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MADISON



# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XXII

APRIL, 1923

Number 6

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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Volume XXII

MADISON, APRIL, 1923

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THE SOIL Again a reviewer of the Lit has made dolorous outcry against our being so non-collegiate in character, for not representing the soil from whence we are supposed to spring,—in short, for not rivaling St. Nicholas or The American Boy.

Surely, says the reviewer, the student writer's natural background offers a wealth of material. Well, well, perhaps he is right, after all. Shall we offer a prize for the very best short story written around any one or all of the following local items?

1. S. G. A. mass-meeting. Curfew postponed from 10 to 10:30 P. M.

2. Wearing of Freshman caps is voluntary; also, violators of above rule will be reported.

3. Important action before student senate regarding annual Frosh-Soph to-do. Subject: Push-Balls or Jerk-sacks.

4. Annual Baptists' Banquet and Outing. Everybody come.

5.—

Truly, more wealth in our native soil than we had believed, and splendid stimulation of the Young Writer's Imagination. Also, opportunities for being intellectual as the very devil, what with these Cardinal and Scorpion men, who push everywhere, probing, testing, searching, accepting nothing on authority.

The prize contributions need not be short stories. A poem, a poem concerning the material outlined, will also receive consideration.

K. F. F.

"JAMBOREEING" AGAIN. We observe, from signs in the windows and elsewhere, that the University has been "jamboreeing" again. Now we haven't the least objection to a "jamboree"—whatever it may be!—as such, and yet we can't help feeling a bit irritated. Somehow it seems to us that although it was great fun for us to "jamboree" once, it is rather ridiculous for us to keep it up. It is the "again" that rankles.

That "student life" of which we hear so much is a delightful thing, and it is, perhaps, most delightfully manifested in an occasional outburst of high spirits which takes some novel and non-sensical form—and one of which might well be called a "jamboree." But it seems to us that the whole spirit of such an outburst is originality and spontaneity, and that all its charm evaporates the instant it is made uniform and fixed.

We are most certainly not attacking traditions

when we lodge this complaint. Traditions are both necessary and admirable, but traditions, in our opinion, have nothing to do with "jamborees." Some people may want "jamboree" traditions, but we don't. We should like to have our nonsense and fun much as they have it at Cambridge and Oxford—"rags" they call them. Just every now and then, a group of men will have some superfluous energy to work off, and the result will be some amusing and novel stunt,

hastily got up and carried out in the same burst of enthusiasm in which it was conceived.

The great danger in a large and democratic University such as ours, in play as in work, is dull uniformity. Already, "student life" has come to mean little besides week-end dances. We earnestly advocate for Wisconsin, at least at playtime, a little more originality. We need a few clever leaders among our students to guide us away from the too-beaten path.

L. S.

### EDITORS

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| FRANK D. CRANE     | GUY K. TALLMADGE |
| MARGARET EMMERLING | LOUISE SMITH     |
| MARGERY LATIMER    | KENNETH FEARING  |

## La Ville

GASTON D' ARLEQUIN

Untranquilly I climbed the steep hill's height  
 And saw the sleeping city veiled in rest:  
 Toiler and lord, oppressor and oppressed,  
 Thrall to the spell of the enchanting night;

No light between the street lamps and the stars,  
 No sound above the sadness of the wind:  
 She makes no shrift for all that she has sinned,  
 No prayer for all the weight of woe she bears.

Prison, and charnel, city of banishment,  
 Mistress of grey, unvintageable years,  
 I curse you with the curse of discontent,  
 I hate you with a hatred born of fears  
 That know no death;—your days are turbulent  
 With wasted strife, your nights are soiled with  
 tears.

## Slaves of Loneliness

ANNA C. STOFFREGEN

*"Dulce Jes-u-us."*

The clouds of incense were floating through the aisles of Santa Maria del Corazon while the last words of an old Spanish hymn were dying away in the church corners. Women gathered their skirts about them, stretched their stiff legs and tucked their rosaries under the pleats of their shawls. There were hundreds of women, attending the morning mass while their men worked in the offices of tobacco exporters. Hundreds of reverential curtseys were made before the image of the Virgin. Then, as gradually the church became empty, two or three boys busied themselves extinguishing the candles on the altars and picking up here a lost flower, there a forgotten prayer-book.

A priest advanced from the niche where, behind dark curtains, he had heard the confessions of a dozen women. His hand glided around his smooth chin, and he smiled. That hand emerged from a wide, black sleeve; the sleeve belonged to a vast, black robe under which no one could discover the form of the man. Yet everyone might have judged that the figure of this priest was as filled-out as his face. He seemed healthy and muscular—a normal sort of man whom fate had thrown into the priest's garb and into a monastery in Havana.

This fate, very likely, had curbed his natural instincts. As he knelt to say a prayer to the Virgin Mary, the expression of naive faith in his eyes gradually gave way to such an ardor as is befitting an earthly lover. Probably the face of a woman he knew took for an instant the place of the Virgin's features. At any rate, it was quite apparent that he was, while in an emotional state, a man of the Latin races rather than a monk.

When he left the now empty church through a side door, the priest entered a courtyard where a girl was waiting for him, who was obviously absent-minded because the mosaic of the floor had caught her eyes and her interest.

"Rosita, forgive; I am late," the man hastened to say as his dark figure approached the girl. His eyes once frankly appraised her, then shifted.

"I am early, Padre Ramos." Hers was a voice of tender tones and of a foreign articulation that lent peculiar charm to whatever she said.

"Shall we have our lesson now?"

"Certainly, if you are free. It's what I came for. I learned the irregular verbs. I shall know them this time, Padre." They sat down on a bench in a corner where the statue of San Agostino leaned against the wall. September sunshine played on the mosaics and on the statue, on the strong head of the priest and the reddish braids of the girl.

"Not the verbs, Rosita. Let us talk. You will learn better if we simply talk. Tell me what you are thinking."

"I was thinking about you, Padre. Is this how all your life has been: enclosed in walls, far from the crowds, amid old mosaics and saints? Why did you come here? Why did you not choose the world? Do you never long to be beyond these walls and to see life as it really is?"

"I see life as it is, Rosita. I hear more of it than anyone else. I loved God, and his Son, and I loved the Virgin Mary. Therefore I entered the order. Since I took the garb, I have been studying constantly. My life is service. I do not care for anything beyond that."

"Well, I am a child of the world, Padre. And I cannot understand you. Did you never wish to play, to dance, to have money? Did you never love a woman?"

"I do not know. I love the Virgin Mary, and she is more than any mortal woman can be." It was not a pious, but a rapturous smile which accompanied his words, and the priest's pupil showed an expression of disbelief. She seemed to wish for no more confidential talk, and they passed over the irregular verbs till a clock struck the noon hour. Then the girl left, her white-clad figure being followed by a shy, interrupted series of glances from the priest.

In fact, had she looked back to a certain window of the monastery, she might even have seen the Padre lift a curtain to watch her until she disappeared around a corner. On his face was the

gleam of sensual ardor which had arisen when he prayed. Rosita, however, did not turn her head; she walked on toward the Prado.

The Prado, as always around noon, was filled by hurrying men of white, yellow, and brown complexions. Negroes pushed carts; big and brightly-colored automobiles drove up before the cafés as Havana awoke from a monotonous morning's work; to enjoy an hour of eating, drinking, and chatting. Men, men, men—all in white or yellow. Sunshine so piercing that no lady dared to cross even her house's patio. Noise of steamship whistles and factory signals.

As Rosita hurried along the house-fronts, she seemed angered by the teasing compliments that followed her from lingering Cuban clerks and half-grown boys. A sigh of relief escaped her when she faced her friend Gasper, the traveling salesman whose acquaintance she had made a few months ago on the steamboat to Havana.

With a few quick strides he was at her side.

"How long the morning seemed without you, Rosita." She smiled happily. "It was torture. I tried to read but it was too hot. I took my tea in the palm garden of the hotel. There, at least something is always going on. Imagine whom I saw there: a flirtatious little widow whom I met a year ago in Buenos, and she recognized me. And since she was with a fearfully stern-looking chap-erone, we just winked with our eyes at each other." The girl's face became blank. "She left, and there I sat again dreaming of you. What shall we do now? Take a car to the Marianao and swim? They say a shark has been seen there." The girl grew vivacious. "No, no, I won't let you go into danger." Contempt appeared in the girl's face. "How about an afternoon on the terrace of San Paolo, where you can see life in the harbor? Good, good, you seem pleased. All you wish I'd do for you." And he hailed a cab. Helping the girl step into it—helping with the gallantry of a decade ago,—and passing his hand along her arm,—he settled the afternoon's entertainment apparently according to his pleasure. For he twisted his dark moustache and looked with a triumphant smile down on the girl while the cab drove to the hotel San Paolo.

\* \* \*

It was a handsome place Gasper had chosen. The hotel San Paolo looked gray and decayed where it lined the street with its walls. Yet its true front, edging sharply on the bay, offered one of the most picturesque sights of the shore when in the afternoon the palm trees of the terrace were

visible and the flowers stood colorful in their baskets on each round dining table. In the evening the hotel San Paolo's terrace glistened with hundreds of *lampions* into the southern darkness.

Throughout the afternoon Rosita and Gasper watched the harbor. They saw boats flitting around ocean steamers, saw freight ships arriving from two continents, laden with manufactured goods, and idling natives, and the mariners from the ships feverishly hastening to the shore. Again men,—brown, white, yellow, and black! Rosita and Gasper unconsciously pushed their chairs nearer to each other. Crowds heighten loneliness.

"Why did you come to Havana, Rosita, I wonder?" Gasper asked, and Rosita threw her head back a little so that the very pale skin pressed tightly on her throat muscles.

"What a question! Romance, of course. Don't you see how I search for it? There were thousands of people around me in my home country. Not one of them was able to respond to my dreams for an unspeakably beautiful fulfillment of life. I came here to see whether under palm trees and a southern sun anyone might be found to whom I could belong and who should belong to me. I believed I should find here that passion for which I longed—an eternal passion which would lift me beyond my little mortal self, I believe that I am capable of entirely submerging myself for the sake of some one. I supposed that this sunshine might produce the human being I need."

The gentleman's face was expressionless. He did not answer.

"You may think I am a silly fool with a lot of confused ideas and emotions. I tell you, all the men or women I know have such confusion in their souls,—cravings, on which they base their lives. Only, they do not always travel southward in search of romance."

While she spoke, in tones of excitement, the sky turned steel-blue, then greenish; clouds of many colors were edged with gold by the setting sun, and the water reflected each one of the hues. Across the harbor, the fortress of Cabarnas caught the last rays of the golden ball that sank into the Gulf of Mexico. And the night came upon Havana within ten minutes. That night was black and velvety, with stars spread all over the sky. *Lampions* flamed up around Gasper and Rosita. A little evening breeze came from the sea.

"Rosita... Rosita... and you did not find the being that would respond to your longings? Rosita..."

"Not yet..."

"Yes, now."

Silence. Two figures in white embraced each other on the terrace. A Japanese waiter, in the background, coughed a little. The figures separated. But the man held the girl's arm between his hands.

"Rosita. I love you. I shall have to leave within a week for Santiago. Come with me. Let us dream all of your dreams together. We shall cross Cuba as though we went through fairyland."

"How can I go? What would they say?"

"Are you afraid of gossip? Little coward Rosita! Well then, I have a good plan. Take men's clothes, ride along with me on horseback. Is that not a trip worthy of my little adventuress?"

"Ride with you? And when we are in the hotels? Would they not recognize me? We might even have to take a room together."

"And would you mind that, Rosita, whom I love?"

"But..."

"No but...kiss. So, and now say yes, you do love me."

"I do...you are so quick...Give me time...What does this mean? Do you wish to marry me?"

"Rosita, is this romance? Do you want to destroy it? Live for the moment, Rosita, and do not think. To me...well, well...oh, I love you."

"When will you leave?"

"As soon as you wish."

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"Be at nine o'clock at my hotel. I shall be ready. Call a cab for me now, and let me return alone."

He bowed deeply when they separated, kissed her hand, stood looking after the disappearing cab for a while, with a vague smile, and began to search his pockets for a cigarette.

"Rosita...with me...across the island..."

Rosita, meanwhile, sat trembling in the cab and, when it turned around a corner, she gave the cabman another address; the Padre's convent.

"The Padre Ramos here?" she asked hurriedly at the door, knowing that, of course, the priest hardly ever left his abode. A few minutes later he stood before her, held a match in his hands, and went into an antechamber where he lighted a gas candelabrum. He looked searchingly into Rosita's face and begged her to sit down on the chair next to the house-organ. Rosita, twisting her fingers and lacking the self-control she ordinarily appeared to have, did not sit down, but

advanced toward the priest, suddenly put her arms on his shoulders, leaned her head against his chest, and began to sob.

"He wants me to go with him, as his...Padre, Padre..."

"Who? Who?" He looked more disturbed than her confused words would justify and tried to escape her clinging arms. The girl's excitement seemed to shatter his calm completely. As he pronounced her name several times, soothingly, his fingers were gliding over her hair and her neck, while his eyes wandered, helplessly, from the reproduction of the Sistine Madonna to the photograph of the last convention of St. Augustin's order.

"How ugly, how ugly," the girl still sobbed, "I wanted to have my romance. It is bad, Padre, bad."

"The world is bad, Rosita, say that the world is bad!"

"Is your convent better, Padre?" she now smiled up at him through tears, still leaning against him.

"We love God, Christ, and the Virgin Mary, the beautiful Mary. You are beautiful, too, Rosita."

"Is this a refuge? Will you protect me? May I stay?"

"You cannot because you are a woman."

"If I wore a man's dress?"

A glimmering appeared in his eyes. That same sensual emotion which made his face gleam before the Virgin Mary and which harmonized with his normal physique, though not with his garb, seemed now to control him. His breath grew short.

"Then...you might."

"If I came to you in a man's dress?"

"Will you come...and see me...my things, my books, upstairs all alone?"

"Tomorrow, Padre?"

"Rosita," he heaved very strenuously, "tomorrow—to me."

"Come at nine o'clock. I shall be ready, Padre, friend Ramos."

"Rosita!"

When the door of the convent closed behind her, he stood for a long time to look at the Sistine Madonna. But it was not her name that, now and then, came from his lips.

\* \* \*

Havana awoke early on the next morning; for the day would be hot, and much work might be done before the sun reached the zenith. Vegetable

(Continued on page 183)

## SOLILOQUY OF A HUNCHBACK

IRVIN M. SHAFRIN

Curios . . . .

A ludicrous mélange of shapes,  
 Daemonic goblins, grinning apes,  
     And rainbow—tinted dishes;  
 Quaint, curious china bowls and vats,  
 Bland, winking Buddhas, ivory rats  
     And prehistoric fishes.

Curios . . . .

Conglomerate display of toys  
 Amusing cosmic girls and boys;  
     Deformed to lure attention.  
 Each mental infant points them out,  
 But smirks at every silly shout  
     With guilty apprehension.

Curios . . . .

I am of that exotic race,  
 With malformed back and apish face,  
     And queer, distorted capers;  
 Created by some ghoulish whim  
 And thrust into a corner dim,  
     The cynosure of gapers.

## PERSPECTIVE

IRVIN M. SHAFRIN

I met him on the street one day  
 In Tokio; he passed my way,  
 His oily features furtive, meek,  
 His hair unkempt; each stubby cheek  
 Expanded into one bland grin;  
 Great Nestor, what a Harlequin!  
 The shifty eyes, the senseless smirk,  
 The dirty waist that held his dirk!  
 I smiled, and caught his childish glance,  
 His witless mien of ignorance;  
 My eyes crept up each shoeless limb  
 And down again . . . I laughed at him!

He passed, and though I could not see,  
 The hapless devil laughed at *me*!

# The Book and the Balcony

VINCENT STARRETT

The pronounced unpopularity of the American soldiery (and indeed everything else American) in Vera Cruz, after the seizure of that seaport in President Wilson's private war, was not without justification. Almost the first shell from the cruiser Chester that screamed into the city, ruined the only ice factory in the place. Thereafter for months, under the *portales*, was heard the despairing cry of "*No hay hielo!*" as a sullen multitude swallowed its liquors warm.

Whether Luis Rivera's curious hatred dated from that first unfortunate bull's-eye by Captain Moffatt's gunner, or went further back into the mists of vanished years, he is not living to say. His fondness for an evening glass, with a heavy displacement of ice, was notorious. It is probable that other considerations dictated his rancor. His relations, business and social, north of Rio Grande, once had been happy. Spaniard of birth and breeding, scholar, musician, linguist and marksman, Luis Rivera had been graduated from an American university and had married an American wife. His business with American merchants had been extensive and profitable; his fine wholesale establishment near the waterfront was a show place of the port.

Under a boiling sun, Don Luis sat upon his balcony and witnessed the fall of Vera Cruz before the victorious American forces. It was a more business-like spectacle than the revolutionary outbreaks which, sporadically, had punctuated his career as merchant in the seaport; he was forced to admit it. The shells that demolished the handsome Naval Academy, overlooking the harbor, perhaps were fired by his former college mates. The lines of khaki marines passing beneath his windows, might well be officered by the cousins or the friends of his wife and her innumerable connections. The pageant, as a whole, with its several possibilities, was to Luis Rivera a scene of considerable interest.

As he sat upon his balcony this Spanish merchant, who was of a literary turn of mind, read deeply in a book which he held in his left hand. The position of the volume served to obscure his right hand and the curious crook of his fingers;

his dainty spectacles in some measure dimmed the demure wickedness that sparkled in his dark eyes, earnestly bent upon his book. From time to time he leisurely turned a page.

The book was upside down.

Between chapters of the fascinating volume, Don Luis cautiously raised his right hand and sped a message from his high balcony after the khaki ranks, over whose hurrying units whipped a mystery of stars and stripes that filled him with fury. . . This was a banner to which he once had sworn allegiance. The uniformed fellow who carried it was straight and tall; he marched proudly as one who, bearing a cross, defied the powers of evil. He was the particular target of every concealed sniper in the neighborhood. Don Luis, openly non-combatant upon his balcony, marveled at the arrogance of the fellow, and his charmed existence.

Daily, in the week that followed capture, Don Luis sat and read upon his balcony, while in the obscure lanes of the seaport still sounded, at intervals, the staccato melody of unsundered snipers. There were in Vera Cruz those who suspected what it was that the merchant fondled with his right hand; these might have given a name to one, at least, of the lethal mosquitoes who harried the intent soldiery from dim rooftops and darkened doorways. Instead, they sought out their compatriot and spoke soberly to him in metaphors and symbols, hesitating to suggest openly what they could not support with evidence. The subject of their attentions smiled whimsically and turned an epigram. Afterward, he sat again upon his balcony with cigarette and book.

To remove the cigarette from his lips, he placed the volume, which he held in his left hand, face downward upon his knee, being unable to spare his right hand for the action.

"You read with quite an illustrious fervor, Señor," drily observed a British correspondent, encountering the merchant under the *portales* upon an evening. The yellow-covered volume projected from a side pocket of its owner's jacket. The journalist's secret thoughts were as yet his own.

"It is the greatest compendium of wit and sense in literature," smiled the ready Spaniard. "It is my pride that I am a countryman of its author. But you should read *Don Quixote* as I do, in the original."

"And your balcony is delightful," persisted the inquisitor. "What a view you must have of all that goes forward on the waterfront!"

"A balcony," smiled Don Luis, "is the most important room in a Spanish dwelling. Mine is ever at your service."

In the *plaza*, when the tropical night had fallen, Luis Rivera strolled as if by appointment. With the younger officers of the army and navy he mingled amicably, and with great good nature acted as their interpreter. Their own language he spoke with a perfection they had not themselves attained.

To the street merchants who sought exorbitant fees, "Robbers!" he said, with sternly whimsical admonishment. "You steal from your best friends. These gentlemen bring you more gold than you have ever known—good gold, of which every *peso* is worth one hundred *centavos*. If you are not careful, my friends, they will go away; and the printing press will make you money as worthless as before!"

It was all true enough.

When the delightful Señora Rivera, once of Baltimore, returned from an inland resort whither with her women she had been dispatched for safety during the fighting, she entertained charmingly for her countrymen, and Don Luis sang merrily to her accompaniment. Their entourage was notable, and nightly the *Alameda* knew the sonorous beat of their horses' hoofs. The younger officers were in transports; they begged the *señora* to teach them the language of Spain. There were balls at the leading hotels, and a military band crashed and brayed in the *plaza*. In the country club pavilion, on dance nights, the Señora Rivera was impartial with her favors, while her husband smiled at her happiness.

General Maas, of the defeated Mexican forces, sulked near *Soledad*, bullying frightened refugees from the interior; but his chocolate soldiers willingly would have joined the revelry in the port. Armistice had been declared, mediation was in the air, and occupation was by way of becoming a social circus.

The epidemic of sniping, which early had annoyed the army of occupation, was resumed after a fortnight, and Don Luis was forthright in his

condemnation of the culprits. The leading morning journal printed his exhortations to his Mexican friends urging them to put away their weapons and greet with favor guests who brought them prosperity and health. From a pest-hole a new city was arising by the magic of medical efficiency; in the bazaars largesse was scattered with a liberal hand. The exchange ratio was fourteen to one, and the Yankee dollar was supreme.

It was painful to Don Luis that the vicinity of the *Calle de Arista*, which held his handsome establishments, should have become the scene of unofficial fatalities. By night, its convenient balconies and doorways offered sanctuary to the wandering assassin; a circumstance that reflected seriously upon one so friendly to the altruistic invaders. Something of this he expressed in conversation with his wife's dancing partners, who deplored the situation. To investigate the condition, Don Luis sometimes would sit upon his own private balcony at the warehouse, seeking with keen eye to identify the persistent marksmen thereabouts.

"I think," said he, anxiously, to a group of American officers, "that there is someone who would discredit me in your favor. He—they—almost would seem to have chosen my warehouse with malice."

The officers watched him narrowly as he dappered away.

"What do you think of that Mex?" queried one.

"Mex? He's no Mex," corrected the officer addressed. "He's an 18-karat Spaniard, educated in the States; and he speaks better English than we do."

"His wife is a peach!" ecstatically contributed a third.

On this contention the vote was unanimous.

But an insidious rumor at length had become current about Don Luis, and in the vicinity of the Rivera warehouse were stationed careful marksmen with sealed orders. Shrewd correspondents prepared sensational dispatches, lacking only the preliminary paragraph, and waited for the dénouement.

Quite suddenly, one afternoon toward dusk, a young army lieutenant tramped into the office of the Rivera Company, and reached the balcony with a celerity that gave the merchant little time to dissemble. Don Luis was extravagantly polite. The army, however, was done with fooling. Luis Rivera, in spite of his wife's nativity and regular

(Continued on page 184)

# The Book and the Balcony

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The pronounced unpopularity of the American soldiery (and indeed everything else American) in Vera Cruz, after the seizure of that seaport in President Wilson's private war, was not without justification. Almost the first shell from the cruiser Chester that screamed into the city, ruined the only ice factory in the place. Thereafter for months, under the *portales*, was heard the despairing cry of "*No hay hielo!*" as a sullen multitude swallowed its liquors warm.

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his dainty spectacles in some measure dimmed the demure wickedness that sparkled in his dark eyes, earnestly bent upon his book. From time to time he leisurely turned a page.

The book was upside down.

Between chapters of the fascinating volume, Don Luis cautiously raised his right hand and sped a message from his high balcony after the khaki ranks, over whose hurrying units whipped a mystery of stars and stripes that filled him with fury. . . This was a banner to which he once had sworn allegiance. The uniformed fellow who carried it was straight and tall; he marched proudly as one who, bearing a cross, defied the powers of evil. He was the particular target of every concealed sniper in the neighborhood. Don Luis, openly non-combatant upon his balcony, marveled at the arrogance of the fellow, and his charmed existence.

Daily, in the week that followed capture, Don Luis sat and read upon his balcony, while in the obscure lanes of the seaport still sounded, at intervals, the staccato melody of unsundered snipers. There were in Vera Cruz those who suspected what it was that the merchant fondled with his right hand; these might have given a name to one, at least, of the lethal mosquitoes who harried the intent soldiery from dim rooftops and darkened doorways. Instead, they sought out their compatriot and spoke soberly to him in metaphors and symbols, hesitating to suggest openly what they could not support with evidence. The subject of their attentions smiled whimsically and turned an epigram. Afterward, he sat again upon his balcony with cigarette and book.

To remove the cigarette from his lips, he placed the volume, which he held in his left hand, face downward upon his knee, being unable to spare his right hand for the action.

"You read with quite an illustrious fervor, Señor," drily observed a British correspondent, encountering the merchant under the *portales* upon an evening. The yellow-covered volume projected from a side pocket of its owner's jacket. The journalist's secret thoughts were as yet his own.

Henley lay upon the dock after his swim, basking in the warm sun. One arm thrown carelessly back of his head, he watched the water wash up in little waves against the planks and then recede with a tired sigh. He felt that he should have to go away soon. It was really becoming unendurable. If it had not been for Bob and Ned's stay he was sure that another week, even another day, would have been too much. He sat up and prepared to go in. The act of taking off his bathing cap, carefully combing each long curl in place, rubbing his shoulders and face with the towel seemed almost a ritual.

After dinner Henley sat beneath the glow of the lamp in the living room and read aloud, softly but firmly. His reading precluded any conversation. "It is so far from sea to sea," and as he repeated this line his voice almost quivered with suppressed emotion. But he thought, as he went on, these people don't get it—they can't feel about it as I do. There is no reaction—simply nothing at all. "Perhaps we shall never meet again," he read with intense fervor, hoping to convey a veiled threat in this, the last line of the poem. He looked up suddenly. Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Crosby were whispering together on the divan and the two men had stolen out onto the porch from whence came the sound of their voices. His mother looked up quickly.

"That was fine Henley, I like that one so much. Let's see who wrote it now," she asked.

Oh, it was funny if one's sense of humor was only broad enough. He laughed shortly and put the book down upon the table, and left the room. As he went out the door he heard his mother explaining to Mrs. Crosby. "You know he has never been very well and both Mr. Morgan and I think it will be best if he stays here for---" and her voice trailed off into nothingness as he closed the outer door behind him.

A slight wind barely moved the oaks about the house and from the back stoop came the sound

of his sister's voice and occasionally the deeper tones of his two friends. He would have to walk for a while. He couldn't talk to them now. Bob and Ned would not mind, they seemed quite engrossed with Josephine, he reflected.

"Well," Josephine was saying, "I like him because he is so funny and adorable, I can't explain it. I know Henley should do something and I have tried to make him. He dances marvelously and Karnowsky told me when I was in New York that he would place us both with the Russian ballet, but Henley only said in that pained voice—oh that is so tawdry, so cheap. If he would write something and perhaps sell it I wouldn't mind but he writes these airy, fairy little things that no publisher would give two pins for."

They were discussing Henley and his temperamental vagaries, his complete disdain for worldly things. "Sometimes I almost suspect his entire existence of being a pose which he maintains with religious care, never relaxing for one moment," said Bob. "But when I have accused him of insincerity he has always become very indignant and asked me if I thought a mountain lion, a swiftly running stream was insincere. You see there is no answer to that, but he really is an awfully likeable chap, and I have always thought him capable of writing great literature until, perhaps, just this time. He seems so different here than he did at school."

On the screened privacy of the Jackson's porch Henley sat at ease in a deck chair watching the elder Jackson girl as she aimlessly shuffled and and reshuffled a pack of cards. Her skin was rather nice, he thought, and sometimes her eyes had the most surprising lights but then with those teeth—she was really quite hopeless and her hands, he noticed as she played with the cards, were really too fat. And of course intellectually—he did not even dare to finish the thought.

From the dark came that long drawn wail, "Henley, Henley." *C'est à rire*, he said to himself bitterly, *c'est à rire*.

For permission to reprint the cover design on this issue the editors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, and to Dugald Walker, the artist.

# The Old Men

CARL RAKOSI

I saw the knotted old men gaze  
 Into the snowing waters;  
 I saw them dream like bamboo stalks  
 Hung on the falling waters,  
 Falling like beauty forever.

No sun or moon will ever  
 Look in their hearts again;  
 No eyes or hearts of men.  
 But bees will suck an hour  
 In the cup of a new gold flower.

# Nameless

CATHERINE MEYER

Original sin. Who found it out? Certainly if the race has grown as the child grows up into a man, some sage of the latter annals. Yet I suppose the discovery was simultaneous with the invention of devils; and all the troglodytes we know about left behind sculptured pests of one kind and another—But still, there may have been an early innocence comparable to the blisses of all our childhoods.

Some of us believe as profoundly in this age of innocence as we do in the unsailed pelagic sea, and what is more, hate the subtle brain which destroyed our peace as much as we hate the pain it causes us. We are the iconoclasts. We send our birdbolts against Virtuous Institution, and when they fall short, close our eyes and call: "Begone Thou! Sin's overgrown child." For we believe sin will follow virtue—then O, to be free as heifers again. Open our eyes, and hair stringing on despairing winds we see sin umbered more and Virtue frowning at her parent.

We feel thus, because we so well remember the blisses of our childhood, how whole we were. For a long time, an ageless time, our divinities smiled loyally on loving, playing, kissing, wheedling. Sweetly we slept at night, entwined in jumping ropes and furry bears and pretty dolls, while not

a shadow of doubt crept in to mar the dream. Other people were wonderful at misunderstanding us. They always did. They named us mean, lying children. But as they knew we were children, we always excused them.

None of us remember when first we ceased to be children, because at that time we were busy twisting up our hair and shaving the not yet apparent down on our swelling chins. Afterwards we found out that, while we were so excited, ladies and gentlemen had been seducing us to behave ourselves. Then we were proud and sinful, part of us proud and virtuous. That hey-dey was very happy. Until, a little later, forgetting our new names, N or M in the Episcopal Catechism, we behaved like children—a fit of love, of anger-utter—and afterwards crouched over weeping innerly. That ruined the hey-dey and we got gray. Some time after, like runners who find a second wind, we picked up again and raised our heads, but not as repenting miscreants, or ladies and gentlemen, or children. We want our vanished naturalness. We are adorers of dreams and desire. It is we who would strangle the bright wizard of a mind that first said: *sin*.

Then, others of us, whether there was ever an age of innocence or not, will have none of it now.

We have cocked our feathers at the stars. I cannot tell you any more than that about us, because we are subtle and hard. Experience with the ideas has changed us. We accuse ourselves, and like sharpened steel find sin in gold mines of perfection.

So much for the sophisticated attitudes which with all self-complacency cannot conceive that when sin appeared it came from outside the walls of the world, or imagine monsters born from any being but the human; which cannot conceive but that all is included in our conscious all—and thus,

to my point,—that this sin of ours came from the refined perceptions of men growing good.

Well, isn't it vast enough to have created in a special birth by the hugely unsatisfied chaos? A chaos of colliding oceans, earths, and stars, that in its grinding turmoil was sick of something? To be rid of sickness formed it thick into a fog and bore it on the earth? From that time, men felt sin.

But not to be sophisticated as we are brings upon one an eternal wonderment and mad shamefastness.

---

What has strife to do with thee,  
White-browed sky?  
Strife has much ado in me.  
In the night I found a friend.  
In the day he was unkind.  
Dark-browed, I.

---

## John Gould Fletcher

CARL RAKOSI

Men follow few known gestures except in the pattern of society. When no one watches, one poet will try to snare the invisible. When he thinks he has caught something, he behaves like a lout. He performs before the world in words that quarrel and caress each other under stage lights. Maxwell Bodenheim has been playing such vaudeville to us. But Fletcher hunts the elusive with grace. He waits for the right moment; then he writes lines more elusive than the world he is penetrating. He thinks he holds the arcanum within his vision; but he sees only himself, intensely involved with himself.

Two or three years after Pound rode out with his Bolsheviks And Imagists, he thought it healthful to assert the modern creed. In the preface to *Irradiations* he said, "I maintain that poetry is capable of as many gradations in cadence as music; it is time to strip poetry of meaningless tatters of form, and to clothe her in new suitable garments." A year later, he aimed to justify his

position further in the preface to *Goblins and Pagodas*. But Fletcher has left Flint and the Aldingtons far behind. He has perfected the Imagist instruments enough to realize the pale of his milieu.

No kaleidoscope shifts more gorgeous colors to Fletcher than the exterior under his eyes. He has looked steady and deep into our globe, and he sees neither the entities of wood or stone; but mutable figures blaze in a tapestry. He never loosens the clear light of his vision. He rather drives in the cloud of his dream world. So he becomes the sensitive, melodious subjectivist.

There are several forbears of his. He studied mysticism with the Chinese poets of the Sung period, with Zen Buddhism, and perhaps the Taoist books. He was the first Imagist to use the Hokku well. But in artistic tone he looks back to the Symbolistes. It is a melancholy prose of life to hear Fletcher and the Moderns echo these words of Remy de Gourmont: "The sole excuse

which a man can have for writing is to write down himself, to unveil for others the sort of world which mirrors itself in his individual glass; his only excuse is to be original; he should say things not yet said, and say them in a form not yet formulated. He should create his own aesthetics." But Gourmont did nothing of the sort; nor could anyone but a strong personality. Fletcher succeeded in dropping the seed of Japanese mysticism on the soil of *vers libre*. His art was some of the sap that sent up the vivid flowers.

To Mallarmé he came for the beauties of word tone. Perhaps he exhausted the galleries for visions of color before the Symphonies appeared. They are Blake, Boecklin, Whistler, and what not, done for a fairy; Debussy, and Frank and Prince Igor played tenuously. But his art is confined to a sculpturesque mould, with little academic or even proletarian appeal. He is a poet for artists, too entranced with the sunset of his visions ever to cross the passions of the world. Whitman and Verhaeren may have taught him an attractive technique, but he lies antipodal to their humanity.

I do not consider Fletcher a real mystic. It has been his fortune to see the circle of his neighborhood in a rich maze. The Symphonies unfold the spiritual life of an artist. But in their polychrome is only confusion. Hence the preface must explain the poet's text. Each symphony is in a jacket of color, one which gives the form and the motif to the idea. In the Blue Symphony, the artist pursues beauty; the color here should reflect its depth and mystery.

"The vast dark trees  
Flow like blue veils  
of tears  
Into the water.

Sour sprites,  
Moaning and chuckling.  
What have you hidden from me?

On the left hand there is temple:  
And a palace on the right hand side.  
Foot passengers in scarlet  
Pass over the glittering tide."

It is characteristic of Fletcher to apprehend the subtle moments and noumenon of substance. The above first stanza has this clairvoyance, as these lines from the White Symphony.

"In midnight, in mournful moonlight,  
By paths I could not trace,  
I walked in the white garden,  
Each flower had a white face.

I was alone, I had no one to guide me,  
But the moon was like the sun:  
It stooped and kissed each waxen petal  
One after one."

But the whole of any symphony is a pasticcio of deft strokes. Fletcher in the craft of Imagism has worked as lavishly as an apprentice. There is straining in "Stars sparkle upon the tips of my finger." There is the smart contempt of Pound in several conscious poems. But there are rich lyrical interludes where Fletcher is unequalled by any Englishman in or out of history. The language glitters as the body to subtle music, and a rare arras. The idle monotone of the rain falls through this passage.

"The spattering of the rain upon pale terraces  
Of afternoon is like the passing of a dream  
Amid the roses shuddering 'gainst the wet  
green stalks  
Of the streaming trees."

Colors shift in a bewildering movement. I remember Gourmont's device in *Litanies de la Rose*: roses of many colors.

"Whirlpools of purple and gold.  
Winds from the mountain of cinnabar,  
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins  
swaying and balancing  
Amid the vermilion pavilions, against the  
jade balustrades."

Fletcher might well have been a Buddhist ascetic. He has his own vivid world; he must believe in maya. People and the earth lie within him, wood and stone have a personality because he and they are one, living in each other. I do not know if Fletcher sees an oak in these lines—or if my eyes are drawn in a veil.

"Now I remember—once I went  
Out by night too near this oak,  
And a red cat suddenly leapt  
From the dark and clawed my face."

It is not that Fletcher is wrong; a man may carry cycles and planets and the center of reality in his head. But the social art of literature does not seek the pathological reality. He is the peculiar curse of our day, a poet for poets, with

the refinement that is filthy at the core. I think, with the ego obsession of the Broom. But men will go to Fletcher to learn a splendid technique. Poets will think of him in the future as a virtuoso of string and brush.

### ANACREONTIC

CATHERINE MEYER

The handsome boy with dark and willful face  
To outwit Eros seeks a stately place,  
And climbs the mountain path to that close ring  
Of oaken trees with trunks that rise so high;  
And utters there his longdrawn sigh.  
The trees of Jove soon rustle oracles,  
The leafy wind in sport then gently culls  
His pettish curls of wanton golden hair.  
He laughs "For Eros I no longer care!"  
When sparrows, hidden in the boughs,  
Chirp out aloud and scatter vows,  
Contagious bird-love new and free!  
O Venus, vain your son to flee,  
He or your birds mock everywhere  
And hearts unwilling will ensnare!

### SOMNIUM

GASTON D' ARLEQUIN

I saw you in the eve of rose and blue,  
Clothed in beauty inexpressible,  
And where the tapers' flames of purple fell  
Into the shadow, with a softer hue,

I saw your large eyes, radiant with light  
Subdued and exquisite, as if a tear  
Ensnared within its heart a single sphere  
Of lustre from a sea-wave of the night;—

Nay, let me seek forever in your eyes  
The dead years, fallen petals of this rose  
Of life, girt round with weeping and long sighs,  
And drown therein my old, undying woes,  
And in their wondrous depths my heart shall  
sleep,  
A pearl that dreams forever in the deep.

# Crimson Flowers

MARGARET EMMERLING

They had told me in the valley that upon the shoulder of Iron Mountain, I should find a deserted farm; the Gays had lived there, but now they were all dead and laid in the yard behind their house. Twenty years, thirty, perhaps, had passed since Anne and Aaron had died together, of influenza, and their boy had gone to the city before that.

The Gays had been fine, educated folk, the villagers told me; indeed there was a rumor that Aaron had gone through college, in his day. But that was long ago, and now their place was overrun with blueberries, Solomon-seal, and, in the shady parts of their wood, Indian paint-brush. Now the orchard was a snarled thicket that lost itself in the cedars and birches climbing up to the summit. As I walked, I repeated to myself the gossip of the valley folk; deserted farms were common enough, and I did not care much about the departed Gays. What I most wanted was the sight into Pinkham Notch that the shoulder of Iron Mountain was said to give, Pinkham Notch, flanked in epic style by Boott Spur, Washington, and the Giant Stairs. And I wanted to make Jericho by night; I wondered whether I could fight my way down among the cliffs and forest on the mountain's other side.

But here was an opening in my path, and grey wooden buildings stood a little way off among lilacs. So this was Gays'. Perhaps their ghosts would afford me water from their well, and blueberries. I peered in the windows. Only dust, a broken chair, and on the floor, a doorknob. I would wander around back. But the little graveyard would be there, and I was not interested in that. It would be better to pick blueberries, and search out the Indian paint-brush that grew in the orchard.

The berries were dark and glossy, and I was hungry. But as I gathered them, I was troubled by a half-forgotten myth, which my glimpse into the window of the empty house had somehow suggested. It was, wasn't it,—yes—the Roman legate Mettus who had prowled by night about a forsaken Sabine village, peered curiously into the doorway of one of the thatched houses, and then wearily lain down to sleep in its overgrown doorway. But a flock of geese had swept upon him as he slumbered and torn out his entrails, because . . . . .because. . . . .here memory stumbled.

Because, who steals a glance of a forsaken house must walk once around and scatter dust upon the doorway, to give peace to the souls in Acheron . . . . .*pro pace manium Acherontis* . . . . . of those who had once dwelt there.

I stirred myself. I must walk around, and scatter the dust. I must walk around, even tho I was not interested in graveyards, back to the door again, and scatter dust for the peace of Anne and Aaron, and of their boy who had gone to the city.

I was not alone, behind the house. Something dark was bending over one of the mounds—moving,—a man. He was doing something to his hand. I drew near, and when he noticed me, he stared quietly and without surprise. I came forward.

"Good morning."

He did not reply, but bent down again, doing something to his hand with a large needle.

"Good morning," I repeated. "I suppose you are the Gay that ran away to the city. I had thought you would be dead too. It's a fine view of Pinkham Notch you have here. I suppose you dreamed of it sometimes when you were away."

It was blood. He was pricking blood from his dry old hand and letting it trickle upon the grass below. I read the tombstone. "Anne Gay, beloved wife of Aaron. . ." He looked up, still staring, altho I was now close beside him.

"Little crimson flowers. . . . .crimson. . . . . You see, I left her. She cried when I went. I said, 'I can't stand this. I have to go where there is noise.' So I left her crying in the great silence. Now, here she is."

He did not see me, he did not know that he was not addressing some shade from Hades.

"And so I came back." He turned again to his strange task, making the blood trickle upon the grass that covered her dust, his mother's dust . . . . .she whom he had left weeping in the silence. As he knelt, he went on talking some strange babble which at first I could not distinguish. Over and over, the same phrases. At last. . . . .

.."*Purpureos spargam flores*. . . . .little crimson flowers. . . .I must scatter them for her."

He bent over his hand again, with the large needle. So I went my way to the summit, without stopping to sprinkle dust upon the doorstep, and I was in Jericho that night.

# Japanese Garden

EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

## CHERRY BLOOM

Dipped to the sparkling water's edge  
Are blossoms of the cherry tree—  
Ah, the sweetness of their pledge  
Of your love to me!  
The sunset clouds of a hundred skies.  
Sad are the days when the cherry dies.

## IRIS

In Horikiri  
The iris blooms  
Under orange lanterns,  
And in the shadowy purple haze  
The white ones become luminous.

Radiant are the emanations  
From the blossoms of my love  
As the back-turning petals  
Of white iris  
In Horikiri.

## THE WILLOW

As the bare willow  
Etches itself against the snow,  
So the fragile tracery of my memory  
Pictures my time with thee,  
My love.

## WISTERIA

Delicate as wisteria  
Swayed in the breeze,  
Revealing lilac and purple,  
Are the shadows in the garden  
Where we walked.

## THE LOTUS

I see the floating white blossoms  
And pink buds  
On broad green and silver pads.  
The lotus like a star  
Is the chalice of a new day.

## Books

*Faint Perfume.* By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

After you have watched the Crumb family play and heard them laugh, seen them twine arms around Leda Perrin and then choke her, you will feel that Miss Gale has created something in the Crumb's that rivals Dante's hell. Round Orrin, the Gideonite and his sweet Tweet; Mama who wears an apron over her negligee; Pearl, "a too mellow fruit," in love with the postman; the red eye of the poinsetta. Then there is that great being, the grandfather, who is a Crumb in name and a star in origin. All lovers of humanity should examine the Crumbs closely.

"They went into the study, Mama hunched, as if she had recently been cut from rumpled paper, Tweet with rhythmic thigh and breast, her head poised like a parakeet's.

The mellow room received them among the paler colors of fire, the wine, the maroon, the blue.

Tweet roamed there.

Mama, she said, isn't this a refined room?

From Europe comes soft, golden Richmeil, her child Oliver, and presently her divorced husband, Barnaby, who cannot live without his child. It is Richmeil, primitive female, who keeps Leda and Barnaby apart.

Faint perfume is a new space. Those who have touched it are bound together. Those who are true to it never lose its pressure, and its quiet breathing. One is sure of Leda who has caught the perfume of that place and had it sweep through her like wings. The finer may be in bondage to the coarser, but through that bondage they build a structure that feels through into a new dimension. The door of the Crumbs closes upon Leda, but within her is something greater than the body of the one she loves.

"Reality beyond mating, beyond longing, beyond self; beyond that which we know as spirit. Fine flowing peace; the slow-breathing inner Her, the hidden one peering out. Faint Perfume. The Self of love. Frail, elusive, she touched it with her thought and it was gone."

Almost unbelievable is the uncertain fear of the body that breaks through their love for a moment, tearing its fibers. "She'll marry. Then she'll be glad to be finally rid of the boy." Somehow, even with the memory of the Crumbs beating within you, that sentence seems too unexquisite for either Leda or Barnaby. Grasping, tortured creatures are speaking through them. But had they been more exquisite there would have been a different story.

The subtlety of the novel is tempered from time to time with delicious laughter. One goes back to the maid Nettie, and the dinner.

"The maid Nettie now thrust open the door. She did so with the gesture of a swimmer, as if she had been beating along the passage and had reached the ropes. 'It's on,' said she."

Later, at the table Barnaby tells of the snow-storm that met him in New York.

Never such beauty in the harbor. Searchlights sending color through that glitter—black water feeling for the color. Worth crossing to see.

It must have been very trying, though, said Pearl.

He smiled at her kindly. Pearl now did not exist, and miraculously she knew it. She was the mindless and bodiless female in the presence of the sophisticated male."

At another moment Mama cries, "I shall go crazy." "Little more, you mean," mutters Grandfather Crumb."

In *Faint Perfume* is beauty, irony, humor, a new space. People are born in a word, live their lives in a sentence. One hears the writer laugh occasionally. But how can she help it? This is a new self consciousness. The Crumb family stumbles through their lives, and the self who created them shudders, laughs, and lets them go their way. It is a careful piece of work, but not conscious in the sense that it has been planned like a city park. There is always the exquisite satisfaction of the right word, and the right phrase.

M. B. L.

*Ben Hecht: Fantazius Mallare; Covici-McGee.*

A little boy with his back to the wall, shrieking to keep down his sobs, kicking, waving his arms, screams "I will be a bad boy, I like it," while the tears roll down his cheeks . . . such is the "frankness" of Mr. Hecht's suppressed novel. The knotty-faced, determined *enfant terrible* has always a certain charm; "plucky little devil", we say, as we turn away. But that is all you can say for this book or its author; he certainly is plucky. On the whole, however, the work is rather dull, bearing as it does so very strict a resemblance to text-books of physiology, in their chapters labelled Sex.

Over and over, in fascinating combinations, the little boy chants the naughty words to himself, and revels in his irreclaimable horribleness. He's not ashamed of himself, either, not he, sticking out his puffy little chest. Slightly sophisticated exhibitionism, that is all it is. He grins through his tears now and then, watching you listen, watching the impression he is making. "Did you ever know a little boy as awful as I am? Well, I guess not." That is all.

But Wallace Smith's illustrations are more interesting; no less perverse, but on a grown-up scale, with a subtlety of design and of conception and a play of fancy quite foreign to the novel they interpret.

\* \* \* \*

Since Katherine Mansfield's death in January, much has been said of this "greatest short story writer that England has ever produced," this "English Chekhov," and from across the sea have come accounts by those who knew her, of her beauty, that was "unearthly and a little chilling," and of her rarely delicate personality. But of her work as a critic these critics have told us very little.

Katherine Mansfield was in 1919 and 1920 the official reviewer of fiction for the London Athenaeum, and long before her stories had found their audience (and recognition of them was slow) she was known to readers in England, by the initials that signed these reviews.

As we might expect, she was no less clear-headed in her criticism of literature than in her criticism of life. Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Hergesheimer, Walpole, and Conrad are all considered, as it were, under a microscope.

M. E.

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# Et Tu Brute!

When Caesar saw that his friend Brutus was among the conspirators who were assaulting him, he was so overcome with anguish that he threw aside the stylus with which he had been defending himself and permitted the conspirators to strike. "Et tu, Brute" were his last pitiful words. His best friend had become his worst enemy, and without the slightest warning. This betrayal caused the downfall of one of the world's most brilliant statesmen.

The downfall of many a brilliant student has been caused by a betrayal, and without the slightest warning. In the midst of a difficult examination, or when the lecturer is laying down all important facts which must be noted, your fountain pen (your supposed friend) may betray you by running dry or clogging with ink sediment. There is only one way to be safe. Select a fountain pen of large ink capacity, and one that you can easily clean whenever you find it necessary. These are two outstanding characteristics of RIDER'S MASTERPEN. It holds four to eight times as much ink as the ordinary pen, and is the only pen having a Removable Feed for cleaning. It will be true to you at the crucial moment.

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## The Fourth Generation

V. R. DUNN

Great Grandmother hung in the best parlor just over the sofa, and Great Grandfather (that was the old lady's husband) hung "kitty-corner" above the old organ. Sometimes Mother (our mother, that is) would get a spell for "cleanin' up", and then for a while Grandmother would hang in the corner, and Grandfather would be all brushed and combed and hung above the sofa, but mostly Grandfather hung over the organ. I used to think that it would be terribly dull and tiresome to stay all day in one place and just look stiff and starched and bored, and I pitied the old couple, Grandfather especially. Grandmother always looked so prim and straight and righteous and stared so fixedly at Grandfather that I somehow felt that she enjoyed being there and would not be at ease if she were comfortable. But Grandfather did look so wistful. Whenever I entered the room, his eyes would follow me about from the couch to the little round table where the Bible and the album were, from the table to the spindly, wobbly cabinet of what-nots in the corner, and from the cabinet to the sofa again. There was a shell that Uncle had brought clear from the Catalin Islands in the cabinet. Sometimes I would put the shell to my ear and listen to the hum. Uncle said that was the sound of the waves, and Uncle had traveled a lot and knew everything. When I listened to the voice of the shell, Grandfather would look even more wistful, as if he wanted to listen also. One time I held the shell up to his ear for him to listen to, and it seemed to please him greatly. After that Grandfather took a liking to me and used to wink occasionally when Parson came and I had to sit in the corner on the footstool with shoes on as though it were Sunday.

Well, that is all I knew about Grandfather for a long time. Once I heard Uncle say that "the Old Man was quite some stepper in his day until the Old Lady got a'hold of him," but Mother got all red and beautiful and proud, and Uncle got red too and pretended to read *Farm and Fireside*; so I could only guess the rest. Mother was awfully strict, and Father too.

Then one day Parson came to dinner and, after he had eaten all the best of the chicken and asked me if I were a good boy and stroked the cat and done other things that parsons always do, he yawned politely behind his hand with his mouth

almost shut and said it was a long drive back to town, exactly as if he had just discovered it; so of course, Mother invited him to stay over night. He said he couldn't think of it and it would make too much trouble and things like that but,—well, he stayed. Mother and Father moved into my room so Parson could have theirs, and I was fixed up on the couch in the best parlor with Grandfather and Grandmother. I liked it down there because I could hear the clock tick—tock—tick—tock away off in the dining room, and sometimes I could hear Parson's bed creak when he turned over. I guessed he had eaten too much chicken, and I laughed inside, which is the most comfortable way to laugh, especially when you are in a nice warm bed that feels new. Pretty soon, though, I heard another noise, which scared me a me a little until I found it was only Grandfather. I lay perfectly still so as not to frighten him.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "that's another day over. I thought that parson would never have done. I declare, he talked on every subject under the sun and managed to bore everyone on all of them."

Then Grandmother chipped in.

"I'm sure it was very instructive," she said.

"Bah!" exclaimed Grandfather.

"Well," snapped Grandmother, "it was for those who could understand it. I wish, Ezriah Hicks, that you would pay attention and stop your fidgetin' even if you don't like the conversation. A body would think you were sitting on a pin cushion the way you squirm around. Haven't you got any pride?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Grandfather again.

Well of course no one would believe me when I told them what I had heard, but everyone said it was a dream. Mother scolded me for having such a naughty dream about Parson, and Uncle laughed and said he "always had thought the Old Gentleman was human in spite of his funny square whiskers," but nobody believed me.

Then one day Postman stopped the stage in front of our house and handed Father a letter. It was from Brother. Brother was away at college and wrote home almost every month, but this letter was different. I could see it was different when Father looked in it. Father had a way of drawing his big black eyebrows together when he was angry so that they looked like storm clouds. Then the lightning would begin to play in his eyes way back in the caverns, and his mustache would quiver, and then it was time to climb a tree. That

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is the way he looked when he read the letter. He read it all through quickly, and then he went back to the middle and read through to the end again getting blacker and blacker all the time. When he had finished, he gave it to Mother, and I could see it hurt her too, because she drew up tall and proud and set her lips in a straight pale line the way she did when Landlord was going to take the house away from us and Father had to sell some things to pay him.

When Uncle came in, they showed him the letter, and he looked awfully serious; so I guessed it was a very important letter. After he had finished, he looked at Father, and Father looked at Mother, and then Uncle sat down and stared into the fire, and Father put his hands real deep into his pockets and walked up and down between his desk and the stove. Mother got me some bread and milk and sent me off to bed, but she was very quiet, and she kissed me on the forehead when I said good night. She hardly ever did that.

So of course, as soon as I got ready for bed, I crept down into the parlor and listened at the door to the dining room. Uncle was talking.

"Still," he said, "I am in favor of letting the kid alone. What if she is a show girl? You don't know but what she is a fine girl for all that. Lloyd always was a good boy, and I think he ought to be trusted to pick his own wife."

"John!" It was Mother speaking. "Don't suggest that woman in that connection; I can't bear it."

"Now look here. You've 'Johnned' me enough. Why, I knew a chorus girl in New York who was as sweet a thing as I ever saw. Supported her mother and all that sort of thing. What if Helen were like that?"

"And if she were?" said Mother. "Think what the neighbors would say. And besides, what about Nellie Brooks?"

"Oh, Nellie!" and Uncle laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

You see, Mother had always wanted Brother to marry Nellie because Mrs. Brooks (that was Nellie's mother) had gone to school with her and was Mother's best friend. Nellie was a sweet girl, Mother said, but Uncle used to say that if Nellie ever had had a real idea that was not ready-made by her ancestors, it had shocked people so that she had never repeated the achievement. I didn't like Nellie because she was so long and "gushy", and because she always spoke to me as if I were a little baby. She was my Sunday School teacher.

Well, all this time Father hadn't said a thing but just sat by the fire and looked black, but now he said,

"But a show girl! Probably smokes cigarettes and dances and plays cards. I swear if he dares to bring that girl here I'll—"

That was all he said, but I was glad I was not Brother. And just then I heard Grandfather chuckle. It made me jump; it was so sudden, and I turned around to see what Grandfather could see to chuckle about. What I saw almost made me believe I was dreaming. Grandmother was smoking a pipe! I rubbed my eyes, but when I opened them again, there she was still puffing away on that old clay pipe and looking just as sweet and contented as an angel. Then Grandfather chuckled again, and she seemed to realize what Father had said and looked all confused and guilty and knocked the ashes out of her pipe (Uncle got blamed for that next day) and started to put it back in her stocking. But just then, out in the dining room, Mother said,

"Imagine a girl that smokes cigarettes!"

Well that made Grandmother mad, and she drew up grand the way Mother does and jammed that pipe in her mouth and started to puff away again like an engine, although there was not a bit of tobacco in the pipe. Pretty soon she stopped, and everything was quiet. Nobody said anything in the dining room, and only the clock went tick—tock—tick—tock. Then Grandmother said real low,

"Do you remember what my folks said about you, Ezriah, when we eloped?"

Grandfather did not say anything, but seemed to be thinking.

Well, next day Father sent for Brother, and two days later he went to the station in the buggy to bring him home. Brother looked tired but terribly determined and handsome. Once I did not like Brother because he was too bossy, but he was different now. He shook hands with me just as if I were a man like him, and I liked him right away. Well, Mother cried on him a lot, and he looked very uncomfortable and mean, but just as determined as ever. Father didn't say anything about the girl that night, but I saw Uncle take Brother aside and talk to him. Brother showed him something in his watch, and Uncle whistled low-like and clapped Brother on the shoulder, which made him smile a little.

When I woke up the next morning, it was all still, except for the separator moaning along far away in the kitchen. It was late, too, for the sun made a great golden square on the carpet that



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reached nearly to the foot of Brother's bed where the worn spot was. I dressed in a hurry and stole down the narrow stairs, touching the walls with my hands and trying not to make the boards squeak. The stairs opened into the best parlor, and when I reached the bottom, I looked around the door and saw Mother and Brother were in there. They were standing in front of Grandfather, and Mother was talking real low and earnest. I could see that she had been crying, too. Brother looked even more uncomfortable than he had the night before, and then I noticed another thing: where he had looked only pale and determined, he now looked sick and sad. I thought Mother was talking about Grandfather because the Old Gentleman was looking so very straight and dignified, but I couldn't help remembering that Grandmother was looking straight at him all the time.

That day was just like Sunday. The horses stayed in the barn, and Father and Uncle walked around the house and looked thoughtful and tried to read, and everybody glared at me whenever I made the least noise. Brother wrote letters all day and tore them up, and read a letter Postman had brought over and over. After a while he tore that up too, and burned it in the fireplace.

That night Lawyer and Parson came to supper, and there was a lot of talk about "absolve" and "annulment" and "suits" and such things, which was very uninteresting; so I went to bed the first time Mother told me. But as I went through the parlor, I heard Grandmother say,

"It's a shame!"

And Grandfather said,

"Yes, it's a shame!"

## SCOTTWELL

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Scottwell could project his soul  
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Watch the sublime trajectory of himself  
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That is why Scottwell shot himself—  
With a superb, ironic frown,  
And an apologetic giggle.

STEINWAY PIANOS AT HOOK BROS.

## SLAVES OF LONELINESS

*(Continued from page 163)*

and bread vendors shouted below the iron-gated windows and balconies of private houses. In the hotels, crowds of scrub-boys hurried through the halls, washing the tiles of the floors, turning on the electric fans, and letting down the awnings against the powerful sun.

The continental steamer, black and white, at anchor in the harbor, prepared for its departure. Enormous loads of freight and a goodly number of passengers were brought to its decks by means of small boats. At nine o'clock the anchor chains were lifted, and signals sounded across the hills and plains of the bay-land. About half an hour later, the crowded steamer had passed into the Gulf of Mexico, on which the sun brilliantly reflected itself.

At nine o'clock also, two cabs stopped before a hotel in the Villegas.

"Senorita Rosita?"

"Ah no, Senor, she left this morning with the steamer."

"Left, are you sure?" Gasper grew pale.

"Senorita Rosita?" asked another voice.

"No, Padre, she left this morning."

"Santa.....Bueno!"

One cab drove to the casino, the other to the convent of San Agostino. At noon the mass in the monastery's chapel was held. Padre Ramos heard the confessions of a dozen women. When he left the confessional chair, he smiled, and his hand was gliding around his smooth chin. He put up three tall candles before the picture of the Virgin Mary.

The afternoon sun, on that day, found Rosita in an armchair on the deck of the continental steamer. All day she had stared on the water that was of an almost unbelievable blue. Now she closed her eyes, and the voluptuous expression on her face—a voluptuousness which seemed to result from the intense pleasure of a union with nature—gave way to the peace of sleep.

When the sun sank, away back in Havana, it sent a few last rays to the beach of Marianao where Gasper was seen walking with the flirtatious little widow from Buenos Aires, without her chaperone.



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## THE BOOK AND THE BALCONY

(Continued from page 166)

features, was definitely an object of suspicion. The words poured by the lieutenant into the ears of the polite Spaniard did nothing to relieve the blood pressure of that balcony student.

"A pack of unclean murderers," concluded the officer with vigor, "and, among others, Mr. Rivera, or whatever your name is, we've got an eye on *you*. Watch your step!"

When he went away, though, the lieutenant was only half convinced of what he had with such audacity asserted. He descended the curving steps slowly, and in the street rejoined his abbreviated company. With proper caution he proceeded upon his way. As he marched, he kept an ear cocked backward, listening for trouble.

From behind and above—somewhere—came the spiteful *crack* of an automatic pistol. The lieutenant's arm dropped to his side; he reeled into the arms of his sergeant. Recovering himself, he wheeled with alacrity, unslinging his binoculars with his good arm as he turned. While blood dripped from his sleeve, he focussed the powerful glasses on the balcony he had quitted a few moments before.

Don Luis Rivera sat quietly in his chair, slightly rocking. He was studiously reading his book. From behind the yellow-backed volume wavered upward a faint wisp of smoke.

"Thompson," briskly said the lieutenant to the man beside him, "shoot that man on the balcony!"

The soldier fired.

Luis Rivera's cherished volume of Cervantes tumbled onto his knees. The scholarly assassin lurched forward in his chair; then slid quietly to the floor of his balcony. As he collapsed, Cervantes went with him, and falling through the railing pitched downward with wildly fluttering leaves . . . Dusk was beginning to settle over the *Calle de Arista*.

"Poor girl!" said the lieutenant, holding his arm and thinking of the Señora Rivera.

But the *señora* was giving a lesson in Spanish to an ensign on shore leave.

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