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The Wisconsin
Literary

Volume XX

Magazine

Number 8

A Morality Without a Moral

--Horace V. Gregory

The Adventures of Gaucelm

--I. M. Ramsdell

The Right Thing

--Paul Gangelin

June, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XX

Madison, June, 1921

Number 8

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ance and the reception of *The Tragedy of Nan* is that the University has been undernourished in its dramatic pabulum, and that it is capable of appreciating something more substantial than the stock company puppets which are, two or three times a year, dragged from oblivion and dusted off by all too many undergraduate organizations. This does not mean that the dramatic clubs on the campus should suddenly corrugate their collective brows and set out with grim determination to "do something big," nor does it mean that those which have been devoted to a serious purpose have failed; by no means—let us continue to have the typical undergraduate exuberances. Without them we should become even duller than we are. But it does mean that the organizations and classes which turn to theatrical activity should realize that they need not take as their model the box-office worship of the professional producer. They do not need to please a heterogeneous and unintelligent public in order to keep out of the poor-house, as does A. H. Woods, for example, according to his own confession; they have plenty of time to work out plays of a higher grade than those with which Madison is usually regaled; they have an amazing abundance of talent from which to choose; and they have, above all, an audience capable of appreciating the finest things that can be produced.

The Curtain Club demonstrated that well-trained, intelligent amateurs can present a play fit to be judged not as "amateur theatricals", but as a work of art. The criticisms that one heard of *The Tragedy of Nan* were not concerned with the primary gaucheness of amateur productions, but with the drama as an art.

If we but realized it, there are many powerful vital plays that could strike quite as responsive a chord as *The Tragedy of Nan*, and next year's classes might do well to hunt them up and present them instead of glib things like *The Marriage of Kitty* and *Cheating Cheaters*. We have the talent and the artistic sense in the University, but we are not making the fullest use of it.

THE TRAGEDY OF NAN. Madison, in respect to the drama, is a desert, affording a few muddy water-holes represented by the movies, one-night stand musical comedy, and occasional weak-kneed Shakespearian struttings, but we have sighted an oasis—the Curtain Club. Or, if the purely conjectural reader does not like the desert-oasis metaphor, let us say that the Curtain Club, in presenting *The Tragedy of Nan*, gave us a glimpse of light which may lead the way out of the bog in which the dramatic efforts of the University are mired.

Great credit is due the Club that it should have had the courage to produce a play without a happy ending, legs, or warmed-over vaudeville jokes. All the approved devices of pleasing the American audiences were omitted, and, lo! the audience was pleased nevertheless. The Curtain Club staked real money, hard work, and a tender sprig of a reputation on faith in the University public's ability to appreciate a vivid play, skillfully presented both as to action and as to properties, and the Curtain Club won.

The lesson which we should learn from the perform-

GRAPE JUICE BRAINS. Mr. Bryan came and went. He gave many of us something to talk about, and others, sadly enough, something to think about. Perhaps it is too much to hope that his brain, too, was prodded a little by the comments of faculty members on his address, but we cannot refrain from generously dedicating to him just a single, small hope.

THE FAT CHECK. The best seller needs no support in the University, but, almost incredibly, there are those who actually teach students, in their own words, "how to get the fat pay check." Despite the fact that we have now more than enough newspaper reporters and machine-made fiction writers, they are encouraging the struggling, uncertain talent which falls into their hands to go into the market of commercialized literature.

Writing was an art; it became a profession; are we going to allow it to be made a trade? There are obtainable formulae by the use of which anyone equipped with a two-thousand word vocabulary and a fountain

pen can turn out salable chunks of reading matter. This type of writing finds not only support but protagonists in the University. It is like encouraging a potentially great artist to become a sign painter because of the certainty of the monthly pay check; such doctrines are pernicious and weaken the influence of the University toward higher expression, for which purpose, after all, it exists. Those who want to learn to write merely for money—observe the word "merely"—will find their way to the formulae unaided, but those who have higher aims should not be deluded by pseudo-authoritative utterances into believing that writing is a business like selling groceries.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN

FRANCES DUMMER

HORACE GREGORY

RACHEL COMMONS

MAVIS MCINTOSH

EARL HANSON

MARGARET EMMERLING

INTIMATIONS.

PAUL GANGELIN

I stand alone upon the height;
 Love holds me in its magic spell,
 The young, sweet grasses of the dell,
 The oaks, the fading evening light
 Unite in one harmonious swell.

The rooks beat homeward through the wood;
 Night's army gathers on the hills.
 My heart with quiet rapture thrills
 And feels the silent force of good;
 The unity that Nature wills.

Each night I come and wait for you,
 For you, who do not come, yet I
 Know that we will, like earth and sky,
 Be joined and stand as one, not two,
 To watch day's glory fade and die.

A Morality Without a Moral

HORACE V. GREGORY

CAST:

Natilie, a kitchen maid.
Simon, a saint.
The Devil.

TIME:

Any time from the beginning of the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day.

PLACE:

The South Eastern End of the Earth.

The curtain rises upon a semi-darkened stage. There is a ruddy glow from the right which represents the eternal fires of Hell pouring upward from the Bottomless Pit. The stage is bare but for a clump of trees at the extreme left. The background is lost in darkness.

Enter Natilie leading Simon by the hand. Natilie is dressed in a costume that brings to the conventional mind the picture of a French peasant girl that has been so skillfully drawn in "The Song of the Lark",—gaping bodice, short, nondescript skirt, bare legs and feet. She is, by the way, excessively pretty,—and conscious of the fact. Simon is wearing the cover-all garment of a Mediaeval monk; his head and feet are bare. He is tall and comely; he has the serene smile of the blind upon his face.

Simon

Art thou sure that this is the place? There is no sound anywhere; is Hell silent?

Natilie

Oh blind and foolish Simon! Can you doubt me? I'm Mother Eve's own daughter, and Mother Eve knew the Devil and his lodging place better than the ways of Adam himself.

Simon

I feel warmth and light creeping over my flesh, yet, it is evening with cool winds. There is a strangeness in the air. Is it thy beauty, Natilie?

Natilie

Nonsense, dear saint, this is no time for graceful speeches. Keep your thoughts away from me,—you

are to buy your sight from the master of Deviltries, so you'll realize me. That is your desire and my vanity. (*Her arms are about his neck.*) You are so handsome and yet too good for any woman—now, don't you love me?

Simon

I cannot say, and still thou art ruling me with all the skill and subtlety of any wife or mistress. I have been led away from the four great walls of the monastery that are filled with the numerous and Godly words of the saintly Father—and thou hast led me with thy melting voice and clinging hands.

Natilie

I know, Simon, that I'm really very pretty and when you see me, I also know that you would rather be the father of my children than the father of your church; as for my voice and hands, I've never heard them praised before, and my master, Giles Ginfint, the tailor, would flatter me with many demonstrative praises when he thought my mistress was out of sight and hearing, and so that is why I'm no longer a kitchen maid.

Simon

Yes, yes, so thou hast told me, poor girl. Men are deceit and women innocence.

Natilie

But innocence shall lead man into happiness.

Now, Simon, you must barter craftily with the devil, for he is envious of the virtues of a saint, yet he always drives a costly bargain. I would not have my Simon cheated of all his comely features.

Simon

Nay, do not fear, little one; goodness is wisdom and wisdom born of good is beyond the powers of evil. (*Rumblings are heard from the pit.*)

Natilie

Now I must go, Simon. He is coming.

Simon

Go? No, no. Thou art to stand by me. I have saintly fears. Sweet woman, stay near me—do not go—I—

Natalie

Shame be upon you, Simon. Virtue is brave and you may sell bravery to the devil, but you must hold it with both hands now. (*She kisses his closed eyes.*) My dear, I must not look upon the author of evil, for only a saint can withstand temptations. (*Laughter and groans from the pit.*)

Simon

I am benumbed, cold all over. Father in Heaven, I pray to Thee—we must go back, Natilie. Lead thou me back again.

Natilie

Come, come, Simon, you must meet him, you must. Oh, dear, dear Simon, for my sake, Simon, so you shall see me, Simon. Come! (*She drags Simon to the edge of the pit.*) You'll be brave, now won't you? He can't hurt you.

Simon

Beautiful voice, do not leave me. Oh, oh. (*He shudders. The rumblings from the pit are louder than ever.*)

Natilie

I am going, Simon, but remember, don't sell your beauty, Simon; I'll be back again, soon, then you'll see me.

Simon

Natilie! (*Natilie rushes off stage left. Simon turns to follow her; he tries to run, but he stumbles and falls. The devil rises from the pit. He is a well-built broad-shouldered fellow. His body is green, which shines through a heavy coating of black hair. He sits upon the edge of the pit, with his legs dangling over the infernal regions below. He turns halfway about and sees the saint, who is on his knees, his lips moving in prayer.*)

Devil

Well, well, whom have we here? Ah ha—a saint! My boy, I can almost see your halo. (*Simon struggles to his feet and faces the devil. His jaws are set. Then he stands erect. He has, by this time, recovered his poise and dignity.*)

Devil

Eh, what have I done now? I suppose I'm in for a bit of a scolding. Well, I admit I'm a little tired running things below according to my own sweet way, so you see, I'm open to suggestions. Go ahead.

Simon

Thou art he, the evil one?

Devil

Yes, yes, go on. (*In an undertone.*) These saints are so confoundedly cautious.

Simon

I am Simon, a monk of Picardy, son of Jeffery, the glover,—may his soul rest in paradise. I am a student of ecclesiastics at the monastery of Saint John. I have been led by a maiden to thy lodgings to do business with thee.

Devil

My salutations, dear sir. Ah, how I envy your thees and thous, attributes of saintliness,—but, let us proceed to our barterings—a thee and a thou would grace my vocabulary. Now, what would you have?

Simon

My sight, oh evil one.

Devil

Ah ha, your maiden must be pretty, eh?

Simon

I have felt her lips and they are shapely and soft to the cheek.

Devil

But really, young man, you ask too much. You want a world of maidens for a couple of thees and thous. Come, come, how would a few swear words do? A half dozen, a hundred, all you need or hope to need for future use. You know a woman likes a man who swears well upon occasion, when the time and place are ripe. I have a mine of choice blasphemy for just a thee, a thou, and a thy. You agree? Good! (*The glow from the pit dies down as the transaction takes place.*)

Simon

Ha, damme, here's a relief already. My tongue is freed and now—

Devil

Hold a little, my friend, thou art too fast. Now that I have thy—

Simon

Oh, oh, I feel them rising up my body to my lips, unthought of words, one, two, three, four, ah, I can't

count them. (*He trembles and coughs and swears softly under his breath.*)

Devil

Give unto me thy discretion, thy chaste restraint that so becomes a thoughtful young man, and I will give thee in exchange love and desire for women that passeth all understanding, a sweet lustiness that fills the skies with glowing colors.—It is done.

Simon

Life is tearing through me, I am bursting. Where is she? Natilie? (*He faces the devil and attempts to thrust him to one side.*) Ah, you foul fiend, let me by, I must follow her, follow her.

Devil (*Restraining him.*)

Tarry thee awhile; control thyself, wouldst thou see her? Ah, women are eyes, lips and body,—warm curves that are lost and found again—ye shall see, my boy, see! Give me thy beads, thy cloak, thy—

Simon

Stop, stop! I'll be stripped naked, you damned—

Devil

Thy body, straight, smooth and tall.

Simon

No, no, no, I can't, I can't, I can't. Let me go, I can't.

Devil

Come, come, my body is as fresh as thine. Then thou shalt see her. Ah, thou shalt have mine eyes that

scan the top of the world. I must have payment. Lord, lad, what thou shalt see!

Simon

Enough—it's over, done! (*The stage darkens for an instant. Simon's laughter is heard.*)

I'm naked as the wind itself, and as free—and over there the sun is coming out of India. (*Red glow from the pit lights up the stage again. The devil and the saint have exchanged personalities. The devil is blind, cool, and silent; the saint leaps to the edge of the pit, fascinated with danger and drunk with emotion.*)

Ah, ha, Sir Pensive, I'll have her now, with these two arms I'll clasp her round, and round, and round we'll go, Natilie and I, over hills and over—(*He slips and falls into the pit. Deep rumblings are heard again. Enter Natilie. The devil turns and gropes his way toward her.*)

Devil

Natie! Natilie!

Natie. (*Goes to him.*)

I'm here; can't you see me?—and you are blind after all?

Devil. (*Taking her into his arms.*)

Yes, but I have bought for thee a love greater than any mortal love, greater than any mortal man can give thee. Is that enough?

Natie. (*Her arms about his neck.*)

I suppose so.

CURTAIN.

TO W. E. L.

DORIS LOVELL.

Above thy golden leaves I bend entranced,
Thou prophet of this younger, older world,—
Younger, most lately come to birth, but older
Through the fruitful far-off years before
That lavished ointments rare of wisdom won,—
O Poet, thou, whose tones in heaven's deep dome
Give echoed answer upon answer to our
Call of earth; thy spirit was white-winged
Whose restless feet trod mightily the way
Through night, amid the wand'ring winds to
dawn.

Browning Butts In

VICTOR GUILLEMIN, JR.

How? Has it not sufficed that creeping on the very
earth,
Heavy and leaden with the burthen of flesh and bone
and blood,
I must needs ply the trade of tutor; stir dull brains, prod
up
With alien wit the witless, in speech and written word,
Saying: 't'was meant that thus and so this passage be
construed,
Setting, that fools might save their eyes, Abaris' lamp
for Calliope's torch;
But the blythe spirit, bending down these many weeks
and months—
(Ah, you deem this flattery? Nay! What though I
spend a month here,
Or a day, or any finite span of time you mortals dole
your joys by.
To me time is as nought. A century's a second, a
second a century! All's one.—)
Aye, to sit and listen, now amused, now bored to yawn-
ing,
Or sometimes highly wroth to hear some guilty youth
Hem, haw and stammer, plead adumbration in the
verse, baffling to honest search,
And all the while the lucid page lies beneath his palm
uncut;—
Must fall untangled in the floating rags of ignorance,
and to undo the toils,
Ply the same hateful task again. Oh happy Calchas!
Thou that fell before a wiser.
Nay, it rankles not, that men of meagre wit have called
me deep.
For never did I aim to make of truth a pap,
Dipped in honey and milk and fed to languorous pal-
ates with a spoon.
The wise man lauds the burry nut, though it be hard,
So it contains a meaty core. The fool shuns the rough,
prickly thing,
Casts it aside and goes unnourished.
Why! But now in steps the master, speaks, gives com-
mands:
"Find me a kernel! I insist you find it me."
Then there are strugglings of unaccustomed fingers.
Small is the skill,
Tight is the baffling husk that I so knowingly bound
round my inmost thoughts.
To take a case in point; e'en while I speak,
A hundred brows are corrugate, pencils gnawed,
Heads scratched to no avail. And all for what?

Because 'twas asked: What meant your Browning
when
He said: That man has courage?
Has *he* the true courage, he that knows not the taste
of fear?
Nay! Then the flea had courage, for he bites the lion
And sucks his fill, all unconcerned e'en while the hot
jaws
That tear the great bull-buffalo close round to crush
him.
Or the great hero of Hellas, Achilles, shouting to bat-
tle,
Rushing to hurl his well-proved might on the Trojans.
Small is the risk for him, sure is the out-come, surer the
glory,
The black-wolf tearing the flocks is courageous as he!
Nor is it that subtler force which makes bold the weak
man
To stand up to the mighty, to engage him and destroy
him,
In the silk-entwining coils of thought, fruits of a crafty
brain.
The wily-dug pit may safely baffle the wild-boar!
No, true courage—but stay, pluck that book from the
shelves,
Twirl the pages. I'll point you the place with your
finger.
There! There 'tis written for all who would seek it.
Truly
Not in the pleasant-smooth style. 'Twas never my
wont
To write the pale placid-sweet pellucid words
That lull to mental somnolence. Out upon it!
My verse is strong, ruthless, powerful, rank-smoking
With the hot-spilt sap of life.
Now! What is courage? Hear, Ixion speaks!
"What is the influence, high o'er Hell that turns to
rapture
Pain—and despair's murk mists blends in a rainbow
of hope?
What is beyond the obstruction, stage by stage tho it
baffle?
Back must I fall, confess: Ever the weakness I fled?
No, for beyond, far is a purity all unobstructed!
Zeus was Zeus—not man: wrecked by his weakness I
whirl.
Out of the wreck I rise—past Zeus to the Potency o'er
him!

I—to have hailed him my friend! I—to have clasped
 her—my love!
 Pallid birth of my pain—where light, where light is,
 aspiring
 Thither I rise, whilst thou—Zeus, keep the godship
 and sink!”
 Rapture-ridden, soul-stirring, transcendent is courage.
 Not of the flesh; that is mortal. Not of the mind,
 That rots and is food for the worms. Not of man,
 But for man, for him who dares grasp it.
 Blinding and thundering, all-engulfing, it snatches the
 soul
 Free from the brain and the body, reckless of both;
 Reckless of thought or of pain—triumphant—Ixion!
 Thee is it vouchsafed, alone of all mortals—drain the
 cup, wild sweet,

The wild terrible cup, drain it again, and yet again—
 pause—. I know thee:
 “Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat, the mist in
 my face.
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote I am near-
 ing the place,
 The power of night, the press of the storm, the post of
 the foe
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form—”
 Down, down, giddily down I whirl, yet stir not.
 Limbs are numb, brains numb, hope even is still.
 Down, down, ever down! Sudden, a flash!
 What raises the brow of the spirit, turns the worst to the
 best?
 Courage has reached to the depths! In a fanfare
 Of awful music, I rise to my God!

The Right Thing

PAUL GANGELIN

The boy and the horse plodded slowly, wearily through the parched lanes of knee-high corn. Behind them a tawny collie quartered the field, intent on affairs of his own. The sun was hot with the blazing fervor of midsummer noon, so hot that the tiny furrows which the cultivator turned up revealed no cool earth beneath the surface of baked clay. In the shade of the symmetrical maple which stood alone in the center of the field, the boy said, “Whoa, Fanny”, and the horse stopped willingly.

“Too damn hot to work,” the boy grumbled. “Anyway, it must be near noon.”

He took off his broad-brimmed straw hat and drew a blue cotton handkerchief from his pocket. With one hand he wiped away the perspiration and with the other he moved the hat slowly backward and forward, fanning himself. It was at best a tantalizing relief with its hint of complete comfort; after a few dabs at his heated face he tossed his hat to the ground, restored the handkerchief to his overall pocket, and sat down against the trunk of the maple.

Below him, at the edge of the field, a white, powdery road simmered in the sun. It seemed a dead road, hardly of any use, haunted with phantoms of what had been and what might be. Ordinarily, he knew, it led to La Vallee, twelve miles away, and thence to the Mississippi, fifteen miles further, but today it seemed too hot to think of even the road's going to La Vallee, and as for the Mississippi—it was a word in his geography, as remote from his actual life as the Orinoco. His imagination refused to accompany the road further than

the top of the hill over which it disappeared from sight.

All about him he was conscious of familiar sights and sounds. Fanny, the horse, casting a wily eye toward him, was making furtive attempts to crop the young corn. Off in the swamp the crows were cawing. The edge of the shadow of the maple was creeping closer to his outstretched legs; blue flies buzzed in and out of the sunlight. Shep, the collie, desultorily hunting gophers, sniffed at a stone with a serious expression on his face.

“Shep,” said the boy aimlessly. Shep cocked an ear at him and wagged his tail in a preoccupied fashion. The boy regarded him attentively. Couldn't they have named him something else? he thought. Every dog in the world is named either “Shep” or “Sport”. Nothing original around here; everybody might just about as well be dead; do the same things, think the same thoughts, day in and day out. He himself was a typical product of this rustic virus, he assured himself. Tom—his own name—he wondered how many Toms there might be in the world. Silently he complimented himself that he had not been named William or John or Adolph—or Gus, like most of the boys he knew—Tom was a name beautiful and rare by comparison.

From the back pocket of his overalls he drew a magazine; it was a cheap monthly, printed on coarse paper, yellow and tattered about the edges; the cover had long since been torn off. To the boy it was the door to visions of splendour. In it were stories of debonair young men who bore such names as Gordon Carvell and Farrington Croftswold—his favorites—impossible

creatures, except for the dim hope that lived in his breast, who wore "dress suits", which signified to him existence elevated to its highest degree of elegance and pleasure. The names of these heroes of tawdry romance were for him words of magic which revealed to him the existence of a life far richer than his own, idealized by its remoteness.

The materials with which his imagination could work were limited. He had never been beyond the boundaries of Columbus County; his was a world of silos, cattle, small towns, barbarically furnished parlors, yet from the descriptions in the magazine stories and the pictures in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue he could conjure up visions of splendid, palatial dining rooms, where men and women beautiful as the gods talked in a high Olympian language, without the slurs, elisions, and vulgar gutterals that constituted the language of his kind. He could not, much as he wished to, construct the conversation of these imaginary people; he had a vague notion that the trials of farm life and the affairs of the people among whom he lived were not the subjects of their talk, but he could do no more than hazard guesses at the materials with which their minds busied themselves—probably poetry and history and things that they learned in school, only, somehow, they doubtless made even these schoolroom bogies interesting.

His mind reverted to the adventures of Gordon Carvell, which were described in the issue of the magazine that he had in his hand. He was too indolent to read, so he gave himself up to dreams. Gordon, he thought, would be the name he would choose. How would it sound? Gordon Stamm. He liked it. He began repeating it. Stamm wasn't really a bad name if it were coupled with a name like Gordon.

Suddenly he heard his uncle's voice behind him.

"What you doin', Tom?"

He hastily crammed the magazine into his pocket and sat up.

"Resting," he said.

"Restin'? That all you got to do? Did you put the bull calf into the barn like Joe told you?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted.

He resented the intrusion of this man—his uncle, of course, but he scorned him despite the relationship—who thrust his ugly bulk into his dreams and broke their gossamer threads. A second thought came to him: He had forgotten in the past half-hour the impending tragedy, the reason for his uncle's presence away from his own farm during the busy summer.

"How's Pa?" he asked.

"All right, I guess," said his uncle. "Doctor's been here with some spec'list from Milwaukee. Didn't say much, but I guess he'll get well."

Vaguely Tom had felt during the past two weeks that his mother and the other grown-ups had been lying to him. He suspected that his father was really more dangerously ill than they would admit to him, but with the carelessness of youth, he appeared to accept their statements; everything had always come out more or less right and there was no occasion to believe, on the basis of his very slender suspicions, that his father might die.

"Y'd better quit restin'," said his uncle, "and come in to dinner. Yer ma called half an hour ago."

"I'm comin'."

He whistled to Shep, jerked Fanny's head up from the corn, and started toward the gate at the end of the field. As he walked behind the horse, his hands on the grips of the cultivator, he eyed with contempt the washed-out blue barn jacket which covered his uncle's work-rounded shoulders, and the greasy brown cap, faded in the light of half-a-dozen summers' suns. These things were to him symbolical of the lack of pretense, of fineness in his life. He must get away from it some day—soon. He was sixteen; he would go to high school in the fall, and then, who knew, maybe to college—how his heart throbbed at that word!

He stopped at the gate to unhitch Fanny from the cultivator; then he secured the reins lightly on her collar, slapped her flank, and sent her trotting toward the barn.

When Tom reached the barn-yard, Fanny was already at the watering-trough; his uncle was washing his hands at the low bench beside the kitchen door. There seemed to be something unusual in the atmosphere today, an impression produced by the presence of his uncle, the sound of his aunt's voice in the kitchen, the sight of his cousin Mamie, two years older than himself, pushing Gladys, his sister, in the swing that hung from the lowest branch of the oak next to the pig pen. It was hard for them, he knew, to leave their work in order to come over here to assist his mother in nursing his father; his father must be very ill.

When he entered the house, after washing at the door, his aunt had a plate of food ready for him.

"How's Pa?" he asked.

"He's sleepin'," she said. "Yer ma's in there with him."

"Is he any worse?"

"Doctor didn't say. Anyway, the spec'list 'll help him a lot. They say he can do wonders."

"I hope so," responded Tom, sitting down at the table. "Uncle Joe an' you can't stay here forever, an' I can't run the farm alone."

His aunt said nothing. He began eating and watched her do the work which his mother usually did.

After a long silence he paused in the act of raising a piece of chocolate cake to his mouth.

"Say, Aunt Ella," he said, "there ain't—I mean isn't—no chance o' Pa's dyin', is there?"

The aunt bent her head over the sink as she rinsed a dish.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, with a fervour that somehow was not convincing. "What put that ideer in yer head?"

Tom closed his mouth over the chocolate cake, which he had held poised before him while he spoke. His aunt regarded him surreptitiously for a moment and was satisfied that his suspicions were allayed. But already the boy's mind was far away from his question and her answer. He was saying over and over to himself, "If he dies, I can't get away. If he dies, I can't get away." Dumbly he felt like a caged bird.

After dinner he lounged about the house for a half hour. He hoped that his mother would come out of the large bedroom adjoining the kitchen in which his father lay; he wanted to ask her whether his father was improving. The atmosphere became oppressive. He went into the barn-yard. His brother, Joe, who had recently been married, had just driven up in a buggy. He had been there early in the morning, had gone home to attend to his own duties, and now had returned. It wore an ominous look; everything, his aunt's reticences, Joe's presence, that of his uncle, argued that the danger was greater than he had supposed.

He went over to the tree to which Joe was tying his horse. He wanted to ask his brother, yet he did not dare.

"Anything happen since I left?" asked Joe, knotting the reins about the tree.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Tom. "Spec'list was here. Everybody looks like a funerl an' tries to talk cheerful. Guess they must think I'm a kid an' can't stand nothin'— anything."

"You'll find out soon enough if there's anything to know," said his brother shortly and went into the house.

Tom was glad to escape back to the cornfield with Fanny and Shep. All the long afternoon as he plodded down one weary row after another he struggled with the fears that beset him. If only his father did not die! He wanted to get away, to expand into the life that lay outside his world, to see the dazzling lights, the hurry and pleasure, and to be part of it. If his father died—

After he had put Fanny in her stall that night, he went into the kitchen, where the others were just sitting down to supper. It was hot, despite the coming darkness; the heat lent to the general atmosphere of imminent catastrophe a touch of additional ominousness.

No one spoke. Even Gladys, his sister, sensed the import of the silence and did not break it. Low monosyllables made up their conversation, requests to have food passed, toneless comments on the weather. Tom's mother, they told him, had spent most of the day at his father's bedside. His aunt arose from the table and disappeared silently into the sick room.

"She don't want nothin' to eat," she said when she returned. "He's sleepin' a little now."

After supper the three men went outside while the women cleared the table and washed the dishes. It was a bright evening; a faint breeze sprang up and cooled the fevered air. Along the road they could hear an automobile approaching. It turned into the lane and drew up before the house. The two men who got out were the doctor from the village and the specialist. They nodded and hurried into the house. After fifteen minutes the village doctor came out of the house alone. Tom was by himself, moodily sticking his knife into a hitching post; his brother and uncle had gone to the barn to look after the cattle.

The doctor lighted a cigar and called the boy to him.

"Let's go for a little walk, Tom," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Tom's heart beat high; it could mean only one thing. He felt faint. All his dreams, all his longings—what was to become of them? A fierce surge of rebellion swept through him; he would go whether his father died or not. His mother could get along somehow: a hired man; she could sell out and go to live with Joe. Yet in his heart he felt the inevitable fate.

"Tom," said the doctor, "we've been keeping the truth from you, as you may have guessed—it's a hard thing to do successfully. Your father is dying of cancer; in the first place we discovered it too late to cure him, and in the second we probably couldn't have done anything for him if we'd know it sooner."

The boy remained silent.

"I'm telling you now," the doctor went on, "because I think the shock will be easier coming this way."

Tom was silent. If he had uttered any sound, it would have been a scream of anguish and of fear. If the turmoil of emotions that leaped up in him, natural sorrow at the death of his father was secondary; above all there was the terrible, hideous fear of the life to which it was condemning him, a life which he hated more bitterly each day, a life which the glittering inanity of cheap romance in the movies and in magazines had soured for him. He wanted to get away, above all things,—he wanted to get away. The first storm passed over him and left him weak; he broke into tears, almost silently.

The doctor had been smoking his cigar, regarding the sky, and saying nothing.

"I know how you feel," he said at length, resuming easily but gently. "It's pretty tough for a kid of your age to lost his father. Mine died when I was only 'leven."

"Lose my father!" Tom said harshly, his tears abating. "That ain't all I'm losin'. It means I'll have to stick around here for the rest of my life, and, God! how I hate it. Pa ain't the one they should be sorry for up there, it's me. He'll be all right when he's gone, and I'll be tied down here, grubbin' away."

The doctor's respectability was shocked.

"That's a hell of a fine way to talk," he said coldly. "I thought you had some kind of a decent feeling for your folks. I 'spose it's those good-for-nothing magazines you're reading all the time that have turned your head. I tell you, boy, life ain't what those things make it out to be."

"What if it ain't?" cried Tom fiercely. "I want to find out for myself. I know there's something there, no matter what it is. Do you spose I want to live all my life and never get outside the county, like Pa? Oh God, I'd rather die! Day in and day out nothing but tramp over the same hills, see the same things, worry about

the same little troubles, and what do you get for it? A bare living."

The doctor painstakingly removed the band from his cigar with the blade of his penknife.

"That's a fine way to be thinking at a time like this," he said. "What about your mother? You can't leave her to fight it out alone. She and Gladys'd starve.

The boy was sobbing painfully.

"One way," he said, "they'd starve; the other way they wouldn't, and I'd stay here and eat my heart out among these damn hills, doing chores, driving to town, tramping through cornfields alone until I go crazy thinking of what I might be doing. What if it ain't all rosy away from here? I want to try it. I want to see what it's like. An' now I ain't got a chance!"

"Well any way you look at it," said the doctor, "I'm glad that you're going to do the right thing by your mother."

"Glad, hell!" cried the boy. "Leave me alone; leave me alone. Go on back to the house; you can do Pa more good than you can me. It'll be all over with him in a little while, but I'll never get over it. Go on back, they may need you. I'll stay here."

"All right," said the doctor. "Come back in about an hour. It'll be all over then."

CINQUAINS

ELIZABETH A. GRAY

January Tenth.

The snow drops from the laden branches
As reluctantly
As floating veils,
Flung down
By a whirling dancer.

* * * *

My memories
Of pain . . . stones of a hearth;
Deep pools of color on a pale green lake;
A baby's cry
At dawn.

You will recall, I think,
Green dawns with one white star,
The three tall trees that looked in on my bed,
And my warm drowsiness
When your kiss wakened me.

But will there be in your mind, as well,
The anguish in my eyes
When I first awoke to find you there beside me
To know that I was not to be my own,
But yours,
Will you recall?

I have no tears
To tell that you are leaving me.
I do not touch your hand to keep you,—
And my lips and eyes are dumb—
So are the dead quiet.

* * * *

A broken heart—
Trite phrase,
It's not my heart
But my brain which has delighted in you
That gropes, piteously, crying,
Now that you have gone.

The Adventures of Gaucelm

I. M. RAMSDELL

Chapter II.

Wherein Gaucelm Learneth of Divers Matters Concerning the World.

But Gaucelm found no solitude. There was naught but hubbub in this town: none but people who cried and fought to buy and sell things, so he hurried through narrow streets, closing his ears to the importunities of tradesmen and pedlars, and coming at last to the town wall and a gate, he crossed the drawbridge, pleased to feel again the dust of the beaten road under his leathern shoon. Gaucelm followed the lengthening shadow before him with a right good will and cheerily. At length he perceived upon his left hand an inn, and, as darkness was falling, he bethought that here might be a pleasant place to spend the night. Nor was he amiss. The landlord beamed upon him hospitably, while divers pots and pans, well scoured, reflected and enhanced his smiling welcome. So Gaucelm tarried there the evening.

Came the morning. Gaucelm arose as the cock crew, being Abbey bred, and going without, bathed him in a nearby brook. Then, coming again within, he breakfasted heartily upon fishes of this same brook.

Even as he ate the house was astir, humming busily. The cheery landlord bustled hither and thither naming tasks for two brisk, buxom maids. The rosy-cheeked goodwife sat in a corner to keep tally with strange charcoal marks upon a white board. Ever and anon she scrubbed this board clean, and, with furrowed brow, began anew her weighty computation.

The landlord, at length perceiving that all plied industriously, rubbed his hands, well pleased, and, espying Gaucelm with his fishes (which were indeed excellent well fried and tasty) he betook him to Gaucelm's table, there to sit.

"Art a pilgrim or a learned clerk?" queried he.

"Nay," said Gaucelm, devouring his fish with gusto.

"Perchance a merchant agone to see the forth-faring of a good wool-ship?" hazarded the landlord.

"Nor yet a merchant," quoth Gaucelm, extracting a fishbone from his mouth.

The landlord paused a moment with head cocked and tongue in cheek.

"Beshrew me!" said he at last, "you have the look of neither forest nor farm, and plague me if such doublet or book came from within castle walls. Prithee, good youth, whence come such as you?"

Gaucelm spat his last fish-bone upon the floor, sand-
ed for that very purpose.

"An you would know," quoth he, wiping his mouth upon the sleeve of his doublet, "I am come from the Abbey of Raimbaut and would see the world."

"It is a large place," observed the landlord sagely.

"And a wicked," said Gaucelm.

"That is as you may find it," said the landlord. "Have you seen much of wickedness?"

"Ah," said Gaucelm, "I have seen a man hanged cruelly by the neck until he was quite dead; moreover," and at this he cast down his eyes and blushed, "I—I have kissed a maiden."

The landlord smiled.

"This were indeed sinful," said he.

"But I have a pardon for this offence," said Gaucelm. "Yes, in truth, I have three pardons, given me by the good Abbot. So may I sin recklessly awhile."

"You are a fortunate one," sighed the landlord. "How wicked you may be and yet, how happy. Indeed, you are truly fortunate."

"But," said Gaucelm, "I am greatly perturbed. Tell me, good sir, if you know of some sin, pleasant to commit, for I have yet one pardon unwritten."

"How you prate!" said the landlord. "Are not two sins forgiven enough for one life? You might better sell to me the third one, for I have sinned grievously and would spare myself torment."

"Nay," said Gaucelm, "it were surely unpardonable to barter an instrument of salvation!"

"But he who would see the world must have gold a-plenty," said the landlord.

"You err," said Gaucelm, "I need no gold, for I want only food and shelter in my journey."

"Yet without gold you must starve," said the landlord, "and certes, without it you must feel full many a storm upon your back."

"That I know false," said Gaucelm, "for who could not come to the Abbey of Raimbaut and receive food, a bed, and a prayer for the asking?"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The books in the following list have been drawn on as sources for many of the details in "The Adventures of Gaucelm": La Croix, Middle Ages; Oman, art of War; Hewitt, Ancient Armour; Husserand, Wayfaring Life; Cornish, Chivalry; Hastings; British Archer; Mary Johnston, The Fortunes of Garin; A. Conan Doyle, Sir Nigel; Wright, Domestic Manners; Browne, Pseudodoxia Epidemica.

"Think you that you may walk the roads everywhere and sleep and eat *gratis*?" asked the landlord. "For the asking, say you, good youth? Indeed, you shall pay me thirteen pence for your bed and your fishes ere you leave my house!"

"But I have no pence!" said Gaucelm with a sorry face. "The good Abbot told me naught of this. Is it generally the custom?"

The landlord turned toward the goodwife and winked his eye.

"Goodwife," said he, "here is a youth who would live under our roof, eating our fishes without a penny in his wallet."

"He is a rogue," said the goodwife, scrubbing her white board the while, "and should be properly trussed upon a tall gallows-tree."

"She speaks well," said the landlord, turning to Gaucelm. "Think now on your tender young neck, and perchance you will sell a pardon to a poor sinner without further debate."

"An it please you," said Gaucelm sadly, proffering the sacred parchment. "Then I have sinned my share, for the other holy papers are already inscribed."

"Mayhap you may use each one twice," said the landlord. "Can you not write a sin upon each side?"

"It may be so," said Gaucelm, somewhat comforted, "but take it, and prithe, give me the gold that I may be on my way."

"Well spoken!" said the landlord. "Here are two gold and seven silver pennies for thee," and he counted them from his plump purse.

Gaucelm pocketed them, and with little more ado, deeming himself scurvily treated, hied him to the door.

"Hold a moment, youth!" cried the landlord, and as Gaucelm turned, he pressed into his hands a full napkin.

"Lest you starve in your innocence," said he, "here is thy noon-day meal. White bread, a morsel of cheese, and a half capon, nicely browned."

Then as Gaucelm would speak, he pushed him from the door and bade him be upon his way.

"It were well an you learned as much of the world each day as you have now discovered," he cried after the departing youth.

Howbeit, Gaucelm did not answer, for these strange new matters perplexed him sorely.

Chapter III.

Of Two Learned Clerks and Also of Certain Hot Debate Concerning The Elephant.

Now the sun shone brightly and the birds sang sweetly and Gaucelm, being young, was soothed there-

by. What is more he had a parcel of good food under his arm.

"Though this landlord be a crafty rogue," thought he, "the fragrance from this napkin bespeaks a truly excellent dinner. Moreover, I have done a godly work—I doubt but I have saved this same landlord a thousand years in purgatory."

Whereupon he felt piously elated and marched blithely along the broad highway.

But the morning sun, felt for too great length, warmed him unduly, wherefore he sought the coolness of a great oak tree, hard by the road, there to recline and examine into the holy poems of the good Abbot Aloysius. Presently he came upon a page in his book bearing three pious stanzas which he read aloud:

"Thinke, sinner, thinke on Jesu Christe.

And what hee wrought for thee!

That for to sayve thy evil soule,

Hee perished on the tree.

"God gayve ye downe his onlie sonne,

From angel hostes on high.

Upon the crosse, to sayve thy soule,

Hee was content to die.

"Thinke, sinner, thinke on Jesu Christe.

And what he wrought for thee!

His holy handes were spiked downe,

He died right cruellie."

Gaucelm felt strangely unworthy when he had done—this Abbot was a godly man in very sooth!—so in his unworthiness he lay back upon the green, much sobered by thought of his sins.

He was disturbed at last in his meditation by the sound of voices, and, looking about him, he espied two grey-clad men approaching.

"There is some hot debate betwixt them," thought he, judging so from their gestures and by their sharp words. Meantime as they approached, their speech came clearly to him and he heard them thus:

"And also Pliny," said the one.

"Bah!" said the other.

"Furthermore, Galen speaketh of it!" said the first.

"It is without reason!" said the second.

"Thou art a stubborn fool, and contrary!" said the first. "Wouldst belie all learned doctors? Thou art even as Aristotle sayeth—" but at this point he paused, spying Gaucelm beneath his tree.

"Peace be with you," said he.

"And with you and with your companion," said Gaucelm politely.

The two now ceased all argument, advanced, put

(Continued on page 208)

The Dark Gate

MARGARET BODINE LATIMER

The house of Morgan Helm stood out against the darkness like a brave white ship. Beyond was the river that lapped the feet of trees whose heads touched the sky in a song of night. The moon was a cradle swinging in the blue.

In his library sat Morgan Helm with locked face and closed eyes. Nearby was his wife grey and wrinkled. There were flowers on the table that rose between them. Flowers that clung together and made a wilted castle.

"Morgan!" the woman's voice was sharp. "Morgan, you're asleep again."

"I am not asleep." The man opened his eyes.

"That's foolish—you've been asleep for more than an hour."

"Sada," began the man ponderously as though to soften his anger, "you are, without a doubt, the meanest woman in the country."

"According to you I've been that for twenty years."

"What if I was asleep!" he thundered, "as I wasn't. What if I was asleep! That's nothing to remark about. But trust you to humiliate me every chance you get."

"Morgan, please"

"That's right, I remember, you and Rue can't bear to be corrected. I am the one who is always wrong according to you two. I haven't done one thing in twenty years that has been right. And neither of you respects me."

"I merely said that you were asleep. Is that such a crime? How was I to know that you'd be so cross about it?"

"It isn't what you say, it's the way you have of saying it." The man raised his hands as a mute symbol of his disgust. "Can't we ever have any peace in this house?"

"Who is to blame for this?" began his wife testily. "I'm not the one who began."

"No, you're never to blame for anything."

The front door opened. Voices came to them from the hall. Laughter, the rustling of soft garments, the odor of spring flowers.

"Confound it all!" Morgan Helm rose. "Who's coming here this time of night?"

"Don't go out there! It's Rue. Please sit down!"

The man sat down. For a long time sounds came into the library. Words like delicate petals dancing

within a veil of music. Morgan Helm went to the doorway.

"Rue," he called harshly, "it's after eleven!"

"Why did you do that?" Mrs. Helm's voice trembled. "I had no idea you could do such things when I married you twenty long years ago."

"Oh Lord," groaned the man.

Their long night of misunderstanding fell upon them. With lifted faces they welcomed it as though to strengthen obstinate pride. Blackness born of imagined hate breathed between them. So they had lived for twenty years.

Rue Helm stood in the doorway. A golden creature swaying

"Father," she began in a tense voice, "you shall not do that to my callers. I won't be ruled in that way." A forest of rough weeds closed around her. She put out her hands to push them back. The rank stacks were thistled. She put her hands to her face.

"Now, there you go. Haven't you one atom of respect for your father? Answer me, and stop playing actress."

Rue Helm lifted her face. "Why should I respect you?" she asked.

"Because I'm your father. Isn't that enough?"

"No," said the girl.

"Come Rue, we'll go upstairs." Mrs. Helm took her daughter's arm. "Your father isn't feeling well this evening."

"I am well." Morgan Helm drew his brows together. "Why do you say that?"

"I have always tried to make you out better than you really are."

"You needn't have bothered." There was a glint of thin knives in Morgan Helm's voice. "I don't care for your charity—or anyone else's, either."

They left him. He sat in his chair and looked ahead. Then he went over to the window. Slender lights made frames of gold for the glimpses of water and sky. . . . When he turned away he had the look of a man who belongs with no one. . . .

Sunlight slipped through the vine-curtained porch onto the Helm's breakfast table. Mrs. Helm and her daughter were silent, torn with self pity.

"Has father gone?"

"Long ago," answered the woman. "He wouldn't eat his breakfast. I have stood his abuse all of these years."

"Mother," began the girl, "think of his saying that last night while Frank was here. What could I do? I know that Frank was hurt about it."

"You have no idea of the kind of things he says to me. I've been through agonies. If I were an ordinary woman I would have done something desperate."

"Why do you stand it?" the girl breathed quickly. "If he keeps on making me feel so dependent I am going away. I won't stay here."

"Now Rue, be more tolerant."

"I have learned that men don't behave the way he does. I never knew until I went down to college. I used to think that all men growled and were like heavy animals. I looked for fire to come from their mouths and claws from their fingers. That's what father is—I always see him that way. He's an animal with claws that tear at one's inner self." Her words carried her away. She felt a great joy in saying them that swept out all sense of truth. They were words that floated like white sails on black seas.

"Rue, I have suffered as no woman ever could—no one but myself could endure what I have gone through." Mrs. Helm gave a sigh that ended in a jagged moan. "I remember every Christmas I always tell him what I want and he has never once got it for me. He seems to know the things I want and then just for spite gets the opposite."

"He has never done one good thing for anyone. He's selfish."

Rue Helm felt a hot flow of blood in her cheeks. She glanced at her mother in the hope that she had not heard. Her wrists felt weak. New forces seemed to be changing the life within to poison.

"Your father is self-satisfied and he will never be conscious of his faults. Rue darling, let us forgive you poor father and forget about his cruelty. I have had to do that so many many times."

"Father says such dreadful things one can't forget them."

Mrs. Helm folded her napkin, carefully matching the corners. "No one can know how I have suffered. Rue, you won't ever leave me?"

"I am going back to school unless father makes trouble about the money."

"I meant Frank. You—you won't marry anyone, will you? Please don't ever think of leaving me."

A little girl stood in the doorway fingering the pocket in her gingham apron.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Helm regarded the child. "What is your name?"

"Otie Frye. They told me in the kitchen to come in here. I heard you wanted a girl to weed in your garden this spring and plant your flower seeds."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Helm, "and can you come this Saturday?"

"Yes mam."

"And about your pay." Mrs. Helm, in her eagerness to dismiss the child, rose.

"I'm not supposed to take anything for it." Otie Frye smiled a broad and tearful smile.

"If you do my work I shall have to pay you."

"I—we wanted to show our thanks for what Mr. Helm has done for us—he's been grand. But I—I wasn't supposed to say any of that."

"Never mind," answered Mrs. Helm, "and run along home. You may come back on Saturday."

"I will," said the child, and departed.

"Now Rue, I want to know about Frank." She opened her eyes wide as she saw her daughter's face. A glow was about her. She was trembling.

"Mother, he has done something good. Maybe he's been doing it all along and we never knew." Her father was deep within her, that finer part of him. She closed her eyes and let the wave unfold. It breathed as she breathed in a silent word of strength. "I know him," she said suddenly. "It is as though I am blind and yet seeing for the first time."

Mrs. Helm shook her head. "Don't be so flighty—one minute one thing—the next something else. Now I am always the same. I always have been."

Dawn was within Rue Helm. Long fingers of light lifted her high. She was an eagle soaring in the blue. . . . Above was the sun, a golden world at its best.

Lunchtime, and with it Morgan Helm. He was with them at those times of food-taking and downcast faces. Today, without looking at his daughter, he knew that she was happy. Her eyes would be glowing, her face wrapped in light. "She is a white fire—nothing but whiteness that says its word without speaking. A self that I might have been."

"Father," Rue began suddenly, "you seem to know numbers of people around town." The light from within flowed out. She caught it to her tasting its white joy. It was as though she spoke to a part of herself. The world was within her. Before she had been on a cliff looking down and now she was of it—a part of its subtle joy.

"What does she want of me?" thought the man. In his wonderment his lips parted. "Yes," he answered, "I know a few people around here. I have lived here all my life."

"Otie Frye was here this morning. She told us . . . Oh, you were wonderful about that." Her eyes met his—strong, fearless.

The sound of her words broke his white moment. Her voice, in spite of its softness, seemed harsh and uncertain. He knew a self in her that transcended this awkwardly speaking one. She had used words where none had been needed. It was the way of tradition. Anger surged up within him.

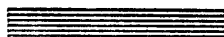
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THE ADVENTURES OF GAUCELM.

(Continued from page 204)

aside the stout staves which they carried, and sat with Gaucelm, who perceived them to be cadaverous and hungry-looking, albeit with a fire in their eyes which he had not often discovered in the lonely travellers seeking rest at Raimbaut.

The one of them, who gazed closely at Gaucelm, at last let his eyes fall on the napkin.

"Ha! Is't food thou hast, kind sir?" he asked with eagerness.

"Food, indeed," said Gaucelm, "it is my dinner."

"Canst share a bite with two weary and hungry by long travel?" asked the other, looking hungrily on the napkin.

"Have you gold?" asked Gaucelm.

"Nay, we are poor," said the first.

"And weary," said the second.

"And long without food," said the first.

"But without gold you must starve," said Gaucelm sagely, "think you that you may walk the roads everywhere and eat *gratis*?"

"Ah, but we are students!" said the one.

"And famished," said the other.

"Yet without gold you shall starve," said Gaucelm righteously. "Think you that I know not the custom of the land?"

"Thy argument is untenable, good youth," said the first student. "Indeed, if we are not fed, we cannot study—"

"And thus you see that you may advance the cause of learning," said the second, "which same is a worthy cause."

Gaucelm pondered on this awhile. Truly it seemed a pity that learning should die for lack of food.

"Here," said he, at last, unfastening the napkin, "eat of this bread and cheese. Perhaps it is out of accordance with worldly principles, yet it does not seem meet that learning should pass for want of nourishment."

The two ate greedily with scarce a word, while Gaucelm watched them, musing.

"Have you travelled far?" he asked when the couple had munched their fill.

"We have been at Bologna," said one.

"And Paris," said the other.

"And we go to Oxford," said the first.

"Indeed," said the second, "for it is rumored that a certain great doctor lingereth there; one well-versed in all natural histories."

"Yes," said the first, "we would inquire into the habits and customs of certain beasts, which are oftentimes strange beyond conception."

"This were indeed interesting," said Gaucelm, "for I have lately read of certain beasts in this little book."

"Happy youth!" said the first student with a look of love in his eyes as he fingered the pages. "To own such a book were to be truly among the favored. How camest thou to such good fortune?"

"The good Abbot gave it me," said Gaucelm with pride.

"Perhaps," said the second student eagerly, "there is some mention made therein of the elephant and that it is strangely without joints?"

"An that were true," said the first, "such book should be burned. The tenet is akin to heresy!"

He dropped the book and turned fiercely to his companion.

"Yet," said the other, "Aristotle saith much of this beast, insisting that it hath no joints, moreover, there generally passeth an opinion, that, being unable to lie down, it sleepeth against the tree; which hunters observing do saw almost asunder; whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree falls also down itself, and is able to rise no more."

"Thou art a great fool!" said the first. "You affirm that this beast hath no joints, and yet concedes that it walks and moves about; whereby you conceive there may be a progression or advancement in motion, without inflexion of parts!"

"Albeit," said the other, "Aristotle hath said. Wouldst pit thy puny wit against the father of science?"

"Bah," said the first, "thy Aristotle hath also said that all progression or animal locomotion is performed *tractu et pulsu*, that is by drawing on or impelling forward some part which was before in station, or at quiet—where there are no joints or flexures, neither can there be the actions."

"But Aristotle sayeth it," said the other with great firmness, "and it stands successively related by several other learned doctors; by Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, even Ambrose."

"'Twas a pity I have travelled so long and yet have not known thee for so great a dunderhead," said the first. "Jointless, indeed! We might expect a race from Hercules' pillars or hope to behold the effects of Orpheus' harp when trees danced after his music."

"Goodmen," said Gaucelm with an air of apology for interrupting so learned a controversy, "is this beast of such great import? Indeed, it seems to such an lowly one as I that it were of more profit to discourse on familiar beasts as we might examine into their state and have proof. There are kine, for instance, or—"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The material upon elephants in this chapter is to be found in Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, bk. iii, ch. i.

"Still thy chatter, youth," said the first student in high disdain, "noble learning deals not with your humble kine. And touching thee, fellow," turning to his companion, "know that all beasts must have rest. Yet you conceive that the elephant never lies down and enjoys not the position of rest ordained unto all pedestrian animals, hereby you imagine (what reason cannot conceive) that animal of the vastest dimension and longest duration, should live in a continual motion, without that alternity and vicissitude of rest whereby all others continue; and yet must thus much come to pass, if you opinion they lie not down at all. For station is properly no rest, but one kind of motion, as Galen says, naming it extensive or tonical: that is, an extension of the muscles and organs of motion, maintaining the body at length, or in its proper figure."

"Nathless," said his companion, "there are Cassiodore, Solinus, and many more, all controverting for the tenet that he is jointless, being with knees completely stiff."

"Fool, meagre-witted ass!" shrieked the first in great anger and reached for his cudgel. "I shall jar the dust in thy hollow pate!" Whereupon he set about belabouring his fellow.

But the other, taking up his stave, returned blow for

blow with right good will, and, being mightier, pressed his opponent sore.

There were no words now; no noise but the sharp raps of oaken wands about scholarly ears. The countenances of the combatants grew grimmer and grimmer, while a fanatic fire kindled and burned in their eyes. Were they not fighting for the principles of science?

Gaucelm, meanwhile, being a peaceful soul, gathered to him the remains of his dinner, saw to his book that it hung securely by his thigh, then hied him down the road. Presently he heard a sharp cry followed by a thud, and, turning, saw a figure in the dust with another above it, leaning heavily upon a cudgel.

"A blow for Aristotle," said this one, "and well struck."

Gaucelm tarried no longer. His progression led him at last through a noble wood, where the sun, after filtering through thick layers of foliage, made quaint patterns upon the moss. The coolness invited a noon-day rest, so Gaucelm put his napkin by a tall tree and layed him down beside it.

And thus, thinking sadly on the lack of harmony among learned men, he fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream.

(To be continued)

THE MILDENHALL BIRCHES

JOHN CULNAN

On the trail to Mildenhall,
Faint the birches sigh;
Southward lean their branches all,
On the trail to Mildenhall;
Southward, too, their shadows fall.
Genial South! Ah, that is why,
On the trail to Mildenhall,
Faint the birches sigh.

THRENODY.

MARGARET EMMERLING

Long, dark curtains, dim pictures, and soft light drifting from the lamp in the street through narrow window panes. Tones—round, low, exquisite, melodious, grew from the heart of the room somewhere. I stood in the deep parts of the curtains and listening, dreamed. As the rich chords merged into one another, there were waves of color; green, like lost pools of water, shifting, floating into sad blue and richer carmine, moving endlessly,—carmine, heavy carmine.

Slowly I drew near, nearer to the melodies, into the deep room. At the foot of a warm ray of light, I saw a mass of shiny auburn hair, a clear, sweet neck, white fingers, playing. They were playing lonely melodies, melodies of loss.

Closer, through the shadows, I moved, to that strange, sweet beauty. Losses of my heart they were,

my hidden heart. Yet she knew them. How near she was!

I stood behind her; I breathed the odd fragrance of her hair; I could have bent and touched those slow, wandering fingers, or kissed the white place below her hair.

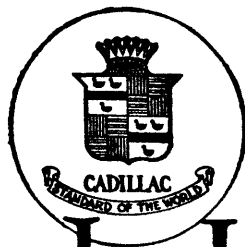
Minor melodies, alone.

Alone! Yes—her hands moved slower; far, farther drifted the song of them, lingering faintly in the air. Vanished at last. Her head drooped. Then she rose, warm, achingly beautiful in the mellow light. She moved into the dimness, and passed through the long curtains.

Her sorrow lingered behind her, with the shadow of her melodies, in my heart. I stood where her soul had been, and felt that she was still there.



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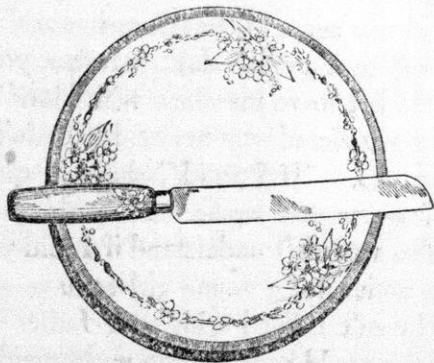
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THE DARK GATE.

(Continued from page 206)

"What business had she to tell about my affairs? Can't I do anything without having it repeated?" he boomed.

"But Father—I thought it was so kind. I didn't know. . ."

"Just like your mother—she never knows."

"You needn't bring me into your jangling." Mrs. Helm looked at her husband in anger.

"Who's bringing you into anything, I'd like to know? Confound it, you know that I hate that word."

"Morgan Helm, I have yet to see a man like you! Can't you see that I'm not well?"

"I know," said her husband after a pause, "you two think that I ought to spend all of my money on you. So that's it."

"No, Father, I just. . ."

"Yes, just like your mother, she never knows. It's always, 'I didn't know you'd do so and so, I didn't know.' Good Lord, girl can't you talk?"

"I don't want to say anything—now."

"I can see," the man continued, "you have decided that your father isn't such a bad man as you had decided. You thought that I was a kind of animal—you looked for fire to come out of my mouth and claws from my fingers."

"Oh stop!" Rue Helm turned her face toward his. "How did you know that I said that? I used the same words. Oh Father. . ."

"I knew that you considered me a dog. . ." In a flash he felt words that he might have said that would bring forth the self that he shared with no one. Deep down it lay throbbing.

"I've been trying to understand you, Morgan Helm, for twenty long years." Mrs. Helm sighed.

"Yes, and they've been long years to me," snapped the man.

"I never thought it would be this way when I married you."

"I notice that you can spend my money. But that's all I'm good for anyway. I've supported you two willingly for all these years."

"You needn't throw that at us!" Rue's face was stiff. "Can't you ever forget it?"

"That's all he thinks about. Rue," Mrs. Helm added peevishly, "what made you start this? Just see where all of us are!"

Rue turned to her father. "You have said things to me that I shall never forget." She lay back in her chair like a crushed blossom—her fragrance gone. Like a bit of delicious pain came the thing that never left her—a sense of the dramatic triumph in her words.

Morgan Helm bowed his head. "She is what I might have been," he kept saying to himself. "A white flame. . ." In a moment burning white he was his daughter. Selves before experienced as separate became one. The far-off lands of beauty were within. The real in life was a moment like this, the other a clawed dream. He was himself, and yet he was all that breathed. He had seen within the timeless.

"Morgan," said his wife, "You're the most unsatisfactory man that I have ever known. You cause us all this trouble. . ."

"Confound it," he said feebly, "aren't we ever going to have any peace in this house?"

He went into the hall and took up his hat. After a moment he turned back toward the dining-room and waited—his hand on the knob. He knew that he was with them in there. But why didn't they know? Rue was speaking. Again he shrank from the sound of her words.

"Mother," she said, "I love flowers. I wish we had some. Those roses at Hyland's were glorious."

"When you are as old as I am you will know that you can want things of that sort for years and they will never come. I have spent my whole life in waiting for something that never came to me."

Morgan Helm turned away. "How they must hate me," he thought.

Mrs. Helm watched him walk down the street. When he had passed the brick schoolhouse she turned to her daughter.

"Why did you cause all this disturbance?"

"I can't stay here another day. Mother, you. . ."

"You wouldn't leave me alone with him?"

Rue Helm wondered why her mother hadn't thought of that long ago. "If I staid," she said quietly, "I would grow worse and worse. I say things just for the . . . You wouldn't understand if I told you."

"What a notion for a young girl to have about her mother! Haven't I lived with your father all these years, and who could be harder to understand than he is?"

"But I want to be myself—the self that I am just finding."

"Rue, do please stop thinking you are different from other people and all that sort of thing. You aren't important—no person of your age is. One has to live the way I have to understand life. I think that you are a foolish little girl who is trying to set herself above her mother."

The thousands, in Rue, who had gone before and were seeking fuller expression in her, urged her forward. She stood before her mother wrapped in light.

"I will be myself even if I have to leave here."

Mrs. Helm's cheeks were like grey dough. "Rue," she said angrily, "you read too many books. You imitate what you read. I don't like the books you read—they teach disrespect to mothers."

Rue turned and went up to her room. Mrs. Helm followed her. She watched her daughter swing open her trunk and fill the trays and hangers. As the girl worked the mother searched for a word that might keep her.

"Rue, you love school. You don't want to miss that. You will want to finish."

"I know, but I can't when. . ."

"Well, you're a very foolish little girl and I'm sure I don't know where you're going. Book life is one thing and real life another."

"Don't always be throwing that at me!" The girl's face softened. "I didn't mean that. You see I feel one thing and speak another. A silent person within me knows the right but the saying of it is so hard."

"Rue, don't leave me." Mrs. Helm's softness became sharp accusation. "You are planning to marry Frank and you hide it in that copied talk."

"No Mother, I hadn't thought of it. Oh, this can't be real—it's the wrong side of our lives."

"First my husband insults me and then my daughter." Mrs. Helm left the room.

The girl went on with her packing. She was conscious of a throbbing life within that would never die. About it was cupped an eternity of breathless waiting. Suddenly through the cup of night came a flower all gold with life. She knew that her father was in the doorway behind her. She turned toward him her face that was like the dawn—full of awakening and the freshness of beginning. There word was a glory unspoken.

Mrs. Helm came toward the two. She looked at her husband in frank amazement. She sat down suddenly.

"Then you aren't going away?" was all she said.

"We won't talk about that now, Mother."

Morgan Helm laid a green paper box in his wife's lap. "They're for you," he explained gruffly.

The mother bent to lift the cover from the box. Then there was the fragrance of living blossoms and a glimpse of loveliness.

"How pretty," said Mrs. Helm, "how very pretty." She was silent for a moment. "I wish they had been American beauties though, I always did like those darker shades better than the light."

UN DEPART.

GUY K. TALLMADGE.

Je suis fâché—
Que pourrais—je te dire,
Ma bien—aimée?
L' amour vient de mourir.
Le bonheur né,
Comme une fleur, dure peu,
La destinée
L' abbat, chérie,—adieu.

Chérie, tu pleures?—
Les instants de ma vie,
Les brèves heures,
Toutes par toi remplies
De ta beauté
S' en iront bien lointaines
Dans le passé,
Etant choses humaines.

Les dieux cruels,
Cela n' est rien pour eux,
Les immortels
Sont cruels, étant dieux,
Leurs nuits, leurs jours,
Sans peine, sont amers,
Et nos amours
Pour eux sont éphémères.

Un doux baiser
Sur tes lèvres vermeilles,—
Se séparer?—
Pas de peine pareille;
Ah, la douleur
Qui s' endort dans tes yeux,
Ah, la douceur
Sentée en tes cheveux,

Adieu,—le vent
Soufflerait ma chanson
Tout doucement,
Murmurant ton doux nom,
—Mais les dieux
Puisqu' ils sont immortels,
Sont oublieux,
—Ah, chère, et très cruels.

Ah, tous les soirs
Que tu rendais divins,
Et les espoirs,
Les joies, et les chagrins,
Charme mortel
Senter ta douce bouche
Pareille au miel
Quand mon baiser la touche.

—Mais tu prendas
Un autre bel ami,
Ni rêveras,
Quand je serais parti—
Bien je le sais,
Chère,—à moi encore
A tout jamais;
—Néanmoins je t' adore.

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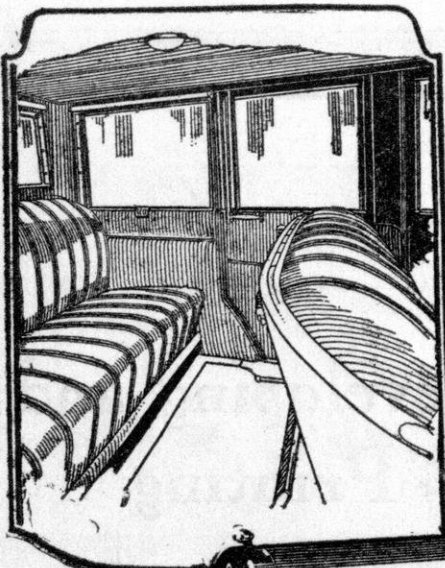
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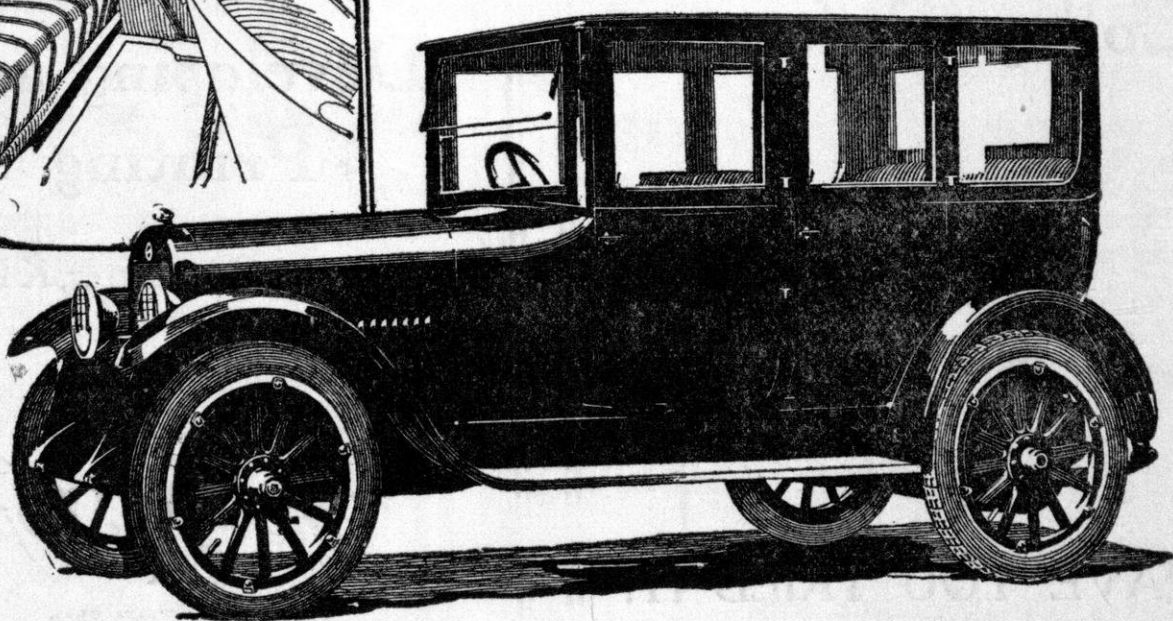
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