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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XXIII October 1923 Number 1

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CONTENTS

SUPERIORITY

There was a great philosopher who sat in a window above the street for hours, and mused, "Men never look up." And all the while he was looking down upon the street.

—Mildred Fish.

"Lightning In the Collied Night"

By Mary Hesketh.

Their heads were very high, and a seriousness astonished one on their fine faces,—the clear and delicate face of the girl, and the strong, darker face of the man, who, in habit of a slightly foreign cut, bore himself with an odd grace.

The first leaves were stricken. One in its still descent caught the lamplight under the trees, and with a slight sound touched the walk before their feet. That scent of the dust of the earlier crisp leaves was in their nostrils, the hint of a deathly beauty which is so strange to youth that it is an excitement to the senses, a half awakening of the soul to forbidden and sad wisdom.

The young man turned his head with a strong, quick gesture which troubled his thick hair, and his eyes were intent upon the girl at his side. Half afraid, half smiling, she met his gaze.

"I believe I am going to like you a little bit. —I did not know when I first met you tonight whether I should or not," he said, sounding his "i's" like gentle "e's". His head tipped back, without any agitation of the brow, he still looked into her eyes with that intentness.

She diverted her gaze and laughed.

"You are a funny boy!" she said, and dared to glance at him in a little amusement, her face flung quite clear of her harvest colored hair.

"That is all you thimk!" He turned his face swiftly from her, and said the words with unexpected bitterness, staring down into the deep shadow of the trees, suddenly clenching his hands.

After one grim moment, she touched his arm with hesitance, and spoke seriously.

"I did not mean to hurt you."

At that he flung back his shoulders and smiled down upon her with his chin held high, and cried:

"Ah, then it is all right."

"Come," she cried, relieved, "There is a garden near here upon the bay—a private garden that I love. Shall I let you see it?"

They clambered over the white wall upon a sudden moon-dappled terrace, over which the boughs of some great tree spread broken darkness. In silence she half reclined, and looked with a still face over the gray waters, catching in her revery an intuition of some philosophy mature and saddened, beautiful and without hope.

She had forgotten him until she heard his voice.

"Your hands are like Mary Queen of Scot's" he said, and his words seemed very remote, although they touched and made brittle the tenor of her thoughts.

The moonlight swept clear of a cloud and fell on them anew before he spoke again.

"Now I know you. You are thousands of years old, and I can tell it by your face."

Her lips curved as she reclined more easily. In such a place, on such a night, let all be myth indeed, return indeed to some delightful time. And so she fell imagining, and lost herself for moments until she knew he leaned towards her, heard his command:

"Kiss me!"

Then she sat up and was silent and would not be drawn to him.

"I have never kissed any man," she said, her face enigmatic in coldness and simplicity. But in acute distress she saw him put his head down heavily upon his arms, and a quietness ensued in which she could not laugh, and held herself from weeping, and made a useless effort to comprehend, while her body and her thoughts drew quite taut.

When he looked up, the dark pain in his face hurt her, yet repulsed her.

"You do not understand," he said fiercely. "I thought you would be Salome, saying unto Jokanaan, 'I will kiss thy lips—'. His intense eyes found only uncomprehending stillness in her own.

"My God," said he, "What did you think of me?" And he turned away so that she felt oppressed by the misery in his stark head and shoulders.

"You are like all people here," he spoke again with bitterness. "You think I am a cur."—I am thousands of miles from any friend And you think I am a cur!"

She struggled between doubt, and self-reproach for having hurt him once again so unavoidably and so unintentionally. After a moment she very hesitatingly touched his hair, and ventured,

"What name has your mother for you?"

"She calls me Raphaelo," he said without moving.

"It has a lovely sound," she said and repeated it with a soft lengthening of the vowels and the "l".

"You do like me a little bit?" he begged, leaning toward her, and he took her into his arms and kissed her full upon her cold lips.

"I like you—" she explained quite gently, one hand hard upon his breast, the other lightly on his hair, and he would not allow her to say, "I do not love you." So she struggled between revulsion of his violence and a fear of hurting him again, and felt cold and paralysed until she was conscious quite suddenly of the swift flight of the moon through clouds, of sudden darkness, of lightning in the west, of low thunder.

He let her go then, and followed her, and unwillingly she felt his hand as he helped her over the wall And they walked swiftly—yet not so swiftly as she would have had them—through the deserted streets, still fitfully touched by the moon, when lightning did not wash them with a momentary paleness.

She was conscious of the immobility of her will. She wondered that she could walk, and like a stranger she was astonished at the passivity of her own face, upon which she felt even a slight smile. She was almost persuaded of the unreality of the night and this incomprehensible stranger, and yet she felt oppressed by their instant and startling reality.

But her companion and she had come quite a long way now, swinging along without touching each other, and had amost reached her home. The tension of her body was loosening, the panic of her thoughts was suddenly fled, and she knew that she was very weary. She stood straight and looked at him with a slow smile, appraising the handsome youth of his face and his carriage, thinking with her woman's heart that he was not so much in love with her as lonely and very far away from the comfort of some gentle care.

The first great rain drops fell as they gained the shelter of her doorway. It was too late to take him into the house and the storm came upon them, wrestling with the trees, and would not let her send him away.

He stood oblivious to the knots of lightning, his head tipped back, and those intense eyes on her until she began to feel again unnatural and strangely tense. Then once more he took her within his resistless arms and kissed her full upon the lips. And again she was quite cold, and very puzzled, and suddenly as weary as she was unyielding.

"When may I see you again?" he asked.

She hesitated long, caught by that strange immobility of her mind, desiring not to hurt him yet longing for relief from this interminable stress. Finally looking up at him with troubled solemnity she spoke.

"I am afraid it must be—never."

Lightning revealed his eyes terribly intent upon her. There was absolute silence between them in a short cessation of the rain. Then he took her hand and kissed it, and put within it a small volume of "Manon Lescaut," and stood looking at her proudly and fiercely from his height, before he walked away. And the street lamp blinked purple in the intervals of the lightning.

As for her, overcome by an absolute weariness, she leaned her head against the side of the doorway, while thunder banged the rumbling gates of darkness and the rain resumed its beating with a rush.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

By Mildred Fish.

A monstrous caterpillar with five thousand heads, ten thousand eyes, ten thousand legs, crawls up the hill every morning; tastes with no appetite the food which others set for it; and then crawls down again.

In four years it is supposed to have spun its cocoon and to burst forth a butterfly.

Passing By

By Leon Herald

Was it a thousand years ago
Or a thousand years hence
From an unwalled chamber
I heard Princess
Mara Hara on the Avenue?
Memory is rejuvenating me.
The dam of a thousand years back
And the dam of a thousand years ahead
Have pushed their walls
From their necks to their feet
And the whirling waters
Have chosen me their channels:

Her face dipped in the dye of beauty,
Her voice sap of Music,
The Maid Mara Hara entreated
On the Avenue for her companion,
"Friend, Sister, hold me, guide me!
I felt his nearness first,
And now he is passing by, see;
He is merely passing now
Because I had wanted him
To play the juggler
On our tight stretched rope once.
He fell off and crawled away
While I had my eyes turned.
This is the first time I have seen him since.
Much is he hurt,
And seems to be eternally lamed.
His look
Is as a sword surrendered.
Beauty, no matter how near,
Seems to be without his access.
He passed thru my presence
Like one on a precarious bridge,
And I am the uncertain waters.
O something is swiftly flowing from me
As if water could flow out of itself.
Or is this an eclipse of my blood?
Help me from collapsing!
My breasts,
My breasts burnt out;
Dimmed are the lights of me.
Hold and lead me friend!
Is my feeling
Or is it fast increasing?
All my agents have turned their power
Over to speech which
Is becoming too violent
And losing its harmony.
Friend.....!

The Maid Mara shrieked and fell.

In her bed in the late afternoon
She remembered the incident,
"The shell of me has survived
To tell you, friend,
What I kept from him.
When he failed playing
The juggler for me, I laughed then;
Spent all my laughter then.
He begged for mercy
And his words at my feet
Were sacrifices in flesh,
His voice warm blood.
But his offering I did not value.
My Breasts—
Look how crestfallen they are.
I would want his kisses on them
To restore my sight,
To infuse rythm on my cheeks,
Give shape and color to all things,
And Light and Warmth to Life.
Sister, go tell my father
To have the gates of the city
Securely guarded,
And delineate his fallen look
Which will indisguise him."
All search was in vain.

For no such humble being
Was to be found in the city.
The Princess announced great rewards
If any could bring news of him.
The last man of the city,
When he heard the talk of the city,
Remembered possessing a book
Given to him by a stranger,
To be given to the Princess.
Mara Hara opened the book
And found only titles on each page.
The book was unwritten.

. . . . . .

Once the Princess was hurrying
To where so many gentlemen
And so many ladies were together:
So many more for one
And one for so many:
Seals on sunny shores.
In her haste to Saturnalia
She heard "QUO VADIS!"
She looked and saw—
The Image of her Christ.
The next day there was a new Apostle
For a new religion,
In memory of another Lost Christ.

Treasure

She had taken him in years ago, a promising young lad then, she thought as she looked at him, with light curly hair and large trustful eyes. Now, fifteen years later, he wore the same expression, but with it a puzzled air which she had never been able to fathom. She had often whipped him till he was lame for weeks because his secrecy maddened and baffled her. She did not believe that he was mad, although he had told her many times he was. —She only knew that a change had come over him and he told her nothing concerning his spare moments. He had been married ten years ago and had one child—a little boy of seven years—but he had returned to her with the child, after the shock which had so changed him.

"Have you finished your work?" She was standing by the stove as he came in and did not at first notice the new air of mystery glowing on his face. He made no answer; in fact, she expected none, but he thought how interesting her face was when she talked to him, so livid with rage, usually, when he had refused to tell her something. He never thought about what she said, only looked at her and let the lights pass in and out through his eyes. He did not know whether he loved or hated her—she fascinated him as a snake does a toad. He felt that admiration for her, however, that a helpless creature always feels for one who is self-confident, alert and officious.

She had been kind to him that day and he was surprised; it seemed so strange, he did not understand her when she was kind.

During the evening meal he shot many penetrating glances toward her. He scarcely breathed for fear of changing her mood. He was crazy he knew but he was so grateful that she was sometimes kind. He had told her once of his thoughts, queer, abnormal, inarticulate thoughts,—yet she had not laughed, nor told him curtly to be quiet; but she had listened patiently, even interestedly, while he talked. He remembered that time, and again started talking of his dreams.

"Once," he said, "I was walking down by a pool, and as I leaned over to take a drink, I saw two great shiny things at the very bottom of the pool. They glowed and glistened like pearls and gold, like mirrors and diamonds; and Boy here looked in and he saw some shiny stones."

"That night I dreamed of them—all I saw were those two lustrous bulbs in the pit of the pool. The next morning I woke early and hurried down; but I saw nothing except white clouds passing swiftly through. I became afraid; I thought someone had stolen my treasure. I went again and again, and asked Boy to go with me, perhaps he could see better. But all Boy saw were some tiny crabs crawling lazily over the colored pebbles. The next morning was very sunshiny and as I leaned over, I saw my treasure again, but slightly buried in the mud. As I reached my hand down to gather it, it disappeared—the water was too deep. I have not been able to sleep peacefully since I saw that treasure. It seems to haunt me and will continue to pique me until I am able to seize it and hold it in the palm of my hand."

During this story the woman's face had been contorted into expressions of various emotions: of avidity, interest, scorn, and resolution; as if, in spite of herself and her customary convictions regarding his tales, she believed that this one might be true.

As he babbled on, telling how he intended finally to capture his prize, she was thinking her own thoughts, dreaming her dreams, and above all, making her plans. She was of a more energetic type, so her plans were bound to prove more fruitful and efficient than his. She meant to get the treasure without his even knowing it, if possible.

The next day she was very good to him and she gave him many chances of talking of himself as if to draw out the truth concerning his treasure. She told Boy that if he would watch his father and tell her as soon as he started for the pool—she could not find it alone —she would give him anything he asked for. But he must not tell anyone; it must be a secret. Boy promised to keep faithful watch.

Late that afternoon Boy came running up to her and said that his father was now on his way to the pool, she must start at once if she expected to catch up with him. Hastily she snatched a large sack from the floor, then followed Boy.

(*Continued on page 25*)

On the Planes

By Margery Latimer

A silver fish gleaming in the water. Look!

That's a sardine can, my dear.

Once that would have shattered me. Now I think it is just as good as what I said.

I love that green pond,

That hole is responsible for all our mosquitoes.

Now I am strong enough for reality.

She had to subdue objects around her. Water made her want to put her feet in it. Darting fish were to be jumped at and caught. Apples made her gnash her teeth ready to tear their flesh. Even the air she took in great gasps as though her nostrils masticated it.

A stolid head and a gloomy eye. Black clothes that hung like a wind draped moon.

The trees crouched on the shore ready to slip into the water when wise folks had gone to bed.

He wants us to go. Just six of us. We'll buy an island and all live together. The radicals who are against life, energy, Arcadia, and the schemes of childlike men, gasped and gaped. They offered their discouragement heavily and with the assurance of a college professor who has given his life to the subject. Such schemes were an insult to one's intelligence!

I can't live with one, let alone five. And the wilderness requires such fineness; self-forgetfulness, such deprivations. I can't even be civilized in such as we now enjoy. In time I would have my claws in your little colony, pulling it up by the roots, and then biting the roots. Oh, my God, what would I be! What would I be!

Back psyco-analysis!

It's all over! It's all over!

Let's get down on our knees and thank the good Lord.

Yes, let's.

We don't have to love each other anymore—anymore. We're free to hate if we please.

Of course there was evil in the world. There had to be. She hungered for it so. Please, God, help her to find it. Please help her to find lots of evil. She had to have a change.

But one had to be very good to be wicked.

Oh, the professors! The professors! Those tired men who conceal life in all their teachings.

They would say she wasn't much good. Too stubborn! Too stubborn! Didn't listen to them. Didn't ask them. No good. What was she there for if it wasn't for grades? Who was she to disagree with them. With them! Ah me, with them.

Against a background of lillies she lay her head and thrust out her tongue at them.

Make yourself one of them. Make yourself one of them!

(College people, in case I forget)

But the ache came when you hadn't done your part.

What was there to do? Pretend they knew when she knew they knew nothing?

Oh, young lady, confident in your youth, wait until you are as old as we are. Wait.

I had a dream of myself. Doesn't it seem as though I could have made myself into it? Why didn't they let me make my dream?

As if the fine should be made coarse to satisfy the demands of society by interpreting the fine to them.

My world has no reality now because I've lost the dream and reality does not lure me.

She was steaming with heartiness, the abortion of her humour.

Their laughter rose in cries that caught the gas light and leared down in ugliness upon them. They put their heads on the table.

What beauty died?

It is enough, he answered, that you heard the bell. Oh, my darling, arrange the flowers on this bier.

So they played its funeral march with their laughter.

How old she was getting. How eager to be optimistic at any price.

I seized little fragments of charm and made them into a rich garment that I threw over my head. It was all built on what I saw when he smiled, or the way his face looked in shadow. With me he did the same. And there's nothing to it now.

That must be terrific.

Yes, I suppose it is, she answered. But the meat grinder is a wonderful invention.

(*Continued on page 25*)

ZONA GALE
writes on

Human Engineering

Courtesy New York World

There are those who say that some day people will be talking about the following, as today they accept gravitation: and that the Polish nobleman, named Korzybski, whose vision it is, will be thought of as is Newton. And yet any ordinary man or woman can understand it, and can guess what it might mean to us:

This man says that man is not an animal. For:

1. Plants have the power to attract chemical substances from the earth and energy from the sun; and they are the energy binding or "chemistry binding" class.
2. Animals can do this, and have the added power to move about in space, they are the "space binders".
3. Man can exercise both these powers, but in addition he lives not as animals in the present only, but by the past and for the future; so men are the "time binders", and it is this power which enables them alone to create civilizations.

What does this signify to us?

For one thing, that just as man can predict for plants and chart and direct their growth; and just as he can chart and direct animals—domesticate and order them—so he can come to understand even himself, can chart and direct and predict his race in exact ways; can show what consequences will follow on such and such purposes and generalizations.

This will start him on a reconstruction of life—life as a problem in *human engineering*.

So far, says the Pole, man has imitated the animals. He has, for example seen them fight and impose upon himself fighting. He has learned from physics that "two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time," and believing himself a "spacebinder" alone, like the animals, he has fought like them, saying that the strongest, most ruthless, survives. But with the time the same law takes on a different aspect. "Who survives in time? The strongest or the best?"

This is only the A-B-C- of his conception, of which Dr. Cassius J. Keyser, Adrian professor of mathematics at Columbia says: "It is momentous—it is new—it is, I believe, destined to light the way in all the cardinal concerns of our human kind."

CE QUE C'EST

By Edna Louise Smith.

It is an elf-child, pale and cold,
Lost in the moss-grown woods of old;

It is the pain that a poet took,
Hid in the uncut page of a book;

It is a quick and subtle thought
That slips from the mesh of words uncaught;

It is a strange and lovely line,
Lost in an intricate design;

It is a stillness no sound can break—
The kiss that I gave, and you did not take.

Two Digging

By Carl Rakosi.

Janik, a middle-aged Slovak, with a face as dull as thick paper, and a body too long for his legs, was coming home from work. A neighbor poked her head out of a window. She had waited a half hour for him and now her face was red with excitement, like a swollen biscuit. "Just imagine, your wife she took a job in the spring-room."

"Well, you old hen, still looking for trouble? You make far less noise in your husband's bed."

When he passed into the house, he decided that his wife had insulted him. As he could lose his temper at will, he threw his black cap at her, and felt outraged. He ran into Modovy's saloon. The bartender, with a paunch like a kettle was wiping the counter. Janik shouted and waved his oily hands.

"If she fools with me, I'll break her bones. Do I deserve this after earning her bread and butter? She makes me crazy."

His face was whiter than ever. The bartender looked at him and filled two tumblers with schnapps. As Janick walked out, he whispered to himself:

"I'll fix her, the American lady!"

He whistled and felt good because the moon dipped like a pretzel in blue wine. Far away a dark mass moved like a cloud. It sagged down.. on him with set features; it was an idea.

His wife shook him the next morning.

"Get up, Janik, get up."

She dressed and made sandwiches for the two of them. But he did not stir. He remembered their first days together in another factory town. She was waitress in a Greek restaurant where men expected something of the help. Her figure moved with long, sensual curves, while her features protested a cute innocence. Vanik did not care about her liaisons, as long as he could have her. After ten years of married life, she still went out motoring with young men. Janik accepted his wife with the silence of a peasant; work was the heavy reality to him.

He saw her waddle down the steps with her dinner pail.

"Let her work if she wants to."

She could not understand the serious solidity of his character. How futile, he thought, for a woman to exhaust her prime in passion. All his life he had waited to concentrate the love of his body and mind on some beautiful abstraction. The shop machines beat him with fatigue. In the night a dream grew like an expectation. He had been a king and stood at the frontier of the world. His people waite on the mortal bank as he penetrated darkness. Long ebony pipes blew. He could not remember the adventures he had encountered, but his breath caught in their thrill.

When the whistles sounded, he dressed and sat an hour in his back yard. The ground was a firm gray, with a wood pile and iron tubing at the edges. After he had counted a dozen weeds he brought out his coal shovel from the basement and began digging. He sniffed at the raw onion smell.

"What you digging for, mister?"

A circle of boys were watching. He lifted the shovel menacingly.

"Get out of here; don't bother me."

After two hours his legs sank into a marshy bottom. He covered the hole and walked into the house, disappointed. He tore open the side of his mattress, where he had once sewn a hundred dollars and deposited the money in a bank. It was past noon when he returned. Again he took his shovel and a lantern and walked with them beyond the city limits.

He went along the bank of a muddy creek, crossed an enclined bridge, reached the former resort of Casselburg. The building was owned by Peter Jacobs, a lonely old man of eccentric habits. In the summer he and his daughter, a school teacher, moved into the empty rooms. The silver birch canoe, reversed at the side of the house, took on a nickel plating in the strong sun As Janik came up the path, the old man yelled a hello, and grumbled to his daughter. "Another one of them wops, uncivil as usual."

Janik selected a spot about a hundred yards from Casselburg, and digged until dark. Then he lit his lantern and set to work again. The woman watched the yellow suffusion from the he doorway. She was tall and stiff, rathr aristocratic with her delicate dark features. She turned to her father.

"Guess I'll go for a walk."

Here, in the evening, her devotion to the ideas of great men did not matter. She felt the slow charm of the moment, as she had often felt when sitting after school, thinking of nothing.

(*Continued on page 25*)

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and is especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Right now there is an especial need for good free verse and humorous essays or short stories.

Mss. may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom Hall, the Union Bldg, or mailed to the editor, 14 So. Orchard St., City. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the Mss. is desired.

Vol. XXIII **Madison, October 1923** **Number 1**

Fog-Bound

Rearward and rearward, as far as memory and old copies of the magazine on file in the library extend, with every first number of the school year— a declaration of the general aimlessness and heaven remitted policy of the Lit. This year's high intent then, to be as abrupt as possible, is to war on stupidity, and to publish good literature without succumbing to mere literary sogginess. A "Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin", the Lit seeks not to excuse itself into a class-room bulletin, but to publish the surprisingly excellent work that is being done here.

Of all campus publications, the Lit furnishes probably the most inaccurate and uninstructive guide to university life in general. Its chief preoccupation is not with the University and whatever life it may have—these are accidents of location—but with the artistic efforts of its members.

* * * * *

Note for campus critics, authors, intelligentsia; (observe the subtle distinctions): "Sentiment" is officially defined by the Lit as (1) emotion artificially inspired, consciously heightened, as (2) emotion disproprotionate (on the ordinary standard) to the circumstances giving rise to it, or as (3) ready-to-wear emotions, social commodities. No. 3 it will be seen is indirectly corollary to No. 1.

All this to avoid the unnecessary damning of poems by sophomore women and whimsical essays by graduate students in theosophy.

* * * * * *

Speaking of whimsicality—has anyone a notion how much of the stuff that passes for humor among the unherded (i. e.,People who refer candidly and honestly to "the mob") may be laid directly at the door of Charles Lamb? An analysis of conversation among the higher classes reveal the startling fact it consists of: One part stupid reiteration of Thorstein Veblen and H. L. Mencken, one part reiteration of fact, and four parts of light, scintillating banter that is in reality petrified whimsicallity stemming, at a vivid stretch of the imagination, from "Dissertation On Roast Pig." Of the following sort:

Hostess to the intellectual lion: "Will you have cream or lemon in your tea?"

Lion: "Lemon, if you please. May I drink my tea out of my saucer?" (Giggling, indicative of curiosity.) "D'you know I can't get used to drinking tea out of a cup—"

Upstart: "The spoon catches in your eye?"

Lion "—I must drink my out of a saucer if I am to enjoy my tea." (He doesn't however.) This is humor on the grounds of the lions' being the greatest authority in the United States on the psychology of the radical, and a deliciously frivolous and whimsical fellow to boot.

* * * * * *

And speaking of the "herd", which is merely a hifalutin' term for society at large— it stamped itself irrevocably, did it not, when it gave to the word "character" its present idiomatic denotation?

"Old Thompkins is a character."

"Yea, he's a queer card."

Meaning that character belongs to the extreme left flank, the absolutely individual.

One discovers in puberty, that the bogy man is an illusion. Shortly afterwards, crime and punishment are observed to take on hallucinary characteristics. Presently we stand hatless and shirtless, observing that the Big Four—Fame, Love, Wealth, Power— can be decomposed into their original elements, vacuum and imagination. That is sad.

But reflect, at such a twilight hour, that a sense of utter disillusionment is merely another illusion, and the shabbiest member of the crew at that.

* * * * * *

When one searches for the cornerstones of civilization, it almost immediately becomes apparent that the principle tool humanity has used in striking order out of chaos has been the word. Language, the pulse of the heart. In fact, one begins to doubt the existence of reality and civilization, not as dependant on the senses, but as being a mirage of words.

Consider, in point of argument, the two seemingly healthy terms "Tragedy" and "Comedy", sppearing as they do to preserve absolute integrity of each other.

And yet the falseness of each—Tragedy, the ridiculous attempt to elevate and importance man, to impart colour and meaning to his shin-barkings. Comedy, the horror and dreadfulness of lives made clownish, asinine. The humor of Tragedy; the agony of the Comic.

In such manner do words, at once wisdom and the creators of wisdom, or of the illusion of wisdom, support and drive on civilization's endeavors.

How many are the wars that have been fought, and the ships that have sailed, because of the strange duplicity of one word, "ought"!

Take away the word and you take away all.

* * * * * *

In cleverness and clever people we sense the often recurring black flow of futility. Once, in a great moment of intoxication, a friend hammered on the carpet and shouted to us, lolling on the davenport:

"Coward? You ask me? No—I'm too fearful to permit myself to be a coward", and having loosed what he considered a smashing paradox, we returned:

"Yes, I read that today, in Dumas."

"What!"

"Dumas' paradox, however, was neater. He said 'Too much of a coward to be afraid.' "

Cleveness, it will be observed has griefs peculiar to ts own technique. In that instant our friend saw his fingers on the coat tail of posperity—and they slipped.

* * * * * *

Considering again the meanings that lie behind the words Tragic and Comcis. In a sense, nothing artistically tragic, beautifully tragic, can compare with the tragedy of the ridiculous, the asinine, the vulgar. The Tragic, that is to say the traditionally tragic, is so complete, and so delicately wrought that there results, even to the participator, nothing save an abstract appreciation of the drama, with the elements of personal pity entirely lacking.

That is why young people who have not lost the sense of play like to be Hamlets and Ophelias. It is fine; it is beautiful; it is not agony and destruction to them, but exaltation and crowning consumation.

There is no doubt, though, as to which of these makes the nearer approach to the real. Again that is why people to whom the close at hand is drab and dull, and who must forever dramatize themselves secretly, invariably choose the tragic as the more colourful,and conceal their illusions with the drabber aspect of the Comic. The Tragic is far-off, unlike life; the comic is an excellent camouflage; it is life itself, and offers a splendid realistic mask for the dreamer.

Of course the above involves much juggling of words, and sophistry, yet the point we wish to make is that, actually, laughter conceals more ultimate horror than any amount of tears the world sheds, and that tears are more apt to reveal, in the long run, that the tragedy was actually a prime Comedy.

* * * * * *

We should not doubt the allotted events of life; our realities come. Only the way we haved gnawed, gnawed, gnawed at them before they come, with teeth of dreams and anticipations—until our realities assume grotesque proportions, and often the qualities of total unrealities.

K. F.

A DREAM OF GUILTY LOVE

By Marya Zaturenska

I dreamed I saw the lovers of old time,
Come crowding to our couch while once we slept:
Pale Diedre with great Irish eyes that wept,
Paolo and Francesca of dark rhyme.

Our sleep was haunted by the many sighs
Of the immortal ghosts that learned too well
All that love was before they bade farewell
To the lost world; and closed their sorry eyes.

With white breasts and with flying, flowing hair
The fair young queens who died so long ago,
The singing kings who dream deep under snow,
Came to our couch as we lay sleeping there.

Beware! Beware! Beware! they told us sadly,
And from the dark the sorrowful Isolde-----
Pleaded a little.....“oh withold, withold,
Your guilty kisses....we too loved so madly.”

With wild unhappy eyes, with flowing hair,
The thousand storied ghosts from North to South
Came crowding, pleading, crying, oh beware!
But with your warm wet kisses on my mouth,

And close beside your quick heart beating there
I only clung to you and did not care.

Reprinted thru courtesy of “Smart Set.”

GLAMOUR

By Marya Zaturenska

Dramatically the beating water surged,
There in that little boathouse by the lake.
There where I kissed you for the glamour's sake,
Because of wind and the wild waters flowing.

Because the waning moon was beautiful
And the clean, flowing waters washed my soul,
My wounded spirits for a moment whole,
And all my lifelong sorrow lulled to sleep.

I kissed you only for the glamours sake,
Not for your tragic, beautiful, white hands,
Not that my hungry heart made wild demands,
Yet strangely now I cry and lie awake.

Blue Curtains

By Frederick Cable Oechsner

Meredith, Va., April 3, 1923

My dear Hugh:

Your accusation amuses me tremendously. I can't escape the truth of it but I can laugh at your exasperation. I'm a selfish ass, am I? I cringe at the words; they lash me to—a laugh. You're a brutal man, Hugh.

I repeat, though, that celibacy in the roll that fate has cast me in and I am determined to play it nobly. I hear you cry: "Fool! Fate is of your own making. Know yourself and be your own master."? Are they not your words?

Have no fear, Hugh. If anyone is living and planning his life along lines of his own choosing it is myself. In that respect my idealistic veneer is rubbed thin and my material self peeps out to watch the world and to protect the idealist.

There is a strange impersonality about my view. I was born,as you can imagine, at a very early age; a wonderful and precious thing was given into the care of my parents. They handled it tenderly and wisely and then, later when I began to think, they gave it to me.

It was as if they said, "This life is yours, boy. Study it, master it and let it serve you well. It is our gift."

In the years that followed I came to realize the relation between this gift and my thinking self. I read avidly—it was my extra-curriculum education and I know now that it was the more valuable. I realized what a frightful thing thousands of people had made of this precious gift. They had prostituted it to pleasure or had recklessly mishandled it; then too late they looked at it dispassionately and knew their crime. Tears, agony, regrets! All utterly useless, and the tarnished gift remained on their hands a curse until death relieved them of it. The pity of it, Hugh! Know yourself!

Any intelligent creature who will take time to study his character, his abilities, his faults, his emotions may plan his conduct with an accuracy, a safety, that will repay him many thousand times his care. He may count upon his emotional reaction to certain stimuli and sensations so as to develop a protective foresight; he will know what to refuse, or what to indulge, himself. True, he may not foresee certain external forces; his environment may change and he may be struck and bruised by powers of which there was not the slightest earlier hint, but with a steady hold on his actions through the exercise of his reason and judgment he will survive any experience.

There now, I have bored you I know. I did not mean to be pedantic and my preamble got away from me. The application of the thesis to my case is that I do not intend to marry because marriage is not compatible with the plans I have made in disposing of my life. Selfish? Yes, plainly a selfish view, but the gift is my own. All the ambition that would be aroused by a wife and children has already been aroused for *my own benefit.* I plan toward the attainment of happiness *for myself* (give a sigh, Hugh) and in my own way; with the profound confidence of twenty-four years I feel that I am right. Of course it would not do for many men to feel this way; the birth rate would decrease shockingly, but, for my part, Hugh, children should be born synthetically at the age of eight at least.

Au revoir, and give my greetings to Peg. Don't crowd out your own for my sake but don't be piggish either. Let's see. You told me she had set the date; the twelfth of June, isn't it? Write me, while we're equals.

Yours for celibacy,

Fred.

Meredith, Va., April 23, 1023

Dear Hugh:

This page should have a black border; there has been a death in the family. Jerry gave up one of the best ghosts a dog ever had Mondav night with a sad little bark, really a groan trying to be brave. He suffered a great deal but he didn't want to go; he told me that with his eyes. We cried together, Hugh.

I think that I like you because Jerry did. He had a cocky way of testing my friendships for me and I believe, secretly, that I trusted his judgment more than my own; he could smell a good man yards away. I have spent some time wondering what he thought of me. Miss Chard says that he loved me. But you don't know Miss Chard, do you? She brought Jerry in after he got hit and it was really she who made the last easier for him—and for me. She must have known what I thought of the ragged little beggar; I'm afraid that she cried too. I can smile now but we must have made a pretty lugubrious group.

(*Continued on page 22*)

COME NOT IN SPRING

By *Hazel Van Derhoof.*

Come not in Spring,
In the light wind's breath,
Nor yet in calm of summer,
Who does not love in Spring and Summer?
In Autumn,
When shrewd winds wander,
And the sky hangs low and sullen,
I will wait by the stream,
Dry—choked by crisp leaves.
Come!
Or if you come not then—
Come not in Spring
Nor yet in summer.

White Lightning

By Edwin Herbert Lewis.

(Covici-McGee, Chicago)

When first approached, *White Lightning* appears to resemble that dubious invention of too-kind doctors, a sugar-coated pill. And even when one has finished its three hundred fifty-fourth, and last, page, one is not quite sure that he was mistaken in this first diagnosis. Certainly, *White Lightning* is not pure literature; nor is it pure chemistry. It is an admixture, to some degree at least judicious, of the two. This statement is not a condemnation of the book, but only a posting of its handicap. A horse that is not pure-blooded may win the race, but it is less likely to than a thoroughbred.

However, the further one reads in *White Lightning*, the more one is convinced that this book was not designed merely to cram scientific information into the minds of the young and unsuspecting. Indeed, it is clearly not a child's book. It is rather, a glorification of this scientific age by an author whose conception of life and the universe is so entirely based upon science that for him literature, as a reflection of life, becomes also inevitably, science. For all those, therefore, who have enthusiastically abandoned themselves to the scientific trend of the age, and for those, also, who regard this trend with suspicion, distaste, or even horor, *White Lightning* will have its significance and interest.

Not unlike most contemporary American novels, *White Lightning* has its problem—upon which depends the suspense of its plot. Given the increase in population and the scarcity of food, and as a consequence, the inevitability of wars in this world of ours, is not marriage a crime, or at least an unnecessary and stupid courting of disaster? The heroine's father, because of his experience in the Civil War, answers this question with a firm "yes"—until at the age of forty-six, he meets Jean's mother. Jean, started upon the same train of thought by the death of her brother in the Great War, does not, indeed, wait until she is forty-six to surrender her intellectual convictions in the unequal battle with Nature, but she does keep the faithful hero waiting two mortal years for his answer. Our hero, of course, believes that the solution of the problem lies in the scientists with the unlocking of the energy of radium, but Jean, although weak enough to accept the hero, is still not sufficiently weak to accept all of his chemistry, and is not so optimistic. The problem, therefore, not unlike a number of other problems, novelistic and otherwise, remains unsolved.

But quite aside from its problem and its large amount of chemical information, *White Lightning* is good reading. We cannot, to be sure, accept all of its characters. Indeed, we object violent to Asher Ferry, the ignorant multi-millionaire, and only less violently to the hero's father, Miss Coggeshall, and all of the Indians. Nor are we always altogether delighted with the movement of Mr. Lewis' style, which is a bit too scientifically brief and explosive. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding our complete ignorance of all science in general, and chemistry in particular, we must admit that we swallowed our sugar-coated pill whole. *White Lightning* is an entertaining, as well as a curious and unusual book, and we recommend it to all young people (not too young) with a taste for science, to all older people with a keen interest in the age and its problems, and to all university graduates who specialized in languages and blatantly ignored chemistry.

E. L. S.

Cloth

By Harriet T. Haydon.

The E. P. Towner Department Store was opening its eyes to another day of trade in the little village. It threw off its tan covers gradually. The night had been genial. It was loath to awake.

"Good morning, Thompson."

"Lo, Tommy."

"Mornin', Mr. Thom'son."

The target for these sleepy greetings absently nodded in return over his spare grey shoulder. The sleek brown paper coats of each roll of cloth absorbed his attention. He squinted his eyes and peered intently thru his spectacles at the hieroglyphics decorating the end of each bolt. A long slender finger tenderly touched each tier as if assisting the sight in its upward journey of inspection.

"Well, Tommy, are you ready to catch the jaded eye of these summer boarders?"

The thin back twitched in an impatient shrug. The important business of selecting had been interrupted. Thompson detached himself from the orderly piles and turned mild blue eyes to regard the intruder.

"I don't know, Nat. They like the bright colors, I notice. We'll try some crimson today, I think."

"Have you heard that Smith's moved away? I wonder who old Towner will put in his place in the China. I don't want it. Can't see anything down there. Don't suppose that would bother you tho, would it, Tommy? You're a queer old duffer. You'd be happy if you were the only person on earth, I believe."

"Been alone a long time, Nat. Pretty lonely business." The knucles pressed heavily on the counter, conscious of a tired weight above them.

"Come over and see the wife and kids tonight Tommy. Do you good."

The reply was a slight disturbance of the vertical lines of Thompson's face. Smiles did'nt seem to get much further these days. Didn't seem to have much interest in things, except cloth. Yes, there was always cloth. He turned to his colorful collection, and gloated over his rolls as a miser over his bags of treasure. He was quite oblivious of the gaining momentum of bustle about him as he stood considering the rows with his head posed obliquely, caressing his unshaved chin with a thumb and two fingers, unconsciously enjoying the roughness. Yes, he should show some bright color; perhaps it would brace him up. Hesitatingly and carefully he drew out the one tagged crimson by the small bit of silken material at the end. He took off its neat paper coat, unfolded it. Crimson, a vivid maddening crimson, spread voluptuously before him, hypnotising his soul. He lost himself in the grip of its passion. Tremblingly his fingers stroked the smooth serface. He folded it, softly crumpled it and smoothed it out. It's texture, its color called to his longings. His starved, parched being sucked in the intoxicating wine of luxurious smoothness and color. The blood pounded in his ears. His head whirled with the assault on his senses. Somehow it seemed like sinning. He couldn't understand why; perhaps because it made him tingle with such pleasurable sensations. It produced such a mellow feeling! Sin was something to be scorned, but why was it so beautiful, so easy? Now that he had grown old he liked the stimulant of brilliant silk more and more.

"Please, sir, have you blue gingham?" A piping voice from out the midst of a mass of freckles repeated the query.

His spirit was rudely jerked across the space between visions and reality. He looked at the child, dazed, not yet returned.

"This will never do. Better show something else. Too much color's bad. Queer way they have with a person when he knows them." Mumbling indistinctly he took the disturbing substance and replaced its envelope of paper. The integument broke the spell.

"What will you have, little one?"

"Maw needs some new aprons and she said you would have them. Here, this tells." The offered slip gave the required information, and down came an avalanche of blue and white gingham. It had such a pleasant roughness. It seemed so comfortable. It seemed to tell of tiny children climbing into spacious laps for gentle words. It persisited in conjuring before his eyes the house of his own childhood. He felt himself trotting along beside an ample blue checked apron. He squeezed the strong fibers before him as he remembered he had squeezed the supporting hand He smelled the cleanliness it seemed

to indicate. It eased his wearyness, filled him with content. He would keep it out here where he could touch it often. It would make a homey display. Perhaps it would affect others as it had affected him. The tiredness retreated a little and the shoulders weren't quite so heavy. Almost cheerfully, he handed the child her bundle.

Again he turned to the task of selecting the display materials It had to be done each morning, and somehow in late years it seemed to take more and more time The color and feel would catch in his thoughts just as the tiny thread would sometimes catch in his fingers. He found himself continually thinking backwards. It mad∂ him slow in waiting on customers. He must change.

With a slow, perplexed shake of his head, he returned the roll of crimson to the shelf and weighted it with some of its near kin in color.

"Reds are dangerous," he reminded himself. "Maybe I'm getting too fond of the stuff. Gets me all excited like smoke does an old fire horse. Strange business. Looks to me like a fellow had to have some plaything. If he doesn't smoke, maybe he drinks, or something else. Guess colors are my pets."

To the casual village observer he was just an old man fumbling with his wares, so slow that it was awkward, especially on bargain days.

An artist chanced to enter with his friend. "There's an interesting study for you, that old man. Notice the white, ascetic face and the way he shifts his goods about. All you need is the cowl and robe and a stone wall."

"That's true," nodded the friend, indifferently, and they moved on to join a chattering group in the sunshine.

A busy over-worked doctor hurried in to do an errand for his wife. His quick eye rested upon Thompson. Ah, ha, something's wrong. Bad complexion, eyes dim—"Howdy, Thompson, you haven't dropped in on us for a long while. Wife was asking about you just this morning. Come around and see us soon."

"Thank you, Doc, be glad to," but the doctor was gone and the vitality of his presence with hm.

The display, yes, the display. Blue would be the thing. He drew forth a bolt with a zigzag motion, and spread its shiny contents to the light. It was an appealing blue that sparkled at him until he was young again, laughing back into the eyes of Louise, his Louise, lost to him only one short year after their bridal evening. Thoughts of her thrilled him, charged him with courage. He needed her so. He straightened the bending back it wasn't too hard. The thin hand touched the folds tenderly, lovingly, as tho it were her dress, and softly breathed her name. Her memory had had been too precious to be replaced by another. He had clung to it thru all the years. There were times like this when a color or the touch of something clinging and soft summoned her, and she rushed away with his thoughts into a refreshing dream of youth.

In his collection was a roll of delicate, yielding, pink silk. This was as smooth as her hand had been. Reverently he took it from its place of concealment; he hadn't wanted to sell it. He placed it upon the blue; the sight enthralled him. His head reeled with the reality of his vision; he felt close to the creature he loved.

Gently, oh so gently, he stroked the silkiness —Something, something as forceful as gravity, seemed to be reclaiming him.

A sturdy robust voice shattered his fantasy. "Ma, I'm going to buy this with the money Uncle George sent me." She siezed the sacred pink in red rough hands. Thompson's effort to rescue it encountered a bulwark of opposition. He closed his eyes; a shudder passed over his drooping frame. Earth seemed without a foundation. He felt weak.

"Mr. I'll take this. Ma, ain't it lovely"? The great round face beamed with a possessive grin as she stroked it violently.

"But—, but I don't think there's enough There's only five yards," he stammered.

"That's aplenty," came the decisive return.

Tears stood in his eyes as he patted the exquisite material for the last time. The comparison of the sensative, emotional form of Louise with the vast, callous bulk of flesh before hi,m sickened him. He felt ill.

"Ma, the blue looks lovely. Why don't you get that. We've got all that money now." He clutched at it. Must this go too?

"I—I've only four yards," he lied.

"Well, I guess I'll be able to make it do. Better not to have enough than have too much. We'll have Hetty make them." Hard hands burrowed into the stuff so in congruous to them, while their owner speculated on her future Sunday appearanve.

Automatically he concluded the sale, and then sank feebly to the chair, placed behind the counter for his especial benefit. He remembered that he often suffered similarly as he watched

(*Continued on page 23*)

Six Essays In Sentiment

By Carl Rakosi.

1

Spin a dream of the woman you love.
She will glow and fade from the land
Like the fall of a shadow over the hand.
(The white leaf curls to dust above)
On her account I slept in flame,
In a chapel, till my woman come.
She wept in her hands and went away.
(She had looked at my thousand dreams one day)

2

We travelled through their walls,
The waters and I;
O sea of snowing heart,
We blew their graphite sky.
Our ship the Windy Years
(No steel or steam)
Broke off its silver cable
Of earthly dream.
Halloo it from the edge of dim horizons;
This mass of water turns on icy gears.

3

A thrush got snared on a humped pine tree;
All day he whistled of wind an sea.
In the plexus of white stars over my brow,
The shrill reed died on the swinging bow.
I made my bed in the house of night,
And thought no bird could sing without light.
But a star shakes gut, and the moon, a gong,
Though the throat of the bird is hushed in song.

4

You are far more beautiful
Than a crescent branch of light;
I will capture one as scull
For you to sail the seas of my sight.
You will woo the mango moon,
And pluck the star leaves from her hands;
You will chill the hot sun soon
And wring her heart out with your hands.
I saw God's agate fingers place
Your light in chapelries of space.

5

After Francis Jammes.

O guardian angel abandoned
For this lovely body, white as a carpet of lilles,
I am alone today; take my hand.
O guardian angel abandoned
When my heart burst in the Summer of joy,
I am sad today; take my hand.
O guardian angel abandoned
When I trod the gold of forests with my careless feet,
I am poor today; take my hand.
O guardian angel abandoned,
When I dreamed before the snow on the roofs,
I cannot dream now; take my hand.

6

The Son to His Choloric Father

This blood his ego gave—
My pity heal the blow;
Within my heart I vow
To hate him to his grave.
Proud father to a stone,
He will not ever know
The silence on his brow
Has eaten to my bone.

Grey Towers

By Anonymous—Covici-McGee

Borne on the wave of wartime dissension and post-war scandal, the business of exposing our universities goes merrily on its way. F. Scott Fitzgerald, of course, began it with his revelation of undergraduate life at Princeton; and Upton Sinclair, savagely but meticulously, finished it—one might have supposed to everyone's satisfaction—only last year. But lest anyone should think that Chicago University was in any way exempt from the various charges recently leveled by newspaper, magazine, and book, Anonymous has rushed boldly to the attack. It is a bitter attack, indeed.

To be sure, Anonymous is not greatly concerned with undergraduate immorality. She is shocked, at first, at the youngsters' mode of dancing, but she seems to recover quickly from this shock. In fact, she becomes the students' firm, faithful, invincible, one-and-only faculty champion. Her charges are directed exclusively against the professors and trustees. Briefly summarized, these charges are: an appalling lack of moral standards among the faculty, a total indifference toward the welfare of the student body on the part of both faculty and trustees, and a perverse and selfish conspiracy between them to misuse the Founder's money by changing the University, more or less stealthily, into a graduate school—this, in order that they may be, for the most part, rid of the troublesome students and devote their attention to an awful monster called "research". These are very dangerous charges; probably the most dangerous and damaging that the author could make. Everyone is susceptible to scandalous gossip, especially—we won't try to explain why!—when it concerns clergymen and teachers, and the charge of injustice and indifference to the student body will find a response in innumberable bosoms. There are so many families whose children failed in college "because they didn't receive the proper attention."

Aside from its propoganda, which constitutes, of course, most of the book, *Grey Towers* has some attractive descriptions, some exciting episodes, and some vivid characters. Of these, Jim Bradley deserves particular mention. The ending is conventionally "happy", and there is a graceful touch of feminine sentimentality throughout. But after one has labelled *Grey Towers* "dangerous", to say that it is interesting is, of course, superfl u ous.

E. L. S.

MORAL

It does no good
To call life a bad coin
And thump it loudly on the table——

Slip it to some one quietly
With pious fingers
Covering the hole.

K. Fearing

A Page of Verse

SILENCE

By Elena Louise Smith.

Their meeting was one silence, for they came
Abruptly face to face, close as could be.
He caught his breath and stared at her, and she
Flushed as if stranger's eyes were cause for shame.
They both had wandered slowly without aim,
Along the black rocks by the chill grey sea,
Till they came on each other suddenly
And the dull waves were tinged with leaping flame.

Their ending was a silence, though one heard
Her clear voice and his laughter in a crowd,
For when they were alone at home, no word
Could either of them find to speak aloud.
Not even when she sinned was silence cowed,
But still stayed with them, an unwelcome third.

DEPTHS

By Ivan Clyde Lake

Star in the river,
Wrinkle up your arm;
You were my life giver,
Keep me from harm.

Star in the sky blue,
Looking at your face,
Give me the charm
And the strenght and the grace,

That belong to you.
You who roam two depths—the sky,
And the river rolling by,
Wrinkle up you arm of might,
Silversmith of the night.

AND STILL YOU WEEP

By Mildred Fish

Of love too long and faithful to be changed—
And met with gentle friendship and no love—
With all its sweet fulfilling and its fruit
Of marriage and of little ones
Said nay—
Telling that tale
Which, woven o'er a hundred ways,
A hundred nights in dreams
Has made you weep,
You look into my face.
And Miram with eyes like yours, as timid bold,
And brown as water dank among the reeds,
Met the imperious gaze of Egypt's princess.
And you speak hope?
So shone the orbs of the wise virgins,
When with clear burning amps they waited for
their master.
But now, alas,
So Rachel, though all Rama had forsaken tears,
Looked from her doorway in the evening
Calling her chidren in from play,
That were not.
Why weep?
Your eyes are not your eyes
Your tears not yours,
For grief comes down three times a thousand
years,
—And still you weep.

NIGHT

By Ivan Clyde Lake.

On ancient, silent feet
Night walks across the West:
Soon she will bare her sweet
And star-beloaded breast.
How bright soever, greet
Night as the promised rest.

For Their's Is the Kindgom

John Francis Weimer

Frau Siegel stood in her hot kitchen behind the saloon, dyeing Easter eggs in the German fashion by boiling them in onion peelings. Carefully she selected the eggs of the purest white and dropped them into the huge kettle on the shining stove, lifting them out with a large granite spoon some time later, all flecked with beautiful yellow and brown. The annual coloring of the eggs at the Eastertide seemed to stand out refreshingly from the sombre existence that was ordinarily hers—work in season and out, early and late, from perfumed spring through icy winter, the same monotonous tasks that were never over and never complete. Yet this simple duty which now absorbed her attention slightly alleviated her scorn for the constant drudgery which filled her days. She admired the pretty colors on the eggs; she began to hum a snatch from an old German folk song, but suddenly realized what she was doing and stopped as abruptly as she had begun. A pitiful half-smile which had come to her lips passed away.

Beneath a table nearby, in a wash basket padded with huge white pillows, her baby Hans was rubbing alternately, first with his right foot, then with his left foot, the little forehead where a wet yellow curl tickled him as a fly would. He had never known much of the world except that which he could survey from his basket, and most of the view from there was shut off by the table above him. Yet he was happy, and behaved himself as a good German baby should. He could not fairly expect more attention than he got, because he was really a little out of things. He had suddenly appeared in this world when his mother was already forty-two, and his father almost fifty. His sisters were already grown young ladies of sixteen and eighteen when he came and knocked at the door of their hearts. So he submitted to the basket confinement without much remonstrance, smiling and cooing gleefully whenever his busy mother found time to give him a living word, usually in the strongly accented English she had acquired in America, and sometimes in the perfect German she had learned at home.

He was watching his mother boil the eggs and then rub them with a bacon rind until they were so slippery she could no longer hold them in her hand. On the table above him, eggs already boiled and colored and polished were piled high in five great platters, almost ready for their yearly Easter excursion to the free-lunch-counter in the saloon.

The door from the saloon opened, and Siegel, the husband and father, walked into the kitchen. He was short, and fat, especially where his waistline normally would have been. He went to the sink and drank some water, mainly because he long before dulled his thirst for beverages of darker hue and stronger spirit. Then spying the baby he dipped his fingers in the glass he was holding, walked to the table, bent over laboriously and sprinkled some drops on the child's face. Hans squirmed a little. Frau Siegel stopped lifting the eggs from the kettle, and watched her husband. He was tickling Hans under the chin now. A wave of nausea swept her very being; she wanted to snatch the baby away and run with it—anywhere, away from Siegel and his saloon.

Siegel straightened himself again, and Frau Siegel resignedly began her work once more. Her husband walked to the saloon door, turned, and looked over the kitchen with the satisfaction of a lord who surveys his demesne.

"So, Mina, you are getting almost done already," he said.

Frau Siegel looked up, with only the slightest suspicion of a smile at this unexpected avowal of good will. But, then, as if he grudged even the miserly words of praise he had spoken, Siegel could not forbear adding sarcastically, "You could earn us a living almost mit your egg color, if only Easter vass more often."

His wife straightened herself quickly, and all traces of the pitiful half-smile diasppeared. In its place, the lines about her mouth settled into their habitual expression of bitterness and resignation.

"Maybe I vill yet haf to," she replied.

"Vat do you mean?" snapped Siegel.

She did not reply but met his gaze unflinchingly. There had been a time when she had been afraid of him, but now she would not have moved had he raised his arm to strike her.

"Quick, voman, vhy do you say, 'I vill haf to'?"

"Because, maybe," she answered, "wen dis no vat you call it,—dis no more beer und vine und viskey come, den I can make eggs colored, und—"

She had touched a responsive chord in her husband's heart, and as usual in such cases, he

flew into a rage which culminated in a cursing of Catholics in general and of his wife in particular. She had been a Catholic in her youth; to Siegel this was an unpardonable and irretrievable sin. He never recalled, or at any rate considered, that she laid aside the faith of her youth for the love she once bore him.

"Dem Cat-lic vomen," he scolded, "dey tink dey know everyting; dey—dey—dey tink dey iss almost so good like men! Dem Cat-lics!"

He was interrupted by a knock at the kitchen door. He turned furiously around, made a step toward the door and stopped. Then he whirled about, and stormed into the saloon.

All this pantomime signified to Frau Siegel that her husband considered it beneath his dignity to open the back door to whoever might seek admittance there. He was interested chiefly in the front door through which men sauntered in and later staggered out.

"Komm 'rein!" she called.

The door opened and a woman of Frau Siegel's age entered. She was small of stature, with broad shoulders and radiant cheeks. Her very coming filled the room with a new freshness.

"Guten Tag, Frau Boerner," said Frau Siegel in greeting. "Sit down."

"Ach, Frau Siegel," replied the newcomer hurriedly as she took the proffered chair, "goes it yet always so? Does Hans always yet scold?"

"Ya, he scolds, und I let him scold," Frau Siegel answered. Then she sighed, and reached for a clean slice of bacon rind. "I'm sorry you haf heard it so plain," she continued.

Frau Boerner shook her head in sympathy, and then patted her lace collar. She had finished it only the evening before, and the especial purpose of her present visit was to display the handiwork for Frau Siegel's approval. But the state of affairs in which she found the latter's home drove all such thoughts away. Suddenly she recollected that she had stolen some time from her work, and decided to make peace with her consciense by offering to assist her hostess.

"You vant I should polish the eggs?" she volunteered. "Maybe so you get done quicker. Himmel, vat many eggs!" she added as she saw the platters, which were rapidly becoming heaped higher and higher.

Frau Siegel smiled reluctantly, as one who is accustomed to serving others almost by force of of habit.

"But ven one iss company—" she objected.

Frau Boerner lifted her hands to the height of her shoulders, evidently pushing such undemocratic thought violently away. She reached over and took the bacon rind from her friend's hands, and drawing a platter of eggs near, she began to polish the warm eggs. She worked quickly and thoroughly, with that industriousness and conscientiousness so characteristic of the German housewife.

"Today it was the Cat-lics again," said Frau Siegel, voluntarily taking up the conversation where it had been dropped. " He tink I get angry ven he scolds about dem. But that is no more mit me. My church I gave up wen I married Hans, unt my girls und my boy are not Cat-lics. Hans goes not to church; nobody goes to church. It iss only work, work, all the time.

Occasionally Frau Boerner stopped her work as the narrative progressed. She made no attempt to contribute to the conversation, either maintaining a tacit silence, or assenting or disagreeing now and then with a nod of her head. Presently she laid aside her pretence of working, and gave full attention to the words Frau Siegel was saying.

"Wen I got married mit Hans," the speaker continued, "we vass young und foolish."

Frau Boerner smiled understandingly.

Then her friend went on: "Me, I just come from the old country—a young madchen only twenty-three years, und I get me a place in the kitchen by Frau Ulrich—viel Geld, und a big house."

"The Ulrich's from the brewery?"

"Ya,—dem."

Frau Boerner looked towards the ceiling, and drew her lower lip under the upper. Then she shut her eyes and sighed. She was truly impressed.

"Hans vas de milkman dere," continued Frau Siegel, "und one day he tells me, 'should ve get married?' I ask Frau Ulrich what she think and she say 'sure, get married',—he iss a good vorking man, und den you vill haf a husband, und vat iss better yet, a home.' So I tell Hans, 'Ya,' und ve got married by the judge down town. Den we went by the boat by Chicago for a honeymoon."

Wide-eyed, Frau Boerner listened. She thought of her own elaborate wedding with its brown silk dress, its lengthy veil, its bridesmaids, its feasting and its drinking. Her romantic soul loved ceremony, and the business-like betrothal and marriage she had just heard described was quite beyond her comprehension. She took a

(*Continued on page 26*)

BLUE CURTAINS

(*Continued from page 13*)

I felt under obligations to her, of course. Besides she had seen me in unmanly tears; I had to take her out to dinner, didn't I? She is a new comer to our neighborhood; come over from England with her mother. He and Mrs. Chard talked it over and decided that a separation would be mutually agreeable. She is very plucky but she is affected by the break and broods a great deal over the disaster to her marital dream ship. Poor woman! She is morbid and not very philosophical about it; she tends to condemn our whole sex for the wrongs of the man who became her husband when they were young .Miss Chard was frank in telling me the story; she said that Jerry had whispered that I could be trusted.

But enough of Miss Chard; you don't know her. I don't know how I came to say so much about her. I am glad that Peg is well. Is she still willing to take the leap over the great divide? Tell her that, knowing you so well, I admire her courage. I went out to see Ken Pharr one evening last week—Thursday I think. He and Helen are ridiculously happy. They've taken a tiny apartment in one of the new buildings in Temple Court. They were shining the silver when I got there; it still looks awfully new, but it is part of their program to shine it on Thursday evening. They took me "all over the place;" the trip took about thirty steps. Ken is very clever and has put a number of special features into the nest, such as a small typhoon fan to draw the heat from the kitchenette and bronze plaque over the mantle (much in the "God Bless Our Home" style, with the brave words "Kenneth and Helen Pharr" upon it. Helen is inordinately proud of these little touches and Ken is proud of Helen. They are a charming pair. Ken says the dining room is just large enough for him to kiss his wife without moving too far. Oh! Oh! The fatuous boy!

He is positively delirious though he affects a very married air. I think I could envy him.

I regret (for you) that I cannot run on forever, but I see that it is eight o'clock. I promised Miss Chard to run over with a book.

As ever, Fred.

Meredith, Va., May 20, 1923

My dear Hugh:

You deserve appologies; it has been almost a month since my last letter. Benchley says that the normal letter is composed of (1) a large list of reasons why the writer has not answered before, (2) one paragraph of small talk, and (3) another list of reasons why it is essential to close. I refuse to be normal! The bare appologies are enough.

Tell Peg that I heartily approve of tan curtains for the breakfast room; it is a discreet color conductive to matutinal reflections. Elizabeth (Miss Chard in the last letter, I believe) agrees with me and that should mean something. She is a remarkably intelligent girl and we are very very congenial (that means that I'm intelligent, too) in a purely friendly way. Somehow I have fallen into the habit of seeing her every day and nearly every Sunday I go to her for dinner. There is a cozy atmosphere about the place that my rooms don't quite reach. Mrs. Chard is considerably less suspicious of me now (as being of the male sex, though it was no fault of mine whatever) than at first. She is also more cheerful and broods little. The other day she called me"son", it made me feel somehow queer and happy—I kissed her for it.

Did you know that I had another pup? We call him "Jerry Again." I wanted a Spaniel but Elizabeth thought that a Boston Bull would be more lively. We compromised and bought the Bull. He's a jolly little scrap but I'm afraid that he thinks as much of Elizabeth as he does of me. She insists that that shows his excellent taste.

What can I do but agree? He is always sneaking over to Chard's and I have to go and get him. It's most distracting, but I haven't the heart to stop him.

Such a scrappy letter. Forgive me; I feel restive and ill at ease. What's the matter with me Hugh? Think it over and prescribe for me. Symptoms: restlessness, slightly uneasy sleep, and a tendency to meditate in solitude.

Fred.

Meredith, Va., May 25, 1923.

Hugh!

The prescription worked. Elizabeth is solicitous of my health, so she thanks you too. *The restlessness is gone.* Understand? Ask Peg if ask thinks dark blue would go well in a dining room. Let me know; *it's important.*

Fred.

Say, Hugh. Burn that letter I wrote you early in April will you? I remember that I made errors in it that I don't want to get back this way.

CLOTH

(*Continued from page 16*)

the familiar textures dwindle away. To be sure, new ones were being constantly added, but the old pieces seemed more friendly. Their going was like an undertow taking a part of him with them. But this would never do; he must brace up. Perhaps he had better see the doctor. He wasn't as strong as he used to be.

He plunged his hand into the folds of a thick woolen material near him as if expecting its strength to be communicated to him. Then impulsively he siezed a soft, silvery, gray silk and flung it over the display hook. It fell in a rippling cascade to the counter. His fingers played in the cool folds. It calmed the rushing corpuscles. The coolness prickled in his fingertips just as the water of the little brook had done when he was a boy. How strong he had been then! The tired back bent lower.

"How do you do, Thompson. This is a nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, very pleasant." One always agreed with heavy successful men like Edward Towner.

Towner looked at the little man suspiciously, then swallowed as if he understood.

"Pretty dull around here. How about some color, let's say crimson, or something on that order. Well, Thompson, how long is it you've been here?"

'Twenty-six years, Mr. Towner. I've seen the business rise and fall under different heads, but they have aways left me on the cloth. It seems to have got into my nature." He spoke wistfully, reminiscently, as was his habit lately.

"Um, um, long time, isn't it, to stay in one place? How'd you like to try china for a while? I think I'll make that my big department. Need one that understands the firm down there. Let's see, this is Saturday. How about Monday for a try out?"

It was said easily enough, but it fell upon the old man as a blow. A fear choked him, paralysed him, robbed him of his slender strength, He tried to swallow the usual way, but it was difficult. He clung to the edge of the counter, blankly watching the awful thing called success move away. Shelving him, that was it, and after twenty-six years of service. Burying him in the basement,away from his precious strips of comfort. God, was life worth it? Years of yearning and sorrow crowned by uselessness and unwanted old age. His face was ashen, his limbs tense.

A kindly voice sounded in his ear, "Time for lunch, Tommie, better come along."

Another sympathetic tone reached him, "Buck up, Thomp, it'll pass. Congratulations. You know it means a raise."

To each one he dumbly shook his head. He wanted no lunch, nor a raise either. He wanted to be alone to hide his sorrow. With a great effort he pulled himself together and stiffly descended the stairs to the basement. The glare of the artificial light on the china hurt his eyes. He blinked and felt a tear steal down him worn cheek. The warmth of it was not uncomfortable. Blindly he groped about for some token of kindly assurance. The long, sensitive fingers encountered the hard, cold unloveliness of pans and kitchen bowls. He started back as from a thing that wounds. An inarticulate sob shook him. So this was to be his kingdom, this alien land of hostile, unyielding subjects!

He could not stand it, no, he would not stand it. He flashed a look of bitter defiance into the unciompromsing atmosphere, and then collapsed.

They found him later in the afternoon, serene and at rest. Youth and Louise were returned to him; he had no further need of the comforting touch of cloth. Life had been hard; it was so easy to rest.

Watch

THE

Nov-

ember

LIT!

MECHANISM

That woman terrifies me. When I talk to her I feel like a moth-eaten rug. With that shining cold nozzle of her mind; with that constant mechanical buzzing of her words, she runs over me as if she were a vacuum cleaner, and pulls the lint of my thoughts out, cleaning me until I am thread-bare.

By Mildred Fish.

MEMORY

By Ivan Clyde Lake

I know there is a saying that young men
Shall see clear visions, while their elders dream:
But how am I to follow Holy Pen
When right before me, with the morning's gleam
Your face calls back the scenes of yesterday,
And I let memory, the golden, play?

TWO DIGGING

(*Continued from page 9*)

She strolled over to the lantern and watched Janik's stern face and the tight muscles on his hands. Then she lay supine before him.

"What are you doing?"

He glanced at her with a sly look, as if he laughed over her wantonness, and mumbled something about his shovel. After she had walked away he turned all his attention to it.

In the house the old man sat down to the piano, before a folio of Chopin. His nocturne vibrated among the violet pines. The woman stopped where the lantern barely reached her. Slowly, with an inevitable motion she removed her shoes and clothing. Janik bent his back to slice the earth with the shovel. Could he but reach the dark center of that expectation, and find a thing to satisfy his dream? Above his humid trench the cactus and the weeds, while the tall trunks shot out into a tapestry of cones and angles. Once his lantern bucked, as he had seen the Noctiluca in the late sea, and he caught sight of the woman, pale and motionless in an envelope of vapor. The blood warmed his nape. He stumbled forward and caught her in his tough arms. At last she was falling---falling!

TREASURE

(*Continued from page 6*)

After crossing many clearings, and following him as she could without fear of being seen, she saw Boy's father stop, look furtively round, and lay himself flat on the ground. She crept up closer and saw that he was dabbling his hands in the waters of a pool of miraculous depth and clearness. She waited, tense as a leopard about to spring on its prey. At last she heard him mutter something about the treasure. She could stand it no longer. Rushing to where he lay, she brushed him aside and started to reach down where he had been, when she heard a fiendish laugh and felt herself being pushed headlong into the water. She screamed, shrieked, and struggled desperately for a few seconds—it seemed hours to her—and then lost consciousness.

Jim stood on the bank holding tightly to his little boy's hand. He had helped her to reach the treasure and had called to her that she might have it all. Now she floated hidously in the darkening waters of the pool. In the deepening dusk the man seemed dazed and tense from some emotion and he shivered as if freeing himself at last from a great fear. At length a great light came into his face, and he smiled down at the child with a wonderful tenderness. "Let's go home, Boy," he said.

ON THE PLANES

(*Continued from page 7*)

Well, well, well! So you came way out here to see Mrs. Dixon, well, well, well!

What a bean-like mouth she had.

But you!

I had my dream of him. He had his dream of me. They broke. Now love is gone.

Laughter, laughter, that is the answer.

His wine thirsty lips upturned; his face so unprotected in sleep.

Oh, there is nothing I love in life except color —and the lack of color.

Like the voice of substance.

My man you have ruined my life! Now I can kiss no one but you, and you are never here.

Just a little more age—a little more—and you will be young.

Yes, the meat grinder was a wonderful invention. So was God and the Bible.

Only the very young speak of madness. I have sunk into a deeper madness because I no longer know that I am mad.

wire hair pin from her shiny black hair, looked at it, and put it back into the very place from which she had taken it.

But Frau Siegel went on.

"Den we came back on Han's little farm und I began to milk the cows. Ya, I began to do everything. Only I did no more go to church. My husband did not go;vhy den should I? Sometimes ven I see other people go to church in all their best dresses, I vant to go so bad, but Hans only say, 'Bah! Foolishness!"

"Ya, it iss hard ven your husband ain't nice, und ven he stands between you und people you vould like to know und tings you vould like to do. Aber, he iss your husband, so vat are you going to do?" And Frau Boerner dropped her hands to her knees and shook her head.

Frau Siegel nodded assent and once more took up the story.

"Den I had my little girls. The Lutheran minister comes one day und says dey should go to church. I did not care so dey went. Hans vas most de time drunk on Sunday mornings, und any way he did not care so long as it vass not Catlic. But wen dey come home on Sunday afternoons und dey sing dem not pretty Lutheran songs, den I get mad, und I tink of my beautiful Ave Maria ven I was a girl."

She looked out of the window toward the apple tree in the yard, just showing its pale buds, but she saw nothing. Perhaps if she could have cried, her emotion would not have become so tense, but a tear had not come to Frau Siegel for a very long time.

"All the time I get bitter and more bitter." she finally continued. "Sometimes for a whole day I don't talk."

Frau Boerner nervously shuffled her feet, pulled her long sleeves a little farther over her wrists, and said,"Dat should not be, Frau Siegel,. You have your kinder," and she looked smilingly at baby Hans under the table. He smiled in return and kicked his feet.

But Frau Siegel did not heed. She went on to tell how one day her husband told her he had traded the farm for a saloon just within the outskirts of the large city, where the farmers stopped on their way to and from the markets in the town.

"I don't even care no more," said Frau Siegel explaining her reaction to her husbands deed. "I go pack the tings, und ve move. Den we work hard, me und the girls. Hans stands by the bar; that is the business. We must wash the glasses, und polish the mirrors, und make the free lunch for dem drunk fools to stuff demselves with."

She waved her hand significantly at the five platters on the table. Then she looked at her baby beneath and smiled.

"Den comes the baby, just in the canning season," she explained. "Just, too, ven we got so much work. I vass mad at him at first, but but sometimes it seems like his father was more nice to me now. The doctor, too, he say, 'Frau Siegel, the boy will be the delight of your old age.' Und den I look at my baby und I pray, oh, so hard, that maybe he vill not be like his vater."

She stopped and looked at Frau Boerner, who shook her head violently to portray the utter impossibility of such a thing. A silence fell over the two women, during which they worked vigorously.

Suddenly, Frau thought that the air under the table might be too cold for Hans. She pulled out the basket from beneath the table, and drew it beside the stove where she was standing. Nevertheless, had speech been granted him, Hans could have told her that anywhere in the kitchen was just a little too warm for his comfort.

Meanwhile, Frau Boerner's glance wandered about the room, and she made mental note of the things she saw there. Everything was adequate; everything was of the first quality. Whatever Siegel bought was good. This Frau Boerner's ever evaluating eye and mind percieved, and she said, "But it is better now, iss it not so, ven you got money?"

"Ya, sometimes it iss," replied Frau Siegel. "Hans iss much yet the same. He vants we should have the best dere iss, but ven ve buy someting, ve must ask him for the money. He say,'How much?' We say, '$4.98.' He gifs five thalers, und says 'Fetch me back the change!' "

Frau Siegel put her hand into the basket of onion peelings and drew out a handful to put into the kettle. With the peelings came dangling a long chain the feel of which was strangely familiar to Frau Siegel—it was a rosary that by some chance had become mixed with the contents of the basket. She held it before her, while a quiver of surprise ran through her body. She choked back the memories that tried to invade her brain and to inviegle her into sentimental tears. She looked at her companion

"Iss dat not funny?" she inquired. "Right now I should find a rosary!"

"It iss a sign, Frau Siegel!"

Frau Siegel stopped to consider the latter possibility for a moment, but suddenly she laugh-

ed a little and said, "Ach, nien. You vant to see?"

And she leaned over Hans's basket, intending to give the rosary to Frau Boerner.Instead it fell down on to Hans's little chest, and his fat hand grasped it tight.

"Ach, see once!" cried both women.

Hans applied babyhood's infallible test to the rosary—he put it in his mouth. One end he held between his teeth, and pulled at the opposite one with clenched fists. He was thoroughly happy.

Frau Siegel's mother eye was fascinated. She did not think of the religious significance of the thing with which her child was playing. She saw only how beautiful the child was, and acting on the omnipresent maternal instinct to show father the baby's newest accomplishment, she called to Siegel.

"Hans—" she started, and then recollecting her husband's often expressed wish, she changed the name to, "Chon—, come once here."

There was the sound of a chair being pushed back in the saloon and Siegel stood in the the door.

"What iss?" he inquired.

"Ach, Chon, look once— the Liebchen!"

Siegel looked at the baby, and back at her His lips curled into a sarcastic smile. Then his face became stern, and he burst out in anger:

" So you call me from my Sheepshead game for such foolishness? Vass it yet important?"

He looked more closely, and perceiving what it was with which the child was playing. He turned to his wife. He reached that stage of excitement where his voice was almost a shriek.

"Dem dam Cat-lics!" were the only words he could articulate.

While he was speaking Frau Siegel had been unconsciously turning the gas flame under the kettle higher and higher. Just then the contents boiled over. The swish on the stove caused Siegel to look towards it, but his wife looked at him unflinchingly, as if nothing had occurred. Just so, cooly, slowly, all the wrath pent up within her for so many years now broke forth.

'Wen I married you, Hans," she said, "I gave up my church; you did not give me one in it's place. Never haf I said one word about it, but always you throw that 'dam Cat-lics' at my head. So you say one more word about my church, I take my baby by the priest, und he vill be baptised. Und I don't care if you kill me for me it wen I come back!"

Dumfounded, angry, surprised, Siegel looked at his wife. He tried to reply, but no words would come to him. He swung himself about, and stamped into the saloon.

Neither of the women spoke for some time. The baby played with the rosary.

Suddenly Frau Boerner got up, wrapped her shawl about her shoulders, and went to the door.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye, Frau Boerner."

Then she opened the door and turned.

"Das war einmal gut!" she exclaimed amd went out. shutting the door behind her.

But Frau Siegel only smiled, and heaped her kettle anew with onion peels, while in his basket baby Hans went to sleep.

Me

By Margery Latimer

I am tired of coltish girls who throw themselves on my couch and demand that I be a waste basket for their thoughts. They ask for advice, oh yes, but their eyes are caught in and will not listen to mine. I want to tell them about me—me! But they insist upon telling me about them. I must be a waste basket for their ragged thoughts that pile up, and up. I must be an empty waste basket.

Then there are the serious ones who can only be themselves when I am with them. I supply a crutch to their trembling arms and help them over the pointed stones. They want to assert their personalities! So I cut their hair, "clip! clip! clip!" I give them cigarette holders, my best. Then the Y. W. C. A. accused me of taking their best charges. Poor me!

There is an old man with a trembling beard to whom I am youth. He looks at me as though I were a glass of magic wine. I must sit on the floor at his feet. He must tell me about the wicked world and how I can keep my purity. There I sit. I listen My head is patted. But at night I weep. For him I am medicine—medicine.

There is a boy with waving hair and long fingers. At last, I thought, at last I am adored for myself, my beautiful self But today I sit alone, in silence. That boy said when the moon was round: "You make me feel so normal."

Oh, I am too useful!

Against the Forest

By Catherine Meyer

In the great wood in deeply foliaged oaks and maples, Housman wandered slowly in a thoughtful mood and only half aware of the thriving nature around him. He had left the small village where he had chosen to spend the summer and had come to these woods, that lay not more than a stone's throw from the last house, to taste the first joys of the country. When he had entered the woods it seemed to him that they must be endlessly deep and that one should not walk in them too aimlessly. Unbothered by any immediate affairs or relationships, and with plenty to muse over, he went steadily on without recalling himself—through the trees that were placed wide apart, as oaks and maples have a way of growing, and that did not hinder his careless progress. He soon left the roadside that edged the woods far behind him.

As he penetrated further, the closely locked foliage kept the sun from pouring light in, so that it contented itself with disturbing lightly the shadows that settled on the grass. Housmann, although not a philosopher, felt that he had found a place like the garden of the Bhuddist's where there is not even a stone to mock the toe of the pedestrian. When he looked about him he noticed the natural dignity of the oaks and the stunning blackness of the arm-like branches. "Not a ferocious scene", he thought, and smiled as the birds that fluttered the leaves, twittering, interrupted the forest calm. He was not so much delighted as consciously at home and half forgetful of all that did not dwell within his own mind. As the winds now and then enlivened the scene, they seemed to swing the shadows to and fro. He was quite alone with his fancies. He penetrated farther and the trees began to crowd in upon one another, and elms, poplars and furtive birches to join their numbers. From a growing outwardness of appreciation as well as from necessity, he became thoroughly aware of the living wealth through which he walked.

The sun must have been far in the west, for the light had stopped teasing the shadows, and lay where it made entrance in quiet angles. Without brake or bush, but because of the density of the trees, the woods seemed closely knit and almost tangled. Spying a clump of birches thru the dark trunks, Housmann paused. Some of the birches were bent over to the ground. They almost startled him, like a note of disaster in the pleasant woodland. Going on, he walked slowly. The great trees arose on all sides. As he found himself facing an oak that guarded well its plot of ground with its strong branches, he suddenly puckered his eyes and stopped short. A golden bag hung on the rough trunk caught by the cord on a small jutting of the bark; it gleamed, falling safely against the immense tree. Had Hausmann ever seen anything so solitary? The bright item of human life deserted in the midst of so many rising trunks and so much blooming leaf, cast a spell upon the spot. Housmann felt that he had reached the end of his purposeless journeying.

He approached to a few feet from the appointed tree, and from that position stared at the bag as it hung there. It was made of gold beads looped in small festoons. He looked up into the branches of the oak, off into the vistas of the woods, and back again to the bag—nothing, nothing but a gold bag carefully caught in the uneven bark of an immense tree.

"Most enchanting," he kept repeating to himself, and a moment after stretched out to touch the bag. As one could tell by the heavy look of it, it was not empty. "Well," Housmann summoned up his thoughts, "some woman has forgotten her bag. She placed it here while she sat down and then—"But the explanation did not convince him. Who would carry a bead bag into the heart of the woods?

What woman could have done that? "And,yet", he continued within himself, "it is perfectly evident that some one has simply—" As he looked at the bag his practical judgments went off down the winds. He stopped concerning himself and considered the charm of the bag. "Not unusual, but inexpressibly pretty and quite alone in the world, aren't you?" were his innermost thoughts. And his fingers twitched to take the bag down. It was half ghostly to let it stay there. The deliberation of the thing, though! Perhaps a scream would rend the pervasive quiet as he removed the cords. Nothing happened and the bag felt cold and heavy in his hands. A distinctive perfume aroused his sen ses. Once more, his hands holding the small gold packet out in front of him, he gazed searchingly through the woods. The sunlight

had crept into long lines—that was all the difference. There was no trace of any other's presence, recent or impending. The spell which had drawn his nerves taut, released him. But there was the bag—what was it to him? It no longer hung in that strange manner against the tree, but here it was—in the midst of the woods.

He sat down and dangled the golden thing between his knees, glancing whimsically at it. "Well, well," he began, "you are very much out of place. What shall I do with you." He knew that he was drawn to believe it belonged to him. Then the distinctive perfume estranged him from it. "Perhaps the contents would enlighten me," he mused, smiling at himself. He had a twinge of real desire to open the bag. The first mood of sanctity returned to him and stayed his hand. "O—I might as well open it," he concluded, and drawing the cords, he shook the contents out on the grass: a bottle of perfume, a handkerchief, a small book and an empty bottle. Not astonishingly odd for the contents of a bag, but Housmann felt abashed. He had, somehow, when he opened the bag, expected to find the usual powder, purse and calling cards. Had he violated something? He was about to replace everything and to go away leaving things just as he had found them when the impossibility of doing so struck him. He could not hang the bag on the tree again. Picking up the handkerchief to put it back in the bag, he felt one corner of it knotted around a small object. He untied the knot and there slipped into his hand a small stone—pure and iridescent as a drop of liquid. "What are these things?" he murmured as he opened the small volume and found it to be an anthology of verse done in the tiniest of print. The eyes of Housmann had grown bright with wistfullness. He pulled together the mouth of the bag. It seemed to belong to him—but was that all he was to have? "O, O," he said softly, "who could own you?"

The winds of coming dusk began to rustle in the leaves over his head and he realized that he must get his bearings and be off. "The birches are over there," he pointed. "I'll begin in that direction."

He got up from the ground and was about to start onward, when covering his face with his arm, he leaned for a moment against the tree.

The bag in his hand, he left the oak behind him and went past the birches, the erect ones and the broken ones. They looked very shadowy in the dim light. He hastened his steps, not caring much for direction. He was a good woodsman and could sleep in the open if necessary. After he had passed the birches, a rhyme turned up in his mind.

"Beware, whispers
The distressing sisters—

How's that?" he thought, and lifted up the bag not so much quizzically as with a half fearful wistfullness.

"Whether this leads me back to the road or not, I don't know," he conjectured as he tramped. "Trees have led me far astray I imagine."

And then every thought left his mind. With a spasmodic clutching of the bag, he ceased from motion. For downwards a woman lay on the ground. She was not two yards from him. Something paralyzed him, heart and body. A thought of the empty bottle shot thru him. Finally he ran to her. Catching her wrist and its pulse, he cried aloud, "O, don't die, don't die—wait."

THE AUTHOR of the very excellent short story TREASURE appearing in this issue neglected to place her name on the submitted Mss. If she (the editors vaguely recollect a woman) will notify the Lit she will receive acknowledgement in the next issue