



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXIII, Number 5 March 1924

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March 1924

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

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code). For information on re-use see: <http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIII

MARCH, 1924

Number 5

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIII

MARCH, 1924

Number 5

KENNETH FEARING, *Editor-in-chief*

JOHN WEIMER, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors

OSCAR RIEGEL, MARY ELIZABETH HUSSONG, MARYA ZATURENSKA

CONTENTS

Foreword	William Ellery Leonard	2
Under the Garbage Moon	Hazel Farkasch	3
Immolation	Liana Lannay	4
Dona Juana	Willyum Puritan Rabelais	5
The Marriage Song	Marya Zaturenska	7
The First Shave	Chester S. Hendry	4
Kaukau	J. Stuart Hamilton	9
Retreat	Oscar Riegel	16
Marie Bashkirtseff	Marya Zaturenska	10
Une Jeune Fille	E. B. S.	10
Do Unto Others	Elizabeth Mahorney	8
Wisteria	Marion F. Williams	9
Glimpses	Samuel Putman	8
Editorial		11
The Courtship of Miles Standish in 1924	Alice W. Pazour	12
An Essay on Modern Water Colors	Oscar Riegel	15
Bibliomania	George A. Jones	14

Business Manager, CARL HANSEN

Assistant Business Manager, FIRMAN HASS

Publicity, Kenneth Butler; Collections, Wm. A. Rorison, Jr.; Local Advertising, Edna Walter; Foreign Advertising, Richard Marquardt; Sales Manager, Vernon Beardsley; Assistant Sales Manager, Wilbur Wittenberg; Art Publicity, Richard Yeo; Window Displays, John Bailey; Sales Promotion, George Vaughn; Distribution Manager, Albert Deacon; Hill Sales, Kathryn Kennedy; Bursar, Nella Burgess; Sales Captains: Josephine Keech, Doris Gormley, Isabel Leabel, Clara Eberly, Dorothy Strauss, Flo Killilea, Janet Cummings.

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.

Foreword

(For a Last Volume of Verse.)

*S*O at this breezy mile-post now I've topped
 The huckleberry hill. Here's the stone hut.
 And, cradled up there behind it pole to pole,
 In skies as full of voices as of light,
 Are wires that throb with a power more than wind,—
 To broadcast news and notions. I have won
 The use of them, as knowing men and stars . . .
 And so I enter, while the man's asleep
 Who rattles off the weather, cattle, crops . . .
 Seizing my courage, for the road ahead
 Goes down more steep for me, with more for me
 Of granite outcrop by the wayside pines
 To tell how stark the earth's foundations are . . .
 And so I enter, and with reach of fist
 Pull the switch-lever down; and I pronounce
 With a loud voice my jottings . . . wondering who
 The listeners-in may be, how far away,
 How far, and what receiving-sets at work
 Are resonant to my wave-length . . . out beyond.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

Under the Garbage Moon

A Tale Which Tells How Benny Stone Got Tired of Looking at It

BY HAZEL FARKASCH

BENNIE Stone leaned up against the kitchen screen door and looked at the moon. It seemed as though he had never seen it so large and round. He almost felt as though it might swoop down and annihilate him. Vaguely he wished it would. Then hesitatingly he sat down on the back stoop and hugged his knees.

Bennie hated the back stoop. He hated the back yard of his small, dilapidated home—so vulgarly intimate with the back yards of his neighbors. With eyes shut he could visualize the moist, dirty mop, which stood, together with broom and dustpan, against the wall of the house behind him, the large wooden box, painted with red letters, always awaiting groceries, for which he had to pay, and the garbage can upon which his eyes rested even now with repulsion. In the twenty odd years of his married life Bennie had never grown to like the back stoop with its little suggestions of the less aesthetic side of domesticity. And yet, almost every evening for years had he sat on this same stoop and brooded.

To him the moon could never be fully and gloriously a moon there in view of the mop and broom, of the straggling and worn footpath, of the neighbors' equally ugly back stoops and clothes lines, and of the garbage can. No, it was only an unwelcome illumination which displayed and emphasized these ugly details and irritated him. In his gentle way Bennie hated the moon. It had never, or at least only once, been solely his to delight in and cherish, and that once was long ago—years, years, ages ago. Before Emma Jones had become his wife. Since then, except for a few months of overwhelming, ecstatic happiness, Bennie had sat on the back stoop, and cherished a dislike for the moon.

In the distance he could hear his daughter's thin, shrill laugh as she entertained her "Steady." Bennie wondered vaguely how many steadies she would have before she left the parental front porch for one of her own. Not that it would alter matters greatly. There were still others to follow. He wished they

were all married and away. Perhaps Emma and he could begin again. And yet the very thought made him realize its futility. There had never really been any beginning for him and Emma. After a very few months of glamor she had become a self he had never known—dominant, querulous. He never dared to assert himself. How she could talk! Bennie had never thought that anyone could talk so much. Sometimes it seemed that his head would burst with the torrent of words she poured forth. All the time—all the time.

Life would have seemed idyllic if he could have sat in a comfortable chair of an evening and just rocked back and forth, back and forth, vaguely dreaming, vaguely thinking. That was all he wanted now, after all these years. That was all.

He wondered what would happen if he went around to the front porch and sat in the swing. Probably Jane and her "fellow" would get up and go for a walk. But he'd hear about it in the morning. And to-morrow night? The back stoop again. There was no use in that. And if he went into the parlor? But Bennie would rather—no, he never even considered the parlor.

And to-night the moon could have been so friendly. He felt he could even have stood the ugliness of other back doors if his own were more cozy. He looked over towards the detestable can surreptitiously and saw an orange peel and half an egg shell lying on the ground beside it. Mechanically he arose, picked them up and deposited them in the unpleasantly odorous receptacle. Then resumed his seat. Yet somehow that little act, so trivial, caused a wave of anger to sweep over him. A hundred darting needles pricked him—the blood surged up to his thin bony face and his fingers twitched. Angrily he stood up. Picked up mop, broom and dustpan and set them inside the kitchen. Then descended the stoop, seized the iron handle of the can and dragged it half way around toward the front of the house—out of sight. That done, he went in, straight to the parlor, boldly lifted the best and only

upholstered chair and carried it out to the stoop.

Emma, who had been peering inquisitively out onto the darkened porch, followed him, her eyes ablaze.

"Bennie Stone—" Her shrill, hard voice boded no good for her spouse.

Grimly he sat down and looked at the moon, while angry torrents poured from the mouth of his better half. Suddenly he sprang up, his slender frame quivering, hands tightly clenched in his pockets.

"Shut up!"

Emma's jaw dropped in surprise.

"I want some comfort in my own home." His voice shook angrily. "And I'm going to take this chair out here every night for myself—for myself," he repeated. "You keep that mop and broom in the kitchen, hear? And that garbage can at the side of the house, d'ya understand? I'm through being a fool—I won't be a fool any more, and I'm through sitting under a—a garbage moon."

His knees shook and he sat down weakly on the Morris chair—his anger slowly receding and a vague fear of the coming storm creeping over him. But no storm appeared. A moment later he heard the kitchen door close quietly and he was alone.

At ten o'clock he came into the house, dragging the chair after him. His wife sat in the parlor alone, knitting. Neither of them spoke a word as they went silently to their room and undressed. He switched out the light as soon as possible and crawled between the sheets, no longer fearful, but wondering, just wondering.

Then—two thin arms, clasped softly around his neck and Emma's voice, contrite and unrecognizably tender—

"I never thought of a garbage moon, Bennie, honest—" she pleaded.

"S all right," he muttered and sighed. To-morrow, of course, her remorse would vanish. Nevertheless he kissed her with a strangely exhilarated feeling of mastery and affection.

The First Shave

Containing a Gesture Toward Both the Ridiculous and the Sublime

BY CHESTER S. HENDRY

"BY Ourselves!" exclaimed the Lord as arose on the morning of the eighth day. "Now that We think on it, We remember that We made an horrible error during this past week; We forgot to make any provision for Our new toy growing older,—and that must not be, for if it aged not,—why it would be as great a power as Ourselves,—a grievous contradiction in terms, and an offence of which Our logic can not be guilty. But We wonder how this can be remedied. What say you, Satan?" he asked, turning to one who entered the door with a tub of shaving water.

Now this question quite puzzled Satan, and for a while no answer crossed his mind; further, the tub was becoming hot and there was no place to set it down, the only available table being covered with clothes. But being rid of the tub, finally, he said, "Most gracious majesty, this can be accomplished in but one way, and that is through degeneration."

"Degeneration?" questioned the Lord.

"Ay," answered Satan. "It is a new word, my Lord, but one You shall soon learn the meaning of." Here Satan smiled self-complacently, for he prided himself inordinately on his ability to coin words. "You must know, my Lord," he continued, "that the people that shall soon populate this toy, being made as they are, will be conceited asses at best, and being conceited they will have no respect for anything that is not made in their own image; therefore, most gracious One, make things grow even as they grow."

Being a great admirer of Satan's cleverness, the Lord frankly admitted that he did not understand what Satan meant, so seating Himself comfortably upon His throne, He bade Satan prepare His lather and enlarge upon his idea as he worked.

For a while nothing could be heard save the splutter of the brush against the eight day beard; then said Satan, "Let first the world be a child, suckling close to the flowing breasts of nature, obeying the laws of nature, let it pass years in play, silent play filled with brittle fantasies. Burden it not with

ideals, but fill it with a joy of childish things. Swaddle it in clothes delicately simple; hamper it not, but let it take full measure of its joy, for it will need no direction from then on, neither will it find true joy from then on. Soon it will grow, and as it does so it will put its childish things away from it. It will become a young man clear eyed and

IMMOLATION

BY LIANA LAUNAY

THREE months before their wedding day

A glowing girl, eyes all agleam
With a thousand sparkling lights,
sat

Waiting, before a stern-faced man.
His tense, tight lips parted slowly.
He filled the room with heavy words
Which beat upon the girl's bowed
head.

Her misted eyes betrayed the pang
Which dimmed the gleam and
and sparkling lights.

A cry—she barely breathed the
words:

"No tiny hands to beat upon my
breast,
No tiny head to pillow in my arms,
No lisping voice to call me mother-
dear."

That cry again, and then—a whis-
per,

"Ah, me! and he loves children
so!"

thoughtful; its life will be simple, and it will spend its time in the pursuit of two intangible things—beauty and truth. But superstition,—a word synonymous with ignorance, which is a state of mind arising from an inability to grasp those intangible things,—superstition will cast a shroud over it, and never will it be able to break through that tenuous cloud. To forget that it is bounded it will change

its habits, and become boisterous and drunk, free and ungovernable in its passions, and it will wear garments of complex beauty, heavy colors, laces, plumes, and lacquered boots, heeled with resounding spurs. It will pass its time in galletries and in the manufacture of superstitions and conventions; thus it will attempt to satisfy its conceit, hurt because of its inability to pierce the mystery of truth. It will grow older, and pouches will appear under those eyes that were once beautiful in their naive sincerity, and they will resemble burnt out candle ends flickering in the sockets of a tarnished candelabra. But it will bravely slick its hair over the bald spots, and squeeze itself into its gay clothes, attempting to persuade itself that it still has its youth. It will move its quarters into a bawd house, and it will roister more noisily that it ever did before, but its heart will not be in its pleasures, because it will be fetid with old age. Slowly it will realize these things, and it will give up the pretence; it will move its quarters into a counting house. No longer will it wear gay trappings, but it will put on a dun coat and snuff colored breeches. It will spend its time casting up accounts and figuring interest. Let that be its growth. Then because it is in their image, men will glory in it, and will use it as an irrefutable argument for Your existence. What say you to this plan, my Lord?"

Said the Lord, as he ruminatively stroked his now smooth chin, "The first part of your plan pleases Us greatly,—as for the latter part, it seems but a sorry end for such a noble beginning. However, give orders that it commence as you planned; later We shall remedy the conclusion.

"That was a good word you coined to name your plan, Satan, but then you always were clever,—civilization—that was the word, was it not? It has a full rolling sound."

"Nay, but it is good enough," answered Satan, his mind already upon the revolution he was to lead the next day, and which was to occupy the time of everyone in Heaven throughout eternity.

Dona Juana

Being, Quite Frankly, a Satirical Play

BY WILLYUM PURITAN RABELAIS

AS the last blare of the overture dies away, the curtain shudders and withdraws. The scene is the living room, luxuriously furnished, of a Fifth avenue apartment. A door at the left opens (actually) to a mound of dusty trunks and a back-stage game of poker—or in other words: to the hallway and apartment elevators. At the left rear is a large French window through which may be seen in the distance the Hanging Court of the Tombs, and the Lion House of the Bronx Zoo. Somewhat to the right of the window there is a portiered passageway leading to the rest of the apartment. An artificial fireplace, upstage at the right, and opposite the door previously mentioned, has hanging over it an enlarged portrait of Rudolph Valentino; adorning the mantle-piece, on either side of Rudolph, stand busts of Elinor Glyn and Ben Hecht. A thermometer fastened close by registers 156° F. Between the portiered passageway and the fire-place is the door to Dona Juana's bedroom. It is early morning.

Squeaks issue from the bedroom,—evidently from the bed. A masculine voice is heard.

MASCULINE VOICE—(some fatigued)—Please, dear heart, roll back on your own side. I'm too tired. A man must have some sleep, you know.

FEMININE VOICE (sweetly with grieved undertone)—Ah, Charlee!

CHARLIE (later)—What time is it? (After a pause) Holy cow, I must beat it, right away.

Bed springs give a little yelp, indicating that Charlie is getting up.

CHARLIE—(entering stage more or less dressed and frantically continuing the operation—addressing bed-room)—If I get caught, I'll be killed!

FEMININE VOICE—Ah, Charlie dear.

Charles, now almost all dressed, stops, shakes his head slowly and smiles—as if, after all, voice does really please him. A pretty bare-footed, feminine little thing in pink fluffy-stuff comes running

CAST

In Order of Appearance

Charles

Dona Juana ("Pinkey")

College Youth

Plumber

Milkman

Chief of Police

Policemen, firemen, other men, some women, children etc.

out of room and snuggles into Charles—who evidently enjoys it.

Audience gasps

PINK FEMININITY—Don't go so soon—after all, what does it matter if you are caught. We shall have each other. We shall all-le-ways have each other.

CHARLES—But you don't understand, dear, if the manager catches me late again, I may be actually fired. Not everyone knows what a beautiful little wife I have.

Audience slumps back into seats, seemingly disappointed about something in the play.

PINK F. (with emotion)—Honey boy; my very soul—my heart—my whole being will halt until your return. (Slowly and tenderly with more emotion) Kiss me sweetheart. I—love—you.

Charles slowly embraces and kisses her. Time passes. Thermometer on wall breaks with loud bang, spluttering like volcano. Bust of Ben Hecht grins. Gentleman in rear row opens flask and takes hearty drink. Charles exits to poker game.

Pinkey runs to door, locks it, places chair against knob, and throws key out of window. Lions in Bronx Zoo laugh, shaking lion-house. Pinkey is annoyed for a moment, then whirls with a joyous motion of abandonment and dances to fire-place. With some effort she pulls grate aside and extracts handsome looking youth with fraternity pin on vest.

Stiffened and cramped, he untangles himself with difficulty.

COLLEGE YOUTH—(smiling—but serious) Listen, lady, when you brought me here last night, I didn't know you were married. (Looks at watch—Pinkey stands adoring him)—I barely have time to make my nine o'clock and I wouldn't miss a glass—class—for the best woman on earth.

He takes running hop, skip and jump over furniture and dives through transom to safety. Audience applauds. Fat woman in balcony giggles. Pinkey stands dismayed—then makes face at fat woman in balcony—removes floor rug—opens trap door—and drags forth a plumber. He stands swaying as if dizzy from close confinement. Pinkey walks him to couch, on which he falls. She bends over him pleadingly.

PINKEY—Harry, darling, you look so strong and brave—don't you like your tootsie-wootsie just a little bit?

HARRY (muttering deliriously)—Yes, mam, I came to fix a leak but so is George Washington.

Pinkey, somewhat discouraged, renews her efforts, runs her hand through his hair, and has brought her face close to his, when a bell off-stage is heard to ring vigorously. Pinkey jumps, then controls herself. Plumber suddenly comes to his senses—pulls to his feet, staggers as fast as he can to the window and jumps out. Audience applauds. Lions roar with laughter, shaking Lion-house.

PINKEY—Damn!

Bell rings again. Pinkey goes to answer it. Meanwhile through French window, the Tombs can be seen starting its morning allotment of hangings. The condemned men are brought to the gallows one after another, executed, and carried away—at a rate of about one to a minute. This continues until end of play.

VOICE (off-stage)—The milk bill, madam—30 bottles of cream, a dozen eggs, and a bottle of milk: 11 cents, all told.

PINKEY—Won't you come in, please? I haven't any change; so I will have to write a check. Come this way. You may wait in the living-room.

Footsteps approach. Enter Pinkey and

"'Dona Juana' is beyond question one of the most subtle and most fascinating sex plays of all time."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

milkman, she leading him by hand. She walks him to couch, gets check-book and comes back, taking seat beside him. The milkman, noticing Pinkey's wedding ring, looks uneasy. Accidentally catching a glimpse of hangings at Tombs, his nervousness increases.

PINKEY—What a funny little man you are, and (cuddling close, attempting to turn pages of bill-book) what a funny little book.

Milkman, observing bust of Ben Hecht, etc., continues restive. Pinkey, somewhat desperate, hastily sprays herself with most odoriferous perfume. Thereupon, the milkman, after making heroic efforts to control the impulse, is compelled to sneeze a mighty sneeze—which throws him forward into Pinkey's eager arms.

PINKEY—My lover!

But, what's this:—Unnoticed to Pinkey a man has slowly lowered himself from transom. He stands facing Pinkey, in his hand, an automatic revolver.

MAN (fiercely)—Traitor from Hell!
Worst of all women!

PINKEY (startled)—Charles!

She screams. Killings at Tombs go on at faster pace. Lions roar with laughter, shaking Lion-house.

CHARLES (slowly with bitterness and rancor)—You miserable cheat!

(He fires at Pinkey, who jerks milkman in front of her.)

PINKEY (sardonically as milkman falls dead)—Now, look what you've done!

As Charles, dazed, bends over milkman, a series of loud staccato knocks are heard at door.

PINKEY—The police!

Fire-engines are heard in the street—an endless stream of police is seen pouring out of the Tombs. As Charles runs to window, a ladder heaves in sight on the sill, and a fireman's hat appears, fol-

lowed by a fireman carrying an ax, more firemen and police. Police grab Charles. Firemen smash door, letting in great crowd of other police, firemen and a mass of civilians. The civilians remain mostly to left while police and firemen surround Charles, all incidentally trampling on body of milkman. Pinkey—at extreme right—arranges hair—looking somewhat pleased over large number of visitors.

The silence becomes oppressive. It usually does. A peculiar rattling heard. Ah ha! There is a moment of nervous suspense. Then all eyes turn to ladder, which has been, and is, shaking. A tremendously fat, big puffy man appears.

POLICE AND FIREMEN (respectfully, in chorus)—The chief himself!

CIVILIANS (in chorus)—The Chief of Police!

CHARLES (dismayed)—The Chief of Police!

PINKEY (cheerfully)—Howdy, chief!

The chief, ignoring Pinkey, pushes his way to Charles—eyes him harshly—looks for body of milkman and eventually finds it under heels of two dozen or more women, children, firemen, and police.

CHIEF OF POLICE (looking at body)—

Huh! (louder) HUH! (still louder)

H U H ! (Bellowing at top of his great lungs) H U H !

Ensemble shrinks in fear. Chief walks to Charles—(says he, melodramatically pointing to hanging bee at Tombs):

You'll hang for this!

Hanging Bee progresses still faster. Lions roar with laughter, shaking Lion-house. Everybody shudders.

PINKEY (crossing stage to Chief)—He'll hang, will he. Oh, if I were only a man I could tell you what this foul creature (pointing in circle for a mo-

ment before finding body of milkman—again hidden under heels of mob)—this foul creature had tried to do to me. (Sobs)

POLICE (enthusiastically)—Tell us!

FIREMEN (eagerly)—Tell us!

CIVILIANS (in chorus)—Tell us!

CHIEF (over-come—feebly making gesture with arms)—Tell us!

CHARLES (aside)—What the Hell!

PINKEY (very dramatically)—How CAN

I tell you—oh the shame of it all (sobs then collects herself.) He forced his way into the apartment—(Orchestra starts playing "The Horse Race") bruising my poor tender arms—my poor tender arms (sobs—handkerchiefs appear in great numbers on stage)—He grappled with me—flung me here (illustrating) flung me there (Orchestra now worked up into fine pitch)—threw the key of the apartment out of the window—and then—and then—he attacked me—brutally—and then, then—as I was about to fling myself from the window,—my husband broke through the transom and in defense of my honor—shot the vile monster.

POLICE (strongly moved)—My God!

FIREMEN (looking disdainfully at body of milkman)—My God!

CIVILIANS (looking proudly at Charles)—My God!

CHARLES (aside—quite sincerely)—My God!

CHIEF OF POLICE (walking importantly to Charles and putting one hand on his shoulder)—You have a wonderful wife—(Then, very loudly and dramatically)—

NOT A JURY IN AMERICA WILL CONVICT YOU ! !

Everyone cheers and applauds.

PINKEY (as shouting dies down)—Will someone please send for the reporters?
(The curtain falls prostrate)

The Marriage Song

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

The Bride speaks

I SHALL bathe myself, dress
By the light of the four flaming candles,
I shall gaze at myself raptly
As on a consecrated thing.
Oh my throat, Oh my bosom,
Oh my hands, Oh my hair,
Oh dream-misted eyes,
And waiting lips,
All that in me is beautiful
Shine forth, shine forth to-day.

Chorus

LET there be no sound.
In the silence, in the quick silence
When the lovers meet,
Let there be no sound
But the mystic stillness of the budding trees
And the silent falling of the quiet seeds
Into the heart of their mother, the earth.

Her little sister sings

MY sister is going on a long journey, she is
braiding her hair.
She is robed in white, Oh how beautiful is
my tall sister!
Her hands are so white and there are white strange
silences
Under the brooding shadows of her eyes.

Playmates

WHEN the nuts were falling in the forests, when
the ripe golden pears and the quinces
Fell from the heavy boughs, when the moon-
light had shrouded the waters,
She clung to us, played with us, dreamed with us,
child and young maiden,
Now all her dreams are fulfilled, let us clothe her
and sing to her gladly:
Straight be the folds of her bridal gown and the
myrtle green on her forehead.

Her mother speaks

OH seed of my life, Oh flower that I nursed, Oh
day when one weeps in rejoicing,
Who will remember the tiny feet, and the lips
that were warm at my bosom?
Once in the days when her breasts were small, and
no garlands lay on her forehead,
We looked in the water, we saw the nuts falling,
and the ripe fruit fresh on the branches,
Saw the great trees bow with their burden of fruit,
the flowering earth in its harvest—
Then we wondered together, and whispered together
of life and the great Life Sower.

Chorus

PLANTER of the seeds of life!
Thine is the harvest,
Thine is the sowing, the reaping,
And Thine the ripe fruit in the forest,
Thine the sheen of the glowing hair,
The globed breasts, the soft laughter,
The tremulous quiver of the lips, the wild beating
In the hearts of two lovers alone—

Chorus of Playmates

NOW the mystic veiled figure ascends
To the high altar—
Strength and beauty and youth
Under the red canopy of love:
Bless them, Oh bless
Them, Oh Lord of the harvest,
See as an offering
Weblike and pure
The white veil of her maidenhood!

Do Unto Others

In Which a Fat Man Proves that Virtue is Unrewarded

BY ELIZABETH MAHORNEY

THE Fat Man eased his bulk into the dusty seat of the day coach and shoved his sample cases out of sight with a practised gesture of one foot. "Gosh!" he muttered, mopping his face with a voluminous handkerchief, "This sure takes the cake. It's good corn weather but it's too all-fired hot for me." He ran a stubby forefinger between his cramped neck and wilted collar and picked up the *Tribune*. Putting his feet on the opposite seat he began to read. A fly flew over his head and alighted on the window pane, bumping against the glass with an insistent, monotonous buzzing. The Fat Man folded his paper into a compact slab and waited with murder in his eye for the fly to crawl within reach. It was too hot to wait long, however, and with a deep sigh he went to sleep beneath the sheets of his erstwhile weapon. The Fat Man slept—audibly. The toothsome smile of the man who had used Pebeco for thirty years and wanted all his "friends" to know it undulated grotesquely with each throaty rumble. Then, over the steady hum of conversation and the rhythmic click of the rails, rose the shrill wail of a tired child. "Ma— a —!" The Fat Man stirred restlessly. "M — a — a!" Stupid with sleep, he opened one puffy eyelid and looked vacantly in the direction of the cry.

In the seat across the aisle sat a forlorn little woman. She was holding a baby on her lap in a limp, discouraged way, and in her weariness seemed hardly conscious of another child, scarcely older than the first, who leaned against her sleepily. Four others of assorted sizes were crowded into the opposite seat. They were all girls, all anaemic and sniffing with chronic colds. The floor between the seats was littered with crumbs and banana peelings, and the air rent with cries of "'M—a! Ain't we there yet?" and "I wanna drink, ma—a."

The Fat Man looked them over with the most cynical smile of which his face was capable. "My lord," he exploded, "what kids!" Wide-awake by this time, he pulled his bag from under the seat and looked at the pictured faces of his own sextet pasted securely inside

the lid. The "near cynical" smile was lost as he beamed upon them, his eyes full of fatherly pride. "Well! Minnie's got long legs, but they ain't as long as those." He smiled broadly at his eldest, a shy little girl in pig tails, who grinned back self-consciously. He smiled at the other five,—fat, sturdy little stair steps

"I'm a real good hand with kids. Meb- by I c'n keep 'em quiet for a spell so's you c'n rest. You keep the littlest ones, and I'll see what I c'n do with the rest."

The woman nodded dumbly, and the Fat Man's task began. For over an hour he lurched up and down the aisle carrying water to the unquenchable four. Sticky little fingers played with his watch and drew wobbly pictures with his pencil. He brought out all the tricks that had found an enthusiastic welcome at home and paraded them for their benefit. He initiated them into the mysteries of slipping a knot off a string and with great gusto folded a dollar into a W. He made a cradle with his fingers and rocked a lumpy handkerchief doll to sleep in it. His face grew redder and redder; he puffed and perspired, but his charges allowed him no rest. Entertainment unsought for was too great a novelty to be treated with indifference. So the Fat Man toiled on manfully, and the Mother of Six slept the sleep of the just.

Finally, when dusk was creeping in, and the Fat Man was reduced to wriggling his fat fingers in an attempt to throw shadows of gaping donkeys and long-eared rabbits on the window blind, the woman raised her head. She wakened the two-year-old stretched out at full length beside her and without a word began gathering together the boxes and bags that filled the rack above her head. The Fat Man rescued his watch from an untimely death at the hands of one of the four and, relief dawning on his face, lent his aid. When five wriggling little bodies had been slipped into their respective sweaters, and enough hats found to go around, the train had stopped, and the mother of the tribe was ready to go. Laden to the guards with bundles, the baby in one arm and the smaller children clinging to her skirts, she started down the aisle. Half-way to the door, she paused beside a man who was sleeping peacefully in the corner. She shook him gently, and without a word he stretched and got up—six feet of burly manhood. With the gruff command of, "You come along with the brats, Annie," he shuffled out of sight, leaving her to follow as best she could.

GLIMPSES

From the French of Charles Van Lerberghe

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

IT is a fairy and flower-like hand
That rests upon your head to-
day;

Your simple soul does not under-
stand;

To know your silence is to pray.

A sceptre that is not heavy sinks—
It is made of a diamond, very
light;

The murmur of hours, forgotten,
shrinks

To the dream of a child at night.

Roses are born, and roses die,
Each same summer, the same al-
ways:

One like another, cradled, they lie
In the fragility of days.

Serene and blue, no shade of fear,
Life's an enchanted thing for
you;

From day to day, from year to
year,
Astonishment sits in your view.

all agonizedly conscious of their Sunday clothes.

The fatherly look still in his eyes, he struggled to his feet and accosted the Mother of Six.

"Good day, ma'am," he began. "It's right hot, and I thought—uh—uh—. Well, you've got quite a crowd here and I've got kids of my own and I thought—I—." He looked at the four open-mouthed children and took a deep breath.

Kaukau

Describing a Japanese Wedding Feast

J. STUART HAMILTON

It is 7 o'clock. Tracey and I go to a taxi stand on Kamehameha avenue and get the man to take us to Yamata La Hall, the "marry place", for "hifteen cents", because it is just a "lili way Mooheau street". And we are off to see a Japanese wedding,—Kashito Ikeda, the bride; and Charlie Kohara, the groom.

Imagine a large hall whose walls are hidden by pretty blue screens and the floor covered with matting. Across one end of the hall is a table about 25 feet long and at the opposite end of the room a platform. Down the length of the hall extend four low tables about 35 feet long and about one foot high . . . At the door we take off our shoes and check them. We look hastily at the 250 diners as a smiling Japanese ushers us to our seat. We sit down tailor-fashion and immediately the man across the table offers to fill our little blue bowl with sa-ke.

On our plates are tiny pickled potatoes with the skin left on, boiled chicken (heads, comb et al), and boiled bamboo. In a little envelope of paper are our chop sticks, and I seize them and go to work. Tracy has never used the sticks, and the lady in the silk kimono across the table looks at him and then smiles shyly at me. Great scarlet lobsters are hunched grotesquely on lettuce-covered platters. Men and women are continually bringing in hot bottles of golden sake. There are fish skins stuffed with delicious rice and sliced like bologna. Quartered oranges contrast with red, green, and yellow gelatin. Small pink steaks of raw fish lie beside a jar of soya sauce; a dish of daikon is alongside.

Abruptly there is a noise of excitement and everybody applauds; the ten white people, too. The bride is entering. Kashito wears a plain purple silk kimono with a black and silber obi; her hair gleams in an elaborate coiffure and is ornamented with gold and butterfly combs. She is very demure and gazes fixedly at the floor as her attendants follow her to the head of the cross-table where she sinks to the matting and presides like a queen in a baronial hall of old. Then the groom appears in a tuxedo, and there are calls of "Speak" and "You come drink" until Kohara, too, has

THE FOOTSTEPS

From the French of Paul Valery

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

YOUR footsteps, children of my silence,
Holistly, slowly, in pace
Approach the couch of my vigilance,
With a mute and frozen grace.
Being pure, Shadow divine!

How sweet they are, your steps discreet!

God! . . . all the gifts I could design
Come to me on those naked feet!

If, with those moving lips of yours,
You now prepare appeasement
For the one behind my thoughts' barred doors,
A nourishing lips' easement,

Do not hasten the tender act,
Sweetness of being, not-being sweet;
For I have lived but to attend the fact
Of you: my heart is in your feet.

WISTERIA

BY MARION F. WILLIAMS

WISTERIA is for wistfulness
and dreams,
For soft dancing veils of tulle
Through which fading sunlight beams,
For sunset shadows in a sheltered pool.
Wisteria brings sleep and memories
Of sad long-remembered things
That fluttered high among sunlit trees
And then at dusk spread weary wings.

taken his place. The feast goes on. The bride retires and the groom starts the rounds—drinking a health with every friend at the tables.

An orchestra of four women appears; they play on a samisen, an elongated instrument with two strings, and they beat on a sort of gourd while they sing in bass and falsetto. Two flower-like

geisha girls come out onto the platform and posture alarmingly; they strike ungainly and awkward attitudes in a most graceful manner. It is quite upsetting. They do not wear obis, but their kimonos are beautiful. Shyly they peep from behind a fan; they stamp their tiny feet; they knot a silk kerchief around their neck and gaze soulfully at the ceiling. The orchestra drones on like the whirring of a strange machine. The geishas pose again and we applaud, and they bow their foreheads to the floor.

Then the geishas and the orchestra come among the feasters to sing and drink. A group forms around each, squatting and drinking and singing the strange sustained notes that make up Japanese songs. There is almost no melody, but there is good rhythm. Goro, she of the Madonna-like face, sits across the table from us and soon we are invited to join her group. Everybody smiles and pours "dis good kin' sake" for everybody else, the ladies bow and the Captain of Police beams at his Lieutenant. The doll-like geisha starts singing "mele ana e" in a childish soprano; a friend leads her to the platform . . . Two thirds of the guests have gone home and those remaining have drunk a little too much. We have been furtively pouring our sake into the food on our plates, for it is discourteous to refuse when a lady offers to refill the little bowl . . . The geisha mounts the platform and the orchestra starts up the hula; she executes a fair hula but is soon joined by a youthful Hawaiian blade who does a double movement with her which is quite all one could ask. This goes on and on.

Tracy and I decide to leave before we have been obliged to drink any more "healths", so we get back our shoes and, as we slip them on, notice the gifts which have been received. There are ninety-three sacks of sugar! And many other packages whose contents we cannot guess.

Once more out in the night we wonder if it was all real; a wailing call from the orchestra assures us it was. My head is whirling. This America? How pretty was the little geisha in the blue obi; so like a fragile doll.

Marie Bashkirtseff

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

UNHAPPY Scythian girl with your deep, sky-piercing eyes, let us embrace across the land of departed souls.

For I know that you do not sleep there, but wander, wander, seeking the lost delight of your vanished life, and its unbounded wonder.

Alas for us who were born in that strange land of sorrow and sadness of vast emptiness, of vaster mysteries.

The golden bells of the cathedrals have eaten into our souls, with an unearthly music that brings not joy, but the disturbing ecstasy of a great sorrow.

There are deep bleeding places in our souls wide as the steppes and as mournful.

Oh, for the sun, the sun, we cry! Italy and its violet waters, Paris with its many tongued laughter.

In vain! Ever in our hearts we carry the soundings of the old cathedral bells; the vast steppes in our souls burn like fiery ice. Oh for the truth, the truth we cry, for the lonely spaces in our souls demand only the True Light, the Undying Splendor, the Eternal Joy.

Ah, we who seek these, cannot we rest even in our graves?

Une June Fille

By E. B. S.

I HAVE a new bracelet. It is a very beautiful bracelet. My brother sent it from China. It is of sandalwood, carved. The carved design is stained with vivid color—Red, orange, gold, a thread of lustrous black. The design is queer, dragons, wisteria bloom. The sandal wood has a strange scent. The bracelet is exotic. It slips up and down on the soft flesh of my arm like a caress. I press it close into the flesh. It enchants me. I look at it inquiringly. The warm odor of the sandal wood fills my nostrils. Tattered fragments of dreams pass before me. My blood tingles. My heart beats aloud. I tear the bracelet off my arm. It is barbaric. Sensuous beauty and enthrallment! I will not wear it. It is Oriental. I am Occidental. Some day I shall wear it again.

LOVE-MAKING is rapidly degenerating into an art.

Editorial

EDITORIAL writing in a non-reading community is harmless and diverting masochism. For that matter, of course, this inevitable monologue on page eleven, this proscenium between coyly colorful cover and "Mme. Gaucheries imported gowns for all occasions," may not be considered the only cul-de-sac in the book; or in the sthenia of campus culture grabbing; or in—anything else. Moreover, by the wily process of adding new members to the staff, thus lengthening the mileage of our masthead, this praiseworthy department may, in time, reduce itself to a mere paragraph of conclusory fatuities at the bottom of the page. Then should some campus artist be prevailed upon to embroider the sheet with a wide and handsome border design—enough to suggest that in the course of natural devolution, future editors will suffer but the most refined and limited self-flagellation. Abridge yawpage, our motto here as elsewhere.

Such toots and squeaks should, we acknowledge, be discreetly muted to the orchestra pit; however, in this instance the process of tuning merges obsequiously into the vibrant blare of the opening bars of our first movement.

Mea culpa . . . what have we done, in the sonorous months of voicing editorial curios, to further unveil the better and finer, to egg on the votaries of sunshine, to proselytize? Alack, nothing. Less. We have at times even given ourselves over

to wrathful sneers, low caterwauling, and scurrilous innuendo, so that our friends (all readers are friends) rightly suspected us of being a specie of the anarchist. Thanksgiving, Christmas, the New Year, the new semester, the seventy-fifth birthday—all came to pass unaided by our editorial felicitations. At best we have concerned ourselves with the gibbeting of wizened platitudes and sonnets ghastly fly-by-nights with whom we have no legitimate connection.

"In fuchure," then, we shall endeavor to lay off the sub-cellar artillery, which assumes an insufficient mockery anyway, in favor of the glibly heartfelt. To compensate for such tedium there will be the promised brevity.

In addition, the Lit itself will be printed in three octaves, so that at least one melody per issue will be scalable by the darkest, beeriest voice in the bleariest male quartette. On the other hand, there will still be the garret with, if possible, an even sublimer medley of ancient and super-modern bric-a-brac than it has been wont to exhibit.

It being established, then, that we are a three-ring circus similar to the bigger tents—Law, Main, and Engineering—it remains but for each to admonish the other not to feed him peanuts and for us, at least, to grimace a sardonic but fundamentally sincere appreciation.

K. F.



The Courtship of Miles Standish in 1924

In Which Liberties Are Taken With an American Classic

BY ALICE W. PAZOUR

CHARACTERS:

THE MODERN MILES STANDISH

A college student whose life is not modified by the finer amenities of life, but whose time, interest and enthusiasm are all sacrificed on the college battlefield, the gridiron.

THE JOHN ALDEN OF 1924

The "tea-hound" type, well versed in the knowledge of love and ladies. They all fall for him.

THE PRISCILLA OF TODAY

The popular campus Sheba. So modest and retiring that she will not smoke more than twelve cigarettes in twenty minutes.

FIRST ACT

SCENE: *The college room of Miles and John. A conglomeration of football trophies and pictures of women which would put the Ziegfeld beauties out of business.*

As the curtain rises, Miles is lying on the double decker, generously applying peroxide to wounds incurred in the day's scrimmage. He limps up to John Alden and shakes the bottle in John's face. John stands before the mirror approvingly surveying his figure in a dress suit, and applying a last pat to his sleek, shining hair.

MILES STANDISH (*Pointing to the wall.*)

Look at these warlike trophies I have won

In four long college years of work and sweat!

What struggles great our team has overcome!

All prowling prey, Hawkeyes and Wolverines,

Each, in their turn, have bowed their haughty heads

To we all conquering Badgers!

But evidences on me show the fight;

My nose, once classic, has a crooked line,

Presented me when young Kipke tried to check

That run which made us famous!

JOHN ALDEN:

Truly you are a paragon, but pray

Aid me, dear John, in my laborious search

For that new tie of yours.

MILES:

Again! The nerve! But let me tell to you

The cause of my success, friend John. Hearken!

Do things yourself; to others leave them not.

But I have a confession that I'll make; For since you are that bitter half of mine

That borrows all my wardrobe, I do ask

Of you to undertake for me a task.

JOHN (*aside*):

I wonder if it's now that he will touch Me for that borrowed money of last month?

MILES:

Hearken, friend John, and haste thee to fulfill

My bidding, for a hardened man I've been,

Unused to rushing maidens of the "U", Those flowers that cheer us on so valiantly,

When on the gory gridiron we do fight. But once a maiden, scarlet cheeked, that sat

With you, when last the Hawkeyes we did trim,

Did strike my fancy, and when I did fall

Wounded and injured and was carried off—

She cried, with voice of silver, "Yell, men, yell!

For our heroic captain!"

JOHN:

Whew! my little flapper Priscilla!

MILES:

And now that fights are o'er and battles won,

My thoughts are getting peaceful, and I now

Have often visions of this maiden fair. Since all your time at college has been spent

Charming and wooing maidens, for this once

I ask you, bunkie dear, to plead for me;

Speak to the fair Priscilla of my fame On foot-ball field, and not of wasted time,

Praising and rushing women. Ask her

For me, and give to her this pin, look you,

The pin of my fraternity to wear Until the gold on it doth turn to black!

JOHN:

What! And I intended on this night To honor Pris with my insignia!

MILES:

You hesitate? Then take off my new tux!

The socks, the collar-button and new scarf,

And pay to me those fifty iron men For which you touched me!

JOHN:

Ah, woe is me! Such black disgrace and shame!

Rather I'd lose this maiden keen and fair.

Besides, I fear, this time she might accept

This Sheik, and sheer my fragile gauzy wings,

With which, bee-like, I fly from flower to flower.

MILES:

Go, then, friend Alden, go, and come not back

With this, the pin of my fraternity, Or I'll demand that bill of fifty bones

Of you. Farewell!

SECOND ACT

Same characters and Priscilla.

SCENE: *The reception room of Priscilla's sorority house. A fire in the fireplace—a davenport before it. Alluring shadows.*

Priscilla is seated before the fire in a dazzling formal gown, dreaming of tonight and of how she will finally ensnare the much-sought after John Alden. The door-bell rings. Enter John Alden.

JOHN ALDEN:

Priscilla dear, thou'rt fair to gaze upon

And ne'er when on you calling, do I fear

That you will e'er disgrace my escortage,

By wearing a gown twice—in short, my dear,

You are too sweet a maid to leave empty

(Continued on Page 17)

Campus Sketches

A Series of Impressions of Life at a Co-educational Institution

BY ELIOT H. SHARP

I

HE was a college man. Dressed for winter in a long fur coat which hung from his shoulders loosely yet gracefully, with its collar turned down neatly, wearing a brown felt hat which was roughly blocked and flat and which just hid his eyebrows but left a large portion of the back of his head uncovered, sporting well polished brown shoes rounded at the front and above which appeared his trousers' cuffs, carefully pressed and of a conservative color, he was the kind of a gentleman any sweet young girl would fall in love with at sight. A red tie with yellow spots and a very small knot peeked out between the folds of his fur coat and slipped away around his neck under a thin white collar which bore all the resemblances of being attached to his white shirt. On seeing him one knew perfectly well that if he took off his fur coat, he would be found clad in a nicely fitting, three-button sack coat of the same conservative hue as his trousers. Each button would be fastened and the top one would come rather high, allowing only about four inches of his tie to be seen. One likewise knew that his hat hid straight black hair very much of the patent leather variety with a part on the left side as straight as an arrow. He was the college man.

But if you had seen him in actual life walking about the campus instead of in the pages of the college humorous magazine, you would have dropped dead from astonishment.

II

She had a good head on her shoulders and was receiving grades which made her sorority sisters proud of her. She was a pretty girl, too, but an inveterate user of the powder puff, and her makeup did not improve her looks immeasurably.

She had been in the habit of using powder in almost every class; she did it almost unconsciously, as a matter of routine; it really did not detract from her attention to her class work.

Then one morning in an English lecture she carried out her usual custom with an unexpected result. In the midst of trying to make that shiny spot on her nose take the powder she became aware that the lecturer had stopped his discourse and that the room was deathly silent. She glanced up, her puff poised for another dab. But her eyes met those of the lecturer and she did not move.

"Young lady," the man said, looking hard at her, "Young lady, I'm more or less of a conservative. Powdering in my class is one thing which I will *not* countenance. If I see you doing it again, I will send you out of the class—*permanently*."

With a last glower which made her feel even more restless and self-conscious than she had felt during the course of his speech, the teacher continued his lecture. Suddenly the girl stuck her pointed little chin in the air, defiant, glaring indignation and spite.

Finally the bell rang and as the class filed out she was heard to say:

"If that old granny thinks he can bull-doze me, well . . . wait till my senator father hears about that . . . then we'll see . . ."

III

Full of unbounded cordiality, [with sparkling eyes and chestnut hair which bristles as she talks, she is the kind of girl who is forever bubbling over with uncontrolled enthusiasm. She would willingly talk for hours without once stopping to take breath; talk about the beauties of nature, the birds, the beasts and the flowers. The thought of a sun set would set her off like a lighted fuse

and she would go on rhapsodizing over it for weeks, her head shaking, bobbing up and down in an attempt to emphasize the gloriousness of the scene. Most of all she likes to talk with her elders, for she is old for her age according to her own estimation of her years. Thus it is that her teachers think her a perfect student, that mothers would like to see her their daughter-in-law. She is the kind of girl, they say, who is worth-while, who is concerned with things that really matter, who is enthusiastic in every pore of her body. Old-fashioned . . . that's what they call her, a left-over of the old stock and made of the real stuff. She is not stupid, they add, not frivolous, dumb, ordinary. Ah, there it is . . . she is not ordinary. No, thank heavens she is not that; it is a blessing for the peace of the world that there are not many others like her. Yes, she will make a splendid wife for some man—for some man who has lost the use of his tongue and like water-falls.

IV

His eyes seemed to have St. Vitus's dance, for they were most unsteady, continually roaming about, even during a conversation. I was talking with him the other day and this peculiarity was so striking that for a time I was fascinated by it. By degrees, however, I became annoyed and finally disgusted with the malady. We were talking about an instructor whom both of us had, and he was telling me how this man had disliked him to the extent of failing him in a course. Not once did he look me squarely in the eye during that five minute *tete-a-tete*. He looked at the ceiling and the floor, he looked at each of the four walls of the room, at the pictures, the furniture, the fireplace, his fingers. It seemed as though he were making an

(Continued on Page 18)

Bibliomania

The Critic Reviews the New Books

"Goha the Fool," by Albert Ades and Albert Josipovici, Lieber and Lewis, New York, 1923.

"Silbermann," by Jacques de Lacretelle. Boni Liveright, New York, 1923.

"Open All Night," by Paul Morand. Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1923.

TRANSLATION as an art, at times a major art, at times a minor art in variance with the skill of the translator, has existed since the third century before Christ. Once but a faint glow, it was almost extinguished by other interests of mankind; again, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it assumed all the characteristics of a fad, and spread from Spain to France, England, Germany, and Italy.

Contemporary translations into English are, on the whole, mediocre. There are a few masterpieces or pseudo-masterpieces: translations by Constance Garnett from the Russian; translations of Hauptmann by Lewisohn and Morgan. Disgust of Americans at the works of Maupassant may be laid to abortive translations by careless hack-writers concerned only in obtaining the publisher's fee.

"Goha the Fool" (known in the French as "*Le Livre de Goha le Simple*") by Albert Ades and Joseph Josipovici unfolds before the reader a colorful panorama of seventeenth century Egypt that is at once realistic and lyrical, sordid and beautiful. It is the story, both subjectively and objectively told, of a feeble minded boy: boy seems to be the only word to use, for though Goha is in his twenties, and is blessed with the physique of a full grown man, he thinks, talks, and acts as a child—a naive, trusting child who glimpses but dimly remembered things hidden behind the veil of ignorance which is never to be torn, a child who seldom puzzles over such things as the universe, the world, and his fellowmen. At times Goha is insignificant—a minor character; at other times he grows and assumes the symbolic proportions of life itself. He passes by unthinkingly, bringing disaster down upon himself and others. Endowed with no mind, Goha possesses no ethical sense of right and wrong; he is unmoral, he

wrongs his friend, the shiek El-Zaki, and is the lover of the seventeen year old Nour-el-Ein, the second wife of El-Zaki; he is the lover of Hawa, the superstitious, unscrupulous negress in his father's house, who had suckled him as a baby. But eventually a tragic figure, Goha the Fool attains the haven where at last one hopes he will be happy.

The authors (both were scarcely out of of their twenties when they wrote the book) have blessed this story with a style which led Octave Mirbeau to call "as pure as that of Flaubert." The story shifts from the romantic to the realistic, from the comic to the tragic, almost unnoticeably. Unfortunately the translation has fallen short of the mark made by the book when published in France. The translator has run afoul of idiom; conversation is his stumbling block; the force of the original is dulled in the process of translation. The English rendition of the book bears only a few of the characteristics of its French mother, yet it is well worth knowing the child to get some idea of the mother.

"Silbermann" when published in 1922 brought instant recognition to its author, Jacques de Lacretelle. It is a story of race prejudice, of the struggle of a young Jew, Silbermann, against the organized opposition of a Catholic society, "The Frenchmen of France." A pupil in a Paris preparatory school, Silbermann does not fail to arouse the hatred of his school-mates. His rebelliousness, his obvious scholastic superiority, his tendency towards atheism, all these things make him the butt of persecution. Only one young protestant is attracted to him: attracted by the love of this Semitic Shelley for the best in French literature; the young boy's pity is aroused at the spectacle of this idealist deserted by everyone, even those pupils of his own race. Silbermann's desire to give his best to French literature is destined to ultimate defeat. His parents are forced to withdraw him from school, and he leaves for New York to enter the jewelry business where he will display that less fine quality of his race, the "business sense."

The story is remarkably well told and

is permeated with a restrained irony totally lacking in bitterness. The character of Silbermann is finely drawn: the author does not make a martyr of him; the worst qualities are mentioned with the best. The story unfolds slowly and when the end is reached one is left with a sense of pity that such a persecution is possible. Yet one also feels that such persecution, despite its injustice, will continue to exist.

Upon reading the five short stories contained in "*Open All Night*," the reader is likely to feel that M. Morand absolutely refuses to take himself and post-bellum Europe seriously. Four of the stories, "The Spanish Night," "The Turkish Night," "The Roman Night," and "The Hungarian Night" end in tragedy, yet the author's long face is that of an undertaker, assumed professionally, cold bloodedly lacking in real feeling or sympathy. Paul Morand is a gaelic Aldous Huxley, or rather, Mr. Huxley is an Anglo-Saxon Paul Morand.

The stories are all well told, abounding in astonishing observations as: "her complexion like a sulphur dusted vine," "seated on the benches she would tell me that she was going to commit suicide by gas, but that she did not want to be dragged into a chemist's shop to die," "Yes, you look like a gentleman," said Lea, "but when I'm right I'm always wrong," "her opaque mind and transparent clothes." Mr. Morand sketches a fascinating picture of Europe after the war, a picture of a beautiful Europa pleasantly lit up on three cocktails, troubled vaguely with the premonition that before the evening is over she is going to pass out on the party. Through the stories pass a procession of engaging women: Remedios, the exotic Spanish communist; Anna, a Russian countess waiting on table in a Constantinople restaurant; Isabelle, a decidedly modern Italian finalehopper; and Lea, a beautiful Parisian Jewess untroubled by such things as ethics. Of the three books, the translation of "*Open All Night*" is done the best. For some illogical reason "*The Nordic Night*" has been omitted in the translation.

An Essay on Modern Watercolors

*Being An Appreciative and Critical Contemplation of
the Exhibit in the Library*

BY OSCAR RIEGEL

THE happy spirit of vagabondage which brightens and vitalizes modern eclectic literature but touches the sister arts of music and sculpture with a less compelling hand displays itself in modern water-colors brilliantly and with, it must be admitted, a certain amount of genuine feeling and artistry. In spirit, these modern water-colorists fly into all the lyric exaltations and all the Bersarkian rages with equal eagerness; they are a moody lot, exotic in fancy, romanticizing moonlight and sunlight and fireflies with equal gusto. In technique they are as random, and, indeed, they are at times exasperatingly indifferent to one another. It is a god-like sans-souci. For the gallery visitor, however, there is the confusion of the leaping of the eye from pastel-technique to lithograph-technique.

Arresting hues will always distinguish the water-color; otherwise the art would belong to the child and the dauber. Of all the phases of painting this is the most inherently decorative: it distinguishes itself from the oil painting by this fact, and in its ornamental qualities lie its chief claims to dignity and respect. If we remind ourselves of Baudelaire's saying, "*L'energie, c'est la grace supreme,*" or Rodin's vague, "*Quelque chose de puissant,*" we find the water-color singularly devoid of worth. It is a different manner, and requires different definitions. It is a manner more closely allied to the embellishment of pottery and the illumination of books than to the sympathetic and subjective photography of the portrait painter and sculptor. Even to encircle a fragment of nature is to adorn it extravagantly, until it becomes a completely personal thing. The subjectivity of the Italian Renaissance is here carried into pure decoration.

While the current exhibit of the Water Color society is highly representative, ranging from the genre to the metaphysical, it is curiously free from the ultra-modern and grotesque. Francesco J. Spicuzza's "Summer," it is true, recalls the block technique of the cubists, and Harold P. Murr's "The Harvest" is reminiscent of the savage modernity of the

young Polish painter, Stanislaus Szukalski, but there is neither the rhapsodic gorgeousness of Bakst, Soudeikine, and other European colorists, nor the anatomical grotesqueries of Wallace Smith and the younger realists. The poetical compositions are more apparent. "The Murmuring Brook," a monochrome by Charles Austin Needham, is especially striking. The color itself, between a bistre and chestnut brown, is metaphysical in quality. The fluid outlines of trees dissolve themselves into impenetrable shadows. A half-definable brook lies static and incomprehensible. Blotted against the dim shore crouches a figure of mystery, head buried in hands, motionless, silent as stone. There is neither tone nor echo of tone, harmony of sound nor of color. No russet birds shake the sombre trees, no winds ripple the brook or rock the tree-tops. Some mighty power has struck nature dumb, wrenched out the pulse of life, and drenched it with mysticism. The mural possibilities of such a picture are illimitable.

The present hanging of Charles C. Curran's portrait, "Head," is unfortunate, but one may nevertheless observe a startling excellence of workmanship. In the glowing skin and finely molded flesh can be recognized a living woman. So real and vivid is it, in fact, that one may be virtually enticed by the surprising apparition. The eyes have the quality of the Giorgione portrait, the abstract thought, the dreamy look, the almost furtive glance. It is a portrait in which spirituality is electrified by the authenticity of flesh. Oddly enough, perhaps, the least worthy of the hangings, "Sunshine and Azeleas," is the work of the same artist.

Among other lucubrations of more than usual interest are Ellen MaCauley's "Carnival," "Amy Pleadwell's "Madame Millet's Barbizon," Henry A. Mathes' "Brittany Village," W. C. L. White's "Harmony in Blue," Frank N. Wilcox's "Sunday Morning," and Charles H. Casseau's "Wind and Snow," the last a significant application of pastel methods to the common-places of a blizzard-swept city.

The New

MAH-JONG SWEATER

All the rage in New York and Chicago exclusive shops is being shown first in Madison by the Leader. They come in the new Chinese shades in fine silk and wool combinations.

Prices range from \$5 to \$7.50

State St. Leader
Corner State and Gilman

— SPECIALS —

Sunday—Fried Chicken
Monday—Chicken Noodle Soup
Tuesday—New England Dinner
Wednesday—Liver and Bacon
Wed. Eve.—Fried Chicken
Thursday—Virginia Baked Ham
Thurs. Eve.—Sirloin Steak
Friday—Fish
Saturday—Cornish Pastries

Eat at the

Y. M. C. A. CAFETERIA
207 W. Washington Ave.

Fine

Cleaning, Pressing, Alter-
ing and Repairing

—For—

Particular People
Ladies' Garments Are Espe-
cially in Our Line

O. C. Andersen
815 University Ave.

A Store for the Wisconsin Girl

Owned and Managed by Uni-
versity of Wisconsin Alumni

Here, handy to the
campus, on State
Street, you will find
the haven for the
Wisconsin girl. All
the newest in mer-
chandise is here for
her selection.

Kessenichs

STEHR'S MARKET

Quality

Service

B-1300 1341 Univ. Ave

We Deliver

RETREAT

BY OSCAR RIEGEL

WORLD, you make yourself
too young,
Not child-like have you
grown, but childish.

We are old,
Old as saints' bones, mold-green,
Old as sheep-staffs, gnarled,
Manichean altars, pistachio-green,
Basilisk caryatides, refectory ta-
bles,

Dungeons, buttresses, peristyles,
Perrons, amulets, peridots,
Scarabei, timbrels,—all thick with
dust.

I think I still remember when we
had our youth,
Our chests were hairy, (it wasn't
long ago),

We played with toys, and new-dis-
covered gems:

Brunelleshi, Bottecelli,
Shakespeare, Coryat, Culpeper,
Erasmus, Montaigne, Moore,
They skipped, danced, yelled,
Slapped each others' buttocks,
Kissed and laughed;

That was when the world was
young.

We have grown too ancient for
these things

And prick our spirits with a rusty
spur;

The lines and pallor of our autumn
age,

Lie deep beneath our masks of
whitened dust.

Let us put away the baubles, smash
the toys,

The gods can see how awkwardly
we play.

One renaissance only is there left;
The early glow of adolescence,
bright

With figured filigrees, and opened
doors

Wherein young girls stand naked
and ashamed.

Rosa Mystica!

The evening bell is dignified and
slow,

The shadows softly climb the sun-
drenched wall;

Peace! Peace!

No passion rocks my flesh,

The muffled shouts roll slumbrous-
ly away;

These eyes are old, but bright and
true,

The dimness is the floating vapor
of a million years

Swirling in this brain.

CHECK YOUR EXPENSES

Check your expenses

By using checks

To pay your

Bills—then

You'll always have

A receipt.

The tabs in your

Check book will

Help you keep

Tab.

—Freddie Frosh.

Branch Bank of Wisconsin

State at Gilman

Capital and Surplus \$360,000.00

*"The Student's Banking
Headquarters"*

Sumner & Cramton

DRUGS AND PHOTO
SUPPLIES

Huylers, Johnson and Keeley
Old Fashion Candies

670 State St. Madison, Wis.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STAN-
DISH IN 1924

(Continued from Page 12)

That place above your heart, where
girls do wear
The frat pins of their lovers.

PRISCILLA:

Now that you do mention it, I will
agree

A pin, mayhap, would not look out of
place there.

JOHN:

But pins are pins and hearts are
hearts! Still if

A pin will make you satisfied, dear
Pris,

I do supply it.

PRISCILLA:

O—o—oh John!

JOHN:

But as a little afterthought, I add
'Tis not my pin, but that one of my
friend,

Renowned captain of your football
team;

Who asked that it to you I would pre-
sent

Since he must busy himself on this
night

Nursing his wounded knee, which
fighting thus

For our college and you
He did incur!

PRISCILLA:

Where does he get that stuff? The
stupid dunce!

Has he asked me to dances and to
Prom,

And rushed me decently throughout
the year?

I'll say he hasn't! So take back the
pin

And tell to him none of that stuff for
me!

JOHN:

Oh, woe is me! My fifty bucks! Alas!
Priscilla, reconsider—fifty bones!

I mean—

PRISCILLA:

I care not! Silence, John! I hate the
man!

But, Jackie, dear, since this year all
girls leap,

I ask, Why do you not speak for your-
self?

JOHN:

I'm sick! Pray Pris, excuse me for a
time!

My flask I have forgotten in my room,
And what's a spree without it?

(Outside, riding in a taxi)

What shall I do? Unfortunate of men!
No fifty bones if that minx Pris I take;

If I refuse, according to the law,
Who doth refuse a maiden in leap year

For Easter—

A Box of

Teckmeyer's
Candy

Will
Please Her.

Ask for our Easter Special

Bluteau's Wholesale
Market

The Best for Hotels and
Restaurants

All We Ask
Is
a
Trial

Phone F2896-2897

421 State Street

Pantorium
Company

CLEANERS and DYERS

==
\$5.00 in Advance
gives \$6.00 Credit

==
PHONES

Service, B 1180 Office, B 1598

==
538 State Street

MADISON, WIS.

Something New---

Something Different

A Gown Made In Our Shop.
Spring Showings
Ready-to-Wear

The French Shop

533 State St. Park Hotel
2 Stores

IF IT'S AFTER TEN

And you're
Hungry but
You don't want
To go out

Just Call Us

We'll deliver
A delicious
Sundae, Malted,
Candy

Anything your
Palate craves

The Chocolate Shop
The Home of the Nut Fudge

STOP in on your way
home from classes and
get a hot cup of coffee
and a healthy sandwich.

Cigarettes, Candies and Foun-
tain Service

JOY'S
1218 University Ave.

Must give the lady fair a fine new
dress
Which is five bones times fifty at the
least!

Ah me! Ah me!
I'll end it all in Wisconsin's fourth
lake

Mendota, it is called. Adieu, farewell,
Troubles—women—Miles!

(As the taxi reaches the lake)

Alas, the lake is frozen!
Home, James, Home!

CAMPUS SKETCHES

(Continued from Page 13)

effort to carry away a perfect image of
that room. Once, I believe, he looked at
my neck tie, but that was as near my
eye as his glance chose to come. It was
a hard luck story pure and simple that
he was telling me, for I knew the in-
structor in question well and realized
that of all men he was not the kind to
be influenced in grading by a mere prej-
udice.

I left my acquaintance, his unsteady
eyes still bothering me, and as it chanced,
I had not been on my way long when I
bumped into our instructor. It did not
take me a great while to tell him of
my recent conversation, whereupon he
bit his lip, wrinkled his face and, look-
ing me straight in the eye, said:

"That boy cribbed in one of my class-
es. That is why he explained his low
grade as he did. I had pity on him,
gave him a lift over a few rough spots
and . . ."

Again those roving eyes were called
up to my mind and I understood.

V

He was the sort of a man who is for-
ever posing. Perhaps it was not entirely
his fault, this habit, for nature had en-
dowed him with a handsome visage and
a fine, slender form which were bound
to make their owner vain. He had seen
John Barrymore in "Clair de Lune"
and secretly imitated that actor's prac-
tice of giving his audience every oppor-
tunity to see his profile, to see him stand-
ing in dramatic attitudes, with his grace-

(Continued on Page 20)

You can buy a new Woodstock
at

\$5 a month—



**KELLEY
TYPEWRITERS
KELLEY**

521 State St.

F 422

FRANK'S Restaurant

LET us supply groceries,
fruits and vegetables
for spring parties.

Special Prices to Fraternities

W. C. Malone

Badger 1163-1164 434 State St.

We have a fresh supply of French Pastry every afternoon

It is the real kind made by an expert who served his apprenticeship in Europe and who is a past master in his art.

If you have not tried it, you have missed a real treat.

PFEIFFER'S RESTAURANT
(The Campus)

MRS. COURTNEY'S BEAUTY SHOP

415 N. Park St.

Varsity Apts.

*Hairdressing, Bobbing
Shampooing, Marcelling*

MEAT

Goeden & Kruger

Fairchild 500
623 University Ave.

A SICK CHILD'S STORY

BY RUTH CARLBERG

YOU know, I is aussul sick
An' has to stay in bed,
All covered up wif twilts and fings,
An tole wags on my head.
Where I swallow fings is aussul sore.
Hurts me when I dwink.
Another place is aussul sick,
At's up where I fink.
Daytimes isn't vevy bad,
Nursie weads to me,
An tells me stowies
An she has
Pichurs I can see.
But night times is the worst times,
I kick aroun' in bed,
An I can't sleep
Because the hurts
Are hurting my froat and head.

Nursie, an' mama, an' daddy, too,
All are sleepin' soun',
But I can't sleep, an' all I do
Is kick an' toss around'.
Sometimes when they're sleeping',
An' evwyfing is still,
I cwawl like a mousie
Outa my bed,
An' sit on the window sill,
An look at the moon
An' fink, an' fink,
An' fink, an' fink,
An' fink.

Sometimes when it's big an' bright,
I fink at it's a ball
At was frowed by a dreat big giant,
Who was fat an' aussul tall.
Sometimes all the moon ain't there,
Part of it's away.
Looks like the rine of a cantelope,
When you've eaten the good part away.
Some people say there's a man in the moon,
But I don't fink one's there,
He wouldn't have no fings at all
'Cept clouds an' sky 'n air.

I fink the moon is **workin'**,
To make my hurts go 'way,
Helps me more'n the doctor
Wif his bad medicine evvy day.
I s'pose some day the doctor'll say,
"Why, you're gettin' well real soon,"
He'll fink it's cause of his medicine,
But I'll know its cause of the moon.
At's how I fink about the moon,
When evwyfing is still,
Until at last I fall asleep
On the window sill.

To the Eds—

Are you losing your hair? Is your hair too oily—too dry? Have you pimples? Black-heads?

If so, come to the—

NEW MARINELLO APPROVED SHOP

Mrs. Christian Rood, Owner
Graduate Marinello School
Expert Advice and Treatment
507 State St. **B864**

WHEN YOU WRITE—

You Need Stationery

When you need stationery come in and see us.

NETHERWOOD'S
519 State St.

Party Favors Student Supplies

Obey that Impulse—

FAIR 334 CHILD

CAPITAL CITY

Rent A Car

Drive it Yourself

Purcell-Bluteau New Garage

Enter from State or Gilman

The Best Meals in Town
Are Being Served at

The **W** Cafe

Tom's Place

606 University Ave.

30c—All Meals—30c

Open 7 a. m.-1 p. m., 5 p. m.-7 p. m.

Home Made Do-nuts 2 for 5c

Suits Pressed

50c

STATE ST. PRESS SHOP

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

Call F270

We call and deliver
Stan Kingston, *Manager*

A Good Habit—

Eat at the

IRVING CAFETERIA

In "Sorority Alley"

You'll like the
food and pleas-
ant surroundings

Try It Sunday Evening

CAMPUS SKETCHES

(Continued from Page 18)

ful limbs set at their best, to see him striding across a room. He, like Barrymore, was the idol of most women who knew him, but especially of the mothers of his community who had daughters anywhere from ten years younger to five years older than he. When he dated a girl, her mother was as much concerned, as much thrilled through and through, as the girl, and probably a great deal more, for they did not know him for what he was as their daughters did. "Divine," "Too handsome to live," "What a wonderful husband for some girl sometime," "Just like Charlie, my dear husband, thirty years ago"; these were the things mothers said about him. He was talked about by them at their bridge parties, at their dinners; at the country club they watched him admiringly. And how they wooed him, angled for him, for their daughters. They even became catty with their friends because of him.

But one thing they could never understand; that was why he did not cut even more of a figure with the girls. On first acquaintance their daughters thrilled over him, and then they slowly became lukewarm and indifferent. The fond parents could not explain this situation at all, not even when a daughter would say very feelingly: "Mother, for heaven's sake, keep still. Do you want me to marry a Burne-Jones painting, or an animated statue with a head of solid marble that thinks it is the Colossus of Rhodes and wants everybody else to think so too?"

VI

He sat at my right in psychology lecture and filed his nails. It seemed as though he were filing his nails throughout the entire lecture. Whirr, whirr . . . whirr, whirr, whirr . . . whirr, whirr; on it went, a never ending, agonizing noise. Would he never stop and turn to the matter in hand? Would he never realize just what an annoyance he was causing me and others around him? A thousand times I was on the point of

Spring Flowers—

TULIPS
JONQUILS
VIOLETS
SWEET PEAS

Flowers Have a Message

Smith-Knox Floral Co.

Cut Flowers—Potted Plants

112 E. Main St. B-335

*Members of the Florists Telegraph
Delivery Association*

Listen

We can save you money on most everything needed in the rooming house—club, hotel, fraternities, sororities, etc., including musical instruments and hundreds of books.

ALSO

We have the very best Fireproof Storage, Moving, Packing and Shipping facilities to be found.

*Only a few blocks to our warehouse
and salesroom*

H. F. Sharratt Storage Co.
605 University Ave. B 1974

MORGAN'S

"The Home of Malted Milk"

534 STATE STREET

Choice Home Grown
Cut Flowers

Rentschler Floral Co.

Artistic Corsage Bouquets
226 State St. Ph. Badger 179

Lawrence's

Cafeteria & Restaurant

662 State St.

Wisconsin Bowling Alleys

Under Lawrence's

8—Alleys—8

Pop, Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy, and Tobacco

Bowl for What Ails You

Reserve Alleys by Calling
B-2845

speaking to him about it, a thousand times I was on the point of changing my seat. I glowered at him, but he was quite oblivious to the hint. He bit and gnawed and filed, and bit again.

Whirr, whirr, whirr . . . whirr, whirr. how long had this kept up? It had commenced with the hour, and I felt as though it had been going on for centuries. Of the lecture I heard scarcely a word. There was only that ever-present, crazy whirr, whirr, whirr.

At last, with a serene countenance which bespoke the satisfaction of a task well done, the offender closed his knife, slipped it into his vest pocket and turned complacently to his note-taking. I looked at my watch and started with surprise when I saw that only five minutes of the hour had passed.

VII

I was trying to study for an examination. For two hours I had been having exceptional success in my endeavor, for there had been few distracting noises, and I had been able to concentrate readily. But as the clock struck nine, my room-mate, who had been seeing his sister off on the evening train, returned. After a few minutes of conversation, we settled down to our different studies and again all was going well when, of a sudden,—gulp, gurgle, gulp gulp . . . my room-mate began making strange noises in his throat. The words on the page in front of me became blurred and, although I read them as rapidly as ever, they meant nothing to me. Gulp . . . gurgle . . . gulp . . . gulp. Again I read that sentence on reflex action, wondering the while when my friend was going to get down to business. I peered around into his face, but, to my surprise, he seemed to be absorbing his economics with a good deal of voracity. I tried my sentence again to no purpose.

Then finally, praises be, my room-mate ceased his noise-making and I was once more able to read in peace. But while I read, there ran through the back of my mind heart-felt curses at the interruption in my studying. The clock struck ten, and when the last beat had died away, my room-mate looked up at me with a pained expression and—

"For the Lord's sake, man," he said; "I wish you'd quit biting your nails and give a man a chance to concentrate on this econ. It's bad enough dope to study without that God-awful racket going on."

I stared at him in amazement. Well, of all things . . . But then, we had been room-mates only a week; perhaps we would both reform.

5 Points in Appetiteology

1. Tasty soups
2. Tender meats
3. Delicious salads
4. Luscious pies
5. The best coffee you ever tasted

"4C" CAFETERIA
215 W. Washington Ave.

Spring isn't so far off
—and with spring
comes ukeleles—por-
table phonographs—
soft, balmy air—and
us—

UNIVERSITY MUSIC SHOP

At 511 State Ph. B-7272

SAVE 20% BY

Bringing and calling
for your laundry—
Highest Grade Work
Special attention to
Dress Shirts and
Collars

Madison Steam Laundry

429 State Street

Open until 6:30 P. M.

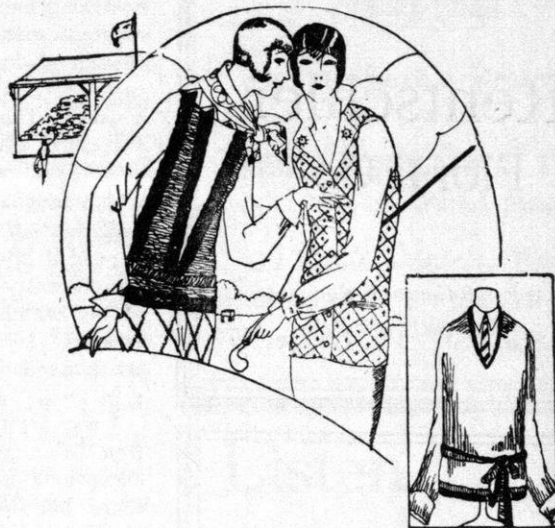
For the "Sporting" Days of Spring

- a new -

Sport Costume

Clad in dashing new sweater and flannel skirt, the co-ed is ready to greet every occasion of the new season.

A variety of appealing modes, assembled here, await your choosing. Moderate prices prevail.



SIMPSON'S

Put Your House on a Truly Business Basis!

Quantity purchasing, efficient accounting, and trained executives make it possible for the Warner System Inc. to operate your house on an economical basis.

Many houses on this campus, as well as at Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan and Arizona find that the Warner System Inc. saves them much more than the small monthly fee charged.

Learn more of the Warner System Inc. before your next chapter meeting.

The Warner System, Inc.

F. 27

642 State Street

E. B. "BILL" EASTON, Vice President

It's Economical to Buy at the Co-op

You'll find that the prices are right at the Co-Op—just compare the cost of clothing, hosiery and student supplies, and you will agree. In addition, you receive a worth-while rebate. It pays to buy at the Co-Op.

BUY ON YOUR CO-OP NUMBER

THE CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

You're Proud of

Zona Gale

Berton Braley

Honore Willsie

Margaret Ashman

and the other famous literary persons, who graduated from Wisconsin and who are now spreading the fame of your alma mater.

¶ WISCONSIN is preparing other men and women for literary careers of whom you will be more proud in the future because you knew them personally.

¶ WATCH these contemporaries develop in the

Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Interesting — Worth Reading — Easy to Read

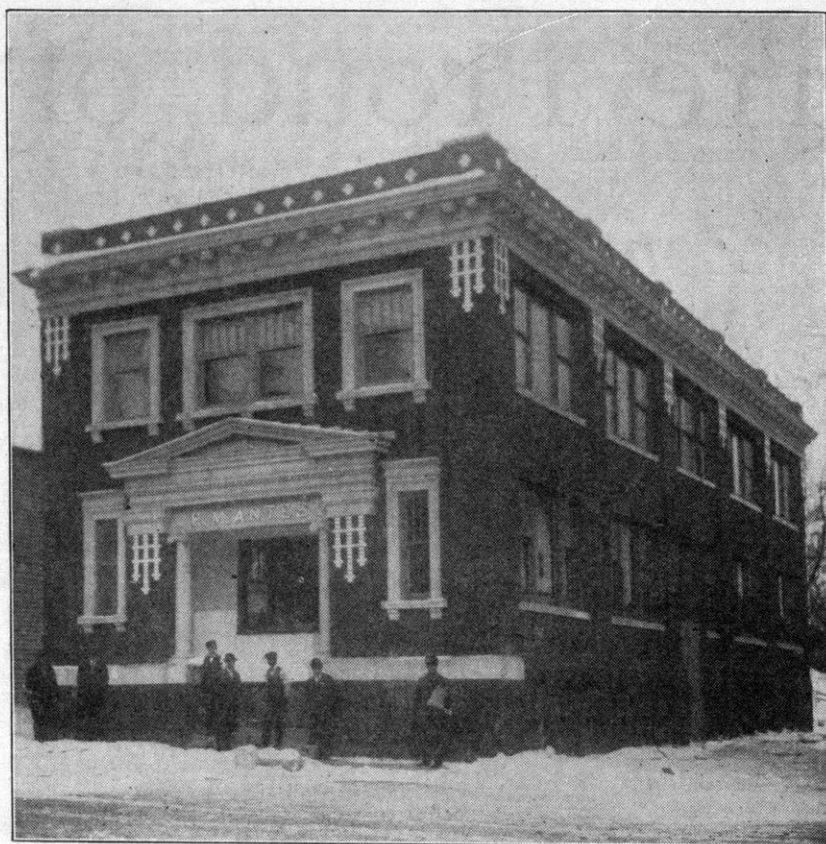
Essays, Poetry, Short Stories,
Drama, Music, Art, Literature
Reviews, and Features.

Clip the Coupon Today—

Wisconsin Literary Magazine
752 Langdon St.

Gentlemen:
Please send me the "Lit" for the next three months. I inclose 65 cents.

Name _____
Address _____



The Home of Quality Printing

The Antes Press

EVANSVILLE, WISCONSIN

Try Us for Quality and Service on Your
Next Order for Printing

