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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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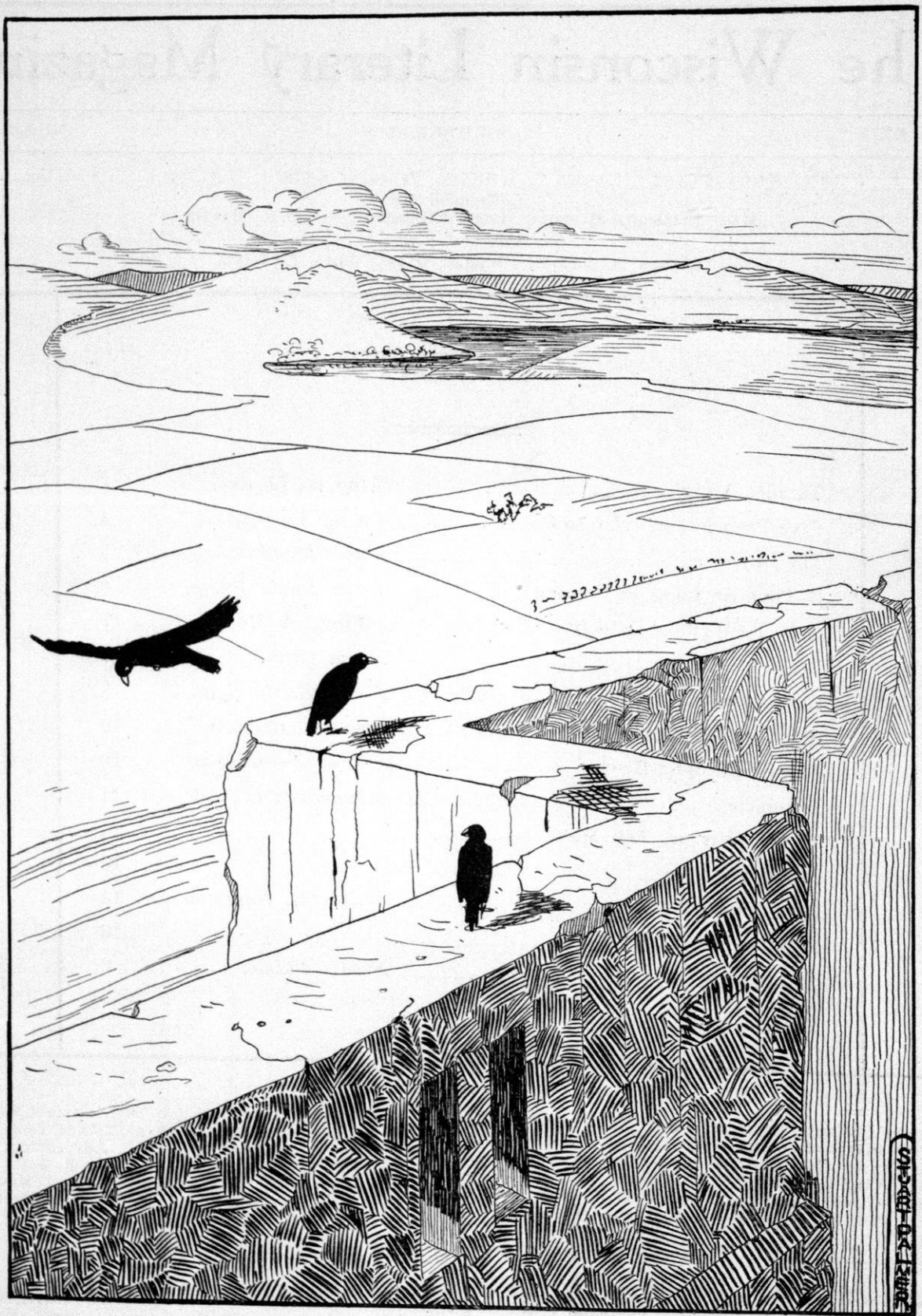
THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is published during the scholastic year by students of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The editors will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and are especially anxious to bring out new campus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



On the old walls of the Yellow-Clouds City
The ravens are seeking their daily rest.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Vol. XXIV December, 1924 Number 2

Taxidea Americana

A Play In Six Acts, Translated from the Mastoid by

RING W. LARDNER

ACT 1.

(In front of the library. Two students in the agricultural college creep across the stage with a seed in their hands. They are silent, as they cannot place one another. Durand and Von Tilzer come down the library steps and stand with their backs to the audience as if in a quandary).

DURAND

Any news from home?

(They go offstage left. Senator La-Follette enters from right and practices sliding to base for a few moments. Ruby Barron comes down the library steps).

RUBY

Hello, Senator. What are you practicing, sliding to base?

(The Senator goes out left. Ruby does some tricks with cards and re-enters the library completely baffled. Two students in the pharmacy college, Pat and Mike, crawl on stage from left and fill more than one prescription. On the second refrain Pat takes the obligato).

PAT

I certainly feel sorry for people on the ocean tonight.

MIKE

What makes you think so?

PAT

You can call me whatever you like as long as you don't call me down.

(They laugh).

CURTAIN

Characters.

Fred Rullman, an acorn huckster.
Old Chloe, their colored mammy.
Thomas Gregory, a poltroon.
Mrs. Gregory, his mother, afterwards his wife.
Phoebe, engaged to old Chloe.
Prof. Schwartz, instructor in Swiss at Wisconsin.
Buddy, their daughter.
Students, policemen, members of the faculty, sailors, etc.
Time—The present. Place—Madison, Wisconsin.

(Note: Acts 2, 3, and 4 are left out through an oversight).

ACT 5.

(Camp Randall. It is just before the annual game between Wisconsin and the Wilmerding School for the Blind. The Wisconsin band has come on the field and the cheer leaders are leading the Wisconsin battle hymn).

CHORUS

Far above Cayuga's waters with its waves of blue,
On Wisconsin, Minnesota and Bully for old Purdue.
Notre Dame, we yield to thee! Ohio State, hurrah!
We'll drink a cup o' kindness yet in praise of auld Nassau!

(The Wilmerding rooters applaud and then sing their own song).

CHORUS

We are always there on time!
We are the Wilmerding School for the Blind!
Better backfield, better line!
We are the Wilmerding School for the Blind!
Yea!

(Coach Ryan of Wisconsin appears on the field fully dressed and announces that the game is postponed to permit Referee Birch to take his turn in the barber's chair. The crowd remains seated till the following Tuesday, when there is a general tendency to go home).

CURTAIN

ACT 3.

(Note: The coaches suddenly decide to send in Act 3 in place of Act 6. A livery barn in Stoughton. Slam Anderson, a former Wisconsin end, is making faces at the horses and they are laughing themselves sick. Slam goes home. Enter Dr. Boniface, the landlord of a switch engine on the Soo lines. From the other direction, Farmer Hookle enters on a pogo stick).

DR. BONIFACE

Hello, there, Hookle! I hear you are specializing in hogs.

HOOKLE

I don't know where you heard it, but it's the absolute truth.

DR. BONIFACE

Well, do you have much luck with your hogs?

HOOKLE

Oh, we never play for money.

CURTAIN

Five Translations from the Chinese of Li Po

By CHENG YU SUN

I.

Before the Cask of Wine

(1)

THE spring breezes come from the east, visiting us,
Raising tiny ripples in the green wine, in our golden cask;
The blossoms are falling in confusion, from the twigs,
And the fair lady, half-drunken, blushes faintly.

How long can the peach and plum trees bloom,
Standing silently by the green pavilion?
How often do the flowing days cheat man,
Stealing away without any warning?

Rise and dance, my friend;
The sun is setting in the west now!
If we do not enjoy our youth while we may,
What is the use of sighing,
When our hair turns white as the silk threads?

(2)

In the gem cask the wine is so clear
That it looks to be all empty;
On the ebony stool I play the lyre of Green
Wood from the Dragon Gate;
Drinking with you, my friend, I touch those delicate strings,
While our cheeks begin to turn red slowly.

There sits the Tartar girl, behind her wine stove;
Her complexion blooms like a flower,
Laughing listlessly at the spring breezes.

Laughing at the spring breezes,
And dancing in her silk gown,—
O where, where would you go and stay, my friend,
If you drink not?

II.

Song of Hard Journey

GOLD are the cups, clear the wine,
And ten thousand cups displaying;
Of gems are the dishes, precious the food,
And ten thousand coins they truly cost,—
Before all these my cup I wearily drop,
And, sighing, I throw my ivory chop-sticks aside;
I unsheathe my sword and look 'round,
My heart throbbing aimlessly!

The Yellow River I wanted to cross,
But craggy ice blocked the way;
The Tai-Hong Mountains I wished to climb,
But heavy snow darkened the sky!

In my leisure I go angling
In a little stream, clear as the mirror;
Then, in a miraculous dream,
I suddenly ride to the sun, in a tiny boat!—

Lo, hard was the journey! Entangled was the journey!
Full of thorny and misleading paths!
But, where are they now?—
I shall soon pierce the waves and ride on the long winds;
I shall hoist my cloud-like sails,
And sail, O sail across the dark blue sea!

III.

The Night Raven's Song

ON the old walls of the Yellow-Clouds City
The ravens are seeking their daily rest;
"Ya....Ya...." they cawed in the twigs,
Flying noisily back to the nest of each.

In a loom alone weaves the girl of Ching River,
Talking within her green window curtains,
Thin as the vanishing smoke;
Wearily she stops her little shuttle,
And asks the passers-by for her husband
Who went away to fight with the Tartars.
Vainly she tries to talk about West Liao, the hateful battling frontier,
But her tears choke her with a sudden sweep of warm rain!

IV.

The Green Water

THE autumnal moon silently lights the green water;
And the girls all row out into the South Lake to gather the water lilies;
The lotus blooms so charmingly that it seems to whisper,
And break those girl's hearts with its pale beauty.

V.

The Handsome Youth

SEE you that handsome youth of the Five Capitals,[1]
Riding nimbly at the eastern end of the Gold Market?[2]
His white horse foams and frets with its silver saddle;
He dashes like a sailing feather in the spring breezes.
Every beautiful spot he has already trodden upon,
And every place where fallen blossoms thickly cover.
Where, then, would this young man go, I wonder?—
With a smile, he enters the wine shop kept by the Tartar girl.

Notes: (1) The five capital cities in the Tang Dynasty; that handsome, pleasure-loving youth is a man of extensive travels.

(2) The Gold Market is in Chang An, the Capital of the Tang Dynasty.

The Doyles

By VIOLET MARTIN

MICHAEL Doyle, lamp in hand, right foot on the first step of the much worn, neat old staircase, stood looking at his mother who was hovering in a rocking chair by the table. Michael seemed very tired, and his strong body in its rough farm clothes drooped with the physical fatigue that comes to men who work hard all day in the fields. A growth of beard was on his face; and his purple, black-fringed eyes were heavy with drowziness.

"Mother", he said softly; "it's late. You ought to sleep."

The woman started guiltily from her revery, and her nervous fingers fumbled with the red and white fringe of the checkered cloth upon the table. Her face, lighted by the table lamp, looked careworn and uneasy under its heavy, graying hair. Even in his drowziness, Michael thought that the wrinkles in the white forehead seemed deeper and that his mother, on the road to health, was slipping back a good bit.

Setting the lamp down on the stairway, he came over to her and put his large, rough hand on her shoulder. At his touch her thin body trembled.

"Can't I do something for you before I go to bed?" He sought awkwardly, painstakingly, for words and watched his mother's fingers that now were playing with the bric-brac of her spotless apron.

"Do something for me—" Her white face flushed with sudden emotion. "Always 'do something for me'. Oh, will I never be able to do anything for myself again! It drives me crazy with your father worying over the doctor and paying the woman and me sitting idle all day in my chair."

Michael winced at the piercing hurt in the voice. "Mother don't! That ain't so, you know. The doctor hisself says you will be all right soon. You're doing splendid." His voice pleaded like that of a child begging for protection from an unanalyzed fear and then assumed the strength characteristic of his great body. "I'll lock the doors and you come up to bed." His heavy hand patted her shoulder steadily, reassuringly.

"No, Michael, I shouldn't of said it. You're a good boy, and I'm alright. Only I do get sick to death sitting here."

The words, though intended to be light and disarming, were laden with all the weariness of a tired soul; and the white, sensitive fingers stretched tensely in front of her seemed searching hopelessly for relief. A heavy wrinkle between his dark brows, Michael looked dubiously down at the bent head. In his heart was the intense desire to do something to comfort her. Clumsy as he was, would not anything he said make matters worse? For some unaccountable reason, he remembered the last time he had kissed his mother. He was twelve years old then, and because he hated school and books, he had set out, late one afternoon, on his chubby little legs along the dusty road to town. On his back, in a little canvas case that he had found, were all his valuable personal belongings consisting of a top, a red bandana handkerchief, and a sling-shot; and in his pocket was the great amount of eight pennies. He had no fear of the dusty, quiet road, and his heart had soared with the exhilaration of freedom from books and the domination of one's elders. Hands in his pockets, he had even puckered up his full red lips to whistle "Yankee Doodle" as he walked along; but with the coming of night and the fall of a blanket of mystery over the woods that fringed the road, Michael's little-boy heart had begun to beat more swiftly and his thought had become deadened by a nameless fear. The woods assumed a thousand voices, and grotesque shadows darker than the rest moved back and forth threateningly like the Indians who sometimes gave Michael bad nights. He had almost stopped, paralyzed, when a brown hare hopped across the road in front of him and disappeared, rustling the leaves on the other side; and when the lonely, heart-rendering cry of the loon, magnified a thousand times by his quick ears, floated across to him from the marshes, he ran to the side of the road, hardly daring to breathe; and hiding himself in a hollow of the sloping land, he buried his face in his arms. He scarcely moved until a heavy voice, steady in spite of the fear that lay behind it, arose from above a lighted lantern that came swinging down the road and appeared to be held by unseen hands. It was his father who was talking at intervals to the men who accompanied him, trying to convince himself and them that all was well.

"Even for a boy of twelve, he swims too well to meet with accident at the pond," the voice was saying; "and he is too small to have walked very far since afternoon. We will surely find him."

And they had found him, too. Little Michael was only to glad to fly to his father's rough embrace and to be taken home, unquestioned, to his mother who had held him tightly to her as thought she would never let go, as though she had not quite recovered from a terrible fright about the safety of her queer little boy. Michael had kissed her then and had been kissed all over his grimy little, tear-spattered face. He had not known what to make of it at the time: he had seldom been kissed before, and, certainly, never since then. Besides, it seemed that almost immediately afterward he had shamefacedly shaken off all his little-boy habits and assumed a responsible attitude toward life. In this new state, it would have been unbecoming to suffer such an indignity as a maternal embrace. Always shy in their personal relations, the various members of the family never knew what the innermost thoughts of the other were. But Michael remembered, tonight, and had this half-formed desire to do something to comfort his mother. He confined the expression of his desires, however, to patting her shoulder. Then he walked over to the screen door and looked out.

There was a full moon rising over the fields of wheat, weaving around itself a canopy of light for the sleeping world. The tree tops rose like towers to the moondust, and from down the curving lane, under a low, wooden bridge, came the sound of Clear Water creek running over stones. Michael, looking into the

night for some minutes in his quiet way, murmurred about its starless beauty.

"If I only weren't so tired, I would like a swim in the pond," he said, half-regretfully, as he lifted his hand to the screen door hook.

His mother nervously raised her head and repeated his words as though she had been pondering them in her mind. "The pond . . " She shuddered. "Don't go to the pond, Michael. Don't go to the pond tonight." She looked up, trying to steady her fingers on her apron. "And Michael, don't lock the door. I—I'll lock it before I go up. I want to sit here for a little while yet—and to look out at the moonlight after a minute. I'm not tired. Go to bed, Michael."

Through his drowziness, he saw that she was smiling, though to be sure, it was a very tired little smile; and satisfied, he dropped his hand from the hook, went back to the steps, picked up the lamp, called a sleepy goodnight from the third step, and plodded laboriously up to his room.

His mother sat, as she had sat for nights and nights, in the rocking chair beside the table, staring at the rag carpet that covered the room, listening to the ticking of the clock on a high shelf opposite her and to the snoring of her hale and hearty spouse who retired, utterly fatigued, every evening at seven-thirty, to his room at the head of the stairs. She heard the heavy breathing of the hired woman who slept soundly in meagre quarters off the kitchen and awoke only when the rooster crowed in the early morning. Soon Michael's boots were heard no more on the pine floor above; and then, over the heavy breathing from the room off the kitchen, over the snoring of her husband, in the intense calm of the house, rose the ticking of the clock, animating all with its measured rhythm.

A year . . . How the clock ticked that year out for her, and how she hated its infernal, insistent voice! She arose slowly from the chair and walked to the door. Yes, it was as Michael had said. There was a great beauty out there, a beauty and peace and rest that invited one, in its indefinable way, to partake of it, to separate his soul from his body and to mingle with it as a cloud melts into blue sky on a sunny day. Inside, there was the ticking of the clock, only the ticking of the clock, to which she must listen; outside, was the sound of water running over stones, water that came from the pond a short distance away. From the pond . . . .

She turned, stifling a sound upon her lips, and went with unusuat celerity into the kitchen. For some moments she busied herself opening and shutting cupboard doors and preparing a small package, her only light coming from the lamp on the dining room table that sent its long bar of yellow a-slant the door.

The moon that lighted the fields around the home of the Doyles sent its wavering, glittering path along the surface of Seaweed Pond that lay like a great pair of spectacles over a giant's nose.

O Time So Long in Coming

By Edna Davis Romig

O TIME so long in coming
When Joy will enter in,
When I no more remember
My weakness and my sin;
When I can run with swift feet
And sing an olden song—
O Time so long desired,
In coming, oh how long!

O Time so long in coming
When I indeed forget
'The griefs so long unmedicined'
The restlessness and fret,
When I can move serenely
So gladly and so strong—
O Time so long desired,
In coming, oh how long!

O Time so long in coming,
That sacrificial hour
When Life's sublimest melodies
Awake in sudden power,
When Love will strike the silent string
To Life's eternal song—
O Time so long desired,
In coming, oh how long!

Seaweed Pond was an excuse for a summer resort consisting of five little houses that rested quite comfortably in their setting of pine and elm and honeysuckles, with here and there a stray, over-grown sand violet looking very forlorn on its long stem, or its rich, purple-faced little sister hiding contentedly under flat, cool leaves. One walked warily, afraid of the poison ivy, or one hiked, carefree, over pine needles and blessed mother nature for her kindnessess to man. Perhaps one took long walks around the pond, from the cottages, crossing the bridge at the left end where the dam was, to the bluff on the other side and wrestled with minuature avalanches of sand and red stones that came sliding down, the more one tried to climb up, until one reached the top where the pine needles were two inches thick and where one could go to sleep under a clear sky and with the clean, woody smell in the air or look across to the toy-like cottages from the point where a tattered rag fluttered from a dead tree trunk.

The pond itself, with its small flock of ducks and its two lovely, imported swans, looked more tempting than it actually was. Dug out by people of a former time to satisfy a craving for a beach, and fed by a little, winding creek on the right of the cottages, whose waters came up here and there in clear laughing bubbles through the white quicksand, it had its drainage on the left of the cottages through the dam. It was there that little Clear Water creek had its birth, leisurely taking its musical way over a stony slope into the open country to other little creeks that later found the end of their journey in the Mississippi. Seaweed Pond, between these two clear rivulets and probably in no place more than twenty feet deep, had come, in the course of time, to have a dark, mud bottom into which one's foot sank for several inches while one's heart sank in a corresponding degree. To its surface in rainless weather rose great plates of seaweed, and in its muddy, treacherous bottom, more than one incautious swimmer had become entangled. But swimmers, for want of something better, still came to feel the cool waters about their bodies and to revel in the moonlight as the great yellow ball rose slowly from behind the bluff and suffused the place with its uncanny beauty.

On this August night several belated campers were telling stories around the fire that fronted the reeds at the pond's edge. Occasionally, a musical member of the party, a young girl of sixteen with an unusually sweet voice and a way with the mandolin, sang very softly to herself popular songs that seemed to lose their jazzy twang and to assume a classical harmony, blending, as they did, with the shadows. And so, a band of hilarious campers who had come for the week-end, they sat around the fire and dreamed their dreams and talked in low, drowzy

How To Write a Detective Story

By WILSON A. MORAN

HOW shall we write a detective story? The most obvious essentials are a detective and something to detect.

The detective is of first importance, for he always figures in a series of stories, none of which relate his first experience. He must be a private operator in order that his genius may be contrasted with the stupidity of the secret service. He need not have any regular occupation, so long as he has means and leisure—for, if he should ever be so mercenary as to receive compensation, the writer, at least, must not mention the fact. We are permitted to give him a profession if we like, however; and so our detective will be a lawyer, indifferent in his practice if he have any, but interested in odd studies. Of course he will be highly scientific—will know either the facts themselves, or the men who can give them to him. One of his chief diversions will be the drama, which he follows closely, through attendance at the theatre and through various stage periodicals—among them, *The Billboard*, a publication which announces the itinerary of nearly every show on the road.

While the private operator pretends that he works alone, he always has an assistant handy — principally to tell things to. The requirements for this position are similar to those of the chief's: the assistant must have some excuse for living and for being near when he is wanted. Since these depend a good deal upon the situation in which the story takes place, it is just as well to pass on now to the question of something to detect. Before doing so, however, let us name our characters. "Carter Travis" will do very nicely for the sleuth, and "Lewis Roberts" for his assistant.

No more genius is required to ferret out spectacular mysteries than to discover how Mrs. Wiggs came by her second husband; but no high-born detective story starts from anything short of murder, wholesale robbery, or national scandal. Bowing to custom, therefore, let us commit a murder.

Murders may be committed anywhere. Ours is to be done in a sleepy small town called Grover Siding, which is the suburb of a fair-sized city. The victim will be a man who lives alone in a tiny cottage, neighbors all around him. He is a white-haired, white-bearded gentleman whose only visible occupation is tending to his garden and paying occasional visits to a young woman in the village whom he calls his niece. We shall attribute the name Anton Foulard to him, and give her the name of Ellen Avery.

Before going farther, it is well to remark that the easiest way to solve a problem is to know the answer first, and then make your problem fit the answer. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was once asked why he did not become a detective. He replied by saying that the knots he had untied were only those he had tied himself. Let us suppose, then, that we have already made up a story leading to the murder: that we know the motive, just how the crime was committed, and all the rest. This story we must conceal, as a logical whole, until the detective tells it to his assistant in the last few pages—for it will not take him long.

Love interest is not essential to a detective story, but it is permissible. Suppose we make Ellen Avery an orphaned child, the soul of virtue, and the sister of a wild, rebellious younger brother, Paul Avery. In addition, let us have Lewis Roberts in love with her. By this means we give Roberts an excuse for living with his friend Travis, the detective, who prefers to live in Ellen's small town, his own birth-place. There he is out of the main stream of life, yet in constant touch with it.

Thus we have our principal characters: Carter Travis—detective, lawyer by profession, interested in the theatre; Lewis Roberts—Travis' assistant, interested in the heroine; Ellen Avery — beautiful young woman; Anton Foulard—Ellen's uncle, the man to be murdered; Paul Avery—her brother, rake, useful character later. We have also the scene, Grover Siding, and the problem, murder.

Our story will open in Carter Travis' rooms, where he is discovered reading *The Billboard* as a prelude of his day's work. The evening before he has seen a play in the neighboring city, and has formed a very slight opinion of the leading man, Roslyn Angelo. (This is a very important point, and should be stressed.) Roberts enters with the announcement that Ellen Avery has appealed to them. She has been to call on her uncle, and is very much worried because his house is locked, and he is nowhere to be found. She had not gone to her brother for help because of the mutual dislike of Paul and his uncle for each other. (We hope the readers will begin to suspect Paul now, for that is our only motive for creating ill-feeling between man and man.)

Almost at the same time, another citizen appears with the complaint that

Frenzy

By PAULA OTTEN

WRINKLED and brown hang the leaves
On the darkling elm,
And soft hangs the crescent moon
Over the hill.
Peace! Will it never come
With the beauty of slender black branch
Against gray of the sky,
And pale gold of a star
As it glimmers above
The quiet and twilight-dim trees?
Will I never know
The beauteous peace of the night
Without breath-taking tumult
Of you in my breast?
Without the yearning and pain
Of your face through the smothering gloom?
Close as life art thou yet,
And as far as death to me.
Tear this glimmering beauty apart,
Send darkness and storm and wind,
Crush me—O God,
In your merciful might!
Only so shall the tumult be stilled,
And the darkness and silence engulf
The star
That trembles too close thru the elm!

his automobile has been stolen. Travis must be impatient at this affront to his dignity, not only because he would be swamped with petty automobile cases if he accepted one, but because the traditional detective is surly at times like this. He hears the man's story, however, and stores it in his retentive memory.

As yet we do not know that murder has been committed. We must take Travis and his two friends to Anton Foulard's cottage, and, once there, describe the premises in so far as the story demands. Of course the house will be locked, and all the shades drawn. Perhaps we ought to sprinkle a little blood on the sidewalk, to make our readers shudder a little and Ellen a great deal —shriek, maybe. The detective will then examine the stains with a magnifying glass, and pronounce the verdict of animal, not human, blood. The resourceful detective will produce a skeleton key, but, just as he is about to open the door with it, he will discover something that will make him whistle. (No one can be a detective unless he can whistle.) We save his discovery to spring on our readers later, however, and proceed indoors.

A pool of blood on the kitchen floor will come in well here. We know how it got there, but we won't tell. We shall have to speak of Ellen's remarkable courage, however, before we let them go further. We do so; and then the three go on trailing from room to room like visitors after a fire, Travis always in the lead.

Roberts and Miss Avery see little but the walls, floor, and ceiling until Carter Travis calls their attention to minor details. They cannot see the alarm clock on the bedroom floor until he picks it up, nor the salmon-red streak on the wall, nor the general disorder of the room. They cannot fail to see, however, that the bed has been occupied, but that there is no sign of its occupant. There are other things which attract the detective's attention, such as a certain inoffensive-looking chair; but he does not speak of them to his companions. He only frowns a little, while his keen glance pierces everywhere. (A keen glance is indispensable to a detective.)

Feeling under the pillow, Travis finds a wallet, which contains, among other things, the picture of a young man and a young woman, together with a marriage certificate showing the Earl Schmitz and Sylvia Taylor had been united in the holy bonds of matrimony on a certain date. Miss Avery recognizes neither names nor pictures, although there is something about the face of the young man which is oddly familiar.

En Retard

By JESSIE E. CORRIGAN

I THOUGHT I'd sing a song,
They said to wait
Until my voice could soar a little higher,
Until I'd made a science of desire.
And then one night they flung me to the crowd,
I could not speak aloud.

I worship you, dear heart,
They say to wait
Until my love has ripened on its tree,
Until you know you really care for me.
Love, shall they fling me breathless at your head,
When your desire is dead?

After making a complete inventory of the possible clues in the room, Carter Travis examines the windows. He notes that they are near the ground, and that just outside there is a thicket of lilac bushes. He throws a window open, and his practiced eye is not long in discovering marks on the window sill. They might well have been left by the screwdriver when the storm window was taken off that spring, but Travis knows that they are the marks of a jimmy. Leaning out, he examines the ground below for footprints. Since there has been no rain recently, he shows his greatness by knowing at once what sort of person last stood out there. Previously he has been on the point of asking Miss Avery if her uncle owned a large dog that was lame in the right foreleg, but now the question is unnecessary. Instead, he asks if such a dog is known in town. It appears that a dog of that description is well known to Miss Ellen, since it belongs to her brother.

Again we must have the young lady register emotion, and rack our brains for an economical way to ease the situation. Carter Travis at least bites his lip, but the burden of reassurance falls on the lover. The fact that no actual crime has been discovered as yet helps him a little, while the uncle-nephew relationship helps a little more.

The investigators have not yet examined the small safe in an adjoining room. It is wide open, and as usual there are papers strewed in front of it. One of these papers is a blank sheet. The detective puts it in his pocket. There is a sum of money in the cash box, which seems to indicate that whoever littered up the room was not after money.

Travis asks Roberts at this point what theory he has regarding the affair. The assistant's hypothesis is that at about 8:30 Anton Foulard, who had gone to bed, was visited by some unknown person with whom he probably had a struggle; and that subsequently he had gathered some important papers together and fled. Asked how he arrived at the hour of the occurrence, Roberts points to the clock in the corner, and to the dent in the plaster above it. He explains that the clock had evidently been thrown violently, and that the jar had damaged the works so that it had stopped at the hour mentioned. His friend compliments him highly on his deduction, but reproves his for his lack of observation, pointing out that both keys on the back of the clock are missing—an evidence that the clock had not been wound recently. He remarks, also, that at that time of the year it is still rather light at 8:30, and that prowlers could easily be seen. As for the rest of Roberts' story, he asks if a person would go away and leave a wallet which he valued so much as to hide it under his pillow at night.

A thorough search of the house fails to reveal any other trace of the missing man.

As the party is leaving, (Ellen Avery is a state of collapse), Carter Travis notices that the man next door is washing his automobile. He recognizes the man as his caller of the morning. At the

same time, the man sees and recognizes him, and hurries over to explain that his car had been found in a side street near the railroad station. Of course the detective makes an examination of the car—finds blood on the front cushion on the passenger's side. He takes a sample of it, and also of the mud on the car. He puts a few shrewd questions to the man—questions so shrewd that we must let our readers imagine what they are, for the most part.

At the suggestion of his chief, Roberts then takes Miss Avery home. The detective himself goes to his rooms to make a careful examination of the sheet of paper which was found near the safe. He suspects that the paper bears some writing in invisible ink.

On his arrival at home, however, he finds the local police force—a party of one—waiting for him, and he is obliged to postpone the examination; for the anxious officer informs him that the body of a man has been found by some boys, in a clump of bushes in a wood near the town. Ordinarily Carter Travis undertakes only one case at a time; but his remarkable intuition tells him that these two cases are related.

The officer and the amateur operator hop into the latter's car, and, after picking up Lewis Roberts, whirl off to view the dead man. A more or less minute description of the man may be introduced to this point to tantalize our readers, for we are about to let them into a part of the secret. But, until we do, we must stress the fact that the body is that of a YOUNG man, in order to draw attention away from his scanty apparel. Death was evidently the result of a blow on the head, although there is scarcely any blood about the wound. The keen glance of the detective comes in handy here, for he is able to discover a splinter of wood in the dead man's hair, which no one else has noticed. This seems to be just what he was looking for, for he then announces that the murdered man is none other than Anton Foulard. (The splinter is from a certain chair.)

Of course both the officer and Lewis Roberts expostulate, saying that Anton Foulard was a white-haired old man. But Travis calmly reiterates his statement, and to prove his point he produces a white wig and white beard which he had surreptitiously removed from Anton Foulard's room. (Heaven only knows how much plunder these clever sleuths could remove if they were not so high-minded!) He places the wig and beard on the dead man, whereupon both his companions cry out with amazement at the transformation. There is no longer any question in their minds but that Travis is right. He then removes wig and beard, and asks Roberts if he has never seen a picture of that face. Again Lewis starts with sudden recognition, for it is undoubtedly the face of the young man whose picture was found in the wallet.

Once the identity of the murdered man with Anton Foulard is established, our hero must not give the officer any more of his secrets until the proper time comes. The officer is obliged to call on the neighboring city for assistance.

Away on the Shelf

By Daisy B. Grenzow

MY prettiest piece of china
I've laid away on the shelf.
It was pretty, but oh! so useless,
So I've put it off by itself.

Now it stands in the farthest corner
All covered over with dust,
My prettiest piece of china—
Laid by to live in the dust.

I'll take it down to caress it
And wipe off the dust today;
I'll wish it were strong and more sturdy
And again I will put it away.

I had a bright dream that I'd cherished,
That I'd treasured long for myself;
But I've laid my dream a-bye, dear,
I've put it away on the shelf.

We are still in the dark as to the murderer. Travis feels that the blank sheet of paper contains a clue, or at least corroborating evidence, of urgent importance. He therefore heats it (a la *Gold Bug)* and is rewarded with the discovery that the paper is a will of Anton Foulard bequeathing $200,000 in government bonds to Ellen Avery upon her reaching the age of 27, or upon the death of the executor. The executor and trustee named is one Moses Taylor, whose fee is to be the interest on the bonds until the legatee has reached the age named. As witnesses are signed the names of Earl Schmitz and Sylvia Schmitz.

Why write the will in invisible ink? Partly because Anton Foulard had a number of idiosyncrasies, but chiefly in order to throw suspicion on Paul Avery. For if the latter has killed his uncle and ransacked his safe, such a will would be too important a paper for him to find. Now is an opportune time to discover that Paul and his dog have disappeared—have not been seen since last evening. Such disappearances on his part have not been uncommon in the past, but this particular one looks bad for Paul.

Paul's sister is in a difficult situation herself—torn between two affections—for her one real weakness has been to shield and defend her brother. She has known the man supposed to be her uncle for only three or four years, although she has always known that there was such a relative. (Unfortunately, we have tied ourselves up somewhat by making our assistant detective fall in love with the distressed lady. There are an infinite number of possibilities in the situation, but we are anxious to hurry the main story along.)

We shall have Travis neglect the pursuit of Paul Avery and wait for him to return. In the meantime, he will send a few telegrams, after consulting both the latest number of *The Billboard* and a local dog fancier. While he is waiting for replies, he consults the local postmaster, in order to make sure of the real identity of the supposed Anton Foulard. (Of course our genius already has a strong presentiment.) It is a well-known tradition that the small-town postmaster reads all the postal cards in his leisure time; hence we are not unjustified in supposing that he will know all about Anton Foulard's mail, both incoming and out-going. Fortunately for us, we are not mistaken; and as a result of this interview, Carter Travis sends another telegram.

By this time, replies to his earlier messages begin to arrive. The first ones are disappointing; but presently there appears one from a dog hospital which informs him that a Dane dog, wounded in the right shoulder, has arrived there within twelve hours, and that the man

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Elegies for John Reed

Buried in the Kremlin, 1921

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

I.

INTO the sad cold heart
Of sleeping Russia they laid
The *dreamer from the West*
Among the buried Tzars of ancient Muscovy!
No holy candles burnt
There in that sacred place,
No long haired priest
Spoke three times the blessing for the dead!

But with uncomprehending eyes,
Slowly filed in
The soldiers and workers of the new order.
Where the old Tzars lie,
In winding sheets of gold brocade,
They laid that high adventurous heart.
Asleep.....beneath the old shadows.

And from the vaults of the dead
A whisper ran
And the graves of the old church
Opened and *spoke:*
"Who comes here to life at our side?"

Piotr the eager stirs:
"What was the sound that came?
Down in my grave to-day
What was the scarlet flash
That came between sleep and my dead eyes?"

Ivan the hated stirs
From his broken rest;
Katerina, the lustful, ceases
To dream of her dead lovers;
Boris the slain, Fedor the saint,
And the young Tsaritzas stir,
In their golden shrouds.
"Who comes here to lie at our side?"

ELEGY OF THE KREMLIN BELLS OVER JOHN REED

Peace to the quiet dead,
And the unquiet soul,
Great peace from feet to head,
While waves of time shall roll.

Far from your shouting west,
Here shall this sorrowed land
Take you to her dreaming breast,
And love and understand.

Let the old, old bells toll,
That long have tolled for sorrow,
Peace to your lonely soul,
And Russia's glad to-morrow.

Place over him a stone
And write with a soft sigh,
"For a people not my own
I laid me down to die."

II.

New York, with your loud voice,
And hurrying, hurried heart,
Moan him; Chicago loud,
Blatant with laughter, seek
Him who was once your son.
But he heard a new voice, he
Followed a bright star, heard
A strange song luring him.

III.

Dream once more of your own land
For now until all time
You are our own;
Russia, the melancholy mother, hold
You close to her bleeding breast.
And ever the old bells tolled
A requiem for that high,
Lonely adventurous soul:

Intimacies

By MARGUERITE L. ANDERSON

IN Bettina had been granted her mother's fondest hope: Bettina was different. She had her mother's face and figure, of course, but temperamentally she was more reserved, less tempestuous, much less impulsive. Victoria Burton often reflected that she and her daughter belonged, in some curious, paradoxical fashion, each in the other's generation; at least, as far as their youthful acts were concerned.

Victoria, like every other girl of her particular generation, had kept a diary. Bettina kept none. Bettina had always had an utter contempt for girls who "scribbled their sensual longings into a book," to use her own words. As it was, Victoria meditated, Bettina had no need of a diary. Her days were happy enough, but passive compared to the gay parade of tete-a-tetes, rendezvous, and more, that had constituted Victoria's own girlhood. The pages of her diary had been filled with a great number of escapades, —"scrapes" they had called them, then; —and a little later had begun that long list of variegated, half-finished courtships that had finally terminated in her marriage to Charles.

It was a good many years since she had even thought of her diary. But it had come to light in moving from the old city house to the new one in the country, and tonight, alone in her room, she had read it over once more. It had taken her a good bit of time, but it was worth it, for, from her own point of view, at least, it had been a most enlightening experience. Much that had seemed significant at the time it was written was of no importance now; and again, there were records of opportune and unrestrained moments which were unconventional enough to be shocking even if imagined as occurring in the modern generation of Bettina. Never until tonight had Victoria realized how little her girlhood would bear exposure. Its intimacies had mercifully remained gentlemen's secrets.

The end of it was, that she took the book to the empty grate, applied a match to it, and then sat on the floor watching it burn, until the last bit of the cover, even, had turned to a chaste gray ash.

As she arose again, she glanced at the clock on the mantel, and her eyes opened wide in astonishment. It was nearly one o'clock, one in the morning! and Bettina not at home. Or had she gone quietly to bed not wishing to disturb her mother? Most likely that was it.

Yet, in order to reassure herself, Victoria tiptoed across the hall and listened at Bettina's door. No sound. She opened it and listened once more. Not even a breath. She turned the light on and found Bettina's bed empty. Next she opened the closet door and took inventory of her daughter's wardrobe. That was her own way of determining Bettina's social whereabouts if she did not know. There hung Bettina's party frocks all in a row, neat as their owner herself, so she could not have gone dancing. Where could she possibly be, out by herself then, at this hour of the morning?

Victoria went back to her own room and sat down nervously to wait. Should she awaken Charles? No, that would not do. There were many reasons why he was best left quietly sunk in his bearish slumbers. The only thing to do would be to wait patiently, and surely, soon now, Bettina must come.

It was another half hour before there were soft steps on the stair, then in the hall. Bettina was evidently bent on going straight to her own room, even though her mother's door stood partly ajar. Victoria called her daughter's name, and Bettina came.

At first glance of her daughter, Victoria's heart almost failed her. She remembered another summer night when she had come in late, many years ago, and seen, in her own mirror, that same face Bettina now turned to her: pale cheeks, deep dark eyes, and hair slightly mussed and damp from the night air.

"Bettina, where have you been?"

"Where have I been? Out on the lake, in a canoe."

"With whom?"

Bettina still leaned upon the door.

"What makes you think I was with someone?" she asked.

"Bettina, answer me. Who was with you?"

Bettina mentioned the name of a man.

"But Bettina—not out on the lake for six hours or more, surely?"

"Why yes, mother. Why not?"

Victoria Burton was silent for a moment. Her daughter's eyes were so clear and candid.

"But Bettina, what can one do—what did you *do* for six hours, in a canoe?"

"Well," said Bettina drily, "what do you suppose?" And for an instant it seemed to Victoria that her daughter addressed her familiarly, in the manner of one who speaks to a member of her own sisterhood.

"Bettina—what?"

"Well—intimacies, I suppose one might call it." She laughed. "Doesn't sound like a mid-Victorian ideal of propriety, does it?"

"Bettina, tell me! What sort of—intimacies?" Victoria Burton reviled the word as she articulated it. Her daughter had caressed it.

Bettina was deliberate in answering.

"Well, the sort of things you and father probably did when you were——"

"Bettina! The relations—your father and I—Bettina!"

Bettina crossed one foot over the other and looked away, then sharply back to her mother.

"Mother!" she exclaimed suddenly, almost petulantly, "Mother, don't be silly. You don't—Oh mother, you don't understand at *all*." Bettina continued, "Intimacies, mother, yes. Oh, don't act as if I had said adultery. *Intimacy*. We—we opened our hearts to each other. We talked. It was perfectly blessed; no one to interrupt or say disgusting things; just alone, as if our souls had—"

"Bettina, spare the souls, please."

"Well, all right, then, I will. But mother—why, it's the first time I've ever had a chance to really enjoy—"

"Just a moment, Bettina. I want you

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Mirror, Mirror, Tell Me True

Wherein Contributors Write Wisconsin's Novel of Contemporary College Life

SHE was a co-ed and looked it. She walked across the University of Michigan campus last Friday morning, aware of the fact that she had attracted the glances of a number of men who were loitering about. She was an attractive girl as girls go.

Quite suddenly something went wrong. Her garter appeared as if by magic from the secrecy of her skirt and slowly worked its way down her leg. She hurried on as though unaware of her predicament. The men watched with fascinated interest. Slowly the garter fell. It reached her shoe. With a deft motion she stepped out of it and walked on. The men were not sure that she knew of her loss and hesitated to laugh.

Two of them, however, were ripe to the occasion. They spied a freshman and pounced on him. One of them whispered hurriedly into his ear. The freshman blushed and stammered. One of the men glowered at him. The freshman blushed still more but hurried forward, picked up the garter and hastened after the girl. He overtook her just as she was about to enter a building. His cap came off and he held out the garter to her. She gave him a glance, a wonderful glance, that froze the poor freshman to stone. Then she hurried into the building. He remained a moment, the garter still in his hand, and shades of red creeping over his face. R. A. B.

THERE was no thought of the present in the day dream the girl was building as she climbed the hill that morning. The people she passed were no more than inanimate objects except when a jostle or a punch irritated her. She stared into their faces without realizing she was looking. A few spoke and she answered, vaguely realizing that they were acquaintances, but not caring to think or remember who they were. Life was too good this morning and she was too far drugged in blissful absentmindedness to allow ordinary happenings to have any place. Then came a low greeting that was somehow different. The girl replied with her careless, irrespective "hello" and passed on. But as she spoke realization came and all happy fancies were swept away by overwhelming chagrin. She could not be indifferent to one very certain fact,—that she had sung out that "hello" to her most exacting instructor. C. C.

HE and a friend were walking on the campus. Four girls were coming toward them. The girls showed no inclination to give them room. They stayed upon the sidewalk, filling it from edge to edge.

Said his friend, "Damn these co-eds. They can't bluff me. Let's stay on the walk and ram 'em."

Said he, "I'm with you. They think they can run the place."

As the girls came near he lifted his elbows and walked into them. The girls were startled. They scattered, amazed. He and his friend walked on.

He has met one of the girls several times since then in his walks about the campus. When he comes near her she leaves the sidewalk, runs around behind him, and smiles.

He wishes that he had let the co-eds stay upon the sidewalk. R. A. B.

THE instructor continues to talk. He does not seem to know that I have a headache. Men and women all about the room are bending over notebooks, scribbling down things he says. A popular athlete, editors of three college publications, good-looking co-eds, not-so-good-looking co-eds—everybody scribbling. Still the instructor talks. He is indefatigable. He probably thinks I am taking copious notes on what he says. He's wrong. I'm trying to get today's theme written. J. E. D.

"STOP me," warns the instructor, "if you do not understand what I am explaining. Ask all the questions you want."

The class sits in an awed silence as the diagram takes shape, and the instructor gasps for breath. At last the masterpiece is complete, the explanation is concluded.

"Everything clear?" He smiles triumphantly. He is sure that *any* member of the class can make a good explanation.

"*I* don't see it," says a feeble voice.

"Don't see *what?*"

"I don't see *any* of it."

A deep sigh precedes the repetition of the explanation. This time twenty-three questions are asked. R. M. A.

THE special is well filled, but not crowded. The roof of the coach is leaking above the seat in front of me, and a man opens an umbrella. People in nearby seats laugh delightedly.

Two "slightly drunks" appear at the other end of the car, shout, "Don't give your right names—the place is raided," and rush through the aisle, shouting greetings to the passengers on the way.

Four or five young men, somewhat more drunk, stagger through the coach, carrying arm bands and miniature footballs. "Show yer colors," they call, "only twen-ty five cents!"

It grows dark, and the lights in the car fail. Figures of passengers are dim. A girl and a boy lean together in their seat, their heads touching. J. E. D.

Argon the Lazy

Discourses A Bit On The Beauties Of An Allowance

WHEN I was alone yesterday, musing pensively on the incompatibility of idiosyncrasy and kindred thoughts, the door opened and a friend of mine, who is also an editor of the LIT, breezed in. "Can you," he said, brushing his clothes off with my brush, write an aritcle for the LIT?" "Mebbe," I comebacked, blushing modestly. "Well," he said, polishing his shoes with my handkerchief, "go ahead." "What shall I write about?" I asked. "About," said he, taking my last apple and strolling toward the door, "about two thousand words." I like editors; they are so helpful.

In dear old English 2, a class into which I rush breathlessly at about three minutes past eight every Tuesday and Thursday morning, it is said that one must never write about a subject that one does not know by either personal or vicarious experience. Unfortunately, and I acknowledge it with bowed head, the meaning of "vicarious" is beyond my ken. Therefore I must write from experience that is personal.

There is nothing more personal than an allowance. But, nevertheless, something dear to the heart must be sacrificed that the wheels of literature may turn and the LIT thrive and prosper. Therefore, with noble demeanor, I rise to the occasion and sacrifice my allowance. It is not much of an allowance, but, such as it is, I gladly, but with averted eyes, lead it to the altar.

My allowance comes once a month, and once a month it flits, leaves, goes, hies hence, departs, steals away, or what have you. Anyhow, it goes, and, after going, is gone. In fact, at the present writing it has departed, leaving me financially extinct. My bank balance is red; I am blue. Fifty-four cents remain in my spacious pockets, it is five days before the allowance is due, and I have a date for tonight. Oh, well.....

I don't believe that the allowance was ever mailed that could last from the beginning of one month to the beginning of the next. That is my personal opinion. Of course, I may be wrong; we geniuses are occasionally, you know. At least my allowance has nowhere near that lasting power. At the beginning of the month I eat the veal off the chicken chow mein in the chop suey palaces, or may even go to one of those doggy joints where one speaks in a low tone to the head waiter and only waitresses carry trays. Toward the middle of the month I am seen more and more reaching for my own paper napkin or seated on a stool. During this period my orders run rather to "One without", or Stackaweats", than to, "And, waitah, I desire the demitasse with the meal." At the end of the month, when the date numbers go into double numbers and the bank account into single ones, the most brilliant thing I can say is "Gimme beans." Somehow I just can't manage to make both ends meet.

My friends—you know, people who come in and drag you off to a movie when you have to study—say that the sight of me the week before allowance is very touching. It may be; I know my letters home are....in more ways than one. I have an elegant system all worked out. Whenever my bank account drops below half of what my allowance originally was, I send home a five page letter, carefully worded. I am having a good time. The meals are good. I am in excellent health. My studies are hard, not too hard, of course, but hard enough to keep me out of mischief. I am sitting on the top of the world and allowing my feet to dangle blithesomely over the edge. I am getting along fine; of course, if anyone desires to thrust money upon me, I won't refuse it....To this I get a reply telling me not to study too hard, to be careful of my food, not to eat too much dessert, but to eat spinach or some other nasty invigorating substance once in a while, and informing me that Nephew Richard, age not quite unity, has cut a tooth. A few days pass; the bank balance lessens and lessens. I sit me down at my typewriter and pen another letter: The weather is fine, my studies are hard, not too hard, of course, but hard enough to keep me out of mischief; I took a hike down State street yesterday and took a look at all the movies, but I am afraid I can't afford the time or the money to go to any of them. In this I go so far as to mention "financial assistance." In reply I get a letter telling me not to study too hard, that movies are bad on the eyes, that I must be careful of my food, and that Uncle Elmer of Missoula, Montana, has invited us to spend part of next summer with him. A few more days steal away, and the bank balance hovers perilously near the zero mark. I dispatch another letter, a special delivery this time, saying that I am well, that the meals are good, that my studies are hard, not too hard, of course, but hard enough to keep me out of mischief, and mentioning that if I could have an advance on next months allowance, as a sort of a loan, you understand, it would please me greatly. The reply to this states that I should not study too hard, that I should be careful of my food, that my teeth should be brushed once a day, at least, and that Cousin Kate, from Ypsalanti, Michigan, is touring Wisconsin and dropped in yesterday to see us—she looks real well. A few, a very few, days pass; the bank account makes the last, final plunge; I roam in the depths of despair and am afraid to pass a bank without some solvent friend along. I take a look at the small change in my pockets, invest a penny in a post card, and write home. "Am broke," says the postal, "Send cash." To this I receive no reply. It is a great system.

(Have just found out the meaning of vicarious. The roommate tripped in. "How do you spell vicarious?" said I. "V-i-c-a-r-i-o-u-s," said he. "It means large, huge, or monstrous," said I. "Not under the painted canopy," said he, "It means that you had somebody else do something for you." "Not so," said I.

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Love Money

By WILLETT MAIN KEMPTON

"THAT woman in blue—Oh, just another street-walker. Lay off 'em, Sarge."

The youthful sergeant, quite uninitiated to Paris, had never before seen a European city larger than the prosaic little town on the Rhine where he was stationed, Coblenz, over in Germany; and he could not easily believe that the radiant creature sitting at the second table across from him was anything but the pretty girl she appeared to be. Of course this private might know; he had been in Paris for two years and should have learned a few things.

"You can have any woman in the place," the private continued, "for a few francs; but I'm tellin' you something, Sarge, when I say lay off 'em. They look mighty swell about this time a evening, but—"

"She looks different though, sort of—well, like an American."

"Sure, they all try to look like Americans. We're a bunch of saps an' they know it. Americans pay well; we're the greatest suckers in the world."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

"Suit yourself. I'm not your boss. —*Oh garcon! Encore un.*"

Sergeant Conlee swallowed the few remaining drops of wine in his glass more as a reassuring gesture than for any actual stimulating qualities they might contain, and rose.

"No harm talking to her, is there?"

"Oh, no—but, be careful!"

The next night found the sergeant again at the *Cafe du Dome*, this time alone, occupying the place where the woman had been the night before. That know-it-all-private had been very, very much mistaken in his hasty judgment of the girl. She was an American—over to visit the grave of her father who had died in service. Her dear mother was also dead, and she, poor darling, was dreadfully alone in an unsympathetic world. Within ten minutes he had known that she was a girl of breeding and refinement; in fact, she was wonderful; she had everything, beauty, grace, charm of manner, voice, ideas——

Editor's Note: This story of a young American soldier who made three million dollars almost overnight is vouched for as being absoluetly true by the author, who was in Coblenz at the time of the trial. According to his estimate, the sergeant will be released from prison about the time this magazine goes to press.

"Good evening, sergeant."

He jumped to his feet. It was she.

"Miss Walker! I didn't see you coming. Here, sit here, won't you? *Garcon! Oh, garcon!* Excuse me for yelling, but it's the only way to get anything from these waiters. What would you like?"

"Oh—Moselle will do very nicely."

"Now you're talking my own language; I'm stationed at Coblenz, you know. *Garcon, avez-vous de Peter Heckner vin de Moselle? Un litre, bitte.*"

"Bitta," she exclaimed. "What's that?"

"German, I get all mixed up!"

"I'm very sorry, sir, but we do not have that of M'sieur Peter Heckner. We have some very good Moselle wine."

The waiter was ingraciating, and the sergeant glared at him.

"All right."

"I bring you one bottle, sir?"

"All right."

By the time the bottle had been emptied many things had transpired, one that the sergeant was head over army boots in love, and another that he thought she felt the same way about it. Having dared to say nothing more personal than the usual little compliments which slipped off his tongue almost unnoticed, he ordered another bottle of wine, hoping that it would bring him the courage that he seemed to lack.

It did help . The crowded tables under the canvass awning faded into an indistinguishable mass of white surrounded by the brilliant spots of color lent by their painted, thick-tongued occupants and studded with blurred bits of scintillating wine glasses, red, green, brown, green, red. The roar of the busses racing up the hill of the *Boulevard Raspail*, the screeching of the street-cars out in front on the *Boulevard Montparnasse*, the rattle of old taxi-cabs, and the low rumble of the *Metro* underground merged into a single sound, a pleasing sound like that of falling water. His mind seemed suddenly to clear, and he was alone in the heart of the great city with the fairest girl in all Paris—wait, the fairest girl in all France, in Europe, Asia, America, or whatever other places there were.

"Dorothy—I—I'm leaving tomorrow, early."

"Yes, you told me."

He was sitting close to her on the bench now, his elbow indiscreetly near the wine glasses on the table.

"And, I'm in love, much, very, very much in love."

He thought she looked hurt.

"—with you. Oh, dearest girl, I want you. I want you oh so badly, more than I can tell you. Dorothy, dearest, I want you to marry me."

For a moment he thought she was going to kiss him; her look, it would drive him mad. Then she turned slowly away, drew her hand from his and put it to her chin, looking out into the street crowd. He wondered if she thought him drunk; he never had felt more sober in his life. She lit a cigarette, still looking straight ahead of her, and took short nervous puffs at it until, turning again toward him, she buried its red end into the table top and looked once more into his eyes, her face filled with emotion. For a moment he felt that the world and all its happiness belonged to him; but her expression slowly changed as she looked at his uniform, and her lips seemed to quiver as her eyes met his again.

"Marry you—"

There was an interminable pause.

"—you dear boy! But—a sergeant in the army, no, I—I just couldn't. No, you're awful sweet, but love and marriage are separable, dear boy, and I, I've got to have money. Lots and lots of money, gobs of it, and the man I marry must prove himself worthy of my love by journeying, like the knights of

olden times, into the land of wealth and plenty and bring me the golden fleece or calf or whatever it was."

"Yes, but—"

"There aren't any buts! He must *have* it."

"How much?"

"How much! How Much! Anyone'd think you are pricing an auto! How much! I'm not for sale, Sergeant. What do you think I am—a toy?"

"'Course you're not for sale, but how much must 'e have?"

"Well, if I loved a man who had, well two, at least two million dollars in his own name—I'd marry him," and she cast a pseudo-scornful look at the youthful soldier beside her.

"Any fool can make money."

"Yes, if he takes twenty years to it."

"Twenty years! Why only yesterday I had a little dumb-looking Frenchman pointed out to me who made something like seven million francs in the last two months—am I not worth two months of your preciously wasted life?"

Sergeant Conlee squinted at her.

"Seven million francs—gambling?"

"No, opium."

* * *

In a corner room of the old Deutcher-Polizei building in Coblenz some six months after the sergeant's memorable trip to Paris a court martial was being held. Captain "Mac", as he was familiarly known, was acting judge-advocate of the trial which had been more like a story of fancy than a recounting of facts about a man. He sat behind a long table, two lieutenants on his right and two lieutenants of his left. The accused stood between two D. C. I. officers watching the toe of his boot make imaginary marks in imaginary sand.

"Come to attenion, Sergeant Conlee," boomed Captain Mac. "What have you to say for your defense, sir?"

"Nothing, sir," responded the sergeant.

"Do you then plead guilty to the charges that have been laid before this General Court-Martial of desertion from the American Forces in Germany, of continued leave without absence for a period of six months, and of larceny in stealing property of the United States Government?"

"Sir, I returned the car—"

"We found Colonel Stone's Cadillac three miles from Andernoch."

"Yes, sir, I left it there in perfect condition—on the road to Bonn. I only borrowed it for two days."

"How did you come to buy this castle, Conlee?"

The sergeant was silent.

"It's none of our busines what you did while A. W. O. L. as long as you committed no crime against the United States Government; but, by Gad, man, I intend to know where you got the money to plank down cash for that castle they located you in up the Rhine!"

"I might as well tell you, sir. . . I made it."

"How?" thundered the captain.

"Opium."

"And, you made a lot more the same way?"

"Yes, sir. More than you'd make even as general of this man's army."

"Pardon me?"

"Parden me, sir, but it's the truth."

"How much?"

"How much? Well I have that castle up there, as you know, and over near Sevres I have a small chateau with a flying field at each place. I made my money running between the two places."

"I know all that. You're not the first man that's cleaned up a fortune running opium over the border to Paris. What've you got on him, Scotty?"

One of the D. C. I. officers stepped forward.

"This man has six hundred thousand pounds sterling salted away in the Bank of England. He has eight million pesetas under the lock of the Banca di Bilboa in Madrid. Oh, he cleaned up big, Capt'n! We can't touch his money, an' no one else can. The French governmen can confiscate his chateau, and the Heinies can grab off his castle. Oh, he's got a couple of planes and a few cars, too."

"And six months A. W. O. L."

Sergeant Conlee bit his lip.

"Court attention! Under trial by court-martial orders, Articles of War number thirty-nine, section B.

"The period of limitation and punishment by trial shall be three years in the following cases, A. W. O. L., viz:

(1) Desertion in time of peace.'"

Captain Mac regarded the lad before him for a moment and then continued.

"Sergeant Conlee, I hereby sentence you to three years—of hard labor to be worked off at the United States Military Prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Ah, you can figure out three years interest on your million at your leisure. Dismiss the court, Lieutenant."

* * *

Two prisoners were sitting side by side on a big rock out in Kansas one day making smaller rocks into little rocks, when one of them said in an undertone to the other,

"I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before, buddy."

The other striped soldier gave a wham at his rock and as he straightened up looked his companion over from head to foot.

"Yeah. You saw me one night in Paris at my old hang-out there, the *Cafe du Dome*. You was eyeing some wench at another table, and I was telling you to leave her alone. You would have her though, and I seen you with her the next night, but you was gozzel-eyed."

"You've got some memory," said the other without moving his lips.

"If it hadn't been so damn good I'd a kept outta here; I remembered the combination to a safe in the High Commission office. What happened to that Jane I was speaking about, seemed to me you was sort of struck dead by her?"

"Oh, her. Well she wanted a lot of money—"

"Yeh, an' you being American gave it to her."

"No, but I would of if I'd had it. I started to make some — for her. I thought she was wonderful, and she said she was American. Then about six months later she married some bird and lost all his jack at Deauville. Later she divorced him, after being married about a month, and wrote to me; she heard that I'd cleaned up about three million, but—well I decided to take a rest and come back to God's country about that time."

The big fellow took another hearty swing at a rock.

"Good idea; you can keep away from 'em here. I always said t' leave 'em alone. They look mighty good in the evening but, oh, how they look in the morning. Quiet! Here comes a dick."

Between the Covers

A Page of Book Reviews

By THETA SIGMA PHI

THE MOTHERLESS by Bengt Berg, translated by Dr. Charles Wharton Stork. Doubleday, Page, and Company. $2.

Translated books always possess an oddly pleasing flavor that in itself is one of the most subtle and intangible methods of producing local color. And so it is that in the utter simplicity of its language and in its indefinable something else, there is in this book of Bengt Berg the tang of Sweden, its frozen fish and snow-bound wilderness.

The first half of the book is the story of a motherless boy living with his silent, morose father a lonely life full of privation and hardship. His solitary days are spent with spear or gun in fishing, hunting, or roaming the woods with his only companion, Nurko, his dog. The superstitions of the Lapps, who now and then cross their path, take hold of his father and henceforth demons and gnomes pursue him even to his mysterious and gruesome death. Without sympathy but rather as a matter of course, a Lapp takes the lad, and together they lead a nomadic life.

The second part of the book is the story of a motherless bear from infancy to old age. It is not until almost the end of the book that the author connects the two parts of his novel by introducing again the boy and the Lapp. Perhaps never has a writer handled the subject of wild life in so unusual and effective a way. Bengt Berg writes as from behind the thick brown fur of the bear itself, conscious of his every instinct and emotion.

"The little eyes blinked as if with fear for a moment and the wooly flaps of fur that were meant for ears were drawn back. This gesture of the ears was a half-conscious expression of anger, as great as such a pitiful little thing could feel amid all his terror."

"Then he became confused and no longer knew what had been his desire for the moment past. But there mounted within him a certainty that he had lost something that included all he felt the need of—his mother's presence."

The author writes knowingly of the bear's hibernation, the development of his passion for blood, his association of ideas, and the crude yet wonderful method by which an animal is led to act without the human process of reasoning.

The book has practically no plot, consisting merely of realistic incidents told in a simple, straightforward fashion. The few characters are decidedly well drawn. Descriptions standing alone are few, being usually worked in with the action and thoughts of the characters so that all the pages are colorful with flaming sunsets and northern lights.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FLOWERS by D. H. Lawrence; Thomas Seltzer; $2.50.

An exclamation point follows the title, "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers," on the jacket of D. H. Lawrence's "most important collection of poems." The new symbolism of birds, beasts, and flowers, as the poet has conceived them would, indeed, require an exclamation point. And some persons might think a whole row of them insufficient to express their shocked, hurt feelings on his interpretation.

Thanks or curses be, depending upon the point of view, the scissors of censorship have passed by these poems and allowed their publication in book form. But a newspaper could not so much as reprint or quote at random.

The reason is that it is naturalistic verse; something comparatively new, of course, but still something incongruous and paradoxical; at least to a world brought up on two or three centuries of idealistic poetry. That poetry should be beautiful, both in form and in content, has been the general conception. Whether natural functions come under the category of beauty is scarcely a mooted point.

Whether Mr. Lawrence's works are poetry is, on the other hand, a debateable question. Very many of these verses on trees, fruits, and animals might be printed with the lines run in, in one continuous paragraph, and the result would be descriptive prose, with here and there a subject or a verb missing. The use of mundane images, comparisons to man-made things, is also questionable. But D. H. Lawrence delights in it. One might have a grouch and illustrate these points by quoting

"The mosquitos are biting tonight
Like memories."

Or

"Sans rags, sans tags,
Sans beards, sans bags,
Sans any distinction save loutish commonness."

But it won't do to stop there, without mentioning the fanciful touches. For instance, D. H. Lawrence calls the peach "Somebody's pound of flesh rendered up...." Then again in "Autumn" he writes "The aspens of autumn

Like yellow hair of a tigress brindled with pine."

The unusual versification of "Almond Blossom" and the penetrating symbol of the iron hardness of the almond tree bursting into flower make it outstanding in the collection. The point of the image is delicately expressed

"Something must be reassuring to the almond, in the evening star, and the snow-wind, and the long, long nights."

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Co., $2.00

Alix, the little French girl, is sent to England to make the suitable marriage which her mother's indiscretions have made impossible in France. Loving her Mother and France better than all the world, Alix find English ideas and manners of l i v i n g most unpleasant. Particularly does the English idea of romantic love and marriage displease her. She believes that the suitable marriage arraigned by the two familes, as it is in

France, is much more to her liking.

The little French girl is almost Roman in her sternness and candor. There is an air of "race" about her which she inherits from her father's noble ancestors who were all upholders of the empire. But from her mother, Madame Vervier, come her sweetness and radiance and love of the beautiful, joyous France. From her mother also she inherits her love of the between shades, not just the good and bad of black and white, "For", says Alix, "the loveliest things are the in-betweens."

Alix has the French conception of love and marriage which she very beautifully expresses to Mrs. Bradely, the lovely, girlishly innocent, almost Victorian English woman of middle age.

"And perhaps if she had married him," said Alix, "she would have suffered even more. If he continued to be fond of other people."

"Oh, but that couldn't have been after they were married!" Mrs. Bradely exclaimed with a shock of surprise in her voice,.....

"But all men are not faithful, are they?" Alix commented. So many wives, I mean from what one hears, have unfaithful husbands.".....

"But I hope you don't hear of such dreadful things, dear child. No good husband is unfaithful.

"Is it so very dreadful? Can one govern one's heart? I see that it is different for a wife," said Alix. "She is at home and has the children. But a man out in the world many he not form many attachments without so much blame? I do not understand these things, but I cannot see why it is so dreadful."

"You are too young, dear, to understand them. Yet even you, I am sure, can imagine how terrible it would be....."

"It might be very sad—If I loved him very much. But I should have the children, the foyer. And then he might still love me most, while loving others, too.—In France, I am sure, we do not find it so strange a thought."

The clear, sweet, limpid style of the book which makes it most delightful to read, places it among the artistic novels of the decade. The wisdom of the book is mature; the knowledge of French and English conceptions of life detailed; the style beautiful and simple; two of the characters you will never forget. This is one of those rare good books which is also popular. The Bookman says that it is the best selling novel in America today.

CARGOES FOR CRUSOES, by Grant Overton. Brown's Book Shop.

Grant Overton does for books and authors what the press-agent does for actresses. He puts them before the public. His previous venture in press-agenting must have been very successful, for now D. Appleton & Company, George H. Doran Company, and Little, Brown, and Company, have jointly published a new volume by this critic, *Cargoes For Crusoes.*

All the chapters of this book are not really literary criticisms. Instead of presenting learned critiques of the newest novels, some of them offer personal views of authors and accounts of their life histories.

If you like to know where your favorite author was born and how he struggled against opposition in his youth, you will enjoy *Cargoes For Crusoes.*

Mr. Overton has a facile pen which writes entertaining sketches of literary people and their work. He tells you how Gyp the Blood once lent money to Jeffery Farnol; how Philip Gibbs exposed the fraudulent explorer, Dr. Cook; how Michael Arlen spends his time flitting between London and the Riviera.

An amazing number of books is mentioned in the chapters called *Palettes and Patterns in Prose and Poetry* and *The Fireside Theater.* Mr. Overton seems to have read everything that has been printed in the last few years.

If you are looking for information on literary matters, you are likely to find it here, for the book includes chapters on Aldous Huxley, E. Phillips Oppenheim, G. Stanley Hall, E. V. Lucas, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Edith Wharton, and many other authors. Even if you are not looking for guidance in the paths of literature, you will find interesting reading, and Mr. Overton is sure to tell you something you did not know before. Last but not least, the price is only $0.50. A. B.

PREJUDICES, by H. L. Mencken. Published by Alfred A. Knopf. Brown's Book Shop.

Whatever opinions we may have formed of the abilities of Mencken as a satirist or as a thinker, we cannot read *Prejudices,* fourth series, without some chuckles and a bit of applause. It is only after he has openly assailed our cherished beliefs or the beliefs and truths commonly accepted by the majority, and after he has added insult to injury by citing examples intended to prove his assertions, that we begin to wonder about Mencken, about his sincerity and the purpose behind his wilful essays. "Can it be," we ask ourselves, "that he actually believes all he writes? Is he projecting himself into the characters of others who profess to believe the things he outlines in *Prejudices,* or is he projecting Mencken and Mencken's firm ideas of fundamentals and of life under the covers of a book safeguarded by the name of Prejudices?" The book does not claim, nor cannot, under the name it bears, to be a thoughtful treatise. Indeed, it is filled with private pre-dispositions and gross exaggerations. He flouts openly all piety, government, poetry, common decency; and in doing so he touches many sore spots in the anatomy of human society, but he completely ignores essentials—that the husbandman, for instance, like the government and like the church, is a necessary evil.

The criticism to which the book lies open, on the one side, is that its title, *Prejudices,* implies the author's knowledge of the fact that his book is based on lack of information concerning the subject with which he deals; and, on the other side, that the book may be construed to be a work given in all good faith to the public, with the hope that it may affect their views on certain subjects. We are free, in the event of the former, to question the author's delicacy in placing such a book on the market, and, in the latter, to levy serious destructive criticism upon it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that where there is a doubt as to the author's purpose, there is controversy and interest. Who is more questioned or more widely read than Shaw? And *Prejudices* has its audience. Despite Mencken's inconsistency and the fact that he will never be a Plato or a Socrates, he will continue to have his audience so long as he keeps his fire and his audacity and writes such delightfully humorous and such amazingly irritating essays as these. V. M.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE and THE GREEN HAT, by Michael Arlen. At the Book Corner.

While Michael Arlen's two latest books are not of this month's crop, they are enjoying such a vogue that it is not amiss to review them now in these columns.

These Charming People the author calls "a tapestry of the fortunes, follies, adventures, gallantries of a certain lovely lady and her friends and companions." The locale is the smart West End of London, and the characters are "these charming people," sophisticated, witty, and interesting. The women are beautiful; the men are handsome; all of them will pique your interest, and what more can you ask of a set of tales?

Michael Arlen writes with a suave grace, employing unusual figures of speech which have the effect of halting the smooth rhythm of his prose. He writes with his tongue in his cheek, and you have the feeling that Michael Arlen enjoys his writing as much as you enjoy the reading of it. It has been said of him that "he is the romantic comedian of our time," "that he has no present equal in 'the *dandysme* of the soul'", "that the chivalry of daily life is to him the king of indoor sports." He has been frequently compared to Guy de Maupassant.

While all the stories in *These Charming People* contain humor, some of them have an undercurrent of tragedy, but it is tragedy politely hidden under a mask of smiling conventionality. *When the Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* and *The Hunter After Wild Beasts* are beautifully ironic. Touches of the weird and the supernatural appear in three of the tales to lend variety to the book. In contrast to that element is the gay lightness of *The Man With the Broken Nose* and *Major Cypress Goes Off the Deep End.*

* * *

The Green Hat is the book which has won a storm of applause ever since it appeared last spring. The heroine, Iris Storm, is a sinful but divinely beautiful lady who does things no lady should do, but who is readily forgiven by the very ones whom she wrongs. She has had two husbands and many lovers, and then she decides to take a new husband away from his bride. Her audacity and disregard for convention give an air of piquancy to this story of the woman who wears the green hat.

Michael Arlen is not a great author nor are his books epoch-making, as the critics seem to think so many new books are. But he will not bore you; if you pick up one of these two books you will not wish to put it down until you have finished reading it. A. B.

PLUMES by Laurence Stallings. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. *Plumes* is the finest war-novel that rather loosely, it defects of style are has appeared in English. Written lost in the vitality of the story. Specifically, the story is of the aftermath; but the War, and all the wars of his forefathers, glows too vividly through the hero for it to be otherwise considered than a story of the War. And what can be more of the War than its scars and disillusionment? Richard Plume, the crippled, unhealed, incapacitated exmarine and his young wife Esme, struggle through their lean years of compensation and adjustment. There is no tender sentimentalism no mock heroics, but clear-eyed and bitter comprehension

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The Doyles

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voices. . . .Tired from the walk and strenuous climb of the afternoon, the merriest of the women in the party had succumbed to the fire's soothing effect and its mosquito-barrage of smoke. Gradually even the low talk had died down, and the men pulled contentedly at their pipes. It was the host of the party—a doctor from the city—who, although he was almost afraid to break the perfect silence, finally suggested bed. His wife arose regretfully from her position before the fire.

"Alright, John, but you'll have to get a few things from the car first—"

She stopped, on the verge of giving him long, wifely directions as to what he was to bring; and a look of wonder crossed her face. "Listen to the ducks," she said, "up near the dam. What do you suppose—"

Her husband listened dutifully, for, indeed, the ducks were raising a great clamour, shouting their gutteral cry full in the face of the moon. The doubtful look on the woman's face was, however, met only with laughter by her husband. He chose to be facetious.

"It's probably that they have been scared by a fish having its daily nightmare! Come on in, all of you. I'm really terribly tired."

The party straggled into the middle cottage, casting backward glances at the moon and at the light on the water, listening stupidly to the slowly dying quack-quack of the ducks as they came up from the dam. A light flickered in the cottage, a few bursts of laughter floated across the water and echoed back again, and then the cottage was once more in darkness. Only the moon, unblinking, looked down upon it.

With the dawn, the moon faded to a mere white outline in a graying sky, and over the water hung the mist of morning. Near the reeds the ducks huddled in a compact group, and beside them rested the two swans, heads under their wings. When the first heralds of morning appeared, only faint pink flushes on the eastern clouds, the ducks separated with an irritable quack at each other to breakfast on the schools of little minnows near the two insignificant promontories that almost divided the pond into two distinct parts. As the streaks in the east brightened, a dark figure came up from the dam along the path near the pond's edge, and almost before his huge body reached its shadow, Michael Doyle's unsteady, husky voice called to the sleeping house,

"Doctor—Doctor Wood."

His eyes shone strangely in the dawn, as though he were dazed by a blow; and the distracted repetition of the call told of the inexperience of youth in the face of life.

The doctor, almost fully clothed, made his appearance in a few moments, hastily pulling on, as he came, a heavy sweater over his flannel shirt. He noticed disapprovingly that Michael had been overheating himself by running in the morning mist and that his body was shivering with cold. The boy, however,

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How to Write a Detective Story

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who brought him gave the name of Earl Schmitz. Other telegrams appear to add to Carter Travis' pleasure, and he prepares for a journey.

With instructions to Lewis Roberts to keep him informed of any developments, he is about to depart, when a pale, frightened-looking young man comes to him for an interview. It is Paul Avery. We let him pour out a frantic and half-coherent denial of his guilt and of any knowledge of the crime, and then cut him short with a word of reassurance from the detective, who says that he has been fairly well convinced of Paul's innocence for some time. It is not the mission of a detective story to reform people, but we may assume that from this time forth Paul, having come to his senses, develops the manhood in him.

But the villian may escape if we delay too long; and so Carter Travis starts off to capture his man single-handed, whoever he may be. There should be a scene or two in our story in which the detective shows his extreme courage and imperviousness to bullets, but there is little chance for inserting dark, musty buildings and devious passages in this narrative. The best we can do is to have Travis proceed to a city not far distant, inquire at a theatre for Roslyn Angelo, and steal up the stairs to the star's dressing room.

He raps on the door (automatic in hand, of course), but there is no response. His knocking becomes clamorous, but there is still no answer. He forces the door and enters the dressing room. There sits Roslyn Angelo with a pistol in his hand and a bullet in his head. On the table is a signed confession. True to type, the criminal has refused to be taken alive.

There remains only the denouement, which, from the lips of Carter Travis, will contain somewhat the following information:

Ellen and Paul Avery's mother, whose maiden name was Foulard, had had an only brother, Anton. Anton Foulard was a gentleman of fortune, whose residence was seldom known. Before he died, however, he had acquired some wealth, which he wished to leave to his niece. He had some knowledge of her character and circumstances; but, at a time when he knew that he had but a short while to live, Ellen was a mere girl. He did not wish her to be spoiled by sudden wealth until she had become fully mature, nor did he wish to have her suffer want while waiting for her fortune. It was out of the question for him to carry out his whim himself, but fortunately there was a young man whom he had befriended who volunteered to look after the matter for him.

This young man was Moses Taylor—the unfortunate victim of the murder. He was a promising actor, and had often played old-man parts with considerable success. When the uncle died, he undertook to masquerade as Foulard. At that time, Ellen Avery was only twenty-one; but during the six years remaining, Taylor was entitled to the interest on the bonds; and, moreover, when the time had expired and he had thrown off his disguise, he would still be a comparatively young man.

As a matter of fact, his murder was not premeditated. It seems that his sister, Sylvia, had secretly married another actor, Earl Schmitz, whose stage name was Roslyn Angelo. Moses Taylor was one of the two witnesses to the ceremony. Schmitz had mistreated his wife, and left her an invalid. To crown his villany, he had met another woman, whom he wished to carry for her money. Divorce was out of the question for him, even if he had wanted to make his former marriage public. All other records having been destroyed, the wedding certificate was the only document which stood between him and the fulfilment of his de sire. While her brother was in Grover Siding, Mrs. Schmitz was afraid to keep this important paper, knowing that her unscrupulous husband would use any means he could to obtain it; consequently it was in the keeping of the supposed Anton Foulard.

As we have seen, the company in which Roslyn Angelo was playing appeared in the city near Grover Siding the night of the murder. After the show that night Angelo went out to the suburb with the intention of stealing the certificate if he could.

The lilac thicket and the position of the window itself was responsible for choosing his brother-in-law's bedroom window. The actor's big Dane dog had followed him; and, fearing to leave the beast outside where it might be seen,

Schmitz, or Angelo, called softly. The dog raised his fore paws to the window sill, and his master pulled him in.

The slight noise had awakened Moses Taylor. Reaching for his automatic, he softly climbed out of bed, and fired, just as the dog was clambering into the room. The Dane received the bullet in his right shoulder. Alarmed and incensed, Schmitz seized an alarm clock which stood at his hand, and threw it at Taylor. A stick of grease paint followed the clock, and, when it struck the wall, made a salmon-red streak. Taylor dodged and lowered his weapon, whereupon Schmitz raised a chair and brought it down on Taylor's head.

The murder, as we have said, was not intended; but, once done, it could not be helped; and the murderer set about finding his wedding certificate. He was unsuccessful, as we know. During the search, the dog had managed to limp into the kitchen, where his blood could be more easily seen.

The actor's motive in removing the body of his victim was probably nothing more than his excitement. He borrowed the neighbor's car without asking; and after he had dragged the body out to it, he locked the door of the house and left the key in the lock. (That was what made Carter Travis whistle.) When he had disposed of the dead man in an out-of-the-way place, he ran the car to the railroad station, where he took the same night train which his company would take in the neighboring city.

When we write this story—or, rather, *should* we write this story, we must pick up various loose threads and weave them artistically into the narrative, making the plot seem as if it were a good one, and sound in every respect.

Having the material, all we have to do now is write!

Argon the Lazy

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"Yes, indeed," said he. "Look it up," said I. He thumbed the dictionary. "I knew it," said he; "It says, 'vicarious—made or performed by substitution!' And you thought it meant huge!" He burst forth into gales of laughter. He is still laughing. Anyhow, that's what it means. Will save you looking it up. Don't mention it.)

And what discourages me most is that I have absolutely no idea of how to keep myself from being broke the last week of every month. Last year I started out with a fairly definite plan in mind. The first month I went broke in twenty-five days. I borrowed enough money to tide me through from a friend, at a gentlemanly little interest of one hundred and twenty-five per cent. Next month I paid back the loan and went broke the twentieth day. I borrowed again, and the next month went broke the sixteenth day. I sat down and figured out that if I kept up the system for a year I would be broke two months every month before I got my allowance. I figured it out again, sure that there was some mistake, found out that I would be broke

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The Doyles

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seemed not to notice and gripped the doctor's sleeve with fingers that held in them the strength of a steel trap.

"Something has happened to mother," he said; and in his voice there seemed to be surpressed a passionate cry of agony. "She was not there this morning—when I went to ask about the front door being unlocked—and there are things—in a basket by the dam. It belongs on the table at home. And she said—things—but I didn't think—" His grip tightened. "Don't you see what she did? Don't you see?"

His dazed purple eyes looked hard into the steady gaze of the doctor, and his fingers tightened.

"We must not make any mistake about this, Michael. We will see," was all that the older man said. His tone was the reassuring one with which a blind man is led over unfamiliar roads. "One minute—" He disappeared into the house to tell his wife.

He found her, already dressed, in the kitchen where she had gone immediately upon his answering Michael's call. A doctor's wife, she always said, must be careful of her husband's health since he is too busy concerning that of others to take care of his own; and so she was kindling a fire in the old sheet-iron stove preparatory to making coffee that would warm him should he be going off on any distant case. Hearing what he had to say, she was instantly on the alert.

"The ducks!" She stopped short and their eyes met. They were both thinking of the night before. The doctor said shortly, after an abrupt pause,

"Well, what is done, is done. Can you find the lad a coat? He had run off without any and is freezing."

Of course she could, and in a minute she was out in the dew slipping it on the broad shoulders of Michael who scarcely noticed. Together he and the doctor walked swiftly and silently toward the dam, Michael answering dazedly the few questions that were put to him. At the dam, they stopped. A small wicker basket containing a sandwich and an apple lay at the right of the dam beside the water that flowed slowly over its barrier and trickled down to Clear Water stream. Michael's face twisted up with real physical pain.

"How am I to tell Father?" The tone was not that of a question but that of

certain hopelessness. He explained almost mechanically that his father usually slept late while he always arose early to see about matters around the farm.

There was only one thing to be done. The doctor sent one of the party to the farm and brought the boy to his cottage where Mrs. Wood tried to make him drink a little coffee. Coffee? He couldn't drink any coffee . . . The doctor himself searched the cottage for material, rigged up a dragging apparatus, and in an old rowboat worked steadily near the dam until the sun came up. Around him floated the ducks with their ceaseless cackle and the silent, beautiful swans. When, finally, his labors were rewarded and the boat and its burden came slowly against the weak current, the swans went before it and the ducks, curiously silent, followed the boat down to the landing. To the campers it was like a funeral procession, the beauty and strangeness of which they would never see again. Did it not typify a great rest, a peace . . . As for Michael, one lone tear fell down upon his cheek, and in his heart there echoed the sentence,

"But I do get sick to death sitting here!"

They might have done something! They might have shown her that they cared, that all was all right. He looked pathetically at the figure huddled on the stoop of the Wood cottage. It was his father who had come, utterly broken, trembling and gray, unable to understand. For him it was catastrophe. His wife had always seemed to him to be happy—contended. Would he have understood the last night's sudden outburst, Michael was thinking, scarcely knowing that he thought. Did he understand, himself? How could one go on living in this world when one did not know one's own mother? His mother! To have her back! To do it all over again! If he had kissed her—stopped to talk. . . .

The body was brought to an empty cottage to await professional attentions. The campers completely forgot about their carefully planned week-end, mournfully packed their things into the car, and drove to town before noon. Only Michael, his father, and the doctor kept the vigil at the cottage door. And in the weekly papers, attached to a small item concerning the death of Mrs. Doyle, was the usual comment: "Despondence, due to ill health, was thought to be the reason."

Intimacies

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to tell me the truth, now. Is that all that happened?"

Bettina's face went suddenly scarlet at her mother's question. She was deeply hurt.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, mother, but it is." And without another word, she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Argon the Lazy

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two months and four days before my allowance came. I stopped figuring. Right then and there I quit the system. I didn't even pay back what I owed. Some of the fellows are still looking for me. Next I tried another method. I went down town one Friday afternoon and traded my grey suit for fifteen dollars and a little ticket. On arriving back at the room, I discovered that, in my absence, I had received a special delivery from my folks, saying that they would be up the next afternoon, and would I please have my grey suit ready, as they wanted to see about matching it? I redeemed the suit. That ended my endeavors along that line.

And so I sit, fingering the fifty-four cents, the sole survivors of twenty-five days of college life. It is Friday and the allowance is not due until next Tuesday! And I have a date for tonight! And I am just sensual enough to desire to eat at least once every two days! The sky is overcast, the little birds no longer twitter in the trees, life palls upon me. Five days, a date, and fifty-four cents! Oh well, there are four lakes around Madison; surely in one of them I can find a resting place for my tortured body.

Between the Covers

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of reality. There are no melodramatic situations, though there are plenty of incipient horrors. But the story tears— as the author must mean it to tear— into one's intelligence and sensibilities. It strips off the rags of glory from this most glorious of all glorious wars, and it pulls off the cloak of magnificence from our democratic and paternal government. It is a bitter indictment of that government which sheltered profiteering and graft and which gives as the reward for patriotism a mockery of empty praises or oblivion. The strength of the book lies in its utter truth. It should be an influence upon the rising generation; it is a reproach to the present.

E. B. S.

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