The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVIII, Number 4 January 1919

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, January 1919

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVIII

Number 4

Breaking Even

The Rule of Three Perplexeth Me

An Experience in Fetichism

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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January, 1919

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII | Madison, January, 1919 | Number 4

CONTENTS

THE announcement of extensive and rather promising plans for improvements to present University buildings and for the erection of new buildings has caused an old wound, that we had long since—under the stress of saving our country—thought heeled, to bleed again. When are we going to begin making our class rooms look less barren and barn-like? You are offended and shocked at our description? Your pain is as nothing to ours, for we have Wisconsin loyalty. And yet, alas, we have eyes, and when they behold the decorations (?) of Room 220, University Hall, or the lack of decoration or softening in every other room, they fill with tears. For we too believe in University traditions and in the influence of our surroundings upon our impressionable young souls. When inspired by our lecturer, our eye "in fine frenzy rolling" falls upon the cracks in the wall, or the pennants, pictures and trophies arranged in crazy-quilt fashion, the terrible thought strikes us that we may not be able, in some far distant future, to visualize our University without including in the vision those aforesaid cracks and pennants. Of course it might be argued that our eyes should have been upon our lecturer, or we may be penalized for too wandering an eye. But no, it is our aesthetic soul, it is our altruism, our regard for the young and uninitiated freshman, our respect for the noble visitor, aye above all, it is our love for Wisconsin, that causes us to plead with you, noble faculty, most worthy regents and dearest fellow students to help beautify our spiritual nurseries, our mental playgrounds, our intellectual workshops.

E. G.

Kings by the Grace of God

THIS open letter by the Danish Dramatist *Carl Ewald*, addressed to the chief exponent of the "grace of God" theory, has just achieved real significance. It was published in the Copenhagen "Politiken" on Sept. 4, 1897.

Open Letter to Kaiser Wilhelm"

It is with deep emotion that I have read the speeches which your majesty have been pleased to make at the unveiling of your sacred grandfather's monument at Coblenz, Aug. 30th and 31st.

Altho I am not a subject of yours, I am taking the liberty of laying before your throne a few of my thoughts in this connection. Under the soughing of the imperial eagle's wings they resolved themselves into a little tale about God and the kings.

Once people grew so weary of their kings that they resolved to send a deputation to God to ask his aid against them. The deputation was received at Heaven's gate, and received audience when their turn came. But when the chairman had stated the purpose of their visit, God shook his head in amazement, and said:

"I do not understand a word of what you are saying. I have given you no kings."

Then they all cried in chorus that the earth was full of kings all of whom proclaimed that they ruled by the grace of God.

"I know nothing about that," said God. "I created you all equal and in my image—Good-bye."

The Audience was at an end. But the deputation sat outside of the heavenly gate and cried bitterly. When the good Lord heard of it, he pitied them, and allowed them to re-enter. He called an archangel and said to him.

"Look in the book in which I have entered all the plagues I have laid upon my people for their sins, and see if ought is mentioned about kings."

It was a very thick book, and the Angel worked on it all day. In the evening he announced that he could find nothing in it about kings. The deputation was again admitted, and God said:

"I know nothing about the kings."

Then the deputation gave way to such despair and lamentation that the Lord once more took mercy on them, and he called his angel again, and said:

"Look in the books in which I have entered all the miseries which have come upon humanity for their foolish prayers so that they might see that my counsel is wiser than their own. And let me know if anything is mentioned about kings."

The Angel did as he was ordered. But as there were twelve very thick books, it took twelve days to complete the task. And he found nothing.

Then God called the deputation for the last time, and said:

"You will really have to return home unsatisfied. I can do nothing for you. These kings must be your own invention, and if you are tired of them, you must yourselves get rid of them."

I am, your Imperial and Royal Majesty,

Most humbly,

CARL EWALD.

Translation by

HARDY STEEHOLM.

Song

Over the hills soft shadows are creeping,
Slowly in darkness the deep valleys steeping.
Send that thy pain be forgotten in sleeping!
Dream then of me.

After the night when dawn shall be stealing
Over the hills, dead valleys revealing,
Send that the lark to thy heart may bring healing!
Think then of me.

RACHEL COMMONS.

Breaking Even

A ONE ACT PLAY

Persons of the Play.

Matron of the Wardrobe ----------Mrs. Kessler
The Property-Man ----------Jim Taylor
Jenny.
The Artist ----------Clyde Mitchell
The Manager ----------K. G. Kimbell of
Kimbell's Wandering Wonder-World.

Setting of the Play.

A rather shabby hotel parlor. The walls are of an uncompromising red, and the carpet makes one shudder a little because it was supposed to be the same shade and isn't. The room is furnished with a small settee, and several chairs upholstered in a melancholy green, and a tall vase filled with artificial roses occupies the centre of a long mahogany table. Two high windows at the back open onto the main street of the town—a thriving, western, mush-room town that grew up over night sprawls without design in every direction.

As the curtain rises one sees a profusion of varicolored costumes distributed in heaps over the table and chairs. Mrs. Kessler, the wardrobe matron, is going over costumes necessary to the evening's performance. She is a comfortable-looking person now, with only a generous shadow of blue about her faded eyes to remind us that she was once a darling of the sawdust ring.

Enter Jim, the Property-man. He is the essence of everything mild, medium in height and coloring—about thirty-two years old, and the possessor of a furtive twisted smile.

Jim—Oh, Howdy, Mrs. Kessler. Looks like you wasn't throwing away much time.

Mrs. Kessler, (affectionately)—Well, if it ain't my Jimmy! How's the world with you today, boy?

Jim, (evasively)—Oh, all right, I guess.

Mrs. K. (suspiciously)—Come on now, you can't fool your Aunt Carrie on no such tricks. There's something on your chest, Jim Taylor, and you'd better get it off before it pushes you under.

Jim—I'm worried like the devil—that's all.

Mrs. K.—Well, that's plenty.

Jim—It's about Jenny.

Mrs. K.—Ah, you poor kid—and her galavanting off with that artist guy again. She's only known him a couple of days, too.

Jim—Sure, I'd expect as much. Jenny ain't never thought any about me, and me—why, I ain't never thought about anything *except* her.

Mrs. K.—Jim, I'm telling you, don't give up. That kind of a line'll never get you nowhere. Stick to it, you're a fine sort, the best I've ever known; me and your mother has watched you since you kicked around in a cradle. She ain't watching no more, but I am—and I know.

Jim—Thanks, Mrs. Kessler,—you're mighty decent to me, and you've eased up the rough spots considerable. But it ain't Jenny's not caring a whoop that's eating me now.

Mrs. K.—Well, out with it then.

Jim—You see it's this way. The manager's got a fool new stunt in his head—crazy as a frog that man—and he's going to ask Jenny to feature in it. You know that kid—doesn't give yip what she does—not her! She'll do it all right, but the idea drives me drinkin' mad. Kimball ain't got no business to—.

Mrs. K.—There, Jimmy boy, easy now.

Jim—Sure, I'm a fool to get so bloomin' excited, but somehow when it's Jenny that might get hurt I lose my head. Batty, ain't it?

Mrs. K.—Oh, I dunno—Jenny's not a bad sort—kinda wild once in a while, but straight as they come. I ain't blamin' you on the whole. Why don't you try that indifferent line for a while? Maybe she'd get up a little more interest if you did.

Jim—Don't you think I've tried that too? Makes me more miserable, that's all, and it's part of a day's work to her. Lord, I've near bust my head, tryin' to think of something that might get her. It's no use, I tell you—no use. Me for watchin' in a corner, I can do that anyhow, and believe me nothing'll ever happen to that girl while I sits and watches.

Mrs. K.—Jim, you're sure going to die off young.

Jim (rousing himself)—Seen the manager around since dinner?

Mrs. K.—No, he's over at the show house, checkin' up.

Jim—Guess I'll wander out and—.

He allows himself to be interrupted by a sudden sound of gay, careless laughter in the corridor outside. It is Jenny. Only a moment, and she appears in the

doorway. Beside her stands Clyde Mitchell, the artist, his dark young face eager and amused.

Jenny, (laughing)—Step into the parlor and stay as long as I want you to. Hello, Jim, howdy, Aunt Carrie. Meet my friend, Mr. Mitchell, Mrs. Kessler and Mr. Taylor—two of the world's best. Sit down.

Mitchell—Very happy to know you, I'm sure, Mrs. Kessler,—and you too, Mr. Taylor. Old friends of Jenny's, I presume?

Mrs. K. (insinuatingly)—Older than some.

Jim (uncomfortably)—Well, I guess I'll be pounding along now. Glad I met you, Mr. Mitchell. Say, Jenny, I've got to talk to you sometime pretty quick.

Jenny (absently)—Righto Jim—later on.

Mrs. K. (tucking the mending basket under her arm, and gathering up a heap of tarletan costums)—Here, Jim, wait a second, I'm going too. Give me a lift with them green trapeze suits, will you?

Jim and Mrs. Kessler go out, leaving the girl and her artist alone. For a moment they stand silent and smiling at one another. Then Jenny tosses off her hat, and the man flings his folio of sketches on the table.

Jenny (with genuine enthusiasm)—Wasn't it wonderful today?

Mitchell (a little too smoothly)—Weren't *you* wonderful today?

Jenny—Was I—really?

Mitchell (waiving the question)—You can't possibly realize, Miss Jenny, what I mean when I say that you're the model, the type, so to speak, that I've been looking for ever since I first held a brush.

Jenny—Sorry, but I don't seem to get you.

Mitchell—I mean that it's your coloring, the look in your eyes, the expression of your mouth—your—oh, well, that devil-may-care spirit about you. I don't know how else to express it.

Jenny—Go right on tryin'. You can't make me mad.

Mitchell—Ever since this afternoon, when I sketched you out there on the brink of that grim red canyon,—with the wind blowing through your black hair, I've been wondering how under the stars I was going to get along without you?

Jenny—Not kidding, are you?

Mitchell—No indeed. You've given me such a wealth of new ideas; almost swamped me with undreamed of possibilities.

Jenny (with a touch of wistfulness)—I ain't much on the King's English, like you, Mr. Mitchell, but it was a bloomin' lucky day-before-yesterday when I nearly knocked you off your feet in the lobby, and you had to stop and apologize. What I might have missed—gee!

Mitchell—What, Miss Jenny?

Jenny—Oh,—lots of things.

Mitchell (interested and insistent)—You might tell me,—I've told you.

Jenny (finding it difficult to express her thoughts)—Well, you see—I ain't never met many like you. The way I talk and dress—gosh!—it must be a fright for you, even if you are so darn polite about it. Before I got talking to you, Mr. Mitchell, the world never seemed like nothing but, make-up an' rehearsals an' killing yourself for three meals a day and a hard bunk. It ain't no pipe-dream, this circus life. Once in a while I get a little more money than the rest, when there's some crazy stunt to do, and everybody else gets cold feet.

Mitchell (marveling)—You're not afraid of anything, are you?

Jenny—Never cared whether I broke my neck or not, 'cause I ain't never had much of anything to live for. It'd be all the same to everybody but Jim, and he don't count.

Mitchell—You said a moment ago you had thought all this before—well, before I apologized in the hotel lobby—and now, Miss Jenny?

Jenny (hesitatingly)—Sure you want to know?

The artist nods, and seating himself on the arm of her chair, takes Jenny's hand in his. He is really very much interested in the girl, for she is pretty, and careless, and gay, but he is most occupied with himself, finding the situation unique and full of possibilities and artistic motives.

Jenny (slowly)—You know this afternoon when you was drawing me over there by the canyon, it come across me that I never seen things beautiful like they is, before. It's been kinda like that all the time now lately; like I'd bin pounding through the world with my fool eyes way shut. Get me?

Mitchell—I think so, but please go on.

Jenny—I begin to wonder what was in all them freaks' heads what wrote books. Rows and rows of 'em that I seen once at a Public Library in Austin. And it seems like I didn't know nothing and just had to learn something quick or bust. Get me?

Mitchell—I believe it's growing clearer to me now. You're just waking up, Jenny, is that it?

Jenny (rising abruptly, in a sudden, instinctive kind of panic)—Maybe—maybe, you're right.

Mitchell—And why are you running away, frightened like that?

Jenny (turns fiercely from the table where she has been standing for a moment)—Because it's *you* that done it!

Mitchell (going to her quickly)—Jenny—.

As he speaks there is a thunderous rap at the door, and without waiting for either response or encouragement, K. G. Kimball, the manager, rotund and silk-hatted, makes way for himself. Jim slips in behind him, and stands silent and unnoticed by the high window, like an unobtrusive shadow.

Jenny (with easily assumed nonchalance)—Well, if it ain't the manager. Meet my friend, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Kimball. What's the news with you? Sit down.

Kimball (settling into the biggest chair and resting his cigar on the artist's folio)—Glad to meet you, Mitchell. Seen you around a lot lately. Painting the scenery about here?

Mitchell (ignoring his insinuation)—Yes, sir, the canyon country is magnificent at this time of year.

Kimball (floundering slightly)—Er—oh, yes, don't mind if I talk over a little business with Jenny, do you?

Mitchell—Certainly not. I'll be going along.

He takes his hat, begins to pick up the sketch-book, and is confronted with the manager's cigar. He coughs as a sign for removal. The manager responds, not without annoyance, and the artist leaves.

Kimball—Impudent young cuss!

Jenny (laughing)—Oh, I don't know! Kinda put one over on you, didn't he?

Kimball—Don't get fresh!

Jenny—Don't worry, I won't—I was born that way.

Kimball—None of that now, missy, it don't get across with K. G.—just remember that.

Jenny (with a toss of her black curls)—What's your business about?

Kimball—Well, this is what I've got to say just now. The show's losing pep—that's what we need, more *pep*, more *thrills*—more *ginger*. And I've thot up the biggest feature act that ever was. Get this now, will you—listen close.

Jake Lessing is trottin' off his ponies—last act, you see—everything all over—people startin' to go and then me, I come walkin' in with a big megaphone—'Ladies and gents,' says I, 'just one moment *please*. We are offering tonight an extraordinary opportunity for making $500 in one half minute. You see at my side, "Big Macy," the old Jungle King. Ladies and gents, anybody who steps inside that cage for one half minute, goes home with the $500 cash in his pocket. Step right up on the platform, no age limit—it's open to anybody.'

Jenny (distinctly bored)—You're cracked—nobody'll do it.

Kimball—I ain't finished yet—wait—(mysteriously)—all of a sudden somebody—a good-lookin' girl, way back in the house somewheres, 'll say quiet-like—'I need the money and I'll try *anything*.' See?

Jenny—Oh, you mean the Jane that offers to shake hands with the lion is going to be *me*?

Kimball (patting her on the back)—Right again, little girl. You got me on the wing. How about it?

She hesitates. A strange thing is happening to Jenny. She tries with all her will power to master some insistent emotion, that holds her wavering and bewildered.

Jenny (quite evidently stalling for time)—Do I gather in the five hundred?

Kimball—That ain't a sane question.

Jenny—Well, how much do I draw?

Kimball—Oh—twenty-five.

Jenny shakes her head.

Kimball—Well, thirty-five then. That's fair enough, ain't it?

The girl still refuses.

Kimball (distinctly irritated, but still intent on carrying out his scheme)—If you're not the damndest—well, make it *fifty* even. Might as well endow you for life at that rate.

Jenny (with sudden fierceness)—Thanks awfully, Mr. K—, but I ain't going to star in this here feature act of yours. You ain't got no business askin' a girl to do a thing like that. When there ain't nobody else fool enough to care about killin' themselves then it's *me* that's got to step up and bow. It ain't right I tell you, it ain't right; and *I won't do it*, not for a bunch of diamonds, or a limousine and a grand piano—not me!

She sinks down exhausted on the settee, twisting her fingers in a torment.

Kimball (sneeringly)—Lost your nerve, eh? (And then with a real threat in his scraping voice)—It's take the chance and get the fifty—or quit—yes, lose your job, that's what I mean. (He starts for the door, flinging back a few final words—Better think it over—Remember, fifty dollars extra, or a lost job. (He slams the door with an uncompromising bang).

It is now that Jim comes swiftly out of the shadows and moves toward Jenny with intentness of purpose in every line of his thin, wiry body.

Jim (tensely)—Say, Jenny—.

(Continued on page 104)

Out With Me Into the Street

Out with me into the street
Where people pass and people meet,
Shrouded in the ghostly mist—
Face by little droplets kissed—
Heavy darkness all around
Pressing down upon the ground,
Isolating everyone
In its grey oblivion.
Wander with me, up and down,
Through the mazes of the town,
Back and forth and in and out,
Here and there, and round about,
Lone as in a desert waste
Midst the bustle and the haste,—
In, and of, and yet apart
From the city's throbbing heart,
Where the life-blood of the town,
Flowing up the street and down,
Murmurs as it goes along—
Sings its own confuséd song;
Where the mighty buildings tower
And their darkened windows glower
Down upon the lighted street
And hordes of sacrilegious feet.
'Neath the grey and ghostly pall
Hanging heavy over all
I follow after many men
And many follow me again
Along the crowded thoroughfare
With traffic noises in the air,
And pavement gleaming shiny black
Like a wet sea-serpent's back,
Mirroring the yellow gleam
From the many lamps that seem,
Strung along so nice and neat,
Like a necklace on the street.
And oftentimes I slip away
Out into the silent grey,
Along some dim, unlighted aisle
And in it lose myself a while
Where all is quiet and asleep
With parted lips and breathing deep,
In rythm with the distant beat
Of rolling wheel and tramping feet.
Then at my right walks mystery
And at my left the soul of me,
And Time and Space are nothing then
To chain me down like other men,—
So through the Universe I fly
And where my thought is, there am I,

Until the sight and sound of men
Recalls me to the earth again,
And sets me down upon the street
Where people pass and people meet,
Shrouded in the ghostly mist,
Face by little droplets kissed,
Heavy darkness all around
Pressing down upon the ground,
Isolating everyone
In its grey oblivion.

KENNETH SCOTT.

The Rule of Three Perplexeth Me

I CANNOT add, but my sister who lives in San Francisco can. My mother can subtract, though she does not like to, and another sister, now nursing the wounded in a French hospital, writes that she has recently become interested in long division. My father can add, subtract, multiply, and divide, though, I am happy to admit, he always had, and still enjoys, a remarkably alert intelligence. For many years he devoted his evenings and all the margins of his newspapers to mathematical calculations. One of my uncles, a lawyer, assures me, and I have no reason for doubting his statement, that he can extract square roots with considerable skill. There is, moreover, a tradition in the family that my great-grandfather on my father's side was a mathematician of some note, and turned his talents to civic account by drawing up the treasury report for the city of Albany in 1831.

When I was a child, my parents thought that I had inherited some of my great-grandfather's mathematical proclivities. They were very much pleased, for since my father's business demanded his frequent absence from home he could not always be referred to when a mathematical crisis arose in the family. Well do I remember the times, when, father far away, the washwoman asked to be paid by the hour, and another occasion when my mother, who never could learn to restrain such impulses, bought fractional lengths of dress-goods from a travelling and probably cheating peddler. For such emergencies my mother's subtraction was not always adequate. Therefore my father purchased for her convenience a copy of the *Ready Calculator*, a handy volume that stood with the cook books on an upper pantry shelf, while for more pressing cases, he tacked to the kitchen wall a typewritten sheet which set forth the addition, and multiplication tables. My father had, moreover, made out some typical examples of the tradesman's point of view, examples which, by the way, were taught us children with our prayers. I still remember one of them: "If bananas are forty-five cents a dozen, how many do you get for ten cents?" Its answer, however, has slipped my memory. Mother once hit upon a clever device for teaching us some of these common problems of life; as far as possible, she rhymed the addition tables. One of these childhood jingles remains with me yet.

Five and seven
Make eleven.

Time and again this bit of doggerel has proved its usefulness to me.

As I learned these elementary lessons with great facility, Mother began to regard me as her prop and stay. Father was more particularly impressed when I learned to have purchases of my own charged on the family grocery bill. At about the same period I originated a temporarily efficacious trick that came to be generally employed by the children of the neighborhood during the season when chocolate was most in favor. It was performed in this way. You went to a store where there was a good natured clerk and asked for a cake of chocolate. After it had been placed in your hand, you asked the price, expressed pain at finding it to be ten cents, and murmured that you had only eight cents to spend, whereupon you usually obtained your sweet at a bargain. I could see that my father was deeply agitated when he called me to account for

this offence, but my mother pleaded for me, saying, "But James, the subtraction the child shows! I think it was a real bent for subtraction that gave the child her chocolate, not any real dishonesty!" This was my first illustration of that valuable truth that by the process of subtraction one may sometimes arrive at more instead of less.

When I was seven years old I went to school. Thanks to my teacher's engaging method of setting a cocked hat on the rotund figure eight, and of making nine pull a comically long face, I took great delight in "numberwork," and achieved a good grade on my report card. But figures, as such, were soon to be denuded of their joys by a teacher who was the first to discover the disability that was to influence the rest of my life. For she found out that I could neither add nor subtract, multiply nor divide. By every pedagogical means available my parents strove to inject mathematics into my illogical brain, but with distressing lack of success. It has been only by constantly renewed special dispensations that I have passed from grade to grade until I am now a junior in college.

Ever since the day of that discovery I have been humiliated by the thought that I was not to contribute to the family quota of arithmetical information. But now aside from this feeling of injured pride, I do not suffer from my misfortune. In fact, it has not been detected by many of my friends, although, I must confess, it has been perceived on several occasions by clerks in stores, who have thereupon tried to bewilder, or to cheat me. But, conscious of my weakness, I keep on my guard against this. For instance, if a salesman asks me for a quarter, when I have already given him five dollars to pay for a small purchase, I deny his request with an expression of reserve, and, I think I may say, hauteur, that discourages him in his attempt, whatever it is, and sends him scuttling after my proper change.

The whole problem of change, in fact, I have now settled fairly satisfactorily. I never go shopping without having by me a number of coins or bills of large denomination, one of which I offer in exchange for each purchase. In return I get quantities of smaller coins. When this becomes too heavy for me to carry about, I take it to a bank where it is again converted into bills of large denomination. This system I have found gives me much relief. It suggested itself to me when, on doing an errand at the grocer's for a friend, I observed instead of the large coin with which I went, I returned home with both a large one and one of smaller denomination. My childish experience with the cakes of chocolate then came vividly back to me, and I realized with new force that by subtraction one sometimes arrives at more instead of less. Subsequent experiences with change corroborated this truth with regard to the process of buying until now I regard it as the fundamental basis of my method of treating change.

Far from regarding them as a tragic fault, my friends take much delight in my mathematical shortcomings. I do not resent this mirth at my expense; and indeed, I would tell them tales even more interesting than any that fall under their observation, if I understood them. One instance, in which an expressman and I exchanged coins and recriminations on the street for perhaps half an hour, I am sure they would consider exquisitely humorous. He vociferated, I explained; finally I returned indoors, victorious, with a handful of money. My mathematical friend expressed herself as amazed to find that I had more at the end of the transaction than at the beginning. "But", I expostulated, "else why transact?" In this case I had simply followed my usual method.

Nevertheless, for several reasons I deplore my unfortunate disability. My friend, the mathematician, seems to feel a certain aesthetic delight in her cipherings. Poets seem to have felt this same ecstacy—"The world is so full of a number of things—" says Stevenson, and at the word *number* a skeleton appears to spoil my feast. Sometimes I find a strain of sympathetic feeling in the poets, however; for instance, even Browning seems a bit hazy as to his addition in the following:

"—out of three sounds he frames, not a fourth sound, but a star."

But it is the philosophers who discourage me most. If the world is arranged according to a mathematical interrelation of its parts as Descartes would have liked to believe, it is indeed a place not made for men. Or if everything and everybody has a number, as the Pythagoreans asserted, what an unlucky number mine must be!

Philosophy, however, has a way of making up for its own shortcomings, and, as I have proceeded with my study of it, I have found that it offers me consolation as well as condemnation. The gifted Leibnitz has proved conclusively to me that the quantitative method of looking at things is fallacious. In this belief I shall rest. I may miss something of the esoteric delight involved in cube root and logarithms, but, on the other hand, I am absolutely free from mercenary motives, business cares, partial payments, cardplaying, and crochet.

BERNICE KUNEY.

Pygmalion

Pygmalion to Galatea

Ah, take my hand
And let me lead you
Along the foot-smoothed path
To the pebbly edge
Of the shaded brook.

And there bend low,
And unafraid, see
Through the transparency
Of the changing water
The blue of the sky.

Ah, see your face—
Softly flushed with stooping,
Not cold but living—
Your eyes, which when opening,
Beheld my love.

And raise your hand
And twist the golden curls,
And press your warm lips,
Then give me back your hand
To feel the warmth.

And dip your foot
Into the water
And shatter the mirror,
To feel the cool rush
Of little waves.

Ah, turn your eyes
Over the narrow, winding
Paths, to the sunny slope
Of the nearest hill
Where vine-yards glisten white.

Come, take my hand,
And let us
Along the foot-smoothed paths
To the foot of the hill
And mount the hundred steps
To my castle.

MARY CONVERSE.

Ambition

Once I longed
To be a
Flyer
In the
Aviation corps,
Rising high
And rising higher
Where the giant
Eagles soar.
Then with joy
I would be
Sighing
In an ecstasy
Of bliss
If I only
Could be flying
Like this!
And up
And up
Up

Then I got
A job at steering
A gigantic
Monoplane;
And while crowds
Were loudly
Cheering
I ascended
From the plain.

Something happened
To the motor
When the spark
Began to
Miss,
And because
I'm not
A floater
I went
Skooting
Down
Like
This!

Now no more
I am repining
To go sailing
In the sky
Where the chilly
Winds are
Whining
And the noble
Eagles fly.
But I have
A job as brakie
And my heart is
Filled with bliss
Though the freight car
May be shakey
It runs smoothly on like this!

An Experience in Fetichism

"NIGHT fell over the village," reads the chronicle of the Ostiaks," and Gbalo, the Talker, who entered the straw hut where stood Mulungu, the god who is good. Carved out of fine wood he was and clothed in the richest cloth that traders ever brought from the coast. Gbalo knelt low, resting his forehead on the ground.

'For the people Gbalo gives thanks,' he said Thou hast heard our prayers, Mulungu, and well has thou answered them. When we prayed for rain, we brought thee jugs, and lo! it rained. When we went to war, we brought thee spears, and lo! the blood of our enemy ran in rivers. Thou hast made us good and happy, and we have been grateful. We have brought thee offerings, Mulungu. Even now the drums of the Ostiaks are beating in thy praise.'

"Thus prayed Gbalo," says the Chronicle, "and as he prayed he dreamed a dream, while without, in the great forest, the warriors danced round the fire, beating their drums in praies of Mulungu."

She had one of those faces that make a man, though he gaze at them but once, search his memory for all the wicked acts he has committed and bitterly regret each one. The face resembled in its long, though finely rounded lines, and in its general contour, that of a Madonna of the early Renaissance, such as Fra Filippo Lippi loved to paint on the walls of the Prato Cathed-

ral. Indeed, so striking was the similarity, that unconsciously one looked long and earnestly to discover the nebulous halo which the Fra's Madonnas invariably wear—somewhat rakishly, it is true, but which nevertheless impart an air of stainless purity.

She wore five small roses in her hair, entwined in the curls that were arranged in complicated design above her high forehead. In her hands she held a wreath of roses somewhat larger in size and numbering seventeen. One would judge that her eyes were large and dark, but one could not be sure, for they were constantly downcast and fixed steadily on a rose in the wreath which she held in her hands—the ninth rose from the top. Her dress was one of simple white stuff, with four ruffles around the bottom and a row of eleven black buttons running from the neck to the waist.

These somewhat precise details I can vouch for, because I have checked them over hundreds, nay, thousands of times, until they have become as familiar and inevitable to me as the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet. Going still farther, if I thought that numerical exactness could enhance the vividness of this description, I might add with unerring accuracy that each of her high shapely shoes had a row of sixteen buttons, plainly visible when the light was good; that she stood in front of a chair with four rungs, and leaned against a table of which but two legs could be seen.

To me she was, for more than half a year, a photograph, though not merely a photograph. There was a spirit back of it, or rather hovering near it, that I sometimes called my guiding star, sometimes my ethereal sponsor, but more often, because I am subject to human frailties, my reproving angel. In the latter rôle this spirit struck an especially responsive chord within me. Often at night I stood humbled and abashed before the girl with the Madonna face, writhing under the recollection of words uttered in anger, of a vulgar flirtation with a waitress, or of a riotious scene in a low resort where amber fluid is dispensed with a prodigal hand. On these occasions I often expected that the eyes, so rigidly fixed on the ninth rose from the top, of the wreath, would look up at me with deep reproach; but even though this did not occur, I would solemnly promise my angel to reform. Sometimes I did—for a week.

The photograph had come out of the dark chaos smelling strongly of mothballs and crowded with every conceivable article of a college youth's belongings from a briar pipe to a pair of lavender sox. I caught a hasty glimpse of the Madonna face as my roommate deftly removed it from between a crumpled shirt and a uniform coat. With a somewhat unmerciful dispatch, I thought, he affixed it with a large, cruel tack to the wall, for it was his habit to dispose permanently of each article as fast as he removed it from the trunk. It is still there, on the east wall of the room, squeezed in between a King's Pain-Killer calendar and a colored print of a small negro shoe-black who is weeping over a spilled can of polish, and who has been weeping since the Civil war, to judge from the warped, aged appearance of the rheumatic frame.

"Lizzie!" Albert had said on the occasion when he had so savagely disposed of the wonderful photograph. And while he rapidly flung shoes, combs and shaving soap out of the trunk, he added in jerky monosyllables: "My sis. Good sport. Home with the folks. Hang it, where'll I put this bath robe?"

Even at that time, though I had not yet learned to worship the Madonna girl, I felt a vague resentment against Albert for speaking of her in such a boorish, offhand manner, and calling her by such a homely name as Lizzie. He might at least, I thought, have used the full name, which is far more musical, although on the whole I was sorry that she hadn't been christened Christabel.

During the ensuing months I gathered but a few stray facts about the biography, accomplishments, and habits of Lizzie. Although in a roundabout way I tried to draw out my roommate regarding these interesting topics, I did not dare openly to ask questions that were ever uppermost in my mind, for somehow her name stuck like a large, unwieldy lump in my throat and I never found the strength or the courage to force it beyond my lips. I think I must have been a little bashful.

Thus my adoration of the Madonna girl remained a cherished secret which only on rare occasions was violated in verses of my own composition, ranging from a sonnet on *She Who Rules* to an impassioned lyric entitled *An Affinity in Sepia*, with a large representation of odes, quatrains, and triolets. The verses I carefully filed away in a large manila envelope, which I frequently consulted during those precious moments when I was alone in the room, and read them aloud in an emotional whisper to the picture and its spirit which had inspired them. To this bulky brown package I added during the course of time several priceless momentoes that were reminiscent of Lizzie. These included a cubical piece of flinty brown substance which originally had been chocolate fudge, made, so Albert assured me, by Lizzie herself. A large box of this delicacy had arrived on his birthday by parcel post, and it angered me to hear his loud lip-smackings as he devoured the fudges, while I dissolved them slowly in my mouth, feeling that these ambrosial morsels were a delightful though perishable bond between Lizzie and me. One of them I slipped into my pocket, later trans-

fering it to a remote corner of a bureau drawer, where it speedily assumed the appearance and texture of a mahogany chip.

Although at times I felt a maddening desire to be in the presence of Lizzie, to be able to hear her voice, watch the movements of her lithe body, and—oh, the sweet ecstasy of it—perhaps touch her hand; I believe I should have been happy indefinitely if she had remained a photograph and a spirit, nothing more. During those passing moments of desire, I gained vicarious comfort from a secret contemplation of the petrified fudge which her own slim hands had made, and then, satisfied, my typewriter would again drum off paeans of praise to spiritual beauty, while now and then I turned my eyes to a place on the wall six inches removed from the negro shoe-black whose tiny body held such an unquenchable fountain of tears.

Quite unexpectedly, on a fine day in spring, Albert looked up from a letter he had received from home and coolly announced that Lizzie would arrive on the 1 o'clock train and would remain in the city a few hours before continuing on her trip to an aunt in a neighboring town. My joy bordered on imbecility. I wandered erratically about the room, pulling out books from the case and putting them back again; twisting pictures on the wall into impossible positions; winding the clock so tight that the spring creaked; in short my deportment was such that Albert hid my cigarette case behind the mirror. My agitation increased when he asked me to accompany him to the station, where, he said, we would check Lizzie's baggage and then take her on a tour around the University grounds until train time.

How we got there I can't recall, although I have a dim recollection that during our walk the birds shone brighter and the sun chirped merrier than ever before, and the people, the streets, the buildings seemed shrouded in a roseate haze. Even the shriek of the brakes of the train gliding into the station seemed to my befuddled senses like the musical creak of the heavenly gate admitting me into paradise. I searched the crowd that dropped out of the day coaches for the familiar face of the Madonna girl. The crowd thinned out; I turned away in deep despair. Suddenly I became aware that Albert was shaking hands with a fat young lady who was encumbered with two grips, an umbrella, a hatbox, and a large piece of gum which she had trouble in manipulating in her left cheek while she talked an endless stream of nothings.

She might have been beautiful sixty pounds ago, I thought. Indeed, there were still in her moon-like face a few lines suggestive of comeliness, as the red stains in the bottom of a thick glass tumbler are suggestive of the rare wine which it once contained. She was astonishlingly fat. There was something about her that hinted at bovine contentment, paper-covered novels, a hammock, sticky candy, hot sun, and buzzing green flies. She was, I thought, a cousin, or a second sister, perhaps.

Albert caught a glimpse of me over one of her heaving shoulders, for I had circled about in the hope that this obese creature hid the frail form of the Madonna girl who might have been following her. Albert called me. Reluctantly I came over to them.

"This is Lizzie," he said.

The girl giggled and held out a fat, moist hand.

"To Gbalo, as he bowed before the god, Mulungu, there came this dream," goes on the Chronicle of the Ostiaks. "The wooden fetich before him came to life and stood there, a man, even as Gbalo was. And Gbalo said in surprise:

" 'This is not Mulungu, he who made us strong in battle.'

" 'I am Mulungu,' said the man.

" 'But,' said Gbalo angrily, 'you are like me or Mafooka, or even as any warrior of the Ostiaks. I thought thee a spirit.'

" 'I am Mulungu,' said the man.

"And then," says the Chronicle, "Gbalo awoke in great anger and found no one in the hut save himself and the wooden fetich. Gbalo seized the image with a cry of rage and with it ran out into the forest where the warriors were beating their drums in praise of the god, Mulungu.

" 'Mulungu is no god!' cried Gbalo. 'He is a man as we are. In a vision I saw him, and it is true!'

"They believed him, for Gbalo was the wisest of the Ostiaks. They flung the fetich into the fire. And all that night the good palm wine flowed faster and faster; and faster and faster sounded the beating of the drums and the warriors danced and drank till they fell over one by one beneath the great trees. And then came the drought, and the plague of locusts, for the ashes of Mulungu were lying in the forest and all faith was gone."

ERNEST L. MEYER.

L'Esprit

THEY sat on a hill-top, and low clouds floated above them, each one very little and round and light; and below them the sheep were feeding. The girl apparently was explaining her point of view on some question to the boy, an attractive youth, big and dark, with a certain indescribable carelessness in his attitude which was wholly charming.

All of a sudden, the girl jumped up and went through a wild kind of a dance, as free, as unconscious as the wind. It was awkward, clumsy, but it was full of expression. Then she sat down and continued her conversation.

"Why did you do that?", asked the boy.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It was this intoxicating air and that heavenly green stretch below, I guess. I don't know."

"You don't? I do! There was something in you that you had to express. I have seen the same thing happen other times in other people. And *It* does not always take the form of dancing."

"No?"

"No. Once I saw a girl in a depot behind a cigar-case. She was pale and thin and tired-looking. But suddenly she burst into song; and regardless of the people about, sang 'Annie Laurie' at the top of her voice, very squeakily and entirely off the key. Then she became aware of the amused faces about her and stopped, and with a sheepish grin concerned herself with arranging her boxes. But for a moment *It* was in her."

"What do you mean by *It*, and what is *It*?", the girl asked.

"I don't know. It was something unconscious, spontaneous, superb. Perhaps it is youth, perhaps it is love, perhaps it is hope."

"Have you seen it appear any other times?"

"Yes," he replied, "once I saw a stoutish man of sixty walking with a suitcase in his hand. The thickly populated street made a steep dip before him. He stopped and regarded the hill stretched out; then took off his hat, dropped his satchel, and *ran* down the middle of the street as fast as he could go. It was splendid! He got to the bottom quite winded, and came to, so to speak, with a jerk. He had to go back up the hill for his suitcase, which made him very angry; but *It* had come to him, too."

"Grand! Tell me some more," said the girl, her eyes shining.

"And," continued the youth, "once there was a girl in my father's factory who got eight dollars a week. She could hardly get along. Her clothes were battered, and she didn't have enough to keep her warm in cold weather. Finally, after about two months of scrimping and deprivation, she saved ten dollars. And what do you think she did with the money?"

"I haven't an idea."

"She walked down town, and in a window she caught sight of some high, red boots, unspeakably bright. She *had* to have them; so she entered the shop and delivered herself of her ten dollars at once."

"What a shame!", said the girl.

"No! I say hurrah! I'm *glad* she got the terrible, red boots. *It* came to her also, and she—" but he was interrupted by an unexpected proceeding. The girl came near, and leaning over him, without any warning, kissed him soundly on the cheek.

He retreated, overcome.

"My dear girl, *why* did you do that?"

"Oh, how do I know?", she said. "Perhaps *It* came to me. 'It may have been youth, it may have been love, it may have been hope,'" she mimicked. "How should *I* know!"

ALICE VAN HISE.

The Waist-Maker

"IT WOULD be better. A little color, I always say, is good. Just a little blue around the neck. . . . Yes. Well, so after the first kid died, my sister adopted another baby,—(thought she'd have better luck this time)—a cute little fellow, I'll have to admit, — big blue eyes and a wizened, screwed up mouth. What? . . . Don't like blue? A little red be better? Here hold this up to your neck. . . . James, she named him. But he died on her too. Only two years old. Pretty bad. The grippe, she says it was, but I always said she didn't feed it enough. . . . What? Don't like red, either? Well you *are* . . . Want it plain? Here lift over those pins. . . . So that broke her up pretty good, his dying like that. Made her kind of crazy. I always said she was a little wrong anyhow. . . . But she up and tried another. The Childrens' Home didn't want to let her have it, but she got her way. A little girl this time. Had it three months now. It's getting paler and paler. She's fussy,—my sister. Gets on a mad if you try to touch the baby. . . . Hm? Like that better? All right, I'll sew it plain. . . . So one day I had the baby for the morning over here, and I sneaked in some milk, and it drank and drank like it was starved, and its eyes didn't look so dog-like after that. But my sister came in and saw, and grew as white as this waist she was so mad. . . . Toss me the scissors there? . . .

Thanks . . . 'What d'you mean,' she says, her eyes red, 'giving it milk while I'm away. . . . You can't touch it. Nobody can. It's mine and I'll feed it when I want to.' . . . So she snatched it home. That was two weeks ago. The poor thing is so thin, you can't imagine. Just lies where its put without moving. . . . What? Yes, almost through. Have to baste it up here. Only one more fitting. About five o'clock tomorrow?"

ALICE VAN HISE.

Crabbed Age and Youth

SOMEWHERE, in his delightful little book of essays, "Virginibus Puersque", Stevenson, humorously and half-banteringly, and in the tone of one who is already in the passing stage, depicts the everlasting struggle between "Crabbed Age and Youth". And one is pleased with the picture,—whether one be young or old. For to youth, he gives the laurel of courage and Utopianism. To age,—well, it is for him a comfortable retiring place where he views with some envy and a great deal of amusement his youthful wild oats, —physical and intellectual, (among which he counts having once been a red-hot Socialist)—and the inevitable change, for we cannot and must not remain Peter Pans forever.

And to the snare that age lays for youth's ideals in the form of the catchword, "Oh, that's the way I felt when I was your age." Stevenson proffers the facetious reply by youth. "I shall probably think so when I am your age". But from the standpoint of youth, the matter is not solved quite so easily. For youth, if it is utopian, if it is red-hot socialistic, or red-hot anything, is neither facetious nor humorous; it is fiercely bitter against the very world which it is seeking to reshape; fiercely bitter because it sees on the one hand the danger of unfulfilment, and on the other, the danger of compromise and conservatism—the very nest into which Stevenson (though I doubt his word) remarks he is sinking.

The struggle exists in the form of youth's violent protest against the existing world order which is met with a stern rebuke from old age, or in youth's unconscious weaving of dreams, which though not explicitly launched against the order, yet contemplates its reconstruction, and which is usually met with kind, smiling, patronizing glances from our elders, who pat us on our bright little heads and say: "How ingenious . . . but you cannot know . . ."

I hardly know which of the two is worse. No matter how much one loves the battle, no matter how true it is that the open fight brings out all the merits of our proposals, though it does not weary of the fight, youth wearies of bitterness and the constant offensive—and grows old. On the other hand, what would it not give to be able to say to the kindly patter: "No, this is my game. You have experience, but I have vigor and freshness. Don't you see my dream is for you? You need it more than I need your advice". But it is impotent in the face of kindness; it can only murmur something about being "awfully good".

Why is it that youth differs and rebels? I can only answer with all the conceit of youth itself: Because it is yet full of the glory of creation. It finds evil in the world, evil and maladjustment. To mend?—that were ineffective patchwork for old women of both sexes. It will recreate—else why was it brought to earth?

What is it that youth rebels against? I must confess, with all of youth's vaguness: Everything, everything, everything, from the older generation's method of eating and dressing to the older generation's method of administering individual and social justice; against all the ugliness of the world, (it knows not who is responsible for this ugliness but suspects the generation immediately preceding of the guilt of permitting it to exist); aye, even against that which is now called the "beauty" of the world.

I use the words, "confess" and "vagueness", but I do not mean thereby to condemn youthful rebellion. (How could I?) I can no longer declare with the fervor of sixteen: "Better a million wild dreams, than satisfaction with a life that deadens, that has already deadened", because I am no longer so sure as to what is deadening for I am on the danger line of doubt and confusion. I cannot even agree with Stevenson when he says "Give me a man that can make a fool of himself". But after all, Shelley, he whose name has so often been invoked by old age which points a warning finger, is surely more inspiring than that old-young cynic, Byron.

"Poor Shelley," I muse unconsciously; and then stop myself. Why, "poor Shelley"? If I could answer that . . . but I can answer it—with youth's intolerance of youth. Shelley protested against the same things which I protest against, but in a different way. And old age knows of my intolerance for Shelley and Shelley's intolerance for a solution other than his own

of the problems of religion and social institutions; old age knows, and shakes its head sagely, and says, "If we let you half-baked young fools go off, where would you get to? No, no we have learned the art of life. You, you, too must learn . . ."

And yet when all is said, there is so much mystery in life! How keenly I remember my search for "reasons" for this and that problem, and my inability to grasp them when my mother (who of course like everyone's mother cannot be included in the ranks of the enemy) tried to explain. Today, (from the vantage point of superior wisdom!) the reasons are as plain as day. Perhaps another day, I shall learn to understand something which troubles me now. But is understanding, accepting? One must accept, you say? But who shall judge for me, how much I am to accept? I am keenly aware of a feeling that to accept many things now were to commit spiritual suicide.

You tell me that the youthful rebel is not so common? Your experience even more than mine belies you. And what if he were rare? Is the bitterness of unfulfilment and the maddening torment of the failure to find a solution, any the lighter?

I remember, one dark evening when I walked the long stretch home, full of bitterness and despair, because—oh because there was still misery and injustice, because the very people I wish to work with and among regarded me with suspicion, because I doubted and mistrusted myself,—I heard three men discussing the war.

"This", said the first, "is a war for you young men. You wanted some excitement,—you wanted to go out and have a hot time with the world".

"That remark", retorted another heatedly, "shows up your cynicism regarding men, regarding everything. You've got a system on your hands you can't manage; you're weary of the world; you have no faith in any new internationalism; no, the world must go on in the same old way, because it is the only way. And so far as you are concerned, why not have war? You aren't going to do the bloody work; you're going to do the sentimentalizing. I tell you, this is an old man's war, a war of world-weary and over-wise men. And the damnable thing is that we, who aren't weary, are being swept off . . ."

The first speaker tried several times to interrupt but the other's rage carried him along. And then the third spoke up . . . "Well, go ahead, fight it out, and spill your own blood. I don't know who started this war, but I want to venture that if you young fellows and we old fellows—what's left of us—don't get together and patch up this thing, well, it's going to be pretty bad for those that follow us."

Easily spoken words! but how to bring youth and old age together? It's a bitter, bitter problem for youth. It is only in our lighter moods that we can indulgently and good humoredly with Stevenson glance back at the glorious full-blooded days, and then go in the convictions of old age. That would not be reconciliation; it would only be as an agreement to disagree. And I (since I am still in the midst of the turmoil) will not agree to disagree—that has been too bloody a process.

Someone—one of those wonderful older persons to whom youth instinctively flees, even more than it flees to youth itself, found me my answer ("Of course," I hear old age murmur) far better than I could find it. The only solution is for the world to remain young,—young not with the bitterness of youth but with its ideals; young in the sense that it realizes that the institutions it protested against at twenty, were and are defective; old only in so far as it may have a sounder solution—not a cowardly shelving — of the problem; young in that it realizes the immense store of joy and beauty of which our present mode of life takes so little recognition; old in so far as it knows how to weave these bright strands into the raiment of our every-day life, to weave until perhaps one day all the colors will be bright with youth's glow . . . and then, and then. . . . but the colors are ever changing, ever becoming brighter and purer.

Very nice and vague, but practically worthless? But —well, that was my starting point.

ELSIE GLUCK.

The Day

We heard a child's voice in the sky at dawn—
The world lay hushed, waiting.

We felt a youth's strength in the wind at noon—
Waves foamed over the rocks.

And at eve an old man's face peered at us—
The soft hand of twilight caressed the calm water.

ERNEST L. MEYER.

The Book Shop

DR. KALLEN'S NEW BOOK.

One of the characteristics of our time is that philosophers think with their feet on earth and their eyes level with the problems of men. Here, for example, is a new book by Dr. H. M. Kallen, called *The League of Nations, Today and Tomorrow*. The reader may have a variety of exciting adventures, but he never ascends to the rarified atmosphere of metaphysical speculation. From the Preface to the Postscript he is in the current of contemporary discussion. The problems considered are living problems, and the solutions suggested are equally concrete. If there is anything to remind the reader of philosophy it is a certain regard for fundamentals and a certain largeness of spirit.

The League of Nations is Dr. Kallen's second book on the reorganization of international relations. His previous volume, *The Structure of Lasting Peace*, is a declaration of the author's faith in man's ability to conceive and to execute a better method of living together internationally. It is an illuminating study of the psychology of nationalism, and was highly praised by reviewers in *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and elsewhere, both for its content and its eloquence. In the present volume all the emphasis is on the means or instrumentalities through which faith in the new order may take practical form. The same faith in man, in democracy, in intelligence is there, as is the author's nice sense of the meaning of words and his feeling for rhythm. But the outstanding quality of the book is its neighborliness to facts and conditions. Anyone interested in international reorganization will find in Dr. Kallen's book an extraordinary wealth of detailed proposals regarding the actual machinery of a desirable and feasible league of nations. Studying the author's program the readers confidence in the possibility of a new internationalism will grow, even as he gets an enlarged conception of the job proposed. In other words, Dr. Kallen's *The League of Nations* is an important document in the theory and practice of internationalism. As such it gives promise of making an impression upon international politics, and of being recognized as one of the living books of this critical period. At all events, university students and all others vitally interested in world reconstruction, will find this volume by a recent member of our Department of Philosophy, a field rich in information and suggestion.

M. C. O.

JOAN AND PETER

H. G. Wells. N. Y. Macmillan Co.

H. G. Wells has subtitled his latest novel "The Story of an Education." The book deals with the life of two young people, Joan and Peter. When their guardian found himself with two active, vital youngsters on his hands, he determined to devote his life to seeing that they received the best education that England afforded. The more he investigated school systems, the more confused he became. What was education getting at anyway? The schools were conventionalized; they permitted no individuality; they seemed to lead nowhere. "The generations were running to waste like rapids," and there was nothing to stop them.

Joan and Peter attended the best schools and colleges in England. They were active, healthy young people, well educated as the standards of the world go; but they were restless with all the restlessness of youth that can find no satisfactory outlet for its vitality; they were bored, because they were full of hopes and ambitions which they could not understand or realize. They were bubbles being swept along on the surface of a swift stream. They typified the state of the whole world, a world bored and restless with the frantic dissipation of its energies in an attempt to amuse itself. Then came the war; a result, Wells hints, of this same world-wide ennui.

The men who came back from the Great Adventure came back with something more vital in their clutch on life, and something keener in their loves and friendships. The great world strife, Wells feels, will have a revivifying effect upon all who have been involved in it. It will give them insight and purpose. But war is far too great a price to pay. There is something very wrong with a society which needs a war to revivify it and give force to its purposes.

Many men have had glimpses of an ideal state of society, but they can only feel for it and talk around it, for they have only an elusive vision. Some have laid their foundations of their ideal in the world of science; some think that religion is the key to it; some visualize a political Utopia; but Wells sees that this end may be reached only thru a higher, clearer, more personal education. Until then peace is impossible, for a peace that means merely an absence of war is a negative state that cannot endure. Men hate war, but peace bores them. As Peter says, "If you take the war out of the world, you must have some other activity. Struggle and unification, which is the end sought in all struggles, must go on in some form while life goes on." There is an ideal state, but the name of it isn't peace, and it may be acquired thru an education which gives a firmer, more active grip on life.

God is introduced into the book as the Old Experimenter, whom Peter met in a delirious dream. When Peter accused him of running the world badly, he said, "One has to be fair. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the Kaiser. Don't blame me for the mess you're in. There isn't a thing in this whole concern of mine that Man couldn't control if he only chose to control it. There's more system than you'd suspect, only it's too ingenious for you to see. If people don't know enough, let them find out. It's all here and yours to command. Why don't you exert yourself?"

It is a very nebulous and elusive ideal that Wells sets forth thru Joan and Peter and the Old Experimenter, but it is something for future generations to look forward to, a perfect education and a lasting peace.

ADELINE BRIGGS.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly During the Academic Year. Annual Subscription, One Dollar. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Madison, Wis. **Publication Office, Room 121, University Hall.**

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IMPRESSIONS

A wind-tossed bark, cruising an endless space
Of unknown sea and sky, beyond the world of man
Even as I.
By night the sea is often threatening and obscure
But sometimes, fleeting star-glints, borrowed from the sky
Are caught reflected on the crests of waves
Before they break and hiss into a swirl of foam.
By day, the vessel sometimes skirts a coast
Of jutting rock, along whose ragged edge
Cauldrons of tortured waters writhe and twist
Held in a torment of vain struggle.
Then often in the bright blue-gold of noon
My sea lies open like a boyish smile,
All new, and radiant, and clear;
Unlearned in arts of subtle changing years
And world-worn things that are to be.
But when slow-ending day must bow at length
In deference to on-coming night,
Then contemplation, as a breath of mist subdues
The mirrored gaze of the bald, scarlet sun,
And lilts the spirit of all roving things to rest.

BERTHA OCHSNER.

Breaking Even

(Continued from page 89)

Jenny—Oh—my God, Jim. You give me an awful scare—I forgot you was around.

Jim—That's nothing new; but listen to me. Don't be a fool, Jen, go easy with Kimball. It don't pay to get him sore. He's a devil when things ain't comin' his way.

Jenny—You're not askin' me to fall in with his scheme, are you?

Jim—I ain't askin' you to do nothing that'll hurt you. You ought to know that by now. But there's just one thing I want, Jenny. Won't you—won't you trust me—won't you hand me enough to do what I say, just once?

Jenny (wearily)—Don't put it that way, Jim.

Jim—All you got to do is hunt up 'K. G.,' tell him you thought it over, and you're on, see? Leave everything else to me—won't you, Jenny?

Jenny (after a long pause)—I can't—I can't.

Jim (stepping back a little, slowly, dully, as though the last faint glint of hope was flickering out)—Then you don't trust me?

Jenny continues to stare fixedly before her and does not answer. Jim, with an added stoop to his shoulders, starts for the door.

Jenny (detaining him)—There's just one person I want to see—I *got* to see, now. It's Clyde Mitchell—Jim. Just left a second ago—his room's up on fourth somewheres. Will you get him for me?

Jim (heavily)—Sure. (He goes out).

Meanwhile a rift of lingering sunlight plays in and out the dusty window hangings, falling with kind impartiality on the red cloth roses, and making them things of beauty, for the moment at least. Jenny, pale and tense, paces back and forth, across the little room, and now, pausing at the window, she gazes into the west with half closed lids. Out there beyond the straggling limits of the town, lies a grim red canyon where a swift, cool wind is tugging at the trees. One thought, one hope, one longing alone is in her heart. At this very moment the door, which has been left ajar, is flung wide and the artist steps buoyantly into the room.

Mitchell (as he sees Jenny, her head thrown back, her eyes closed)—Anything wrong, Miss Jenny? Mr. Taylor seems to think that—

Jenny (rousing herself)—You was good to come so quick.

Mitchell—Ah, there *is* something vitally wrong. I've never seen you like this before.

Jenny (with a weary smile)—Well it ain't exactly a Mardi Gras when a girl's lost her job.

Mitchell—Really? Oh, I say that's deucedly hard luck. How did it happen?

Jenny—Kimball got a peeve, and I got a—what do they call 'em—you know, in the newspapers—a—ultimatum, that's it.

Mitchell (laughing)—So you trod on his diplomatic toes, I take it.

Jenny—Sure, whatever that is.

Mitchell (attempting to level down his mode of expression)—That is to say, you must have riled your manager considerably.

Jenny—I did all right.

Mitchell—And what was the affair all about?

Jenny—Oh, 'K. G.' got a sudden hunch that I was to get clubby with "Big Macy." He's the new lion, in the last act. Same old gag—little extra coin for being a bigger fool than anybody else. And I told him—nothing doing.

Mitchell—You refused, absolutely?

Jenny—Right again. Then he gets snortin' mad and says—'You'll come around or lose yer job.' And—and—so I'm losin' it. See?

Mitchell (amazed)—But I imagined that you were entirely fearless. That's one of your greatest charms.

Jenny (hesitant)—Three days ago, I would have done it. Then there wasn't no half-way decent days, except holidays and paydays—but now, it seems like I can't bear the thought of maybe gettin' torn to pieces or even—killed.

Mitchell—I don't understand, Miss Jenny.

Jenny—I mean it's like what I told you before this afternoon—oh, don't you get me, Mr. Mitchell?

Mitchell (vaguely ill at ease)—I'm sorry to be so stupid.

Jenny (groping for expression)—I mean—I mean—(then desperately) oh God, it ain't no good beating around the bush. I mean it's *you* that's the only reason I lost my nerve, and my job, and my rotten old way of lookin' at things. It's you what's made me care about livin'—it's you—.

Mitchell—Please, Miss Jenny—.

Jenny (swept along on the stream of her passion)—I know you don't think I'm talkin' like I should, but I got to—I got to, that's all. If it hadn't bin for them nice things you said to me this afternoon—it'ed be different. You meant 'em, didn't you?

Mitchell—Yes, yes, of course, but—.

Jenny (coming forward, with all the innate faith and naivete of her nature revealed)—Then you remember how you looked at me, smilin' and says, 'Ever since this afternoon when I was drawin' you on the edge of the big red canyon, with the wind blowin' through your hair—I've been wonderin' how under the stars I was goin' to get along without you.' Remember?

Mitchell—(nods in silence).

Jenny (with brilliant eyes and parted lips)—Well—you won't *have* to get along without me—'cause I'm free now, and I'm lookin' at the world with my eyes open—like you made 'em be. (She takes the artist's hand in both of hers and pats it childishly)—Oh gee, it's worth losin' a million jobs for this.

Mitchell draws back with a racking shudder at the sudden realization of mischief done by his intense artistic attraction to this traveling show-girl. One knows him to be inordinately conceited, absorbant of flattery, insufferably patronizing, yet one must recognize at least a sentiment of regret, artistic or otherwise, which he is now experiencing in advance at having to cause the girl any real pain.

Mitchell (unevenly)—Jenny, I'm afraid you've misunderstood me—my words, my attitude. I like you, of course, that goes without saying, but my interest has been—.

Jenny has caught the tone of his voice and grows dazed, unable to believe that it is Clyde Mitchell who stands in the room beside her.

Mitchell (continuing)—You can't imagine how much I regret the loss of your posi—job, and also that I may have been the cause for such a misfortune—.

Jenny (uncomprehensive)—Don't—It ain't—it can't be you that's talking'.

The artist turns away, silenced.

You mean—you mean you don't care about me?

Mitchell—I care, of course I care, but not with the interpretation that it has for you. I became interested in you as a type—you meant a vital new element in my work—I was fascinated by you as a model; your spirit was so refreshing, and then because I confided my enthusiasm you have misunderstood until now—.

Jenny (trying to fight back the hot tears of chagrin and humiliation)—Sure, I see. *Only* I wish to God I'd kept still. Now would you mind clearin' out quick—*please?*

Mitchell (turns slowly toward the door and hesitates) —Don't take it that way. I'm sorry—really. If there's anything I could do. Financially, you know, or—.

Jenny raises her hand to silence him, and her eyes are pleading that he go. Mitchell leaves, feeling that were she of his social state, he might possibly owe Jenny a great deal.

Left to herself, there are long, deadened moments in which the girl finds it scarcely possible to breathe. Then, with no attempt at control, deep, shuddering sobs pass through her slender frame, and she throws herself on the settee, burying her face in the pillows. Tears of self-pity merge gradually into tears of anger. She will *not* be crushed and now the girl is fighting desperately with what strength there still remains to gather in the threads of her old danger-loving self.

Jenny (choked between a laugh and a sob)—I'll do it—there ain't goin' to be nobody to put a yellow streak through my name.

She runs blindly for the door, trying to stifle the real fear that is in her heart. Jenny's hand is touching the door-knob as a force from without thrusts her back into the room. It is the manager—pent-up fury in every line of his florid, sagging face.

Jenny (wildly)—I was just startin' to find you, Mr. Kimball. Listen—I'll do it—I'm takin' the chance.

Kimball (thundering out his words)—Glad to hear it—but you can't. Couldn't if you wanted to. Some sneakin' black-mailer's got funny and poisoned "Big Macey." But believe me—Hell's a holiday to what he's goin' to get if I ever catch the man.

The door slams, and we hear the manager continue to roar out his wrath down the passageway.

Jenny is again alone, and after her first reaction of utter stupification, dawns the very realization that none other than Jim must hold the centre of the recent mystery.

Jenny (appalled)—Jim (and then, fervently as she begins to recognize his real value and devotion) —JIM!

BERTHA OCHSNER.