The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. XXVII, Number 2 December 1927

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December 1927

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A

ISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

DEC.

DECEMBER 1927

CONTENTS

VOL. XXVII, NO. 2

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine is published quarterly, two times a semester, by the students of the University of Wisconsin. The price of the magazine is twenty-five cents a copy; one dollar for year subscriptions. Those who wish to submit manuscripts for consideration by the editorial staff should send them with a stamped return envelope to 772 Langdon Street. Entered as second class matter in the postoffice at Madison, Wis.

LINOLEUM-CUT BY JIM CHICH

THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

THE TOWN BAND

On a week day in July last summer, when I was hitch hiking back to Madison on the Lincoln Highway, I landed in a small town in Nebraska towards evening.

I did the usual sightseeing by walking up the main street and sending away the picture post card of the County Court House. Then I visted the library and held converse with the librarian.

In the midst of his conversation I heard some peculiar noises outside the library door, and asked what it was all about.

He explained that the town band was giving its weekly concert. He admitted it was atrocious, and apologized for its being so obviously bad.

I excused my self and went out upon the square. In the centre of a large grass plot were some fifteen people: boys, girls, men and women: The men in their shirt sleeves, the girls in what was probably supposed to be evening dress. They were seated in three rows of hard backed chairs and heartily blowing away in very cheerful discordance to the leadership of a man with a baton, who obviously knew nothing about keeping time.

A light strung overhead was the illumination for the tin music stands that were before each player. Back from the grass plot and beyond the sidewalk the entire street was parked with cars surrounding the square. All the cars were filled and at the conclusion of each selection, approval was shown by the blowing of their automobile horns.

I have been fortunate in that I have heard concerts given by the best American symphony orchestras. The audiences that attended were very well trained for the most part. They knew something about music. They knew a good deal about the composition of it.

I have great doubts whether there were many present around the county seat square that night who knew very much about musc. Most of them owned radios as I could tell by the many lead wires that I had seen on the houses everywhere along the road, so that they at least knew something about rhythym. They must have known their band was far from good. A little investigation showed that aside from communal pride in their own band they were intensely interested in the pieces played; all of which were classical.

The band that night gave a rendition, and "rend" may be a nearer description; of music by Brahms, Schubert, Mozart and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The reader may say, "what is unusual about that?" Nothing, as far as the performance, the playing, or the works played; but a great deal about the interest displayed by an entire town in a musical organization that was still in the experimental stage.

The townspeople could have gone to the movies. They could have stayed at home and tuned in on a five thousand dollar a week orchestra. It was a very fine, and very mild night, so that if otherwise minded they could have gone driving on an excellent cement road. Instead they chose to listen to their band.

This little town is not an unusual exception. There are many small towns on the Lincoln Highway and other places where good music takes first place before other things that might be done. These small towns are musically starved and are very rapidly beginning to awake to the fact. It means not only an interest in those masterpieces of the past, but a hope for the future that is even greater than it is possible to imagine.

Half of the population of the United States is to be found in towns of from fifty to one thousand people. The larger the towns the more diversified its interests. In a small community there are less things to do, and people live closer together. Such an interest in music, especially in a section of the country where the blood is very young, is one of the healthiest signs the country can make.

It does not necessarily point out a glowing future, but it does show where the way can be opened. Some day, very soon, that town band will have grown to know how to play well together. It is for that time that the creative artist must prepare himself. For they will be able to say to him, that they are now able to use their tools, but they lack the material with which to work.

FARWELL TO MY YOUNG FRIEND

BY SUNG LEIN

Translated from the Chinese by Kwei Chen

NOTE: Sung Lien (A. D. 1310-1381). A native of China-hau in Chehkiang, who declined office and led a studious life until in 1367 he went to Nanking as tutor to the Heir Apparent. In 1369 he was appointed to edit the History of Yuan Dynasty, and he was also of the chief framers of the Hung Wu Ch'en Yung, a dictionary arranged under 76 rhymes. Later on he became President of the Han-lin College, and for many years enjoyed the Emperor's confidence. It is said that from his youth to old age he did not spend a single day without reading. He had thorough acquaintance with the Five Classics. He was Canonized as Wen Hsien, meaning the legislator of letters.

Since boyhood I have been eager for learning. Born in a poor family I could not afford to buy my own books; therefore, at need, I borrowed from those who had their private libraries. I copied them in hand writing, and very carefully kept account of the dates on which I had promised to return them. Even in times of intense cold, the ink being firmly frozen and my fingers unable to bend, I ran to return what I had borrowed, daring not to violate even slightly my promises. For this reason, many men lent me books; consequently, I was enabled to read and study a great number.

When I was about twenty, I became increasingly desirous of studying the principles of the sages. But I grieved for the lack of teachers and friends with substantial knowledge under whom I could pursue my studies. Therefore, frequently, I would walk forty or more miles to some eminent and learned teacher I could find within the district. I brought with me the *Classics* and begged that he explain what I did not understand. The teacher with his high moral standing and distinguished scholarship had his room full of students. Always he maintained his very grave and serious manner. Standing by his side I stated to him my doubts and thoughts and begged him to explain and criticize; my head was bowed and my ears were in-

clined while I made my request and listened to his reponse. In case he lost his temper, I appeared more respectful to him and more observent of propriety, daring not to utter a single word in return. When he was pleased again, I renewed my requests. Hence, stupid as I was, I learned something at last.

When I went to school, always I shouldered the satchel of books, with worn-out shoes walking through the mountain ways and woods. In the severely cold day when the wind blew violently and snow was several feet deep, I was insensible when the skin of my feet was lacerated. Stiff and immovable were my four limbs, when I reached the dormitory, where the janitor would bathe them in hot water, and then cover my whole body with heavy blankets. After a long while I was enabled thereby to recover.

In the dormitory I had two meals a day, but nothing fresh, fat, or of any good taste. All other schoolmates were dressed up in fine silk and with embroidery; their hats were decorated with jewels; their girdles made of white jade. Every one bore a sword on his left, and perfume at his right. They looked as shining and dignified as angels. While living among them I wore my cotton robe and tattered clothes, but had not the slightest desire to be like them, for I had my enjoyment focused upon something different, knowing not that my bodily wants were not as well supplied as those of others.

In such a manner I struggled with all my difficulties. Now, although I am already old and have accomplished as yet nothing, fortunately I have got into the intellectual class. I thank our good Emperor for his giving me the opportunity to work for the public welfare as his adviser. Throughout the country my name has often been mistakenly mentioned. What a better man some other would have made of himself, had he been better equipped with mentality than I!

Nowadays the students in the National University have their meals and dwellings supplied by the government, and their parents send them furs and cambrics; they do not have to worry lest they suffer cold and hunger. Sitting inside the grand buildings to do their studying, they do not have to bother themselves to walk long miles: There are professors always ready; never will be a time when questions are not to be ans-

wered or when information cannot be obtained. Books that they ought to have are here all collected; no student has to be like me who had no books available except by borrowing from others and copying in handwriting. Should any one of these students not have done excellent work in his studies and should his moral standing not have approached perfection, this is less because his mentality is inferior to mine than that he failed to devote his attention to learning so assiduously as did I. Is it the fault of any one else?

My young friend Mar of Tungyang has been for two years in the National University. Many of my friends praise him for his high scholarship and good behavior. While I am serving in the Capital, he pays his visit to me as a youth of my home district and presents me as gift a long essay which embodies very intelligent matter and which is very well composed. Discussing some subjects with him I find him amicable and pleasant. He says he has been studying very hard. He is the one who really knows the best way to study. He is now going home to his parents; I therefore am taking the opportunity to relate to him my own difficulties in pursuing my studies. My sole purpose is to urge the people of our home district to pursue education. Should there be any one who might accuse me of displaying my good fortune before home folks, he will have entirely misunderstood me.

"It is useless to talk about seeking disinterested knowledge with those students who are ashamed of poor diet and poor clothing."
—Confucius.

QUEEN VENUS SPEAKS

BY JULIANA COTTON

They tell me that I loved Adonis—once—
and that I wept, when that blond boy lay dead,
and other things—that make a pretty tale
for love sick girls to read.
if I have loved, then I have loved a man,
who broke my flaunted beauty to his will,
ecen as men are slain and cities lost, and nations devastated
when wild war
sweeps through the land;
—and boys are good enough
to kiss one time, as one might kiss the flowers,
gold buttercups about a morning field,
and make him think he is so much a man,
until his tears unman him, and he weeps.

But I—who am so beautiful and strong
have not sought weakness—
I have walked at dawn
to meet my lover with the bloodstained hands,
reeking from blood of battle and from war,
and when the dawn was bloodstained, in the East,
all my hot blood went out to meet his own,
and neither he, nor I was vanquished then,
nor yet the victor, but all things in all
each to the other.

And yet, the people talk
and poor Adonis wrote me many rhymes
as countless as the hours—to call me fair. . . .
and Vulcan, who is old and impotent
thinks he can tame me, talks of marriage gifts
and brazen girls—and lots of other things
till I could laugh.—

J. M. S. COTTON

THREE DAYS FROM THE DIARY OF A GREEK 5th CENTURY B. C.

BY ANTHONY ROAMER

I.

TO-DAY I have formally recognized Lysias as my second child. How happy I am that it is a boy—and a strong, healthy baby, so that I need not do as my neighbor, Hippias, who just a few days ago refused to accept his wife's baby girl and has had her exposed to the elements. I should have done the same, had my child been a girl, for a female child would bring me no assurance that I should be cared for in my old age, nor that the family name and worship of the family gods would be perpetuated. Above all, the Athenian state now has a prospective citizen for service.

I have been thinking to-day of Alcides, my elder son, who is now over seven years of age. It is time that he were removed from the care of my wife and the other women in the house. In a few days I shall have his training in the schools begun, so that he will be prepared to take my place on the farm and in the state when he reaches the proper age. It is especially satisfying to me that I can provide both my sons with enough land so that neither of them will find it necessary to emigrate to the colonies.

This morning has been spent in reverence to our family gods, for we omitted nothing that would contribute to the success of the christening. Five days ago the customary ceremony was completed which placed Lysias under the care of our family gods; his nurse carried him around the hearth in the *andron,* where we men live, followed by my wife and the rest of the household. Early to-day I offered a bloodless sacrifice of cakes and fruit on the altar of Zeus Herkeios in the courtyard to express my thanksgiving for his propitiousness. I also stood before the altar to Hestia in the *andron* and offered a prayer to the goddess for her continued protection and favor.

Early this afternoon the guests began to arrive for the christening. My brother, Alciniades, brought with him some

playthings for the baby, a rattle and a ball. Soon after, my dear friends, Clitias, Gorgias, and Palicles, arrived and presented me with a beautiful, polished copper mirror and several pieces of exquisite pottery. One of the vases is a truly remarkable *lekythos* of slender and graceful charm. The color of the figures of the soldiers and horsemen are done in the usual red on a black ground, but the work is exceptionally fine and delicate.

The rest of the guests having been ushered in, I proceeded with the ceremony. After the formal recognition of the child as my own, I committed myself to his upbringing and education. This was followed by a formal christening during which I explained that I had named him Lysias after my father whose excellent character and spirit were worthy of his emulation.

Just before sundown we all reclined on the couches and awaited the serving of the abundant banquet which had been prepared in the kitchen. I allowed my wife to sit at the foot of my couch in order that she might enjoy the feast with us. The tables were brought in laden with beef, pork, fresh fish, and a loaf of bred for each guest. After all had partaken, a libation of unmixed wine was drunk in honor of Agathodaemon, the good spirit of the cornfields and vineyards. The tables having been changed, thirst-provoking viands, such as dried fruit, salted cakes, and nuts, were served until all were ready for the symposium, the drinking bout.

When the dice were cast for the selection of a *symposiarchus* to lead the bout, Clitias threw the winning number. He proceeded at once to mix the wine and water in a large *krater* and to offer the first three cups which were sacred to the Olympians, to the Heroes, and to Zeus. I then drank to the health of my guests, and they to the health of one another. We all enjoyed the jests and tales which followed, but the discussion of the condition of the state appealed to me most as something of real value. My brother, Alciniades, deprecated the imperialism of Athens, for he pointed out that with our citizens scattered about in dependencies and colonies, it was becoming impossible for them to attend the *ecclesia* or to maintain an interest in national affairs. Furthermore he believed that the conse-

quent growing class of traders and wealthy business men was a menace to the ideals of the Athenian state, for the ideal man should not labor for money, but should have the time to refine his character. There was some debate over the matter by Paliclès who regarded the present tendency as an economic necessity, but we all quite agreed that this situation is deplorable.

After this seriousness, Clitias suggested that we turn to lighter amusements. Accordingly he conducted a riddle contest; Gorgias, the loser, was penalized by having to drink down a large goblet of wine at one draught. Finally we concluded our symposium by singing the *scolia* of Simonides with which we were all familiar.

Now I shall retire at once, for to-morrow I must go to the city of Athens to attend a meeting of the assembly for which the *Prytaneis* have sent out notices.

II.

This morning I made arrangements in Athens for the education of my elder son, Alcides, in the elementary school of Protilus. I have placed my trustworthy slave, Demarchus, in the position of *Poedagogos*. He will watch Alcides' behavior and attend him when he goes to school. Protilus tells me that his school aims to develop harmoniously the mind and body, and that thus the course includes both "music" and gymnastic. The education in "music" will include reading, writing, and learning of poetry, counting, singing, and playing on the lyre. The basis for the reading is to be furnished by Homer, Hesiod, Theognis, and the lyric poets. Fine passages which will influence character are to be studied intimately. The practice on the lyre will also have a profound moral influence. Protillus impressed me as an intelligent and conscientious teacher who, I feel, will give his best to the training of his students.

Just as I emerged from Protillus' school, I met with that queer fellow, Socrates. There has been much talk about him of late as a man of peculiar and unusual ideas; some say that he is a menace to the community. As soon as he saw me come out of the school, he hailed me; I suppose he mistook me for one of the teachers. At any rate I shall recount our conversation as well as I can remember it.

Socrates—Pardon me, my friend, but I sat near you at the last meeting of the *ecclesia,* and I should like to inquire about a matter that has been bothering me.

I—Proceed.

Socrates—What is your opinion of the ostracism of Manilus?

I—Obviously the gods sent the storm to show their disapproval of his recall. He must, then, deserve the ostracism, and he must be guilty of evil action.

Socrates—Ah, you are the man I have been looking for. Tell me, pray, what is this evil action of which you speak so freely?

(I was startled by this question, but finally I formulated a definition.)

I—I should say that evil action is that conduct which produces pain.

Socrates—And then you would also say that the good is that which produces pleasures, would you not?

I—True.

Socrates—And would you say that the use of liquor is good because it gives pleasure?

I—No, because the use of liquor is bound to produce pain at some later time if not at once.

Socrates—Well, then will you call the cruelty of the cruel man good because he derives pleasure therefrom?

Here I was completely puzzled. I had to confess to Socrates that he had involved me in a contradiction. It was very embarrassing especially since several others had stopped to listen and were quite evidently amused at my confusion. I excused myself, but I have not been able to forget the matter. I do not know what good can come of such speculation and inquiry; it seems to me that it is dangerous for us to question our ideals. Socrates seems to attract many of our younger men, too. I shall certainly spend more time thinking about these problems, myself, and perhaps after more study I shall be able to answer his questions.

III.

To-day is the first day of the Panathenaic festival which will last until the great procession on the Twenty-eighth. This

morning many thousands of the people of Athens and Attica assembled in the theater to witness Sophocles' most popular play, the *Oedipus Tyrannus.* I shall never forget the tragic story of Oedipus who unknowingly kills his own father and marries his mother, thus fulfiling the prophecy of the oracle. The solemn utterance of the chorus at the end of the play left the audience in real terror;

"Therefore, O Man, beware, and look toward the end
of things that be,
The last of sights, the last of days; and no man's life
account as gain
Ere the full tale be told and the darkness find him
without pain."

This afternoon athletic contests were held in the *stadion.* The races were well attended by the men. Maniles ran a beautiful race with perfect finish and style, but to me it seems that he has become a sort of professional athlete, for he does nothing but train. He has won all the races since the last Panhellenic games. I can see little value in such physical prowess from which no one can profit.

Everyone is looking forward to the greatest day of the festival, the twenty-eighth, when the procession will take place. It is to be marshalled in the inner and the outer Ceremeicus and on leaving the Potter's Ward is to pursue a broad course made for it in the *agora.* At the temple, Eleusinion, it will turn to the left, pass the northwestern slope of the Acropolis, and thence to its gates. The *peplos,* a specially woven robe, will be carried like a sail on a mast, so that when the procession reaches the statue of Athena, the robe may be thrown over the Goddess. The *peplos* to be used, is already on exhibition, and crowds of admirers are about it at all times.

This afternoon I sacrificed to Zeus a specially fattened bull that had never worn the yoke. I selected one of the nearby wayside altars for the ceremony, and in order that no details might be omitted, I had a priest in attendance. I also called in a soothsayer, Silanus, to take the omens. First I was purified by bathing my hands with lustral water. The bull came willingly to the altar, a fact which Silanus interpreted as a favorable omen. After wreathing all our heads, the priest called for

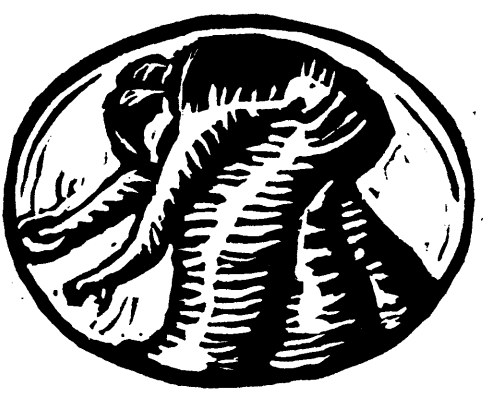
silence and proceeded to cut off a lock of hair from the bull's head. This was cast into the fire as the consecration. The priest then stabbed the bull in the neck. After the animal was weakened from loss of blood, it was cut up and roasted. I have brought home most of the roasted meat, part of which I shall distribute among my friends.

Silanus remained to examine minutely the entrails of my offering Just before sundown he visited me to tell me that his divination had shown the omens to be favorable. This is cause for great joy to all of us here; to-night I shall have an extra bowl of my best wine served.

THE SHATTERED CRYSTAL

BY JIM CHICHESTER

Why should she stoop to pick them up?
Why should she bend to gather
The crystal fragments of the cup,
When any friend would rather
Give her one of earthen-ware
And save her all the labor?
Her cup is broken past repair
And glad the envious neighbor.



J. C.

INTERLUDES

BY GLADYS FIST

HYLAND Grant lived in a big house on top of a bigger hill. He wrote poetry. He walked down the street; he never talked to anyone, but his heels clicked against the sidewalk. He lived with a beautiful, strange woman; she was not his wife. She never walked with him, but she met him at the gate when he came home. No one ever saw him talk to her, but once he touched her neck. His silence was fearful—a poet—a god. One night, Carrie Adam's saw him eating jelly; the woman was smiling and talking. He laughed; some of the jelly fell out of his mouth. He's not a poet now—he's not a god now. He's a man.

2

Mrs. Walker had a bottle of champagne. It was old and dusty, covered with fragile gray cobwebs that clung to the dark red sides. It lay in her cellar fifteen years on a bed of straw. She and Sig were not going to drink it until a momentous occasion arose. Her daughter married, but she married a plumber— the champagne still lay in the cellar. Her parents celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, but they were too old to appreciate the delicacy of the champagne—there was no use drinking it. Sig was willed a thousand dollars, but they had expected three thousand—the cobwebs still clung to the bottle. Sig died. Mrs. Walker opened the bottle. The champagne was flat.

3

Old man Tidman was an atheist, until he got stomach trouble. He went to Dr. Stedman, but the Doctor could not help him—too old—a worn out machine. Tidman was afraid; the thought of his stomach grew bigger than the universe, and the apple pie which he still ate. Polly Rian told him that if he would believe in God, he would be cured, He decided to, and, slipping on a mantle of faith, went to church. His stomach felt better. The minister spoke, "The heaven is my throne and the

earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye shall build unto me, and where is the place of my rest?" A gurgle in old Tidman's throat—no gurgle—death.

4

Carl Melet had thin, white, cold hands; the rest of him was very thin and white too, but he did not mind. He would not have minded his hands, had they not always been cold. He hated to shake hands with people. Bernie Jacks once told him that his hand felt like a dead fish. He hated Bernie; Bernie had huge, red, hot hands, Carl fell in love with Kate Walker, so did Bernie. Bernie was not afraid to put his hand in hers; Carl was. Carl's hands were colder when he was with Kate than any other time. Carl received an invitation one day—Kate and Bernie—to be married. Carl clasped his hands; they were hot.

5

Wesley Miller was dying. His sixty-five years were passing from his body. Regina knew. She could feel his hand grow limp in hers—cold. The room was dark and she could not see—just the feel of his hand—limp and cold. Then a light, stretch-around his body, wavering about the room, then gone. His soul, she knew; Wesley's soul going home. Darkness again, but no tears. She shut her eyes—the same darkness in her head that was in the room—only in her head was the vision of his soul, in the room the coldness of his body. Her eyes opened—a light—his soul still hovering there. She looked out of the window; an auto was passing. The light of his soul—an auto. Regina wept.

TWO SONNETS

BY GEORGE C. JOHNSON

Confession

Think not of me as pure in act and mind,
Nor equal to my words. My thoughts run not
To heights of purity, but are inclined
To earth and mingle with the common lot
Of men, whose dreams, desires, and needs I find
The fellows to my own. Oh, true, I talk
Of hope's ideal, but only when I walk
With you, to whom my faith is still enshrined.
Far holier than these words I find your trust.
Oh, do not think of me as pure; and yet,
Retain your faith in love of me. We must
Not turn from life, nor ask why all the net
Of secret thoughts is coarse and stopped with dust.
Oh, think of me as false, but keep your trust.

Remorse

What profit shall I gain from climbing thought
When virtue holds but little strength in trust?
Shall I, though conscious of the right, be brought
Again a slave to flesh that craves its lust?
In all these hopeless, cruel desires I feel
A torment as of hell besiege my mind;
While senses—wild and broken—waver, reel,
And yield to foul abuse. My heart can find
No help: it falls as Hector fell, his arms,
One time the fiercest of the Trojan race,
Thrown down in dust; his fair head, whose charms
Were Priam's pride, left bleeding in disgrace.
The ways of human flesh are hard to know
When purest thoughts into a canker grow.

SKETCH BY SCHOMER LICHTNER

VARSITY, VARSITY

BY W. F. PETERSON

IT all remains indelibly imprinted on my mind. As though it happened yesterday, or only a few hours ago, I remember each minute detail and every incident which preceded it; worse that that, I often dream, dream dreams always the same, the same unportentous happenings leading up to the invariably terrible, awful climax. Within six months, a year, or two or three years, the thing may cease haunting me, only to return, perhaps, at some particular sight or sound—such as the band playing "Varsity," or the football team trotting out on the field from the dressing rooms on a crisp, chill autumn afternoon—at least, I hope so. To carry on with this spectre, this mourning crepe of dark memory, has proven almost impossible during the past four months, and to be tormented by it much longer will, I fear, be altogether unbearable.

Even as I sit here at my desk, that endless chain of irrepressible thought rushes unwelcomed through my brain, stimulated no doubt by the mere setting down of these sentences. That infernal tune, "Varsity," hums itself over and over in another one of those damnable cells which, science says, are responsible for our retentive powers. . . . Another drink of that rot-gut stuff the Italian bootlegger sends us. . . hell! that won't stop it; I should know after these harrowing four months. Nothing will stop it, not even sleep nor drunkenness nor the wildest of diversion and debauchery. But I *will* stop it. It can't haunt my days forever. I'll break it off tonight; I'll write out the entire story here—that should be easy—write it on this flimsy, yellow paper, then burn it all in the fireplace; that ought to stop it.

But I must be calm—not wild again like that. This account must be right, must state the absolute fact, and cannot be tinctured with that strange coloring which seems to have seeped insidiously into my brain. Calm. . . calm. Just

put down everything exactly as it happened—then burn this yellow sheaf in the fire. It may help; God knows, I've tried everything else to forget.

About three years ago I became acquainted with Herb Osbourne. In the beginning it was the ordinary casual friendship one often strikes up with a classmate. Both Herb and I were freshmen in the university. Since our names happened to be similar, we were assigned adjoining seats in a large lecture class—Elementary Chemistry, I believe. My neighbor was of slightly more than medium stature, possessed an open, ingenuous countenance, was always neatly dressed, and had in him certain evidences of character and serious endeavor which I was forced to respect and admire. I was attracted to him from the first, and our friendship progressed famously. Finally our intimacy became so great that, through Herb's influence, I became a pledge to the same fraternity he had pledged earlier in the year.

For a long period our friendship was of the strongest character. And looking back on that period, how inexplicable seem those events which have followed. Each happy memory and each joyous recollection which comes to me is soon stifled by pangs of bitter remorse, by the silent but terrible admonishings of the conscience, and by vague, nameless fears. Scarcely do I recall some pleasurable incident but that most damnable of jangles comes racing through my brain . . . "Varsity, Varsity" . . . I am a man haunted, a creature doomed to something I know not what. . . . But I must not reflect thus; I must subdue such thoughts and write down everything on these flimsy sheets of yellow paper —afterward to give the completed sheaf of condemnatory evidence to the flames which even now lick up the flue in hungry anticipation.

Herb and I became a modest modernized version of Damon and Pythias. We roomed and worked and played together. We were initiated into our fraternity at the same time, and that is a factor which inspires and strengthens regard and amity to a greater extent than is usually believed. During our summer vacations we took trips together or labored side by side in some great industrial plant from seven

until six. Herb and I were enrolled in the same Engineering courses, and day after day worked beside one another in the shops and laboratories or at our draughting tables. We were fraternal brothers in the full meaning of the word.

But, as it often happens in the most idyllic of friendships, there came between us certain petty rivalries and jealousies. Both Herb and I played football, for example, and, strangely enough, both of us excelled at the same position, that of quarterback. Herb was the better athlete, and consequently I usually sat downcast and gloomy on the bench while he was on the field, playing a brilliant game and leading the team to victory. Had it not been for him, I would have been in the place of collegiate glory, it would have been I who received the laurels. And again, in the classroom we strove to outdo one another. Since we both were highly ambitious to learn our chosen profession, this competition was keenly felt, and when he received grades above mine I was so small as to be rankled and to hold a sense of injustice done.

These and similar things were, of course, trivial, and not of sufficient importance to break up such a friendship as ours, even though they served to implant seeds of envy and jealousy in my heart which later grew and ripened to poison me. Yes, these things were but trivialities. But another cause for jealousy developed. This was a girl named Myrna. Myrna—such a moth-headed thing for anyone to quarrel over! Myrna—with her piquant charm, jet-black coloring, dancing eyes, and peculiar beauty. Myrna—with her pampered, spoiled ways; even with her charm a poor object on which to smash a friendship!

Herb and I met Myrna at the same time, at a fraternity dance. We both were infatuated at once, and from that time on there was a desperate race (which she enjoyed thoroughly) to determine who should be victor in this lighter variety of major campus sports, wooing. As I have often reflected afterward, neither of us was in love with the girl, but each was impelled to greater attentions by his desire to win this novel, exciting kind of contest. I have a suspicion that, in the end, Herb was the winner, but I have never made sure, because this final competition was suddenly broken off by that fatal accident—I might whisper a word of more signifi-

cance, but I dare not—which befell Herb Osbourne four months ago—four months which have seemed like decades of years.

It was late on a Friday afternoon, and Herb and I were making up some work in the electrical laboratory. How well do I remember that scene! We two were alone in the large room. The long, slate-topped desks or counters, ordinarily lined by working students, were unattended and bare, and lent an aspect of loneliness and solitude to the laboratory. A vault-like dimness, supplied by the sepulchral light which filtered through the smoke-grimed windows from the dreary day outside, inhabited the four corners of the room, while the desk on which we performed our experiments was flooded by a glow of electric light. The peculiar pungent smell of ozone, given off by high-tension discharges, hurt our nostrils. The apparatus on the table before us sparked and arced occationally, illuminating our intent faces with a supernatural green glare of cold flame. Herb stood before a large switchboard beside which had been placed an oil condensor of great capacity. I leaned on the desk, jotting down his findings in an ink-bespattered laboratory manual.

To all external appearances, we were the best of friends on that fateful afternoon. We laughed and talked pleasantly, and seemed to dismiss from our minds those petty rivalries which had come between us. But my thoughts were not tranquil, and could not be controlled. Herb had seen Myrna the night before, in violation of training rules, and on that morning I noticed he did not, as usual, wear his fraternity pin on his vest. Had he given it to her? My seething thoughts revolved about this pinnacled possibility for a time and then reverted to the other causes of my jealousy. All these causes of the friction between us seemed to press upon my mind in one instant. I tried to laugh at some remark of my partner, but it was a noise more akin to a snarl, and held a sinister note which went reverberating through the room and down the deathly silent halls, making a sound like a stone which, hurled into an unknown, unlighted, mountain cavern, echoes as it bounds and rebounds from one dank wall to another. I attempted to whistle a popular tune, but

I found my lips drawn in a tight line against my teeth, and they would not relax.

I looked at Herb. There he stood, happy, carefree, successful, supreme, (better, Oh much superior to me, I thought), watching the hair-like needles that flickered and wavered on the white dials of the meters. How shall I account for my irrepressible surge of malignity, my unsurmountable jealousy which welled with unheard-of strength to overcome my sanity? It is impossible. I knew not what I did in that instant.

Herb had placed his right hand accidentally on the large terminal of the oil condensor at the side of the switchboard. With calculating eye, I observed that a wire on the desk before me was connected with the other terminal. Should the condensor be charged and should I touch Herb with the naked end of this wire, he would be electrocuted. Idly, my mind wrapped in a queer speculative mood, I took note of the awful possibilities of the situation. It's utterly foolish to think of such things, I said to myself; but without my volition, outside of any power of mine to stop it, as though impelled by an invisible force, my hand grasped the wire at a point where it was insulated, and, my eyes staring helplessly all the while, it slowly but steadily moved across the expanse of slate to touch the conductor to Herb's left hand. A bit of smoke, an infinitesimal flash of flame, a smell of burnt flesh, and Herb, with a shudder that shook his whole frame, dropped to the floor—dead.

On the following afternoon I found myself alone with Herb's body. It had been placed between white sheets on an iron bed in one of the cells of a large hospital. The room was immaculate, antiseptic, and received ventilation from a window facing south, which had been opened about a foot. Floral tributes from Herb's many friends and associates overflowed from the hall into the small chamber, almost stifling my breath with their sweet heaviness. During the morning and throughout the noon hour there had been a steady stream of people entering the cell to pay tribute to the son, the fraternal brother, the man, the football player. Now, inexplicably, the room was empty—except for Herb's body between the sheets and me. It was nearing two o'clock, and suddenly I

heard, far-off but distinct, the first notes of "Varsity," played by the band before the big game of the season opened. It seemed to come like a clarion call, like a last message to Herb, lying there between the sheets. . . . "Varsity, varsity" . . . Involuntarily, I turned to look at the dead man. Did I see, or did I imagine, that life-like flush which mounted to his cheek? I saw it! It became more distinct as the faint, clear call of "Varsity" comes through the open window. I saw Herb's lips release their grimness; his lineaments relaxed, and in my terror I almost saw him breath. Drawn against my will, I moved closer and closer to his face until I bent over it and was not a foot away. Suddenly, with startling abruptness, his eyelids, as though released by a steel spring, snapped open wide, and Herb once more looked at me. His eyes were directed deep into mine, and seemed to hold a question and a supernatural threat. Unable to stand it longer, I uttered a shriek, and rushed from the room of death.

WEAKNESS

BY KWEI CHEN

Last night I swore:
Be I a dog,
If I go to her today again!
But, today
I went again.

I made up my mind to avoid her for ever,
But my feet, disregarding my will,
Walk toward her place.
(May Heaven forgive them!)

LET FIREMEN HAVE THEIR FUN

BY JACK HARTMAN

Black, black is the sea, and the winds doing their coldest and damndest. The sea is now black, and six men in hot, sooty masks curse as the waves smash against the stoke-hole bulwarks. The fires feed and roar, the engines growl. Outside, the wind runs about every little nook and corner of the world. Is it cold though, is it mad though, is it strange though! What does it see and what does it touch, as it skims the frozen moon and sweeps spaces clean and cold? Cities are silent, silent and strange, and the wind does, does roam and scream and roar through all this great, cold, empty, pounderous, heaving world.

Death is sudden, sudden and strange, and six men in hot, sooty masks are frightened. The gage is menacing, and death is closer. Faces are more and more revolting. What do they see now, what do they think now, these grotesque, frightened men? They come to think soon of ancient afternoons when they were young and followed the winds into innumerable, changeable places; when they climbed walls and rolled from austere mountain peaks into stagnant valleys; and they came to know that life is sudden and solitary. And death is more sudden, and more solitary, and closer, still closer.

Here a shadow, here a gleam; here a fixed eye, here a grotesque mouth. Fear, yet men must stand by while half-gods walk the bridge and swear at men and seas together, together. How the winds mutter and moan; how the seas suck and how the ship groans; how the angry clouds drink up the light!

And once, days, days ago, six men lay in warm beds and slept, and dreamt of ivory thighs and pink, firm knees; and awoke mornings and unclasped soft, white arms from their chests, or didn't they though!

I dare maintain, let firemen have their fun a little, for afterwards, the winds are rough and cold; and the beds are lonely and strange.

SATURDAY NIGHT

BY MARGARET MOFFETT

I AM obsessed by a dread of cold water. Time after time I have waded determinedly into lakes, rivers and oceans; but as soon as the water rose above my knees, so soon did I turn and wade determinedly out onto dry land. I have stood, and even knelt, on the edges of swimming pools, head down, hands pointing straight at the bottom. But before I ever aroused my courage to the point of tipping myself off, I would invariably discover a cramp in my neck or an itch that needed to be attended to, and thus I missed the experience of cleaving the water with out-stretched hands and feeling the waves close over me. Having failed to get in either head-first or feet-first, there remained for me only side-ways and in this manner I really did enter a pool once. But I must forestall all congratulations and encomiums of my courage and determination by saying that this entrance was inadvertent and not the result of premiditation and a sincere desire to learn swimming. I was pushed. And in reply to those callous souls who maintain that only by such precipitate entrance does one ever learn to overcome all fears and to swim, I would add that I did not learn, but, after thirty seconds of ineffectual splashings and heavings, had to be fished hastily out, half-strangled and so thoroughly frightened that I have never since set foot, or more accurately, inside any pool larger than a bath-tub. And in that only when the water was warm.

But a bath in warm water surrounded by cold air is almost as painful as to bathe in cold water. Take for instance a bath in December. I remember how, when I was about ten. I used to pace anxiously through the house selecting the warmest place for my semi-weekly ablutions. I invariably chose the sitting-room, but my constant enemy, the family, vetoed this and I was banished protesting to the upper regions. My father's room seemed second best and in the corner by the radiator I believed I could be almost comfortable.—In old fash-

ioned middle-western houses one did not bathe in the bath-room in winter, it was too cold. One used a china wash-bowl and pitcher and emptied one's suds into a lowly slop-jar. Alas, these things are fast disappearing. I have met many persons who have never even heard of a slop-jar!—To return to my bathing, (returning had to be done several times, as I found plenty of pretexts for delaying the actual event) I first found a straight wooden chair, one which could not be injured by splashing and set out my utensils upon it.—bowl to the right, soap-dish to the left, pitcher on the floor. I next selected my clean clothes and laid them on the radiator. Then I pinned up my hair, wash-woman-like, on the top of my head, surveyed the effect in the glass, and, deciding that I looked like Mrs. Rip Van Winkle, stopped to ruminate on that lady's life and numerous children. At last, prompted by certain questions and commands from below, I brought a kettle of hot water from the kitchen and commenced the ordeal.

When I began I thought the room fairly warm, but as I progressed it seemed to grow colder and colder. I stood on first one foot then the other, I shivered, my teeth chattered. The water squeezed out of my wash-cloth and ran in tickly little rivers down my cringing, gooseflesh-covered back. My hair straggled loose from its pins and had to be put up again with cold, wet fingers. I dropped the soap and it slid under the bed, whence it had to be retrieved at the cost of much freezing and several bumps—and the rug felt dusty and scratched my bare knees. But at last I was clean and dry and with relief I reached for my clothes.

My shirt felt warm and comfortable as I pulled it over my head. I breathed deeply and relaxed a bit as I slid my legs into my trousers. Surely now all my troubles were over. But long knitted under-drawers and crazily constructed pantie-waists are the abominations of childhood. Having pulled my drawers on, I would find they were hind-side-before and I would have to repeat the process. Sometimes I had to try still another time. Eventually they would be straight, but then to attach them! Twelve buttons there were on that waist and only six buttonholes on my drawers. The combinations I could achieve. I fastened the front ones onto the back ones, brought

the side ones around to the front, jerked two buttons off in the struggle and found those were the ones I most needed. I tried again, reversing the process, and when that failed leaned against the radiator and cried nervously until someone came up to help me.

In fact, of all my winter baths there are not more than four which I recall as enjoyable, and those are the ones I didn't take. Having once eluded the parental notice, there was the zest of trying to do it again, and perhaps (though this never succeeded) yet a third time. How slyly I avoided the house on Wednesday and Saturdays! How painstakingly I combed my hair and kept my dress clean! How artfuly I refrained from all remarks suggestive of washing! And at last at night, after a successful day of non-bathing, with what ardent thanks and hopeful adjuration did I add to my prayers: "—and never made to take any more baths,

Amen."

THE MULBERRY BUSH

THAT this column was of interest to one person, at least, was attested by a letter from a kind friend informing us where we can get information concerning the house on the south side of observatory hill. We will have to let you know next month concerning these investigations.

We took Eustace for a walk on Langdon Street. Eustace has never been on Langdon since it grew up to be the Faubourg St. Germaine, Cold Coast, or what have you of Madison. Eustace stood silent while we pointed out a Norman Gothic cathedral just reaching skyward at the northeast end of the street. From there we led him to an Early American Homestead and a German Baroque edifice. Eustace remained silent. We indicated a Renaissance Villa, and a manor in the Elizabethan style. Our conscience bade us add that the latter is made deathless in a fine poem as the "White House by the Lake." "Of course," we said hastily, "we have such a facility for facades here in Madison that they change very rapidly and can't be identified from one poem to another, but it all lends charm." Eustace made no sign. In desperation, we pointed out many facades, simple Victorian houses now converted, as though by magic, into architectural forms of grander periods. We swept an arm with an eloquent gesture toward the courts to indicate the vast breadth of architecture represented. Our efforts culminated in drawing Eustace's attention to one of the latest creations—a structure with Byzantine columns, a Spanish tile roof, English mullioned windows, and the whole surmounted by a Greek vase. "Is it not the epitome?" we said. "You should see what the effect of this has been on State Street where every little hot dog stand is vying with the de-

partment stores in building magnificent facades. Speak, Eustace, speak, in the name of San Appolinare Nuovo!" Eustace gave us an agonized glance and shouted through his teeth: "It is gabled, corbled, and garbled. The naves are confused with the transcepts, and the narthex is supplanted by the apse. I cannot help confusing the basilicas with the Schroeder Hotels. Many of these buildings are composites of numberless filling stations. I feel a triumph of structure over land; one building merges into the other. It will be the death of all future archeologists who try to unravel the mystery of mingled forms!" "Eustace," we cried, falling on his neck with little sobs, "Eustace, we confess; it's true. We ourselves have antinomycosis, and symptoms of angina pectoris combined, whenever we have to walk on Langdon Street. Let us go away to some good, honest house of the late President McKinley period and remember that we are of another age."

You had better take some time off and visit the Madison Artists' Exhibit in the Historical Library, fourth floor. It won't increase your blood pressure any, and you may find one or two things of interest to you.

Speaking of Art, one of our Familiar Spirits gave us these gems from examination papers in Art History:

"El Greco stretched the Virgin out long and left her alone."

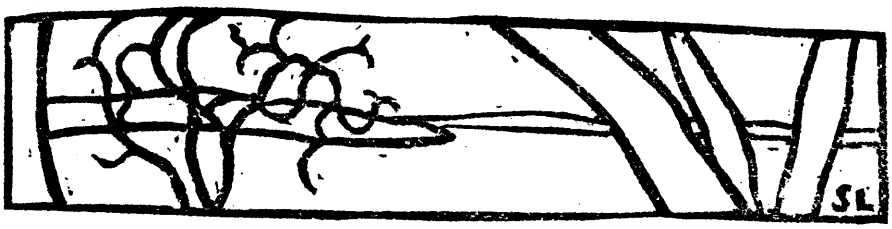
"Michelangelo is the perfect daguerreotype of the popular conception of an artist."

"The picture of which I am speaking is the "Assumption" of Fra Bartholomeo with Christ in a niche."

Dear Santa Claus, please bring us a copy of George Bellows' *Lithographs* for Christmas.

We will run home now and comb out our yellow streak and water our lilies so the Chicago Tribune won't lose its opinion of us.

THE SNARK.



INARTICULATE

BY ELIZABETH EVANS

What did we talk of,
Other times? The nights
We watched the moon
Drag from the eastern hills
Across the blue-black sky—
And crickets cried, from out
The evening hush; the days
The storm's dark frown
Lashed kisses in our face,
And laughing, we defied
The summer rain; the hours
We stumbled up the rocks, and stood
A moment, awed, in the great silence
Of the cliffs; and hands were quick, and eyes
Clung long, and loved, and words
And thoughts and hopes
Rushed all too fast, and trembled,
Bursting forth.

Now suddenly the thrill and fire
Are gone—and we sit
Quiet, and empty-handed.

ELIZABETH K. EVANS.

BOOK REVIEWS

GIANTS IN THE EARTH by O. E. Rolvaag, Harper's, New York. Brown's Book Shop.

FROM the narrow, wooded valleys with their shallow streams in Wisconsin to the broad, treeless plains of the Dakotas have settled the Scandinavians with their sturdy wives and children. They have turned the brawn, won in the fishing boat or on the farm, and the wit, their heritage from centuries of struggle with Nature, at once harsh but awe-inspiring in her strength, to the clearing of rocky fields and the conquering of prairie grass. And lo! in the wilderness have appeared fields of tobacco, wheat, and corn; pastures where cattle graze and fatten; barns well-filled; white houses with a windmill in each yard and an orchard above each house; churches and schools; and far apart at some water-head or the crossing of pioneer trails a city where the high stacks pour forth smoke, the bins are filled with grain, and the people jostle each other on the pavement.

Back of this transformation is, as is back of any far-reaching accomplishment, the force of an over-powering idea. The idea steps out of its place in perspective, advances, blocks the line of vision, and demands unshared attention. The Pioneer Spirit, a thing almost too subtle for analysis, as powerful quite in some men and women as the elemental passions which we share and share alike from birth, has entered and commanded certain lives for as long as man has known of man. It is of this spirit, this idea—relentless—massive, in the fibre of one of his countrymen, of its worth and its tragedy, that Rolvaag writes in "Giants in the Earth."

Per Hansa was a man of the fishing vessels in the fjords and on the seas near Norway. But a restlessness entered into his soul; it carried him across the ocean and halfway across a continent, and even farther, for "his eyes were set toward the west." There, in the west, they saw rise up from the dun of the prairie grass fields of wheat and potatoes; from the humbleness of the mud hut and stable a white house with "bright green" cornices, and a red barn with white cornices—"for that gave such a fine effect"; and his eyes saw arise from the immaturity of his sons men-strong men—who would be far greater than he; but they saw arise also something even stronger and finer, something which in the simplicity of his soul Per Hansa could not grasp—that was the promise of the Pioneer Spirit.

But with Per Hansa, and a part utterly of himself, was Beret, the wife. Her eyes were ever turned toward the land of her mother; the safety of centuries of living held her firm; the smell of coffee and freshly baked bread from the hearth filled her nostrils; the over-sensitiveness of a conscience superstitiously religious rebuked her ever; the Pioneer Spirit had not entered Beret.

And thus came tragedy. Two strong beings held inseparably by a love stronger than their will, yet straining against each other spiritually through the power of an idea equally as relentless, can never yield one to the other; one or both must break. For Beret this spiritual animosity terminated in a period of partial insanity, and finally into a state of religious fanaticism; for Per Hansa there was an excruciating mental agony, the result of his wife's condition, and finally the supreme sacrifice for love of a wife who had perverted her love into a virtual mania which she felt transcended the natural love of spirit and flesh and companionship.

A sense of this tragedy Rolvaag creates in the first pages as the crude covered wagon lumbers on toward the west, a sense which grows until it becomes a terrible certainty before which we cringe. With such skill does the tragedy approach its final disaster, that when it comes there is the feeling that, given the contact of such temperaments as found in Per Hansa and Beret in a situation such as Rolvaag has drawn, the ultimate outcome must be the relentless and unavoidable one that it was; as necessarily so as was the tragic course of Hamlet. And its tragedy seems more intense because there is the boundless passion of Nature: her clear skies and burning heat, her drenching rains and howling storms, her power to produce and to kill, as a mighty background for the feeble struggle of souls who try to hurry her or slow her step, and who struggle against each other. Man against Nature, again—and again; and Nature triumphant because man has turned against man.

"The great plain drinks the blood" of Per Hansa, that tiller of her soil, the mighty man of wisdom upon whose word Syvert and Tonseten rely, to whom Hans Olsa looks with admiration, and on whose lap Store-Hans has heard about the north wind which howls in the winter. Beret in her fanaticism has sent him forth in the storm by the strength of the love he bears for her to bring to Hans Olsa, his friend, the minister who will save his soul. The skiis he has fashioned himself:
think of it himself. . . . It would be fun to listen to them!". . .

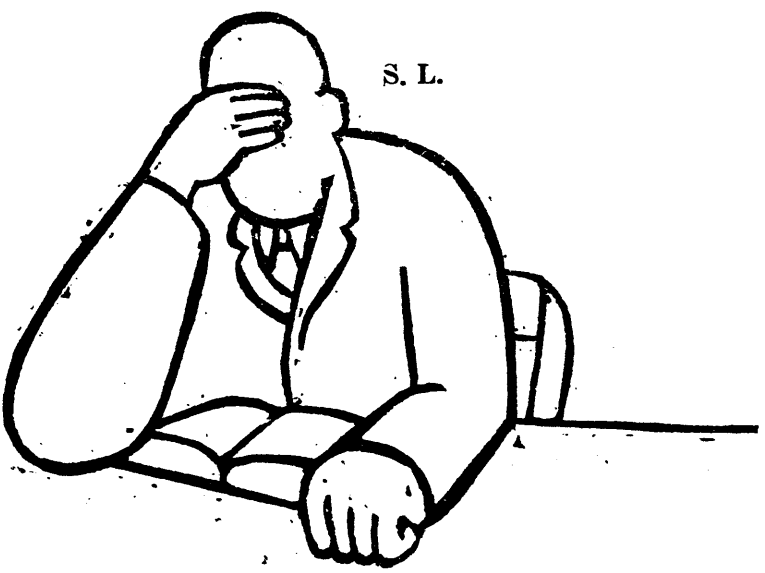
Thoughts of home continued to come, warm and tender; he laughed softly at them. . . ."You may be sure she'll get Permand to remember me in his prayers to-night, if he doesn't

think of it himself. . . . It would be fun to listen to them"! . . .

He moved slowly on with steady strokes, taking note of the wind at odd times. The picture would not leave him. . . . "It would be fun just to look in on them. . . . Oh, Permand, Permand! Something great must come of you—you who are so tenderly watched over!" . . . .

The swirling dusk grew deeper. . . . Darkness gathered fast. . . . More snow began to fall. . . . Whirls of it came off the tops of the drifts, circled about and struck him full in the face. . . . No danger—the wind held steady. . . . At home all was well . . . . and now mother was saying her evening prayers with Permand. . . . Move on!—Move on! . . . .

DOROTHY V. JOHNSON



THE AMERICAN CARAVAN. Macaulay, New York. Edited by The Literary Guild.

EAGER to create a medium able to accommodate a progressively broader expression of American life, the editors sent out a manifesto intending to reach all living American writers. It embodied a request for appropriate contribution. The response was encouraging. Without pre-conception of what American life contained, the editors selected from the mass of material what appeared to them the most genuine and essential interpretations.

Thus in part, do the editors preface the newest of American anthologies—The American Caravan. If we assume, as they do, that what was submitted represents the best and most typical in American contemporary writing, we cannot but be discouraged. If The American Caravan represents us at our best, we have indeed reached a new and lower level both in literature and in life. The distinguishing feature of all the material which makes up the book is its radical departure from what has previously been considered good taste both in style and in matter. The new realism vies with the new technique in its attempt to confound the reader. A verbatum report (unpunctuated) of Gertrude Stein's latest nightmare is given twenty pages. At least two hundred pages are devoted to the work of people who have not yet advanced beyond the stage where they can advisedly do more than read their spiritual Odesseys to sympathetic friends. To put it bluntly, ninety per cent of the stuff is so much hog wash which might better have been burned.

A dozen sonnets of William Ellery Leonard—excluded for politic reasons from Two Lives, of which they are organically and spiritually a part; a single act of the newest and as yet unpublished play of Eugene I'Neil's; a short epic of Isador Schneider; a half dozen pages of nicely turned prose from Ernest Hemingway—these comfort the reader and make him less inclined to set down the purchase price of the book on the wrong side of the ledger. The Leonard sonnets are exceptionally fine. One wonders if Mr. Leonard realized into what company he was admitting them.

Marion Calkins, Carl Rukosi, and Margery Latimer, all of Wisconsin, contribute their bits. Miss Calkin's "I was a maiden" is a haunting thing, well-done withal.

The Literary Guild threatens to make the Caravan an annual affair. It is to be hoped that in the future the editors' selections will not be so potently hampered by the criteria of availability and cheapness. CHARLES DOLLARD.

GALLIONS REACH by H. M. Tomlinson. Harpers.

The plot of Tomlinson's first novel is an old one, and will not justify a reading; but the style will fully repay you for the time spent on it. "Gallions Reach" is a different treasure island story for grown ups. It is told in an amazingly passive manner, and you get the feeling that nothing ever really happens, although, of course, you know better. The tale is almost entirely psychological. It is, for the most part, a sea and jungle story, and this is probably why Margaret Deland said that Tomlinson is a bigger person than Conrad. One hundred of Tomlinson's books in the same style as this piece cannot come up to Conrad. The story does remind one of Conrad; his story flows along in one even line without a break.

There are three scenes to the tale: London night, the sea, and the jungle, of which the first interested me far more than did the remaining two. The three scenes are like etchings that have been worked upon for long hours; they achieve a very satisfactory effect. A. W. D.

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE by James Branch Cabell. McBride.

Within a month or two a well worn copy of SOMETHING ABOUT EVE shall find its way to the basements of the fraternity houses. At the present time it is still going the rounds. What better proof could one ask as to its nature than just its popularity? It is a book which contains very little but vulgarity, poorly veiled by its allegory. There is, of course, the usual vein of Cabellian satire running through it, as well as the usual Cabellian mythology. It is a clever book, but not clever enough to hide its purpose.

The story is of Gerald Musgrave, man of letters, and his wanderings on and off his silver steed, as a god. His final goal is Antan, the land of dreams, which, through a rather unfortunate fall into respectibility, he never reaches. In the end he is again Gerald Musgrave, the man of letters, but now old and shriveled, and a scholar.

A final word of warning or of recommendation would be very unnecessary. If you are the kind of person who enjoys Cabell and his gross indescretions, you will read it in spite of criticism, and enjoy it. If, on the other hand, you are tired of him, or wise, you will certainly not waste your time in struggling through this mess, which is written, supposedly, and inadequately, in commemoration of the intelligence of women.

M. R. S.

WILD by Carol Denny Hill. John Day & Co.

WILD is a very clever book, and dips deep into the complicated mechanism of feminine psychology. It is written in diary form, but that in no way detracts from the cleverness or the attractivenses of the book. On the other hand, it seems to make it only a keener study of women. I will say that I have never read of a woman who knew quite so many men, or of a girl who did such little work and managed to stay in school, for Helen Atchinson is a Barnard girl at Columbia University. She despises collegians, false New Yorkers and suburbans. She, in reality, is all of these. Her search is for the ideal man and unfortunately, she cannot fall in love with him when she meets him; even more unfortunate is the fact that she falls in love with Carl (who places women on a pedestal), who is a bit shorter than she, and for whom she must give up high heels.

The book is the story of a woman who is looking for experience and still does not want to "drink deep" of life. She does not want to be

(Continued on page forty)

soiled, and yet must have experience. She is blase to the extent of growing bored with Broadway clubs, despite the fact that she is an Iowa product.

A very interesting book, a very clever book. A brittle book. You will perhaps read it twice. D. K.

A GOOD WOMAN by Louis Bromfield. Frederick Stokes.

A GOOD WOMAN was awaited with a great deal of expectancy, and resulted in a strange reception. Some critics acclaimed it the best and truest characterization of a certain American type; others, expecting too much from Bromfield's previous works, said, "not as good as EARLY AUTUMN and THE GREEN BAY TREE." It is much better than the average popular American novel. It has truth, it has power, and it is a book that deserves reading.

Emma Downes is the kind of woman whom one instinctively knows as a "good woman." She loses her son through her goodness, however, as she lost her husband, and through the same excessive goodness, she loses everything but her smugness and her respectability, and even they are tarnished. Because she thinks that she is the one to solve the problems of her son's life, she puts him on a path entirely unsuited to him; and until he finds that he disliked everything he had ever done, he always considers her a perfect woman. But then comes revolt, and as the most plausible outcome of a very finely worked-out novel, the son, his wife, and his father die. Emma is left alone with a few hours of glory, and then, catching a cold as an evangelist in Kansas City, she dies too. The goodness of a virtuous woman causes tragedy in the lives of just those people whom she loved most.

The book is final. It closes the history of the characters, conclusively, just as it closes the series, of which A GOOD WOMAN is the fourth.