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## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXIV, Number 3 February 1925**

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

What Should a Student Derive from  
His College Course---Michael Vincent O'Shea  
La Jeunesse Perdue---Violet Martin  
Because of Bettina---Lydia Wegner  
So This Is Abulia!---Ruth Hawley  
Copy Desk Sonata---Mary Elizabeth Hussong

***Vol. XXIV, No. 3***

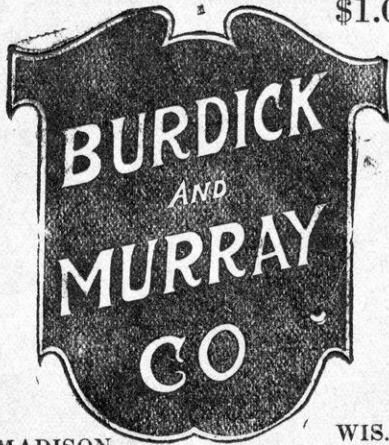
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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOL. XXIV

FEBRUARY, 1925

NUMBER 3

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is published during the scholastic year by students of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The editors will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and are especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Manuscripts may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom hall, the Union Building, or mailed to the editors, 752 Langdon street, Madison. Manuscripts must be typewritten, and a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed if the return of the manuscript is desired.

# Those Who Sing

## Begging The Pardon of Those Who First Sang of Spoon River

By JESSIE GRUNER

### MURIEL BAIN

I STUDIED MUSIC in New York  
Just long enough to discover  
That the height of my attainment  
Would be the leader of a church choir.  
The death of my father, who  
Held the high hopes for me,  
Furnished my excuse to return here.  
In New York I learned  
How to wear hats and gowns.  
Here in Spoon River I lead  
The fashions as well as the choir,  
And care for my aging mother.  
People think I am so noble.

### JENNY DICKERSON

Yes, Spoon River, I am good.  
Years ago, did I not get every  
Medal and pin the Sunday School  
Offered for perfect attendance?  
Aside from those three weeks  
My husband had pneumonia  
Have I ever missed a choir practice,  
An Easter or Christmas program?  
I was too good  
For the man I really loved.  
I have sung hundreds of songs  
Of the faith that does anything—  
I wish I felt a little of it.

### THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

I'm only twelve, and the youngest  
Person who sings in the choir.  
Mother says I'm not as bright  
In my studies as I might be,  
But I see more than she does  
When Father insists that beautiful,  
Well-dressed Muriel Bain work  
On all *his* committees.

### LUKE SELLS

Here I am singing in this choir,  
My little girl watching me.  
In another church my wife is singing,  
Our little boy watching her.  
I wonder which of us  
Is the nearer heaven?

### RICHARD COOL

This choir would be flat  
If it were not for my voice.  
I have not lost a case,  
Since I took over my father's  
Law business, five years ago.  
But I'm just another nobody  
Around here, and I know why—  
It is because  
When I went away to college  
Somehow, I could never get that college  
air  
Which the home folks thought  
One automatically got  
With French and Psychology.

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the  
University of Wisconsin

Vol. XXIV

February, 1925

Number 3

## What Should a Student Derive from His College Course?

By MICHAEL VINCENT O'SHEA

I

THE CONVENTIONAL WAY to open this article would be to say that from his college course a student should secure mental discipline, culture, enlightenment, habits of industry, perseverance, and so on. But the reader may as well be informed at the outset that the writer is skeptical concerning these elusive values which students and members of college faculties often claim are derived from college work. It should be noted in this connection that throughout the history of education it has been the fashion to ascribe intangible and unmeasurable results to school work when no definite benefits could be demonstrated. By way of illustration, it may be mentioned that until very recently pupils have been required to spend a half hour every school day for at least eight years in learning to spell twelve or fifteen thousand words, when not more than two thousand of them, at the outside, would ever be employed by any pupil in communication with his fellows; and teachers have vigorously defended this practice, maintaining that even if a child would have no need for three-fourths of the words he was compelled to learn, he would at any rate have his mental faculties sharpened, he would acquire valuable habits of attention and persistence in overcoming obstacles, and he would gain the power of performing disagreeable tasks. When it was pointed out that pupils who had been forced through this regimen did not reveal, so far as one could tell, any of the ethereal benefits which they were said to have gained from their experience, teachers

would fall back on the assumption that intellectual and spiritual values were so tenuous and imponderable that they could not be measured or even detected in the individual's daily attempts to solve the problems of life. When teachers were pursued farther, and were requested to say how they had discovered these subtle values that could not be observed or tested in any way, they would reply that these values must be *felt* by persons who are sensitive or spiritual enough to respond to them; and anyone who was too obtuse or was not sensitized to these elusive phenomena could never apprehend the truth respecting them, and it would be fruitless to try to convince him.

Precisely the same line of reasoning has been heard on college campuses throughout the country. Students have emerged from college halls at the end of four years' sequestration, taking with them their diplomas but not much else of a tangible nature. Even to-day, one may hear students say as they depart from their *alma mater* that they have already forgotten most of what they learned (after a manner of speaking) during their college course, and they express no surprise or regret over their misfortune. If they should make a survey on graduation day of their mental equipment in order to discover what had been added thereto as a result of their college course, the list of knowledge, skills, insights, and attitudes which they could say definitely and positively they were taking out into the world with them as the outcome of collegiate training would not be very lengthy or impressive. The writer

has heard students boast about this tragedy, or at least make merry over what they had forgotten rather than what they had retained as a residue of definite, tangible, measurable benefits from their college course.

When charged with having frittered away four of the most important years of life, students, and sometimes instructors, will resort to what psychologists call "defense reactions" to justify what seems to be inexcusable negligence and waste. This tendency to devise arguments in defense of one's practice, no matter what it may be, is one of the profoundest traits of human nature and will account in part for the persistence of customs which have little or no value and which may even be positively detrimental. So students and occasionally instructors justify a college regimen from which little measurable benefit is secured by setting up the claim that the outcomes of education are too incorporeal to be measured. The writer has a college friend who is spending a considerable part of his time and energy lambasting the men in present-day educational work who are experimenting with methods designed to determine with some degree of accuracy whether various kinds of educational work and particular branches of instruction actually yield the results that are claimed for them. This friend holds loudly that the real benefits that are gained from an education cannot be detected, tested, or measured by any form of intelligence or achievement tests that can ever be devised; and he is distressed whenever anybody proposes to apply measuring scales to his own specialty

in order to determine whether his students gain from his ministrations any intellectual, social, ethical, or moral benefit which can be of service to them in the situations of real life.

## II

The activities which an individual must perform and the attitudes he must assume in the world in order that he may survive are definite and tangible. The situations to which he must secure adjustment, if he is to avoid friction that will ultimately eliminate him, are real and ponderable. The things that everyone must deal with in daily life are not so ethereal and elusive that they are above and beyond all modes of analysis and measurement. Even in respect to the human mind,—any faculty, power, activity, trait, characteristic, or anything else that the mind is or can do, is sufficiently definite to be detected, tested, and measured. If there is anything about the human mind that cannot be detected, measured, or tested, how does anyone know it exists, and how can he talk about it? On what basis can he claim that it is affected one way or another by educational processes?

We have already developed techniques for analysis and measurement of mental products, processes, and accomplishments so that we can say with assurance that the argument is fallacious that even though one forgets most or all of what he learns in college there still remains, as a result of classroom and laboratory work, benefits of great value in human life; the mental faculties have not been materially sharpened, strengthened, or polished; character has not been greatly stabilized; the range of spiritual appreciation has not been extended very much; the will has not been quickened or fortified; and so on. When a student leaving college at graduation can discover no secure and well-organized geometrical, historical or psychological knowledge among his intellectual luggage, he does not take into the world with him very much if any benefit from his geometrical, historical, and psychological study. When he faces real situations in the world, he will be helped to adjust himself thereto by knowledge that has abided with him and that has been rendered mobile and usable, rather than by facts that have been retained only long enough to "get by" in examination. No defense reaction that students can set up can justify the sort of thing that they often boast

about and never lament over,—that they can remember little or nothing of the various branches they pursued in college.

Does this mean that a student ought to retain every fact that he has memorized in every course that he has pursued in college? One cannot go so far as to say this, for the reason that some courses offered in colleges contain materials which have ceased to be of value in contemporary life, even if they may have

contained materials which are in effect intellectual debris, for the reason that mankind has moved far beyond the situations to which they relate. The winnowing process has gone on more slowly in some college courses than is the case in most studies in elementary and high schools. For at least twenty-five years committees and individuals have been at work testing the various topics in all the branches of instruction in the elementary and high school, and they have been reconstructing these studies with a view to the excision of materials which might once have been valuable but which have ceased to be of much importance to-day. But the pruning process has not gained much headway in respect to some types of college work, although we have gone farther locally in this task than is true in most other institutions.

## III

The supreme need in human life is for one to secure such a degree of harmony in adjustment to the world of people and of things that he will be able not only to maintain physical life but that he will be able also to secure intellectual, social, and aesthetic enjoyment. He will get the most out of life who has learned how to live so as to reduce friction to the lowest point and increase to the maximum the experiences that yield pleasure. And what types of experience yield the most abiding and satisfying pleasure? Let the reader who has not tested this matter analyze his experiences for a day; and when the day is done, let him ask this question—"What experiences to-day have exalted the tide of life and what ones have depressed it?" It will be discovered quite readily that any experience that has counted heavily in exalting or depressing the tide of life has had a social or personal and not a material origin. We have gone so far in adjustment to our physical environment that we do not have to give much attention to the problem of physical survival or welfare; most of us could live out our days with very little material disharmony even if we never thought at all about problems of physical adaptation.

But every hour that we live, the problems of intellectual, social, and aesthetic adjustment press upon us for solution. It is not rash to say that an individual cannot secure any degree of harmonious adjustment in our times

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## Canyon Mood

By PAULA OTTEN

STILL STAR that broods  
Above the buildings tall,  
Tell me  
If the moon rises red and full  
Behind the canyon wall,  
How slowly it ascends the night  
In majesty,  
And if the air is pierced  
With eerie, wailing cries  
Of circling bats?

Tell me  
If the great waxen bells  
On the yucca stems  
Sway on the mesa tonight,  
And if the spotted lizards play  
At midnight in the stone cracks,  
Between the dried sagebrush.

Tell me  
If the pale primroses open wide  
In the long moonrays  
That spill silver down the canyon  
walls,  
And if the night is tremulous  
With water trickling  
Far below?

Gaze not too long, still star,  
Or send me strength to bear,  
For memories can break  
As easily . . .  
Let me not hear  
The canyon breeze  
Sighing—in fitful gusts  
Among the pinon trees!

been of value in earlier times when the courses were constructed. Students are sometimes crowded through a regimen of study that is quite remote from any situation which they will ever encounter in actual life. It would take too long a time to tell the story of the origin and persistence of certain requirements in college courses which are relatively of no consequence in the present era. They

# La Jeunesse Perdue

By VIOLET R. MARTIN

**P**ERE LE DUC sat silent before the table in his study, looking vacantly beyond the chair in front of the table, and, it seemed, even into and beyond the wall. In the wrinkled fingers of his large-veined right hand he held loosely a paper—a long white paper from the bishop, stating the date of the arrival of Pere le Duc's successor.

The letter had not come as a sudden shock. It had merely marked the end of a series of letters, of events. And now Pere le Duc held the final message in his hand. He seemed very old as he sat there, much older than his heavy frame and apparently huge stature clothed immaculately in the black robe of his order would signify; and he did not hold so firmly as he had a week ago his great head with its thick white hair and its long beard that fell far down upon his chest. Even beyond the wall his grave blue eyes seemed to be penetrating, wistfully, as though in an effort to find an answer to some question in his mind. There was the simplicity of a child in them, and on the old man's forehead was the mark of helpless indecision that comes to one when he faces something of a momentous nature.

The shadows of dusk had almost driven out the light before he gave up his hopeless task and lifted his ponderous self from the swivel chair before the table. Slowly, so slowly, he moved his six feet of venerable old age to the window, pulled aside the heavy velvet curtain, and peered out at the old French church beside the parsonage. For the past seven years Pere le Duc had said mass there and had come to love the smoky heap of red brick and its white and gold interior with its blotches of red poinsettia. He had spoken within it, Sunday in and Sunday out, slow, soft words of hope and holiness to his flock assembled before him. The period of his service had been marked by an uneventfulness that could draw no logical complaint from his people. The nuns' home had been built during that time, it is true, and the curriculum of the school had been improved by the addition of an excellent department of music; but aside from that, the years in which he had been rector were appar-

ently placid. Pere le Duc had done his best in every instance. And now he had till Friday to view, as he was doing now, from the personage window as from his home, this old church of his. . .

## Inviolatè

By EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

**N**OTHING CAN TAKE away from me my dreams.

True, I have seen how storms the lilies fling,

Have seen a rainbow swept by sudden cloud.

I know the hardness of the passing crowd.

Yet in Reality still something gleams—

Nothing can take away from me my dreams.

Nothing can take away from me my faith.

Oh, many times I have in poignant pain

Cried out to see an idol fall again; Have known the grief when on some sacred day,

Eyes, bent to worship, saw the gold turn clay.

I know too well how ravage moth and rust;

But broken idols shall not vanquish trust.

Nothing can take away from me my faith.

Nothing can take away from me my love.

I may not walk so proudly as I would

Had I in humbleness not understood

How even Love can fail to see and know

The fine, high, truthful things that our lives show.

Too often Love is petulant and blind.

Yet Love is brave and glorious and kind:

Nothing can take away from me my love.

two clear chimes rang out. With an almost imperceptible sigh, Pere le Duc straightened up, shuffled slowly to the other side of the room, and switched on the lights. Six o'clock! He had been sitting there since half past two when the mail had come. As if remembering something, he climbed laboriously up the carpeted stairs to his room to make ready for dinner. Mrs. Murphy, his housekeeper, was always very angry when he was late. . . .

It was indeed this very slowness that had poisoned the minds of his parishioners and had prompted those most influential to secure signers to a petition to the bishop asking for the removal of Pere le Duc. For, Sunday in and Sunday out, feast day in and feast day out, their forbearance had been tried, so they stated in the petition, to the greatest extent. Pere le Duc was abominably slow at services. The high mass had often dragged its length to two hours and a half. Low masses were twice as long as they should have been; and as for vespers and lenten services, they were interminable. In short, Pere le Duc was no longer capable of satisfying the demands of so large a congregation. The people did not wish to be unreasonable or sacrelegious, they stated most emphatically; but was it within reason to demand that a man spend all his time at church? Moreover, they would prefer a younger man, one who would meet and know the young people of the parish and who would not tire the congregation with his endless sermons. Was a sermon less holy because it was short? Could not as much be said at less length? A younger man would infuse a new spirit of activity into their stagnant group. Perhaps Pere le Duc would find a position less exacting for his age and vitality, they suggested. They hoped the bishop would see their point of view. Although they respected and admired Pere le Duc as a venerable and sainted personage, they would appreciate a new rector. Pere le Duc, though the soul of sanctity, was not improving the church attendance. Many of the members, besides, were paying their dues at the German and Irish churches where they were  
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His hand shook upon the window casement, and the glass itself seemed to reverberate with the first thundering note of the angelus from the steeple. Then



# A Study in Landladies

By MACKENZIE WARD

STRICTLY SPEAKING, there are only two kinds of landladies: the fat and the lean. The rest may run boarding houses and assume the aspect, but they cannot possibly be counted among the thoroughbreds. Any one who wishes to do so may tack up a sign, shove a couch into the living room, and call herself a landlady, but she is not; she is merely a shyster, a half-breed, assuming a place in a profession to which she has no right. In other words, one must have the build; she must be either of corpulent dimensions or of scarcely no dimensions at all.

Very frequently we run across the first type of proprietress, whom, for the sake of vividness, we shall call the squash brand. Invariably her name is O'Grady—a jolly, bulky, garrulous soul, whose husband died fourteen years ago, just two days after his life insurance had run out. Her eyes are blue, her cheeks puffed. Her iron-gray hair occasionally straggles over her shiny forehead, and her triple chin quivers and dances like her chocolate pudding of which she is so proud. She dotes on her flock, mothers them much as a hen looks after a brood of chicks. Each boarder, from Shorty the Stick-up to Gentleman James, possesses some peculiar trait or characteristic which Mother O'Grady finds quite irresistible. She will sit for hours, all three chins in a coarse, pudgy hand, and weep gently and peacefully as one of her brood twangs out "Mother Marchree" on the battered piano; or she will graciously condescend to entertain any one as long as he will stay, with animated accounts of the family history, the neighborhood gossip, or the over-due mortgage.

Her house is her kingdom, which she donimates like a tyrant. It is a palace, and yet a dark, dingy hovel: strangely distinct, yet delightfully familiar with its dirt under the carpets and its onion-sauerkraut odor mingled with the sweet, scorching fragrance of the weekly ironing, which wafts itself to one's nostrils and keeps him drowsy by day and awake all night. Good old Mother O'Grady,

## Dove of the Bleeding Heart

By GEORGE C. JOHNSON

OH VOICELESS BIRD of crimson'd breast,  
What grieving song thus broke thy heart?

What urge of love or sorrow pressed

Thy bosom till it burst apart  
In one great flood of fierce unrest?

Ah bleeding heart! if I had heard  
That cry thou poured upon the air  
Of list'ning gardens, thrilled and stirred

To learn of unguessed beauties there,

I should have called thee God, not bird.

No earthly impulse could have swelled

Thy tone till throat and breast were rent—

Till voice rolled up and was expelled

In frenzy of that last lament  
Which thy poor heart dared not have quelled.

Thy song, thy soul, thy heart are blent

In crimson on thy bosom's white.  
Thy voice is dead: its magic, spent  
In one wild anguished cry, took flight,

And burst the breast where it was pent.

Ah quiet bird, thy murmurings  
More eloquent of passions tell  
Than rhapsodies the warbler sings!  
One song thou sang and sang it well:

One instant knew diviner things!

Oh, could I sing so great a song,  
Though heart should break and bosom rend,

I'd fling the last of life along  
The wind and smile to feel the end  
Of breath in melody grow strong!

Long may she live, but when she dies,  
may her palace burn down.

A few doors down the street resides her foremost competitor, the clothespole model, spindle-legged, severe of aspect, with fine chalklike lips. Her cheeks are pale, her eyes large and sombre-looking, and her gray hair is combed flat to her head and tied in a small, hard, Puritan knot. Her name is Miss Grimm, Briggs, Pinckney, or something equally harsh and repulsive. Her first name is probably Hope or Patience, for God knows she needs one or the other. Usually she sits rocking in a squeaky, plush-covered chair, with a cat at her side, her knitting needles streaking up and down a navy-blue shawl. Frequently she arises to unlock the front door and let you in, greeting you coldly with the reprimand you may always expect.

"Mr. Jones," she commences, "the water was running in the bathroom all night, and the hall light was still burning this morning."

When she has finished, she surveys you critically, piercingly, through her gold rimmed glasses as she waits for an answer. Then she wheels on a low-heeled, black shoe and stalks away, her bones creaking and her false teeth rattling with every stalk. Unlike Mother O'Grady, she collects the rent promptly, giving quarter to none. Her house is always trim and neat, as spotless as the deck of a ship. In fact, this is her hobby; without the broom and the scrawny cat which she worships, she would be lost, a stranger to even herself.

Still she is a character. You love her for her sternness and admire her efficiency. When, in the course, she gives up the ghost and the old gray cat, and her house becomes musty through carelessness, she will certainly do the proverbial turn-over in her grave and long for the broom and dustpan.

These are the species, the last of the breed. True enough, in later years few of us will ever yearn for the return of the boarding house, but, who among us will not sigh with longing for the good, old fashioned landlady?

# Copy Desk Sonata

By MARY ELIZABETH HUSSONG

UP THE EMPTY STAIRWAYS through the deserted halls came eight o'clock sunshine shedding a warm look over the copy desk, casting impressionistic cartoons of typewriters and newspaper files over walls and ceiling.

Came Dana Grave, lately of Clover Leaf, presently an abecedarian of pansophy in South Hall. Grave bounded the stairs two steps this morning to his usual one. In his mind floated the words of Greeley. Only the night before had Dana Grave discovered that Greeley also had been a poet, rhyming the poetry that was always floating through his own mind as he bounded up the south stairs to conduct his first class in the art of the copy butcher. What was it that Greeley had said—oh, "The flash of intelligence." That was it—intelligence. No one had ever so described the newspaper profession in such a hard cut phrase. And what followed? "On the startled air breaking—" Yes, that was for the world. Though he doubted that his eight o'clock section ever was a flash of intelligence breaking on a startled world. And how had it begun? "The voice of the press. 'Twas the voice of the press on the startled air breaking."

Dana Grave ran his eye around his alphabetarians of the copy desk. The usual three Flashes of Intelligence, or, as they had matriculated, Gretchen Gibbons, Nola Zuzuly, and Upton Freeman, were missing.

"This morning we're writing overlines for syndicate comic stuff," he barked at the Flashes and pulled out a pile of Duffs, Gumps, and Van Loons; "If possible make them witty."

At this minute Nola Zuzuly glided in. Nola's home had already been in five zones and from each of these had she gathered personality which was now the ormolu of the copy desk. Nola moved in a Maeterlinckian atmosphere, pale, meditative, and unapproachable.

"I'll do Duffs," her nebulous eyes floated out from beneath swooping eyelashes.

"All right," Grave snapped. This moody, brooding, noiseless creature made him shiver. A poetess she called

herself and yet she divested his soul of any poetry that might be slumbering there.

Came Mr. Upton Freeman, who contributed to the magazine bearing his name. He was a man breathing socialistic breath, though Grave doubted his reason being firm and knew that his will was not temperate. It was noised over the Hall that Upton Freeman's father was a Smyrna Jew.

"I'll do Gumps," he condescended.

"All right," Grave snapped. This Freeman person with his socialistic dialectics had recently caused a renaissance of the Republican party in the estimation of Dana Grave.

Came Gretchen Gibbons all in blue. Two years in South Hall had not yet robbed her of all of her Humbird environment. She plumped herself down in front of Dana Grave. Gretchen was plump with pink dimpled elbows, and fiery bobbed hair. But all this might have blushed and flamed unseen but for her eyes, which were unforgettable. They were big like moons, and blue like bowls. It was her eyes that gave you the impression that Gretchen might easily break. Dana Grave hated her when she opened them too wide.

"I'd like to do the Van Loons." Her blue eyes began to grow big.

"All right," Dana Grave snapped quickly. Of the three late arrivals this noisy, scatter-brained, not quite ripe little Gretchen irritated him the most.

"Finished." Nola pushed the Gumps to him with her thin, transparent fingers. They made Grave shiver. "Gump almost drowns. I wrote it in free verse. 'The only way to know life is to live, the only way to know the sea is to be drowned.'"

"Awful!" Grave grunted.

Nola looked at him, or rather she turned to him the unfathomable pools that were her eyes. Nola's was a soul exquisitely tortured.

"Finished." Upton pushed the Gumps with a reckless anarchical movement under Dana's nose. "It's about Andy's new platform. I've called it, 'Andy goes in for Communism.'"

"Awful," Dana Grave grunted. Up-

ton raised emancipated eyebrows in the direction of Dana, tolerantly.

"Finished." Gretchen pushed the Van Loons toward Dana with her little dimpled pink fingers. "Van Loon is so tired of hearing his neighbor play the saxophone that he goes over and asks to borrow it. I called the overline, 'What if it had been a piano?'"

"Why, Miss Gibbons," Grave smiled at her for the first time. "That's great. It's almost witty. It adds to the humor of the strip."

"I'm glad you like it." Gretchen's eyes smiled a big smile, but Grave sank back cold and reserved behind the paste.

"Do you really think, Mr. Grave, that a school of journalism is the place in which to learn to write?" Upton addressed Dana in a familiar communistic manner.

"Yes, indeed I do," was the response.

"But do you think we should ever have had *Leaves of Grass* if Whitman had matriculated as a Freshman in the university and studied the conventional writing of Tennyson, say for instance, *Maud* and *The Princess*?"

"I think he would have done better to have imitated them than to have written after his own crazy manner." Dana believed that the essence of poetry was rhyme.

Upton ignored the reply and went on. "But Henry James and Joel Chandler Harris and Mark Twain never went to college. I doubt if *The Ambassadors* would have been very highly received in an advanced writing class."

Henry James had once put Dana to sleep and so he doubted agreeably on this point.

"And look at the Journalists who didn't learn journalism in college. There's Thomas Baily Aldrich and Bret Harte. What do you think, Miss Gibbons?" Upton included Gretchen in the conversation. "Most of the greatest American women writers never saw the inside of a college. Look at Alice Brown, Gertrude Atherton and Mary Wilkes Freeman."

"Well, if I didn't think it was possible to learn to write in college, I cer-

(Continued on Page 17)

# The Story Teller

By TIRZA ENNOR

AS USUAL, the morning in the El Paso sanatorium was dragging along wearily. After some reading and letter writing, my room-mate and I gave ourselves up to waiting for the two daily events of next importance to our meals—the coming of the mailman and of Concepcion, the Mexican maid who cleaned the rooms. Concepcion was part Indian and looked like an old, fat squaw. Unlike the many sad, worn, hard-working Mexican women, she was always happy and full of fun; and her visits never failed to be a source of amusement for us.

We were not waiting long this morning, when we heard a harsh humming, a shuffling and clattering; and Concepcion entered with her broom, duster, and dust-pan.

"Buenos dias, Concepcion," we shouted in chorus.

"Buenos dias. Como esta?" she answered, laughing at our attempt at Spanish.

Our reply, "Muy bien, gracias," nearly exhausted our meager vocabulary. After this brief prelude, we always resorted to English, in which Concepcion was proudly fluent, if not correct. This was Monday; and while Concepcion cleaned up two days' dirt with a careless swishing, we questioned her about her proceedings of the day before. Sunday, we knew, was the Mexicans' gayest day; and Concepcion rarely disappointed us with stories of her experiences, the whole truth of which we sometimes considered doubtful.

Today she looked at us and sighed. She couldn't tell us all, she said, for it was so long she would lose her job for talking much and working little. However, with only a little persuasion, she turned her back on conscience and work, set her broom in a corner, and sat down in our only easy chair. As she rocked rapidly to and fro and rubbed her hands together, she told her tale in a language which cannot be reproduced.

"You should know my daughter, Maria," she began. "She is tall and beautiful with big black eyes and long black hair. My Maria has many suitors, but she shoves them all aside. She hates all but Jose; and Jose is no good. He

is lazy and drinks and doesn't care. But I like him, too. He sings and plays a guitar, and laughs, and tells stories. He does these things for Maria. She likes it and laughs at him. He makes love to my Maria. She likes that, too, but still laughs at him more. One evening she tells Jose that her husband has to be big and brave and noble. He says that he is the biggest and noblest man in the world—and she laughs in his face. He gets angry. She tells him to stop acting foolish or go away. He is more and

tering the ring half blind with rage, tears down upon him. It is a good trick and takes much courage, for if he shows fear and runs, the bull gores him to pieces. Everyone applauds the toreador for this bravery.

"While the fight is going on, I see Jose down below us. He has been drinking. He looks up at Maria and then buries his face in his hands. He looks at the toreador and his eyes gleam. He hears the applause and jumps up like crazy. Singing a silly little song, he runs out into the ring before anyone can stop him. He folds his arms and stands still. The bull sees him and comes dashing at him, blowing through his nostrils and tearing up the ground as he comes. Jose stays still until the bull is nearly upon him and he can stand it no longer. He turns white; he yells; he runs. The bull is almost on him now. He trips and falls. Maria next to me screams and cries. We think Jose is lost. But the blue matador is there. He jumps in front of the bull and waves his bright cloak at him. He dodges in front of him the way toreadors can but poor Jose can't, and attracts him away. Jose is saved. He jumps up and runs out of the ring. He hears the applause for the toreador and thinks it is for himself. He runs to Maria and throws himself at her feet. 'See how brave I am now,' he says. And Maria, still weeping, throws her arm around him and says 'Yes, yes,' and kisses him.

"And last evening Jose comes to see Maria again. He makes love to her. And Maria likes it,—and she *doesn't* laugh at him."

Concepcion looked up at us and smiled.

"It is a nice story, is it not?" she said.

We were enthusiastic, and as we praised it, we asked her many questions about Jose and Maria. She paid no attention to them, and went on humming a little song as she picked up her broom and dust-pan. But as she went clattering out of the room she turned and said, "Yes, it is a nice story. I even wish sometimes I *did* have a daughter like Maria."

## Away On the Shelf

By DAISY B. GRENZOW

WELL, so we begin, a molten mass of clay That hardens fast and cracks

Around the edge.

They say our stuff is plastic at the start,

But after four drab and static years

Of being fitted in a common mold With all the other sodden chunks, We lose our pliability, and set Stiff and brittle—colorless and grey

Like 1300 others.

O God! Keep some of us

Mobile and moist.

N. S. G.

more angry. He says he will show her how brave he is and gets up and leaves her.

"That is a week ago. My Maria is sad and cries in the evenings for Jose. She lets Juan and Carlos in to see her, but they only make her feel worse. Then comes yesterday. It is a big day in Juarez with the greatest bull fight of the year. Matadors and toreadors from Mexico City are there. You have never seen a bull-fight? Ah, it is too bad! They are beautiful and cruel. The bulls rage with spears thrust in their necks and toreadors with fine velvet cloaks dodge them without a fear. But I must go on. This day the bull-fighters are more wonderful than ever. They do all their bravest tricks. One big fighter, strong and handsome in blue velvet, stands motionless while a bull, just en-

# So This Is Abulia

By RUTH M. HAWLEY

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,  
Elaine the lily maid of Astelot,  
High in her chamber up a tower to the  
east—

Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot."

**T**HUS QUOTED JEAN, the procrastinator, as a proper way to begin a morning of study for a psychology examination; and she would have blithely continued but for the fact that her room-mate emitted a positive yell of agony. To Arline, Tennyson at this unfitting hour was no more than a Briggs' cartoon of "How to Start the Day Wrong."

"Good heavens, Jean! I can't bear it! You spineless jellyfish! It's like this—every time. You're not capable of concentrated effort. Oh, I know everyone thinks it's charming—that scatterbrained, dreamer pose of yours, but my Lord, they don't have to live with it."

A jarring of the walls of the room served as a grand climax to this magnificent out-burst of temper. As for Jean, she had no temper. She simply stood a trifle awed, a trifle puzzled, watching the last vibration of a loosely slung door.

"Well, exit Arline for the morning," she thought. "I hope she finds a vacant seat in the library. It's up to me to feel a little sorry—but I'll fix that up; being diplomatic upon necessity is my favorite pastime." Jean continued with supercilious reflection, "Arline is all right, but so irritatingly efficient, so hopelessly practical."

As the second movement of the study hour, Jean pattered—to use Arline's belittling term for the examination—time fit of cleanliness that thus periodically seized Jean's usually disorderly soul. She dusted a well-powdered dressing table assiduously with a handkerchief; she delved into the loathsome accumulation of two weeks' laundry; she even went so far as to hang out a neat family washing, which added enormously to the tenement aspect of the place.

And all the while she enjoyed herself hugely. In fact, she played to an invisible audience all the time. First she was the bustling feminine creature of a domestic bent; this was an infrequent

role, and the accompanying sensation of novelty was delightful. Next, she was the strenuous wash-woman, a thorough one, who labored feverishly with much suds and practically no material to cleanse thereby. All this took time. She had really intended that it should.

However, there eventually came an hour which could no longer be forestalled. Aside from sharpening a few pencils and putting an elaborate "At WORK" sign on the door, there was simply nothing further to do than to step into her ultimate character. She must study for an examination in psychology. With tortoise-shell glasses, and with her blouse open at the throat, she was obviously the student.

But as a student, she sat stiffly for fifteen minutes at her desk, studying minutely the opening paragraphs, already familiar, of Woodworth's "Introduction to Psychology." The text became somewhat foreign in nature, and she began to skim lightly over each page, at last reaching the point where she could no longer delude herself into believing that she was absorbing anything.

The initial strain had abated a bit now; she felt free to relax comfortably on the bed, and to discard the tortoise-shell spectacles. They were stage property—true, but they annoyed her.

Mild annoyance was this, however, compared to that which germinated, expanded, then bloomed into a slow realization of what was meant by a certain hitherto unread passage in the book. She had always considered elementary psychology no more than a description of biological structures, of endless definitions and classifications, but this particular sub-topic under a chapter labelled "The Will"—this was chillingly different. In short, it applied to something—applied too much, in fact. She read it slowly, with increasing alarm.

"'Abulia,' which is commonly known as 'no will' is an abnormal degree of lack of zest for action. Along with it go lack of social force, proneness to rumination and day dreaming, and often a feeling of being compelled to perform useless acts such as doing everything three times, or continual washing of the hands.

"Abulia is, not just a comfortable

laziness, but is attended by a sense of inferiority. It shows itself in excessive hesitation and vacillation, and in failure to accomplish anything of consequence. Sometimes the subject expends much effort but fails to direct the efforts towards the execution of his purpose.

"Some authorities have described abulia as 'low mental tension'; some to an overdose of the introspective tendency; some to the paralyzing effect of suppressed desires still living in the 'unconscious.' Mild degrees of it, such as are not uncommon, seem sometimes to exist between the end in view and the means one must take to start towards that end. One has zest for reaching the goal, but not for the preliminaries.

"An author whose case was studied because he was accomplishing so little, was found to follow a daily program about as follows: he would get up in the morning full of confidence that this was going to be a good day, with much progress made in his book. Before starting to write, however, he must first have his breakfast, and then a little fresh air, just to prepare himself for energetic work. On returning from his walk, he thought it best to rest a few moments and then one or two little matters seemed to demand his attention; by the time these were done, the morning was so far gone that there was no time for a really good effort, so he optimistically postponed the writing till the afternoon, when the same sort of thing happened, and the performance had to be put off until the next day.

"This man did better under a regime prescribed by his medical adviser, who commanded him to write two hours immediately after rising, and make this his day's work—no more and no less than two hours. The definiteness of this task prevented dawdling."

She stopped reading, undeniably alert now, a state which she always avoided because it did such terrible things to her. She tried to sink back into her former condition of lassitude, but the black and white print had opened new and fearful vistas . . . Abulia . . . it certainly applied; there was no getting around that.

She experienced another unaccustomed feeling, too, as she walked to the li-

brary, very much alive and shivering with the realization of a grim purpose. For the first time, of her own volition, she was seeking knowledge. She was not proud, however. She was very, very much afraid. She was going to the library, to look up further references on "Abulia."

Near the psychology book shelf sat Arline, completely absorbed and unaware of the nearness of the "weak sister." Jean gazed upon her with a measure of the old condescension, tinged with the slightest bit of awakening respect.

The references to abulia were increasingly specific.

Heavens! Here they classed abulia with neurasthenia and other mental defects—*mental defects!* She read:

"Still another sort of 'fatigue psychosis' is the final stage of abulia, or

lack of will power. The individual knows that a given act is to be performed, but he is unable to set himself going. Frequently the effort results in distress, pallor, and palpitation. Abulia may assume a great many forms, such as inability to speak, to write, to pass through a certain door, to perform even such simple acts as rising from a chair."

"According to this," she mused with a calmness, strange under the circumstances, "I'm simply mentally deficient, that's all, and in a fair way to become paralyzed physically from lack of will. Thank goodness I have a sense of humor, or I might wax serious over this."

Just then, as a test for her flagging mental stamina, she willed, actively willed, to write Arline a quick note of apology for being such a drag on her efforts to accomplish anything when they were together.

She said to herself, "I *will* to write the all-perfect Arline a note of apology, and neither abulia, paralysis, nor death can stop me!" She wrote:

"Arline, the stern, Arline the practical, Arline, the godhead of my humble heart, Who from her scornful heights the spineless beast  
Inspires to emulate her active art!"

And as a footnote she added: "The phrase 'spineless beast' may seem far fetched if such intensive concentration of this morning has dulled your memory concerning my unfortunate poetical flight. But, mark you, I have learned since then to will, to do, to succeed—and to be *definite*. In short, look up reference on 'Abulia', Woodworth, Ch. IV., pp. 233-235; and Titchener, Ch. XVI., pp. 401 and following."

## An Emigrant Mother

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

OH DEAR, DARK HEAD, beloved  
weary head,  
Even the dust must weep, seeing  
you come,  
Like a lost child, bewildered, tor-  
tured, dumb.

For your sad eyes that saw such  
little light  
I grieve; that sorrow, poverty, and  
bitterness  
Were your companions only all  
your life  
I grieve; and that you went from  
night to night.

Another sorrow that you died  
alone;  
In a strange land your alien heart  
must lie!  
"I die," you said, "as lonely as a  
stone."

Oh, surely in that last farewell to  
earth,  
But for a moment, rather wistfully,  
You sought for but one happy  
memory  
And found it, in that cold land of  
your birth.

God grant you saw old Russia in  
a haze,  
The long, gray fields, the sound of  
church bells ringing,  
And voices raised in song, in  
speech you knew . . . .  
God grant you had some memories  
of glad days.

My heart recalls you utterly with  
this thought:  
From child to womanhood, your  
life was laid  
With the dull workers of the soil  
who wrought,  
Out of their hunger, Russia's  
gloomy shade.

That eternal shade of sorrow laid  
you low,  
Even your children, troubled by  
that gaze,  
Shuddered away from you, the  
love-enslaved,  
And turned from you, embracing  
alien ways.

Bitter the days since you have  
closed your eyes,  
Quiet and sweet for you, bitter for  
me,  
And vain and chill my new found  
love for you . . . .  
Too late I mourn you, Beautiful  
and Wise . . . .

*Dear earth, be kind of her, be kind  
to her  
Who was of all your children  
weariest,  
Most desolate, most 'lonely, most  
unblest,  
Dear mother earth, be kind, be  
sweet to her.*

*Now are my tears, vain as the sea  
of love  
Her heart overflowed with, vain as  
that charm of hers,  
Too delicate, too starlike to be  
known,  
In the rough places where her life  
was thrown.*

# The Lesson of Lincoln for Today

By *GEORGE P. HAMBRECHT*

THE ACTS AND WORDS of Lincoln are reviewed today by all good Americans as worthy of study and consideration. What is it that he has to give us most worth while in this period of distraction and disorganization which we are going through? We hear people constantly asking, "What would Lincoln have done in our place?" This query is frequently raised to bolster up an argument on some economic theory, constantly backing up present day arguments from letters and speeches of Lincoln. He is quoted to support each side of many of the live issues of today, ranging from the temperance question to our entry into the League of Nations. There seems to be no cause which does not try to strengthen itself through him.

This is a conscious tribute to the faith that people have in him. But many of us who quote him fail to get from him the real help he has to give. It is not his opinion on a particular subject, not his wit and wisdom as expressed in his letters and speeches which are his great contribution; it is from the temper with which he approached his problems, the methods by which he handled them that we can learn most. His life is a call to self-training—a training of the mind until it can form sound, workman-like, trustworthy conclusions, training of the moral nature to justice and rightness—training of the will until it can be counted on to back up the conclusions of the mind and heart. It is a call to openness of mind, willingness to learn.

There are many well intentioned people who do not understand the value of hearing the other side of an argument, and of free discussion. William Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner and an earnest abolitionist, reproached Lincoln on one occasion with having around their law office three or four files of pro-

slavery papers from the southern states for which Lincoln subscribed. But Lincoln said in reply to Herndon that he wanted to know what the south was thinking and saying, whether he agreed with it or not. He insisted on getting their viewpoint, and this trait of read-

see all the truth than he does, and that if what each of you sees can be fused, a larger amount of truth will result. Above all, his method is a revelation of what a man can make out of himself if he will. Indeed I am sometimes inclined to feel that the greatest service Lincoln has done this country was to demonstrate what could be made of a mind by passionate, persistent effort. What moral heights our nation would rise to if dealt with in perfect candor!

Lincoln was able to view every individual question in its relation to human welfare and human progress. Questions involving moral issues he always interpreted in easily understood terms. Even the complicated issues raised by the Slavery Question, culminating in those historic debates between Lincoln and Douglas, he interpreted as part of a great movement and not alone an isolated question. This is well illustrated in the summary of his debate with Douglas, at Alton, Illinois, when Lincoln said:

"This is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, the other the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

Taking him all in all, it is doubtful if this country or any country has produced a man so worthy of our studying and following as is Abraham Lincoln.

## Of Love and Shadows

By

MARGUERITE ANDERSON

MY love he came on willing  
toes.  
Candle-light the hour he  
chose,  
And in his hand a stolen rose—  
A rose he stole for me.

He came to me without a care,  
Handsome, young, and debonair,  
Yet not alone, for everywhere  
A shadow walked with him.

He came when summer stars were  
bright,  
Came, too, when autumn frosts  
were light,  
And when the winter snows fell  
white,  
He still was true to me.

But I at last made foolish moan,  
Wanted him and him alone,  
Without a shadow, all mine own,  
And would not be content.

And then, one day, I barred the  
door,  
Vowed that I would have no more  
Of love with shadows, and I swore  
That what I said was true.

I heard him turn upon the stair,  
Turning stop, and so declare;  
"Ah, love has shadows everywhere."  
And then, he came no more.

ing both sides of a question, which gave him food for reflection, developed Lincoln into a real leader and statesman.

His method is a constant lesson in liberality towards others, to a recognition that there may be something to be said of the other man's point of view as well as of yours, that you no more

# Because of Bettina

By LYDIA WEGNER

"There are only two tragedies in life; not getting what you want, and getting it."—*Oscar Wilde.*

IT WAS A QUARTER AFTER FIVE on a Saturday afternoon, and except for a few late stragglers at the children's tables, the little library was empty. The assistant librarian, left in charge for the afternoon, moved quietly among the tables and shelves, straightening the books and putting away the magazines and papers. Then she started to close the windows, stepping about with that careful mousey tread characteristic of librarians. She was a rather good looking young woman of twenty-five, with smooth brown hair and extraordinarily large dark eyes set deeply and wide apart. She was somewhat nearsighted and had a habit of looking at people in a searching, almost timid manner, before her sensitive lips parted in a smile. The children were very fond of her and followed her every movement with their eyes, waiting for her to look in their direction.

She had finished the last duties and was washing her hands at a little basin behind a door when three late comers made a noisy entrance. They were two men and one very pretty girl, who cast a hasty glance about the library and then perched herself on the desk and piped in a shrill treble, "Well, Dorrit, look what the cat brought in!"

Dorrit came forward drying her hands on a paper towel and looking with her shyly peering glance from one to the other. Then a glad smile curled up her lips and she said in a slow but cheerful voice, "Why, Mark! How nice! When did you get in?"

"I hit this burg an hour ago," said the young man to whom she gave her hand. "I drove down from Chi in my car. Been talking to Aunt Laura, and she told me to come down and get you. Met Bettina and Mr. Riorden just outside as they were coming to call for you." His voice had a nasal quality that was vaguely irritating, especially since he spoke with a drawl. While he talked he looked around the room and out of the window instead of at Dorrit,

but with no appearance of discomfiture.

Bettina, who appeared to be either very nervous or very vivacious, was swinging her feet and beating her heels against the sides of the desk while her restless fingers played with the various pencils lying about. "He's got the dearest little car," she declared. "I want him to give it to me, but he won't."

"Well, maybe I will," said Mark laughing and giving her a quick side glance.

"Oh, my darling cousin, please do, and I will love you forever," cried Bettina. "Here, let me make you beautiful with a mark on your nose." She inked one of the rubber stamps and tried to impress it on his face. In the struggle that followed she sprang from the desk and fluttered about among the chairs with little shrieks of laughter.

She was very unlike her sister, being very light and fluffy as to hair and skirts, and rather thin and small and bony as to body. Her face was pert and gaminish, and she was much addicted to giving sudden piercing shrieks of laughter.

Riorden leaned over the desk toward Dorrit and said in a low voice, "Remember about tomorrow, Dorry?"

"Oh, yes, Ned, I won't forget that," Dorrit smiled into the handsome boyish face and thought as she had thought a hundred times before, "What a dear boy he is! So eager, so serious, and so honest!"

He seemed indeed to be all of these things, though a trifle sulky as well, since his full red lips drooped a little at the corners and his eyes had an almost sullen expression at times as if he were not entirely satisfied with himself. He smiled now as he said, "All right, old scout. I think I'll have to make a point of bringing you out more."

"Don't I go out enough?" she asked.

"Yes, but you don't let yourself out enough. You know how I mean. Folks don't know nearly how clever and jolly you are, because—well, I don't know. You don't seem to put much faith in yourself."

She smiled down at him fondly, "Oh,

I could never be as popular as you are. You have such a way about you that everyone likes you."

His face flushed with pleasure at this praise, and he protested feebly, "Oh, go on!"

The last little boy came up to the desk with a book, and when he had gone, Dorrit called to Bettina and Mark in a business-like voice, "It is time for the library to close."

They came forward slowly, talking seriously in low tones. Ned looked at them thoughtfully, almost scowling. He evidently did not like the girls' cousin, and showed it plainly. He felt ill at ease and provincial in the presence of the well dressed, easy mannered city chap, and he resented this, trying to feel that it covered an unsteady character. He thought, "He is too slick and has too much of a line. It would be a shame for a nice girl like Bettina to fall for something like that." Ned had a rather protecting feeling for both girls, for he was an old friend of the family and had known them since childhood. He was drawn the most toward Dorrit, and while he himself had not given the matter much thought, it was rumored throughout the little town that the two were falling in love with each other and would very soon be engaged.

Bettina and Mark continued their earnest conversation on the walk home. Ned was inclined to be sulky about it. His sulkiness was part of his boyishness and only endeared him the more to Dorrit, because she understood him so clearly.

"You aren't jealous, are you?" she teased.

"Jealous! Good night!" he exclaimed. "But somehow I'm not keen about that chap."

"Oh, he's just showing off. He thinks we are terribly provincial, and he wants to show us city manners," she laughed easily.

Ned laughed a little and said with a forward thrust of his jaw, "Well, anyhow, don't you go falling for his line. I won't have that, you know."

They parted at the girls' home. Ned promised to come for them early the next

morning for the Christian Endeavor picnic, and went home moodily, wishing that Mark had stayed in Chicago where it was evident he belonged.

The Ferguson girls had promised to bring sandwiches to the picnic, and there were two reasons why it was evident that Dorrit should prepare them. In the first place Bettina was tired from her long day in the office—she was a stenographer at the Aluminum factory—and in the second place, she was obliged to entertain her cousin. But Dorrit did not mind in the least. In the quiet of the little kitchen she went about the sandwich-making dreamily, thinking of Ned—always of Ned—not daring to believe and grasp the happiness that seemed so distinctly near, but hoping and fearing, and dreaming those shy sweet dreams so dear to every girl's heart.

It was later, when they were alone in their own room that Dorrit and Bettina quarreled—quarreled absurdly over nothing at all. Dorrit said thoughtfully, "Cousin Mark seems so changed since last year, much more grown up in a way. He seems quite fond of you."

Bettina said snappishly, "What do you mean, fond?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought he liked you."

"Liked me! Good night! He had to talk to someone, and I was the only one who paid any attention to him. The way you moon around Ned Rior-den is really sickening! You haven't a word for a soul when he is anywhere in sight."

Dorrit looked at her sister in speechless amazement. Bettina's cheeks were pink with anger and she continued furiously, "Why, you positively run after him! I'd be ashamed—"

"That sounds rather as if you wanted him yourself," said Dorrit with quick intuition, and Bettina laughed. "If I wanted him, I'd get him, and I wouldn't have to hang around the way you do, either."

Dorrit went to bed silently, feeling frightened and hurt. Was Bettina in love with Ned? Oh, if she were, there was no chance for her, Dorrit. Then she thought, "How sordid! Fighting for a man! But Bettina—oh, it must not be. She is not the sort of girl for him; she wouldn't make him happy and he couldn't make her happy either, and I am sure, I know that I could."

And yet she knew that if Bettina wanted Ned, she would get him, because

she had a way of getting things she wanted, while Dorrit always hesitated until the right moment had passed. "I lack self-confidence," she thought sadly. "I know I do, and yet I can't seem to help it."

The next day was very beautiful, with a haze in the yellow sunlight that hinted already of autumn, although it was barely past mid-summer. Bettina looked appealingly fresh and childish in a peach-colored organdy. She was one of the very few who could wear peach-colored organdy to a picnic and appear as fresh at the end of the day as she did in the morning. Dorrit, in an orange linen sport frock, with her dark hair coiled in glistening bands about her head, looked practical and joyous.

Mark wanted to take Bettina to the picnic grounds in his car, but the rest of the picnickers were to go in an immense furniture truck, and she insisted upon going with them.

The great truck rumbled over the dusty white roads at a leisurely rate. They stopped at the smooth, grassy bank of a little river where a spring of fresh water twisted its way through moss and forget-me-nots on a gravel bed. There were a few great trees spreading a pleasant shade over the grass, there were white boulders for the fastidious to sit upon, and a wide space for impromptu baseball and tennis. They swooped down upon this spot with the intensity of true picnickers. The men started to toss the ball about immediately, and the girls busied themselves with the lunch.

Later in the afternoon, when the heat was at its height, they began to stroll in little groups of twos and fours along the river. Bettina had long since gone off with Mark, and Dorrit's thoughts had gone after her somewhat anxiously. But her thoughts did not remain with her sister long, for she and Ned soon turned away from the group with whom they had been walking and started down a little path that wandered half hidden among bushes.

It was very warm, and the faint breeze that had been blowing over the river, scarcely reached them here. The path wound beside a field of rye that made a quiet rustling sound. Overhead in the dazzling sky a few crows were wheeling about, their raucous cries softened by distance. Ned took off his straw hat and fanned himself with it. Dorrit saw how his hair was matted together on his fore-

head, and felt an absurd desire to draw it back. With a swift gesture he did it himself, and she wondered if Bettina would have run her fingers through his hair.

She was still thinking about it when Ned said with an air of deep enjoyment, "Gee, don't you like to get out here where everything is so quiet and sort of peaceful?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed. "I sometimes think that in heaven it is Sunday afternoon in the country all the time."

He laughed at that, and she smiled with him.

"You get funny ideas in that little head of yours," he said. "Where do you get them? From your books?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just think them. Don't you, ever?"

"Not that kind. I guess women are different than men that way. They seem to think so much and you never can tell about what."

"You can never tell—not ever—what a person is thinking about. How odd it would be if you could tell for just a minute what is going on in another person's head."

"I'd give a lot to know what is going on in your head right now."

"How much? A penny?" She smiled roguishly up at him.

They laughed at their little jokes as much, if not more than they might have at much more clever witticisms.

He said, "Oh, a little more than that. What will you take?"

"I'd tell you if I had any thoughts. What are you thinking of?" She wanted to say she was thinking of him, but could not bring herself to pronounce the words. She pulled up a weed and started to pull off the leaves with an air of great abstraction. "When a person asks you right out what you are thinking of, you never can tell, can you?"

"I can," he asserted. "I was thinking that you are looking mighty sweet today."

Dorrit pulled off the last leaf carefully and let it fall. Then she looked up at Ned, and finding his eyes turned on her, looked hastily away again and said nothing.

They walked on in silence, a comfortable, sympathetic silence. He did not tell her he loved her, but Dorrit knew it as surely as if he had said so in words. They were very happy as they walked



along in the rye, holding each other's hand with a simple childish clasp. Words were unnecessary. Bettina would not have been so foolish, but perhaps she would not have been so happy.

The path took them back to the river again after a time, and when they came out on the bank, they saw Bettina and Mark sitting together on a large flat stone. Suddenly they both sprang up and Bettina struck at her cousin with a quick and vicious gesture. Then she turned and ran away from him, catching her breath with angry sobs. She saw Dorrit and Ned suddenly, and came toward them crying like a child, "He tried to kiss me! Oh!" Ned patted her shoulder, and said to Mark, "Look here, you poor dumb-bell, what do you think you're trying to do, anyway?" Bettina's sobs increased and she clung to Ned.

Mark walked slowly toward them, turning his hat around, examining it minutely. He looked puzzled and a bit sheepish. He said, "Well, gee whiz! Well,—I thought she wanted me to."

Dorrit laughed aloud and Bettina screamed at him. "I hate you! I utterly abhor and despise you—you! Oh, Ned, hit him!"

Dorrit laughed again. It was really too funny, especially Mark's crestfallen appearance. Her clear laugh ringing joyously enraged Bettina more and more. She cried like a spoiled child with her face on Ned's shoulder. He, in turn, became more and more belligerent, glaring at Mark with hostile intentions. The humbled boy was trying to make his peace with his cousin. "I am sorry, Bett. I didn't mean to get rough. Only you are so cute—aw, shucks! After all, I'm a relation of yours. Why make a fuss?"

Just then voices were heard approaching along the river. "Oh, oh!" cried Bettina, dabbing her handkerchief at her eyes. "Let's walk, so they won't see me looking like this. Come on, Ned."

Dorrit took Mark by the arm and led him away, still chuckling a little to herself. She thought she had never liked her cousin so well as now; he seemed so honestly puzzled. "Gee," he said nervously. "I didn't think she'd take it like that! I kind of thought I—well, honest, Dorrit, I didn't mean anything."

"I know, Mark, Bettina is spoiled, that's all. She's—well, you know how she is."

Dorrit looked back over her shoulder

and saw Ned and Bettina following. Ned was leaning protectively over the slight little figure, and his arm was over her shoulder. She stood still and looked at them. Mark said, "Well, I guess I had better go, Cousin Dorrit." And she turned to him surprised, saying, "Go?"

"Back to Chi. I was going tomorrow anyway. No, please, I want to go. I can get as far as Sheboygan tonight, and I know some people there. She—do you think she will get over it?"

"Oh, yes, Mark. Yes, of course. You must stay." But he seemed so eager to go that she did not urge him further but said goodbye to him as he set out to walk back to town, assuring her that he would pick up a lift on the way.

To Dorrit the rest of the afternoon was always like a hazy dream. She could remember a great deal of activity as the afternoon cooled and the languid spirits revived. But though she moved about it all with her usual graceful calm and cheerful face, there was a dull weight of pain in her heart all the time.

The sun went down gloriously and a red moon came up. It was a charmingly romantic time for Bettina and Ned to announce their engagement, which they did with pretty confusion and shyness. Yes, it was sudden, but—and oh, informal, too, of course. There was no ring, as yet, but Ned had promised her the biggest diamond at Merkle's jewelry store, and Bettina knew which one that was, trust her. They were serenaded by an immense and roaring chorus that throbbed in Dorrit's head for many and many years. She was numb and was frightened to find that her very fingers were stiff. It was as if kindly nature had administered a temporary anesthetic to ease the pain for a time.

Ned was immensely popular with the young men and after the picnic they refused to allow him to linger on the porch with Bettina. "No spooning tonight," they teased. "We want to celebrate, and we can't celebrate without the groom. Come on!" And so, since Ned was a good fellow, he went with them willingly enough.

Dorrit and her sister sat on the steps in the dark and talked in low tones.

"Dorry, I want you to know this," said Bettina slipping her soft, warm hand into the older girl's. "I didn't do it for spite. I do care for him—loads and loads! He has always been a sort of hero to me and then today he was so

wonderful.—Do you care an awful lot?"

Dorrit said, "It doesn't matter."

"But it does matter. I don't want you to care. I'm not so hard-hearted, and after all—Dorrit, do you think he really cares for me?"

"Why, of course. Didn't he say so?" Dorrit tried to make her voice sound natural.

"Yes, but somehow, I always thought it was you that he—that he cared for the most." Bettina was strangely inarticulate. She loved many things, ice cream and dancing, so she said; and she had often declared that she adored the movies. Yet she could not say she loved the man she was going to marry. It was the final proof, if Dorrit had needed final proof, that this poor, self-centered, unripe child was sincere at last. She said in her piping voice, "I have always dreamed of this and longed for it, and now that it has come, I am almost afraid. Oh, Dorry, are you sure it is all right? Did I do the right thing? Will it turn out all right?"

Dorrit tried to say yes, but failed. Bettina rushed on, "I want it to turn out right—for him to be happy, and me, too,—and I don't want you to feel too bad."

"I don't feel too bad. Of course, it is all right. Think how happy you will be."

Bettina forgot her half-formed fear and said joyously, "Oh, yes, isn't it wonderful! I can hardly believe it myself. I wish I had a ring, but we'll get it tomorrow. Oh, what a wedding we will have! You must be maid of honor and wear corn-colored organdy."

Dorrit said, "No, no, no!" but not aloud. No answer was necessary. Bettina rattled on and on, happily unconscious of her cruelty, and her sister, with her chin in her palm, gazed into the night only half listening. Finally Bettina went into the house to find a more appreciative listener in her mother, and Dorrit remained outside.

She could hardly realize yet how irrevocably she had lost, and how utterly empty her life was now. She thought, "It was my fault, after all. If I were more like Bettina, I wouldn't have lost. But how can I be like Bettina when I'm not; it is not my nature. No, it was circumstances. I was caught—just like that—trapped by circumstances."

She tried to believe it, but she knew it was not entirely true. "Bettina wanted him and I wanted him," she

thought, "I should have won, but she did. And it is not only this. It's everything. I always lose out." She could see it clearly now, and understand—not life, for whoever understands that inexplicable great puzzle! But she understood herself, and without bitterness.

She had been sitting with her face in her palms and her elbows on her knees. Now she looked up at the low hanging sky, velvety black and gemmed with stars. A line of poetry came to her mind.

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

She thought, "A thousand! There must be millions! Millions!" Their beauty and vastness comforted her; she felt lifted up to them. A quiet and beautiful emotion gripped her, and with pathetic middle class inarticulateness, she fumbled to catch it and hold it and put it in words. She said, half aloud, "I will be strong—and high up—like them."

After a time she got up to go into the house, when an automobile stopped in the road. It was a little sport racer that belonged to one of Ned's friends, and it contained one occupant. Dorrit saw that it was Ned, somewhat drunk and jolly.

"Dorrit!" he cried, "Dorrit! Little Dorry. Call 'er shishter! Want to see m' wife. Want to see—must kiss m' wife goo'ni'."

Dorrit put her hand on his shoulder and shook him as hard as her strength permitted. "Ned, be quiet!" she commanded. "You can't see Bettina—not tonight—not in this condition. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Can't see Bettina? Why can't see Bettina?"

"Because you aren't fit to see her now. Oh, Ned, such a shameful thing to do!"

"Didn't mean anything," he said shamefacedly. "Just a li'l celebration."

"I know," she said bitterly. "Oh, it's a precious way to celebrate."

"Yes, I guess it is," he said and rubbed his hand fiercely across his forehead.

"I'm sorry, Dorrit. Don't tell Bettina. I won't let it happen again. I'm sorry! I'm sorry—about other things, too!"

"Never mind," said Dorrit gently. "You had better go now." She tried to push him toward the automobile, and he started to go. Then he turned back and grasped her hand.

"You're a wonderful girl, Dorry," he said in a low tone. "And I'm a no-good guy. I knew I shouldn't do it. It's against the law and it's weak, and yet—I guess I am weak—that's the trouble with me."

"We are all weak, but we can try—" she hesitated, fearing to preach.

He said quickly, "Oh, try! What good does it do to try? But I could do it for you, Dorrit."

"You must do it for Bettina," she said, and felt in her mouth the salt taste of unshed tears.

For a moment there was silence, and then he dropped her hand and turned away. "That's right. For Bettina," he said, and climbed heavily into the car.

## All's Fair

By RUTH E. CORP

"MISSUS Baxter! Missus Baxter! Cum here an' look out de window."

"What is it, Pansy?"

"Se dat ol' Senatah's caow? He died dis mornin' an' Ah jus' went ovah to seed him. He's daid all right, mam, an' Ah guess youah garden'll begin to grow, now."

"Hush, Pansy, Mrs. Bird may hear you; the window's open."

"Ah don' care if she do hear me, mam. She oughta know what a nuisance dat ol' caow's been a-breaking down dat fence an' eatin' up the vegetubbles. Maybe, if she hears me, she won't be gettin' no more ol' caows to pester the neighbors the way that one done."

The window descended with a crash.

"Get out to your work, Pansy, and don't let me hear you talk like this again. The Birds are very nice people, and we can stand a little bothering from them. But, anyway, the cow's dead now, and they probably won't get another one right away."

"But, mam, Ah think you ought to tell 'em about how——."

But Pansy was addressing an empty room. Grudgingly, she picked up some dishes and moved toward the kitchen. "Missus Baxter is too nice an' mild-like," she muttered. "Jus' let them ol' Senatahs git anothah animule, an' then—leave it to Pansy."

Several weeks later, Mrs. Baxter went out to weed her carrots. The air was clear and mild as any early summer air should be. Mrs. Baxter felt at peace with the whole world as she paused for a moment to survey with pride her flourishing vegetable garden. For it had picked up wonderfully in the last few weeks. The blemishes left by hoofed feet in the soft earth had been almost obliterated by the recent rains. Mrs. Baxter's practised eyes noted this detail with satisfaction as they swept the tomato patch and the cabbage patch. But as her gaze traversed the gravel path toward the lettuce bed, she suddenly caught her breath, took one or two hur-

ried steps forward, and then stopped dead still, her attention riveted with dawning grimness on an enormous Rhode Island Red Rooster who was calmly devouring her choicest sprouts of head lettuce.

The rooster, discovering that he was being watched, rose grandly to the occasion. He casually raised his head and turned toward her; then swelling himself out, he flapped his wings importantly and loudly voiced his appreciation for the good lettuce he had just consumed. Then, he calmly leaned over and nipped off another leaf.

Mrs. Baxter had stood, stupefied, but at the last movement of the rooster, she suddenly regained her power of motion. Swooping down on him unawares, she captured the fowl, and, grasping him firmly by the spurred legs, she took him to the Senator's back yard. Here, upon being freed, he stalked off highly insulted smoothing his ruffled feathers, while she, with a determination strange in her, mounted Mrs. Bird's back step

and knocked on the door. The colored cook answered. Mrs. Baxter didn't even wait to be asked what she wanted.

"I wish you would please tell Mrs. Bird and the Senator for me that if I ever catch that rooster in my yard again, I'm going to kill it," she said firmly; and, without waiting for the astonished servant to reply, she turned and retraced her steps to the carrot bed. At noon, she remarked to Pansy when the latter came to call her for lunch, "Pansy, the Bird's have a big red rooster that was eating my lettuce this morning. I want you to please tell me if you ever see it in the yard again."

"Yes'm," Pansy answered obediently, and a smile of unholy joy spread over her black face.

Mrs. Baxter reflected the smile rather wryly.

Peace had prevailed for a week, and Mrs. Baxter was knitting by the bay window reflecting on this phenomenon. "Well, I'm glad I did it even if Mrs. Bird is offended. She hasn't spoken to me since last week, but she'll get over it, and in the meantime, I have a nice

garden. She can learn now, as well as any other time, that she can't take liberties with me when my garden's concerned. She can just keep her old rooster home."

So engrossed was she in her thoughts that Mrs. Baxter did not hear the door open until Pansy appeared, grinning, on the threshold.

"De rooster's in de yard, mam!" she announced.

Mrs. Baxter rose, undecided for a moment.

"Ah got de ax all sharpened, mam; do youah want me to go out an' catch him?" The indecision passed.

"Just a moment, Pansy, and I'll help you."

The two women passed out into the yard. The rooster was proudly pacing up and down the path taking a survey of his kingdom before beginning its destruction. Suddenly, he was confronted by a dark apparition waving an enormous blue apron. Turning hastily in the other direction, he fairly precipitated himself into Mrs. Baxter's ready hands. There was a moment of conflict until Pansy grasped the kicking feet firmly with one hand and stilled the beating

wings with the other. As if he realized that his hour had come, the rooster no longer shrieked out defiance, but subsided into a resigned, but watchful, silence. Suddenly, his head was laid on a wooden log. He started up, but the ax descended too quickly. Mrs. Baxter hastily turned away from the flopping body and said to Pansy, "Take him over to Mrs. Bird and say that I'm very sorry to kill her rooster, but he was killing my lettuce."

Then shouldering her ax, she grimly turned toward the house.

Pansy was gone a long time. When she returned, she found a rather worried mistress anxiously waiting for her. Pansy smiled, discreetly.

"Mrs. Bird and the Senatah would like to know if youah could forget de trouble dey made an' cum ovah to theyah hous foah a chicken dinner tomorrow, mam."

Mrs. Baxter dropped hysterically into a near-by chair.

"Tell them, yes, I'll be glad to come, Pansy," she gasped, "and, oh, Pansy, ask them if they wouldn't like me to bring over some lettuce for the salad."

## The Exposé of the Small Town

By VIRGINA LARSON

**S**MALL towns have ceased to be a matter of homey interest to their inhabitants, or of uncomprehending scorn to us who love a city. Instead, they are being lifted from their tidy sleep and prodded up for the whole continent to watch. Their psychology is discussed everywhere, from the open literary meetings of the Women's Clubs to the small and select group of "New Thinkers". The fly-specked meat market windows and the over-ripe fruit of the grocery are coming under the spy-glass of universal observation, not for the purposes of sanitation, but rather to determine just how many fly-specks may be realistically correct. A dozen Babbits are diagnosed each year in an effort to penetrate still further into that all absorbing question of small town realism, which seems to mean discovering the kind of lawn-sprinklers or razors in general use.

Proud indeed is the town that can boast

its own Sinclair Lewis, a man who spend all his time mercilessly dissecting the small towns of his acquaintance so that all who run may read. As his reward, and as an added touch to the already bursting pride of the town which claims him, even the callow youths and James Fenimore Cooper discuss the realism he has uncovered with all the wisdom a kitten would use in the same question.

Just why the self-satisfaction of our small town people should suddenly be of great interest is a matter for comment. It is a thing which goes in cycles, I suppose. We must have just so many tales of brave struggles and strong men and loyal women, just so much romance, before the pendulum swings the other way. It was so when the Fieldings and Sterne and Smollett went out of style for the romance of Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe. It was so when the realistic re-

action swung the pendulum back to Thackeray and Bronte.

If we could only have a Sinclair Lewis writing of before-the-Civil-War days, we should have some interesting, not to say illuminating, reading. It would give us such a sense of the "glaring realities" of life could we see all the glamor of those days torn away to reveal the "throbbing pulse" (I believe that is the correct phrase) of the life of some small town exposed for our guided dissection.

He would do well, I believe, to start with a few dashes to express the utter drabness of some such a spot as Charlottesville, Virginia, for example. There is nothing like one or two dashes to give one a feeling of absolute desolation, especially if they begin a chapter. The dashes, then, and a few sentences very much to the point, something after this fashion, perhaps:

"There had been no rain for three

weeks. All was dust, dash, dash, dust and the glaring sun, dash, pouring down upon the gangling young mare that bore her rider slowly up the street, dash, dash. They did not hurry, dash, there was no place to go." I can not pretend to Mr. Lewis' genius, of course, but though my imitation is feeble, you can see the style which would undoubtedly be chosen for another of his great books, can you not? The young girl in her early teens, her feet in short round-toed slippers, her braided hair falling over her shoulders, who sits happy over the sewing of two silly roses on a wide-brimmed straw; the dashing young cavalier who prinks fussily over his flowered waistcoat, meanwhile composing bucolic sonnets to a lispng lady-love; the tired mother who bravely shepherds a small boy along the street while she weakly clutches at a full market basket and a trailing sun-bonnet, they would all be there, each exposed as a horrible example of what too much peace of mind can do. What delight can there possibly be for a fourteen year old in the possession of two flat roses with deep pink petals curling just enough to fit a hat crown? How could any miss of nineteen so inspire a wooden-headed butcher's son that he is able to rhyme love with dove after a day's labor? You do well to wonder. The fact that the whole world is wondering may help to explain this swarm of books intimately explaining the thought processes of these unfortunately happy people who are too stupid to know better.

Just as Mr. Lewis would scoff at the pure joy of roses on leghorn hats, so would he scoff, or not even recognize the joy of living year after year in the same small town where nothing much happens from sun-up to sun-down or from birth to death. So he does scoff, in fact; but still many of us are content to go on living in our tiny towns despite the merciless way they have been laid bare to us. Someway, I can't bring myself to believe they are such dull places after all. Human nature is still their principal ingredient and human nature changes little in a hundred years. There is just as much glamor for me in the people round-about who live to a surprisingly old age in their supposedly dull communities, long enough for three or four generations of rose-trimmed hats to grow up, as in the hoop-skirted maid of the Civil War. The next door neighbor who always brings over a part of her morning's baking, the old lady

around the corner with her kit of emergency supplies, the minister's wife who can't always remember it doesn't look well to be seen playing ball with her twelve year old twins in the front yard, lived a hundred years ago and live now. The kind-hearted neighbor may not be next door, but she is scarce a block away. The gauze bandages and peroxide may belong to a young lady who looks after stray cats, but they are somewhere nearby. Probably there is even a young man—he should have orange hair and many freckles to fit perfectly into the picture—who tries verse-making in between times of foot-ball practice.

As a whole, Charlottesville is not greatly different than it was in our grand-mothers' time except that it wears its skirts shorter and its trousers longer. I should not be surprised, then, if after a time even the haggled mid-western town grew tired of its self inspection and settled back in its chair after dinner with a new version of Amadis de Gaula instead of the mirror of its social forces which grows so heavy on its lap just now.

### Down But Not Out!

THE cheer leader hops nimbly out of the drum major's way as he frantically shouts and motions to the crowd: "Give them a hand!" Hands are thrown into the collection, as requested. At the spontaneous outburst, the band boys' bosoms swell with pride, and a mist dims their eyes.

A completed forward pass brings the ball to within a yard of the enemy's goal. The industrious gloom leader takes up his task, calling for "HOLD 'em, Wisconsin;" and the stands respond with little less than a good groan. In spite of the conscientious mechanic's best efforts, however, the rooters are still wild with real enthusiasm. Then the other eleven members of the team play ring-around-a-rosey for ten minutes. . . .

Hard luck comes at last, and the crowd files out of the gates. "We lost, but we're not licked," says one loyal alumnus to another. And the band sings on the way home:

"We don't give a damn for the whole state of Iowa,  
 Whole state of Iowa, whole state of Iowa;  
 We don't give a damn for the whole state of Iowa:  
 We're from Wis-con-sin." W. A. M.

### Copy Desk Sonata

(Continued from Page 7)

tainly never would have come," Gretchen tossed her sunkissed hair in the direction of Upton. Grave sent her an appreciative nod and a smile. But as her eyes began to smile back his faded away.

"Well, you certainly don't find the colleges appreciative of the new current in verse," Nola began in her little fretful voice. "What do you think of the new verse, Mr. Grave?" she asked.

Dana Grave's favorite poet was James Whitcomb Riley, and he was honest. Hence his reply, "Not much."

"And what do you think, Miss Gibbons?" Nola included her in the conversation.

"I don't understand it," she answered honestly.

Grave threw her another smile and found hers almost endurable.

"You are quite naively honest." Nola smiled her moth-like smile.

"Can you understand this?" Gretchen pulled out her notebook. "I copied it from a magazine. What does it mean?"

"Solstice and equinox of heat  
 And ice, aeons of fiery life  
 Sag like a vapor."

"Oh, it's probably a moody kind of thing. I don't know just what." Nola's eyes went dreamy.

"That's what I thought." Gretchen's snub nose shot up.

Dana Grave looked up. All at once she reminded him of a James Whitcomb Riley rhyme mixed up with a lot of free verse and socialistic nonsense. And he smiled. But Gretchen had gone back to the Van Loons and did not return his smile. One lock of hair had dropped down over her forehead. Dana Grave began to study this hair. It was so bright it might have been dipped in sunrise. He had never seen anything so splendid. Colored by the suns of Humbird, Indiana, there was the splendor of the flames of Troy and the magic fire of spring in its curly web. And in this mood he remembered her eyes. They were really very lovely and blue, not like bowls at all, but a bashful blue like a Chinese garden. That was what she was, a harmony in gold and blue. And she wasn't so dull either. Her retorts to Upton and Nola had showed her as intelligent as she was fair.

And Dana Grave smiled shyly at his discovery before returning to the paste.

## BETWEEN THE COVERS



MOCKBEGGAR, by Laurence W. Meynell. Appleton. \$2.00.

*Mockbeggar* is more than a combination of *The Green Hat* with *Leave It to Psmith*; it is more than a cleverly sparkling novel of sophistication. Its pages glitter with sharp little epigrams, which are entirely consistent with the inevitable trend of the theme. It has the power which comes from a not too deep study of a very delightful group of people at a very interesting time.

Rachael, the entirely adorable center of the story, is a sort of spiritual Iris Marche, and like her, comes through to the end of the play a broken, tired, tearful tragic Bernhardt. And yet it is no contradiction to say that she was always the queen, always the admirable, the poised, the altogether desirable. Men looked at Rachael once, as she came into the room. After that, they looked nowhere else.

We come to know Rachael (and we are very proud of knowing her) through her relations with this little group of friends. First Hugh, strong, sober, quiet Hugh, who died very unobtrusively in France. And Vivian, the true egoist of the highest type, a man who danced through life sure of the world and his own position at the top of it, gallantly avoiding all crises except the one which smashes everything he really desired. Then Chickie, who saw Life as a very important and formidable antagonist, to be feared and held in awe. And because he saw it so in his own mind, he found it so, and was, not gloriously, overcome. And like a torch flame twisting in the night winds, like a black kitten buffeted by three balls of yarn, first playing, then tangled, we see Rachael in every line. What a pity it was that one so free, so shining, so very, very admirable, should fare so ill with the comic tragedy of life.

The story, the atmosphere, the plan

of *Mockbeggar* are not too new. But the happily twisted cynicism of the author is enjoyable, the gay interested viewpoint is not too serious, and the people, my dear, are quite possible.

If *These Charming People* were champagne, and if *The Little French Girl* were Moselle, then someone bibulously inclined might christen *Mockbeggar*, "Whiskey, and hot water, with a dash o' bitters." Only, of course, very fashionable whiskey, and very proper bitters.  
S. P.

HUMPTY DUMPTY, by Ben Hecht:  
Boni and Liveright: \$2.00.

Ben Hecht's latest and best book is in many ways almost an autobiography. We get glimpses of the author, and of his cynical philosophy, in every act of the hero, brilliant Kent Savaron. Every character is oversexed, as is the mind of the author. Yet Hecht has a power of almost fiendishly painting the pessimistic, the dull, the gray, the unhappy, so that the finished pages reach out lean hands and tangle themselves in the mind of the reader. "I don't believe in anything," says Hecht, through Savaron. "Not even that I'm right. The whole thing—man—everything he is, and has been, I'm against."

The book deals with the conflict between the rapier-mind of Savaron; and the Winkelbergs, the stupid, sane, contented bourgeoisie. Kent Savaron attempts marriage with Stella Winkelberg, and through the latter part of the book, he is at war with himself in an attempt at adjustment to her, and to "normalcy." In the inevitable failure, and reaction, Ben Hecht outdoes himself in melancholy, sardonic grimness. "This is life," he seems to say. "Isn't it a nasty, tantalizing mess? Ha, you think I believe this? Well, I don't. I'm fooling you and myself and the damned intelligence that moves in everything."

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You may not like HUMPTY DUMPTY, but you cannot ignore it. Every page glistens with thought well expressed, forcefully expressed. It has a power that comes from Hecht's knowledge and sympathy for the city. It has an unpleasantly personal smart that comes from the accentuated psycho-analysis of the author.

One of the most interesting things in the book is the light we get on Hecht's viewpoint in regard to censorship. He makes Savaron say, apropos of the suppression of his latest book, "Who gives a damn for Liberty and Art? I don't. So far as I'm concerned the censors can suppress anything they damn please. I won't fight it . . . I'm like Uncle Tom. The canaille can rip my pants and take away my royalties. But my soul belongs to God, massa." And so our too-clever, over-analyzing, over-sexed Ben Hecht will go on writing bold, bad literature, such as HUMPTY DUMPTY, despite the best efforts of Anthony Comstock and the S. S. V.

*(Continued on Page 24)*

## La Jeunesse Perdue

*(Continued from Page 5)*

not bored by the hodge-podge clumsiness and eccentricities of an old man. . . .

The congregation had prided themselves on the fact that Pere le Duc had not seen the petition; and yet, after the official notice of the change had come from the bishop of the diocese, M. Trepanier, who had been sent by his confreres to discover, if he could, how Pere le Duc was looking upon the matter of his removal, suffered a distinct shock at the hands of the calm old man.

Pere le Duc received him tranquilly, in his measured, dignified way, and talked of nothings for some minutes. Casually he broached the subject which M. Trepanier had been sent to discuss.

"It will not be long now, Gustav," he had said, "before you will come to meet Pere Lamotte here in the parsonage. He is a much younger man, Gustav. That will be good for the people, will it not?" His fair blue eyes, childishly

frank, looked into his visitor's plump face; and then, as though overwhelmed by a sudden thought, they turned away in a helplessly bewildered fashion.

M. Trepanier had flushed visibly under the presumably unintentional thrust and had looked keenly at his pastor.

"Pere," he began, raising his thick, pudgy hand in quick remonstrance, getting redder and more red; "we will be very sorry to—"

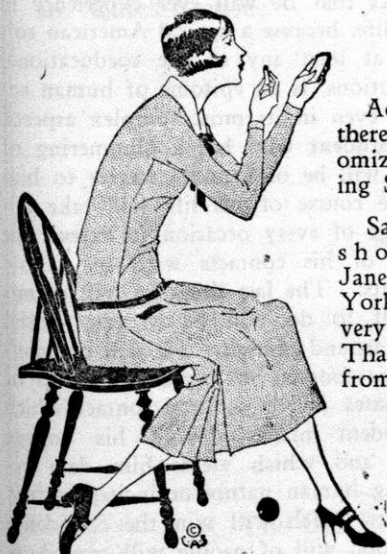
The old man was deprecatory. "I know that I am not young. Have I not been saying masses some years for the departed souls of those who welcomed me here? It is perhaps good that Pere Lamotte is being sent to take my place. Let us not talk about it, Gustav."

Still more embarrassed, M. Trepanier made one last attempt.

"But I have come to tell you of the great regret—"

The slow voice spoke again, patient, measured. "Things will settle down quickly, Gustav; and you will find Pere Lamotte most interesting. Perhaps I

*(Continued on Page 23)*



Adele: "Oh, dear! I wish there was some way to economize and still have smart looking Spring clothes."

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## What Should A Student Derive from His Col- lege Course

(Continued from Page 4)

unless he has gained insight into the way in which the universe is constituted and how it functions. The one who lacks this insight is certain to be fearful and superstitious. Superstition is just as widespread to-day as it ever was, though we are not now superstitious about the same things that troubled our remote ancestors. But almost every day one hears of a new mystical pseudo-science that is founded upon the tendency of people to explain the phenomena of the universe on a superstitious basis. So it is of supreme importance that every student in his college course should get into the way of thinking about the universe according to the laws which determine its functioning rather than according to caprice. If he has merely learned words about the universe, they will be of no service to him. If he has not thought his way through some of the complex and integrated phenomena which every individual must confront and explain in some way, either rationally or superstitiously, he will remain an unadjusted individual, and his four years in college will have been wasted in a large measure, so far as intellectual training goes.

### IV

The problems of adjustment in contemporary life are more than anything else social in character, and every day they become more complicated and accentuated because one comes into contact with a constantly increasing number of people in ever more intimate relations. A hundred years ago, the typical person did not have one-fifth of the social contacts that most persons have to-day. People are now doing many more things than they did formerly, and this means greater likelihood of conflicts, and it means also greater opportunities for gratification of fundamental human needs. Anyone who can get on harmoniously with the people about him can live much more fully and richly now in a social way than was possible for most persons a hundred years ago. On the other hand, one who cannot come into contact with his fellows without the

development of friction is likely to experience much more strain and stress in life to-day than would have been the case a hundred years ago. So that a student who leaves college now without having gained either insight into the driving forces in human life or skill in adjusting himself to the people among whom he must live in order that he may secure their good will, confidence, and esteem, is an uneducated or miseducated individual. If he has not learned in college to play fair with his fellows, he has not learned the lesson that would have been of chief importance to him because he cannot get on to-day without incessant conflict. He will irritate his fellows, and they will react on him, and in the end he will get the same in kind that he gives and just as much of it. He may have his mind stuffed with words about various things, but if he cannot translate these words into true meanings as they relate to human nature and to fair play, his learning may be worse than useless to him.

A student has opportunities in most colleges to-day to gain the kind of social experience that will be of value to him throughout his life because if he has a mind to he can easily establish desirable contacts with his fellows. Locally as well as on other campuses throughout the country, a student may secure practically every type of social contact that he will ever experience in later life, because a typical American college, at least any of the coeducational institutions, is an epitome of human society, even in its most complex aspects. Any student who has a glimmering of what will be of genuine service to him in the course of his life will take advantage of every occasion to extend the range of his contacts with his fellow students. The last thing he will permit himself to do will be to erect social walls around himself. He will not confine his contacts to any small group of classmates. Every personal contact which a student makes during his college career and which yields him data regarding human nature or incites in him any act which will win the confidence and good will of people will contribute to his education. Just to the extent that a student has failed to establish such contacts, to that extent he is uneducated or miseducated, no matter how many isolated facts he may have learned or have forgotten in any or all of his courses.

The writer has often reviewed his college experiences in the effort to find out what was distilled from them that has proved to be of value in any of the needs of daily life. As much real, lasting pleasure and benefit was secured from contacts with classmates as from any class or laboratory work. Greater intellectual value was derived from companionship with three classmates in particular than from any college course. Day after day for several years he walked and talked with these men. The experiences of classroom and laboratory were worked over in discussions, which afforded opportunity for knowledge to become interpreted, organized, and functional. The knowledge presented in some of the classrooms and laboratories was in a devitalized form, mainly verbal. But the give-and-take with keen-minded and eager classmates served to inject vitality into this knowledge and articulate it with what had already been acquired and assimilated. If the present writer were repeating his college course and had to sacrifice any phase of his experience, he would cling longest to the

intimate comradeship, intellectual as well as fraternal, that he had with fellow-students who were travelling the same route that he was, and who afforded him an opportunity to make functional and dynamic the knowledge that was being presented in classroom and laboratory.

## V

Readers who are hastening to the conclusion that the best thing to do in college is to engage in a lot of extra-class and extra-laboratory activities are going forward too rapidly. It is not intended to suggest that students who form bridge-whist or poker or dancing or smoking clubs so that they may have association with their fellows are securing the values that should be derived from personal contacts on the college campus. What relationships are developed in such clubs that have any bearing upon the situations of real life? Not many, if any. There are a lot of extra-curricular enterprises in which students engage that do not meet the requirements of valuable social contacts. The kind of "outside" activities that will prove of lasting value to a student are those which will enable

him to give effect to the knowledge which he is or ought to be acquiring in his classrooms and his laboratories. Activities that are wholly irrelevant to the organization or utilization of knowledge will prove of little consequence in the later life of a college student, though they may serve the purpose of relaxation at the moment. Unfortunately, present-day students seem to be impelled by some irresistible force to engage in varied activities that do not contribute in the least either to their understanding of human nature, the acquisition of dynamic social traits, or the vitalization of knowledge gained in the pursuit of college courses. Students boast of the fact that they never talk informally of anything gained in classroom or laboratory; it all drops dead the moment they leave it. If it is not an educational tragedy for one to spend four years in college and not have anything that he gains in any course enter into his conversation or relations with his fellows, who are also in pursuit of knowledge, — academically speaking — then there can be no educational tragedy. Lest any student may think that the

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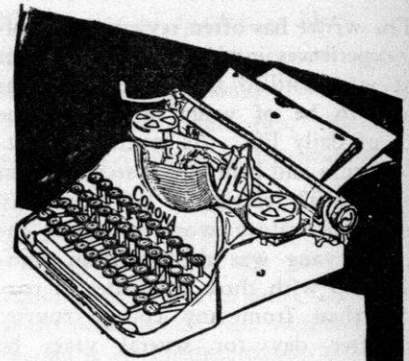
writer is not appreciative of "outside" activities, let it be said here emphatically that many of the student enterprises that are so much in evidence locally—as they are elsewhere—are of immense value in a college course. One who participates in activities concerned with the management of student affairs or the government of the college community, individually or collectively, is almost certain to gain experience that will be of the utmost value to him. Also, one who is an active member of groups devoted to matters of a literary, historical, scientific, political, philosophic, educational, artistic, or even of a technical character can hardly fail to gain profit from his experience. Further, one of the chief requisites for social adjustment in contemporary life is the capacity and willingness to take the point of view of the *alter* where there are differences of opinion and to get into the habit of assuming that other people are just as earnest, just as eager, and just as sincere as one is himself; and there is no training-ground in the world that affords so good an opportunity to secure this kind of social insight and adaptability as a college campus. In the complex social organism there is probably no group whose intellectual and emotional activities can be so readily and completely entered as is the case with a college group. A student who does not appreciate and take advantage of this fact in extending his informal social contacts misses probably the chief opportunity of his college career.

## VI

The benefit that comes from intimate college companionship could be augmented by utilizing opportunities of which most students take little or no advantage. In the typical college community, there is a social barrier erected between student and instructor which prevents both of them from gaining the most good from their relationships. According to tradition, the instructor is something of a tyrant and the student is his unwilling slave; the instructor hands out knowledge and the student gulps at the parts of it that he thinks he will be called upon to disgorge at the final reckoning; the instructor is more or less suspicious of the student and the latter is on the alert to take advantage of his tormentor,—if he can "get by" with anything, he is so much to the good. This kind of relationship is not so prominent locally as it is in some places, and it is much less common to-day than

it was a quarter of a century ago when the writer began his observations of the matter; but there is too much of it still, with the result that the student does not utilize all the available resources at his command for personal contacts that he would find agreeable and helpful.

What is there about the teaching relationship that should make those involved in it traditional enemies of one another? Is the impartation of knowledge on the one side and the assimilation of it on the other of such a nature that the process cannot go on without the development of hostile feelings? Students confess that they are afraid of instructors,—not all of them happily, but some of them. If there is any unnatural, unfortunate, and inexcusable relationship among people in this world, it is the relationship of suspicion and hostility between student and instructor. The student could put a quietus to the tradition that the instructor is his enemy if he would make a test of the matter. But he is apt to go on nursing his suspicion and his apprehension until his malady grows to such an extent that it becomes an obsession with him, and when he arrives at this stage he is in a hopeless situation so far as gaining much benefit from his college career is concerned. That student gains the most in understanding and certainly in enjoyment who cultivates a frank and companionable attitude toward the one who has mastered problems in certain fields and who is striving to help the novice to achieve the solutions which he has himself achieved.



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## La Jeunesse Perdue

(Continued from Page 19)

shall come to say mass here once or twice yet, eh, when he is in need of an assistant? And I shall like my chapel work—"his great hands spread out before him for emphasis—"so much!"

His body, striking in its massive, dignified way, held itself rigid; but the far-away look of wistful helplessness again came into Pere le Duc's eyes. His visitor was speechless. Perhaps the silence bore too greatly upon M. Trepanier's sense of delicacy, for he left soon afterward.

On Thursday, Pere Lamotte, thirty-five, stout, energetic, a man who seemed to include all in his jovial good humor, was met at the depot by a delegation of three and escorted to the parsonage. Pere le Duc, not yet dethroned, received him and, in his slow, methodical fashion, made him acquainted, as well as he could, with the ins and outs of the parish business.

On Friday, Pere le Duc's personal belongings were transferred to the Franciscan hospital of the city, where he was established as chaplain, according to the bishop's orders. Returning to the rectory, the next day, for a small ebony crucifix, he chanced to notice that standing near the basement door of the church was a delivery wagon appertaining to one of the town's furniture stores. Two men were unloading from it a huge pile of folding chairs. A faint change passed over the old man's face. He inquired of Mrs. Murphy about them while he was waiting for her to find the crucifix.

"What are they doing?" he asked her. "The sisters are not giving a recital? No?"

Mrs. Murphy, who had just found the cross where he had thoughtlessly mislaid it in a drawer, placed it carefully on the table beside him. She did not immediately answer his question.

"Or it is a card party perhaps?" His voice was gentle but insistent as a child's.

"No, fahther-r." Her honest face screwed up in an effort not to lie. "It is a little supper—a koinde of a welcome for Fahther-r Lamotte."

"Yes? And that is good—" He spoke more to himself than to his formerly garrulous housekeeper; and his great hands fumbled absent-mindedly with the silver cross that hung below the white of his beard. Even his hands had that same handsome, helpless clumsiness. Mrs. Murphy, mumbling about a thread on the carpet, stooped down; but when she straightened up, she held no ravelling in her fingers and her hands were wet from having brushed away tears.

A little supper . . . A welcome . . . Slowly, the old man went back to the hospital, searching, ever searching the cracks of the cement walk and the clouds in the heavens, for the answer to a question in his mind, even forgetful of the ebony crucifix for which he had come . . .

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Between the Covers

(Continued from Page 19)

**DISTRESSING DIALOGUES** by Nancy Boyd. At the Book Corner.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, writing under the pseudonym of Nancy Boyd, has recently brought out in book form her *Distressing Dialogues*, which have appeared from time to time in *Vanity Fair*. The title is not particularly applicable, for the sketches are not all dialogues, and they are not in the least distressing, unless the reader happens to laugh hard enough to get a pain in his side.

Far from being distressing, the book is hugely enjoyable. Miss Boyd's humor is boundless. She makes fun of everything from artists' studios to Greek dancing, from cosmetics to letter-writing.

In *I Like Americans* Miss Boyd says: "Americans sell their bread hygienically wrapped.

The Europeans sell it naked.

They carry it under the arm.

Drop it and pick it up.

Beat the horses with it.

And spank the children.

They deliver it at your apartment. You find it lying outside your door on the door-mat."

In "*The Implacable Aphrodite*" the author describes the hero as "a man of parts, but badly assembled. . . . he is as impeccably attired for the evening as a professional violinist."

*Distressing Dialogues* is a book guaranteed to cure you of the blues. It is as uproarious as Donald Ogden Stewart's *Perfect Behavior*. You may be one of the types satirized, but you will not suspect it, so subtly and flatteringly does Miss Boyd include you in that group of beings who see the ludicrous side of every situation, and who never do anything wrong themselves.      A. B.

**SLANTS** by Clifford Gessler. Published by *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin*. \$1.00. This slender volume of poems written by a Wisconsin graduate, and now resident in Honolulu, has decided charm of appearance and content. The some thirty-odd selections—all brief—are of the new school of poetry, and have, with but few exceptions, a decided lyric quality.

For so small a collection Mr. Gessler shows considerable variety. There are the usual Hawaiian themes, handled much as usual. The title poem is much

the best of these. There is a philosophy of life, still youthful, especially when treating of love, yet having true observation and insight. There are a few musical themes, among which *Chopin's Prelude* has a haunting charm of color and of rhythm. There are several poems of sheer realism, purely Imagistic, which are the best things in the book. *Palama Tenement* while belonging to this group is not so saliently illustrative of it as are *Concentric Circles* and *Surfaces*, yet it is more distinctive of the general spirit and style of the author.

Palama Tenement

At every door a ghost leers;  
at every gate an armed host  
inscrutably, inexorably appears.  
In every home a Fear  
peers over shoulders, gibbering,  
and jeers.  
at dumb endeavor. In every heart  
a bier  
of youth commemorates the maddened  
years  
of toil, the few embittered hours  
of cheer.  
The sky is twisted, earth is a hateful  
thing—  
and yet, in bitter dearth and sodden  
wondering,  
we laugh and love, and mark and weep—  
and sing!

PATRONIZE

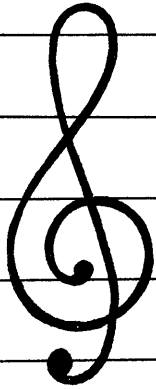
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