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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXI | Madison, October, 1921 | Number 1

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THE FOLLY OF ACTIVITIES. There is power in these hazy October twilights to emphasize the discouraging contrast between college life as it is and as it ought to be. October tempts one to take life leisurely, to enjoy the heightened colours of everything from lakes to elm trees, to lose oneself in the enchantment of the haze that it lays on distant prospects. That is how college life should be: with freedom to think and to work and to play.

Instead we are the hurried slaves of the doctrine of getting ahead. In our microcosm we worship the same gods that are worshipped in Chicago and New York and Spencer, Iowa. We have our miniature eminent citizens, politicians, fine minds, energetic business men —yes, even virtual chambers of commerce. Like our age, we live for the future, and we won't let the future come. We do not use our brains here in college to enjoy life and to enrich it; we harry them to make us insignificantly great, to achieve the pettiest of triumphs. We load ourselves with work and with the hardware of honorary societies and rejoice in the "practical" experience which our various endeavours yield us.

All this because we subscribe to the "go and get it" view of life. For most of us of this highly acquisitive generation there is no other view—we have been taught no other. We do not know that life can be lived comfortably and successfully, that we can do the things we like instead of the things we think we have to do, and still prosper. We are typified by the automobile—rushing through the land, delighting in the one sensation of motion, and overlooking all others because they might retard our speed.

ADVICE. The editors of the LIT like to read contributions—large numbers of contributions. But they like, also, to have them approach in some degree the standard of printable material. There are people in school who can write and don't, and there are people who do write and can't. We like to stimulate the former class. To the latter, we should like to give a few words of friendly advice: Before they submit material, it is well to learn the difference between a split infinitive and a cracked femur, to know that the peak of fine and engaging writing was not reached in "Elsie Dinsmore" or the "Rover Boys" series or by Luke McLuke. Far be it from us to discourage efforts at composition, but if we can point out gracefully and without arrogance that writing even for the LIT requires some knowledge of the mechanics of the art and some background, we should like to do so.

INCIDENTALLY. A ton or so of contributions wander into the LIT office every month. The greater portion of this, is, naturally, not to be used. About one out of every twenty-five contributors takes the precaution to enclose a return envelope and stamp. Whether the others want their contributions returned or not, does not appear. If they do, we should be extremely pleased to have them indicate their desires mutely by means of the envelope and the stamp. Time presses in this complex civilization, and an overburdened editor would appreciate this assistance.

THE ADVENTURES OF GAUCELM. At the end of last year we left Gaucelm lying flat on his back, about to dream a dream. We promised to enlighten the avid reader about it in the first number of this semester, but the amiable author of the serial came into injudicious conflict with the authorities. As a result he is languishing in exile in Green Bay, whence he writes most engaging vignettes of the sub-metropolis of Wisconsin. If all goes well, Gaucelm's dream will appear in the next number.

LITERATURE AND LIQUOR. Even the casually observant reader will notice an entirely unconscionable element of liquor in the current issue of this magazine. This may be the fault of the fantastic immaturity of the undergraduate mind, and then again it may not.

We have become morbidly sensitive on the subject of drink. It has so recently been added to the list of taboos that the sanction of erstwhile respectability has not yet lost its force; therefore it is not yet shocking bad taste to speak of liquor. It is becoming bad taste, though, and, more important with respect to the LIT, it is becoming a mark of turpitude.

The thought of Prohibition is at present one of the pet playthings of the American mind. We are developing a national "complex," on the subject, as it were. Prohibition and its connotation, liquor, have taken the place of the weather as the only reliable topic of conversation. Liquor has always held a prominent place in literature, a place corresponding to its significance in life. We have emphasized that significance, and we object to it, but we shall have to put up with it until the world has forgotten hard drink.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN HORACE GREGORY
EARL HANSON MARGARET EMMERLING

Threnody

HORACE GREGORY.

You are music lost in me;
Changing music, strange and rare,—
Weaving into melody
Are the measures of your hair.

When the rythms of your breast,
Yearning curves that turn to song
In the threnody of rest
Where the nights are still and long,

Lead me into new refrains,
Drifting; then you lift to me
All your beauty in the strains
Of an ancient melody.

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Portraits of the Immortals

HORACE GREGORY.

CARL SANDBURG

"Why, Mr. Johnson! You can't tell me that you have never heard of Carl Sandburg! And you've read so much, too. Do you know, it was only last week that Mr. Sandburg gave us the most inspiring lecture, free, all for the benefit of our club? He's such a virile man, so strong, so rugged, like Abraham Lincoln * * * and well, you know, American. But he is so very subtile that only a few of us can really understand him. He's like a man-child, primitive and simple. Do you know what he did? We were serving tea and he disappeared. I found him in the cellar with the janitor. He was playing a banjo and singing that funny song, "He Done Her Wrong"! Wasn't that just like him?"

EUGENE FIELD

"You young newspaper men of to-day are too highly specialized. What you need is a broader vision. I remember 'Gene Field when he was on the *Daily News*. He dropped into Charley Dau's café, near Madison and State. Chicago was a real city in those days! Well, he was in the back room; he had a girl with him; she was a neat little baggage, played in the chorus in *Pinafore*,—Gilbert and Sullivan were all the rage then. And 'Gene wasn't intoxicated. He was just mellow. I never saw 'Gene drunk; he was always just right. Well, do you know what he was doing? He was talking to that girl in Latin, mind you, Latin. He conjugated the verb *amo* five times and she didn't understand a word; she was laughing at him, thought he was crazy. Now, that was learning for you. You see, a man doesn't get that sort of training to-day; he's narrow. My boy, you need a broader vision."

EVELYN NESBIT THAW.

"So you saw her in vaudeville, eh? Couldn't dance, sing, or act; well, I'm not surprised,—yet, she's attractive. She was a bright little devil, cute as they make 'em. I knew her 'way back in the 'nineties; she was about three or four; lived in the flat above us. Yes, she's from Saint Louie.... Clever little kid. She'd climb up on my knees and fish for candy hidden in my vest pockets..... Restless; here, there, and everywhere; up and down the street and then back in the house. Lord, what that baby didn't know,—you couldn't put anything across on her! Tangled black hair and big gray eyes, and yet, she wasn't exactly pretty; her mouth was too large,—spoiled her face.... and, well, she was too damned precocious.... I wasn't married then.... I knew her mother, a widow.... Beautiful woman.... built like a statue, firm all over, but, Gad, what a fool!"

BRUNO: EDITOR OF "THE REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS."

"Well, did you see him? That was Bruno, 'The Brute Bruno' they call him. Bah! He's the scum of the ghetto. He comes here to me, a poor bookseller, to show himself off. He comes with a fine lady, all furs, paint, and diamonds, and he makes believe like he's a great man. Heh, I know him; I knew him when he was a bum, two months from Russia, and what is he now? A dressed-up bum with a fine lady. He say to the lady, 'Do you like me to read you some Greek?' I give him *Sappho*. I know it all from the front to the back. I listen, I laugh. I know Bruno damn' well, too. Well, come in to-morrow. You see him."

FRANK HARRIS.

"Sure, I met Frank Harris when I was looking for a job in New York. I was trying to sell an article I'd written about Iceland. He's a queer bird, started raving about some business he had in hand before I could say two words. He said that capital was down on him, grinding him to pieces, that the Postmaster General was seven different kinds of fool, and the whole blooming country was heading straight to the devil. Then he opened upon me: "What do I want an article on Iceland for? Go home, boy, and write a story. You can find a betrayed girl and a drunken millionaire in Iceland as well as in New York. Write your story and sell it to the *Cosmopolitan* and get rich.' Then his wife came and called him away."

Labor Day

DON HANSON

A boy sat at one of the tables and watched the Labor Day crowd dance by. His hand caressingly embraced a pipe. On the table before him stood an untouched glass. A soft lake breeze blew through the sides of the pavillion. It ruffled his hair and fluttered the open collar of his shirt. And he sat and listened to the clanging of the orchestra, and watched the hilarious week-enders dance.

There was one girl whom he had watched for some time. She was keen, he thought. He admired her well-shaped body. He admired her clothes, from her saucy hat down to her high-heeled pumps. He thought her dark suit was good taste; better than the shriekingly elaborate clothes of the other women. He admired her hair; a rich blonde, luxuriously marcelled. He admired the toss of her head when she laughed, and the sparkle in her eyes, and her teeth, framed by the crimson of her lips. But more than these he admired her dance. She could do a better shimmy than he had seen at the Carnival Inn that week-end, and the Carnival Inn was of all places the place to see the shimmy. It had a reputation.

She was in the corner near the orchestra platform now, dancing with a tall, black-haired man. Her lithe body went through snake-like contortions which drew to her admiring glances from all the tables. Yes, she was some dancer. And keen! He must get a dance with her. So he caught her eye and signalled for a dance, and she nodded her head. And he sat and watched her, glued his eyes on her, for she was keen!

He was anything but disappointed when he danced with her. They did whirls and slow steps, and her shimmy was marvelous. It was a glorious dance. The boy danced with eyes half-closed and hoped the orchestra would play forever, and the girl threw back her head and laughed, the uncontrollable laugh of the wine-happy.

They danced another dance, and another. The black-haired man was furious, but the girl didn't care, for she liked the boy. "I'm going to call you 'Red' ", she said, "I like your hair." And she laughed and outdid herself in the shimmy.

Once she ceased laughing and became serious.

"I wish they had some Bourbon here", she said. "That always makes me feel better."

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, they had Dolly and me so drunk Saturday night that we didn't even recognize each other." And she laughed again at the memory of it.

The boy thought a while.

"I've got a pint out in the car. How about a little spin?"

"Bring me back right away?"

"Done."

So they went out together, while the black-haired man swore and half the people turned to watch them go.

"It's fine stuff, Red," she said when they had stopped on a side road to drink. "I needed it. That everlasting moonshine is fierce. We killed a terrible lot of it Saturday night."

"Don't you ever get tired of all this?"

"What?"

"Drinking, and that shimmy, and all the rest of it."

She looked at him queerly.

"Are you going to preach?" she said.

"Hell, no! But it's tiresome in the long run."

She was silent a long time. A different creature from the laughing girl of the Carnival Inn. Then she spoke.

"Listen, Red. You're right. I get so disgusted with the whole thing that I want to quit. Actually want to kick in. Commit suicide. Don't sit there and grin at me. I've come close to it many times. I hate the whole business. But I always come back to it. Men! Always the same,—greasy and pop-eyed. All alike. And it's at my expense. They don't lose."

"Well, then, why don't you quit it?"

"Quit! I do, afterwards. But it's always the same. I come out here to some place where nobody knows me. That's the way it always starts. Nobody knows me. So I shimmy and drink and enjoy myself,—just let myself go. And then things begin to look rosy and soft, and before I know it I'm ready to quit again."

She laughed, quite a different laugh from the one in the Carnival Inn.

"You think I'm a damn fool, Red, and you're right. Tomorrow the bluff starts again. Have to be back in Chicago and work, and be a sweet young thing.

And in about two weeks I'll strike some place where nobody knows me. And I'll drink, and it will be the same old story all over again. Nobody knows me, and I don't care."

The boy was a little embarrassed. He drew his arm from around her.

"Why do you suppose I'm telling you this?" she continued. "Because you don't know me. You don't know who I am, nor does anyone else here. But snap out of it and take me back, Red. Dolly will be waiting. Or I suppose I'll have to kiss you a half-dozen times before you'll drive back."

"Are you going back to Chicago on the nine o'clock train?"

"Yes. You bet. Those men we were dancing with want us to stay until twelve or one, and then drive us to Chicago. All the old stuff about their big car, and the cottage on the lake, and good stuff to drink. Why do men always use the same line? But Dolly and I are going back on the train, don't worry. I can't see myself walking back to Chicago at four A. M. Drive us back! They're all alike. Well, Red, pep up, or we'll miss that train."

She did kiss him a half-dozen times before they started back. Not because the boy insisted, but she liked him. He was different, somehow, from the men she knew, the greasy, pop-eyed kind.

The boy danced with her again when they reached the inn. Slowly the sad look left her eyes, and she was the same laughing girl he had taken out. But the black-haired man besieged her, and she left the boy to dance with him.

The boy sat at the table and watched her. She smiled at him at first, but seemed to forget him later. He watched her dance, and watched her drink, for the black-haired man had her glass refilled often.

Once more the boy danced with her.

"It's nearly train time," he told her. "Are you pulling out?"

"I guess so. After the next dance. Say, you do like to shimmy, you devil." And she laughed again and again.

But she did not leave after the next dance. She danced on with the black-haired man, and drank with him. The boy watched them. He saw the man talk to her softly, continuously. Twice, while dancing in the corner, he saw the man kiss her. When the train whistled into the station she seemed to hesitate, but the black-haired man whirled her away and again she danced and laughed, and the train pulled out.

She came to the boy's table after that dance.

"Hello, Red, who died?"

"Oh, hell! I thought you were going back on the train."

"Now, now. Don't be nasty. Put his little dimples in and smile for the lady. You don't understand, Red. The most wonderful Marmon,—and they have everything at their cottage. Three bottles of champagne."

"I think you're foolish."

She laughed, almost hysterically, for she had had many drinks. The black-haired man stood in the door and waited for her.

"You're a good kid, Red, but you don't understand. It's the car, and the champagne. And he's marvelously goodlooking."

The man at the door was impatient. She got up to leave.

"Besides, Red," she said, "nobody knows me here!"

At the door she turned and threw back a kiss, and he heard her laugh long after the door was shut. There was the purring of a powerful car and she was gone.

The boy sat and smoked his pipe, while the lake breeze ruffled his hair. The crowd was hilarious, for it was Labor Day.

A Song

KATHERINE ROCKWELL.

All through the cool clear morn I sang
A song, my love, to thee,
And in the twi-light soft, I wrote
It down for you to see:
And through the dusk I saw you come,
You nodded and passed by;
With fingers slow I tore my song
And hoped that love would die.

Anti-Climax

PAUL GANGELIN.

The snow had been falling with a sort of dumb insistence all day. Toward evening it stopped. Lehmann sat at his window, brooding over the scene in the street below him. Cheerfully lighted street cars crept slowly through the wintry dusk in unending procession; streams of people—always with parcels under their arms, he noticed bitterly—passed on the sidewalks; up and down the street automobiles and wagons crowded one another. All the world, it seemed, was divided into two classes: those who were hurrying on belated errands of Christmas buying and those who were hurrrying home with packages.

The face of the man at the window was distorted with savage irritability; it was a face that, at its best, betrayed a supreme egoism, ruthless in its demands for gratification, and, underneath, a kind of avid love for the more material illusions of life. The forehead was high, slightly accentuated by baldness, the mouth broad, the chin square. Lehmann's features were the features of a strong man, yet the details—here and there a line, the sensuous lips, the gleam of the eyes— indicated a fundamental weakness, the weakness of a man who had been baffled by life because it did not play its game as he wished it, and who would continue to the end his futile attempts to bluff it out rather than learn the rules.

With the aid of the crutches that lay on the floor beside him, he rose laboriously to his feet and jerked the wrinkled, cracked green shades down over the two windows. The outer world shut from his sight, he sank back into the worn red-plush armchair, allowing his crutches to fall to the floor. A sharp twinge of pain flashed through his leg, and he cursed it as if it were something apart from him. He scowled at the bandage savagely. If it were not for that, he would not be here to-night, he would not have to spend Christmas Eve in this hole of a room, with only his tormenting memories and fears. God! How was he to live until bed-time?

The desolation of the room crept over him, now that the curtains were drawn, with renewed virulence, like an insidiously rising tide. The dismal brown of the wrinkled and torn wallpaper, the cheap, battered furniture, with its air of vulgar aspiration to gentility, the uncertain gas-light, the general effect of disorder produced by him and Hilda's soiled linen and crumpled clothes flung in corners, on the bed, anywhere, weighed on his spirit like a physical burden. Nervously he lighted a cigarette. For a moment the gesture diverted him; then it all came back. By his side stood the table that was the especial object of his loathing for the room; its legs were of black walnut, covered with clumsily ornate carving; they converged at the top under a white slab of imitation marble with one corner chipped off. Somehow this kind of furniture, which he had found in every rooming-house in which he had ever lived, seemed to typify for him the sordid lifelessness, the mustiness of it all.

On the table stood three bottles of Riesling and a water tumbler. He selected a bottle and filled the tumbler.

"The last drop," he said in German. "And to drink wine out of a water-glass!"

Hilda might have known enough to buy six bottles instead of three, he reflected as he set the glass down—how did she expect him to get through this hellish night without drink?

"Little she cares," he growled. She was not alone to-night; she did not have to stay in this dismal room with her thoughts. He could imagine her at the Edelweiss at that very minute, drinking and laughing and exchanging obscene jests with von Karlsheim and Bohlen and Else Mueller and the others; they might well laugh, for they were banded together against the destructive venom of their fears, against the persistent gnawings of their regrets, while he had to sit here and fight it out alone with the grim spectre of his doom and the bitter remorse that writhed in his heart.

He took a pack of wine-stained, greasy cards from the table and shuffled them awkwardly. After pushing back the bottles and the tumbler, he laid out the cards and tried to distract himself by playing solitaire, but it availed him little. His mind kept opening forbidden doors, doors behind which stood ghosts of dead memories, terrible in their solemn, irreparable finality; there were desires that seemed to glare at him with febrile hopelessness—above all his thoughts ran on the bathos of his life. He did not need to be here; he did not need ever to have left Germany. There was no point, even, in his having seen the dawn of the day after he was cashiered. Why had he not done it then? If he had known what awaited him, if he had known that suicide was, relative to this, a pleasant escape, he would have done it then. Would he? Why was he clinging so to this wretched, deformed shadow of life which was all that was left

to him, and which, day by day, was sweeping him on to madness?

"So that I can limp from one damned American boarding-house to the next," he told himself, mumbling under his breath in German, "a living anti-climax."

With an impatient oath he shoved the cards aside. He would go down and telephone to the palm garden for a bottle of whiskey—and a whiskey glass—and some ginger ale. He would do what he could to pass the evening; perhaps, if he got drunk he could sleep and hold at bay a while longer the madness, the furious resentment against the world which was surging up in him.

He wrapped his dirty dressing-gown closer about him, fumbled for his crutches, and swung painfully to the door. Out in the hall, waiting at the telephone, he could hear the landlady's children downstairs, jubilant over their Christmas gifts. He cursed them for their happiness and moved the receiver up and down violently. He wanted to get away from the proximity of those voices; even his lonesome, deadly oppression was better than this acute contrast.

He heard someone open the house-door and come upstairs. By the mincing lightness of the step he knew it to be Fraeulein Pesch, the desiccated little seamstress who had the tiny room next to him. She came into view on the landing, a fragile, undernourished female—not a woman, Lehmann reflected as he watched her climb the stairs toward him, merely a female—with bleary, pale blue eyes, through which flickered the feeble gleam of a mind weakened to the point of inanity by bitter years of solitary struggle against poverty.

Fraeulein Pesch passed him with a look of scorn. She suspected that he and Hilda were not married, and she resented it with all the bitterness of her type; even the romantic glamour that hovered about him as a baron incognito and a familiar figure at the German court in former times was not strong enough to cause her to forgive in him what was, to her, the most loathsome of all vices. As he sat at the telephone, Lehmann was glad that it was so, for it she had wished him a merry Christmas, he felt that he could hardly have controlled a mad desire to strangle her. She went into her room; he heard her strike a match and begin to putter about with her "light housekeeping." Someone at the palm garden eventually answered the telephone, and Lehmann gave his order and hurried back into his room as rapidly as his broken leg would permit.

As he closed the door behind him, the bells of the cathedral across the street began chiming. Those damned bells! How they tormented him with their hints of the futility of life and the ubiquity of death! Even on ordinary days, with Hilda about, he was compelled to seek refuge from their sound in the clothes closet. To-night he feared that they would drive him mad. With desperate energy he stumbled to the closet, jerked open the door, and closed it after him. He leaned against the wall and muffled his head in his overcoat. He could not hear them, thank God! He could not hear them dripping away his life, his own precious life, which had been so glorious and was so hideous.

He wanted to live, to live, to live. He loathed himself for it—there was nothing left, poverty, sneers, the doubtful friendship of degenerate outcasts from his own country.....But he wanted to live.

He opened the closet door and listened. The bells had stopped. He sat down in the arm-chair and lighted a cigarette. He gave himself up to his only satisfying amusement, the reliving of the past. His thoughts wandered back over the years that separated him from the life which he had so thoroughly enjoyed and for which he spent his days in painful yearning. He visualized for the thousandth time the streets of Berlin, his regiment, himself in uniform, his successes with women, the fashionable gaming-tables which were the ultimate cause of his disgrace, the occasions of his appearances at court—all the pageant of what had been, and through it all ran the current of the *joie de vivre* at its fullest. Then he lived the richest of all lives, that of the *Leutnant; schneidig* was the adjective that he applied to himself in his reminiscences. Now he cringed about the streets soliciting newspaper subscriptions, exposed to the sharp tongues of vulgar housewives, he, to whom all doors had once been open; and he had been a dishwasher, a longshoreman, and a section hand—God! What he had had to endure!

Suddenly a weak tinkle of music came to his ears. He started upright and clenched his fists. It was that damned corpse of a seamstress in the next door with her zither. He might have known it. She would sit for hours, now, playing the old German Christmas songs, the songs of her childhood and of his, and each one of them would tear at his heart. The strains of *Stille Nacht* came seeping in through the door, hateful, malefic demons, triumphant in the remorse, the hopelessness that they awoke in him as they contrasted his early associations with the melody

to his present condition. A turmoil of emotions raged in his heart.

"I'll kill her if she doesn't stop," he breathed passionately, his cheeks flushed.

A knocking at the door caused him quickly to control himself.

The door opened and the little Greek waiter from the palm garden entered. Lehmann could have hugged him.

"Ah, hello, George," he said, "*wie geht's?*"

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lehmann," said the Greek, his face expanding into the ludicrously broad grin so familiar to Lehmann. "Too bad you gotta broke leg. You can' go out, hey?"

Lehmann felt as if he had been saved from drowning—a spiritual drowning in the waves of painful longing that were inspired by the accursed zither. He had again a contact with the world, and his urbanity, his love of life gracefully conducted, rose in him.

George unloaded the bottles and the glass from his pockets while Lehmann watched him, rubbing his hands together with animation, a characteristic trick when he was pleased.

"That's fine, George, that's fine," he said, his eyes sparkling. "Now open the bottles for me, and then we both have a drink. *Nicht wahr?*"

Subconsciously, almost, he heard the zither tinkle the last measure of *Stille Nacht*, but that would come again afterward. Now he could ignore it. Why should a wire titillated by a shrivelled old maid annoy him anyway? He could laugh at it—it was nothing. He was a fool to let it egg him on to insanity.

At his nod, George filled the whiskey glass and poured a little in the tumbler for himself.

"Can' drink too much; gotta work," he said, showing his teeth in his perpetual smile.

"No, wait, wait," said Lehmann, as the Greek raised his glass. "We do this right. First you salute me—so, like a soldier; then you raise your glass and bow and say, 'Prosit, *Herr Leutnant.*' "

The Greek, grinning wider than ever in appreciation of the jest, saluted, gave his conception of a bow, and mumbled "*Herr Leutnant*" as nearly as he could approximate the sounds. His grin stopped only long enough to allow him to drink. He set down his glass, picked up the money which Lehmann laid on the table, and buttoned his coat. Lehmann watched him almost hungrily, suddenly once more aware of the feeble tones of the zither. His assigning the waiter a role of humble and grateful retainer was a pleasantery typical of himself and those of his kind with whom he associated: he was often prompted to perform little ceremonies which gave him the shadow, if not the substance, of the old days.

"Well, good-night, Mr. Lehmann," said George. "Be good."

"Good-night," said Lehmann, shortly. His desire for George's company had turned to a momentary hatred of him. He resented the implication of life's going on outside, regardless of the plight in which he found himself, sending him only for a moment this strange respite, and then withdrawing it in cold blood.

When the door closed, Lehmann felt as it he must cry out. His deep-set blue eyes wandered quickly, fitfully, about the room, searching for he knew not what. "*Freue dich, freue dich, O Christenheit*" wailed the zither. He cursed the instrument and the lingering, lip-smacking sentimentality of the one who was playing it. He hated this obscene revel in the dead past—hated it because to revel in the past brought with it the pain of contrast.

He reached out for the whiskey bottle and poured himself a glass and then another. The fire of his growing rage against the music shot a tentative flame through his veins. He cursed the seamstress; he was certain of malice in her playing these melodies tonight. She knew, damn her, how low he had fallen; she knew what those songs would mean to him and how the memories which they summoned would bore into his mind.

The zither stopped. For a moment he listened in agony for the next piece. A minute, two minuates passed, but Fraeulein Pesch did not resume. Lehmann breathed deeply and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. His teeth were set; his nerves were aquiver, as if he had undergone a trying physical strain. As he listened, he became aware of the dead, cheerless silence of the house, broken only by the ominous creaking of the floor.

His hand trembled as he poured himself another glass of whiskey. If she would but give him half an hour, he said to himself, all would be well; two or three glasses more, and he could sleep. He seized his crutches and rose.

"Half an hour," he muttered; "only half an hour."

He began to cross and recross the room. Three strides it was from the marble-topped table to the closet door in the furthest corner. Three strides there and three strides back; three strides there and three strides back. If only she didn't begin again. He stopped at the table, awkwardly supporting himself on one crutch, to drink more whiskey. When he had drunk, his apprehension gave way to a kind of pleasure; he grinned at the thought that she had not played for ten minutes,—perhaps it indicated that she had gone to bed. It might even be possible that

Hilda would come home early. That would help. He was half inclined to call her up at the Edelweiss. Then a maudlin bitterness swept over him. She would not give up an evening of pleasure merely to save his sanity. What was he to her? Nothing more than a man with whom it was convenient to live. No, he must see his anti-climax to its end alone.

"Coward," he growled, half drunkenly to himself, swinging back and forth across the floor. It served him right, he thought, that he, the reckless, the debonair, should be brought to a state in which a few *lieder*, quavered by the sentimental gluttony of an old woman should drive him to the verge of madness. He should have been man enough to kill himself.

Oh, if only she did not begin again! The idea became an obsession. He moved back and forth across the room faster and faster. Perspiration fell from his face, his eyes glared, every second his taut nerves were ready to snap at the first note as at a signal.

The room grew oppressively hot. An impulse came over him to go to her door, to see whether she was asleep. He turned and put his hand on the door-knob. No. It was madness. What if she did begin again? He could stand it. He could not make a fool of himself by rushing in on her. He must remember what was due to his position. His position? He was a canvasser for a newspaper, a fool who should have died years before. But still —he would hang on, he told himself grimly, he would hang on if only that woman gave him a chance tonight.

He stopped again at the table and reached for the bottle. As he did so, the sound of the zither came to his ears with the force of a blow. A wave of dizziness caused him to sway for a moment "*Ihr Kinderlein Kommet*"—she was playing that, the song that most vividly brought to him the picture of his mother, whom his disgrace had driven to insanity and death. The song itself had power enough over him to give him the highest degree of pain, but the snapping of the tension, the twinkling of the pale, silvery notes through the cursed emptiness of the house, brought him to a point of frenzied fear and hatred. He looked about him as if he were seeking a means of escape; his glance stopped at the gleaming bayonet on the wall over his bed, his only souvenir.

He swung over to it with frantic haste. Here was the climax at last. He did not articulate the though, but the wave of passionate desire for escape was stronger than it had ever been before. He took the weapon and turned the keen point against his breast, leaning against the wall to support himself. For a moment he had been oblivious of the music; the concentrated force of his longing to escape had excluded everything else from consciousness. But now, with the dreadful reality of death actually touching him, his desire for life came back like a flood and stayed his hand. He heard again the inexorable tinkling, and it filled him with fury and resentment. Why should he allow himself to be driven to death by this fiend of a woman? He would stop her. He was not going to give up life—which had become, suddenly, again precious as he felt it slipping away,—because a simpering old maid played melodies on a zither. Any anti-climax was better than the hideousness of finality.

He grasped his crutches more firmly, holding the bayonet point upward along the right crutch. He would see if she could drive him mad! He wanted to live, to live, no matter how, and this she-devil was poisoning his life.

He almost fell against the door; it opened, and he plunged into the dim hall. His left hand fumbled awkwardly at Fraeulein Pesch's door-knob, then the door swung open, and he swayed there a moment on the threshold.

The seamstress had been sitting with her back to the door, stooped over her instrument. She whirled about, and her eyes widened with horror. Lehmann's face was flushed and distorted, his eyes bulged, his lips were moving, uttering snarls rather than curses; at his side gleamed the bayonet. Fraeulein Pesch could not scream; her feeble brain could not give the signal; for the moment it had energy only for a red, flashing idea of danger.

Lehmann tottered toward her, stumbled against a chair leg, and fell forward. Still clinging to the bayonet, he extended his right arm to break the fall. The weapon darted through his throat like a snake as he fell to meet it. Fraeulein Pesch wilted into a faint and toppled from the chair on the convulsed body, from which jets of blood were spurting.

So Hilda found them when she came home, half-intoxicated, hours later. Her first thought, before she screamed, or even while she screamed, was, "Well, he had the courage to end his anti-climax at last, as he said he would. But why in Fraeulein Pesch's room?"

Summer School-Models

KATHERINE ROCKWELL.

She careened down the street in a cerise bathrobe, her aura of blonde hair caressing her shoulders. My friend Jim saw her and ejaculated delightedly,

"Canthrox!"

That was my introduction to Margie who in turn introduced me to the delightfully descriptive term "models." Everything and everybody was a model to Margie. The rouge-cheeked girl with symmetrically piled and marcelled hair was the coed-model; the mailman was the model who brings the mail; the youth with sleek parted hair the tea-hound-model. Speaking of a girl she knew she summarised her as being the sweet and domestic type who would marry early but was of course not appreciated by the dissipated models that bowl around here—"bowl" being the verb that described indiscriminately all the various actions of said models.

Margie herself was a Smith model, typically summer school variety desiring to see what a mid-western university was like. She found it very difficult to maintain her social standards. Commenting on a dance, she found that Mary's man looked like a first class plumber and "Did you see the conductor model that Jennie had? And none of the models wore coats half the time. It's most peculiar."

In fact she found the disrobing activities of the male members of the summer school colony a constant source of amazement to her sense of the conventional in modesty. Margie herself resplendent in the briefest of purple bathing suits with wondering voice told us of her sailing date. "Oh yes, my dear, he took off his shirt. Just fancy. Much B. V. D.s. Very athletic model."

All men in particular were models to Margie and those special swains who frequented our house were set apart by the definite article from others less discriminating.

"Are the models down stairs?" she would call and we all knew to whom she referred.

The scene being set, let the curtain rise and some of the models trip across the stage.

* * * *

It is more of a stumble than a trip that this model executes. He is from the east and "carrys his liquor like a gentleman, like all the boys of dear old Harvard." His manners are charming and the chaperon thinks him such a nice boy. He cuddles his coed when he dances and breaths hotly in her ear "I'm crazy about the girls out here." One day when he is sober he writes home "For God's sake, don't let Sis come out here." He is usually drunk at noon.

* * * *

This 26 year old model is here to get a man. Mary is rather pretty. She has taught school for four years and hates it. She attends all the mixers. She doesn't like Margie and her breezy manners and wild carryings on, which hurt Mary's finer sensibilities.

"She needs reforming," she objected to me.

"I like her," I replied.

"How can you? She is so common."

Mary has been told no lady ever by any chance lets her skirt slip above her knee and or ever talks in anything but a well modulated voice. The night after the first mixer I saw her sitting on the porch with the man she had met there. His arm was around her and his fat hand was running up and down her georgette covered arm.

* * * *

Between classes he with the other 300 High School superintendents gather in jaunty groups on the campus outside Bascom hall—very collegiate. His thin fair hair is skillfully brushed across a high forehead, and his suit is a grey belted model. He spends much of his time pouring over old Cardinal files. From his watch chain dangles a red W.

* * * *

At the beginning of summer school she was very eager and prepared to get all there was to get out of the University in those six weeks. But now her face is rather drawn and she declares she gets all tuckered out by the time she gets to the top of the third floor of Bascom hall. She makes herself a fan out of folded paper and fans herself rythmically for fifteen minutes after the class has started. I heard her say the other day.

"Oh I wish I were home, if it were only to make cookies for Janes children."

I wish she were too—and that I might have one of the cookies.

Frank Harris

ALFRED GALPIN, JR.

That the American nation hates and derides its men of genius, has become a platitude which Mr. Mencken, so loud in pointing it out, himself contributes to prove. While he, a first-rate yellow journalist has risen to fame by the typically indigenous method of Noise, he has chosen to overlook, as a perfectly feasible companion in his elevation, a man of superior penetration, greater artistic accomplishments, and a warm and untainted genius. That man is Frank Harris: a voluble and frequent writer, easy to read, with none of the suspect subtleties of style or allusion, as American as Mencken and more diverse in themes; yet who, while in his native country, has been oppressed and obscure, and who today is almost unknown. Mr. Mencken has aided Dreiser, Cabell, Howe, and others inferior to Harris; from private correspondence I know that he thinks highly of his work, but like the rest of the journalistic public he refrains from mention of it.

I can not attempt to account for this neglect. The only hints I can find are in the well-known artistic tastes of the American public, and the capitalistic prejudices of the press. For Harris is a liberal, one of the most offensive of that objectionable tribe who insist on speaking their own minds and shouting for the welfare of the workers, when, as the newspapers have so often proved, they don't deserve it. He is offensive because his management of Pearson's magazine during the war was historical in its clarion and unwavering honesty. Harris spoke his mind when the whole nation was insane against free speech; he was reviled and his paper oppressed but he kept up the fight with glorious pugnacity and today his magazine is one of the few honest ones that have survived the war hysteria.

Harris is of Irish and American descent, born on the Kansas prairies. In his long career since, he edited the Saturday Review in London, and associated himself intimately for more than a decade, about the close of the last century, with the leaders in art, politics, and literature in England and America. He gained admirers and some notoriety by his courageous and wounding attack upon the British conduct of the Boer war, but his enduring fame rests on his literature. Among his books are "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story;" "Oscar Wilde, his Life and Confessions;" a superb realistic novel, "The Bomb;" two or three volumes of "Contemporary Portraits" of eminent men he has known; and many short stories.

His sympathies, never tasting of anti-America, have nevertheless kept always their Hibernian flavor. He probably hates the English middle classes, and all they represent, more than any man alive. In art, too, he is opposed to current democratic scriptures—inculcated by such authorities as Dr. Sherman and the Missionary Bulletin. He is intensely advocative of independent and un-popular, though not necessarily aristocratic, writing. In these opinions he is violent and incurable, yet he has room above them for a broad and passionate humanity.

I have said that his opinions were violent: This is typical of his apparently obvious, yet curiously esoteric temperament. There is no fiercer fighter, in his field, alive. When he took the editorship of Pearson's magazine about four years ago, it was all but defunct. By the insight and force of his political comment, even more than by his stories and literary criticism, he put it on its feet. His suggestions showed remarkable perspicacity and his prophecies were most unpleasantly right; but he was in a losing cause, and in the October 1921 issue of his magazine he expresses his despair:

"I am finished; to fight for the American ideals of Washington and Jefferson in these states is like spitting against a gale. * * * Six millions of workmen out of work and nothing is done for them; President Harding gives the railroad bosses another half billion of public money for their notorious worthlessness and denies our soldiers the pitiful bonus promised to them; Harding talks disarmament and puts through an increase of armament that will cost—more than the whole German indemnity; amnesty still refused to conscientious objectors—though every European nation has granted free deliverance months ago—My protests against all this insanity are unheeded and worse; they are alienating opinion; 'your grouching is not wanted,' I am told—" He ends by announcing his return to pure literature; inevitable, and surely for the best, but cutting short a brave struggle.

It is in literature that, with the lapse of time, he will

be remembered. Judicious critics have ranked his life of Wilde with the greatest biographies ever written, and some have put it supreme among those in English. In this regard an anecdote illustrates his naive and candid egotism: A distinguished English critic said that his "Wilde" was one of the best six biographies in the language; whereupon Harris at once telegraphed him, indignantly, to "name the other five!" In truth, it is an appalling piece of work, to which one must carry all his alertness. The most apparent comment is upon his method: He delights in making the picture so black that only the most hardened, or the most compassionate, can bear his revelations; then by force of deep, thrilling, pity, unquestionably sentimental in effect, but the clear stamp of greatness, the shadows are redeemed and the whole glows with the indefinable charm that we find in the contact of two large souls, opposite but akin. Reading this book a sensitive poet of my acquaintance said that in the hugeness of its compassion it stands almost beside the New Testament. Moreover, it is written with a keen eye for the reader's attention, never dull. It is defiantly unconventional—frank on a subject which the author's dear English-middle-classes consider very dubious. He ignores research, and relies entirely on facts within his immediate personal knowledge: which is necessarily vast, since during the period of Wilde's fame and infamy he was in the inner circle of the favorite's faithful friends.

His book on Shakespeare is even greater, in its revelations on a topic seemingly so old, so well-worn, and even so uninteresting. Harris ridicules all past commentators, personifying them together as Dryasdust, and then sets up his thesis—starting on the obvious but new assumption that Shakespeare was not a detestable, myriad-minded symbol of objective perfection, but that like other artists his fundamental aim was passionate expression. Then we are treated to an iconoclastic analysis of the plays and a synthesis of the character and life of their author. As a contribution to criticism it is epochal; and there is something more, it may very well be genius, which paints us the innermost soul, and conjectures at the tragic history, of him who was "probably the finest and most passionate spirit that has yet visited mankind."

Of his short stories I know less; but Wells and Shaw (the latter a life-long friend and associate) in England are among those who rank him with the greatest of all masters of this form. The curious reader may seek in the files of our University library for some of his printed volumes, or keep track of Pearson's magazine; which, commencing with the October issue, plans to print some of his best. In that issue there is a tale which surely is the best written by an American in years: "A Mad Love: The Strange Story of a Musician." Here Harris shows again his flair for depicting men of genius; he tells of the breaking of an exquisitely passionate and original genius upon the wheel of life, through his own too great refinement as much as through the definite instrumentation of love. Harris is immensely proud of his stories.

I have mentioned him as a foil to Mencken, to the latter's disadvantage: I am sure that this judgment will be sustained by a study of Harris' criticisms. A relatively unimportant part of his work, written carelessly and journalistically. In Mencken we have an erudite first-nighter, shouting for artistic honesty, and turning out to be the initial patron of the new American Realism. Harris is not so strictly contemporary. He says he is "not well read, for I only like the best;" but he studied at Heidelberg and knows both English and foreign literature well. He is intolerant of Sherwood Andersen and "Main Street" because they are ridiculously inartistic, ugly, and worst of all, dull. It is no matter to him that they paint our ridiculously inartistic, ugly, and dull life in America with some fidelity: they are poor books, out upon them! He cannot be fooled, as a lover of Shakespears, with the New Poetry. But he is best at "spotting" a dull book: he demands that his emotions be moved, and so he is often surprising in his praise of popular works like "Slippy McGee", while he pooh-poohs Knut Hamsun and says there are only five pages worth reading in "The Growth of the Soil." On the whole, he is an original and outspoken reviewer, with traditions behind him.

As to his aspect, I quote a letter from a friend who heard him at one of his Shakespeare lectures: "A small man, ruddy-faced, hair black with a dash of gray, and hardly showing his sixty-five odd years. He started with a glass of whiskey, poured by himself. The thing ended in a near-riot. Some doctor took objection to Harris' denunciation of the English and affirmed that he (Harris) was anti-American. The climax was marvelous. Harris pointed to a huge American flag above him and cried—"I believe in the Constitution of the United States, but damn *your* version of it." Then, one of the members arose and suggested that they tender Mr. Harris a vote of thanks for saying the things that so many of them felt but were too cowardly to utter aloud. They brought the house down with cheering."

To summarize: I hope that enough of the fundamental structure of Harris' mind has inhered in my exposition to give you the ground work of an under-

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standing of it. As in all great American writers, there is more than a little journalism in him; but Harris' is probably resolvable into his native bluntness plus life-long associations as a magazine writer and editor. That bluntness strips him bare, in all but his most finely-wrought stories, of all style for style's sake, even of all refinement in writing, for which he is rather more insistent in his criticisms. It gives us, too, so unobstructed a view into his temperament that we suspect his candour, and fear it is a part of some higher dissimulation. For there is a great spirit behind it; and Harris himself is fond of saying, a propos of his Shakespearian triumphs, that one "cannot see above his own head." It is not enough to say he is sternly classical in his literary judgments, for in his writing he is often sentimental and seldom polished. His fervent devotion for the most removed type of artistic temperament, for Shakespeares and Goethes, certainly do not entitle him to be called democractic: yet today he is one of the two or three most vigorous fighters in the country for the rights of the downtrodden. His humanity is broad, emotional. No aristocrat by birth he has less of that contempt for the abstract noun "Man" than more artificial types possess. He detests popular judgments, and flames against middle-class predominance in anything; but he sees the finer feelings, the emotional ardor, which are instilled into the "under dog" by the very nature of his circumstances, and he defends him always. He is assertive, fiery, healthy, utterly independent: Shaw, comparing him with the effeminate Wilde, said he looked like the shade of some old buccaneer. But perhaps he is best understood when placed beside his beloved Shakespeare. Like the man he so well and so newly comprehended his in a flaming soul, knight-errant for Beauty, in conflict with the overwhelming stupidity and sordidness of the world.

Dream Castles

ROLAND WEBER.

Ephemeral thoughts, strange as Spring's jasmined
breath,
Mold me a castle of amethyst dreams!

A palace of shimmering silver and blue
'Neath the cameo-crest of the crystal moon,
Its walls and battlements hidden with green
Of mosses and ivy and cool-clinging vines;
With rich-painted windows and arched Gothic casements
Moon-silvered in the shadows of night;
By exquisite, amorous fancy piled
Tower on tower to summit of gold,
Tipped with a ray of the long-dead sun.

Deep dig around it a star-crowned moat
And lift its mould'ring bridge in ghostly shadow high,
That none—save thou alone!—may enter in.

Build me a purple castle
Silent in the heart of night,
With a throne for thee and a jewelled crown,
Where we may rest and dream and die—Love-haunted.

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Hard-Boiled

EARL HANSON.

The stars were sprinkled, like burning salt, over the sky. A man and a girl sat on the shore of the lake and watched the reflections of the stars in the black, motionless water.

"I wish there was a moon," she said sentimentally.

"I'm glad there's not."

"Why not?"

"He reminds me of a fat libertine grinning down from above. He's too highly sensuous."

"How horrid", she said. And after a pause, "You're rather firm in your views, aren't you?"

"I pretend I am."

"Hard-boiled?"

"Hard-boiled."

"Ever since Fanny Gray?"

He looked at her a moment. "What makes you ask that?"

"Oh, just thinking. Tell me, Al, how did you feel toward Fanny?"

"I liked her very much. I liked her companionship. And after she became engaged to John, I was wildly in love with her."

She laughed. "After? Why didn't you speak up? You could have had her if you'd gotten in before John."

"All that spring I was hoping and praying that John would get engaged to her. I didn't know how I was going to get out of it otherwise."

"Philanderer?"

"Pretend to be."

"I haven't seen you for so long! Tell me, how have you acted toward girls since then?"

"Oh, played around wildly. Kissed them whenever I had a chance. Acted rough and all that."

"Are you one of those men that are eternally kissing girls?"

"Yes."

"I don't like that kind of a man."

"That's a shame."

There was a moment of silence. Both stared at the north star, out in the middle of the lake.

"I suppose," he said flippantly. "I suppose when a man tries to kiss you, you say just like all the rest 'Please! Please don't! You mustn't!' "

There was a mockery in his voice of a shy pleading tone.

She laughed. "Bashful, maidenly retreat, daring you to follow?"

"And hoping you will!"

"That isn't what I say," she answered, 'real hard-boiled like' as he thought about it afterward, "I say 'Damn it, when I tell you to quit, I mean it'!"

"That's the way" he answered approvingly, "hard-boiled."

"Yes, hard-boiled."

"Tell me more about yourself."

"Well,—I don't like to be pawed—very much."

"Pawed is an excellent word," he commented gravely.

"Isn't it though? I think it describes the thing exactly."

"Do many men try to paw you?"

"Oh, men are all alike. They all think they have to try it."

"Even your latest affliction, the high-school superintendent?"

"That mutt! I tell you, they're all alike. They haven't any originality. Put one through his paces and you have them all."

"A highly conventionalized view. I wonder if you can say the same thing about girls."

"I wonder."

Again there was silence. A slim fingure of northern light appeared in the sky and shyly, delicately played in the black eternity.

"I think I'm going to kiss you," he said slowly.

"You'd better not."

"What would you do?"

"I'd never speak to you again."

"I'll do it anyway,"—and he grasped her firmly in his embrace and kissed her.

She struggled feebly in his arms. "Please don't," she whispered with a shy, pleading tone in her voice. "Please don't! You mustn't."

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

That all of the residents of Madison and particularly business men of Madison, even those who do not benefit directly from the presence of a large student body have endeavored to make Madison **worthy of its great State University?**

These residents and taxpayers have backed the University and all university activities unselfishly; they have helped to make Madison a real home town for students who come here to spend their four years.

Now are you showing your appreciation of what they have done or are now doing for you? Or are you buying from transient non-taxpaying salesmen who carry no better line of goods and who offer prices which are not as reasonable as those of the same Madison business men.

This is worthy of a little thought!

Won't you think it over?

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Jijiboom Papers

THE PURITANISM OF UNCLE XANIMORK

JOHN CULNAN

I found Uncle Xanimork lying before the cheerful refrigerator, flanked on the northeast by iced liquors of clandestine manufacture, and on the southwest by a heap of antiquated parchments. Languidly did Uncle Xanimork fondle a bizarre device which he later alluded to as a musical instrument.

Anon Uncle Xanimork would wring the dripping liquor from his beard, nibble at a clove, select a parchment from the heap, and proceed to intone its inscriptions in the voice of a howling hoolock, his hands making infamous passes the while over the bizarre device.

Presently I made my presence known. I, too, had an antiquated parchment in my hand. It was a diploma, awarding me the coveted degree of Jack of Arts, Master of None. Jauntily I flaunted before Uncle Xanimork's unique proboscis this document for which I had sweated bile and expectorated gastric juices for fifteen long years.

Uncle Xanimork at length recognized the sheepskin for what it purported to be, and snorted violently.

"Hmph!" he opined. Then, "Was it worth while?"

"Assuredly, Uncle," I replied. "The bursar confided to me that it was."

As for me, nephew," replied Uncle Xanimork, "I am, and shall continue to be until further notice, a self-educated, God-fearing, hyphenated Caucasian. Now I propose to put you through your paces and discern wherein the differences in our training lie, recline, or otherwise loll about."

"I am ready," I said, simply, modestly. But bystanders told me later that there was an unmistakable note of a brave man's challenge in the words, as I uttered them. No matter as to that, "No importa," as the Mikado says.

"Your favorite poet is—?" began Uncle Xanimork.

"Matthew Arnold," I concluded.

"You mortify me exceedingly, Jijiboom," quoth Uncle Xanimork; "you have fallen, I fear, into evil ways."

"You wrong both Matthew and myself, sir," I made bold to retort; "Why, he is a veritable mountain of excellence. I adore Matt."

"For shame," cried Uncle Xanimork, "he a mountain and you a door-mat. You offer insult to your own—"

"No no, Uncle, you miscon—"

"Not in the least, nephew," bellowed the irate patriarch, "let me enligthen you. Beneath a pure surface in that man's poetry there flourishes vile wickedness. I challenge you to name a poem by the infidel which a young man could safely read to his father!"

"Oh, very well," I replied, 'The Scholar Gypsy.

"Tut tut, Jijiboom, you mean, of course, 'The Gypsy's Collar.' "

"Certainly not, sir, 'The Scholar—' "

"In the original manuscript," thundered Uncle Xanimork, "it was 'The Gypsy's Collar', and it is to some virtuous printer that you owe your present deplorable misinformation."

"Be that as it may," I replied, soothingly, "wherein lies any of the vile wickedness that you promised to point out."

"Where, indeed!" roared Uncle Xanimork,—"why, in the very conception of the poem. Lend an ear to this, my boy, and be persuaded to abandon the wretch."

He fell to shuffling and re-shuffling the heap of manuscripts at his side. Then he handed them to me, and I cut them. He dealt himself the one at the bottom of the pack, regardless of Hoyle, and cleared his throat gracefully.

"Here we are," he announced. "It was in the form of a triolet that I once took occasion to voice my sentiments concerning the poem in question. Hark you, my boy:"

Whereupon he read the following:

The Gypsy's Collar.

I've known gypsy-folk of old,
And their collars are not clean;
Hear ye, Arnold, bad and bold,
I've known gypsy-folk of old,
And the tale that you have told
I shun—it needs must be obscene;
I've known gypsy-folk of old,
And their collars are not clean.

—Xanimork Hidalgo.

Nom de Dieu! But this revelation was a shock to me. But manfully I faced the tragedy of my misspent college days, and, seizing my treasured volume of Arnold, I sought the manhole on the corner, and tossed the tome squarely into it.

Days later the fishers, far out at sea, found in their catch a huge fish with not a vestige of hair upon its body.

(Moral)

"They're bald enough when alive," said one, "but Balder Dead."

Victor S. Maurseth

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A Great Day

HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN

Translated from the Danish by Earl Hanson.

In a little lodging-room at the outer edge of the village lived a middle-aged couple. The woman was red and bloated from drunkenness, the man was pale and thin from the same vice. Both lived only for one thing,—whiskey. When they had managed to beg enough money to have their two-quart bottle filled, they locked themselves into their room and went to bed with the bottle between them. As long as it was still fairly well filled, the relations between the two were of the best, but after a time, as they neared the bottom, they arrived at a state of war. Then they fought in the bed and tore each other's hair,—much to the amusement of both their own and other people's children, who stood on tiptoe outside the window and looked in.

Once, in the course of such a violent battle, it happened that the man ran out of the house with a bloody gash in his cheek. After that he could not be found. A whole week passed without his being seen or heard from.

Then drivers began to notice that their horses became scared and shied to the side every time they passed an uninhabited hovel which stood by the road a short distance from the village and turned a dilapidated gable toward the passers-by.

They examined the house and found the half-disintegrated remains of the missing man, who had hanged himself in the attic.

He was found in a sitting position, with his back against the gable-boards, and wholly without a head; and in this position he was allowed to remain another day and a half, for the law says that the body of a man who has died without witnesses must not be moved until the authorities have viewed it, and of course it took time to send to the town, and still more time for the authority to get into his uniform.

In the meantime the house became an object of pilgrimage for the excited population of the village, and all day long the road in front of it was besieged by a noisy flock of children, who immediately surrounded the newcomers in order to show them how one could see a part of the body from the outside, through the cracks in the rotten gable-boards.

Also a strange traveler, who had heard of the affair at the inn, came driving out during the afternoon and stood a moment, surrounded by the children, and looked up at the sad remains.

The children were perfectly quiet in the beginning, as if they did not want to disturb him in his enjoyment. But when he,—quickly driven away by the smell,—had turned to go, one of them said:—

"It's that boy's father."

The stranger turned quickly.

"What's that you're saying?"

"It's that boy's father," repeated the child, and pointed to the boy beside him.

There, in the midst of the crowd which had formed about him as a sort of guard of honor, stood a small, pale, and deformed boy of seven or eight years, and looked at the stranger with a pair of squinting eyes that shone as if he were drunk.

"Is that your father?"

"Yes," he answered. He stood with his hands in his trouser-pockets and self-consciously set one foot forward.

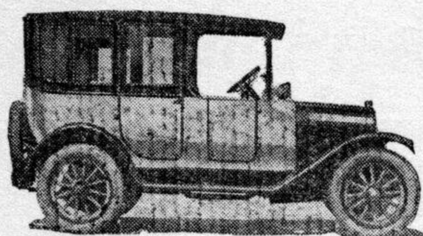
The stranger had raised his eye-brows.

"Is it really his father?" he asked the other children.

"Yes!" the honor-guard answered in chorus, and pressed still closer around the ugly little cripple who had suddenly become the hero of the day among the children, on account of the unusual stir his father's suicide had created.

When the stranger returned to the inn, he was silent a long time. He, who in the morning had been so highly amused over the inn-keeper's account of the drunken couple's battles in bed over the bottle, told no one where he had been. But when he sat down at the table which had been set for him in the meantime, and where the inevitable whiskey-decanter was enthroned among the course's many small dishes of smoked and salted meat, just like a cathedral tower on a market place, he said to the inn-keeper's wife:—

"Listen, good woman,—do me the favor to take that deviltry away."



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THE AGE OF FABLE.

Lloyd George.

True, I have loved before, but not as now;
Too warm, too cold was love of yesterday,
Paused I the while, then sighing went away,—
True, I have loved before, but not as now.

My love to-day has roused in me desire;
Her charming self, all mischief and concern
Awaits with burning patience my return,—
My love to-day has roused in me desire.

Yes, I will live and love for evermore;
Through youth and coming age my heart will be
As shifting and as constant as the sea,—
Yes, I will live and love for evermore.

"Main Street"

AS GEORGE ADE MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT.

Proehl H. Jaklon

Once upon a time a certain Girl named Carol was graduated from College with a Big Idea.

She was afflicted with the Uplift Complex, and her great Desire was to make the Common People crave High-brow Conversation and appreciate Colonial Architecture.

Although she believed in 100% Americanism, she was depressed by certain of its Ramifications. To Carol a Split Infinitive was a Felony.

As a means to her End she got a Job in a public library, but she was soon hacked by the Popularity of Harold Bell Wright and saddened by the Dust on Jane Austen. But nothing could be done, and she was sick of it All. Then she got married.

When young Dr. Kennicott held her Hand and told her about the little Home back in Gopher Prairie, Minnesota (Pop. 1910, 3000) Carol saw the Big Opportunity.

She decided to marry him and reform the Town; she would tear down the whitwashed Shacks and re-arrange the Streets, form a literary Society and build a Little Theatre, change informal Conversation from mutual Recommendations of Soothing Syrup to Discussions of the relative Merits of Jung and Freud. Carol was elated—she had a Man and a Mission.

If this were a Movie, two Weeks would see Gopher Prairie the Center of Culture and Refinement—a Town of Brass Knockers and Groceries to the Rear, all ending, perhaps, with a Fade-out of Carol's Locomobile headed down the new Boulevard. But that would be playing to the Box Office.

When Carol finally arrived in Gopher Prairie, she entered her new Home with muddy Feet and a broken Spirit—the Town was Impossible. The Houses needed Paint, the Citizens needed Shaves, and the Telephones as well as the Automobiles had to be cranked.

As she lay sobbing on the mid-Victorian four-poster, she was struck with the Fact that the best-looking Building in Gopher Prairie was the Ford Garage—Authorized Service Station.

When she powdered her Nose to go down to Supper, she wagered with herself that there wasn't a Set of Twin-beds in the Town.

With the passing of the first few Days of Adjustment Carol was ready again to remodel the Town. Then somebody gave a Party in honor of Dr. Kennicott's new Bride, and Carol got her first Dose of rural Minnesota Society and the Mechanics of Small-town Entertainment.

She shook Hands with all the Members of the Four Hundred and they called her by her first Name.

The Owner of The Big Store, exclusive dealers in Rockingchair Underwear, told her exhaustively

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Morgan's

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Cafeteria

Special student service with the added attraction of

JEAN JUSTER

and his orchestra

Every evening from six until seven

You will enjoy our Sunday noon and evening meal

about the new System of Double Entry and about the Brake Lining he was installing on his Buick.

Mr. Andersen, half owner of the flour mill, and Mr. Olsen, manager of the Farmer's Co-operative Exchange, entertained her for half an hour by repeating their famous "Altercation Between Two Swedes."

Only for a Moment did Carol see a Ray of Hope. When she was parked with a rather attractive Person who claimed he was a Lawyer, she discovered that he had heard of Shelley and Keats, and further, that he took some Pleasure in reading them—when he had the Time.—But her Hopes were shattered when he confessed that he had never heard of Rachmaninoff.

At this Point they were interrupted by the Hostess who announced that they would now have Bite to eat. Great Platters of Wienerwurst Sandwiches were brought, and between Bites one of the Ladies recited how a very delicious Cake might be made with the Use of but one Egg and Butter the size of a Nut.

Carol was frantic. With any more of This she would go Coo-coo.

Suddenly she noticed that the Men had left the Room and were gathered around the Dining-room Table where they appeared to be Drinking.

Diplomatically she set out to investigate, and in a few Moments was invited to pass Judgment on some of Ole Andersen's Private Stock.

To Carol nothing was ever so Appropriate.

When the Party finally broke, Carol and the Doctor got into their Car and started Home. The Night was quite cold, and as Carol smuggled closely under the Doctor's warm Arm, she murmured.

"Thish isn't such a bad Town, ish it, Doc?"

MORAL: There is nothing Good nor Bad but Drinking makes it so.

A GIFT.

DOROTHY SHANER.

Thou hast gathered all the beauty
  That was ancient Greece and Rome
Held it in thy heart and loved it,—
  There thy spirit found a home.
Gladly thou hast shared thy treasure
  Touched with life those old-world ways
Coloured faded bits of landscape
  With the lights of other days.

The olive groves of Thessaly;
  Old ships on eastern seas:
The slender boy whom Phyrra loved
  Beneath the fragrant trees.
The grandeur of old marbles
  Caressed by Theban sun,
The precious heritage of Time,—
  An ancient ideal won.
And human lives and human hearts
  Thy faithful vision saw,—
Imagination wrapped it all
  In wide embracing law.

These things thou holdest in thy heart
  Grown mellow in that place,
And those who know thee from afar
  May glimpse them in thy face.

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When there's a hard night of "bucking" ahead, when you're coming back from the show or the libe, then its malted time at Tiedemann's.

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Eat
Teckemeyer's
10 cent
Chocolate Nut Roll

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

A LA MASCARADE

GASTON D' ARLEQUIN.

La douceur, danseuse charmante,
Qui sur ta bouche ravissante
Languit, je sens pareille au miel
En ton baiser; charme mortel
Voir tout ce qui dort dans tes yeux:
Désir, qui peut tenter les dieux,
L' idolâtrie d' un amour
Qui s' évanouit au point du jour;—

Et après—ah, un autre amant,
Un qui sait ton nom séduisant,
T' embrassera,—n' importe, enfin,
J' ai su ton doux baiser divin,
Laisse le t' adorer, ma chère,
Et avoir sa joie éphémère,
Etre enchanté,—et tout heureux
Qu' il sera, je t' aimerai mieux.

Dust From a Bookshelf

DIASKEUAST.

This irregular department of *The Wisconsin So-called Literary Magazine* again presents itself, for no other reason than that the editor finds himself without available material to fill this space. Hence we issue a call to all writers in the university to come to the aid of the editor, and in so doing, let the erstwhile writer of this page rest himself.

Few will be thrilled by knowing that H. M. Tomlinson, the author of "Old Junk" and "The Sea and the Jungle" has published a new book entitled "London River." However, inasmuch as Mr. Tomlinson carries to me the message of Stevenson and Conrad combined, I cannot let this opportunity of announcing his new book of essays slip.

When I was younger—and I'm no old man now—I wanted above all things to be a pirate. I still have the urge, but I am told that piracy is passé in modern society. Since this be so, I have only books to supply the vacancy which occupies a part of my soul. Of books on pirates, then, we suggest the recent edition of Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates"—a truly charming volume—in which the best of the author-artist's stories and pictures of piracy are collected. If such names as Blackbeard, Captain Morgan, or even the over-rated Captain Kidd hold any romance for you, by all means investigate this enthralling work.

Caroline Wells has produced what is said to be a very witty parody of "Main Street." The title of this venture is aptly "Ptomaine Street."

The new five dollar edition of Wells' "Outlines of History" has had such a tremendous sale that the publishers are unable to supply the demand.

If you are desirous of knowing how to live, or at least how Upton Sinclair thinks it is the best way to live, by all means secure a copy of his latest effort, "The Book of Life." There is nothing startlingly new in the book, but the advice is, for the most part, sensible. What more can one ask?

Witter Bynner has just returned from China where he has been preparing his book "Three Hundred Poems of the T'ang Dynasty." He found among other things an authentic portrait of the poet Li Tai Po, who was famous in the T'ang period as the favorite singer of the Emperor and the greatest wine-drinker of his day. The portrait will be used as a frontispiece to the book.

The books of the season which are creating interest, are Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Age," Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes", Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn", and Hamsun's "Pan."

Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher of many interesting Scandinavian translations, has just returned from Europe where he has been making arrangements for

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ALL THINGS MUSICAL AT HOOK BROS.

more of this sort of thing. He reports that next to Hamsun, Undset is probably the best known fiction writer in Norway. This is interesting in connection with the recent publication of that Norwegian's "Jenny" in America.

The Gentleman with a Duster who caused so much comment with his "Mirrors of Downing Street" has turned his attention to British society in his more recent book "The Glass of Fashion." He takes as his starting point the two notorious diartists of recent times, Margot Asquith and Col. Repington.

"The Briary Bush," Floyd Dell's continuation of "Moon Calf" is about to appear. It is awaited with much interest by all who feel as keen an interest in Felix Fay as he deserves.

Pélleas et Mélisande: Clair de Lune.
à Mary Garden.

ROLAND WEBER.

Irridescence of sea-foam—
Orbs, green-filmed, stagnant;
Cavern-blackness, slimed,
Foot-treacheried—
Silence—haunted,
Vibrant ....

Plastic attitudes:
Frailty cubed,
Masculine life-rhythms;
Seeking,..
Seek—
Ing ....

Sudden
Glittering
Harp glissandi!
Dazzling planes of moon-whiteness!
Gathered radiance-circles!
Light-glories ....!

Love-flames,
Crystalled;
Moon-ice.