to sit up.)

The Gentleman (true to form): Where am I?

Prettily Concerned Nurse: Never mind—you're all right—we'll take care of you. This is the Flower Hospital.

(The Gentleman realizes how he came there, and rocks in bed, cradling his face in his hands.)

The Gentleman: Oh, the disgrace of it—

First Reporter: What was it, Old Man, wood alcohol?

Second Reporter: Cheap moon?

The Gentleman: No, no, no! I tell you it's the disgrace that's eatin' my innards. Think of the disgrace—!

(The Gentleman babbles on; the nurse is keeping her tear ducts in smooth running order; the doctor out of kindness turns his back to the audience.)

The Gentleman: What will the folks back in Anniston say when they hear of this? Oh, oh, oh—think of it—the disgrace—fifty years without a drop of water, and then . . . *seventy-five cents* for a soda. . . . !

The Gentleman from Alabama collapses. The interns slowly pull the sheet over the Gentleman's tense face; somewhere the prettily concerned nurse has found another handkerchief; and Tragedy stalks out of the little room arm in arm with the two reporters.

FINIS



Vignettes of the Campus

By David K. Steenberg

Rows of tall trees, which shade the walks in the day, and stately lamps, which illuminate them at night, mark the straight white paths up either side of the campus hill to Main Hall. At the top of the hill, just in front of Main hall and between the two paths, Abraham Lincoln sits in a great stone chair looking down over the campus with its scattered buildings and periodic crowds of students and faculty, and across a bit more than a mile of the city toward the clearly visible magnificent dome of the state capitol.

Old Abe is an impressive and reassuring figure as he sits thus, at the portal of the greatest university in the Middle-West. The entering student, the new member of the faculty, the casual visitor—all who come into this presence for the first time—feel that only the finest qualities of America will predominate here. All know that Lincoln exemplifies democracy, fairness tempered with mercy, equality for all, free speech, and honesty.

* * *

Dotty smiled at the world and the world smiled at Dotty as she hurried up hill to make her Saturday morning nine-o'clock. Dotty was a freshman and she was still thrilled about the fraternity party she had attended the night before. She was thinking of the man with whom she had walked out on the lawn during intermission.

She'd never forget him, he was so big and dark and handsome. She had almost let him kiss her. She felt ashamed of that, but she did like him—much, and he talked and acted as if he liked her equally well. He had promised to telephone her at noon today.

An exodus from the eight o'clock classes was straggling down hill and a particularly noisy group broke Dotty's trend of thought. She paused to take a deep joyous breath of air and, further on up the hill, noticed the man of last evening approaching with another woman on his arm. He seemed even more good looking than she had remembered. Dotty could feel her heart beating faster. When they passed, Dotty smiled and said "Hello!" but received no answer.

Could he have forgotten her? Did he just not see her? Dotty wondered. She remembered the last question he had asked her. "Could he

phone her at one of the sorority houses Saturday noon?" She had answered negatively,—not one of the sororities—and given him her telephone number, just as she was surrendered to her partner. She had heard him repeat the number and had seen him smile—but could he be that sort of a man? The thought seemed terrible.

Dotty waited in her room all of the noon hour—and longer, but the man of last evening never called.

* * *

A window of the Dean's office in South hall, just south-east of the main building, permits an excellent view of the Lincoln monument. The Dean often stands at the window during the brief moments between callers. He is a busy man and his duties are tiresome, but a look at the patient features of the Great Emancipator always refreshes him. "What an inspiration that figure should be to the students," he often murmurs.

The Dean was seated at his desk, however, when Slavik entered. He remembered the boy and greeted him. "Good morning, Slavik," he said. "Have a chair."

"Thank you," Slavik sat down.

"You know I've been in to see you before about various things but the privilege I'm going to ask now is of great importance because it will determine whether or not I can stay in school. The money I had when my father died has not lasted and now I must either work in the afternoons or quit school. I am near graduation and I don't like to do the latter. I have found an afternoon job that I can handle, but I have a French class at 2:30 four days a week. The French department refuses to change me, although I know of a class in which my schedule will permit me to go and, in this emergency, think that one more student would not be too great a burden on the instructor concerned."

"I don't see what I can do for you, Slavik, if the department has already refused to grant your request."

"They said that I could make the change if you would direct it."

"But it's a purely departmental matter, and I don't feel that I can interfere. Why don't you drop the course this semester?"

"But that would mean a failure and, besides, I need the credit to graduate with my class."

"I'm sorry I cannot do anything, Slavik, but you've been here long enough to know the rules. I hope you'll be able to work the matter out satisfactorily."

* * *

Mademoiselle Jolie liked the big American university. She tossed her attractive bobbed hair happily every time she passed the Lincoln monument. She smiled prettily every time she called on most of the boys in her classes to recite. She loved to dance, and the boys liked it.

Lucile and Bill were both on the roll of Mademoiselle Jolie's class in French 10b at 1:30 o'clock Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Neither Lucile nor Bill were very proficient French students but what work was done between them, Lucile did. She used to work out the translations and then go over them with Bill, she used to prompt him in class, she used to write her exams in a large hand so that he could be inspired by whatever she knew. This one-sided co-operation was carried on so openly that everybody in the class knew of it.

But, when the final grades were returned, at the end of the semester Bill was passed with a Fair and Lucile received a Condition.

* * *

The Discussional club at the university is a rather small and harmless group of people who are far more interested than successful in an attempt to recast opinion along more advanced lines of thought.

The club every year brings many interesting although possibly radical, speakers to the city and these speakers have always been received by greater or less crowds in university meeting places. But, when the intention of bringing Anna Yahara was announced, the sedate faculty rebelled.

The university has long been considered as liberal and traditional sponsors freedom of speech. A bronze tablet at the entrance of Main hall dedicates the university in that right. Great leaders of the past are often quoted in connection with free speech and thought at the university, but the use of any of the university halls was denied Anna Yahara.

Perhaps Mrs. Yahara has dangerous views on many subjects, and perhaps the majority of university students are too unlearned to be exposed to radical thought, but when the woman

in question spoke in the assembly room of the state capitol not even the most critical could find anything objectionable in her discourse.

* * *

"If you come around tomorrow and take me to the clinic so I can get an excuse for cutting this class I'll go with you." Mary was in the car by the time she finished speaking.

"Good," exclaimed Phil and a few minutes later the car, with its party of four, was speeding toward the Chateau.

There was a good chicken dinner waiting for them out there, plenty of poor wine and ginger ale plus. A nickel piano stood nearby to grind out music for the dancing.

Mary had a joyous time. She ate and drank and danced and was feeling pretty happy when she called the house to ask that the door be left open for her. "I'm working at the Cardinal office," she said, "very important, and I'll have to come in late."

The indulgent chaperon agreed and Mary laughed as she hung up the receiver. "The old cat ought to see me now," she volunteered. It was lucky "that old cat" didn't when Mary cautiously worked her way upstairs to her room several hours later.

In the morning Phil's car waited outside the clinic while Mary ran in to work one of the doctors for a medical excuse from the class she had cut.

* * *

Carl walked into the library yesterday, his thoughts evidently drifting, and wandering past his destination on the second floor reached the third from where he looked down on the reading room from the visitor's balcony.

It was more than crowded. Every seat at each table was occupied, there were persons standing at all reference ledges, and the window sills also held their quotas. "too bad the library facilities are not more adequate," he mused and walked back down stairs to get at his work.

Entering the room, Carl obtained a book at the desk, and went out among the tables hoping to find a place to work. It was in vain, but, as he searched, he overheard bits of various library topics.

"Beta always slings wonderful parties, don't you think?" * * * "You mustn't look at me that way, Phil. It makes me feel funny." * * *

Continued on page 18

The Mirror

Lionel M. Smith

I broke off my question to look at him as he moved across the lounge. Tall, slender, incredibly lithe and well-built, there was something in his carriage and manner that held my eyes. Wilton's gaze had followed mine, and now his eyes met my eyes.

"There," he said, "is the real reason why Alfred killed himself."

Of course I stared at him blankly.

"Oh," he went on, "nobody else would tell you that, of course. Perhaps nobody else knows it. 'Yes,' he mused, 'it's quite possible, I suppose, that no one else does. I'm sure *he* doesn't,'" and he frowned at the man with apparent irritation.

"Oh good Lord, Wilton," I said, "what are you talking about!"

"About why Alfred killed himself. Weren't you asking me that?"

"Of course I was. But what on earth has that chap got to do with it! Except that he looks a little like Alfred, I can't see what possible connection—"

"A little?" interrupted Wilton. "Look at him again!"

"Well, quite a little," I amended, studying the man's rather too lean face with its nose a little too sharp and its eyes a little too pale. "But his manner and his carriage aren't like Alfred's and that's what I noticed first about him. Who is he, anyway?"

"Carroll," he answered briefly. "English department, assistant professor."

"Must have come after I left, I suppose."

"Just last fall," he replied, with unnecessary emphasis.

"Well," I said impatiently, "what's he got to do with Alfred?"

"A good deal—everything, you might say. But I'm not sure I'm going to tell you about it," he added. "I don't think you'd believe it if I did."

"That depends of course on how credible a tale it is," I replied, somewhat vexed. "But unless you feel, yourself, that your imagination has been at work, I think you might tell me. You know I was a good enough friend of Alfred's to be entitled to as much of the truth of the case as may be available."

He thought it over.

"Well, I'll tell you—because I'm sure it is the truth of the case, and because I suddenly feel that I don't want to be the only person who knows it."

I waited in silence—lest any remark I might make should change his decision.

"You know I think Alfred always cared for Mrs. Ellington. I mean, I don't think he ever got over it."

"I always thought so, too," I agreed. "I thought everyone was talking about that being the reason for his suicide. I know I've heard it already several times since I've been back."

"Yes, there have been rumors about it, of course. But it's silly, I think, to consider that as the real reason for his suicide, the immediate reason, I mean. She was married four years ago, so that shock was too old a one. No, this was a case of many little things, not of just one shock. And that chap," he nodded at Carroll, who was talking to a recent entrant, "was the last straw, so to speak."

"He has a charming smile," I remarked.

"Oh, charming—!"

"But otherwise, his face isn't as good-looking as Alfred's."

"No," said Wilton, "but it's fortunate he's no better looking than he is. But to come back to Alfred, he was in rather bad shape when school ended last spring. He simply wasn't a teacher—best scholar in the department, though he was only, let's see, twenty-nine, wasn't it? But he simply hadn't the personality for teaching—too sensitive and retiring, and with an innate streak of melancholy. He hated people in general—and his students felt it. That rather blase, cynical way of his, that was always annoying someone, was, of course, just his attempt at self-protection."

"Oh, yes," I broke in, "he was the most idealistic person I have ever known, and the most easily disillusioned. It's a hopeless combination. One should be either a realist or extraordinarily stupid.—I wonder what that man is."

"Oh, that man," said Wilton, again frowning across at Carroll, "doesn't have to be either or anything except himself. He is one of these rare persons who don't have to fit themselves to Life, since Life fits herself to them. Magnetism is

Continued on page 14

The Raggedy Gypsy

By *Marya Zaturenska.*

*Last night I slept in a feather bed,
With an eiderdown quilt around me;
Tonight I sleep in an open field,
Beside a raggedy gypsy.*

For what care I for a soft feather bed?
And what care I for a down coverlet
When I could not sleep, and had pains in my head,
And I cried for the lad I could not forget?

I haven't a frock that is soft to touch,
Or a bit of gay embroidery,
But I sleep in peace, nor trouble much
Beside my raggedy gypsy.

He touched the strings of his violin
First soft and grave, then low and sweet;
I opened the door and let him in
He gained my love from head to feet.

"Oh fie!" said the neighbors who came to call,
"An honest maid love a gypsy tramp?
Such a thing was never heard before
A raggedy gypsy, a wandering scamp!"

He plucked the strings of his violin.
And he played high and he played low,
And he said "Pretty maid will you let me in?
"Will you follow me, wherever I go"?

So true, so sweet, were the words he said,
So dear his words, so sweet, so true,
I'll go if I have to rise from the dead.
Oh raggedy lad, I'll follow you!

I left the house, I left the town,—
Wherever my love goes there go I,
Where he lies down, there, I lie down,
Oh where he rests there shall I lie.

*Last night I slept in a feather bed
With an eiderdown quilt around me;
Tonight I sleep in an open field,
Beside a raggedy gypsy.*

Curci Lives In Clover

By *Mary Elizabeth Hussong*

And then after five years he saw her at the Scotsmur country club. She was the first person Stanley Lyons really saw in the packed little ball room. There she was, standing under a champagne wall lamp whose light brought out all the warmth in her berye brown hair. That was like her, he smiled. She always knew her hair was lovely.

He was conscious of the old exquisite poise, of the well-remembered tilt of her head. His artist eye approved her gown. Golden moire—a goodly covering for her. But she was changed. With dismay he beheld the roundness of her arms. A languid, nerveless atmosphere of slipper and fireside comfort encircled her. For all the world she resembled some goddess too well fed and kept. And her lips with their faintly ironical smile were those of a none too happy woman.

"Well, isn't she stunning?" the vivacious little sister-in-law tucked her arm through his and smiled up confident.

"Yes. Who did you say she is?" he asked.

"Timothy Stahl's wife. I must introduce you. She's dreadfully interested in famous people. And," as they were blocked in the crowd, "she has a charming voice. Nothing extraordinary, you know, but she sings at teas and charities."

"Myra, this is my brother-in-law Mr. Lyons—Mrs. Stahl."

She turned to him the same smile she had been bestowing on a little pink mushroom of a man. "How-do-you-do—Oh, I think—"

"Really, Maude, I knew Mrs. Stahl a long time ago. Do you think I might ask her out on the veranda where we can figure up—"

The pretty little sister-in-law, confused by the unexpected, thought it charming.

"Myra!" he said on the veranda. "This is better than I ever hoped. How did it chance to be?"

"Did you expect me to jump in the lake—when I found I couldn't sing?" And on her lips was this new ironical smile which irritated him.

"Hardly! But I never dreamed of seeing you here."

"And I could not have imagined that Maude's brother-in-law was once a poor struggling artist whom I knew."

"Five years is a long time."

"Yes." In that little answer there was all the tragedy of a scrappy, thwarted life. And, understanding, he felt very sorry for her.

The thick warm air saturated with late summer flower scents hung heavy about the veranda. Drowsed, as if by the fume of poppies, Stanley let his head fall against the back of his tapestry willow chair. He felt a soft warm crush of satin and fur—a woman's wrap.

"Can you remember spring five years ago in Sylvan park?"

She turned her lovely eyes to him. "Yes, I told you then that when I was a second Curci and living in clover that you would remember that night."

"And I who had gone out in the damp foggy park to look for the spring, confided to you that when the fame of my pictures had gone round the world—"

Late guests came up the steps of the veranda.—"But the cream of it is," somebody was saying. "Oh, here's Myra. My dear"—they came over and there were introductions—"He's no good Myra. We've been hearing his play." She turned to Stanley. "It's a new playwright Mrs. Stahl has found and she thinks something ought to be done about getting him one of the private theatres out here. It's a fright, Myra, really. Three acts about a man who thinks he will go to Santo Domingo. And at the end there's only his decision not to go and—the curtain." Myra joined in the laughter.

"Steer clear of Marchbanks, Myra," the man called over his shoulder. And the woman laughed a mellow deep-toned laugh. Stanley was conscious of the whiteness of her arms against the deep, rich amethyst of her dress. A heavy scent of oriental perfume followed her.

It was awkward beginning again. But finally with a whimsical smile Stanley said, "You told me all about how you had come to Chicago to study music."

"Oh, I told you my whole family history and was embarrassed. But I remember you said,"

this time her eyes smiled, "that acquaintance isn't a matter of years but of kind."

"And after that when we found we were right across the alley—or court, as you write it on letters—I decided to draw you a little sketch of the park."

"And soon I was warbling across alto good-mornings."

"We found the spring together."

"Your story wasn't so different from mine, only," here Myra laughed, "oh, how it all comes back. Don't you recall? There was a girl out in your Kansas to whom they were trying to marry you off. And don't you remember," she laid her hand on his chair, "you said you didn't object to the girl specially until you found her father was planning to put you on one of his farms." Myra laughed enjoying it.

"Yes." But he was very much annoyed.

"Then suddenly it wasn't spring any longer. And three flights up!" He changed the subject.

Myra's eyes grew dark. "It was then I saw how up hill it was going to be. You see there was a bewildering struggle going on in me. I wanted to sing awfully and I believed I could but all the time I was simply craving things—just things—soft clothes and deep rugs and real jewels. For you see, "her lips smiled again, "there was no art in my soul at all, nothing but egotism."

"I don't believe that," he answered earnestly. "Who should be better able to appreciate beauty than an artist? Its just the topsy turvy world in which we live where those who produce the beautiful things are supposed to have special preference for attics and dirty smocks."

"I'm glad you said that."

"Not being able to give up those things which we are peculiarly fitted to enjoy but which the world doesn't associate with artists is the tragedy which sends most of us back to Kansas. With me," and Myra couldn't tell whether he was smiling or not, "I wasn't sure but that I'd rather have the world pay me well while I was alive than to wait till after I was dead," here he smiled whimsically, "and then have Chicago and Kansas quarrel for me dead after the living me had begged for bread."

"But then summer did come, didn't it? Three flights up!" Myra tugged at a tiny wrist watch nested in diamonds as if it scorched her.

"It was then that I used to see that big

red car stop out in front of your rooming house. I thought it must be somebody offering you a contract," said Stanley.

"It wasn't."

"And then I talked to you just once more."

"You showed me your studio."

"To me it was a little workshop hung about with dreams and fancies!"

"I remember the picture you had just done. It was of a little boy in tatters lying on the ground with his eyes fixed on the strange pencillings in the cirrus clouds. The boy was on the ground but his soul was in the clouds. You called it 'Romance.'"

"Romance? Yes. 'The devotion to something afar.'"

"After that I was more than ever determined to stay on and learn to sing. But the very next morning I heard a car down in the street and saw you happy, too happy and carefree in white flannels with a tennis racket getting into a car beside—it was Maude, wasn't it? And you two riding and playing tennis took all the practice mood out of me for days to come."

"It must have been that very night that I saw the big red car at your door again and you drove off. I fancied the man had a fat neck and no eyelashes. Though of course I was only imagining."

Myra seemed displeased.

"I supposed you were going to the theatre. And you looked very much like a Curci in a long satin wrap."

"I'd had it for ages."

"But somehow I couldn't paint for days after that and then—"

Myra turned her head away. Through the long French doors in one of the sunparlors she caught sight of a little song bird snugly asleep in its nest. Like that little caged creature she too was well-housed and assured of good food and a warm bed. How good it was to be sheltered! And yet—five years ago she had been alive to despair and happiness and starving and feasting—three flights up to nowhere. And now, wings clipped, her soul smothered under the softest clothes, the choicest laces, and the richest food.

Stanley roused himself. "Myra, people think you clever, and I've never been taken for a dunce, but we've—we've botched things wretchedly."

Gotterdammerung!

By Raymond C. Small

SCENE: *Venusberg. On a throne, Elinor of Aquitaine. Left, a jury of Peers, Barons, Emperors, Junior Deans and Newspaper Critics. Nervously pacing the floor Troubadours, trouveres, and minnesingers, kettle-drums and Congo bangos. Spangled fools in a corner cracking and munching nuts. Homer on a divan reciting to Jim Cabell the suppressed story of what happened to the Trojan maiden in the tent of Achilles. The stage is set for the tournament of singers.*

QUEEN ELINOR: Dear strangers, peace!

Again we meet in lyric war to choose
The foremost minstrel of this gifted host;
I pray you, friends, be soft, for yet again
The season of the lillies is at hand
When I for Pico della Mirandola
Weep dolorous tears; he entered Florence
clad
In raiment bright, and lillies fell about
His horse like music breathed in silver
showers.

But hold! the judges sit so patiently
We must not muse. *Allons. Begin the roll!*

THE COURT CRIER: (*reading a papyrus*):
Tannhaeuser! Tannhaeuser!

A FOOL:—Busch.

TANNHAEUSER: I sing of love:
O pounding heart of Love! O turgid dream
Voluptuous of life! O Venus at
Whose feet I lay all hope of life to come,
To suffer pain, and tortures in the night,
If only I may see you stealing near
And feel the magic of your scarlet mouth
Married to mine in one long kiss.—

JURY OF PEERS, BARONS, EMPERORS,
JUNIOR DEANS AND NEWSPAPER
CRITICS: (*Rising to their feet*):
No! No! the singer mocks us!

TANNHAEUSER: My queen! I would be
heard!

QUEEN ELINOR: Truly, I like you well. I
think

At last year's meet old Homer over there
Struck up some ballad with a Trojan theme
About one Helen who was loved by men,

And in whose name were launched a thou-
sand ships.

He won the laurel wreath.

JURY OF P., B., E., J. D., AND N. C.: We
have searched:

There is no word "Voluptuous" in our lives,
Nor "Turgid Dream," Nor "One Long Kiss".—

Tannhaeuser tries to speak, but his words are lost in a torrent of abuse. The Junior Dean rises and demands that Tannhaeuser's song be stricken from the records. Tannhaeuser is pushed to one side by the lictors. The fools throw nuts at him. Homer hears the dispute and looks eagerly for Tannhaeuser. But Homer is blind.

QUEEN ELINOR: Peace again!

My heart is cut, but we are here to judge,
And if, perchance, one poet's song is lost,
We can but shout for it in silent streets
And hear the dismal echo in our ears.
Proceed!

THE COURT CRIER: Edgar Cullen Burton!

E. C. BURTON: I sing a paeon of life:
What is sweeter than a summer day,
A field of flowers to dream an hour away;
I say my prayers when life is dark and cold
And think of "Silver Threads Among the
Gold."

I love my country with a stalwart heart
For Right, and Truth, and I shall never part,
And then my heart with rapture thrills
And dance with the daffadils.
Merry Christmas!

JURY OF P., B., E., J. D., and N. C.: Hail the
victor! Hail!

The face of Tannhaeuser turns deadly pale; the lyre drops from his hands. Seizing the lictor's sword he plunges it into his heart and falls limp upon the convulsed body of Homer. Queen Elinor screams and falls in a mortal swoon. Pippa passes out. Keats, Solomon, Orpheus, and Ernest Dowson fall to hacking each other with swords. The sun is blotted out.

THE JUNIOR DEAN (*above the de-
bacle*): Rah! rah! rah! for pep, God, Home and
Country!

End.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the students of the University of Wisconsin

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and is especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Right now there is an especial need for good free verse and humorous essays or short stories.

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

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Madison, Wisconsin, January 1924

NUMBER 4

Much has been done---Much remains to be done.

On January 28 another history-making semester of the University will rest with the ages; in order that "resting with the ages" be not synonymous with oblivion, the Wisconsin Literary magazine, ghoulish and death's head of campus publications, exhumes some of the buried incidents, some of the lost opportunities for crime and virtue with which the dying semester teems. Much has been done. Much remains to be done.

If the Lit has not obviously taken the interest that it might have taken in current and local events during the past semester, it hopes to atone somewhat by a final though cursory review.

For example, and to head the column deservedly—it seems that on the evening of January 11 a man with nothing less than a world message came to Madison, was arduously delivered of same in Music hall, and went away from us again leaving nothing save the following brief item in "The Daily Cardinal," the student newspaper:

AUTHOR SPEAKS ON UNIVERSAL RELIGION

"Before a universal government can be made effective in the world a universal religion is needed to cement the nations together," was the message brought to the International club by Charles Mason Remey, author, artist, architect and world traveler of Chicago, who spoke at music hall last night.

The rest is silence.

The gentlemen who are members of the International club, and if there were any of them present on the evening in question, have done nothing at all to act upon the original idea that was put into their hands as a sacred trust. A splendid opening for some young man who possesses the requisite talent and energy to get into the cement industry and stick with it.

But what is to be done? Mr. Remey has taken the first step in world reconstruction by speaking in Music hall. No one has heard his challenge; a lost opportunity.

Again, some time ago the following excerpt from a longer report was printed in the Daily Cardinal, and here again—the rest is silence.

"The Y. W. C. A. means friendship, a very real, true friendship," said Marion Metcalf, while outlining the work of the cabinet. "The women entering this year have a better opportunity to get acquainted than in other years."

"The Y. W. C. A. here belongs to the national group which has a membership of 90,000 and is found in 700 schools," said Miss Anderson. "Besides this, there is a World Student Federation which takes in 42 countries. Wisconsin sent one of the five women delegates to the convention at Peking this year. So you see what a big work this is."

We see. But the university has not, so far as we know, been informed much more fully upon this International Inter-collegiate Y. W. C. A. World Federation subject. Who were these women? What

did they do in Pekin; whom did they meet, shake hands with, and what kind of postcards did they send home? Lastly, were they blondes or brunettes, beautiful or merely pretty, who represented the vital interests of American collegiate Y. W.-hood at the world convention? We can visualize the assembly and almost overhear the message that flashed from continent to continent; and back of that meeting—in the darkness, the silent, anxious faces of home town constituents by the thousands, waiting—waiting—waiting. Then the probable message: "The Y. W. C. A. spirit is one of loyal service and friendship."

Exhibit C is an earnest, thoughtful editorial that was printed in the Daily Cardinal directly after the homecoming game last fall. The title of it was :PINK TEA WISCONSIN! We re-print a few of the whimsical paragraphs:

PINK TEA WISCONSIN!

Wisconsin went down to defeat, not a tie, at the hands of Minnesota yesterday and the responsibility for that defeat lies at the feet of the Wisconsin student body and alumni!

Cheering of the weakest and most puerile sort greeted the valiant efforts of the Badger team on Randall field yesterday. Big brawny muscular voiced men with dainty damsels at their sides feebly hurrahed for their team or breathed a few mumbled words of "On Wisconsin" as a conciliation to the earnest invocations of cheer leader Ez Crane and his men.

Ez Crane deserves a better school than Wisconsin; that is our indignant minority report.

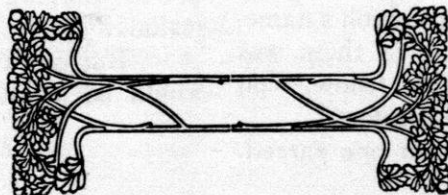
Wisconsin today has an ignoble reputation of being the "co-eds' paradise." Wisconsin acknowledges and respects the woman's right to be here, but it resents the disgrace of the charge. Occurences such as that at the game yesterday serve only to strengthen the report.

It is true that women have a legal right to enter the university, since this is a state institution, and some of the population of the state is bound to be women. Wisconsin being a male university where women have flimsy abstract rights to scuttle from class to class and then straight to their rooms, yet puts a courteous face on the matter and tips its hat to them. We are not compelled to; that must be understood. But they are here, and we will be polite about it; the only thing we object to is the disgrace.

Put a little rosin on your spine, men, wipe off that powder on your nose, wear a flannel shirt if you like! Be a man!

But it would be impossible to take up in turn and review fully the almost countless deeds of individual courage, persistence, or acumen, the innumerable historic events that have made the past four months a banner semester. Next time we shall not let the matter go till the last moment. There is, for instance, the astounding theory postulated by the dean of women that the University of Wisconsin Woman student "refuses to associate with men who have been drinking." If this statistic be true—both the implication that there may be men in the university who drink intoxicating liquor, and the assertion that the co-ed does not associate with them even if there are—it deserves a bronze commemorative tablet to be erected somewhere on Regent street. And we wish that we might have the pleasure of calling a roll of honor, containing the names of such men as the one whose list of achievements volunteered for publication during the fall elections were these: Track squad, freshman numerals, Philomathia, Literary society, Varsity Rooters' club, 1922-23 Homecoming committees, and Interscholastic Basketball committees, and Wisconsin-in-China, Sophomore commission, Inner Gate, Outer Gate, Delta Upsilon. Many could qualify for such roll of honor, but the number is all too few for the seven thousand students in the University.

K. F.



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the only word for it."

"Lucky chap," I murmured incredulously.

"Well, after all," resumed Wilton, "I guess you know as much about Alfred as I can tell you. He was the sort of man who is doomed through mere diffidence and—well, lack of personal charm, perhaps—to lots of little failures, and who is so terribly sensitive that they make life Hell for him."

He was silent for a while, until I said, a little impatiently:

"Well, if you're through with Alfred, let's get on to this chap."

"I remember so well the first time I heard Alfred speak of Carroll. I'd heard a great deal about what a charming fellow Carroll was and how pleased the department men were with him. Alfred and I were sitting in the lounge here, and I happened to hear someone mention Carroll, so I asked Alfred about him. At first he was so non-committal that I became interested. I suppose one always suspects a man who takes the way Carroll did, of being, well, just possibly a fluke. And Alfred's manner strengthened that suspicion. I got a bit impatient at his saying nothing definite, so that I finally exclaimed: 'What is he like, anyway?'

"At that, Alfred gave me a very odd look.

"'Well,' he said, very deliberately, 'he's like me—an idealized me, that I am just a pale reflection of.' And he laughed, his cynical, little laugh.

"Then he went on to explain, in a very natural manner, that Carroll resembled him somewhat in appearance, and that it had been much commented on. But they were very different in other ways, that Carroll was a good mixer, a type of man who would be popular with his students but who had, perhaps, less serious intellectual interest than himself. But for all that, I didn't forget Alfred's odd manner at the outset, nor that odd thing which he said.

"Just a few days later, we were coming from classes together at noon, Alfred and I. There were two men ahead of us, nice broad-shouldered young chaps. Suddenly, I caught Carroll's name.

"'Gosh, but he's great!' one of them was saying eagerly. 'He's a regular fellow, you know. Not like most of these professors.'

"'Yes, I guess he is,' the other one agreed.

'He looks like it, anyway.—I've got Mr. Beverly for English.'

"Upon hearing his name, Alfred looked at me, but there was more than amusement in his eyes. And I, too, was instinctively afraid of what was coming.

"'Oh,' said the first boy, 'that's the fellow who looks sort of like Carroll, isn't it?'

"'Yes, but he isn't a bit like him, I guess,' rejoined the other. 'Oh, he's nice, but he's awfully dry in class. Just hasn't a bit of pep. And oh so bored! That's the way most of those fellows are. Sort of dessicated.'

"He produced the word with an undergraduate pride which would have amused me had I not been aware of what Alfred must be feeling. But they were not through even yet. The knife was to be given still another twist.

"'You know I think it's mostly that sort of men who go into teaching these days,' said the first boy, 'the fellows that haven't the personality to succeed in the business world. In teaching, you know, you can just sort of drift along and never come to a show-down. That's why it's so fine to find a man like Carroll teaching.'

"They turned at the corner of the street, still unaware of their auditors, and Alfred and I tried to make the best of this bitter fare. We laughed at the sophomoric wisdom of the boys' comments, sighed at the inability of American youth to appreciate a life of culture; but we avoided each other's eyes, and I felt, with a physical sensation, the pain that Alfred was concealing.

"That was only one incident, of course. There must have been dozens of others. I was always hearing of Carroll's popularity and success, but I avoided any mention of his name to Alfred, and Alfred did not speak of him again for some time. I think I had, even then, a feeling that their lives had become definitely involved, one with the other, but you see what slight and chance reasons I had for feeling so. And certainly, no one else can have felt that way. So Alfred, in the same department, doing much the same work, was not likely to be spared very much."

"Oh, don't you think," I broke in, "that you're making Alfred out to be abnormally jealous?"

"But don't you see," cried Wilton, "why he would be jealous of Carroll, where he wouldn't

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Trauma

To M—

By Oscar Riegel

I.

I have loved thee, Allure, many, many years ago,
 (My heart grows weary trekking them once
 more,
 Grieving for soft, dead moons we used to know);

There was the glow of thy amber eyes, Allure,
 (I called thee Mistress of My Fancy, then),
 Lighting up flowers, like star-light, vagrant pure,

Until a leap of passion made my soul love-poor,
 (I sold my birth-right languor for a song),
 And now my stained and hopeless heart is thine,
 Allure.

II. The Dust of the Moon.

Could I have loved you dearer, you
 Whose hands have swept the night so gropingly,
 Searching for hidden lovers on a lawn
 Or stealthy clock-chimes in a sightless world;

Could I have touched your lips, from whence
 The first fine blush had not been lightly kissed

I pause; for lowering with rotting brows
 Stalks passion, huddling up with steps of clay,
 With paunching cheeks, and folds of callow flesh,
 To sneer, and grin my fading dream away.

Autumn

God died this morning!
 I saw his bier pass on the wind
 To grievous whirl of leaves
 And sparrows bickering in the eaves
 All morning.

Men came in great overcoats;
 They brought black umbrellas,
 And stood about the dead.
 "How natural he looks," they said,
 And sneezed and shuffled on.

V. Roger Dunn.

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have been jealous of another man? We can stand, of course, the knowledge that other people are better than we are—good Lord we have to!—so long as we feel that we are still different from them. It was the resemblance that made Carroll matter! It established a comparison. Haven't you ever noticed, for example, two sisters of whom one is noticeably more attractive or gifted? The other—unless she is an angel—will be insanely jealous, though of course she will try to hide it. And she wouldn't be half so jealous, perhaps not jealous at all, of an even prettier or more talented girl than her sister. If, for instance, she has an ugly nose, why she'd rather have a nose like her pretty sister's than any other nose in the world—because it's like hers, only better!

"I've always thought that Doris Hunter was the beginning of the end. Did you know Doris? She and Alfred were very good friends, but he wasn't at all in love with her, I'm sure. They were together quite a lot for a while. I hoped, and some of the other men hoped that it was something serious, and that Mrs. Ellington would be forgotten at last. But with Alfred, I suppose, here was no forgetting. I think, in fact, that it was a faint resemblance, just in general type and manner, to Mrs. Ellington that constituted Doris' chief charm for him. Perhaps Alfred was peculiarly sensitive to such resemblances. It would seem so, wouldn't it? He wasn't going with her much last fall. But she would often come to his office to talk with him. She was an unusually intelligent girl, with that same serious and serene expression that Mrs. Ellington has—a remarkably level-headed girl, I should have said. I think that she had been in love with Alfred once. Perhaps if it hadn't been for Mrs. Ellington, it might have been a match. But of course one never knows about those things, and it's just as well, no doubt, to spare Mrs. Ellington all but the responsibility that one can't help attributing to her. If Carroll was the last straw in Alfred's tragedy, she was, of course, the beginning.

"It was only about two weeks before Alfred's death that we happened to meet Doris and her mother on the street. After we had left them, Alfred remarked on his surprise at seeing Mrs. Hunter. They lived in California and she had been here at the beginning of school. He said he had seen Doris only a few days before, and she had not told him that her mother was coming. But fate was taking a hand with a vengeance by

that time, and his curiosity was soon enough to be allayed. We went to Parker's for dinner that night—we had only gone there a half a dozen times altogether last fall—and they were there. I can still see Alfred plainly as he looked when he saw them—Doris, her mother, and Carroll. Alfred sat facing their table, and he did not pretend not to be watching them. I suppose that she had looked at him that way once, or almost that way. And although I am sure he had never been in love with her, still, it did matter.

"He told me about it later. He knew I was too far in it, then, for reticence to be of any importance. Mrs. Hunter had come because she felt that Doris was seriously interested in Carroll. They had been dancing and dining together occasionally. Doris was in one of his classes, and they happened to have mutual friends. Mrs. Hunter was one of these mothers who look after their daughters matrimonially, and she had wanted to look Carroll over. It was she, herself, who told Alfred about it, unknown to Doris. She came to him as to someone on whom she could rely for a frank and sound opinion. Poor Alfred!

"'But,' I said to him, 'is Carroll seriously interested in her?'

"After a time, he answered, 'I don't think so.'

"'Does Doris think so?' I persisted.

"'I don't know. My guess is she's only hoping.'

"'And Mrs. Hunter?'

"'Oh, you know how mothers are,' said Alfred. 'I don't think it has ever occurred to her that he could help it.'

"Then, of course, I wanted to ask him what had or had not occurred to Mrs. Hunter in his own case, or if she had known about it, or if it had even been 'a case', but, of course, I couldn't. Perhaps, he was following my thoughts. At any rate, his next remark was a partial answer.

"'She says it's the first time Doris has ever seemed to be really interested in a man.'

"But, nevertheless, I still think, as I said, that Doris was once in love with Alfred. I can very well imagine her being seriously in love with him and keeping it completely from her mother. But with Carroll it would be different. I have seen other women fall in love with men of his type—for he is a type, of the children of Fortune—and simply fling caution and self-respect and

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everything else to the winds. Perhaps it would be better to reverse the expressions that I have been using. I think Doris was 'seriously interested' in Alfred, but she was 'in love' with Carroll. I dare say Alfred appreciated the distinction.

"After he had finished telling me what Mrs. Hunter had said, we were both silent for a time. I was growing really worried, and I think he was deciding whether or not to share one last little thing with me. But its flavor was too acrid to be kept to himself. He smiled, in that cynical amusement of his that was mostly pain.

"'You know,' he said, 'Doris told me at the very beginning of the year that she was sure she would like Mr. Carroll because he reminded her so much of me.'

"Well, Doris didn't get Carroll, but Alfred never knew that—not that it would have mattered to him greatly, except as far as Doris' happiness was concerned.

"All this was only two weeks before his death, as I said. And so it was only twelve days later that the drama of the last straw was, if I am not dreaming, enacted. The men at the Club, by the way, had begun to comment a good deal on the state of Alfred's health. He had not been well, of course, the spring before, but this was different. His nervousness and melancholy were no longer a general state of mind. They had concentrated to something narrower and more definite.

"The Ellingtons had just got back from abroad, and the Sumners were giving a little party for them one evening. Alfred and I went beforehand to the Ellingtons'. She had asked Alfred to come, and he took me along with him. She was sitting by the fire when we went in, wearing some rather strange purple thing. I had never realized before how really exquisite she was. Of course, I was always prejudiced against her. She gave Alfred a very lovely look. They were all on the easiest footing together. Alfred sat beside her on the davenport and she talked to him while I talked to Ellington. I had the feeling, though I scarcely caught a word of their conversation, that she was—well, soothing him, straightening out all his little troubles, and setting everything right. She had that air somehow, with her depth of serenity. I began to wonder half-consciously, under the flow of Ellington's easy conversation, if that were not all that had been the matter with

Alfred, if he were not dependent upon her, upon her mere presence, and if it were not quite all right that it should be so.

"And then I saw her lean toward him and lay her lovely hand over his, in an exquisitely caressing way. Alfred's face was radiant. I think it was the first time I had ever seen him look really happy. And I was the only one in the room who was at all embarrassed by the caress. No doubt it was a little habit with her, which had long since lost all significance for her, and for her husband—and Alfred was far too deeply moved for anything so superficial as embarrassment.

"There were only a few people at the Sumner's when we arrived, and as soon as I entered the room I saw Carroll. He was standing, smiling down at the woman he was talking to, and all his lithe grace was in his posture. We stood in the doorway, waiting a minute for Mrs. Sumner, who did not see us at once.

"'Who is that man?' asked Mrs. Ellington of Alfred, indicating Carroll.

"It was a nightmare to me, that party. And if it were that to me—I don't think she meant to be cruel; I don't think she knew that she was. If it had been any other man than Carroll, I should have despised her ever after as a perfectly heartless creature, or, at least, a heedless, shallow flirt. But, indeed, what she did was little enough. I dare say it scarcely waked a ripple of gossip. I was, of course, abnormally sensitive to the situation; it had a conscious entity for me to which it could have for no one else, except Alfred. But she must at least have been aware how jealous of her Alfred was, or, that is, aware of it until Carroll's inevitable charm had exerted itself. Oh, I don't mean she fell in love with him; it was only the flirtation of an evening.

"Before very long, Alfred had stopped dancing. He had stopped talking, too—had stopped doing anything except watching Mrs. Ellington dance with Carroll, or, if she were not dancing with him, waiting until he could watch them together. I stayed with him most of the time, partly because I thought it made him less conspicuous than when he was alone, and partly that I might watch him.

"It was near the end of the evening. They were sitting during an intermission directly across the room from Alfred and me. And suddenly, at something Carroll said, she leaned

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Continued from page 6

"And believe me, she's some keen mama! I'm going to drag her to our next dance, if she gives me a bit of encouragement."

* * *

Two weeks till vacation! That thought suggested so many happy things that Al was refreshed, more than just by the weather, as he walked back to the house after an early morning class.

"I'll pitch right in and make up all my back work before then," he decided. Even that prospect heightened his happiness.

A postman handed him the mail as he entered the house. Among it, a pretty girl beckoned him from the cover of the latest *Cosmopolitan*. He noticed a large comfortable chair, drawn up before the fireplace, in the living room.

Two hours later the luncheon chimes disturbed him, just as Cynthia was about to dash madly from her husband's house.

* * *

"Gee, but you look pretty and sweet tonight, Lois."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"Perhaps you do—and thank you. But I'm so sick of being told that I'm pretty and sweet. So many tell me I am, and many add innocent, too. And they might just as well say dumb. Folks think, when they say I'm sweet and pretty, they've said all. I can recognize it in their voices every time. I just hate it!"

"You're all wrong—absolutely! I know you are in my case and you must be about the other people too."

"That's what you say. Perhaps you mean it, but I know I'm right. It even hurts me when Bob says those things. Tonight he made me just want to pull my band down over one eye and daub on a lot of rouge. I'd love anybody who told me I looked hard or wild!"

Distances

By George C. Johnson

A strip of sand-beach
Wed to the sea;
The sky continuing the blue roll of water
Into infinity;
And to me,
Lone figure on the sands,
A gull that wheels and reels
Between sea and sky
Seems to wonder
Why he cannot reach the horizon.

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toward him—oh, just the same movement!—and her hand lay on his. When I looked at Alfred, he was very white and his eyes were burning. After the music had begun again, he said to me, hoarsely, 'Let's go, shall we?'

"Outside, the snow was falling, the first snow of the season, great fluffy flakes that came softly, straight down. It was a beautiful night. We began speaking of it, and somehow, Alfred found his tongue, and all the way to the Club, talked volubly, with an energy and a gayety that were more than rare in him. I only half attended to what he was saying, and all the time, I had the absurd sensation of a woman's fingers laid over mine, with a burning touch. At the door of the Club, we paused to look back at the snow, shining in the arc-light. For a minute, Alfred's flow of conversation ceased. Then he spoke, slowly, in his usual manner.

" 'It's like seeing yourself in a mirror, a mirror that shows you what you wanted to be.'

"I noticed that he was holding his left hand over his right, as if that hand pained him."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes," said Wilton, "isn't it enough?"

"I don't know," I answered, with my eyes on Carroll.

He had risen, and after a moment's hesitation, was coming toward us.

"I beg your pardon, Professor Wilton," he said. "May I have that paper, if you're through with it?"

The newspaper was lying beside Wilton, and he handed it to Carroll, looking at him with a strained little frown.

"Thank you," said Carroll, smiling at us both. I found myself smiling back at him, and I turned to Wilton, when Carroll had gone, with an almost guilty look. Wilton's face was just regaining its annoyed expression.

"Well," he said, in the sullen tone of a child who *will* be angry, "do you believe it or not?"

"Yes."

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Song of Youth Dying

The glowing prisms of the dawn,
That light the sea and sky
With vivid splashes,
Rekindle youth-quenched ashes.

The misty fingers of the dusk,
That twist round phantom birches,
Sleep caressed,
Awaken vague unrest.

The rigid silence of the night,
That stifles lonely wind's
Discouraged crying,
Sends despair flying
To Youth—dying—dying.— Esther M. Saenger

SONNET TO A PROMINENT FIGURE ON THE CAMPUS

Poor old codger! you seem to realize
There's something wrong about your being
there;
Head bowed, abashed, half-slumping in the chair,
You seem afraid to meet our fine young eyes
As though you knew the way we criticize
Your baggy, unpressed trousers, shaggy hair
And rough hands; you pretend that you don't
care,
And stiffly try to look aloof and wise.

Diable man! Just how did you get in?
And did you check that Springfield tongue
outside,
That made all heaven snicker with its sin?
You always were a little—odd; look here—
To be quite frank—would you have tried and
tried
For Skimmed Milk night? Would you have
made Big Beer?

K. F.

Continued from page 10

And many things they thought of sitting
there while the soft moondust spilt itself over
the veranda. It was as if it were aware that at
this club there would be ample remuneration
for everything. And so, very lavishly over the
grounds and low veranda it was pouring its
whitest most shimmering rays.

"But you still paint, don't you?"

"Oh, didn't Maude tell you? She seems
quite proud of the living I make for her sister.
No—I'm a cartoonist on a paper out in Kansas
City."

MEAT

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A Meeting of the Poetry Society

By *Marya Zaturenska*

On Thursday, October twenty-eighth, the Poetry Society of America opened its doors in the National Arts Club, for the first meeting of the season. Almost all of its members were present and for the first time in its history a few of the younger Greenwich villagers paid it a visit, albeit an unfriendly one.

The retiring president of the society, a man of superhuman patience and courtesy, opened the meeting by informing the members that the election for his successor would begin. He spoke at length, and boredom reigned supreme, until the Ray of Sunshine entered. The Ray was big, blonde burly Harry Kemp, the "Tramp Poet," arrayed in the uncomfortable dignity of an evening suit. Harry was not accustomed to wearing a dress suit and he showed it plainly.

The president was discussing candidates. Some one suggested Hamlin Garland.

"For the love of Mike," said Harry, "get a poet for your president. What did that guy Garland write anyway?" Such inelegant language is not allowed in the society. The walls of the beautiful National Arts club building shook at the sacrilege.

"Sir," said a rebuking old lady to the unabashed Harry, "Mr. Garland has nobly held aloft the standard of American letters."

"How did he do it?" queried a happy looking young Irish poet who had just entered with a beautiful lady friend.

Again the president tapped for order but nobody wished to be quiet.

Then a certain radical poet, who had appointed himself as leader of the Opposition, got up and made a customary speech, denouncing the election, denouncing the society, denouncing the capitalistic system that allowed one poet to come to the society in a limousine, and the other by subway, denouncing everything in general. His adherents cheered lustily. There are a group of poets who are never tired of telling how much they hate the society, but who nevertheless never fail to come to each and every meeting, never missing one.

The amiable secretary arose in a puzzled distress. "I agree with the gentleman who spoke in one thing only, and that is as to the quality of the poems read recently at the meetings of the society. The poetry isn't half as good as it used to be. What is the matter?"

Everybody thought hard and then Harry Kemp's voice broke out in mournful certainty.

"Prohibition has done it," he wailed.

First a sigh, and then a roar of laughter, greeted this mournful reply. The sweet old lady poets looked shocked, and the president hastily changed the subject.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to return to the election,—"

"Oh, let's cut the election and come as the poems of the evening," said a soulful young lady poet.

"I nominate Witter Bynner," put in the persistent secretary.

"I nominate George Sterling," said a group of ladies at once.

"For he's the ladies' friend," sang out a Hindu poet cheerfully.

Charles Hanson Towne's name was greeted with applause and so was that of Angela Morgan.

"I nominate Wm. Rose Benet," said a voice in the rear, "he's a member who never comes. We want an absentee president."

"Oh, let's have Edgar Lee Masters, he'll cheer things up."

"What about Vachel Lindsay?" queried a dignified Bostonian poet, "he loves Boston and Boston loves him."

"I'd sooner elect Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but she's dead, alas," said Harry Kemp.

"What about yourself, Harry?" put in the leader of the opposition. "I elect Harry Kemp." Everybody whooped at that, but Harry looked embarrassed. "I've got no time to be president of the club. There isn't even a salary attached to the blamed job."

The president called for order again very sadly, but nobody seemed to mind.

"Three cheers for that graceful muse, Amy Lowell," said a solitary voice.

"Let this be her motto," put in a young poet of bolshevistic tendencies. "She's got the gold dust." "The lady who made vers libre socially possible would be a better election slogan for her," replied a sarcastic poet of the old school.

A Republican lady then arose and with a voice brimming with emotion suggested Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, because she was the sister of a great man. This was too much. She was shouted down and then the poetry readings began.

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SOLITUDE

Lonely trees
Wring their lovely hands and sigh,
And the cold, caressing wind
Runs slim fingers through their flowing hair,
But passes by.

F. J.

CHANSON

Along my path primroses grow,
But primroses are sweet and so,
What should I care where the path may go?

There are those who climb for the good of their
soul

Up a rocky road toward an unsure goal,
But along my path primroses grow.

I have Beauty to lead me away from care
With her oft kissed mouth and her wanton hair.
So what should I care where the path may go!

Though flowers and pleasures are fleeting things
I cannot know what the future brings,
And along my path primroses grow.

So, as long as the way is easy to tread
And songs are merry and lips are red
I shall not care where the path may go.—F. J.

Translation of a Prose Poem by Baudelaire

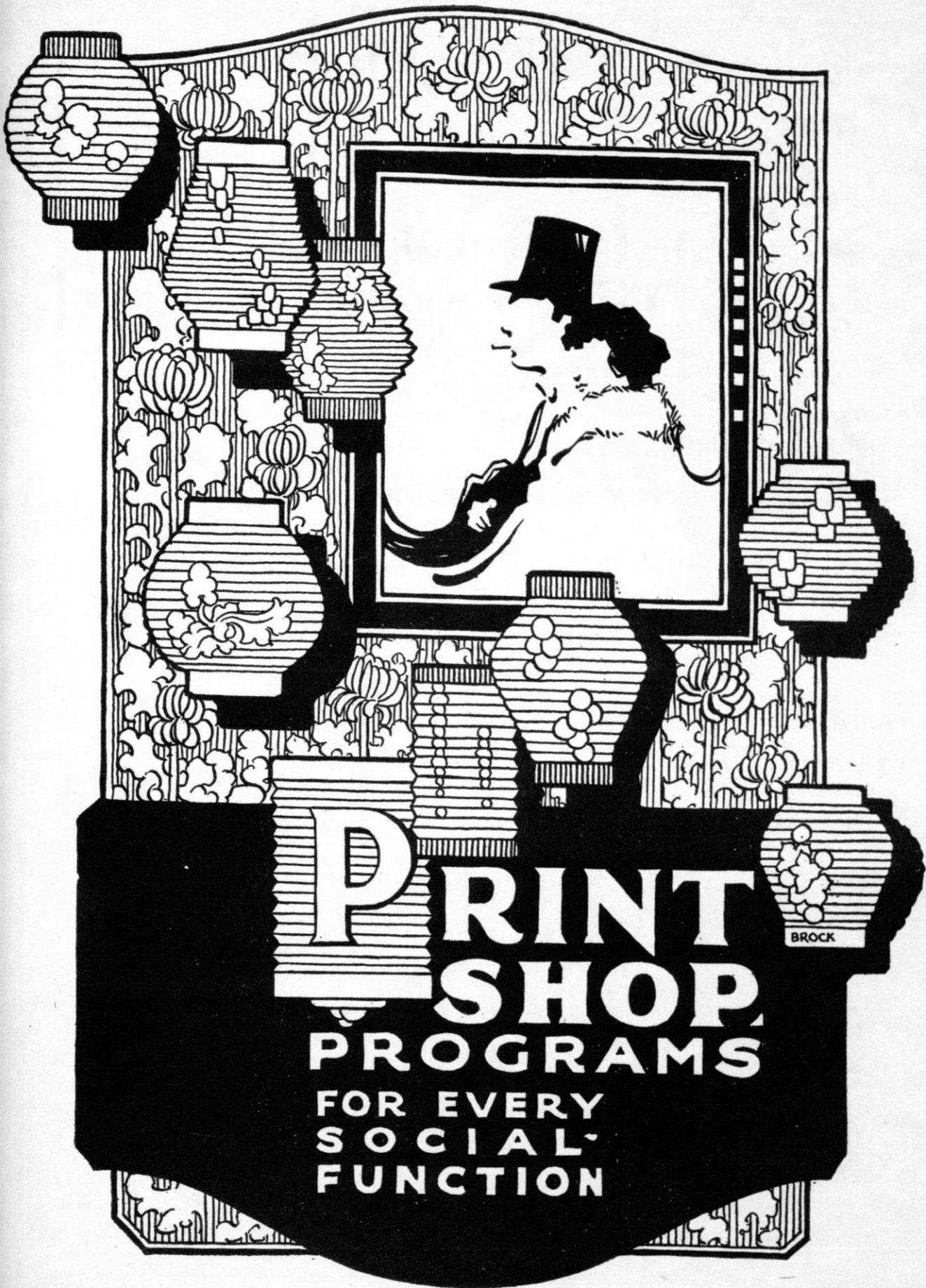
The little withered old woman felt very happy when she would see that pretty child whom everyone welcomed, whom everyone wished to please; that pretty being, as fragile as the little old woman, like her also (that) it was toothless and had no hair.

And she drew near him; she wished to shower him with smiles and gracious looks.

But the frightened child writhed beneath the caresses of the broken-down old woman; he filled the house with his shrill screams.

Then the good old woman retired in her eternal solitude, and she wept in a corner, saying to herself: "Ah, for us, unfortunate old creatures, age is past pleasing, even pleasing innocent children; we horrify the little children that we wish to love!"

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