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*The Wisconsin  
Literary  
Magazine*

Volume I



Number 3

Verhaeren

More Ado About Nothing

Helen of Tea

Non Compos Mentis

The Way of the Transgressor

PUBLICATION OF UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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December, 1916

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS

VOLUME I

Madison, December, 1916

Number 3

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**I**N the deaths of Jack London and Emile Verhaeren the United States and Belgium have to our mind experienced analogous losses. Both were writers whose careers were characteristic of their countries; both uttered their environments as well as themselves in their works.

How differently has the news of their deaths been received in the respective countries! Belgium has found time in its fight for life and freedom to mourn her loss. America has deigned to scan the ten or fifteen measly lines of its newspapers which proclaimed the fact that London's income was about fifty thousand dollars a year.

Jack London, the powerful, the wonderful, the man of the Yukon and the West, the knight-errant of the twentieth century is dead and America plugs on in its machine-like, money-coining way without the slightest tremor to indicate its loss.

Jack London was the founder of the school of "red-blooded" writers, the strongest and best-known among them, the most sympathetic and most inspiring.

Professors and critics find him cheap literature, as the professors and critics of the time of Dickens and Thackeray pronounced their work cheap literature. Our youth prefers the impossible adventures of the hero on a baseball field to the rugged, virile characters that live in his pages. Our "tired business man" fails to appreciate the romance that he finds in the making of a fortune. And our effeminate scholar finds his

"self-conscious primitiveness" unpleasant and very un-aesthetic.

The moment an author dies one asks whether his work will live. We can only say this: if the men, women and children of the future will know the clash of fighting bodies, the gritting of teeth, the tug of the leash and the call of the wild, Jack London will live, beloved and admired. If there comes a day when they cannot visualize the fight of one against hundreds, the race between man and cold and starvation, the passion for drink and for woman, then it were best that the prose epics of America's Pacific and ice lands be speedily forgotten.

**O**N the seventeenth of last month, according to the New York Times, the American Academy had a meeting which was unique in that Mr. Roosevelt, the pope of all Americanisms, by grace of his self-election, promulgated a Bull on art. Among the prescriptions for the faithful were:

(1) "Conditions in this country are such that a certain number of our people are lost to us from time to time. Occasionally these men may individually benefit themselves, in which case, all I can say is: I trust they cease calling themselves Americans. I don't want to call them American-French or American-English . . . They represent nothing but losses from the standpoint of national achievement, and must be disregarded in any study of our development.

(2) "National literature, to be worth anything, must be based on a vigorous national life and a courageous national soul, and must avoid imitation of the literatures of other countries.

(3) "There is no more hopeless creature than the one who calls himself cosmopolitan, who spreads himself out over the whole world with the result that he spreads himself so thin that he comes through in large spots."

(4) This article of faith was also included; "Sec-

ond rate work is second rate work; no matter how poorly done."

This is the essence of his address.

"We agree with Mr. Roosevelt that nationality is essential to art. Nationality is to the group what personality is to the individual. Every group, in reaction with its backgrounds developes a certain character which, if healthy, receives appropriate expression in the forms of fine art no less than in other forms of human activity. But the setting and background are as indispensable as the group. Just as each individual is without meaning except in his own social group, so no nation can be significant except in the greater family of the nations of the world.

Mr. Roosevelt has something to say on everything and his expressions always emanate from a strong nationalist feeling. His place in the history of our country give his opinions a weight which otherwise they would not have. Yet the usual loose thinking garnished with journalistic cleverness characterizes this address.

He seems to believe that the use of a foreign subject necessitates the use of a foreign and therefore unnatural art. He decries Troilus and Cressida because it is Homeric, yet forgets that Hamlet is Danish, that Othello and Romeo and Juliet are Italian, and that Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra are Roman. His ignorance of the function of art is also shown in that he does not realize that art is not subject but execution.

But these are minor points and serve only to discredit Mr. Roosevelt as a thinker. His expressions on nationalism, however, expressions which might have contained a true and high patriotism, are still more disappointing. We can find in them only sottish insularity and blind self-sufficiency. Mr. Roosevelt ignores the constant lesson of all history—that any patriotism which is worthy must emanate from an understanding, not only of our own back yard, but of the back yards of the rest of the world. He ignores the fact that the only patriotism which can be worthwhile must be intelligent. He forgets that the history of literature and the history of the world's culture is marked by a profound and thorough-going international give and take. He forgets and ignores a great many things that intelligent men should never forget or ignor and the greatest of these is that in things of the spirit, nothing is truly national that is not completely *international*. Shakespere is nothing without the Italian renaissance, Goethe without Shakespere. The golden age of American literature, the age of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Hawthorne is an age of professors, travellers, impregnated with and adoring the culture and spirit of the older world. Yet they are more national than Mr.

Roosevelt. A nation is an individual; its body may be separate from other bodies, but its mind, its personality, is distinct and distinguished only in so far as it has assimilated the excellencies of the minds of the entire race. This is what we mean by culture—free trade in things of the spirit.

Mr. Roosevelt's dogmas are so far from the facts that it is hard to think that he believes what he says. He puts us on the horns of a dilemna. If he does not believe what he says, he is a hypocrite. If he does believe what he says, he is absurd. We refuse, however, to accept either horn. Mr. Roosevelt's speech seems to be nothing more than another expression of his character, passion unclarified by vision, vehemence without intelligence. It is the "furor Roosevelticus," the flesh willing but the spirit weak.

Seriously speaking, our arch-Americanist has raised a question which has occupied more reflective persons than himself. What is Americanism? What is Americanism in art? What is it in life? How is it to be distinguished from the national qualities of other peoples and other states? Always there has been talk of the "great American novel," the great American this and that. What real meaning is there in these expression, what meaning grounded in the history and experience of men, not the exhortation and episcopative of a chauvinist?

We do not know, but would very much like to find out. We hope to print a few brief studies on this question.

In our first issue, we used the editorial columns to ask for contributions for the "Lit." We shall now make bold to use these columns to explain the form in which we want these contributions sent.

The article *must* be *legibly* written on one side of the paper and in the most conservative orthography—we have the space, spell out your words. Those who wish their contributions returned *must* enclose a stamped envelope or call for them at the office. Wisconsin Literary Magazine, Madison, Wis., is sufficient address.

Contributions which do not adhere to these conditions cannot be considered.

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## Emile Verhaeren

VERHAEREN is dead. I would not willingly perturb the silence now filled with the echoes of his genius, in this third winter of my people's disaster. Still the cannons thunder, and still the Belgian mothers are at their bitter prayer. How speak at all while my people's night grows longer, and the bitter memories are added one to another, day by day! On my table lie those black-bordered letters, the last poems of him whose death turns the Belgian blood to ice. I think of the crowd parting to open a highway for the bier, I see another streamer of crepe upon the flag whose pendants tremble in the wind.

When I saw Verhaeren for the last time, the smoke of coming war was already rising above the lassitude of a long summer. I had sought him on the fourth story of that vast house which reared its gray pillars and deserted balconies over one of the most popular avenues in Brussels. I saw him, as he liked to have himself described, robust, with heavy moustaches, long arms extended in greeting, body thrust forward, and responsive through its length to the least word or movement you made. An attack of asthma, of which he was the yearly victim, had him in its grip, and the windows of his apartment were closed. I remember how the sunlight made patterns on the carpet, where it came through the curtains, and I see his wife in the shadow beyond, smiling over the poems he is reading to us. The look of his eyes, lifted above his glasses, and wandering from his manuscript, made me think, somehow, of one of Tacitus's barbarians come out of the North into the fever and wonder of modern civilization. His face was illuminated with an immense serenity, striking because suffering had so obviously made its marks also on his face, and his huge hands, open as if to catch and send forth the tragic word, rose gradually with the Joy whose marvellous blossoming out of sorrow he was celebrating. When the sunlight was supplanted by the outer dusk at the windows, I took leave and he led me to the door, at which we stood a long time, with hands clasped. Outside the street lights twinkled into being, one by one; we heard the excited murmur of crowds and the flapping of newspaper extras, bearing the latest dispatches. There was a great sweetness in the air.

As I went my own way, I thought of his life and story. Emile Verhaeren was born in Anvers, more than sixty years ago. He studied at the College Ste. Barbe at Gand, with Rodenbach, Van Leerberghe and Maeterlinck as fellow-pupils. Afterwards he studied at Louvain for the degree of doctor of laws. But poetry, which had always been rival of his con-

ventional interests, soon took complete possession of him and in 1883 he published "Les Flamandes." All that had ever lain asleep, since the days of Rubens in the depths of the Flemish soul, came to sudden awakening in this book. It shows the poet a true son of this Flanders bathed in light whose mad Kermess Teniers had painted and which Jan Steen and Pierre Bruegel the Elder detail so lovingly. The rich fields of his country, the shifting horizons, the warm light, the powerful and centuries-old instincts of his people all these Verhaeren sang with violent passionateness. And the spirit of his first book has animated all his others, to the very last. His vision broadened with the years; his insight became European, became humane, but its substance is a growth of Flemish earth. The image of Mother Flanders has remained fixed in his spirit and is the core of all his work:

'Ah! l'ai-je aimé éperdument  
Ce peuple, aimé jusqu' en ses injustices  
jusqu' en ses crimes, jusqu' en ses vices!  
ne sentant rien, sinon que j'étais de sa race,  
que sa tristesse était la mienne et que sa face  
me regardait penser, me regardait vouloir  
sous la lampe, le soir,  
quand je lisais sa gloire en mes livres de classe.

About the middle of his life, a crisis, physical and spiritual, shook him profoundly. He emerged from it to plunge into public affairs. The Socialist teaching and program drew him, and he became a devoted and effective member of that party. It answered to his democratism, his sense for justice and abounding goodness. It filled him with prophetic inspiration, with enormous power to proselyte and win adherents. Through it he became master of his life and certain of his vocation. It made the manifoldness of his genius manifest. As poet he not merely sees, he understands and he loves the hopeful unborn. His poetry is in the world of social thinking as the morning star in the dusk before sun-rise. Night and day mingle their lights in it; the coming event casts its beam before. This is the burden of his song, and it is of the substance of eternity. "Les Visages de la Vie," "Les Forces Tumultueuses," "La Multiple Splendeur" will I think, keep their rank as the most beautiful of Verhaeren's works. In them he glorifies the power, the action, the joy, the enthusiasm which are in the universe, and which man partakes of:

Mieux vaut partir, sans aboutir,  
que de s'asseoir, même vainqueur, le soir  
avec, en son cœur morne, une vie  
qui cesse de bondir au delà de la vie.

In this he is in keeping with his age and social setting; the universe and all therein is but a theme for his most powerful utterance. He celebrates them, allies himself to them, admires and loves them. One's own growth comes thereby:

Il faut aimer pour découvrir avec génie  
 Il faut admirer tout pour s'exalter soi-même  
 Admirer, c'est se grandir.

Verhaeren, in the vein of the Walt Whitman who writes "I am he that aches with amorous loves," embraces the universe and celebrates its immortal beauty; its birth; the historic essence of the life of its peoples, of the Greeks particularly, whose art expressed "the still tumult of the gestures of life;" the parturient times of it, writhing with "the tamed energy of train and ship." Verhaeren's vitality and freshness derive largely, I think, from his power of admiration for each particular thing. He is enabled thereby to transmit the feeling of its innermost substance, in its uniqueness and go. His last works show this no less than his first. There is a greater sincerity in them, he has reached the summit of his life's mountain and is seeing the luminous horizons, the coming of evening, of order, of stillness, but the admiration is still there and the vitality, and the go. . . .

Verhaeren seems, on the whole, extraordinarily representative of his age. He had himself thrilled with all the inspirations of modern life, had indeed drunk of them to the point of paroxysm. He had partaken of its assertion of the domination of Will, of its aiming at grandeur and power, of its democratic sympathy with the toilers at sod or anvil, by the hot thunders of engines, the chill quiet of laboratories. He is modernity singing itself, the lyric image of the lyric immensities that are the modern world.

He is the voice of his age, but not altogether. In one point he is sharply distinct from his fellow poets. Eros has no place among his inspirations. He is no victim and priest of Modern Love. He is not concerned with the conquest of woman. He is concerned with the conquest of the world:

Les forts montent la vie ainsi qu'un escalier  
 Sans voir d'abord que les femmes sur leur passage  
 Tendent vers eux leurs seins, leurs fronts et leurs visages.

Love comes by way of the order and quiet of the household life. It is a thing delicate and sweet, not barbarian, as his poems in praise of Mme. Verhaeren indicate. They are an evocation of gardens, birds, flowers; a silence, a glance, a nothing. In them the Avatar of Modernity, aghast at the tragedy of man, is as a little child, needing and recovering its mother day by day anew:

Je te regarde et tous les jours je te découvre

You see the Flemish interior, the life so still against the whirl of the world . . .

What more shall I say? Not so long ago, when we were students at Louvain, preparing material for a literary review as yet unborn, he sent us, out of the generosity of his great love hovering about our youth, a poem. The poems which he wrote for the glory of our soldiers I read, leaning against a wall, when German shells were beating down our lines . . . and again on my cot in the hospital . . . Now he is dead. The woes of his people have hastened his death. He enters into glory. Poet of humanity, he never ceased to be a son of Belgium. In his work his blood spoke always more clearly than his culture. Gone he is, but even as the wind returns each summer to awaken the oak trees in his native village, his voice will come among us to stir the national soul he understood so well and loved so deeply. France desires to honor him with a solemn funeral and to entrust his body to the Pantheon. When the enemy at last shall be expelled from our land and the smoke of our fire-sides replace the smoke of guns, the ways of peace will teach us, what in the tumult of war we dare not think, how great, how bitter, our loss.

ROBERT SILVERCRUYS.

(From Verhaeren's *La Prière*)

Que bondisse soudain mon âme aventurière  
 Vers l'avenir,  
 Et tout à coup je sens encor,  
 Comme au temps de l'enfance, au fond de moi, frémir  
 L'aile qui dort  
 Des anciennes prières.

D'autres phrases et d'autres mots sont murmurés.  
 Mais le vieux rythme avec ses cris est demeuré,  
 Après combien de jours, le même;  
 Les temps l'ont imprimé aux sursauts de mon cœur,  
 Dès que je suis allègre et violent d'ardeur,  
 Et que je sens combien je m'aime.

O l'antique foyer dont survit l'étincelle!  
 O prière debout! O prière nouvelle!  
 Futur, vous m'exaltez comme autrefois mon Dieu,  
 Vous aussi dominez l'heure et l'âge où nous sommes,  
 Mais vous, du moins, un jour, vous deviendrez les  
 hommes  
 Et serez leur esprit, leur front, leur bras, leurs yeux.

Dès aujourd'hui mon cœur se sent d'accord  
 Avec vos cris et vos transports,  
 Hommes d'alors  
 Quand vous serez vraiment les maîtres de la terre.  
 Et c'est du fond du présent dur  
 Que je dédie à votre orgueil futur  
 Mon téméraire amour et son feu solitaire.

# More Ado About Nothing

## Characters:

Margaret Findlay, a Shakespere scholar.  
 Dick Findlay, her younger brother.  
 Miss Millicent Findlay, their aunt.  
 Alice Benton, assistant to Margaret.  
 William Carter.  
*William Shakespere.*

## Scene:

*Margaret Findlay's luxuriantly furnished study. The library to the left is occasionally glimpsed when the heavy green curtains are pushed aside. On one of these curtains is a representation of Rosalind in the forest of Arden; on the right, Ophelia in her madness. On one side is the court-room scene from "A Merchant of Venice" in statuette reproduction; on the other a miniature of Shakespere's home at Stratford.*

*At right center, a semi-circular space is enclosed by curtains, on one half of which is Titania with Bottom's head in her lap; on the other, a full length portrait of Shakespere.*

*As the curtain rises, Dick and Alice are seen at the writing table, busily calculating from some books before them and carefully tabulating the results.*

Dick: One hundred thirty-two—one hundred thirty-three—one hundred thirty-four—thirty-five—Margaret will soon be home, Alice—hundred thirty-six—seven—eight. . .

Alice: Eighty-three—eighty-four—eighty-five—I do hope I finish before she returns—eighty-six—eighty-seven—oh dear, you are so far ahead of me—eighty-eight—eighty-nine—ninety. . .

Dick: Hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—you are going just as fast as I am—hundred forty-five—forty-six—seven—but Macbeth has more commas—hundred forty-eight—than Othello—hundred forty-nine—fifty—fifty-one. . .

Alice: Ninety-six—ninety-seven—but Margaret is your sister—ninety-eight—and you needn't bother about how fast you work—ninety-nine—one hundred, thank Heavens!

Dick: One hundred? Fine place to stop. Let's rest a bit.

Alice: Oh, how tired I am! Commas, commas; I see nothing but commas floating around in the air.

Dick: A man's dead these three hundred years and here are we counting the commas he used.

Alice: Of course, it isn't for our sakes.

Dick: Well, but it is in the family. Just because Margaret is a Shakespere scholar, I must suffer the consequences.

Alice: I'm glad you were here today to help me, and keep me company.

Dick: Say, Alice, you look real pretty when you purse your lips that way. Let me sit down beside you?

Alice: But keep your distance, young man.

Dick: Where did you get those dimples, Alice?

Alice: What did Elsie Walker say when you asked her?

Dick: Alice, do you think I care for that girl?

Alice: I do not know, only . . .

Dick: Now tell the truth; do you really think I care for her?

Alice: No, of course not; I was only teasing.

Dick: Well, this is what you get for teasing.

*(Just as he hisses Alice, Aunt Millicent, a dignified maiden lady of forty-five, quietly enters.)*

Aunt (horrified): Alice! Dick! You . . . you are . . .

*(Alice is too shocked to say anything; Dick quickly rises, trying to be master of the situation.)*

Dick: Hello, Aunt Millicent. I hope you enjoyed your nap.

"To nap or not to nap—that is the question;

Whether 't is nobler in one's bed to sleep" . . .

Aunt: Dick, explain yourself. What have you been doing?

Dick: Doing? Why, nothing, Aunt Millie. That is, not exactly nothing of course; but you see, I was helping Alice—we were tabulating Shakespere's punctuation marks—for Margaret's new book—so many commas—and er—so—you see . . .

Aunt: I see all too plainly. Alice, I am mortified at your conduct. Dick, your behavior is disgraceful.

Dick: But Aunt Millie, what did I do?

Aunt: Have you so soon forgotten my instructions to you in gentlemanly deportment? Have I not repeatedly told you that such actions are not to be tolerated?

Dick: But why not? Alice tolerates it. I tolerate it. What is this world coming to anyway if a fellow can't even . . .

Aunt: Richard Claybourn Findlay, will you never grow up?

*(Dick is crushed. Margaret Findlay enters with a great armful of books which she is scarcely able to deposit on her desk. William Carter follows with*



*one armful of books and in his other hand carrying with great care a silver tablet.)*

Dick: Hello, Margie. Hello, Bill, where have you two been?

Will: Oh, out Shakespering.

Aunt: Out where?

Dick: Don't you know what Shakespering is, Aunt Millicent? Why, I am surprised; I am astonished; I am mortified.

Aunt: Dick, what does it mean, and none of your nonsense!

Dick: Why, Shakespering—Shakespering means going around town with eyes wide open, ears cocked, nose sniffing, fingers itching to get hold of anything by, of, on, about, or in any manner, shape or degree relating to or connected with one William Shakespere.

*(Alice has been rummaging among the things, and suddenly ends her mumblings with a gurgling squeak.)*

Dick: For Heaven's sake, what have you got there? Let me see it, Alice, please do.

Alice: Look, this silver tablet; look—look—look.

Dick: Let's read what it says. "To Margaret Findlay, distinguished Shakespere scholar, on—on . . ."

Alice: "On the tercentenary anniversary of the death of Shakespere . . ."

Dick: "In recognition of her brilliant work. The London Shakespere Society . . ."

Alice: "Lord Westmoreland. Wilfred Montrose. Lord Winters . . ."

Dick: "Harold Falkenson. Countess of Cheshire. Duke of Gallantree."

Alice: Two of the greatest novelists that ever lived!

Dick: Two novelists, and two lords, and one countess, and . . .

Aunt: And a duke? Did I understand you to say the Duke of Gallantree?

*(She adjusts her spectacles and slowly reads over the inscription.)*

Alice: Oh, what a darling, cunning, gorgeous tablet! Margaret, let me kiss you! Oh, you dear, wonderful girl!

Dick (*striking an attitude*): Margie, I must admit at last, you are a wonder.

"Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say there is no sin but to be rich."

Margaret: King John, Act two, Scene 1, lines 592-3.

Dick: I never have been able to fool you yet, Margie.

Aunt (*still reading*): Lord Westmoreland. Wil . . . Wilfred Montrose. Lord Winters. Harold . . .

Dick: Why, Margaret knows more about Shakespere than he would himself. I bet. Say, Margie,—no fooling, sis; what would you do if Shakespere should return on the night of the three hundredth anniversary of his death?

Margaret: Dick always has some silly question to ask.

Dick: But really, what would you do? Suppose you were at your daily conference, and . . .

Will: Margaret, will you let me be present at one of your conferences with the . . . the er . . . soul of Shakespere?

Margaret: I could not permit anyone to be present. Really, there is no mystery about it. I simply sit in there and stare at the fire on the hearth, and dream about Shakespere. That is all. I try to bring myself back to the spirit of his time and his personality. If you were there, it would be impossible.

Will: Oh well, I never count for anything when it's a matter of Shakespere.

Dick (*who has been looking over the books*): "The Variations in Shakesperian Emotions as Illustrated by Shakespere's Varying Use of Punctuation:" A Critical and Analytical Study in Six Volumes by Margaret Desdemona Findlay.

Will: Truly, Margaret, aren't there enough books in there already?

Margaret: There are never too many; there are never enough.

Will: But just see. Here is a bookcase full of Shakespere, there is another, and there, and there, and in there are ten thousand volumes of Shakespere, in which Shakespere's own works are lost. Critiques, discussions, controversies, commentaries, bosh, rot, nonsense! Books about Shakespere, to Shakespere, for Shakespere; books about critics of Shakespere, and about the critics that criticized those critics. Books on . . .

*(Continued on page 94)*

## Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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## Helen of Tea: A Tale of Taste

THEY both decided that tea was the proper thing. Not that they were proper people at all. On the contrary, they considered themselves of quite uncommon fibre,—altogether unconventional, as one would say. Reared in a family atmosphere that cracked for its very stiffness, ramparted on one side by a mother who taught school and could never forget it, and on the other by a father who overdid Bunyan, George Fordyce had broken away in a startlingly reckless fashion, and been thanked for his moral innovations by the utterance of "Poor Aunt Grace" by some seven aunts and uncles,—Aunt Grace being the mother of Fordyce.

When Fordyce's diatribe against marriage appeared in a New York paper, to which city he had gone as soon as he began thinking, the old people in the home town all threw up their hands and bade good bye to George's soul. George did not believe he had a soul, and so it really did not concern him at all. The father wrote a letter urging a return home, and telling the need of help in the paper business. Father felt that the hearthstone insistence might revive the fading morals.

When George read the letter he sat down and wrote the family that home as it existed was a social artificiality. He made other statements that shook family foundation stones. He went so far as to say that his parents were old fashioned, and his special emphasis was laid on the fact that his mother, because she did her own cooking, had been down-trodden for thirty years without knowing it. He concluded by saying that he would not come home and that he was to devote his life to writing, and particularly to singing the creed of the Modern Woman, the woman without bonds or foolish social restrictions. He added a postscript asking about the party they had had at Christmas, but crossed it out before the letter was mailed.

Helen Parker was a little too large to be graceful, but she had a soul in her eyes, white teeth, and a remarkable way of saying something worth while whenever she said anything, which was often. She had a studio manner about her, studied yet sincere. She wore a smock. She smoked a cigarette inconspicuously. She too hymned the Modern Woman, and she had met George Fordyce in Brentano's private galleries without an introduction. That was good, they had both said afterward.

From the start their relationship had been that of two people working for a common end; both artistic, able to write, interested in the same things. Their friendship was natural, and hardly conventional in the social sense of the word, although nothing more inti-

mate had developed between them. They had been to teas together in the studios of artists whom they counted as friends, but Helen had never entertained him privately because,—well, simply because the occasion had never demanded it. But when George Fordyce completed his epic, his first long poem,—a powerful disturber of rubber-stamp thoughts and boiler plate fashions,—he had decided that Helen Parker should judge it before it went to the public. They had both thought that tea was the proper thing,—tea in her apartment.

Fordyce arrived in the afternoon with the manuscript in his pocket, and his heart a bit lyric. He felt that he had reached a high place in his program for the social emancipation of women. He ushered himself into Helen Parker's front living room and gave a whistle as an announcement of his arrival.

"I'll be out in a minute," said the girl's voice from one of the back rooms.

Fordyce sat down and breathed in the scattered surroundings. Books were everywhere, and pictures, and several wicker chairs with precarious bottoms. Fordyce enjoyed it; he enjoyed the dust on the table, the clock which did not go, the splash of paint on the wall, and a broken easel lying in a corner. They were symbols to him, symbols of the modern emancipation. And then he thought of the girl, her fresh thoughts, her keen thoughts, her elevation above all the sordid, all the petty, all the small things of life.

Helen came, and she bloomed a bit and said a clever thing, and they both laughed.

"Tea is a new thing for you here. How do you like my library?"

"It is good," answered Fordyce, and they talked of other things, and the supper the night before at Clark's, and Dave's predilection for Rhine wine and sonnets, and how well Charteause had played.

It was not long before Helen brought out the tea things and Fordyce approved mightily. He had had little lunch, he said, and was really hungry. No, bread and butter and tea was all he wanted, and soon the tea began bubbling, and while it bubbled she cut the bread. She brought out a carving knife, and a loaf wrapped in waxed paper. She cut a slice of bread so that it fell flat upon the table,—a thick, closely knit slice of bread.

It lay and screamed at Fordyce from the smooth surface. It was a plateau, a steep, level table-land of baked dough, cut in such a quantity, and to such a thickness as to be revolting. With all of us there are things that touch the inner nature. With some per-

haps it is bad music, with others the feel of velvet, with others a violent odor. Fordyce's revolt as he viewed the bread was more vital than any of these. The thick bread seemed to jar a whole unconscious philosophy in him, the philosophy of taste. He could stand dusty furniture, or an untidy room, or a bit of paint on the wall. He liked them; they could be classified as artistic and a happy disregard for convention. But thick bread was too basic for such easy interpretations. It touched a note of repulsion deep in him, although for the moment he did not realize it. He only knew that something was stirred, and the sun suddenly grew dim.

Four pieces now lay upon the table. Helen had cut them, holding the loaf aloft, and letting the monstrosities drop one by one upon the table. To Fordyce

the last one was terrific, and she sliced away with the prideful air of one who knows little of such trifles,— a woman who is interested in bigger things, bigger even than the bread she sliced.

"And what is your newest idea?" she asked with a smile. "Is it marriage again, or woman's place in the artistic world, or another argument against the absurdity of the household?"

Fordyce shuddered. Twenty minutes later he was gone, pleading a forgotten engagement and promising the epic for another time.

And the paper business, instilled with youthful blood, does well in the home town, and the seven aunts and uncles think that George's soul may yet be saved.

T. E. M. HEFFERAN.

## My Love

Oh my love has the limbs of a young Greek God;  
And the flush of the dawn in his cheek;  
    And the mist of the morn  
    In his grey-blue eyes  
With the fear of the faun by the creek.

Oh my love has the voice of an Aucassin  
All the music of men in its tone  
    All the echoes of years  
    Of laughter and tears  
All the murmurs of heath, wide and lone.

Oh my love has the air of a startled deer  
All the grace and the tremulous poise  
    That same look in his eyes  
    Of fear and surprise  
When the sound is the sound of my voice.

And my love's is the charm of the moonlit lake  
It's akin to the humming bird's flight  
    To the spell of the wave  
    In a dusky cave  
Or the hush of a warm summer's night.

But my love lives away in a far, far land,  
In a land which I never shall gain  
    And between us lie seas  
    And "plough-torn leas"  
And mountains, and rivers, and ——— pain.

JANET KERR.

## The Way of the Transgressor

MRS. DANIELLS paused in the middle of the sultry farm kitchen with a sigh, after she had finished putting away the last of the dinner dishes. The heat of the July day had given her face a drawn, worn look that made her seem years older than she was. She stepped to the kitchen window and looked out.

"Such a Fourth of July," she murmured. "It's enough to sweat a person to death. I don't see how those children have the gimp to tear around the way they do."

Then she caught sight of little Johnnie, aged six, in the act of lighting off a fire cracker.

"Johnnie!" she exclaimed, leaning out of the window. "Johnnie, look here!"

Johnnie was blissfully deaf to all outside interruptions, wholly absorbed in the fascination of the magic interest of the fire cracker. He delicately placed it on a small stone, and with the care and eagerness of an ardent adventurer he applied the glowing punk. There was a sudden sputter of sparks. He sprang erect, ran backwards a step or two, then jumped up and down at the sudden bang of the cracker. All at once he was shaken by the shoulders back to stern reality.

"Johnnie! How many times have I got to tell you to leave those things be? Do you want to blow your head off?"

Johnnie considered. "But, ma," he began. "Jim said—"

"I don't care what Jim said. You know what I told you. You just watch the others shoot 'em off. That's enough. Don't let me catch you with one of those crackers in your hand again, either. Do you, hear?"

"Yes'm. But, ma, Jim said the little ones wouldn't hurt. Please, ma, let me—"

"I'll do nothing of the kind! Don't you let me hear you ask me again. And don't you pay any attention to what Jim says. If you're not a good boy you'll have to come in the house and stay. Do you hear?"

"Yes'm. It's hot in the house, ma."

As if Johnnie needed to tell her that!

"I can't help it if it is. You heard what I said. Now run away and play with the boys. But don't you go near the crackers. Nor don't get into any other mischief, either."

She turned toward the house. Such a day as it had been! She was grateful that her husband had gone to the neighbors with the men who had come down from the city for dinner. At least she need not get supper for them. A light lunch for the children would be suf-

ficient. How the heat had drained away her energy. The parlor seemed to be the coolest room in the house, which wasn't saying much, she thought. She lay down on the sofa, and tried to go to sleep. For a long time she lay there, too tired to move, but with no sleep in her eyes. She suddenly realized that she was very lonely, and not knowing to whom to turn for companionship, she simply waited, moody, resentful, longing for the presence and touch of someone who cared for her. The afternoon sun glared lower in the west when she arose. She stepped out upon the front porch to look for the children. A glance through the grove in front of the house revealed them in the dust of the road. She looked at them for several minutes before she missed little Johnnie.

"Oh, I suppose he's up to some more mischief," and she turned into the shadows of the house again. A suspicious noise rattled in the pantry, then she heard the back door close softly, and the sound of a coaxing voice:

"Here, doggie! Nice doggie. Was a nice doggie, wasn't he? Nice, good doggie—"

She hurried through the hallway into the kitchen, and stopped at the door.

"Well, of all things!"

Johnnie glanced up, startled, from the absorbing occupation of feeding a scrawny, mongrel dog. He mechanically pushed the dog another piece of stolen meat, while he waited with bent head for the storm to break. It broke. It raged with the violence, effectiveness, and brevity of the cloud-burst. When it was over, the hungry wanderer was yelping his way out of the yard, while Johnnie was crying silently in the darkened, warm recesses of the sitting room.

"Now you stay right in here till you can be a good boy. Do you hear?"

"Yes,—ma."

"All right. See that you do." And she shut the door. She stood for a moment on the outside, listening to Johnny's quiet sobbing. She did not mean to be stern. She wasn't like Mrs. Dabney, anyway, who was always whipping her children to make them mind. But if the children wouldn't behave, what was a body to do? She made her way slowly out through the yard toward where the children were playing, and stood by the gate watching them.

"Look, ma!" exclaimed Jim, the twelve-year-old, catching sight of her. "See me shoot off this one!" Mrs. Daniels decided to stay out under the shade of the trees and watch them play. She came out and sat down on the horse-block under the welcome shade of

the big chestnut trees, languidly watching the eagerness with which the happy, excited children ran to and fro through the dust of the road. Even the incessant banging of their crackers, and the snapping and popping of the toy pistols and torpedoes did not more than half rouse her out of the mood into which the sultry day lulled her. She did not fail to respond to the rapid, eager speeches of the children with a smile, but she seemed somehow to be standing aside from herself and them, half watching them, half letting the tired mind run on and on in drowsy reveries. With quick intuition the children felt that she was not particularly interested in their play, so they came to her less and less often, till they gradually drifted away down the road toward the orchard.

Listlessly Mrs. Daniells watched them go. How muggy the day was! Her mind ran wearily back over the long hours of the morning in the oven-like kitchen; back and back over the monotonous days which lay behind this one. Her brain balked at the prospect of the days ahead, and started to run in an aimless circle over the same track. Her eyes roved languidly over the baking fields across the road: the stiff, dry timothy hay sticking motionless up into the quiver of the sun's heat; the big walnut tree in front of her, just outside the haylot, every immovable leaf choked with dust from the road. Then her eyes dropped to the road itself, to the parched grass at her feet, and with a half sigh, she leaned against the wooden hitching post beside her, and closed her eyes.

A big fly commenced to chase round and round her head, buzzing and buzzing monotonously, as though there were nothing in the wide world to do but spin around in busy circles forever. The faraway shouting of the children came but faintly to her ears, while the popping and banging of their Fourth of July seemed echoes out of a dry and unfamiliar world. From the barns to the rear of the lots she heard the voices of the men, and the occasional restless stamping of the horses in the stalls. The ennuied squawk of a hen came to her from somewhere out of a great and weary distance, till gradually all the heat and weariness were swallowed up, and she was asleep.

The sun melted its way slowly downwards into the west. Clouds began to gather on the horizon, and a light, cool breeze sprang up, rustling the five-fingered leaves of the chestnut tree above Mrs. Daniells' head, and playing tricks with a loose strand of her hair. She slept on with her head and shoulder against the hard, wooden post. Darkness covered the sky rapidly, and the children in the orchard, their fire-works spent, and suddenly realizing that they were hungry, sought the house in search of mother and supper. The black clouds rose out of the horizon, sweeping rapidly across

the sky, like detachments of an army hurried forward to the attack. A low rumble came from their midst.

Mrs. Daniells stirred restlessly, then a big, warm drop spattered on her up-turned cheek, and she sat up, a little dazed, and somewhat stiff from resting so long against the hard stone and wood. A sudden patter of rain on the leaves above warned her of the condition of things, and she hastened to the house, the first big drops spattering about her. As she reached the door and hurried within, the rain swept down hard and fast.

She closed the windows rapidly, got a light in the kitchen, and began to lay out the supper for the clamorous children.

"Thought you were lost, ma," remarked Jim. "Where've you been?"

"Have you been out on the horse-block all this time, ma?"

"Where's Johnnie, ma?"

"Well, where is Johnnie?" retorted Mrs. Daniells, glancing around. "Have any of you seen,— Oh, I remember. He's in the sitting room, Mary. Will you go call him?"

"Well, did you shoot off all your fire crackers?" inquired the mother.

"You bet we did, ma. And you just ought to've seen Jim, ma. He had a great big—"

"Ma!" called out the voice of Mary from the sitting room. "Ma, Johnnie ain't here."

Mrs. Daniells rose and went to see for herself.

"Go and eat your supper, Mary," she said. "I'll find him."

She didn't find him in the sitting room, though, nor in any of the rooms, and she looked through them all twice, calling aloud, and growing more and more annoyed as each room proved a vain search.

"Have any of you children seen anything of him?" she inquired at last in desperation of the chattering, hungry table-full.

"No'm."

"No, I ain't seen him, ma."

"I saw him at four o'clock, ma," said Arthur.

"So did I!" retorted his mother grimly, remembering the occasion. "Did any of you see him later?"

"Why, I b'lieve I saw him around the hay-barn about an hour ago, playing with some fool tramp dog," volunteered Jim.

"Oh, you did! Why didn't you say so before?"

Mrs. Daniells glanced at the swimming window panes, and listened to the beat of the rain on the tin roof of the porch. The child must have taken shelter from this in one of the barns. Maybe the men would bring him in when they got through milking. No, she wouldn't wait. She would find him at once. He was

(Continued on page 102)

## An Introduction to De La Mare

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE has recently come to America on an all too brief visit, the immediate purpose of which was to receive on behalf of the mother and of the heirs of Rupert Brooke the Harland Prize and Medal awarded to him by Yale University, and to deliver a lecture there.

Huguenot on the father's side, Scottish on the mother's, and as he adds, "English on the others," Mr. De la Mare was born in Kent, in the southeastern part of England, in April 1873. For many years he "worked in the City," which vaguely means that he earned his livelihood uncongenially in one form of business or another.

For a long time, however, he has been intimately associated with the writing life of London, in such capacities as reader and literary advisor to publishing houses, and as occasional and staff contributor to all sorts of periodicals from daily newspapers to quarterly reviews. No one is better informed on the newest books dealing with letters than he, a fact which is taken advantage of by the "Edinburgh Review," (for which he does a regular article on current literature,) by the "Westminster Gazette," and by the Literary Supplement of "The Times," for which he is a "leader writer." Much of this "stuff" is frankly journalistic, composed for a day and a day only, but its author is regarded in Britain not only as more than a mere journalist, but as being, indeed, one of the best literary critics of the decade. It is high time that the best of his work in this kind should be put between covers. It was doubtless in recognition of his critical ability that he was appointed to one of the honorary professorships of the Royal Society of Literature and to membership in the Academic Committee (the recently founded British counterpart of the French Academy). He has written a play or two, short stories and novels, and since it is primarily as a poet that his fame seems to be spreading, especially in America, it seems curious that his prose book, "The Return," should bring forth his first official recognition, as it were, for "style and promise." I refer to the bestowal upon him, the first year of its establishment, of the prize offered by Prince Edmond de Polignac. Later recipients of this honor were Messrs. John Masefield, James Stephens, and Ralph Hodgson.

I once asked Mr. Hodgson if he were ever going to write a long poem. He replied that he feared that he might never write a good long poem. I then asked, "Why not?" He said, in effect, that he had not known early enough Walter De la Mare, who might have shown him how to do it,—De la Mare, with his

training and technique. It is in itself no mean tribute to the poet of "The Listeners" that the poet of "The Bull" should thus by implication allude to him as his master, but it is a significant indication of the respect amounting to deference in which Mr. De la Mare is held by his fellow-craftsmen. There is, I believe, none of the younger poets whose circle of admirers is quite so choice. I refer not only to the professional critics many of whom are in surprising accord in this matter; but to that larger number of amateurs, of lovers, (though still not large enough) to whom certain notes particularly appeal, and whose approach to poetry in general is marked by sensitive discrimination.

The reviewer for the "Spectator" says that "The Listeners" is full of many notes. Sometimes he writes little apologues instinct with tender simplicity. Again he follows the old fairy magic, with the richness of fancy we have known before in his work. "The Dwelling Place" and "Ages Ago" show this side of his talent. But his most abiding quality is his wistfulness, his sense of the things not seen, the consciousness that the glowing world is a thin cloak which hides the greater verities. According to Mr. D. Figgis there is scarce a poet writing whose poems leave so ineffaceable impression on the mind as Mr. De la Mare's. Delicately wrought, exquisitely carved, there is no waste of words in them, and the economy is, as economy so seldom is, part and lot of an inspiration that seldom fails. In the opinion of Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. De la Mare is one of the two living poets who has "magic."

LEWIS CHASE.

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*The following are some selections from the work of De la Mare.*

[From "The Listeners."]

EXILE.

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Had the gods loved me I had lain  
Where darnel is, and thorn,  
And the wild night-bird's nightlong strain  
Trembles in bows forlorn.

Nay, but they loved me not; and I  
Must needs a stranger be,  
Whose every exiled day gone by  
Aches with their memory.

[From "The Listeners."]

## DREAMS.

Be gentle, O hands of a child;  
Be true: like a shadowy sea  
In the starry darkness of night  
Are your eyes to me.

But words are shallow, and soon  
Dreams fade that the heart once knew;  
And youth fades out in the mind,  
In the dark eyes too.

What can a tired heart say,  
Which the wise of the world have made dumb?  
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,  
'Return again, come!'

[From "The Listeners."]

## BE ANGRY NOW NO MORE.

Be angry now no more!  
If I have grieved thee—if  
Thy kindness, mine before,  
No hope may now restore:  
Only forgive, forgive!

If still resentment burns  
In thy cold breast, oh if  
No more to pity turns,  
No more, once tender, yearns  
Thy love; oh yet forgive!

Ask of the winter rain  
June's withered rose again:  
Ask grace of the salt sea:  
She will not answer thee.  
God would ten times have shriven  
'A heart so riven;  
In her cold care thou'ld be  
Still unforgiven.

[From "The Listeners."]

## NOD.

Softly along the road of evening,  
In a twilight dim with rose,  
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew  
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,  
Their fleeces charged with gold,  
To where the sun's last beam leans low  
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,  
From their sand the cronies creep;  
And all the birds that fly in heaven  
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,  
Yet, when night's shadows fall,  
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,  
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,  
The waters of no-more-pain,  
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,  
'Rest, rest, and rest again.'

[From "Songs of Childhood."]

## ENVOY.

Child, do you love the flower  
Ashine with colour and dew  
Lighting its transient hour?  
So I love you.

The lambs in the mead are at play,  
'Neath a hurdle the shepherd's asleep,  
From height to height of the day  
The sunbeams sweep.

Evening will come. And alone  
The dreamer the dark will beguile;  
All the world will be gone  
For a dream's a brief while.

Then I shall be old; and away;  
And you, with sad joy in your eyes,  
Will brood over children at play  
With as loveful surmise.

[From "The Listeners."]

## THE LISTENERS.

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door, again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.



## Non Compos Mentis

ONE moment. I must laugh . . . So! Pardon me for beginning thus, but it is really very droll. You would laugh, too, if you knew what I knew. Patience! I shall tell you, and then we shall meet on even ground.

I have just come away from a friendly meeting and *Sippung* with the *Garroters*. You know the *Garroters*. Quite an intellectual lot. Oh, very! You know what are its requirements for admission. A rejection slip from *Scribbler's Magazine*. Quite so. I had that, and also one from the *Atalantis Monthly*. They were dumfounded. They kotowed. I treated them as equals, and at that they were very pleased indeed.

It was a most successful meeting. Those present numbered fourteen intellectual giants and a small keg of beer. Which I enjoyed the most I cannot tell—to-night. Each was a source of inspiration, however.

Well, well, that is all beside the mark. Brother Kilthem read a story, a translation from the Hebrew. The keg had not been broached. His voice died away in silence. There was no applause. Brother Jams read a verse of his own manufacture in an emotional bass. It was called *The Wail of a Lost Love*, and it was unusually musical, as wails go. The keg was one-third empty. There was a little hand-clapping, but that was all. And then I took the rostrum and read my masterpiece, *The Tragedy of Shirtwaist Sue*. It would have brought tears to your eyes, if you had heard me. The keg was empty. I was rewarded with vociferous applause. The fourteen intellectual giants grew wild with enthusiasm. They wrung my hand. They shouted praises into my ears, and Brother Joh gave me a copy of the *Wisconsin Libertine Magazine*—free! And then they drained the last drops from their steins, stole another olive, and went home. Some of them never got home. I remember finding Brother Feeny in a dazed condition an hour later, headfirst in a rainbarrel, peering through the bunghole, and gravely begging the rainspout to blow out the moon so that he might go to sleep.

This is all amusing, no doubt, but you have yet to be apprised of the really funny part of the whole business. It was just this—but before I tell you, I must have your promise to keep it to yourself. . . . Thank you. Now I can safely continue.

You remember how I was received by the *Garroters*, how they scraped and pump-handled before me, how they heaped praises on my head. And they are all intellectual giants, remember that! Well, then, how

do you think they would feel if they knew that they had bowed and scraped before a man with the brain of a child seven and one-half years old?

Isn't that droll? I have laughed all night over it. I am laughing now.

Impossible! you may say after laughing with me. No, no! It is true—absolutely! I have the brain of a child exactly seven and one-half years old, no more, no less. Prove it, you say. Patience! I shall do so.

It all began when my late friend, Dr. Stanislaus Wopzinski decided that he was tired of being a liver specialist. Dr. Wopzinski was a very learned man. You may have read his article on *Cod Liver Oil as a Therapeutic Agent*, which was printed a year ago in the *Journal of Medicology*. I have not, but he told me often that it is very interesting. Well, after writing that illuminating thesis, Dr. Wopzinski decided he could retire from the liver specialist field with high honors. He did. He went in for neuropathology, psychopathology, and neuropsychopathology. He studied the Binét tests for mentality one afternoon and found they were absurd, utterly worthless, based on fallacious assumptions. He devised a series of tests himself. I have told you he was a very learned man. It was child's play for him. Then he examined 122 boys and girls from the juvenile detention home. One month ago I called on him and asked him how his work was progressing.

"Wonderful," he assured me, teetering on his toes and jingling his bunch of keys in high good humor. "I may say in all modesty the result of my examination was most gratifying. Among the 122 boys and girls I examined, 122 were idiots, imbeciles, or morons. I am greatly pleased. It proves my theory that all criminals are *non compos mentis*. I am going to write a work about it, in three volumes, red morocco bindings."

"Marvelous, Dr. Wopzinski," I exclaimed. "I hasten to offer my congratulations."

"Thank you. Hm! Hm! Yes, my dear friend, they were either microcephalic, epileptic, eclampsic, hydrocephalic, traumatic, inflammatory, or paralytic idiots. I am quite proud of the Wopzinski tests. Come, let me show them to you."

I followed him into his laboratory. It looked like a miniature toy shop. There were all sorts of queer contraptions in it: toy building blocks, puzzle cut-outs, mysterious combinations of keys and locks, doughnuts, and bamboo canes. The doughnuts looked fresh and inviting. I picked one up and nibbled at it.

"Careful, my dear friend," warned Dr. Wopzinski.



"You have taken the first step in the first test. Four-year-old minds nibble at doughnuts the moment they spy them."

"Most interesting," I laughed. "Allow me to take the rest of the third degree. It will be a most instructive experiment."

Dr. Wopzinski seated himself at a little table and pulled out of his pocket a stop watch and a record chart.

"Very well," said he. "String that heap of doughnuts on the bamboo cane as fast as possible."

I seized the cane and a handful of doughnuts and proceeded to string. I dropped a doughnut. I picked it up. I dropped several more. I picked them up. At length they were all strung on the bamboo cane.

"Hm!" muttered Dr. Wopzinski, making marks on the record chart. "Next to the doughnuts you will find a wooden frame and five pieces of wood that will exactly fill the frame if you place them correctly. Do so as quickly as you can."

It was most amusing—and so simple. But the blocks wouldn't fit. There was no use trying. They couldn't have been squeezed into a rubber frame. I gave up.

"Hm!" murmured Dr. Wopzinski, making more marks. "Now the puzzle picture. Fit the pieces together to make a picture of a giraffe with a broken neck and three legs."

I did so. But the giraffe was a long time coming.

"Hm!" said the doctor. "And now the puzzle box. The problem is to get the hook off the nail and make the bell ring."

I did that, too. I performed several more tests. Then Dr. Wopzinski finished his records and consulted a volume of tables.

"My dear friend!" he gasped, growing pale.

"Dr. Wopzinski!" I exclaimed.

"Look here!" He held out the record sheet. It ran something like this:

1. Introduction doughnut problem done in 2' 39" with four drops and one nibble.
2. Construction puzzle A a failure in 9'.
3. Giraffe puzzle in 4' 36".
4. Puzzle box accidental success in 18 moves.
5. Construction puzzle B in 6' with 8 errors.
6. Building blocks problem a failure in 10'.

CLASS—Moron, 7½ year brain.

"Good God, doctor!" I cried. "I; a moron!"

"The Wopzinski tests never err. You are a moron," said the doctor hollowly. "My poor, poor friend."

With the shriek of a doomed man I ran from the accursed place. Hatless, I scuttled down the street. People stared after me. They were looking at my seven-and-one-half-year-old brain and laughing. I

gained my room. I tore my hair. I looked into the mirror. I smiled. It was the smile of a moron. I had seen it in a picture somewhere. Suddenly I remembered that I had a strange habit of putting my thumb into my mouth when in doubt. My niece does that. She is exactly seven and one-half years old! The Wopzinski tests were mercilessly accurate. I was a moron!

Next morning I struggled between doubt and fear. It could not be. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. Could a moron do that? I raced to the library and consulted book after book. I came across this in *Brittanica*:

"Comparatively speaking, there are few idiots or imbeciles who are uniformly deprived of mental power. Some may be utterly sottish, living a mere vegetable existence, but everyone must have heard of the quaint, crafty sayings of manifest idiots, indicating the presence of no mean power of applied observation. A man may possess a very considerable meed of receptive faculty and yet be idiotic in respect of the power of application."

Quaint and crafty sayings! Mark that! I had once sent a joke to the *Hawk*, but it had not been printed because it was quaint and crafty. No power of application! Mark that again! I was always behind hand with my English themes. It was the last blow. There is a tear stain on that page of the *Brittanica*—page 600 of the volume HUS-ITA.

But after a week I took courage. No one seemed to notice that I had the brain of a child seven and one-half years old. No one but Arethustra Jones. And she will not tell. She told me so.

It happened like this. I took Arethustra to a dance two weeks ago. I stepped on her dress and ripped off a yard of canary-colored silk.

"Fool!" she cried.

"Arethustra!" I gasped.

"Idiot."

She knew!

"For the love of God, Arethustra, keep it to yourself. Tell no one," I groaned, groveling before her.

"Would I go around telling people that grass is green?" she hissed.

Arethustra told no one. I am sure of that. No one save she and Dr. Wopzinski suspected that I was a moron. I came to feel a certain keen delight in the knowledge that everybody treated me as an intellectual equal. Professors lectured gravely at me and gave me essays to write. I sent things to the magazines and collected a rare heap of rejection slips, and at that Brother Roseham invited me to attend the next meeting of the *Garroters*. It was really most amusing. I was proud of my power of simulation. Secretly I laughed at them, long and often.

(Continued on page 104)

# The Captivating Odors of the Kitchen

(Part II)

FOR twelve months Jedediah had been eating around. He had had soup and coffee spilled on him in hustling cafeterias, had ordered shredded wheat and rice pudding in clattering restaurants with whirring electric fans that only added to the general din, had tried city boarding houses where gaunt, weary individuals turned suspicious eyes on one who asked for a second helping. He had searched so long and so diversely without success, that the inspiration within him had shriveled like a withered pomegranate that was once plump and glowing and rich. But although his failure to reach the goal had dulled him, so that he was almost the old Jedediah again, and his watery eyes had lost the spark of his first enthusiasm, he had no desire to return to the Hoskins dining room. That was a nightmare that had made him shudder at the recollection. He now stayed at the plant until he was sure the supper dishes were washed, and the thick odors had partly vanished from the house. In the morning he left just before it was time for the sickish coffee scents to come wafting up over the banister to his room at the head of the stairs.

This particular noon-time he sat in a little Quick Lunch restaurant with blue-tiled shiny walls and clean table-cloths. It was soothing to him. The snub-nosed waitress shoved a card under his hand. At the bottom of it was printed:

"COFFEE JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE IT."

Jedediah pointed to the statement.

"Is it really just like Mother used to make it?" he asked.

The homely one nodded. Jedediah looked at her pityingly.

"Bring me tea," he said.

He ate plaintively. He was not hungry. He was not anything. Except pensive, perhaps, or tired. He pushed away his custard unfinished, and ambled out into the chill April sunlight, vaguely cross. He began to think and to recollect. He went back over the failures of the year until he reached the night when he had made his vow to arrive, some day, at a world of culinary idealism. He remembered the moon, and the lateness of the hour when he had retired, and the damp, restless air. He went back further still into memory, and saw again the three flaky triangles that had opened new portals to him. And it had all gone the way of the other things of his life, the way of meaningless oblivion. For the first time he saw himself a colorless mediocrity, one of the many who are nothing, one who is marked forever as a nonentity, because he sought and

did not find. Was his life always to be so? Was he never to attain, to exult in mastery? Was he always to acknowledge himself baffled and beaten? He had had one aspiration gleam out like a solitary star in his life. Was that never to be fulfilled?

He walked into the employees' entrance with bowed shoulders, and hung up his hat and coat on one of the long line of pegs behind the door. An office boy, strolling down the corridor, whistling, lifted a finger to catch his attention.

"Been lookin' for you, Jed. Old man Whittaker wants you at the office."

Jedediah drew his left hand slowly across his mouth, as if to loosen the sudden constriction of the muscles. His face twitched, and his heart was beating a boisterous reveille. The official summons seemed to come as a climax to his despair, and shocked him into acute dread. Trembling he crept to the door of the head of the firm, and scraped his knuckles over the painted, "PRIVATE." At a brisk "Come!" he pushed open the door and slid through. He wondered if Mr. Whittaker could see his knees knocking together, and he thought himself that if he were a woman, it would not show through the skirts. Wearing trousers, however —. He wanted to make a careless remark about the weather, or packing and sorting conditions, or Mr. Whittaker, but nothing would come. It was Mr. Whittaker's place to speak first, after all. That gentleman, white-haired, wrinkled, round-faced, kindly, tipped back in his swivel chair and peered over horn-rimmed glasses at Jedediah. He studied him so for some minutes, then nodded to himself as if satisfied with a judgment. When he finally spoke, it seemed to Jedediah that life and the universe had completed a vast cycle of time.

"Well, Mr. Hoskins, have you been contented with your position with us?"

"Yes—yes, sir. I like—like—my work. Pretty fair."

"Haven't thought of branching out into more clerical work? Office work? Instead of special sorting?"

"No—no, sir. I never thought—thought—I could do it."

"That so? We rather think you can. You know your end of the business from the ground up, and we want a man to go to Clarkston, Ohio, and take charge of the new buying and selecting office there. A hundred a month. Want to try it?"

Jedediah gulped. He had passed through too

many phases of emotion in an hour for the good of his coherence. His tongue was lost somewhere in his throat. He recovered it and stammered an acceptance.

"You can be ready to leave in a week, I presume. Come to me tomorrow at nine to talk it over. I have plenty of pointers for you. Thank you, Mr. Hoskins."

And Jedediah, sputtering joyously, backed out of the presence, and finding the door-knob somewhere in the region behind him, got out. The rest of the afternoon was an unreal thing. He put half a barrel of worm-eaten peaches in with a carload of "Royal Crown Specials," and spent from four until six-thirty sorting them out again. To have charge of a buying and selecting office! At the salary of a prince! He could go to this, a new town and a new position, with actual prestige, and with authority. At supper he ordered kidney stew, which he detested, and enjoyed it as if it had been ambrosia, until he remembered on his way home that it was kidney stew he had had on his mind to avoid, and not to order.

The week was gone in what seemed a day. Jedediah learned a great deal from Mr. Whittaker, of office management. He soaked up all such information handed him as if he could not get his fill. He found that there was to be a clerk under him, to typewrite orders and attend to all correspondence. This cleared away all clouds, and he sold, at a distinct loss, the already second-hand dictionary he had purchased for his new position. He bought a suit, a beautiful creation with only one button on the front of the coat, and a deliciously narrow purple stripe down the brown background. He was prepared to conquer Clarkston on first appearance, and arrived there one gaudy Spring afternoon, a dazzling creature that failed, some way or other, to make the stir he had expected. He had counted too much on the splendor of the purple stripe. He could not see the thin, pale face above it, nor the too narrow shoulders, nor the wrinkles in the back of the coat. But the new work engrossed him, and he found deep intellectual satisfaction in overcoming the difficulties, and in receiving favorable reports from headquarters. He was very much of a business man, indeed.

Clarkston he found a sleepy little place, with the town population needlessly concentrated into a few acres; shiftless people, for the most part, who had managed to save or make enough ready money to live within a half-mile of the barnlike Town Hall, and who avoided labor as carefully as possible. Outside of the town proper were many prosperous farms, of rich lowland soil, where thrifty, elemental folks raised corn and fruits and vegetables, and stayed uncouth

and pious and healthy. The women had large arms and full bosoms, and even the Sunday clothes of the men smelled of horses and cows and barns and clover. Jedediah found them a little strange. He lived on the outskirts of the village with a very old, very ancient couple, and took his meals at the only restaurant, or eating-place, as it was known, in the town, where two dirty men took turns at cooking and waiting on table. Morning and evening he had a brisk little walk to and from his office. On the way he passed a brown, dingy, little house, with a brick walk and scraggly garden, and neglected rose vines sprawling over the sides and roof to hide the scarred, weather beaten ugliness as best they might. A little care, and the place might have been attractive. Being neglected, it was dilapidated and down-at-the-heel and pitiful. Jedediah found it interesting. Its dustiness and dark color reminded him of the parental Hoskins dwelling-place. Once he was almost homesick when he went by. He wondered often what sort of tenants it contained. For two weeks he saw no one about. He had come to the conclusion that it was deserted.

And then, the evening of all evenings. He was going home early, in the mellow glow of the warm, late-setting sun, and someone was preparing supper in the dingy brown cottage. The caressing touch of bowl against bowl, the clink of spoon on tinware, the whirr of the busy egg-beater, sounded merrily from quite far away, and made a pleasant music. It had a cozy, homelike tinkle that all other meal-preparations of Jedediah's experience had lacked. Such sounds might have been made by the wife of the head of the dried apricots department. His ear became alert, and he quickened his step. Then he stopped before the gate, assailed by odors such as he had met with once before—only once. They floated out lazily, smugly, yet their very indifference to him held him in an iron grip. He stood entranced. He sniffed. There was frying chicken. He sniffed again. A crisp, baked odor! It must be biscuits, little ones, crumbly, melty ones. And, surer and surer, asserting itself gradually above the others, came the smell of fresh apple pie. It was rich, tart, delicate, at once. There could be no mistake. Jedediah had known it once in its perfection. He could never forget it. His soul answered. And he sniffed and sniffed, running his hands along the fence palings as if in them he might press the secret lock that would open the immediate door of his heart's desire. A snatch of song, in a woman's voice, filtered out to him. He came to himself, then, and fled, rather terrified. It was the realization of the close connection of the feminine with the culinary ideal that frightened him.

(Continued on page 100)

## Fragments

### In the Valley of Tears

Translated from S. Przebyshevsky

THERE spreads before me the scene which she loved so much: the broad steppe covered with heather, the faded reeds, the withered grass, the small marsh over-grown with shrubbery in the dusk. The bare branches of willows hang over muddy water, and there, somewhere in the hazy distance, a half ruined hut.

And this sadness of the steppes, the gloomy autumn with its melancholy and depression, the boundless dream of the faded grass—it is You!

And I see the sky, gleaming in its splendor. The rainbow clouds crowd upon one another, streams of molten gold merge on the horizon; the setting sun has spread its bloody red, and from west to east there rages a mad cataract of fire and purple. Slowly both fire and purple faint, only a broad bloody gash gapes from the huge forehead of the sky.

I watch the sky, the departure of torrid day.

And the gash grows, expands into the dark azure, becomes an abyss of coagulated blood, the black shadow of the earth, broken up by the flickering light of the last rays, extends deeper and deeper into the sky, until, finally, all disappears under the thick black cover of the night.

And the reflection of sunset, this bloody red on the dark azure, this glow and extinction—it is You!

And I hear a song: a deep, sad melody, followed by bluish stripes of floating light. The song flows silently and majestically, like a mountain stream: on both sides are sky-high walls, bare cliffs.

Quick, like lightning, glided the serpent of passionate desire, of lustful laughter, and flared up in a shout of delight.

Oh, more than once glided these serpents from your eyes into the silent depths of my heart, entangled them in nets of enchanting caresses, clung to them in a sweet fatigue, and slumbered off in the flame of the heart's passions. You, only you my heart created in all forms, in all thoughts, in all feelings. You harmonized to that melody everything in existence, and I became you.

You were the theme of my song, you were the life of my melancholy and desires, you were the color, sound, and fragrance of my soul,—and I had to love you. Before I first saw you, you were already in me; before I first pressed you to my heart you already trembled in my songs, you glared in the color of my paint, and, like the evening red, you soothed the sadness of my soul; you blinded me with the glimmer of your eyes, and from the threads of my soul you weaved with your white hands the boundless thoughts of my native fields.

And I love you! Love you, as I do my art, as I do my eternal past, as the breath of my native soil, as the intoxication and rapture of meditation in church. You were the spring of my life, the sumptuous blossom of my power, you were the quiet premonition of the break of dawn and the throbbing apprehension of the onrushing day.

I love you also because you have given me pain and melancholy,—melancholy, which arouses the creative thought, extends its arms to God, and torments the mind with thirst for knowledge,—you gave me the gnawing sadness of being, eternal anxiety, and eternal delight.

I forgot about you. The dazzling shimmer of your body

is no longer in my eyes, my passions are extinguished. Only that is left through which I always desired you, with which I caressed you, and which always oppressed my soul,—melancholy.

Melancholy!

You,—you are my eternal love.

P. A. ADLER.

### In the Blue Haze

THE scent of his huge black Perfecto reached us long before he presented himself.

"Where you been?" mumbled the Cynic from the easy chair.

"Out," said the Optimist as he sank into the easiest chair left.

"For brevity your answer deserves the highest mark; for pointedness of comment a golden crown; but for information, it leaves our mind as it left yours, a perfect blank," said the Musician.

"Well," said the Optimist, "a man's goings and comings are his own property, are they not?" I slipped into the hall, rummaged in his pocket, and brought forth a program.

"Petrouchka," I uttered from the doorway. At the magic sound, the Musician stiffened, the artist smiled, and the Cynic lit another cigar.

"What else was on the bill?" asked the Musician.

"L'Après midi," said the Optimist.

"You were in luck," grunted the Musician. "I applaud Petrouchka; I condone DuBussy; but when the vandal Slav lays hands on Schubert—I would fain cry 'Halt!'"

"Why so?" said the Cynic, the light of battle flaming in his weary eyes. "Has Schubert then so perfected his strains that another genius cannot add to them?"

The artist, his gentle soul shrinking from the carnage that he scented, strove to interpose,—

"Color," he began, "has long been used in painting—"

"Hear! Hear!" snorted the Cynic.

"I defy you to prove otherwise! I maintain that color has been used among artists for centuries, but never so daringly and so successfully as Bakst has used it. With him Slavic imagery and mysticism has made a startling and pleasing innovation in art as with Tschaiakowsky it did in music." He bowed gracefully to the Musician.

The Musician took the cue. "Exactly," quoth he, "—in the neo-Slavs we have a new genesis. They bring to our over-perfect civilization a semi-civilized savagery, a semi-barbaric civilization. When Slavic blood unites with any super-civilized strain there springs forth all the native beauty of the Slavic mind with the forceful exposition of the trained European."

"M-m-m-m-m—" said the Cynic, "aren't we dodging the question? I wish you to explain your first statement. Why does the thought of the barbarian handling Schubert rile you?" The Artist shuddered.

"Because," said the Musician pugnaciously, "as long as the Russian uses Russian music for his dances he understands it; when he attempts to follow the new French school he approximates it so closely that none could do better, but where he puts his rude grasp on the perfectly turned, perfectly tinted, ornate, superb work of the German romantic school, he mars the finish wherever his fingers have touched."

The Poet strutted in. "On which side am I?" he asked. "The referee," I answered, "give us, please, the true opinion of the Russian ballet."

"Well," he said, "a mass of barbaric splendour, a hideous riot of pleasing color, a tuneful progression of discordance, a heterogeneous homogeneity." The Cynic, the Musician, the Artist all nodded.

"But," said the Musician, "the Optimist has just come from there. What does he think of it?"

We looked at the Optimist. He was asleep.

E. L. HAHN.

## Wilson's Portrait

"HAVE a picture of Woodrow," said my Agric neighbor, as he brought into my room a colored campaign print of Wilson. "Looks great, doesn't it!" he added, as he placed it against the wall next to my favorite Rembrandt.

The print was a study in red and white. No one could accuse the artist of impressionism or any of the modern "isms". The patriotic artist made the president as happy and as pretty as a chorus girl. His cheeks, nose, forehead were all of a creamy white on their borders and turned into a fiery red at the centre. His light blue eyes matched with his cravat pin. A sweet girlish smile played on his lips.

"Thanks," I replied, "but, really, I don't think I have room for it."

"But you are a Wilson man," he argued.

"Yes, but you see, this picture ought to be framed, and I am broke now. Give it to N.," I suggested, "he too is a Wilson man. He is in his room now."

I don't know whether it was my face or voice that betrayed me. It did not work as I expected. He became serious and said:

"You come right out with it, and tell me frankly what is wrong with this picture."

"Nothing is wrong," I replied, "but I don't like it; it does not appeal to me; it is too polished."

He paused for a while, then brought the print over to the light, examined it closely from different angles, gently rubbed his finger tips over its surface, smelt it, and finally replied:

"I'll bet you anything it is not polished."

—P. A. ADLER.

## With the Stars

IT IS cold in the observing room. The star-filled slit, a wide cleft which cuts across the ceiling and half way down the north and south walls, like the fissure which bifurcated the House of Usher, has been open since evening; and now in the cold darkness of this February morning, the room is no warmer than the outside air. If it were heated even the slightest this slit would be choked with bubbling eddies of air which would render the delicate instrument mounted below utterly useless. No, the astronomer, if he would take advantage of the steadiness of the outer air, must submit to the rigors of its temperature.

The old astronomer knows all this and has been preparing for his vigil by warming himself in the library. Closely bundled up, he comes now, slamming the library door and stamping along the frosty corridor, his observing book in one hand and a box-chronometer in the other. He steps out a minute to drink of the beauty of the sky. A glowing planet swims in the East,

pale Spica answers ruddy Arcturus, and the whole sky, although not nearly so populous as when either arc of the Milky Way spans it, calls in those mystic accents which only the astronomer and the poet can catch and answer. The reply of the astronomer is, "I come", the poet whispers, "Here am I". Who shall judge of the two answers?

His survey completed, the astronomer hurries to his instruments. His chief pride, on which he lavishes care, an Arabian stallion might envy, is ridiculously small in this day of huge telescopes. Its graceful tube, scarce five inches in diameter, is mounted on an east and west axis which straddles a narrow passageway between two huge monoliths of limestone, like a little Prince in gilded armor carried on the shoulders of two of his grenadiers. With a few quick moves the astronomer uncovers it, rolls up his observing chair, and settles himself to his observing. All is quiet save for the ticking of his chronograph and the occasional creak of a board; the brass of the instrument sparkles in the star-light, and he shivers slightly as he leans against the leather back of the chair.

The first star to be observed soon appears in his telescope, and it is his task to measure the exact time at which it crosses the center of the field of view as it is carried westward by the Earth's turning. With skillful hands he turns and adjusts the various devices which enable him to do this to the hundredth part of a second. This time is recorded electrically by a chronograph, a little thing of brass wheels and electromagnets, like a broker's ticker, which sits on its pier in a corner clicking and hammering and disgorging an endless strip of paper bearing the printed record. Star after star he observes, staying for naught, for the stars wait no more than the tide. Finally the dawn comes, chill and white, and relieves the tired sentry.

H. O. EATON.

## Correspondence

### VARSITY OUT!

THE Wisconsin undergraduate seems to be regarded by the faculty much as Nazareth was regarded by Nathanael of old, as a thing from which no good can come. Within the week I have heard all the cardinal virtues denied it, and all the opposing sins as strongly affirmed. A general audience in Milwaukee has more mental alertness, the European student shows more intellectual spirit, and as to morals—any tendencies in the right direction which it may have had at birth have been utterly destroyed. A lecturer assigning work to his class, in order to prevent any idea from becoming current that the faculty is being hoodwinked, announced that he did not expect the actual work to be done, but that circumstances compelled him, nevertheless, to insist upon the form being gone through. Other lecturers freely interspersed their remarks upon the subject in hand with ironic, almost sardonic, references to the frivolous, dancing, drinking, brainless student; and in smaller classes more direct remarks were made, as to the lack of honor and serious purpose evidenced by the members.

If a class fails to ask intelligent questions, it is a sign of non-preparation; if it asks intelligent questions, the apparent interest is taken as a device to waste time and so prevent embarrassing inquiries from the instructor. Although we are devoid of the higher mental powers, there is no limit to our cunning. The student who asks for information, or shows any interest whatsoever in a subject, risks being put down as one who curries favor for the sake of grades. It is preposterous to suppose that any member of a university faculty could have

a judgment weak enough to be, even slightly, affected by such diplomacy, but this is one of the many schemes which students are said to employ in order to secure diplomas, while avoiding any attendant acquirements.

It seems to me that such an atmosphere, of suspicion and contempt, might tend to create mental indifference,—even in Milwaukee, and strain, at least to the stretching point, the code of a Presbyterian.

If undergraduate students at Wisconsin are our equivalent for students in the European university proper, and if the attitude of a class listening to an instructor can be compared with the attitude of an audience listening to the speaker on an occasion—certainly it should not be less mentally alert—then we give the impression of being intellectually inferior, not only to the university student in Europe but to non-university people in our own state; in any case, we appear to lack even the moral standards that a twelve-year-old would be expected to have. I cannot help feeling that there is serious purpose and intellectual activity of the keenest kind among the majority of men and women at Wisconsin, and that the impressions to the contrary arise because this activity is not of the aggressive type. Simply because serious students keep to congenial company and fail to shout their opinions from the housetops, the spirit of Wisconsin is identified with that of a few who attract attention by virtue of their being unable to do anything else.

Still the impression is there, fellow-students. It has been given by us, and is for us to correct. It is for the earnest men and women among the undergraduates—and there are many—to put *their* stamp upon the spirit of Wisconsin; it is for our socialists and economists to stir others with the burning bitterness in their own hearts over present follies and their buoyant hopes for better things; for our temperance advocates and reformers to set young blood pounding with the power that accomplishes the impossible; for our philosophers to set whirling, with their own peculiar and, often, amazing philosophies, the sluggish brains of the hitherto indifferent; and for all to get interested in making things happen, to be socialist, reformist, atheist, artist, scientist, anything, so it be the best expression of our deepest selves. It should be our endeavor to show such a fine disregard for grades and to arouse such intellectual enthusiasm that lecture rooms will be deserted, while their former occupants debate with one another on street corners, and in lunch rooms, libraries, and disordered rooms in the Latin quarter, thus proving to a doubting generation that the spirit of Wisconsin is not that of fools and knaves, but the spirit of men and women who are after the one thing worth while, which is that they may add one mite toward the right understanding of all, by all.

EVE KNOWER.

## Books: New and Old

### THE AMERICAN COLLEGE ONCE MORE

*College Sons and College Fathers*, by Henry Seidel Canby.  
New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.20

MUCH has been said about the American College. Some critics paint it in the darkest possible colors, and wind up with a long list of proposed reforms, others sing wild rhapsodies about the *College Boy*, *College Sports*, and overlook the problem. Mr. Canby neither weeps nor lauds; he even refuses to "dogmatize, classify, divide, and define," but gives a many sided view of the American College; exposes its virtues as well as its vices, and, without the least attempt at the role of the reformer, makes many a valuable suggestion.

"College Sons and College Fathers" is a collection of essays, each complete in itself, yet all approaching the same problem from different angles. The author, an Assistant Professor in English, at Yale University, is well familiar with the subject, and does not fall into the conventional "teacher's point of view." He sees the good as well as the bad, and distributes the praise and blame among the students, faculty, and parents, according to their merits or demerits. He makes the problem of the American College a part of the great Social Problem of America.

The essay on *The Undergraduate* shows a good deal of insight into human nature, and a thorough knowledge of the student. What seems to most critics like a paradox, the author sees as closely related parts of the same thing. College education and college life are not antagonistic but parallel processes aiming at the same end—life. Critics and professors have paid more attention to the external contrast than to the internal harmony of the two. "But unfortunately for our peace of mind, and unfortunately for the prestige of the American degree, college education has not been as successful in this country as college life. It is this which has led to the conflict of interests which all recognize. It is this which has led to the teacher's depreciation of college life, and the undergraduate's neglect of college education, both of which I deplore."

The essay on *The Professor* introduces a new element in the criticism of the college. Few professor-critics had the courage to take a part of the blame on their own shoulders. Fewer still attempted a study of the professor as a social phenomenon. Mr. Canby takes up the problems that confront the professor in and out of the classroom, his intellectual and social difficulties. He mentions the fact shown by a college statistician that the average professor can afford to raise about two-thirds of a child.

*The Undergraduate Background, Culture and Prejudice, The Colleges and Mediocrity, College Life and College Education* are some of the other essays in the book. The author considers the problem from a broad, national point of view. He points at Democracy, Commerce, and Immigration as factors that determine the character of our college. The Current American literature and its relation to the college is treated in a separate essay. Here too the author does away with the conventional pessimism of academic critics, and points out the good that he finds in the bad.

The general atmosphere of the book is healthy. It contains both culture and romance, which the author regards as inseparable elements in the student's life. He shows the bright side of the college without demagogic ecstasy, and the shadier spots without misanthropic morbidity. He is full of enthusiasm for his subject, and his knowledge of facts and deep insight justifies his enthusiasm.

The book is written in a masterful style. The author succeeded in presenting solid thoughts in an artistic form. A brief dramatic scene, a little sketch, a touch of humor scattered here and there add to the literary qualities of the book and make the reading pleasant as well as instructive.

### THE STORY OF A BOY

*A Country Chronicle*. By Grant Showerman. New York: Century Company

HAVE you ever bitten into some shiny odorous apple and then thrown out your chest and breathed deep with exquisite delight at the taste? If you have, you will remember



and know that such an apple is about as satisfying as any one thing. You feel clean, wholesome, alive, and tingling after eating such an apple. Just so do you feel when you read Mr. Showerman's new book: *A Country Chronicle*.

It is the chronicle of a ten year old boy on a farm in Wisconsin some forty years ago. It is the story of that boy's inviting mother and fascinatingly reserved father, his companions, the considerate Tip, boisterous Bill and Georgie, his quiet brother Ted with his blue-ribboned sweetheart, and such a host of interesting, good-natured neighbors as will make you want to go back to "the old days" on the farm. And you do go back, even though you may never have lived on a farm. You too smell the steaming clothes about the immense heater in the school house, revel over your raised bread in your lunch pail, and get hungry "like everything." I shall warrant you that before you read twenty-five pages of the Chronicle, you will be wondering when your next meal will be served and before fifty pages are covered, you will rifle the larder, if you are fortunate enough to have one. There are such scenes of maple syrup time that make you thrill with desire to participate even in the odors of that delicacy. Being the chronicle of a ten-year-old it is justly proper that all the sport in which he indulges should make him think of "eats."

Yet the style of this Chronicle is not sentimental with a straining towards the simplicity of youth. It just is youth, just as life is life. The idiomatic phrases are so real that one forgets they are idiomatic.

The most interesting aspect of this book is the form in which the various incidents are told. We are accustomed to have our stories served up to us either in sentences with an O. Henry-snap or in "dialect," a literary monstrosity, which usually finds its existence no place under the moon. Mr. Showerman uses neither of these forms; he lets his small farmer boy talk and he talks as farmer boys usually talk. Thus the book is a dialect book, but the dialect has the quality of genuineness and reality.

The sketches are short, sometimes no longer than three or four pages; and the sentences are brief with a peculiar rhythm that gives them the same place in prose that Mr. Edgar Lee Master's work has in poetry. It must not, however, be forgotten that Mr. Showerman's material is entirely different and that, as an artistic achievement, his work ranks far higher. It may be questioned how far this particular form of rhythmic prose which is not "poetic" prose may be carried; certainly too much would become wearisome. Mr. Showerman's book, however, is very refreshing. It is, as has been said, like biting into a shiny, odorous apple.

### A TRUE TRANSLATION

*Heine's Poem The North Sea. Translated by Howard Mumford Jones (Wisconsin Alumnus). Chicago: Open-Court Publishing Co.*

As a gentle reminder that free rhythms do not necessarily mean no rhythms, Mr. Jones' translation of Heine's North Sea Cycle, should prove effective. Mr. Jones' achievement as a translator lies in that he has succeeded not only the rhythms which are Heine's and no others, but also in that he has given it a magic which, if not German, at least is a good evocation of our English equivalent.

That Mr. Jones is conscious of this is shown in the introduc-

tion where he discusses some of the difficulties that beset the path of a translator of this cycle. Of this he says, "The great advantage of writing poetry in German, and one which is particularly evident in Heine, is that almost any word can be used in verse. Hence the difficulty of adequately translating Heine into English lies not only in the fact that our poetical vocabulary is highly specialized, but also in the obverse truth that we have relegated a great many of the commonest words to prose—and Heine deals in common words." Sometimes it is possible to effectively translate these common phrases, and a passage in *Evening Twilight* has been rendered thus:

"When . . .  
Through the quiet story we huddled  
On the stone steps by the house-door—  
Our little hearts all a-flutter,  
And eyes round as saucers?"

But sometimes the magic strangely seems to fail, and for the hearty German line, "Das unauslöschliche Göttergelächter," we have the brittle and thin, "The inextinguishable laughter of the Gods." But these two cases are in the minority, and at other times, Mr. Jones succeeds in translating the German magic into the English. Thus the phrase, "meerdurchrauschten Blätter" has been put into the line, "From lines that shook with ocean's surges."

Two courses are open to a translator. He may either translate the German substance into English form or he will translate the German form into the English substance. In either case he will bring the two as close together as possible. But we may never hope to have the German stuff in German form translated into English stuff in English form. The more of a poet the translator has in his nature the more emphasis will be laid on the form, the less on the stuff. Mr. Jones' object seems to have been the reproduction of the German measures. Often, to be sure, he has done violence to meanings; but form is a language all its own, and a language more characteristic than the mere symbols in which it expresses itself. Certain German scholars have been repulsed by the translation of this account. I believe, however, a little consideration will show that of the two courses Mr. Jones has chosen the one artistically more justifiable.

From a formal point of view, the book which contains this translation is not especially pleasing. For some unfathomable reason—unless it is to make the work of reviewing the easier—the German has been printed opposite the English.

There is also an introduction, an introduction which can only be excused by the fact that it was written as a dissertation in a university.

The translation is also interesting from the point of view of present day tendencies in poetry, and the discussion which free rhythms have caused in the course of the last few years. Heine's free rhythms were the best culmination of a long German tradition begun even before Goethe and the Storm and Stress movements. They have the happy quality of adequately expressing a strong and passionate feeling in strong and passionate forms. Their greatest achievement is that they are always rhythmical. Americans are too often forgetting this. Due to an inherent structural difficulty in our language we are often apt to fall into prose rhythms.

Heine has much to teach young American writers, and it is to be hoped that the coming school may, by this work be introduced to him early enough so that they may still learn.

*The Name---*

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## More Ado About Nothing

(Continued from page 78)

Margaret: Enough, enough, enough! You forget that those books are all essential for my own work.

Dick (*still reading the titles of books*): "Shakespeare's Use of the Verb 'To Be'". "Criminal Types in Shakespeare". Good Lord, the old boy was a criminologist too; I never thought of that before. "Meaning of Abstract Adjectives Substantively Used in Shakespeare." Ah, there's the book; there's the book. I've been waiting for it for years; my life has been hanging by a thread; but now I can be eternally happy. Listen, Alice: "Meanings of Abstract Adjectives Substantively Used in Shakespeare." The world has a new meaning for me now . . .

Margaret: Your witticisms are out of place, Dick. You are a fledgling student. I am a Shakespeare scholar, and that book is important for me.

Dick: Question, What is a Shakespeare scholar? Answer, a Shakespeare scholar is an almost human being of neither sex which reads talks, thinks, dreams, breathes nothing but Shakespeare. Its master—its idol—its god, is Shakespeare.

Alice: Dick, Dick, listen to him. Take it down for our new dictionary; quick.

Margaret: So you would say I am the less a woman? Extremely interesting, Will!

Will: Interesting? Interesting? Why, you won't get married because of Shakespeare! I'm blessed if I see anything interesting about that!

Dick: Ah now, so that's the way the wind blows!

Alice: I know why he is excited. Do you, Dick?

Dick: You bet I do.

Alice: He thinks the Duke of Gallantree is a handsome young man with noble countenance and eagle eye.

Dick: When as a matter of fact, he is all of seventy-four, suffers from asthma, and is as deaf as a door-post. You needn't be jealous, Will.

Aunt: Children, what are you saying?

Alice: Nothing, Miss Millicent. Say Dick, we ought to leave them alone.

Dick (*calls from library*): Margaret, Will—kiss and make up!

Aunt: What did that youngster say?

Margaret: I don't know, Aunt. They are too silly for anything.

Aunt: I shall tell them both what I think of their bad manners. Dear me, the idea!

(*Goes out indignantly.*)

Will: Margaret—Margie—I fell I must tell you

Margaret: Please! Must you always be love-making, Will?

Will: Yes, I must, Margaret. I am no more than human, and if you think . . .

Margaret: But you disturb me seriously every time you talk about it.

Will: Margaret, tell me finally, do you love me or do you not?

Margaret: Will, dear, I have told you five hundred times, every one of which was totally and absolutely final, just how I feel about our friendship.

Will: What do you want to talk about our friendship for? Dick is your friend, Alice is your friend, Aunt Millicent is your friend. Talk to them about friendship. What I want you to tell me is . . .

Margaret: Come, Will, let's have a battle of wits and decide this once for all.

Will: Please don't make this a matter of words, Margaret. I know what your works mean to you, but of what earthly use is it anyway?

Margaret: Would the gods had made thee poetical, Will!

Will: I thank them for having made me sane.

Margaret: Will, how can you speak so about Shakespeare? Listen; let me explain to you. Great, wise, wonderful Shakespeare left a message to the world; a message of tremendous significance. But people cannot conceive it, and we understanding disciples must decipher it for them.

Will: Margaret, dear, tens of hundreds of thousands of understanding disciples have been deciphering Shakespeare for the past three hundred years, yet he seems to need as much interpretation as ever.

Margaret: That makes it all the more thrilling.

Will: That's the word—thrilling! Think of the furore that will be created when Margaret Desdemona Findlay has discovered that Shakespeare has seventy-three and four-thirty-eighths sentences on an average to every scene, and three and eight-seventeenth commas to every sentence. Thrilling, thrilling!

Margaret: But don't you see that if Shakespeare . . .

Will: There you go again. Great thundering Jupiter, what do you want of him anyway? Let the poor fellow alone. Give him a rest. If he knew what you are doing to him, he would come back with murder in his eye.

Margaret: If only he could come back! What happiness, what . . . oh, it is far, far too marvelous to imagine.

Will: The mere thought of it is enough to send her up into the air! And yet if he were a twentieth century writer, you would let him starve. Publish-

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ers would be too busy to see him. Theatrical managers would tell him to write movie plays.

Margaret: Then he could come to me. Here (*her hand on her heart*) he would find . . .

Will: To you? You would be counting the semicolons in Dante and the prepositions in Goethe! Now, Margaret, I am not asking you to give up your work entirely. I am only asking you to think of me sometimes.

Margaret: I must have my time, every minute of it, for my work on Shakespere. You know, Alexander the Great said there is no room in the heavens for two suns.

Will: Mr. Alexander was no astronomer. There are myriads of suns in the heavens; every star is a sun. Now, Margaret, remember, if you are making your choice now, it is forever; remember that if . . .

(*A silvery bell sounds; Margaret hushes him.*)

Margaret: It is time. My conference begins. Will, you must go.

(*She gently pushes Will out of the room; turns off the lights one by one. Walks to the curtains at right; pushes them aside. A hearth with a small blaze in it is revealed; a bust of Shakespere; and a narrow, straight-backed Elizabethan chair. Margaret slowly steps up, sits on chair, rests her head on her hands, looks deeply into the fire. Complete silence for a moment.*)

Then, from nowhere apparently, a shadowy figure emerges; at first very indistinct, but growing clearer and clearer, until it is recognizable as the spirit of SHAKESPERE. Margaret slowly looks up, sees the figure. She starts, and passes her hands before her eyes as though to brush away a dream.

The figure now stands before her. Margaret slowly rises, and steps back in fearful amazement.)

Margaret: Shakespere!

(*The spirit solemnly bows acknowledgement.*)

Shakespere—master!

(*She sinks on her knees before him; he attempts to lift her; she will not.*)

Shakespere: Nay, child, who am I that thou should'st so kneel to me?

Margaret: Master—let me worship!

Shakespere (*gently raises her; puts her back in chair.*): Three eternal centuries have I awaited this moment, and thou, too, would'st Master me as so many others have done?

Margaret: Master, I am not worthy . . . You . . . so great, so perfect, so divine!

Shakespere: Nay, thou art worthy, Margaret, and I am returned so thou may'st put me at peace. Mar-

garet, I have immortal longings in me, and I pray thee to report me and my cause aright.

Margaret: Master, I . . . I . . . in me you have an obedient slave!

Shakespere: There's method in the madness of these scholars; but rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. Perchance my brain conceives thee after all: thy worship is a woman's reason: thou think'st me so because thou think'st me so.

Margaret: Nay, Master, we know you have some—some—pardon me, the expression—faults, but indeed, we know, too, that you are the greater for them.

Shakespere: A flattering unction say'st thou to my soul and to my face! Truth is truth to the end of reckoning! Why will they not see it? The greater for my faults! Nay, condoning faults in this wise most unseemly is. That way lies madness.

Margaret: Master, nevertheless, your loving disciples gladly give their lives to their work.

Shakespere: But how can they see greatness in whom heart and head by littlenesses all encompassed are?

Margaret: Master, would you reject the sacrifices they lay on your altar?

Shakespere: I want no altars; nor their sacrifices! Rosemary and pansies give me, thoughts and remembrance,—nothing more, nothing less. Give me that and I rest in peace.

Margaret: But, Master, do we not say you are infinitely wonderful, perfect?

Shakespere: There's the humor of it! Am I not a man? And can a man be perfect?

Margaret: Master, how, then, shall we look upon you?

Shakespere: Good, good; now does joy lie onward and grief behind. No more shall I be tormented by those who discover hidden meanings never meant, profound wisdom where there was pure light and joy, marvellous beauty where there was immature art. Yes, Margaret, I tell you how to look upon me; but thou must ever remember it, or my peace will never come.

Margaret: Assuredly, Master, I will treasure your words forever.

Shakespere: Know, then, that I am Shakespere, plain William Shakespere; a good actor, a shrewd manager, a writer of plays. Ay, a great writer of plays, a genius; the mightiest genius that ever lived, or that ever will live . . . You see, I do not attempt to belittle myself; neither do I boast in prodigal fashion.

Margaret: True, Master.

Shakespere: I am an observer—first, last, always. Nothing escapes my eyes; I see through everything.

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Margaret: Ay, Master.

Shakespeare: There is Hamlet, and Lear, and Macbeth, and Othello . . .

Margaret: And "The Midsummer-Night's Dream," and, "As You Like It," and "The Tempest," and "Julius Caesar," and . . .

Shakespeare: And "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Comedy of Errors," . . . Tell me, Margaret, can you think which character I enjoyed the most in creating?

Margaret: Hamlet?

Shakespeare: Nay, I said enjoyed; which gave me the most true joy.

Margaret: Oh, Falstaff, surely.

Shakespeare: Nay, I am not so certain. Methinks 'twas Bottom.

Margaret: Master, I too thought Bottom, but the scholars seem to have agreed that Falstaff . . .

Shakespeare: I speak not of your scholars; I speak of joy.

Margaret: Truly it must have been Bottom.

Shakespeare: Ay, he was as wise as he was beautiful,—and he could gleek upon occasion.

Margaret: "I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father."

Shakespeare: "Heigho, Peter Quince! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream . . ."

Margaret:

"Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

O, Pyramus, arise!"

Shakespeare (*laughs till the tears roll down his face*): Ods my life, not for three hundred years have I laughed. Ha, ha, ha, ha! . . .

(*Margaret bursts out laughing, and they both forget themselves entirely. Suddenly both stop at once as the silvery bell again sounds. Margaret grows solemn-eyed, regretting her familiarity. Shakespeare becomes mournful and hopeless.*)

Shakespeare: My summons! The hour has come, and I unto my cell must render up myself.

Margaret: Master, to your cell?

Shakespeare: Ay, Margaret, to my cell. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

Margaret: Master, you! . . . Shakespeare . . . in the Inferno! It cannot be; it is not possible.

Master, it was not for the deer you killed in Sir Thomas Lucy's forest? Master, we have proved beyond all shadow of doubt that it was not you at all that killed the deer.

Shakespeare: Nay, Margaret; it was I, but that was a mere trifle. Twenty years of starvation with delicious food just beyond my reach paid for that. And my consolation is that Sir Thomas is doomed for twenty centuries more to be crammed and stuffed beyond all endurance with the very vilest of foods. Nay, Margaret, this is not his work; this is your work, your doing.

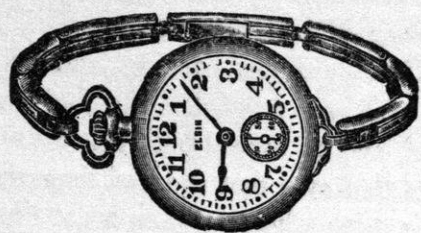
Margaret: (*horrified*) Master, I? My work, my doing? . . . Master . . . How! . . .

I pray you . . . Tell me! . . .

Shakespeare: I yield. Eternal blazon here I make to ears of flesh and blood. Nay, it was not alone you, but all the Shakespeare scholars. For know that every book, every line, every word written about me, I must read; for every moment spent in the writing I must endure one year of the most damnable tortures conceivable; and for every man and every woman whose life is sacrificed in the work of scholarship in Shakespeare, I am burned at the stake for five generations. Margaret, already my punishment encroaches on infinity. You will long be an angel in heaven while I still pay for the harm you have wrought. Margaret, have pity on me, I pray you; I am a man more sinned against than sinning; have pity on me!

Margaret: Master, my heart is torn with pity for you. Master, not one word shall I ever write again about you; not one moment more shall I devote to your punctuation; not a soul in the world shall ever make the weight of your burden heavier by a jot!

Shakespeare: My blessings upon you, Margaret. And neither is it for my sake alone. Remember my long list of tragic lives—think of Ophelia and Cleopatra and Desdemona and Cordelia—now you, Margaret, you be my true heroine. Get thee not into a nunnery; neither bury thyself in thy study, but be human—live and be happy!



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Margaret: (*overwhelmed*) Master, I obey!

(*From the library, Will has meanwhile quietly come forward; he now steps into the space, Shakespeare leading him to Margaret, puts her in his arms, and suddenly retreats to the center of the room. Alice has come forward, and touching Shakespeare, points to the couple.*)

Alice: Dick, a midsummer night's dream.

Dick: (*removing his mask*) Well done, Alice? One kiss, sweetheart.

Alice: As you like it, Dick.

(*Dick kisses her. Aunt Millicent enters, starts violently at seeing Alice in a stranger's arms. Dick quickly motions silence, points to Will and Margaret. Aunt looks at them, and steps forward in blank amazement.*)

Dick: More ado about nothing, Alice, but all's well that ends well.

(*Curtain.*)

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## The Captivating Odors of the Kitchen

(*Continued from page 88*)

The next morning he managed to pass the brown cottage at breakfast time, and was rewarded for his carefully figured mathematics with a glorifying whiff of coffee, aromatic, alluring, almost passionate. He passed the day under the influence of a kind of awe. He had come so close, so close to the shrine! He had been permitted to breathe the incense of the inner temple. He was bewitched, transported with a sort of religious fervor. When he went home once more in the early evening, he did not meet the spicy odors, but in the front yard, trimming the rose bushes, stood a young woman, and he knew her for the priestess of the sanctuary. He looked on her cautiously, worshipfully, and it was not until the next night, when he saw her there again, that he realized how homely she really was. This inflamed his admiration of her abilities, but rather served to dampen his ardor for the priestess herself. In fact, as time went on, and they grew accustomed to the sight of each other across the safe separation of the fence, he became more and more convinced that never, in all his thirty-odd years of existence among unattractive females, had he seen a woman so slighted by the graces. Her tiny black eyes had a tendency to cross at the most alarming moments, her mouth had a listless, pouty droop that betokened a nature of mixed sulks and slatternliness, and her form bore no relation to any previous feminine model. But the odors from the brown cottage kitchen grew more and more delectable, more promising, and varied.

Jedediah, in desperation, found out that she attended the Methodist church, went there one Sunday, had the pastor introduce him to her, accompanied her home, smelled the Sunday dinner cooking, and asked to call.

The first visit was painful. He took infinite care with his toilet, and on arrival had it thrust to the attention of his startled eyes that she had done the same, to a degree even more advanced than his. He had been so busy with the external preparation that he had neglected to provide conversational topics for himself, and found himself in a squeaky hammock by her side with absolutely nothing to talk about. She, however, was a cool, candid, self-assured soul, very talkative, for which he was wonderfully thankful. She discussed homely topics at length and in bad grammar, and he found her quite pleasant by moonlight, with a nice voice. If she had been as shy as he, he would have retreated, defeated again, but as it was he felt a strange, warm elation at this intercourse with a young woman, considered the venture quite a success, and called the next night. She received his advances gratefully, for she had been rather neglected by the youth of her native village, and in Jedediah she saw a good proposition, a triumph over former lettings-alone, and the gratification of her natural impulses as a woman.

He outgrew his embarrassment in her presence, and came to feel more at home with her than with anyone he had ever known. He did not realize that this was a part of her encouragement. A simple-minded male seldom does. He acquired the habit of dropping in for a chat at any stray hour of the day. And always, around meal-time, and sometimes in mid-morning, there came to him the sensuous pleasure of sniffing in the sweet breath of cooking viands; foods concocted by a master mind and hand. The intimate, daily nearness of the goal, the consciousness of a truly possible attainment, kept him in a perpetual state of inspiration, and made the cross-eyed one a thousand fold more interesting. Ideas once alarming, now commonplace, had long been developing in his mind, and one drizzly night in the early fall, when Jedediah was tramping home cold, cross and hungry, the smell of stewed apricots, heavy with sirup, was wafted out from the friendly house, and stabbed his recollection to the quick. It was too much. He went in, took the woman of his choice into a corner, stammered a great deal, and bolstered by his larger purpose overcame himself, and as eagerly as if he were on fire with love for her, begged her to become Mrs. Hoskins. She did not pretend surprise, only puckered her forehead in liberation.

Jedediah, watching her, thought that never could he endure a lifetime of that face across any but the exact kind of table he knew she would set. Immersed in

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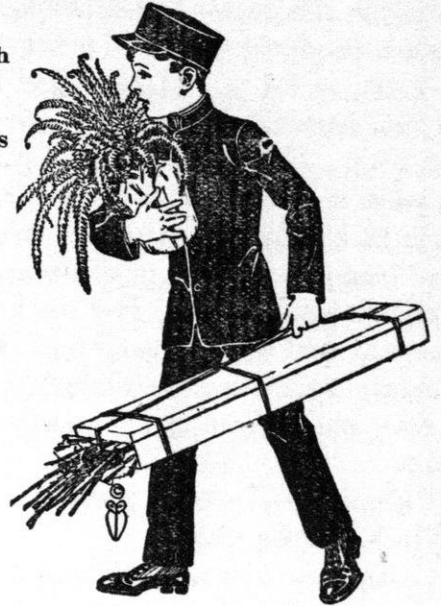
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the glorious things that she would provide, he could be happy with a Medusa; being a man, as we have seen, of simple mind and tastes. To his violent regret he had never, in the several months of his acquaintance with her, sampled her cooking any closer than the steam of it. She had not seemed particularly hospitable when it came to having him dine with her, although he had hinted more than once, and had often stayed long past the hour of dinner in the hopes of being asked to participate. But she had always failed to respond, and being a gentleman, after all, he had not openly asked for an invitation. He thought of all this now, and it keyed up his anxiety and the desire to possess.

"Please! I—I—want you."

Which was the truth.

Having known for a month or so what she would do when he said this, she smirked a bit and lifted her face to his. He understood, and as his lips met hers, it was not the nectar of a woman's kiss that he tasted, but dumplings and roast fowl and gravy.

She consented to an immediate marriage, having quietly prepared the elements of a trousseau in the last few weeks, and Jedidiah spent a sleepless night, tossed about on a very stormy sea of conflicting feelings, and repeating over and over to himself, "Tomorrow I will be a married man. And when we first eat together, I shall have fulfilled my destiny and gained my Utopia." Of course, he did not say it precisely like that.

She had insisted on a week's honeymoon, and they had gone to Dayton, Ohio, and stayed at a hotel on the American plan, where they had had horrible food. They had gone to the vaudeville every night, and she had reveled in the worldliness of it. But Jedediah had pled business, and they had come home to begin matrimony in a more sober fashion.

Tonight was the night, and his feet fairly danced down the street. She would have a god-like feast for him. He had asked expressly for fried chicken and apple pie, and she had frowned and acquiesced. He ran up the porch steps and into the house. In the hall something stopped him. It made him sniff, and sniff again, then gasp in horror. It smacked of the Hoskins general stewing pot, and it was burnt. He crept out to the dining room. Dinner was on the table, and Mrs. Hoskins was waiting for him. He looked at a black, sticky mass on a platter. He could not recognize it.

"Is—is that—the chicken?" he asked.

"Well, I should say," replied Mrs. Hoskins, "did you think it was liver?"

"It—it—looked—like it," Jedediah whispered.

She sat down and began to serve.

"I ain't cooked for about five years now," she announced with pride, "this is my first meal since then. Pretty nice lookin', ain't it?"

She rose, and took a plate from the sideboard. On the plate was a triangle. It was flat, caved-in, black at the wide end, with a top and bottom layer of what looked the consistency of shoe leather. In between, a wizened piece of apple wandered here and there.

"I thought I'd put the pie on the table, where you could enjoy lookin' at it."

Jedediah's hands were clutching the table cloth frantically.

"Why—you—why—what about all the things I used to—used to—smell cookin'—here? The fritters, and—and—the pies, and—and—the biscuits?"

Mrs. Hoskins laughed scornfully, and buttered a large slice of bread.

"Oh, you know that Mis' Wells that used to have the upstairs of my house when you was a-courtin' me? I think I made you acquainted one evenin' when she come downstairs to borrow some thread. She was a quiet sort of a little thing, never no more noise 'n a mouse. She had the use o' my kitchen. She was eternally putterin' around makin' little tasty things fer that invalid husband o' her's. Greatest woman to cater to his fancy. I used to eat with 'em, seein' as I never cooked none myself."

Jedediah was staring straight ahead of him, his face contorted into a queer thing, as if he would cry, but could not. Mrs. Hoskins took another piece of meat and chattered on amiably.

"Funny you thought it was me did the cookin'."

She leaned over and tapped her husband on the arm.

"I might as well tell you, Jed, I'm a-goin' to keep a girl. You can afford it all right, and we can economize on the table." Her eyes crossed horribly, and she took a large mouthful before she continued.

"I don't believe in wastin' a lot o' time on fancy dishes for a man."

MARJORIE KINNAN.

## The Way of the Transgressor

(Continued from page 82)

probably having a glorious time with the men in the cow barn. And he had run away when she told him to stay in. While these thoughts chased through her head she was slipping on rubbers and waterproof, and then,

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with a parting word to the children at the table, she stepped to the back porch, closed the door and plunged under the full beating fury of the storm.

When she finally reached the horse-barn she rolled back the door with a feeling of gratitude for the shelter, and stepped between the quiet, familiar-odored stalls, where the horses were chewing and rustling at their hay by the yellow light of a couple of lanterns hanging on the wall. She took down one of them, and proceeded through into the cow barn. Here she was sure to find the child. She glanced quickly here and there, proceeding along the center aisle, between the cows, who raised their heads with a clanking of the stanchions to regard her. But she saw nothing of Johnnie, and no inquiries among the men brought any information of value, though one or two had seen something of him a couple hours before.

She turned back, and went above to the feed loft, where she looked into every nook and corner, stopping repeatedly to call out. Only the secret scampering of the rats around the walls, and the subdued movements of the cows beneath the floor, were her answer. As she opened door after door in vain, holding high the lantern that its yellow radius of light might shine to the dancing shadows of those further corners, a growing mood of anger came upon her. Feeling sure of the safety of the child, she became steadily more annoyed at this prolonged, fruitless search. Again she raised her voice in a long-drawn call: "Johnnie! Oh—Johnnie!" and she lifted the lantern high above her head, as she stood listening intently in the middle of the floor. A sparrow rustled through the air over her head, giving her a nervous start at the sudden movement, but no other unusual sound came to her ear.

She thought of calling once more, and opened her mouth to do so, but closed it with an annoyed, deep indrawing of breath, and descended into the more cheerful atmosphere of the cow-barn again. There she paused uncertainly, and then went over to the silo, leaning in with the lantern held swinging above her head, half smiling at herself as she surveyed its vast hollow emptiness. Of course he was not there.

Again she turned back, and an undefined, vague feeling of fear began to rise through the sense of annoyance which filled her mind. Where *could* the child be? She turned away and entered the horse-barn again. The horses turned their heads toward her, blinking in the lantern light, as she inspected each stall in turn,— and vainly. She paused by the last stall, stroking old gray Norris, and thinking in a confused and frightened way of Johnnie. Out of her mind rose pictures of the day, of Johnnie's disobedience, and her punishment of him. How petty the faults seemed of a sudden.

But where was Johnnie? She started to look back through the stalls again, her forehead aching from the long; unconscious contraction of her worry. Then she stopped because struck by the senselessness of her proceeding. She turned to go up to the hay loft. She had no expectations now of finding him in the barns. The idea was strong upon her that he was somewhere out in the fields, drenched to the skin by the rain, hopelessly lost in the darkness and storm. A panorama of the whole farm swung past her inner vision, and she saw the long sheets of cold rain sweeping down upon the orchard, saw the hay bent in wanes by the wind, saw the little streams gullying the furrows in the potato lot, heard the sullen rush of the creek in the hollow, yes, felt the very rain itself beating upon her cheeks, drenching her,—and Johnnie was out in this somewhere, soaking wet, chilled to the bone, crying for mother.—

She reached the top of the stairs, and mechanically raising the lantern, looked around. Only the piled up hay was there. Upon the roof she heard the dull pounding of the rain, and yielding to a sudden, uncontrollable impulse to rush out into it and search everywhere through the storm for her child, she turned away and was about to step down, when she heard a sudden rustling in the hay only a few feet back of her. Turning quickly, she raised the lantern again, and there she saw him. As the yellow light lit up his face, and that of the scraggly dog which lay against him, a great lump filled the mother's throat, and a big tear slipped from her eye.

"You poor boy!" she murmured. "You poor, lonely, little fellow!"

DUDLEY C. BROOKS.

## Non Compos Mentis

(Continued from page 86)

The day before yesterday I again called upon Dr. Wopzinski. I called to ask about a cure. I found him as I had found him before, teetering on his toes and jingling his bunch of keys merrily. He informed me sorrowfully that there was no cure. There was no doubt about it. I had all the hydrocephalic symptoms, he said. I watched him teeter on his toes and jingle his keys. Something popped into my mind.

"Dr. Wopzinski," I said sternly. "Have you ever taken the Wopzinski tests? You jingle those keys as a two-year-old child jingles his rattle."

His face turned white as a sheet. He staggered blindly on his feet.

"All is discovered!" he shrieked.

And he fell over, a dead man.

ERNEST L. MEYER.

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"Yes," sez I, "and do you realize that just so many people in this cheerful vale of tears are going to expect presents anyway?"

"Well, we're pretty lucky," sez Bill, "'cause John Grinde has got just what we need for everyone."

"C'mon then," sez I, "let's strike this set and take some close-ups at the Clothes Shop."

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