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*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XVIII



Number 6

One Fool or Two?
Gillerty Street

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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March, 1919

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII

Madison, March, 1919

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IS S. G. A. a failure? This question may be raised just now, it seems to us, with peculiar pertinence. The rules and regulations of this organization are being disregarded in many little ways by many of the women of the university. Never before have so many university women been in evidence on the streets and in restaurants after ten o'clock at night. Now obviously there is no reason in this free country why women should not stay out after ten o'clock if they so desire. But if the women are going to make rules with which to guide their own conduct, merely to break them, the whole point of self-government is lost. Were this not a *self government* association no criticism could be aimed at the individual for infringing on the rules for then the responsibility would rest with those who had made the rules to see that they were enforced. But since the regulations are made by the women to govern the women, is not each individual in a sense responsible for their enforcement, at least in her own case?

S. G. A. has made Wisconsin famous as a university where women could be on an equal footing with men in every respect. Should it, then, be allowed to fail because those very women who have demanded the right of freedom in education let their self-government wane until it has become a dead letter and forever a weapon for those who believe women inferior to men and unable to govern themselves? We enlightened students of Wisconsin know better, but there are those outside who demand proof. Where shall they find it?

AS USUAL the college women are coming in for their share of criticism. Dean Willystine Goodsell of the Teachers' College of New York in the recent National Educational convention which was held in Chicago made the following charge:

"Our colleges are graduating every June large numbers of enthusiastic young women unfitted for a life career. Even teaching is demanding increasingly sound professional training." And there you are.

Somehow we believe that the men could be criticized in exactly the same terms, if only educators were interested in the education of men as they are in that of women. But educating men is an old story. That of women comparatively new, and hence more interesting to talk about. Moreover a college bred woman can hardly afford to do manual work with the hope of rising through her efforts as a man can. Not because she is incapable, but because in the industrial world women have not been given a place above that of a common operative, and on this account she cannot begin at the bottom and work up, as a man can if he finds himself unfit for anything better when he has finished four years in one of our universities.

But the interesting part of all this is the cause for this general unfitness. Is the student or the university to blame? Probably both in some degree, but since universities are little prone to change, and students do change every day let us see wherein the student fails in preparing himself for a "career."

First of all the professional schools may be left out of this discussion. They are accomplishing what the "liberal arts" colleges are not. They are giving the conscientious student a chance to be a professional man, if he has the ability. If he has not, he must not expect the most ideal college to make him worthy. But what is the matter with our other students who prefer not to be agriculturists, lawyers, or engineers? Why are they not prepared for a life work? Well, chiefly because they prefer to be dilettanti rather than students.

It isn't hard to memorize a text book. It is not hard to read a poem and get sense out of it. But it is hard to study the meaning of a text book and corroborate that meaning by diligent study,—to find out why. It is pleasant, sometimes, to listen to lectures and take notes and reproduce those notes on a final examination. But not half so pleasant to go down to the library and find out more about the subject than is required or to go after the facts in the case ourselves and by our own brain power draw our deductions and conclusions from the material at hand.

"Oh, but that would take so much time!" Time, yes, but it would spare you many blushes of shame at your ignorance in after life. And besides what is time for if not for the development of your mental and

spiritual powers? An artist never takes time into consideration when he is making his masterpiece. The masterpiece of every human being is his life. Should we then spare any amount of time or effort in making it good?

On leaving college one soon learns that one may no longer be a dilettante to succeed even in the most mediocre sense of the word. One must possess penetrative powers which may only be developed by hard, sincere, and energetic work. And that seems to be just what is lacking in most of us in college. Idealists will always quarrel with the universities over their products, but let us not insult the intelligence of the world by calling ourselves students when we hardly know what the word means.

EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	JAMES W. GILMAN
FRANCES DUMMER	ELSIE GLUCK
MILDRED EVANS	KARL HOHLFELD
MARIAN FELIX	BERTHA OCHSNER
JOSEPH FOSTER	ALICE VAN HISE

The Undergraduate and Religion

IT IS hardly to be expected that anyone in the position and at the age of the average undergraduate should be wholly orthodox in his religious convictions. Webster defines religion as being "scrupulous conformity," and the undergraduate, who is undergoing a stupendous change in his whole outlook towards life, finds it impossible to conform absolutely to the religious doctrines which were taught him in his childhood. Can it be expected that the orthodox formulas that were given him in his Sunday school training will still fit him, or that the Sunday School heaven of night-gowned angels and enthusiastic harp-strumming will still satisfy him? When he was young, Christianity was presented to him from an emotional standpoint only. The moral and ethical side of his education was taught him as a matter of course; from the standpoint merely of right living, and not from that of religion. The scheme of things did not trouble him at all, as he was too young to think of questioning. Thus, of the three requisites into which Josiah Royce divides a religion; a moral or ethical aspect, a scheme of things, or, in the case of an individual, a philosophy of life, and enthusiasm, or emotion, the undergraduate sees only the emotional side, because he

is unable, on account of his early training, to associate moral and philosophical questions with the religion of his fathers. His narrow Sunday school training tended to give him the idea that religion consists merely of emotion and enthusiasm. When he reached the University, however, he was immediately surrounded with a super-abundance of new ideas, radical opinions, and extravagant theories; he began to do a deal of thinking, and the superstructure of his traditional religion began to totter.

It is true that not all undergraduates spend any time worrying or even thinking about their religion. One co-ed admitted candidly that her idea of the ultimate good was to sleep late Sunday mornings after a dance. An obviously intellectual young undergraduate states that he is an agnostic merely for the sake of argument; that when he goes home, he attends church scrupulously, because everybody does it in his home town. There are some who are not entirely satisfied with their religious conceptions, but who go to church and take part in church activities without even attempting to analyze their doubts; these are following the line of least resistance. Some are besieged with doubts, but are afraid to entertain them, on account of the rigid

orthodoxy under which they have been brought up. They are afraid of the old premise which holds that a doubter is a heretic. The emotional appeal still holds sway over these students, who go to church and hold to their beliefs almost entirely from habit. Other undergraduates, however, cannot become enthusiastic over emotional Christianity alone; they are convinced, on account of their narrow teaching, that there is nothing in the practice of Christianity but emotionalism; hence, they condemn it mercilessly and blindly. And yet, their attitude is not that of the frivolous co-ed or the young pseudo-philosopher, but one of rather impatient query. "The Church and religion of today are all wrong!" they cry, "and what are you going to do about it?" They are sincerely bewildered, and are consistently, if somewhat impetuously, trying to find themselves, in the labyrinth of ideas into which they have been thrust.

With all this intellectual opportunity before him, the undergraduate may very easily find himself separated from the careful religious bringing-up that was forced on him when he was too young to realize what was being done to him. He finds himself questioning, and, in time, perhaps, is shocked to find that he is actually doubting Christianity, and is unable even to believe wholly in the miracle of Christ. He approaches his problem from a purely logical standpoint, rejecting the mere emotional appeal which his elders make to him. When this emotion and enthusiasm is stripped from Christianity, he finds much to question in the religion of his fathers. "What is there in Christianity that the other religions have not?" he queries. Of course he must admit that love is the all-important motive force of Christianity which no pre-Christian religion possesses, but the abstract term Love bothers him, and he cannot quite see its definite application to the world of today. When he goes to his elders for counsel and enlightenment, they are always either shocked at his daring to even think of doubting Christianity, or very supercilious and tolerant on account of his undeveloped mentality. Consequently, the young doubter is still unsatisfied, and troubled, and wonders why it is Christianity people turn to, instead of Stoicism, or Aristotle, or Confucius. He is told placidly by his elders to wait for some misfortune to overtake him; that he will then be able to form a life philosophy with little or no trouble or doubting. This disgusts him for two reasons: first, he does not want to form a life philosophy, as he believes that anyone who has adopted a life philosophy has stopped growing spiritually; and second, it does not answer his questions at all.

Says Randolph Bourne: "We (the present generation) are demanding a definite faith, and our spiritual center is rapidly shifting from the personal to the social in religion." Does this not suggest a possible new development of religion? What grounds have we for assuming that Christianity is the ultimate and perfect development of religion? True, it is the most perfect we know now, but, similarly, fifteen years ago carbon incandescent lights were believed to be the most perfect light that could ever be devised. We are not safe even now in assuming that our present lights represent the ultimate development of man's genius in artificial lighting; are we safe in assuming that Christianity typifies the ultimate good? Is it not possible that it is but a step in religious evolution? The element of love, all-important as it is, represents the only new thing in Christianity; Christian morals and the orthodox scheme of things may be found in almost any pre-Christian religion. Is it inconceivable that a new element may enter into religion even at this advanced stage, forming an entirely new religious system; an element developed, perhaps, in accordance with true social ideals? I am half convinced that unless "the reform of the decadent Christianity of today, its simplification, and its purification" (Conan Doyle in a recent article) takes place very soon, Christianity may be supplanted by, or, rather, will develop into a newer and more workable doctrine of socialistic formulas; the next step in the evolution of human religion.

True socialism, by which I mean the sincere effort toward the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth, is Christian in its basic principles, and it seems quite possible, to me, at least, that the world, with very little provocation, would break away from the dogmatic orthodoxy which hampers church and religion to-day, and take up some less cumbersome and littered path to its salvation. This path will necessarily be hard to find. The moral and philosophical aspects of religion are already parts of that broader non-political socialism, altho worked out perhaps rather vaguely, but the enthusiastic element is entirely lacking. Excepting ideals, however, there is nothing to worship even in this socialism, and most people need something more tangible than those. This human need for worship suggests another possibility, the mere thought of which will assuredly shock all "scrupulous conformers": what would happen if a genius (not necessarily a divine one, by any means) with a strong personal character and a perfectly feasible plan for ideal social organization were to appear within the next hundred years?

DONALD M. KASTLER.

Professor Leonard is preparing a collection of poems written since *The Vaunt of Man*, 1912, for publication under the title, *Out of the Midlands*. Some unpublished pieces which do not adapt themselves to the design of the volume may nevertheless have a local interest for readers of the "Lit."

I. THE COMING OF NICOLET (1634)

A Wisconsin Chronicle

(From the *Jesuit Relations* in Wisconsin Historical Collections, Vol. XVI, pages 89-92.)

New France, desiring for her King and God
Realms still to west by Frenchmen yet untrod,
Sent to "The People of the Inland Sea"
A messenger, indomitable, free,
And skilled in savage tongues by stream and bay,
Whom old books name for us:—Jean Nicolet.
With seven red men of the Huron folk
(The Huron, first to bear the Frenchmen's yoke)
He launched his old canoe. Three hundred league
They paddled. And the moon shone bright and big
On unknown waters. When he came to shore,
A robe of damask on his limbs he wore
All strewn with flowers and birds in many a piece,
Such as were woven by almond-eyed Chinese—
(For this shrewd Nicolet believed the clan
Was formed of many a wily Chinaman).
The Winnebago with amazement see
The grand Ambassador. The women flee,
With boys and girls. But braves of stalwart port
Carry his baggage and himself escort,
Struck with the prodigy from stranger lands—
A man with smoking thunders in both hands.
(These, ladies, were his pistols, as I guess).
The great news spread abroad; and soon no less
Than some five thousand come. The chief's delight
To serve the feast of Beaver day and night—
Six score they cook in all, as doth aver
My honest Jesuit, the Chronicler.
Between the people of the Inland sea
And Huron nation now henceforth shall be
A truce-of-trade. And yet, I undertake
New France arranged it not for Huron's sake.
But busy Nicolet returning came
To "The Three Rivers", living in good name,
And witting not at all what he had done for Fame.

II. THE COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES (1673)

(From the *Jesuit Relations* in Wisconsin Historical Collections, Vol. XVI, pages 89-92.)

From Mission Saint Ignace they journeyèd,
Marquette and Joliet, by Jesus led,
With cross and paddle. On their western way
They stopped with friendly redmen at Green Bay,
Who warned of tribes ferocious dwelling far
On the big River by the Evening Star
And monstrous demons perilous. Yet soon
They labored up the river Fox. 'Twas June,
And curious snake-root and wild rice they said
They saw about them. To the watershed
Between the Atlantic and the Gulf they came,
The Indian portage then without a name,
And crossing there afoot, they launched anew
With joyous hearts their venturesome canoe.
Down the dark rapids of Wisconsin's flood
By many a sandspit, swamp, and bluff and wood
They fared, the first of white men, to the mouth:
There the great Midland River moving South
Spread with primeval majesty, and lo,
Strange beasts and birds, but most of buffalo,
Though southward sixty leagues no man nor boy,
Until a village of the Illinois
They found among the maize. Unto Marquette
These kindly wildmen gave a calumet—
As safe-guard for their passage if they met,
(As meet they did thereafter) hostile bands
Along the lower river. Cliffs and sands
And rocks grotesquely painted with queer beasts,
And the inpouring waters of that flood
Now called Missouri in their hardihood
They passed in turn, and ate at savage feasts,
Welcomed as bearers of the sacred pipe.
And ere the time when Indian corn was ripe,
They reached the Arkansas a thousand mile
Down the huge stream, where in little while
(A little while, if reckoned by the doom
Of old imperial empires) there should loom
The smoking towers of cities in the sun.
Marquette and Joliet their task had done:
Sure that the river to the gulf extended,
And fearful farther to proceed, they bended
Their course unto the polar star. They reach
By way of river Illinois the beach
At last where now Chicago in the night
Sleeps under skies perennially bright
With the reflection of her yellow light.
These saints of Jesus gave unto New France

The Father of waters and the broad Expanse
Between him and the Alleghanies—They
Were wondrous brave explorers in their day.

W. E. L.

AMONG COLLEAGUES

I. TO PROFESSOR F. W. R.

(On his commending my treatise on "The Imagists")

Though with my greying hair and wrinkled front,
Oft in these latter years I do digest
My spleen in secret silence when the Pest,
Stupidity, begetteth many a runt
Upon my *private* lawns to root and grunt,
Yet am I not so lost to olden zest
That, when he doth the *Public Park* infest,
I will not rise to wrath and do a stunt.

Worthy my fighting years!—And chiefly then
When he hath daubed his hornèd skin in dyes
Filched from the flowers of Lady-Poesie:
For with my wrath there spring to life again

My vows to Her and her memorial eyes
Who in the love of beauty nurtured me.

II. TO MISS L. M., INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

(With a copy of a Ph. D. dissertation)

If journeys to the Peak of Teneriffe
And Helicon, and other hills of dreams,
Or visions by dim tarn and forest streams
Of Grendel's Dam and gruesome Hippogriff
At times grow buncombe to your brains, or if
Your labors in these inland Academes
Ere irk you, Lady-of-the-thousand-themes,
Despite the prospect of the lake and cliff,

Then, midst your learning and your toil, should you
Lose (dreadful doom!) your sense of humor too,
Perhaps the whimsies of this idle screed
And all the follies that it tells about
(Written by one like you who Ph-D-ed)
May by their very dullness help you out.

W. E. L.

Youth and Age---From Another Standpoint

"**YOUTH** is fiercely bitter against the very world which it is seeking to reshape; fiercely bitter because it sees on the one hand the danger of unfulfilment, and on the other the danger of compromise and conservatism. . . . I am keenly aware of a feeling that to accept many things now were to commit spiritual suicide. . . . How to bring youth and old age together? It's a bitter, bitter problem for youth."*

So has youth spoken, calling out across a distance of years and listening for an answer.

I am not trying to give the answer. I have in fact only "listened in" at the conversation. Or perhaps, as had to be done in the days before long distance communication was what it is now, I am, from my half-way station, merely repeating the message.

What must impress one in this appeal of youth to age is that in its essence it is a challenge to idealism. Are young people on the whole and in very truth more idealistic than old people? This is the question which has been set revolving in my middle-aged mind.

That we should have to say yes, would be a hard commentary on life, a hard commentary on human will and human vision. If youth believes this—and the fear that it is true breathed in every line of this passionate protest—then no wonder indeed that youth is disheartened and feels itself "on the danger line of doubt and confusion."

But must we say yes? It is not enough to count heads. We must reckon quantitatively and qualitatively as well as numerically. Who holds and guards the essence of our ideals? Who lives and realizes them? Who has won for us the right to undying faith in them? Youth? Youth, yes. But there are grey heads—we all know them—that make us forget about youth and even its supremest achievements—"Those wonderful older persons to whom youth instinctively flees, even more than it flees to youth itself." Strong and disciplined natures, they have struggled and pioneered, wrestled with fact, adapted means to ends, lived down the pain of being misunderstood, mastered the material and made it subject to the spiritual. They have the sense of humor that springs from a knowledge of sound proportions and true values. They have the sympathy that meets our thought afar

* See *Crabbed Age and Youth*, by Elsie Gluck in the Wisconsin Literary Magazine for January, 1919.

off. Only those truly know the ideal, who through long years have faithfully lived it. The real idealists are the aged.

Not all the aged, of course. Not all have been true. For it is fatally easy to "sell out." The temptation to compromise forever besets us, insidious, variously disguised, half the time unrecognized. And compromise in the end means verily "spiritual suicide."

Youth sees those who have failed; for they are often in places of power, and they do much of the talking. Youth feels on its cheek the cold breath of the gloomy valleys through which it must pass ere it come again in sight of its celestial city. But many there are who have found their way through this gloom and emerged beyond it triumphant. They are the comparatively few, perhaps, and yet a great host whom no man can number.

Youth sometimes fails to recognize these triumphant ones. Perhaps they are in obscure places. Perhaps, if their service has won recognition, youth mistakes them at first glance for compromisers. And here is a thought that may well bring consolation: Apparent compromise—what looks like compromise from an inexperienced point of view—*may* not be compromise at all, but a synthesis resulting from vigorous adherence to complementary radical principles. For instance, freedom is a radical principle; and so is the protection of the weak against the depredations of the strong. We must be true to both these principles at once: it is equal wrong to betray either. And so we get government—government for the sake of liberty; a synthesis of two principles—that we must ourselves be free, and that we must insure the freedom of others. Compromise and synthesis may be alike in some of their outward manifestations, but in spirit they are at opposite poles. Compromise is the neglect of a radical principle. Synthesis is the effort to combine radical principles and neglect none. But because these two, the evil and the good, are so much alike in appearance, they are often confused to our minds. We are often

tempted to deceive ourselves about them and to call evil good and good evil. And here we must be forever on our guard.

There is only one way to be forever on guard, and that is to be willing to sacrifice the self absolutely. The feeling that one has to succeed, the wish to prove that one's own way is the best way, the insistent desire to be one of those allowed to serve—even these can blur the vision or blunt the integrity of a motive. The self must be obliterated from the problem. To youth in its eagerness it is a hard saying that renunciation is the law of life. Yet when we look at these "wonderful older persons", we know its truth. For all we ask of them is this one thing: that they shall not have compromised; that they shall have given up, given up,—at all costs been true to the cause of humanity, at all costs been obedient to the vision. The price of faith is willingness to sacrifice. The greatest service that any human being can do for us is to strengthen our faith.

"How to bring youth and old age together? It's a bitter, bitter problem for youth." Nay, it is a problem for all of us. And just now, when the chasm is widening, swiftly and silently, between the world we have known and the new world we have yet to learn, the problem is every hour more insistent. Before us—before the young, especially—is the task: toil, struggle, experimentation, construction, reconstruction,—a task that will demand, above everything, faith and patience. Never have we so greatly needed all that experience has to give—not the experience of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, but the experience that has been wrought by patience and that *worketh hope*. Never have we felt so poignantly as now the passing of the older generation. Before they go from us, we want them to speak out to us in every way that they can. We beg them to give us of their wisdom—wisdom which they have bought for us with a price.

JULIA GRACE WALES.

An endless wash of clouds,
Over the barren earth;
—And—whisp'rings from the south!
Strange echoes, as of mirth.

Light, from unseen features,
The touch of hands unseen;
Magic odors wafted,
Where swift, light feet have been.

Days of thin mists gath'ring,
One night soft fall of rain.
Dawn bares the earth's swift love,
Emerald hill and lane!

SYLVA MEYER.

One Fool or Two?

The People: *Jack Collier, a senior in any university; Alfred Kennedy, Ken, a sophomore, Jack's roommate; Charles Perry, Chuck, a junior, a friend of Jack.*

The Scene: *A double room in the poorer sort of students' lodging house in which are two tables covered with books and papers. Above each table hangs an electric lamp covered with a green tin shade. Before each of the tables stands a straight back chair; and in the middle of the room there are two rocking chairs which appear more worn than comfortable. The floor is covered by a ragged and faded carpet.*

The Play: *Jack is found seated at one of the tables in the room pounding industriously upon a dilapidated typewriter. Occasionally he looks up and swears softly as the "fool thing" makes a mechanical blunder. Suddenly a loud knock is heard at the door, but before Jack can speak, it is opened slightly and a head is stuck through the aperture which with a comical grimace inquires, "Say, do I live here?" Jack looks bored and turns back to his work. The head is followed by the body of Ken who removes his coat and hat and extracts a blue examination book from his pocket which he twists up into a wad and throws across the room into a waste basket. He then commences to sing*

I'm so happy, I'm so happy,
Don't you envy me?
Flunked in Chemistree . . .

Jack (becoming annoyed) Shut up, you fool. Isn't it bad enough to flunk without telling the world about it?

Ken (unperturbed) I'm proud of myself. I got 43; and this is the first time I have taken the course. That means, theoretically, that the next time I take it I'll get 86. I don't believe in this rushing through college taking each course only once. I'm thorough. I take 'em all at least twice. By the way, I haven't had a letter from the dean this week. I feel slighted.

Jack. You should. The dean must be ill or out of town or something.

Ken. Oh, I don't think he'd leave without letting me give him a farewell party. He's not that kind. Besides he's making love to my mother, and it would never do to have him antagonize her son.

Jack. Making love to your mother! What the—

Ken. Well, you'd think so if you could see all the

letters he's written her about me. Stack that thick. Honest. (*Ken accompanies this speech with a series of antics that even make Jack smile. "Honest" is said with a pleading tone that is quite unnecessary.*)

Jack. You ought to quit college and go on the stage.

Ken. Believe me, I'd like to. I'd rather do anything than stay here. (*He becomes wistful*) There's nothing I hate worse than staying here and doing nothing. I don't like it and you know it, or you would if you could understand how anybody could dislike grinding away at books.

Jack. Well, if I hated it as much as you pretend, I'd clear out and give my teachers a chance to enjoy life.

Ken. That's just why I stay. To give 'em something to do—to worry about.

(*Jack gives up and begins to run his typewriter again. Ken sits at his table and amuses himself with a rubber band and a thumb tack. Something goes wrong with the typewriter.*)

Jack. Oh, Lord!

Ken (looking up quickly). Here.

Jack. Shut up, I'm not calling roll. This cursed typewriter is always doing some new trick that I haven't seen before. I'll have to send this thesis to a regular typist after all, I guess.

Ken. I guess so too, but never mind. You're lucky to be able to write a thesis. Look at me, been here four years, almost, and am only rated as a sophomore. Of course, I've been in more class rushes than you have, but I'm getting tired of always being on the same side. I wish they'd let me be a frosh for awhile.

Jack. Maybe they will. Why don't you ask 'em.

Ken. I would, only it would break mother's heart. She figures that at the end of eight years I ought to be through here with a degree.

Jack. She flatters you.

Ken. Maybe, but her one ambition in life is to have me get a degree. She'd even approve of my cribbing all my exams, if I could be sure and get it that way. (*He becomes more serious*) Honest, Jack, I wish I could get out of here right now and go to work. I don't care where. I want to do something that requires a strong back and a weak mind. That's all.

Jack (sighing). Why don't you cut sticks and do it?

Ken. I would in a minute but for mother. She'd go crazy. She's almost there now on my account.

Last year I tried to enlist in the army. She got word of it, and then it was all off. I never got into such a mess in my life! She cried all night and all the next day and made me promise everything she could think of. And now I'm afraid to do anything.

Jack (*who does not understand*). Oh, shucks!

Ken. Well, I'll never get through this place, I know that. Why my chemistry prof. said he couldn't even give me a con this semester. He's going to fail me. But then I don't know that you and your gang are all such wonders. Look at Chuck Perry.

Jack. Well, what of him?

Ken. I saw him to-day as I came out of the chemistry lab. He looked like he'd been on an eight day drunk. A damn socialist living on his father's capital!

Jack. Well, . . .

Ken. Pretty well, thanks. (*Yawns*) Oh, I'm going to supper. Coming?

(*He picks up his coat and hat and looks toward Jack.*)

Jack. No, I'm expecting Chuck to drop in pretty soon. I'll wait for him. You don't like him, so I needn't invite you to wait.

Ken. I don't know him. He may be all right for all I know. So long.

(*He goes out. Jack resumes his work at the typewriter. He has hardly found the place where he left off copying when a knock is heard on the door.*)

Jack. Come in.

(*Chuck enters looking very preoccupied and worried.*)

Jack. Hello, Chuck. Come in and sit down. Take off your coat and hat. You're not looking well, boy! What's the matter?

Chuck. Oh nothing much, I guess. Bad news from home, that's all.

Jack. Well that's enough. But cheer up. Here, have a cigarette. Now we can talk. Ken and I were just talking about you. He said he'd seen you this afternoon.

Chuck. Was that Ken I just met outside a minute ago?

Jack. I guess it was. He just went out. He's a funny kid. Never met one just like him.

Chuck. A jolly looking fellow. He ought to make a good room-mate.

Jack. He does, too; only he gets on my nerves every once in awhile. He never does a stroke of work. Never opens a book. Of course, he flunks everything, but he doesn't seem to mind.

Chuck. How does he happen to be here, if he doesn't care? Is he just plain lazy?

Jack. No, his mother has set her heart on his getting a degree, and he hasn't the courage or the heart to make her see that he is wasting his time. I suppose he is a sort of a martyr to the whims of his mother. But he's so cheerful about it that one never realizes what he's going through, I suppose. Though I must say I have no sentimental belief that children should put themselves out to please their parents.

Chuck. Hum. Well, that is just what I have to settle for myself.

Jack. You! Why you settled that years ago. You've often told me how you had to scrap with your dad to come to college at all. I thought when you gave up a chance to go into his business and came to college to get something more than he had in his life, you settled that question.

Chuck (*sadly thoughtful*). I thought I had, but there's a different angle to it now.

Jack. What do you mean?

Chuck (*slowly*). I told you I had some bad news from home. Well, everything has changed. Dad has had a stroke of paralysis and can't handle the business any more. His manager is incompetent, and from what I can gather a crook. Now unless somebody responsible takes charge of the plant I fear the Perry Washing Machine will pass out with Dad. Our lawyer, an old friend, has written to me to come home and take charge of the business. Dad's too proud to write, but I know what he thinks.

Jack. Well, you knew what he thought when you came to college, didn't you?

Chuck. Yes, but then Dad was able to take care of things. I was not needed so much. It would kill Dad to have the factory fail.

Jack (*bitterly*). Is he so much more interested in his factory than in his son? Would he rather have a mediocre son than a great one? Does his factory mean more to him than your career?

Chuck. You can't understand, Jack. Your parents died before your problems of life began. Dad isn't unreasonable. There are some five hundred men dependent on our shop for work. He has set up as nearly an ideal factory as he could and still keep his place open. He has put his whole life into it, and it is hard on any man to see his life work fade away as he leaves it. I can't kill my father in cold blood, and I can't be responsible for throwing five hundred men out of work in these times.

Jack. But can't you sell the thing?

Chuck. As far as Dad is concerned that would be just as hard on him. Besides in these hard times there is no capital loose to invest in small washing machine factories. I'm not at all sure I can run the place; and it makes me mad to think of having to try, but I've got to do it to square myself with my conscience. I've got to.

Jack. You're foolish!

Chuck. No, I'm not. I've looked at it every way possible. I walked the streets till four this morning and then I couldn't sleep. I haven't been to a class in two days. I even sat down and bawled like a baby just before I came up here. I—I—oh hell, there's no other way out. I've got to be a man and do it.

(Chuck almost breaks down. He passes his hand over his eyes, and sits for a moment with it covering them so that Jack may not see his emotion. A noise outside arouses him. Ken comes in in good humor again. Chuck tries to look as calm as possible. He isn't sure that Ken would sympathize with his troubles.)

Ken. Why don't you fellows eat? *(Chuck looks nervous, and Ken remembers that he has never met Chuck.)* I beg your pardon.

Jack. Gimme time. Gimme time. Ken, I want you to meet Mr. Perry; Chuck, my room-mate, Mr. Kennedy.

Ken and Chuck (shaking hands) Glad to meet you.

Jack. What brought you back so soon?

Ken. Forgot my meal ticket, and I didn't have a red cent. Mother forgot to send me my allowance this week, I guess. But I won't bother you fellows. I'll be out of here in a minute. You both look as though you had lost your shoes in a poker game and had to go home barefoot. But I gotta eat. We can eat without living, but not so well. Who said that, Jack?

(Chuck is observing Ken with a good deal of interest.)

Jack (irritated). You did, I guess. But cut the rough stuff, Ken. Chuck here is in hard luck, and I think he could do without your so-called humor.

Ken (quieting perceptibly, and becoming self-conscious). I'm sorry. I didn't mean—

Chuck. That's all right. My troubles don't amount to much after all. I have to leave college to take charge of my father's business. It would be more in your line, I think, than in mine. Maybe I'm not as grateful for the chance as I ought to be.

Ken (visibly relieved. He had had visions of death in its worst forms). Is that all. Gosh, I wish I could get the chance to get out of here.

Jack (still irritated). But you forget, Ken, there are some of us who have more regard for an education than you have. Chuck isn't interested in making washing machines. How would you feel, for instance, if your mother made you promise to stay in college the rest of your life? That's about what going into business means to Chuck.

Ken. Well, if I thought that going to college could last all my life, I'd cut sticks to-night.

Chuck (earnestly). You'd do that even if you thought it would kill your mother?

Ken (visibly cowed). Gosh,—is it that bad? *(He becomes suddenly very humble)* Honest, Chuck, I'm sorry I was so—so—such a cad! I—I

Chuck (bent on getting an answer to his question). But what would you do?

Ken (reviving). Do? I'd do just what I'm doing now. I'd please her. Maybe I'd work a little harder if I had to stick to it for life. But I'd probably eat and sleep and go to classes just as I am now. But speaking of eating, let's go to supper. Eating is the best policy, after all. Eat to live and live to eat. Who said that, Jack?

Jack. Some one as big a fool as you.

Ken. Fool was it? You just try going without eating for forty-eight hours and see who's the fool. Fool, yourself! Eating is the spice of life, else wherefore born? That's me!

(Chuck begins to laugh. Jack looks at him scornfully. Ken grins sheepishly. He is not even now quite sure of himself.)

Jack. What—in—

Ken. Ah, ah. Mustn't say it. Mustn't say it.

Jack. Shut up, you fool!

Chuck. Easy, Jack, easy. Ken is considerably wiser than we are.

Jack. Hell, he is—he's a fool

Ken (bowing). Thank you, kind sir, she said. Who said *(thinks better of it and subsides).*

Chuck. And I am not at all sure, Jack, but that you are the biggest fool here.

Jack and Ken. Huh?

Chuck. Yep. Ken is up against the same thing in his life that I am in mine. He has been doing for four years what I'll be doing soon as far as spiritual effort goes. He isn't doing it too well, but he isn't mad about it. He doesn't think that he is abused.

Jack. Well, he isn't. It is hardly abuse to send a man to college.

Chuck. Just as much abuse as giving a man a chance to make his own living. I'm glad I came, for I'm beginning to see the joke of this situation now.

The divinity that shapes our ends, must have considerable sense of humor.

Jack. Humor?

Chuck. Yes, humor. Look me over. Poor, impractical, idealistic me—a fellow who doesn't know much more about business than a fish about flying—going to take charge of a factory! Me, socialistic me, going to be a capitalist! I tell you it's funny—why don't you laugh?

Jack. Funny as a funeral. I call it a tragedy!

Ken (*feeling much out of place. He much prefers Jack's ridicule to Chuck's praise*). Well, it's all in your point of view, I guess. Say, bunch, aren't you ever going to supper?

Jack (*savagely*). I don't want any supper.

Chuck. Well, I do.

Ken. Me, too. Eating is the spice of life. Who said that, Jack?

Jack. Go to—

Ken (*interrupting*). Supper. All right. Come on, Chuck. We'll have this on Jack. I've got his meal ticket. I couldn't find my own.

Chuck. All right. So long, Jack. I'll be in later to say good-bye.

Jack (*still angry*). So long.

(*Chuck and Ken go out.*)

Jack (*sitting moodily at his table*). A couple of fools, confound 'em. A couple of damn fools!

(*Curtain*)

THE BAY OF SHELLS

Down near the shore where silence dwells
 In sombre chambers of the cliffs
 We found a gleaming bay of shells
 That laughed and blinked at us as if
 'Twere fun to revel in the light
 After the hush and dark of night.

We caught the rainbow of their hue;
 For dawn had sent them softest pink;
 The sky had touched them with its blue;
 The evening star had lent its wink.
 And pigment pots of earth and sea
 Had decked them in their finery.

And then we wondered could there be
 Some purpose in this bright array,
 Concealed, with scarce an eye to see
 The magic carpet of the bay?
 What? Could it be a silver lawn
 For water nymphs to dance upon?

HARMONY

Two pines stand on the brow of a hill rising rough-
 hewn out of the water.
 Their roots grow deep down into the common clay.
 But the winds have made a lyre of their swaying crests,
 And bring strange stories from overseas;
 Stories of distant dream-cities with rose-tinted minarets;
 Of twilight gardens where youth walks hand-in-hand
 with beauty;
 Of dawn-flushed castles echoing with soft voices.
 And the pines listen . . .
 And whisper to each other.

Gillerty Street

GILLERTY is a dirty street.

I live there with my wife and eight children. The houses sag and rot on their crumbling brick bases. When it rains the mud spatters from the road onto the sidewalk. My sidewalk is never clean.

Tonight my wife washed the dishes and placed the lamp on the red checkered table cloth. The lamp replaces a cracked hand-painted china dish. There is a flaw in the table cloth to be covered.

My wife's usual requisitions for the following day come after the lamp is in place—shoes for two, stockings for three, garters, perhaps rent, and generally oil for the lamp.

My wife does not look at me when she asks for these things. We never look at each other now, unless it is a conventional necessity—I mean when we have visitors.

I generally put the money on the table near the lamp, and then my wife takes it and drops it into the sugar bowl behind our distracting ticking clock. When I hear the money clink in the bowl, I start for bed, and I wonder how long I shall have to live like this. Sometimes I wonder what I shall find in my lunch pail the next day.

Tonight I wondered why my wife had never asked me for money to buy a new red-checkered table cloth.

After I am in bed, Mother Mulvey from the tenement, gloomy and grey across the street comes over and talks to my wife. Mother Mulvey is a skinny old lady with devil's eyes that hate every one—even herself. She has a streaky tuft of grey hair that sticks out from beneath a greasy red shawl. I hate that tuft of hair. I hate to see her paste it against her bony head with her knotted fingers. I hate her voice, shrill and cackling. Her ghostly laugh terrifies me. She is not human. The men at the shop call her the devil's wife.

"Th' Blooney's boy was a' for goin' t' th' other side," she said one night, after the money had clinked in the sugar bowl.

"He ain't a went an' croaked, ye' mean?" asked my wife excitedly.

The old hag laughed.

"Not *went* an' croaked, but *was* croaked . . . an' his daddy there and seen it, too."

"Oh, Gawd!" muttered my wife.

Mother Mulvey crowed with delight. She was always talking about such things . . .

For fifty years I have gone to bed in this same little room. It used to be "my room" when I was a boy. My father had it lined with books, and had

a little white writing desk put in one corner. He used to come in every evening when he had time, and pat my head, and ask, "What has my little son been reading to-day?" I remember one time I told him that I had just started to read 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' He smiled quietly, "what a big boy you are getting to be."

During these early years my passion for my father was of the most extreme fervor. He could not see me often, for he worked well into the night at his patents. During the day he labored hard in the shops.

He was an old man, even then, when I was a child. His eyes were those kind and sad eyes of people who are inwardly suffering. They shifted and became tear-filled, as I clasped my little hands together, and prayed each night, "And God help my father." I can still see his image standing at my bedside silently watching me pray. The rays from the lamp in his hand creep upward, and throw soft shadows and lights about his face . . .

I do not know when Mother Mulvey came into my life. She had always been there, it seemed. My father told me little about her, except that I should love her as I had my own mother. This mortified me at first. The very contrast between the two women made Mother Mulvey terrible in my eyes. I could not replace my own sweet gentle mother with this hag, ugly and leering, constantly winding her skinny arms in her dirty calico apron.

One day she caught me unsuspectingly peeping into my father's workshop. I had been expressly forbidden to enter this room. "My little man won't do anything his daddy doesn't want him to do, will he?" my father warned.

But this day I had resolved to enter. I wanted to know what had absorbed my father's very soul for years.

Mother Mulvey swooped down upon me with her terrible voice, "Ye little sinner ye." I felt the sting of her knotted fingers against my face.

I did not cry, but went straight to my room, and took down my little grey book, and wrote, "Mother Mulvey is a wicked, wicked lady."

At night after I was in bed she would talk to my father in her shrill high pitched voice. For fifty years she has been talking in my kitchen. It is my wife with whom she talks now. Then it was my poor tired father. She does not seem to mind me. She is not ashamed at the thought of what she means to me.

As I grew older, my father took me into his confidence. One night when Mother Mulvey was out on

her weekly trip to the market, my father told me the story of his life. I cried when he had finished. It was a life filled with nothing but ruin and sorrow.

"Everything that I have ever loved or desired to see accomplished has been an utter failure. My life, your mother's life, my patents, everything that has been near and dear to me has been ruined. It is some wind of fate that follows me ever."

At this time I was fairly along in school. My father had planned to have me enter the university the following year. I thought of what my father had said, "Everything that has been near and dear to me has been ruined." I wondered whether I, too, would be ruined.

I brooded much over this thought of becoming a failure. Surely the fate of my father's life of ruin could not descend upon me, I reasoned. But gradually I began to realize that there was something more than ordinary misfortune that followed in my father's wake. His patents were rejected constantly. He still found it necessary to work in the shops at his hard labor among the throbbing machineries.

I did not go to the university the next fall. My father was struggling vainly on a new patent which he hoped would be accepted. Mother Mulvey lent no sunshine to our lives.

"Th' likes o' ye at th' collige . . . ?" She followed her words with a sneer of contempt . . .

A year later my father died. His life had been a series of sufferings, sad and ruinous. His life curve never rose, but ebbd slowly until the last.

He left me nothing. Only Mother Mulvey, and the curse of having made me the living example of his failure.

I began to work in the shops.

"There is neither God nor Devil who can ruin me because my father loved me," I told Mother Mulvey.

She pasted the gray tuft of hair flat on her clammy forehead.

"Mebbe so," she grumbled, and hobbled away.

I devoted the next ten years of my life to improving a patent of my father's. I knew it would make

me famous. I knew it would mean the end of the failure my father had gifted me with through his love. I slaved day and night, became haggard, lost friends, and made enemies.

Then I took it to the head of the shop. He said it was . . . a failure . . . an utter failure.

"Why look at this, sir," he explained, "This would never . . ." But enough of this . . . I had wasted ten years.

Mother Mulvey laughed softly and harshly . . . I went to my room and cried and swore . . .

At forty I resigned myself to the fate of my father. I no longer tried to advance myself in life. A wife had brought me no inspiration nor help. The factory realized long before I that I was a failure.

"You dom fool," said my blustering little foreman, "Vy don't you make it for a change? Here, you have no chance. Twenty years it's now, and you a growing greyer and greyer."

I smiled. I did not try to explain to him. How could he understand that wherever I went, failure and ruin would follow?

"I cannot understand this phantom failure which follows me," I said to Mother Mulvey one day, "My father loved me, but why should I . . . ?"

"Ye're an idiot," she hissed, "Ye're father never loved ye"

I sneered at her. I knew she was wrong. If I had not been dear to my father, if my father had hated me, then I would not have been a failure. I do not dare think of it any other way. Perhaps I am afraid of taking the entire responsibility upon myself. Perhaps I would have been a failure whether my father had loved me or not. And perhaps I would have been—

* * *

I am past fifty now. I live with my wife and eight children on Gillerty street,—Gillerty street, dirty and foul smelling.

Who is Mother Mulvey?

She is my father's mother. And at the shops the men call her the devil's wife.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

PROOF

How can I tell thee of my love—
 Who cannot richest treasures bring
 Who cannot lyric measures sing
 I cannot tell thee of my love.

But oh my love has made me see
 Richest treasures in all man's eyes
 Lyric measures in children's eyes
 A wondrous world, because of thee.

ELSIE GLUCK.

The House of Pain

Pain and Sorrow here?
O, no!
This is the House of Merriment.

Quick, your cap and bells—
A jest, I prithee,
Good!
Another, yea, and yet another
Till the house reverberates with laughter.
Aye, laughter, but, Oh,
The mocking hollowness.

Nay—
Jingle, jingle bells,
What black form's stalking yonder?
A shadow—
Nothing more.

See,
Here is music, here is dancing,
Come, away!
Glance not behind—he does not follow.
Come, let's drink together,
Drown out sight and sound of spectres.
Drink, and drink, and drink, till night
When spectres claim their victims . . .
Here's to you, Nemesis!
Quick, a jest—

RUTH BYERS.

With due Apologies to H. G. Wells a Co-Ed "Sees it Thru"

IT HAPPENED in a popular English class. The girl, a dark-haired, dark-eyed Junior, was sitting by a window in the rear of the room gazing down over the campus with its dirty banks of slowly melting snow. Her glance strayed beyond to the Capitol dome whose outlines were made indistinct by the slowly lifting fog—and back again to the campus, where, oddly enough, she found herself resenting the serenity with which Lincoln, back turned, sat among the untidy piles of lumber and frozen dirt surrounding him.

The sharp buzz of the bell and the rustle of pages, as note-books were opened, brought her attention back to the class-room. She saw the instructor stride across the room to close the door that was invariably left open by some late-comer; heard him call the roll as she had heard him call it every day for the past eight weeks; heard herself answer the usual mechanical "here" as her own name was pronounced.

Half a minute after the recitation had begun, the door again opened and a little fur-coated figure with a bright red tam bustled into the room and sat down by the girl at the window.

"I've been chasing you up for half an hour trying to locate what class you were in," she panted. "Here's a telegram that just came to the house for you. I hope it is from Don, and that he is coming home."

The first girl quickly took the long envelope and, after an almost imperceptible pause and a slight stiffening of her whole figure, tore back the yellow flap and read:

"MISS ELSIE DEVANS—

We regret to inform you that Donald M. Egas was killed in action Nov. 8."

She could not get beyond the date. The words sang in her ears with an incessant ringing that shut out

everything else. "We regret to inform you—We regret to inform you—We regret to inform you." The ugly phrase repeated itself over and over again in an endless, relentless chant. She did not faint. She did not even cry out (women seldom do outside of Cooper), but the printed letters juggled around on the line; the words that they formed looked strange and meaningless; the paper seemed to turn a brick red. As the first words of the phrase "we regret to inform you" began to chant for the hundredth time their fatal message, the voice of the instructor calling her name broke in upon her consciousness. "Miss Devans, what have you to add to the appreciation of *Tintern Abbey*?"

The girl was mildly surprised to hear herself answering the question in a low, steady voice. She was con-

scious of a slight curiosity as to what she would be hearing herself say next, and felt an odd, detached pleasure in the sound of the steady, distinct intonations of the syllables,—a secret satisfaction in anticipating the melody of the words,—the sentences that made up her own recitation. Finally, when the words stopped, she was conscious of a restful relaxation, of a strange comforting gratefulness to find that the dreadful chant of the words in the telegram were stilled. She looked out of the window, and again her eyes chanced to fall upon the broad, complacent back of Lincoln's statue, but this time she was vaguely surprised to find that, somehow, the unsightly piles of wet lumber and the frozen dirt no longer irritated her.

HAZEL MURPHY.

A Sailor Inland

To Hell with all these inland lanes
And "pretty" places, "smiling" plains,
And flower smells and scraps o'lakes!
Give me a snuff of good salt brine,
A puff, a snuff of good sea air;
And wind and sun and weather.

Here there are "breezes", puny things
And ah, the sun it "softly" shines;
And as for "weather", God where is it?
So give me a snuff of good salt brine,
A puff, a snuff of good sea air;
And wind and sun and weather.

And add a bit of tar and fish
Oh! fish it smells like Hell, you bet!
But have you seen a fluttering net
Astrung along the windy beach?
It may be brown, it may be yellor,
They're goblin-clothes, they "get" a feller!

And there's old Jens a squatting in the sun,
And puffing his philosophies and such.
And there's the Ale-House right hard by
And Anna busy opening up a keg!

She's rather red of face, I guess
But yet she's pleasant, got a comely leg!
But oh these inland girls, they're callow
And shy and silent; fright a fellow
And as for fish; I haven't smelt it for a day;
And Lord, the Sea! a good ten mile away!

MARGARET SPERRY.

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“SO YOU’RE the King of the Cannibal Isles, well now—you’re hardly worth the ten cent price of admission. You’re a fake, a humbug—I expected a hideous face and a growling voice, paint and gashes and hair standing up to the ceiling. You look as though you might be the ticket agent, come in to take a little rest inside the cage. You *need* a cage, because you’re a humbug. Advertising you as a man-eater! Those tights and dirty chicken feathers aren’t at all convincing—you’re only a plain common negro—ten cents to see a negro dressed up in pink tights with feathers around his waist! You ought to be raging wild—anxious to kill everybody in sight. You’re not even a *good* humbug.”

Whereupon the King of the Cannibal Isles answered poetically, “What if I’m not the real King—what if I don’t eat men and only pretend I’m all the things I’m advertised. The real king wouldn’t be very different. Of course he might not have a modern haircut, he might be scared to death and rage wonderfully for you, but you would think he was pretending it all. He might talk his native tongue just like I’m gibbering words you don’t understand, and you’d say—‘Humbug! No such talk!’ What’s the use of giving you the genuine article, you always want more—your imagination goes the real thing one better every time. If the lady plays with the snakes, you say, ‘Hum, the fangs are out,’ and you don’t give the lady *due* credit for winding the clammy, unnatural things around her neck. If the elephant stands up on his hind legs for you, you’ve seen one once before that stood up on his front legs. You see, you can never be satisfied; so we might just as well earn a living off your imagination and curiosity as not. We’ve got to do something for a living. Besides, the children love us. They make us

think we’re worth something. You watch—the next one that comes in will clap his hands and have a wonderful time with the wild man because he’s willing to meet the wild man at least half way. The children should be charged whole rates and the adults half, instead of the way it is now. But we can’t change that; the public would say, ‘Absurd!’ What time is it?” he finished abruptly.

“Twelve o’clock,” I answered.

“Minnie,” he bellowed forth, and a lean negro woman appeared under the flap of the tent with a number of pickaninnies hanging to her skirts. The wild man unlocked his cage and stepped off to his lunch.

Then Jennie, the five hundred pound fat lady waddled away to her lunch. “Five hundred pounds?” I thought according to habit—as I watched her waddle painfully off, but hastily and apologetically I appended my thought—“She’s fat *enough* anyway—whether I’m getting my money’s worth or not.”

MILDRED EVANS.

The Book Shop

PRUSSIAN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, by Westel E. Willoughby. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

It is well at this time of reconstruction to have a clear understanding of the political principles of Germany which made her a menace to the democracies of the world. *Prussian Political Philosophy* discusses these principles in a clear and dispassionate way that is decidedly pleasing after the invectives that have been written on the subject during the war.

The author contrasts the two conflicting theories of government, absolute sovereignty on the one hand and the law of the people on the other. Against a background of masterly exposition of American political ideals, the development of the Prussian theories, machinery of statecraft, and means whereby the German political conscience was educated to the acceptance of absolutism, is thrown with much effect.

Further Mr. Willoughby shows the liberalizing policy under the guidance of Prince Maximilian of Baden to which the

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MADISON, WIS.

Imperial Autocracy was driven by impending military disaster. We now know all effort of this kind was futile, but it is nevertheless interesting to see how these reforms were expected to bring about a unification of all the elements in the empire until some future time when either the old ideals might be resumed or the new policy prevail.

This book deserves the attention of all those interested in the contemporary history of Europe and should add greatly to what we already have of the subject of Prussian Autocracy.

J. W. G.

LANTERNS IN GETHSEMANE. Biblical and Mystical Poems. Willard Wattles. E. P. Dutton. \$1.50.

In reading Willard Wattles' poetry it is well to remember that he is a young poet—that his poems are for the most part the result of the experiences of youth, of exuberance in the joy of his discoveries, in fixing a personal relationship between himself and Christ.

He writes verse of an unusual sort, treating of his conception of Christ in a way which, I believe, though it is highly individual, cannot offend either the conventional or the unconventional. He is too sincere to offend; his ideas are clear and simple, apparently untouched by the intricacies of civilization. There is nothing of the "poseur" in the most unconventional of his verses; he is not like certain types of ultra-moderns who strive to attract attention by offending, or who aim at effects by "shocking".

His delicacy of feeling is well shown in the following from *Of a Sabbath*:

But I who am a pagan child,
Who know how dying Plato smiled,
And how Confucius lessened kings,
And of the Buddha's wanderings
Find God in very usual things.

There is an ardent simplicity in his verse; it is very evidently spontaneous, little labored over. Because of this occasionally it is rather crude in structure and detail. He has a way at times of abandoning himself too entirely to the lawlessness of his emotions, and as a result producing jingles like the *Return*.

—My knee was sprung
And I couldn't see,
So I climbed up high
In a jujube tree.

Jesus, Jesus,
Go along, Lord;
My knee is straight
As the governor's sword.

Often in small space there are poems of significant meaning. *Creeds* is thoughtful and also delightfully piquant:

How pitiful are little folk—
They are so very small
They look at stars, and think they are
Denominational.

M. C. E.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Putnam. \$2.50.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, is, as one of his critics expressed it, a "man of taste". In reading his "Studies" we have a feeling that he has chosen the truly important things to write about; he brings out the most pertinent incidents of an author's life, and omits none of the real criticisms of his poetry. He is the sort of person "who somehow or other makes us uneasy when we disagree with him". From this one might judge that his writings are didactic, or formidable. They are scholarly, but the charming personality of the author which pervades all of the studies, prevents them from being either didactic or formidable. Sir Arthur has a faculty for making us feel at ease, in the simplest as well as in the most complex of his essays.

In the *Commerce of Thought*, he carries us along in a leisurely fashion, telling of the great fascination of the roads, the trade routes that marked the intercourse of man from the beginning of history. Then he passes on naturally to the wind routes scattering the seeds, finally to the "wanderings, alightings, fertilizing of man's thought", and the stupendously far-reaching effect of the most humbly conceived thoughts, the thoughts of the quiet humble Bede, for instance, which were like the seed that "lodged on his long tramp northward in the bootsole of a common soldier in Vespasian's reign" and brought "to far-off Britain a new flower." Even one of his own books, Sir Arthur comes across in an abandoned hut in the woods, where all had been removed but the book and a "burst kettle",—"the only two things not worth taking away." Again, "someone copies down a little poem on reed paper, on the back of a washing bill; the paper goes to wrap a mummy, long centuries pass; a tomb is laid bare of the covering sand, and from its dead limbs they unwind a passionate lyric of Sappho."

The true carrier of thought is not the linotype machine nor the telegraph nor any other modern invention, he says, but "even such a wind as carried the seed—the old, subtle, winding, caressing, omnipresent wind of man's aspiration.

He discusses the ballads, their origin and history; the poetry of George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Charles Reade and others.

The humor of the author is a part of his pervasive personality. At times it is a dry humor, the sort that makes one glance through a sentence again to be sure that he has derived the full meaning from it; again it is a splendidly satirical humor. In speaking of Dr. Garnett's regret that Coleridge did not produce consistently, for all the years of his life, the amount that he did in the year 1797, he says:

"Yes indeed! and *Kubla Khan* has this in common with a cow's tail—that it only lacks length to reach the moon."

For the most part the author's views are traditional ones; his ideas are those of the great critics of all times, but in his studies there is the freshness of his own conception of the subject; the turn which alone can render the traditional original; and it is capable of renewing in us the real principles of life and art.

M. E.

SIMPLE SOULS, by John Hastings Turner. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

In the midst of the modern novels, with their burning problems and their intricate plots, it is a relief to come across a simple story charmingly told. That is what Turner's novel is,

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- 28-29—Grace Darmond in "What Every Woman Wants".
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no more. Its main charm lies in the delineation of the Duke of Wynnninghame. He is a queer, absent-minded, altogether lovable person, who nearly drives his sister Octavia to distraction. Octavia is a person with a mania for 'organizing', and her greatest ambition is to 'organize' the duke. In this she is unsuccessful. He explains to Molly, a shopgirl whom he met in the Snake House and invited to take tea with him, that, "Comfort consists of drinking one's tea from one's saucer when it is too hot, and keeping one's ideas to one's self when they are too unusual." He explains his philosophy of life to his friend, the Professor. It consists of 'doing what one thinks right at the moment and correcting one's mistakes as they occur.' Later, at a meeting in Paris of the most eminent scientists of Europe, he spends a morning discussing the probability of existence of a golden toad which has been mentioned by an explorer. The eminent scientists are furious, and the most eminent, a German, proceeds to destroy all his arguments. Then the duke decides upon an expedition to the South Sea islands to search for the toad. Thus it is that he goes through life, ignoring the world, and taking nothing seriously but his own ideals.

Simple Souls is unsubstantial, but filled with delightful humour. "As a matter of fact," says the duke, "there is an enormous amount of amusement to be got out of complete ignorance of the world. I feel positive Hans Anderson knew that. I would rather have written the tale about the 'Tin Soldier' than the whole of Darwin's works." That, I believe, is why Turner wrote Simple Souls.

K. V. H.

ANOTHER SHEAF, by John Galsworthy. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

With the sure hand of a master Galsworthy has touched

some of the most vital phases of the present situation, political, social, and intellectual. He makes no attempt to solve any of our problems. Neither does he advocate as a partisan any method of procedure. He simply picks up matters which have interested him, shows them to us from all sides, then gives them to us to do with what may seem fit. The most striking feature of these sketches and discussions is the dispassionate interest, combined with a profound sense of social responsibility. He feels and expresses the duty of the individual to the state, and also of the state to the individual. But he never allows himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm to vulgar propaganda; always he retains a sane dignity which is half his charm. The other half is his insight, not only into others, but also into himself, and his sympathy for what is foreign to his understanding as well as for that which is clear and natural. In a discussion of Englishman and Russian, he lays his finger both on the weak points of his fellow countrymen, and also on their strong points. This latter he does frankly and simply, avoiding on the one hand national delusion and self-gratulation, on the other that conscious, or rather self-conscious, detraction and criticism which is so typically English. His understanding of the Russian is of course more limited, but sufficient for the foundation of unlimited appreciation and sympathy. What he has probed of the Russian character has shown so much that is fine and admirable that what is beyond his ken he knows must also be equally good, although foreign to his ideals. In the discussions of problems arising from the war he shows a healthy but sanely grey optimism which is the only attitude in which to approach such difficult matters. Galsworthy wants society to help the individual bear the burden laid upon him by the war, but in such a way as to make it increasingly easier for him to stand on his feet and lay aside the burden. His is no enthusias-



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tic sentimentalism which, once the glamour has passed, will fade and die. His is rather a practical sympathy which will grow stronger and more efficient as time passes. "To restore him," he says in discussing the wounded soldier, "and with him the future of our countries, that is the sacred work." There are also in this volume two pictures; France 1916-1917, and The Road, both vigorously and fascinatingly drawn. The former appealed to me especially through its expressive restraint. It gives the key to the entire volume: sympathy entirely free from sentimentalism.

K. V. H.

AMERICANIZED SOCIALISM: A YANKEE VIEW OF CAPITALISM, by James MacKaye. Boni and Liveright. \$1.25.

Americanized socialism as presented by Mr. James MacKaye in his book of that title is a delightful thing. Not only is it most logical, but it may be administered in such easy and deodorized doses that we who are still afraid to call ourselves socialists will never know that we have taken it. We shall merely discover some day that we are living under a socialistic government. The book is remarkable in that the whole subject of socialism is considered without a reference to the "down-trodden masses". There is never an appeal to the emotions, and when one has finished reading, he feels that he is closer than ever before—providing he was not a socialist when he began—to accepting socialism on the ground of reason. In fact logic is the main weapon Mr. MacKaye uses throughout his work, and he wields it with skill.

But what amazed me more: Here is an author who not only puts forth a doctrine, but he shows how his ends may be put into actual practice. He is not an idealist who sees things

about him wrong, and who knows how he should like to see them, but who can conceive of no method of transition. Mr. MacKaye asks why there should not be Political and Social Engineering as well as Mechanical, Electrical, and Civil Engineering. If changes or experiments are to be made in the industrial world an engineer experienced in such matters is called in to take charge of the work. If he decides that the machinery is antiquated, he does not tear out all the old and thus completely demolish the output of the factory while the changes are being made, but he substitutes one piece of new for one of the old. Thus the work of the factory is not materially interefered with. If there is any doubt as to the value of the new as compared to the old, the two can be compared under the same circumstances, and the actual value of the new accurately computed. So in government by experimentation by capable men who understand the theory of political science, a change could be gradually made from Toryism to Socialism without revolution or disorganization. Care must be exercised in the experiments made, but if the changes are not made too rapidly, all that proves unsatisfactory could be undone.

"Let us consider then directing our effort to political as well as to mechanical, electrical, and other branches of engineering. Let us apply reason as consistently to the achievement of ultimate as of proximate ends. Let us not be satisfied with mere doing. Let us be sure our doing is right. Let us use and not abuse the stupendous forces which the experimental method in social affairs places at our disposal, directing them to human and not merely physical achievement. Let man expel medievalism from the control of moral, as he has already expelled it from the control of the physical things, to the end that scientific means may be directed to none but useful ends, and that we may erect upon a material civilization, already by science ad-

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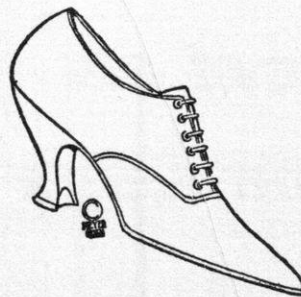
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GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC, Henry James. Penguin Series. Boni and Liveright. \$1.25.

Gabrielle de Bergerac, one of the novels of Henry James' earlier period, is for the first time obtainable in printed form.

The story is of Gabrielle, the French girl, who lives a monotonous life with her brother and his family; the brother, M. le Comte de Bergerac, belonging to a decadent line of French nobility. The "unbroken monotony" of Gabrielle's life is finally ended by the advent of her two lovers; the one Coquelin, the plebian tutor of her little nephew, who "in spite of real trials and troubles,—had retained a certain masculine freshness and elasticity", the other M. de Treuil, le vicomte, who "without any sorrows but those of his own wanton making,—had utterly rubbed off his primal bloom of manhood."

While the love of Gabrielle and Coquelin is developing, the story has a simplicity analogous in some ways to the *Mare au Diable* of George Sand—the pure love of two good people growing unconsciously, in the out-of-doors and with the child always present—the repression of love for duty.

Like a network over the story is the feeling of intensified calm, the calm before a storm—in this case before the French Revolution. There is just enough forecast of disaster to make the joy seem brighter in fleeting contrast—the simplicity more idyllic.

Gabrielle is not characteristically French—except occasionally, by a word or mannerism. For the most part she is merely

the universal woman, of superior intellect and refinement. She has not perhaps the force of Isabel Archer in the *Portrait of a Lady*, but she has nevertheless a distinctness of personality, an ineffable charm and refinement which makes her a truly great heroine. If one does not feel fully acquainted with her at the end of the novel, it is perhaps due partly to a certain reserve of her character, a reserve even of her emotions and inner feelings—and also to the difficulties of developing a woman of such an unusual type in the limited space of a short novel.

The story is written in the clear, lucid style characteristic of Henry James's earlier works.

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