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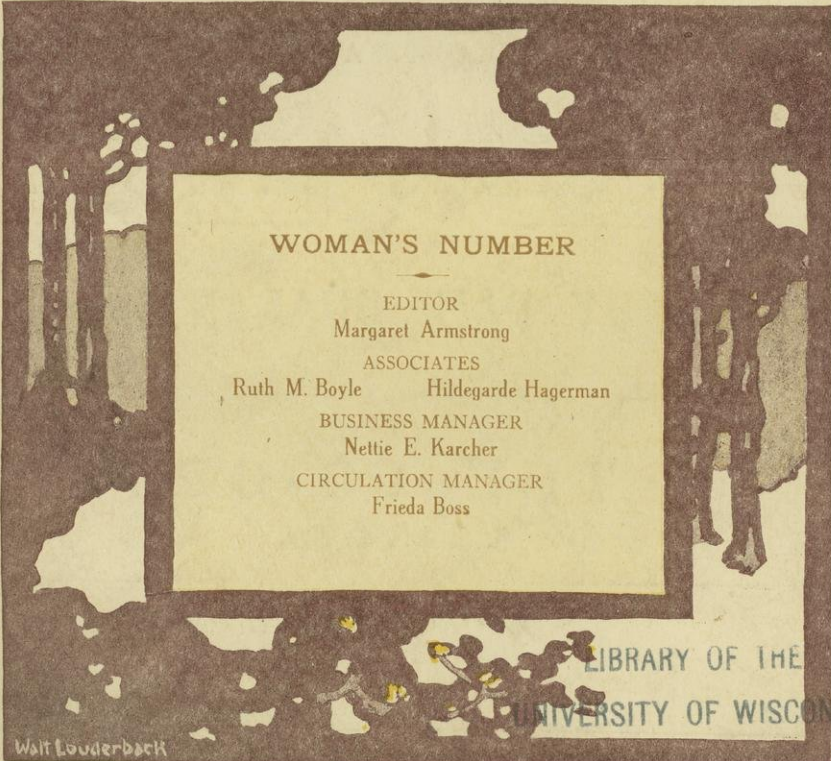
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Volume XI

MARCH, 1914

Number 6



WOMAN'S NUMBER

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Vol. XI.

March, 1914

No 6.

WHEN THE VALKYRIE CAME

Iva N. Ketcham

This Story Won Second Place in the Vilas Prize Story Contest

WHEN the wind roared in the great pines that climbed up the slopes of the foothills, Ole Skaarson took his pipe from between his lips and smiled. His wide blue eyes traveled from the blazing coals in the chimney corner to a jagged crack in the rough plastered wall. The blasts shook the small hut until it trembled ominously, but Ole merely watched the checkered firelight dance fitfully over the uneven floor, and creep a little way up the wall. The shadows quivered across the seamed rent in the plaster, now light, now gray, as the flame leaped up for a moment and then hid itself in the ashes. There were times when he pressed the toe of his thick boot against a

worn knot in the pine floor and kept up a kind of rhythmic beating to the coming and going of the shadows. Then, the wind would roar so loudly that the tin plates and cups in the cupboard, which was a wooden soap box nailed upon the wall, would clatter against one another with a discordant jangling sound. But Ole did not move; he sat quite still with his eyes fastened upon the heavy door, as though he were waiting—very patiently, very quietly. When it did not open, the smile glimmered again about the corners of his mouth, and he listened intently to the blasts that cried to him like a Voice from the outside.

"You made that crack in the wall the

night of the great storm, last March, but you have not yet broken the door. Until the door is broken you cannot come in." He spoke in a low tone and then smiled again as another angry gale of wind shook the hut. He bent forward almost rigid, but the howling sound swept past his door and went tearing down into the valley.

"I am safe here; but I hear you calling so loud. You must come in after me. Why should I go out to you?"

He was quite alone upon the side of the mountain. He had built his shack five years before, with his own hands, when he had first come into the foothill country. He had "hired out" as a sheep-herder a month after his arrival, and, ever since that first spring, he had taken care of the large flock of sheep which belonged to the wealthy Englishman who lived in the valley. Just why the tall Norwegian youth had built his hut upon the mountain instead of on the opposite side of the valley where the rest of the men lived, was a question that had perhaps never troubled the ranch owner. It did not matter where Ole lived, so long as the sheep were properly cared for, and none of them were lost in the storms which so often swept over the low ranges.

Evening after evening, Ole sat in his small shack and listened to the wailing of the winds outside. As the slow hours passed, a strange light would creep into his eyes, and his foot would always seek the same pine knot in the floor and begin its monotonous movement backwards and forwards over the smoothed edges. Sometimes when his thoughts went out over vast spaces—even across the great ocean—his

expression of patient waiting would change to one of painful longing. In place of the low foothills, he saw mighty walls of rock that rose up straight from the banks of the fiords into the cold sky of his own Scandinavia. Their snow-covered peaks sparkled palely in the sunlight, and, as he listened to the raging of the tempests about his hut, he heard another wind come roaring down through the walls of rock above the fiords, and saw the Norway pines bend their heads beneath it.

The plastered walls before him spread out until they seemed to enclose a large, cheerful room; the rude chimney corner became an open fireplace where a great log hissed and crackled. The iron pots upon his bare table were replaced by wide-mouthed kettles which hung just above the blazing tongues that shot up from the red log, and threw a fitful glow over the happy faces that gathered suddenly about him. The firelight touched the yellow curls of the little Helga, and her face, flushed and rosy, was that of the same little girl who had been both his sister and playmate before he had left her to go across the sea. She was sitting, as she had always sat, upon the old-fashioned settle that his father had carved from a single pine tree. He heard again her childish voice begging him to go on with the story he had been telling. It had been interrupted for a moment, as he stopped to sift the ashes from his pipe. Even the aged grandmother in the corner looked up from her knitting and nodded to him to finish it.

He could hear the thread snap upon the wheel as it went around and around accom-

panied by the tread of his mother's foot upon the treadle. He passed his fingers over the bowl of his pipe and went on with the story. It was one which he seemed to have always known, although he remembered, at times, that his father had told it to him over and over again when he was very young. It was a story which his ancestors had told to their children when the freezing cold frosted the windows, and the snows of the long winter buried the small houses and the red barns high upon the mountain-side.

Little Helga never took her eyes from his face as he told the ancient legend to them. It was the tale of the days of their forefathers, the yellow-haired Volsungs who had been as strong and beautiful as young gods, and who claimed to have descended from the lineage of the immortals themselves, somewhere far back in that vague past when the earth was new. As the evening wore on, he told them of the wonderful deeds of these men and women, and also of their enemies, the all-powerful frost giants who carried on a continual warfare with the children of man, and even the bright gods who lived in Valhalla.

The things that Christianity had taught him slipped out of his mind as the blood of his fearless ancestors warmed in his veins; and the story grew until they lived again in the days when the blows of Thor's mighty hammer rolled between the peaks in thunder, and the dark Norns, daughters of fate, wove the woof of man's destinies and broke the thread of life when they grew tired of spinning their marvelous patterns. The gloomy tragedy unfolded itself into the

deathless tale of Sigurd, the greatest of heroes, and his passion for the lovely Brunhild. The group around him listened breathlessly, although the tale was so old that every boy and girl upon the mountain-side knew it, and they had often danced the ancient dance of Sigurd and Brunhild in the tiny village close by.

He told them also, and he lowered his voice as he did so, of the beautiful warrior-maidens who came to the fields of battle and took the slain heroes to Valhalla. They rode upon winged horses and carried shields upon their arms. Golden helmets were pressed down over their dark curls.

"Ah, do they never come now, the Valkyries? Where are they now?" little Helga had asked, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"They cannot come now," he had answered. "We do not go out to battle with our enemies. It is only when a hero is slain upon the battle-field that the Valkyrie comes." He paused and then said, as if to himself, "Our fathers were mighty men, but we are soft and feeble. We do not fight our enemies, but they—they went out to battle with the frost-giants themselves, again and again. In those days these cruel giants of the frost and the cold challenged our forefathers who were not afraid to wrestle with them. Sometimes they won, but when they did not—" his words trailed off into silence, as he whispered—"the Valkyrie took them swiftly up to heaven."

The story had always ended this way and his listeners had stolen away to their beds leaving him alone by the fire, just as they flitted out of his memory now, and left

him gazing at the gray walls of his hut, his pipe black and cold in his hand.

He rose stiffly to his feet and passed his hand through his shock of yellow hair in a dazed, wondering way. The reality of the dream had nearly stunned him. The home faces had seemed so close to him, and the story which he had been telling them was still throbbing in his overwrought brain. He could scarcely realize that it was only one of the many tricks which the solitude and his vivid memory had played upon him. A bitter sigh broke from his lips as his eyes wandered about the cheerless room. It was true, he was still in his lonely shack, and the angry gale was beating relentlessly against its sturdy walls. There was nothing left of his vision but the legend of his forefathers, and that remained with him more clearly than before. He did not know that his own imagination, during the five years of his voluntary exile upon the mountain-side, had changed the story into a kind of great truth.

He crossed the room to the tiny cupboard and slipped his fingers along the edge of one of the improvised shelves. A blank look crossed his face. His tobacco pouch was empty. His comforting pipe could not be refilled. With a sudden impulse, he lifted the cover of the flour barrel in the corner and peered down into its dusty depths. It was nearly empty also. He sighed again and then muttered vacantly:

"No tobacco; no flour. It will be a cold day tomorrow, and the wind wails as though a blizzard was coming. The snow is already piled high about the door, but I must go down to the ranch house early

in the morning and get some flour, a can of oil, and some tobacco. I can get back before the storm comes, maybe. If not, then—but it has not yet come in here no matter how loud it has roared." The son of the Viking took up the tallow candle from the table and held it close to the glass of his narrow window and looked out into the darkness.

"It may be that I shall have to go out to you. I have waited here safe in my room so long where you could not get in. My walls you cannot break, my door you cannot force open, for I have made them so strong. But I am not afraid to meet you—relentless giants of the frost." He spoke in loud accents as though he were defying a powerful foe who was very real and very near. His candle flickered for a moment and a hot drop of grease fell upon his hand. Suddenly the small flame went out as though it had been blown upon by a cold breath from the outside.

A few hours later when he stretched himself upon his hard bed, the bright demigods of another age rose up before him, one after another, as he stared into the red light of the fire streaming across the floor. After a time they crept into his dreams out of the remote past. There were smiles of triumph upon their young faces and unmeasured strength in their perfect limbs. But it was only a little while until cries of combat and loud shouting seemed to fill the air. Terrible creatures with dark, sullen faces peered out of the clouds and sent their freezing breath against the strong beautiful warriors and killed large numbers of them. The sleeper moaned and groaned in his

helpless rage at the sight, while outside in the thick blackness the winds piled the snow about his solitary shack and sang the song of the old, old warfare between man and the merciless elements.

The next morning the sky was covered with gray clouds. There was an ominous stillness everywhere, for the wind had died in the night, and, except for the slight breath of air that just lifted the leafless branches, not a thing stirred. Ole put on his fur coat and high boots and started off through the valley dragging a wooden sledge behind him. It was a slow journey, for the drifts had made the trail almost impassible. He kept on, taking long strides and scattering the feathery snow at every step. It was not far to the ranch house, but it was nearly noon when he reached it. The men came out of their shacks and greeted him with shouts of welcome.

"What a fellow you are, Ole, to live up there in the mountains away from the whole bunch of us. Better stop it and come down here. Be sociable like the rest of us." The boy who spoke was a slender youth whose dark head came up to Ole's shoulder. He looked at the Norwegian's splendid physique with undisguised admiration.

Ole laid his big hand upon the boy's shoulder. "No, Bennie, I will stay at my own house," he answered, and his blue eyes twinkled.

In a short time he had his box of flour and can of oil packed upon his sledge. The men who had gathered around him, laughing and talking, had gone back to their shacks. Ben alone remained.

"Look here, Ole. I want you to come in

and have dinner with me. It's ready this minute. Come on, now, and not a word from you." He caught hold of Ole's arm and led him into the shack. Ben's partner had dinner upon the table. The potatoes were steaming, and the meat was smoking hot. Ole sat down good-naturedly and began eating heartily. After the meal was finished, they smoked their pipes and began to talk about the cattle and the sheep. Ben and his partner were cattlemen who had charge of the fall roundup, and they joked Ole sometimes for being contented to remain the one solitary sheep-herder upon the place.

The short afternoon was almost gone and the sky had grown grayer when Ole sprang to his feet. There was a moaning sound in the air. It seemed to come from over the ranges.

"Say, old man, you are not going out in this. There's a storm coming. It's been too quiet all day. You can bunk with us tonight." Ben spoke earnestly and a hidden fear shone in his eyes as he saw Ole start for the door.

"Don't be a fool, Ole. You can stay away from your hut one night. Besides, there's a storm coming, I tell you." But Ole laughed. His white teeth glistened, and he threw back his shock of yellow hair. Ben could not understand the excitement that had flushed Ole's face. Afraid of the storm! He, whose fathers had dared to go and battle with the all-powerful frost-giants themselves, in the old days. And, had he not challenged them himself the night before? Perhaps that was why he laughed at Ben's warning and scorned his invita-

tion to stay at the ranch. The bitter cold and the coming storm were his foes, and he disdained the thought of fearing to combat them.

A few minutes later he was ploughing through the loose snow, in spite of Ben's entreaties and angry imprecations which the latter called after him. The wind began to rise steadily as he went on, and the quiet that settled down over everything seemed to envelope him. He walked on faster and faster, his head thrown back and his blue eyes flashing with a fearless challenge.

He was nearly half way home when a soft flake fell upon his cheek. He wiped it away as though it had stung him, and then a slight smile touched his lips. In a moment the air was full of the cold, soft specks. They swirled about him and fell upon him, millions of them, as though they were being poured out of an open space in the heavens. The wind cut through his great coat and blew them into his face. They bit like particles of fine ice. It grew dark almost instantly; so dark that the blinding flakes seemed to be smothering him. They fell in a solid white sheet which was beginning to close in upon him like an impenetrable wall. It was strange how slowly he had to fight his way through it, even when he matched all of his might with the fury of the gale which was holding him back.

He scouted the thought of fear, and from the first, a wild joy surged through him. The blood of his ancestors burned in his veins, their great strength was in his limbs,

and their dauntless spirit called to him across the years. He knew, somehow, that he was fighting as they had fought against the merciless warriors of the cold. They had conquered—sometimes—the story of his fathers assured him of that. When they had been defeated—

A shaft of light pierced the darkness around him. He did not know that his brain was becoming numbed by the dreadful strain, and that unconscious of the pain which his body was suffering it was urging him on and on with a kind of dazed exultation. The flashes of light that kept piercing the darkness dazed him still more.

He could not realize for moments where he was. There were times when he found himself before the fireplace in his old home and heard the little Helga asking him to finish the story he had stopped telling. She was whispering close to his face one second, and then he was alone the next, with the wind and the snow pressing him backwards with all their giant force.

Suddenly the flakes seemed to come together and form an impassible barrier which he stumbled against several times, but which he could not pass through. A single fact burned its way into his sluggish faculties. He could not go forward a single step—he could fight no longer, for, with all his great strength, he had suddenly become helpless. Then he was speaking to Helga again, and he heard his own voice saying:

“And when they were slain in battle, the Valkyrie came.”

A wide spot of light spread out through

the falling snow and it showed him how thick and fast the flakes were falling. In the center of that bright space, he saw a face looking down upon him; it was gentle and kind, and it came nearer to him. He knew her by her wonderful beauty and by the shining helmet which was pressed over her flowing hair.

"It is the Valkyrie. She has come because I am dying," he breathed. "You have won, oh giants of the frost, you have won, oh remorseless enemy of my fathers, but I—" He thought she spoke to him, but he could not hear what she said, for he felt himself being borne away with a rush of great wings, as her dark horse was caught up from the earth into the whirling wind and snow.

The sun was shining upon the white plain when Ben and his partner rode through the valley next morning. The younger boy's

face was white, and neither of them spoke a word. They looked about them on either side as they rode along.

They found him at the place where the foothills rose up from the edge of the valley.

"Look!" cried Ben, "The snow is drifted here higher than a man's head."

His partner bent down with a smothered cry. A giant frame lay half hidden in the snow at the foot of the great drift.

"No wonder he could not get through it. The wind and snow must have come roaring down into this place with an awful force to have made such a pile as this. They must have beaten against him like a tornado."

But neither Ben nor his partner knew as they looked at that great mass of dazzling snow that the dead lips were smiling because the Valkyrie had come with it.

MORNING GLORIES

The morning-glory chalice

Of softest texture, fairest hues

Swung from their graceful trellises

Brimming with morning's silver dews.

I pulled them eagerly to fill

An antique bowl of quaint design,

And set it on the window sill

Where light fell dappled, shade with shine.

But when at noon I came again

To gaze upon the faery things

They drooped, drawn up as if in pain,

Tight folded all their dainty wings,

Sadly I mourned their vanished charm

Fled with the morning's golden beams,

And thought, "So in the noon of life

"Wither and die our youthful dreams."

Today, when morning sunbeams fell

Like elfin fingers on my eyes

I looked—as run from out her cell

Upon the world—with sweet surprise.

At the slim trellises bereft

But yesterday of all their bloom—

Fresh morning-glories plendant hung,

Their faint sweet fragrance filled the room.

H. H. H. '15.

Lost---A La Valliere

Mary P. Morsell '17



HE nosiy street was thronged with an impatient, jostling crowd of workers, who streamed in appalling numbers from every factory, department store, and office building. Although all grades of society were represented in this motley throng, the common purpose of satisfying the needs of the inner man animated each one. Some waited impatiently for the already overcrowded street cars; others filled to overflowing the numerous dairy and quick lunches whose windows displayed such a tempting array of fruits, cake and pastry.

Resolutely turning aside from all such culinary snares for the pocketbook, Mamie Callahan threaded her way through the crowd to a plate glass show case which displayed articles of more interest than even fruit or cake. Mamie's eyes, skilled through a week's practice, quickly fastened upon a glittering rhinestone La Valliere whose ordinary brilliance was increased a hundred fold by myriad red electric lights which the clever jewelry firm employed in their show case to add luster to the cheap goods they carried. A thrill of possession already swept over Mamie as she felt the dimes and quarters now swelling her usually slender purse. A week's sacrifice of luncheon now seemed as nothing. She visualized as she had done a hundred times before, her appearance on Saturday night.

"I c'n take the dirty chiffon off'n my black crepe de chien and make it slightly decollete," mused Mamie, even to herself

employing the much admired French phraseology of the head clerk in waists whose knowledge of fashions and Paris filled her with unspeakable awe. "An' Minnie 'll learn me how to make them velvet roses what they soak you fifty-nine cents for at the ribbon counter. But it'll be that there La Valliere what'll make 'em sit up and take notice at the Cement Mixer's Ball," she continued. "That catty Goldie Stronks ain't gonta cut me out a George even if she did get a raise in sal'ry and blow it all in on a taupe messaline with one 'o them new lamp shade effect skirt what they showed at the 'promenade des Toilettes.'"

At last satisfied with gazing upon her future purchase, Mamie completed her noon hour by a critical survey of all the shop windows and then returned to work.

When the weary afternoon had at last dragged itself out, Mamie hastened homewards in order to effect the necessary changes upon her long suffering crepe de chien. She had been sewing but a few moments when the muffled sound of convulsive sobs came to her ears. They seemed to emanate from the room next her own which she faintly recollected had been taken by a delicate, countrified looking girl but a few days before.

Warm hearted Mamie threw her dress upon the chair and knocked at her neighbor's door. There was no response but the sobs still continued. Pushing upon the door, Mamie found that her conjecture had been correct. The countrified looking girl in a rusty black skirt and run down heels lay face downward upon the bed.

"Come on, kid, can the tears," entreated

Mamie earnestly if not eloquently. "Give me a glim as to what the fix is 'n we'll see if we c'n fix it up."

The girl raised her head and Mamie noticed with alarm that her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes unnaturally bright. "Nothin' easier to explain," she said with sarcastic bitterness. "Come to work in the city two months ago, hated it all the time; lost my job last week 'n got sick looking for new one. Takes two dollars to get home 'n I got four cents to my name."

The mention of the two dollars made Mamie wince. It brought to her mind the dimes and quarters to a little over that amount lying in her purse in the other room; it also called up the vision of the La Valliere, scintillating, beautiful. Mamie did not, however, go through any elaborate process of resolve and vacillation such as many novelists delight in describing. Her sacrifice was almost instantaneous.

"Aw, say kiddo, nothin' easier in the world," said Mamie with an assumption of cheerfulness speaking well for her histrionic ability. "Why, I got two bucks I was jus' gona sink in the bank. What with the candy, flowers, and shows what my fellow stakes me to I don't have no way a spendin' the swell sal'ry I'm gettin' now as first assistant in leather goods!" Mamie fabricated cleverly, secure in the greenness of her listener and the deceiving power of her own cheaply stylish, citified, appearance.

The girl, as Mamie phrased it, "fell for her line 'a gab." Gratefully clasping her benefactress' hand she dropped back upon the pillow as if a great burden had been

removed from her. "You're a peach 'n' I'll pay you back soon's ever I get home," was all she could say. .

Mamie pulled the comforter over the girl's relaxed figure and admonished her to get a good sleep in order to be fresh for the morning's journey. Softly shutting the door she went into her own room and resumed the renovation of the crepe de chien. Two tears just escaped, spotting the silk, but Mamie was smiling, nevertheless.

* * * *

The Feminist Movement

Sidney Oehler '15



Movement which would have been mercilessly ridiculed sixty years ago is the one agitated by the feminists. The interest in it varies from that of people who demand absolute freedom for women at the expense of all else to the antagonism of those who hold up "women's sphere" as a holy and indestructible institution. Even the most unconcerned are now being forced to consider this question, for it is a leading topic for conversation and nearly every paper and magazine has some opinion to express on the matter.

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly Mr. George has written a very radical article on "Feminist Intentions." He holds that the complete emancipation of woman should be obtained at the expense of everything, even the sacredness of marriage vows and the home as an institution

in society. No woman, he says, should be stunted in her mental growth or denied the fullness of a free life in the world outside of the home by conventions imposed upon her in ages widely different from the one in which we now live.

An article in the following number of the same magazine, "Much Ado About Women," states the conviction that, although things are undoubtedly a little wrong somewhere, the best solution of the difficulty is a laissez-faire policy. "Who could wish," says the author, "that the modification of the 'Sittlichkeit' of women should go on faster than it is going? It should go no faster than women can be trained to meet the new expectations which are geared to it." And yet, the author, Mr. Martin, rather discourages any active means of training these custom-bound women to fitness for a better, broader life.

Any one who has studied to any extent the conditions under which women are living can not deny that there is much room for improvement. With that admission the objection may be raised, "but might not the conditions under which man lives be bettered, too?" That is very possible. Since woman, however, seems to be the more unfortunate of the two let us consider the two divisions into which the question of her betterment seems to resolve itself.

First of all is the difficulty which women meet upon entering the business and professional world. Since a prestige for men's labor in responsible positions has been established during the last thirty or forty centuries, we must not blame the poor men of to-day if they are inclined to hold the

views handed down to them as their inheritance of the wisdom of their prehistoric male ancestors. But unfortunately the fact remains that women have been able to increase their powers more rapidly than men have been able to raise their estimation of them, and this circumstance has created an unpleasant amount of heated discussion.

In a recent examination of applicants for the positions of assistants in a hospital, of the ten people receiving highest grades nine were women. The appointments, however, did not correspond with this record, for only five women got positions, while the other five positions were given to men, four of whom rated below the higher grades of fourteen women. And in school appointments there are instances continually arising in which women, upon accepting positions which have been held by men, are forced to accept lower salaries. At the present time women in the industrial world are confined largely to manual labor. In fact, statistics show us that a surprising amount of the lighter manual labor is done by women alone, and that these women receive shamefully small wages. Mr. George suggests that the degree in which women are underpaid may account for their comparative inefficiency rather than that their inefficiency can account for their wages. The statement is undoubtedly made to startle the reader, but, nevertheless, there is much truth in it.

All this unfairness arouses the ire of the feminists, but if there is anything which can really disturb them it is the other difficulty which women meet: the popularity of the word "woman's sphere." Upon this

word is based most of the argument against women's suffrage and with it the anti-feminists attempt to put to shame the too adventurous women desiring a peep at that great unknown, the world.

People do not seem to take into account the fact that this sphere has diminished so in size with the introduction of our new manner of living that it is rather small to occupy the mind of any human being for an entire life-time.

Not a great many years ago the home was the center of economic society and all a woman could do was to fulfill her duties here. Besides Monday's washing, Tuesday's ironing, Wednesday's mending, Thursday's sewing, Friday's sweeping, and Saturday's baking she took upon herself the duty of educating and training her children, acting as their only teacher. Present conditions have undoubtedly changed for the better and have brought about a higher utility of time and labor. But they have also left women almost "jobless" and have raised the disturbing question, "where shall woman find a new sphere?"

Let us consider some of the ways in which work has been taken from the home. Do you remember the tales of how our worthy grandmothers used to spend nearly half their lives in baking and trying to keep "cooked up," how the smoke-house was in use most of the time, how the preserve kettle was in demand all though the strawberry season, then the raspberry and blackberry season, and so on until the apples and peaches and pears were ripe enough to be canned or made into jelly? When canning season was over, attention was given to

weaving and sewing, and so the "extra" work continued the year round. The women thought little of their sphere then; they were thankful if they could find time for their routine work and the care of their children. But contrast this with conditions of to-day. It is unnecessary now, foolish in fact, to spend any great amount of time getting fruit ready for the winter, preparing smoked meats, or even doing the large amount of baking that used to be thought so necessary. Canning factories and bakeries, which have lessened the waste of time and labor, have also reduced the cost of preparation. Clothes, even to the smallest accessories, can be bought for as little money as it would take to produce them at home.

But of greatest importance for consideration is the fact that a large part of the training of the children has been taken from the home and transferred to the schools. Our educational system is undeniably more effective for the good of society at large; even the most capable woman could not pretend to give her child as broad and complete an education as a whole force of teachers who have prepared themselves especially for such work. But true as this may be, no one will deny that the school in a degree has taken from the home the most attractive element in "woman's sphere."

Here is the most lamentable point in the whole "woman's sphere" theory. Regardless of the changes which have taken place and of the comparative emptiness of this sphere, women are not supposed to venture outside its bounds, but are to remain within the hollow shell, living as parasites. And

the majority of high-minded and fair-minded women have rebelled at this.

As domestic housekeeping grows into municipal housekeeping, is it not the duty of every woman to equip herself for her altered work and the duty of every man to make it possible for her to perform her task? No one has any right, and it is a pity that custom bears so much weight, to force half of society to waste their powers of efficiency in the smallest degree. Where woman is most valuable, where her services are of greatest benefit to society,—only within those bounds should her sphere be laid.

* * * *

Further Confessions of a Snubbed Lady Reporter

By One Who Has Been



ALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 13, 1914. Dear Old Girl:—This, being Friday, the thirteenth, I'll send you a pen drip by way of letting you know the doings of this bustling metropolis and to divert me, temporarily, from my firm,—oh, yes indeed, my very firm resolve to kill the city editor.

From the tone of my lead, I fear you will think that I am getting pied in my way of looking at life, but not at all. Last night I was looking over the diary that I kept during our Junior year when we planned to start for New York with our tooth brushes and umbrellas and the firm resolve to oust the editor of the Sun and run a paper devoted to the interests of suffrage

and pure Journalism. Well, "the years have stretched their weary length between," and in the between you've fulfilled the prophecies that were made at commencement for you, by filling in at Belleville, Monroe, and Adelle, while I've ornamented the staff of dailys and "weaklies"—hangman, do your duty—at Centersburg, Crownpoint, and other points of interest, finally stagnating at Kalamazoo.

We've both contributed generously and tirelessly to the support of the United States mail by sending manuscripts to unappreciative publishers who kept the stamps and sent the epics back in a bunch, collect. And still we've stuck. I don't know the why for that action as regards you, but with me it was frequently that I didn't like to walk as far as the next town. There's a fine point involved in that last sentence.

Remember how we used to talk about the time when the president would call us to the White House to confer with her about—about gre-eat questions of state? Well he hasn't summoned me so far, but Squire MacKenzie told me at the post office that he had bought two new cows and that I might run a story on the purchase. That's the nearest I've come to official life, by heck. I haven't had a chance to record any great world-shaking events such as earthquakes or political conventions, but every now and then I mention the fact that strawberrying is now in vogue and that "some from these parts are cutting hay," also that Frank Edmonds is going regularly to Battle Creek—ah, there Frank. (Intermission here.)

Jake Gibbs just came in to tell me that a strike was threatened in his factory, so I went over to the Gibbises' front room and argued with old John Taylor that he ought not to leave Jake in the lurch at such a critical time in the business and so the labor war was settled and although I have no headlines in the paper, I have a warm, satisfied feeling within me and old John has his week's pay in his pocket and the little Taylors will have new shoes tonight. A very unjournalistic proceeding I know, for reporters aren't supposed to have the luxury of personal feelings, in big cities at least, but this isn't a big city.

It strikes me that it would be foolish to try to make a New York out of Kalamazoo—the humor of that statement overwhelms me—even if I could, and I freely confess

that I can't. Anyhow, I don't want to. It's a mistake for us to try to fit our two cylinder minds to work that requires a ninety hour machine. Just here I hear you suggesting that "I speak for myself John." I'm going to keep right on in Kalamazoo for I think it's the place for me and the calls that I think I hear from other places are only some other noises after all. And when my copy is in and I'm all in, I'll be able to say "30" with a clean conscience because "I done what I done what I was set." I must stop now because the Baptist minister's wife is giving a social today and I must find out who was present. I might as well put down the whole town because the poor woman wouldn't dare to leave any one out, even the Methodists. So long
M.

THE GOD OF THE HILLS

Margaret Wade '16



HE old man came out of the cottage, and took his accustomed seat on the bench by the door, and turned his gaze towards the West, where an August sun was setting. The dog at the stoop arose and stretched his stiff old legs; then sank down again, but this time at the old man's feet, and together they watched the road, which wound snake-like out of the hills, past the door, and down into the valley below.

In just this manner these two, the man and dog, had watched the highway for many years, in summer from the bench at the door, in winter from the tiny west win-

dow of the cottage, until darkness descended, and the road became a blur in the deepening twilight.

The man had often talked to the dog in the first years of these vigils and he had always said, "I think she will come about sunset, Jonathan, at sunset, or when the dusk is settling; for that is the time that she went away you know." Jonathan had been accustomed to respond to these confidences with a low whine and a wag of his stumpy tail, but that had been quite in the long ago, when the man was still in his prime, and the dog had just out-grown a riotous puppyhood.

Of late years the man had said nothing to the dog in regard to her coming, but he had never doubted for a moment that she would come, and always he pictured her approaching over the raise of the hill, where the road turns to the right, and disappears down into the populous, noisy valley.

Sometimes, but not very often, he wondered how she would look when she came—she had been so wondrously fair, with her black, black hair and her rose-red cheeks—but twelve years work marvelous changes sometimes; they had taken the zest from his stalwart manhood and left him an old man,—but then he was nearly two score years older than she—she was only now in the bloom of ripe womanhood!

Today the old man had made unusual preparations for her coming. If he had calculated rightly it was exactly twelve years that day week since she had gone away. Memories came rushing back as he thought of that day, bitter, haunting memories, but he had resolutely set them aside, and now he nudged the dog caressingly with the toe of his worn boot, "I think, Jonathan," he said softly, "she will come to-day; we will watch the turn until quite late tonight."

Presently the August sun sank in rosy, regretful splendor, and with his passing, a faint evening breeze sprang up from the valley, and blew wonderfully cool and refreshing after the heat of the day. A team passed by in a cloud of yellow dust, which drifted towards the cottage. The man watched the wagon disappear around the bend in the road; it had come up from the valley. Years had passed since he had

gone down into the fertile lowlands. It was a long, wearisome journey for old bones to undertake—and then she might come while he was away.

The man and the dog waited patiently through the early summer evening, and at last they both arose. "I believe she is coming, Jonathan," he said, and the dog whined knowingly and wagged his stumpy tail.

Over the raise a figure was approaching. The man's heart beat with choking rapidity, but his face remained calm and quite impassive. The figure drew nearer, and then a great wave of disappointment swept over the watcher, as he noticed that the traveler was not alone; a wee child, a dark haired boy ran at her side. The old man's lips trembled pitifully. "It isn't she," he murmured sadly; still he waited and wonderingly saw the two figures turn into the cottage yard. Timidly he went forward to meet them, the dog snuffing low at their heels.

"Ah, Good evening, strangers, you are weary," he said, as he noticed how the woman staggered under the heavy bundle that she carried, and how the child had dark shadows under his blue, blue eyes.

The woman nodded her head. "Yes," she said, "we are tired," and she sank down on the bench by the door, and laid her bundle on the ground.

The old man entered the cottage and brought out a pitcher of milk and a glass, and silently offered them to the woman. Quickly she filled the tumbler and gave it to the child, who eagerly gulped the refreshing contents; then she drank a long draught herself, not removing the close-fit-

ing, calico bonnet that she wore.

The man waited, and when they had finished he said: "You have come a long ways no doubt. Are you going far?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders wearily. "I don't know, I can't tell," she replied briefly; then lapsed into silence, while the child played with the dog, who dozed contentedly at her feet.

The man sought to renew the conversation. "I was waiting for some one," he confided gently, "I've been waiting every night for twelve years. I thought you were she when I saw you coming over the raise, until I saw yonder wee laddie; then I knew I was mistaken, for she will come quite alone—its my wife, I mean," he concluded timidly. It was such a relief to tell some one of his patient vigil.

The woman raised her head a little, and nervously clutched her ringless fingers, "Your wife?" she murmured, almost inaudible, "where is she that you have waited so long?"

The man sighed "Down in the valley I guess," he answered, doubt creeping into his voice. "She was young, you know, and life was sweet, but the hills wearied her. She left one August day just at sunset, but she said she'd be back quite soon; so I've been waiting here with Jonathan. You didn't see her in the valley?" he finished anxiously.

The woman slowly shook her head. "No, I think not" she said, "there are so many in the cities of the valley—one does not see them all."

"You are from the valley, then?" the old man cried eagerly. "Ah, think! She was tall and slender, my wife, you would know

her by her black, black hair, and her rose-red cheeks, and her bounding step."

"No," said the woman, "there are many with black, black hair and cheeks like roses in the valley; they come from the hills, you know, but the roses fade before their time, and the hair silvers soon down there," and she pointed far to the westward.

The old man regarded her curiously, anxiously. "Is it so bad then," he queried, "the valley life, I mean?"

"It is hell," said the woman laconically, and the man shivered apprehensively at the dull foreboding in her words.

"Up here," continued the woman, "up here it is all peace, here in the everlasting hills. You know nothing of the life below—this is God's country. There is no God in the Valley!"

The old man rebuked her gently. "You are very bitter now," he said, "maybe you have been heavily crossed, but—"

The woman laughed harshly. "Maybe I have," she returned bleakly, "but it's my just deserts, I guess."

The man sought vainly to cheer her. "You have him," he said, pointing to the child, who was gently caressing the old dog at the step.

"Yes," the woman agreed wearily, "I have—poor Robin! I'd had ended it all long ago, but for Robin's sake." "You shouldn't talk thus," reproved the old man sternly; then he continued gravely, "your words fill me with foreboding for my wife. She was young and wondrously fair, and the blood pounded hotly in her veins. Do you think the life in the valley would tempt her too strongly? I never thought to look

for her for she promised to return some day. Maybe I should go now. She is pure and good, I know, but then she is still young, and when one is young she sometimes forgets—”

The woman interposed hastily. “Yes, yes,” she said chokingly, drawing the tight bonnet closer over her face, “Ah, yes, when one is young she forgets sometimes the God of the hills, and the narrow path is oppressingly straight when temptation lurks on every side—but,” she continued, “I wouldn’t look for her, for I’m sure some day she’ll come back to you, some day when you’re waiting here. If she only knew how you were watching, if she only knew how you’d have watched through the years, she would not had tarried thus long in the foulness and sin of the valley—ah no, she would had never left you, you and the peace of the hills!”

The man nodded eagerly. “That’s just what I think,” he said. “She’ll come back, my white rose, some day, a little sadder, a little wiser of course, but just as pure as when she left me, for she was too proud to stoop to lowliness or sin.”

A silence reigned for several moments, and the man’s eyes turned again wistfully to the west, where the road was growing dim in the August twilight.

At last the woman arose and picked up the child who had fallen asleep on the stoop, one arm around the dog’s neck. “Wake up, Robin,” she said gently.

The man turned quickly “you’re not going yet,” he said, “you are too weary. Stay with me this night, and start in the cool of the morning.”

The woman shook her head. “No, I guess we’ll get on,” she said tonelessly. “We only stopped to rest a while; we’re going toward Harperstown.”

The man handed her the clumsy bundle. “Ah, your burden is heavy,” he said pityingly, “you cannot carry them both,” and he gently touched the sleeping child.

“I am quite used to heavy burdens,” responded the woman dully, and she started down the path toward the low gate.

The man stumbled after her, and eagerly caught one of her hands in his. “If you see her,” he begged, “tell her I’m waiting; tell her I’ve waited every night for twelve years.”

The woman choked down a strangling sob, “I’ll tell her,” she promised. “Good-by,” and she passed out on the dusty highway.

The old man sat down again, and watched the weary figure until she disappeared around the turn in the road. “Poor thing!” he sighed, and then his eyes again turned to the darkening west.

* * * *

SELFISHNESS

If you have walked a little way with me
And found the going one of sweet content
Be glad, dear heart, and do not ask to see
This other road on which my feet are bent.

Or if the way to you has seemed too long,
Too deep the piercing thorns, the stones too rough

If you have found no music for your song
Then dear, turn back, for this is far enough.

For I would tread this little way alone
Nor have you fare the darkness I must meet
But when I win the laurel for mine own,
Then dearest, let me lay at your feet.

Marrying Off Mary

Marian L. Davies '14



IT WAS three thirty of a hot August afternoon. Mary, aged twenty-three, slim, healthy young thing, reclined in the hammock on the north lawn reading, "Cranford." Now the reader would naturally expect her eyes to be protruding at this highly exciting novel. Mary's eyes were not protruding. The truth will out. Although she had every appearance of reading, she was not reading at all. She was thinking of—well, what is an attractive young girl usually thinking of? She was thinking of John. If people disliked Mary they said her nose was much too large for her face and her eyes squinty. If they liked her they said, of course, her features were not perfect, but she certainly was not what they'd call a bad looking girl. John thought she was very, very beautiful. So beautiful in fact, that the night before, coming home from the Country Club weekly dance, on the street car, (John had just that afternoon smashed in the front of their seven passenger Cadillac) the thing she had tried to keep off all summer happened. John proposed. It was very dignified for he appreciated the solemnity of the occasion. Mary had no fault to find with that, but on a—street car! Well, she sighed, that couldn't matter now. The fact was he had proposed, and she had told him, as a girl always does, that she must have time to think. At four he was coming for his answer. What was she to say to him?

Now, in justice to John we must explain

that he was a nice marriageable young chap, considerably the catch of the town. His father was also president of the Plano National Bank. He (John) didn't drink and Mary knew for a fact that he was nice to his mother. Love him? Not knowing what love felt like she couldn't say. But she did know she liked him very much. As she had known him only six months, that, we might say, was going some. What more could a girl ask? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But, oh shucks, Mary had no desire to be engaged, or married. To be sure she had to marry sometime.

The Thatcher girls, aged seventy-eight and eighty respectively, residing in maidenly fashion across the street and two houses down convinced her of that. And then there was her family. She had finished college, and they expected her to become engaged to some agreeable young man as was the natural order of events for any normal girl. Oh, that was just it. Was she normal? She had her doubts. She always thought she preferred suffrage headquarters and canvassing the state to a life membership in the Fireside Club.

Once at a County Fair, she had heard Inez Milholland say that a woman lost her individuality through marriage. (Inez it seems was not overly particular about herself.) Now Mary was great on individuality. To be different she would have walked down King Street (the most exclusive street in Plano) in a Navajo blanket and a string of beads, or given a lecture on Cooley on "Torts." She thought Cooley meant one of those funny Chinese servants like Mrs. Burr-Smith's. She didn't know what un-

der the sun Torts could be unless it was something to eat.

No, the dear Reader must admit she wasn't quite normal. And oh, yes, she had always told the girls at school that her one aim in life and beautiful dream for the future was to write languishing love stories, wear décolleté black velvet gowns, and smoke cigarettes from a duck of a jewelled case. To give up this vision of bliss she further asserted she must be wooed and won in some romantic way. Romantic? My word, a street car! She groaned aloud. As the hour approached she was hot and cold by turns. Figuratively speaking, for of course, one cannot be literally cold on a sweltering August afternoon. She scowled hard at her book. Why under the sun did she have to decide now? How she detested problems, quarrels, unpleasant arguments, or anything that upset her peace of mind. What was she to say to him?

"Oh, Law," she said, and threw her edition de luxe forcibly on the grass. She painfully excavated her fountain pen, and some crumpled correspondence cards from under her, rearranged herself comfortably with one white rubber-soled foot dangling unbecomingly out of the hammock, and started to write some letters to her dear, but distant school-mates. Someone called her in a shrill voice from the Big House. Knowing by her woman's intuition, as the novels say, that it was for Bridge, she ducked her head deceiving herself ostrichesque that her head out of the way the rest of her, including her good sized rubber-soled foot, was invisible. When the door banged shut she resumed her former position.

A quarter of an hour later she was still writing, when her mother pointed her out to a large, hatless young man in a blue Norfolk coat and white flannel trousers, which looked as though he had outgrown them by two sizes. Oh, la, such is the fashion. As he strode toward her, over the green lawn, his jaw was set and his good-looking blue eyes stern. He had no intentions of being put off. He would make that known from the start.

As he came up close to the hammock his eyes softened at her disordered, wonderful shiny hair and adorable, flushed cheeks. He thought he would like to kiss her, for, you see, he was very much in love. Luckily, or unluckily for her it was just then she looked up, and gave a start. Her first thought was how awful she must look, and her second how good-looking he was. She carefully drew in her foot, and tried to straighten her negligee attitude to fit the situation. She knew she should have received him in her Mother's Louis XV., or XVI., (she never could remember which) drawing-room. Fancy trying to sit dignified in a hammock! Of course, all this took but a minute. In another she held out her hand.

"How do you do, John. How nice of you to come," she said as though he had just strolled around for a chat. They shook hands gravely, and then John's eyes became stern again as he drew up a chair to the hammock, sat down quickly, and opened his mouth to speak.

"Isn't it a wonderful day," she said. "Though a trifle hot." A pause. Mary furtively patted her top hair while she

watched John out of the corner of her eye.

"Oh, what do you think," she began quickly, when he showed signs of again opening his mouth, "We got a card from Bess and Will this morning from Naples. They are going to stay there a month. Ugh! I feel sorry for Bess with those terrible fleas around. I—" Mary stopped suddenly. If her mother could only hear her discussing fleas as a topic of polite conversation! She giggled.

"Well?" he asked after she had quite recovered from her untimely mirth.

"What do you think," she began again a little nervously for it was hard to ignore his calm disapproving air. "I beat Bob at tennis this morning. First time this summer. Gee! It was exciting. The last set—"

"Well?" John repeated, raising his black eye brows. (We forgot to say that he had red hair and black eye-brows! Mary thought the combination quite fetching. So do we.)

"Oh, well," Mary picked up her pen a trifle wearily, and started to date another correspondence card.

"Dearest Billy," she wrote holding it where he couldn't help but see. He was on his feet in a minute his blue eyes blazing.

"Dearest Billy! Dearest Billy!" he exploded, and for a second could get no farther. Then—"You've been leading me on all summer." (Oh, what a mistake. Hadn't Mary tried to avoid his declaration all summer? Why do men always accuse women of leading them on?)

"Are you a flirt?" As Mary refused to reply to this candid question, and, moreover,

looked as though he could read his bloomin' answer in the stars for all she cared, he thought he would like very much not to kiss her, but to shake her good.

"You are! You are! You've led me on —"

Mary picked up her blotter, and thoughtfully rubbed the end of it over her gold pen. She looked at him quickly, smiled sweetly with her lips and eyes, and wrote on. Then with a "there" she blotted it while he still stormed, maddened by her silence, stopping just short of shaking his fist in her face.

"I have a right to an explanation", he was saying for the fourth time.

For answer, she handed him the letter. "Read it." She yawned extensively, then leaned back luxuriously in the hammock. Her face was happy and contented again. A far-away expression in her eyes.

John forgot to shut his mouth on the last syllable of explanation. He simply stared at her. Then his eyes were drawn rather sulkily to the card. For once in his life his curiosity got the better of his dignity. He couldn't help but read:

August 20

Dearest Billy:

I am writing you of my engagement to John Williams, a Harvard man, who lives here in Plano. Or rather I was writing you. For I have just found, quite by accident, that he has a frightful temper, and you know, dear girl, having roomed with me for three years, that I never could get along with anyone with a temper.

Mary.

“Sunflower Quality”

Anna Heise '17



ERE'S some oatmeal for you, Ma. Pa thought as you might be out o' it, so he told me to bring some from town," cried the tall, red-haired son of the house of Gordon, clumping noisily into the kitchen.

"Lord, how noisy you be, John! There, let's see, 'S-u-n-f-l-o-w-e-r Quality,'" she spelled out slowly. "Why, that ain't the kind we allus uses. It was the 'Golden Glow' I wanted. I've a good mind to send you right back to change it; what right has your pa ordering oatmeal anyway?—But there, I suppose we might as well use it, seein' as Norah needs it for her cookies.—But dear, dear, I do wish I didn't have to supply the brains for the hull family."

Norah looked at the tall, spare figure of her mother pityingly. Two spots of red burned fitfully in the thin, sunken cheeks. The painfully thin, painfully colorless lips fluttered and trembled. The thin hands shivered as if from a fit of ague.

Norah turned with a sigh and philosophically proceeded to measure a cupful of the despised "Sunflower Quality" for her cookies. Suddenly her tin measuring cup struck something firm and hard, and in a moment she had extricated a shining object from the depths of the package.

"Look, ma, jest see what I found!" she exulted, "jest look, ma; it's a bee-yutiful cup, all gold, an' purple, an' blue."

Mrs. Gordon fairly gasped as she contemplated the cup, which was adorned with

an impossible design of purple roses, nodding on gilt stems from which issued blue leaves. She seized the package and turned it frantically round and round. Before her blurred vision swam the words: "Sunflower Cereal Company, Tickets and Premiums. A Beautiful China Cup is Given Away, Absolutely Free, with Every Twentieth Package."

In that supreme moment, Mrs. Gordon ceased to be a breathing, thinking woman. She became an embodied passion for china cups adorned with impossible designs of purple roses nodding on gilt stems from which issued blue leaves. She made a lightning calculation. The Gordons were in the habit of consuming about two packages of oatmeal each week; from now on they must consume six packages. Oatmeal should supplant the other cereals which had hitherto appeared on the bill of fare. Six packages a week — that would be about twenty-four a month, two hundred and eighty-eight in one year.— In the two hundred and eighty-eight packages one must surely find a few cups.

"Norah, John," announced Mrs. Gordon impressively, "I've got to get six o' them cups."

It was astonishing the amount of oatmeal the Gordon family consumed in the next few weeks. Corn-meal and rice were entirely eliminated from the bill of fare; in their stead appeared oatmeal. Corn fritters sank into oblivion; oatmeal fritters took their place. Mrs. Gordon had often heard of grape-nut ice; why could there not be oatmeal ice as well? Oatmeal pancakes now graced the griddle

from which the odors of apple flapjacks had once issued; oatmeal bread superceded nut bread. Mrs. Gordon's world soon became obscured in a haze of oatmeal. Her horizon soon assumed the shape and color of the green and red packages of the Sunflower Quality, from which protruded the gilt handles of beautiful china cups adorned with impossible purple rosebuds with gilt stems from which issued blue leaves.

The other members of the family ventured no protest, for they understood too well the character of her who was inflicting upon them this nightmare, personified in harmless oatmeal. So they lived and suffered in silence, buoyed up by the hope that their martyrdom would soon come to an end.

But alas, it was doomed to continue. Eighty packages of Sunflower Quality had been duly opened and inspected, but only three of the lucky "twentieth packages" had been discovered. Mrs. Gordon ordered more packages, ten, twenty, forty—Eureka!—the fortieth contained one of the wonderful cups.

Mrs. Gordon began to live for the sake of cups. She ate, she slept, she walked in terms of Sunflower Quality.

Any morning you could have heard the mother and daughter discussing the momentous oatmeal question.

"Mother," Norah would say, "what shall I cook for breakfast?"

Mrs. Gordon would reply: "I think we'll have oatmeal, Norah dear."

"Mother," Norah would resume, "what kind of cookies shall I make for dinner?"

"Oatmeal cookies, of course. We all like 'em so well, you know."

It began to annoy Mr. Gordon beyond measure to have his better half say, in response to his weekly query as to whether or not she wished something from town: "Yes, dear, six packages of Sunflower Quality."

John suffered also. He was really a pathetic object as he walked abjectly to the breakfast table and watched his mother heap his plate high with oatmeal pancakes. It was pitiful to see the faint gleam of hope that lighted his eyes as she tendered him a plate of crisp, brown cookies. And it was heartrending to see his look of disgust upon discovering that they were oatmeal. He shook his head hopelessly.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Mrs. Gordon. "Don't you like oatmeal cookies no more? You used to be powerful fond of 'em."

The winter dragged slowly on. Fifty new packages had been added to the Gordon's stack, and one new cup of gorgeous design graced the elegant object which Mrs. Gordon was pleased to term her "boofay," making five in all.

But the sixth cup came not. The family still suffered, but without avail, under the curse of oatmeal. Winter gave place to spring, spring gave place to summer; the shelves in the Gordon household groaned under the weight of added packages of oatmeal,—but still no cup.

Mrs. Gordon waxed hopeless. The fitful red in her cheeks became a hectic flush; the restless, sunken blue eyes became more restless and more sunken; the thin hands

became thinner; she was at last confined to her bed. Each day she tremblingly demanded whether new packages of oatmeal had been purchased and inspected. Each day she received an answer in the negative.

At last Mr. Gordon could endure it no longer.

"Fer heaven's sake, John," he cried, "go to town an' buy every last one o' them blamed Sunflower packages, d'ye hear?"

They numbered one hundred in all.

"Quick," murmured Norah, as John drove to the door with his load, "quick, help me! Ma's failin' awful fast."

They opened one package, two, three—the room became littered with packages. Forty, fifty, sixty packages they opened without results—Norah and John stood, lone islands in a great sea of oatmeal—seventy, eighty, still no results. Norah paled visibly. Ninety—Norah squeezed John's arm convulsively, then uttered a shriek. The ninety-first package contained the sixth cup!

They brought it to the bedside and pressed it into Mrs. Gordon's hands. She contemplated eagerly, lovingly the impossible rosebuds with gilt stems from which issued blue leaves. Then she looked up suddenly.

"Norah," she declared in the old authoritative way, "Norah, help me to get up, please. I've got to live to get twelve o' them cups."

The Fire

Carol McMillan '17



HIS year, I visited a friend at a small lake where our family had spent two summers, and where, if an accident which caused the destruction of two cottages and is still spoken of in the neighborhood as The Fire had not caused our departure, we might have gone these last six summers. On the corner where the Lake road is crossed by the smaller one leading to the farmhouse where the cottagers go for milk, a large double lot, now overgrown with weeds, stands neglected. To one passing by, on the road, only the charred oaks, the barn and little play house at the back, the dilapidated fences with their sagging gates, and the pump grown rusty from disuse, speak of former hospitality, or the cause of its disappearance.

One morning, as two or three of us were coming home from the farmhouse with our milk and butter, I lagged behind the rest, and when they had disappeared around the bend in the road without noticing me, I turned, and with I know not what curiosity, climbed the old fence and found myself on the spot where the house had stood. Walking back and forth through the weeds waist-high, I began to plot out the plan of the walls. There were still a few planks of the board walk left by which I could tell the position of the steps and porch. I imagined myself lolling there in a comfortable hammock, as I had been many times, engrossed in tales of "Huckleberry Finn." Back of

that came the living room where a cosy fire crackled on chilly evenings, then the dining room, the screened in passage, and finally the source of the catastrophe, the kitchen. I searched on the ground for a remnant of the melted iron where the fatal stove had stood, but the weeds were especially thick just there. Oh, how I remembered it all.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August. My sisters were out driving with the old horse, "Deary," that was the pride of the country for her immaculate whiteness. (More than once have I held the pail of water while one of the others scoured her tail with suds.) Mother had put the Sunday roast in the oven and was sitting on the porch with grandma. I believe grandma was knitting as father and I left to go rowing. We were scarcely on the water when we heard faint cries of "fire." We landed and vaguely alarmed, hurried to the house, to find several automobiles stopped in front, and a fast gathering crowd of friends and neighbors madly dragging the furniture from all the four cottages in the row out into the yards. It was fortunate that it was Saturday afternoon, for the men who were in town during the week had arrived for over Sunday.

At first, we couldn't tell which of the houses was on fire, but soon we saw flames leaping from our kitchen, and we knew. We all went frantically to work, rushing in and out, rescuing anything which, in our eagerness, attracted our attention. I remember afterwards finding a pitcher of water standing in my sister's trunk, on top of her best silk dresses. My uncle, who had

a cottage near by, happened to be in bathing when he heard the calls, and waiting for nothing, dashed out of the water, and appeared in his bright red bathing suit to help quench the overpowering flames. Someone facetiously remarked that he looked like the "old nick" himself, an epithet not inappropriate. After a futile attempt, they gave up trying to save our cottage, for with the explosion of the oil stove, which had started the fire, the flames had filled the kitchen before we knew it, and with this start, crept relentlessly through the rest of the lightly built structure. I remember hearing my mother commanding the men to come down stairs, when a minute after they were safe, those very stairs sagged and sank to the ground.

Attention was now turned to the house on the left, for the wind was blowing that way, and the roof was beginning to take fire. The men formed a line from the roof to the pump, and handed buckets of water along to put out the flames yet under control. The yard in front of our house was getting hot, so that the furniture had to be moved to the road, and there I sat, on a bureau, watching with shaded eyes, the ever advancing fire. A spinster who lived next door, leaned against the fence and called, "Oh, somebody catch me, I'm fainting." But no one caught her. This was no time for affectation.

It was really beautiful, the house filled with light that darted out of every door and window and through every nick and crack. The frame trembled, ever so slightly, then swayed slowly from side to side, attempting to keep its balance; but

slipped, it lurched forward and with a final plunge crashed to the ground, a pitiful heap of cracking embers.

About this time, the wind which had blown sparks to the house on the left, causing panic there, changed with unexpected furor, and carrying the flames with it, raced through the unguarded lattice work at the base of the cottage to the right, and within ten minutes had so entirely enveloped that house that no hope remained of trying to save it. The surprised family who had been eating an early supper when the excitement began, had carried their table cloth with all that was on it out to the lawn. I shall never forget their dessert, a dish of "floating islands" of whipped cream, standing on the grass amidst tables, blankets, trunks, clothes, and what not.

We stayed until dark, watching the dying mass of coals, all that was left of the comfortable cottages, two hours ago occupied by contented, and unsuspecting families. The grove of oaks, which had shaded us so kindly, was already dead, its leaves crisp and black, its bark ashy white. A sense of desolation came upon us as we thought of the meaning of it all, and of the ill-fated little stove, which had been to blame.

The sun was shining hot on my head, and a bee buzzed past my ear, as I turned, with a guilty start, to retrace my steps. They had missed me, and would wonder at my absence. But when I joined them, they smiled and asked, "Well, did you find any relics?" "No," I answered. "There are only weeds."

Mary Elizabeth and the Intangible

Alice W. Crane '14



DEAR Miss Flud, You may not know who I am, in fact why should you. I see you every day two or three times, through my other eyes. I found out your name from Mrs. Flarity, the scrub lady down there. I've thought it all over and I've decided that it isn't fair. Do you really think so yourself? Mrs. Flarity found out where you live. It really isn't fair because she is so musical. Through my other eyes I see you go away from down there every day at four o'clock. Tomorrow, which is Thursday we will come to see you at five. I know you would be good-hearted if you would only think. I will see you then. Yours truly, M. E. Bolton."

Miss Mary Elizabeth Flood, late of Scoonton, Missouri, now one of the most faithful and ambitious of M. Flaubert's pupils, in his School of Advanced American and French Piano Technique, in Columbia, was plainly surprised. Moreover, just the faintest suspicion of a frown clouded her placid brow—in short, a person not thoroughly acquainted with Miss Flood, one not entirely cognizant of the fact—emphasized almost daily by the young woman in question—that nothing ever ruffled, worried, or appalled her—such a person might really have come to the conclusion that Miss Flood was somewhat at a loss.

Really bewildered, and being entirely alone, Mary Elizabeth sank—in a most incapable and feminine way—into a chair. "I

think I'll call up Peggy," she murmured,—Peggy, by the way, being the philanthropic member of the little group of five who maintained this tiny apartment on L—Street. As she half rose to follow this suggestion, however, a new thought struck her. "She said yesterday or at least she hinted, that my capabilities were limited to the art of managing business affairs; that I wouldn't have the slightest idea of getting at the intangible, elusive problems that really puzzle people. Perhaps I can't,"—in spite of her egotism Mary Elizabeth was open-minded—"but I can try; and if this isn't an intangible enough thing to begin on, I—. Well, at any rate, I know two things. This person has second sight in which she sees utterly material and everyday persons like Mary Elizabeth Flood 'down there;' and then Mrs. Flarity is musical! It looks like a child's writing—" She absent-mindedly poked holes with the paper cutter through a legal-looking communication from the executor of her father's estate notifying her that the money realized was sufficient for only two years more of study under M. Flaubert. "And then 'twill be up to me," she had thought. She faced the uncertain future with courageous composure. But her thoughts kept turning confusedly to the other letter. The longer she meditated the more this communication fascinated her and the more involved seemed the problem. In short, the capable Miss Flood of Missouri was really in quite a daze of uncertainty when the girls came home to lunch.

The two art students, the stenographer and Peggy, who with Mary Elizabeth com-

posed the happy quintette, hurried through lunch, exchanging snatches of news from their various worlds, and one o'clock saw their brisk departure. With her usual regularity, Mary Elizabeth set out, half an hour later, for the studio. She practiced methodically until her lesson-hour, then entered the master's room.

The undercurrent of excitement, sternly repressed by frequent mental self-castigations—"Mary Elizabeth Flood, you are a weak, excitable fool"—made her absolute rigidity of rhythm and technique, and her utter lack of artistic interpretation even more noticeable than usual. At the close of her Beethoven Sonata, M. Flaubert could contain himself no longer. Rushing wildly to the other side of the room, he gazed at her with a comical mixture of dismay and reproach, as she looked up in mild surprise.

"But, mam'selle—Mees Flood,—it ees like ze typewriter zat you play—it ees some finger exercise you do—it ees ever't'ing correct, but it ees not Beethoven—never, never, nevaire!"

"You think, then, that I am wasting my time?" asked Mary Elizabeth brusquely.

"Non, non, mam'selle, I beg of you—do not misunderstand me—I meant only that you have not ze nature of ze artiste; many, many years would not produce it. You have ze hands"—and he spread out his own pain-knotted fingers—"but not ze soul, Mam'selle; you are too—shall I say, Americaine? I put it not politely, mam'selle, but I wish not to mislead you—" and the poor little man's dismay and sorrow were so genuine that for the first time in her life, Mary Elizabeth began wondering if per-

haps sheer pluck and perseverance, joined to endless ambition, might, after all, fail to bring her to the goal she desired—that of being a great concert pianiste.

“I have hope of making of you a fine teacher of technique,” said M. Flaubert, accompanying his pupil to the door, “and mam’selle, it ees a fine t’ing; wizout ze technique we can do nothing; you will succeed well in zat, I am sure. I would encourage your going on with lessons in zat case but ozerwise not. You will let me know, Mees Flood, and believe zat I do zis in kindness?”

Mary Elizabeth nodded. “Certainly, m’sieur. I’ll decide and let you know tomorrow. Good afternoon!” and hurrying out of the room she made for the elevator, nearly falling over an old woman crouched upon the mosaic floor, humming in a dull monotone as she swished dirty little waves of soapy water back and forth over the variegated stones. Mary Elizabeth stopped a minute to inquire if she had hurt the woman whom she had often noticed around the building, but the latter, humming on stolidly, shook her head in apparent denial of any injury.

The shock of so nearly upsetting her physical equilibrium restored something of Miss Flood’s mental balance, and as she stepped into the elevator she thought whimsically, “Well, that couldn’t be Mrs. Flarity, anyway; she’s scarcely musical enough.”

Swinging briskly along toward home, Mary Elizabeth quite succeeded in convincing herself that M. Flaubert was wrong. Hadn’t she heard, again and again, of people developing and maturing, and then

some day having something happen inside them (Mary Elizabeth was a little vague as to this point) and afterwards producing a soul-message in every phrase of music played? Somehow the idea of soul-messages to Mary Elizabeth Flood of Scoonton often seemed a near approach to that cheap emotionalism which she hated so intensely; but she felt sure that when she should become Mlle. Flood of the musical world, with all the experience and musical training such a title would imply, her whole personality would be so grand and inspiring that it would unconsciously overflow into her music. And musing thus—few suspected this strain of imagination beneath her commonplace exterior—Mary Elizabeth climbed the stairs to her little apartment.

“There she comes, grandfather, there she comes!” called a sweet, excited little voice. Mary Elizabeth awoke from her day dreams with a start. Peering over the balustrade from the upper landing was a tiny, eager-faced child, perhaps twelve years old, tightly clasping the hand of an almost equally tiny old man. The joy of Mary Elizabeth’s strange guests was so apparent, and they seemed to feel so well acquainted with her, that she had even a momentary doubt as to the reliability of her memory. But she was positive she had never seen—. The old man, his wide blue eyes fixed unwavering before him, interrupted her conjectures.

“I am Martin Bolton,” he announced with a sweet, rather tremulous smile. “And this is Ellen, my little ‘Other Eyes,’ I call her,” he added, laying an affectionate hand on the little girl’s shoulder. “Now, Mrs. Flarity

says," he continued, "that—."

"Oh—er—won't you come in, Mr. Bolton?" Miss Flood's surprise almost caused her to stammer—and she led the way into the dining room. Carefully guiding her grandfather to a comfortable chair, Ellen perched on the arm, and gazed raptly at Mary Elizabeth, who had seated herself on the edge of the high desk-chair.

A minute of uneasy silence followed; then Mary Elizabeth's common-sense asserted itself. "I received your letter, Mr. Bolton," she said, in an unwontedly gentle voice. What was it about this couple that was so appealing? "I must be getting sentimental," she accused herself, with an impatient little jerk of her shoulders—and went on more crisply, "I didn't understand it all; perhaps you can tell it to me better."

The old man's face lighted up. "Yes," he assented, eagerly, "you see, Mrs. Flarity she scrubs down there where you take your music. And she says you've got the right idea—she's a Socialist, you know—and she says you always speak to her when you pass, if it's only 'Good morning;' and so you'll be easy to show that it isn't fair. You don't think it's fair, do you?" he ended anxiously.

Miss Flood was bewildered. "What isn't fair?" she asked.

"Why, that you should have so much money and chances and not be any more worth them than any of us. Don't you believe that all men are equal, and that they should have the same chance? That's what Socialism is, Mrs. Flarity says, and she knows, and lives up to it, too, 'cause she comes every night to straighten up our

house and get our supper so Other Eyes won't get too tired. I'm blind, you see," he added, simply, "and can't do much any more. You do believe it, don't you?"

"But—what do you mean? Mrs. Flarity wants to have a chance to take music lessons? Isn't she rather old to begin?"

Little Ellen hopped from her grandfather's side. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, quivering with excitement. "It's me, it's me! I can sing and I practice piano on the table." and eyes shining and face aglow—shyness forgotten—she drummed strenuously on the desk.

"Sing for her, Other Eyes," ordered the old man, and Ellen sang. Just a little old ballad, but so sweetly, so instinct with unconscious art that the unemotional, critical Miss Flood was quite carried out of herself.

"You see," said the old man complacently when she had finished, "you see, it isn't fair."

"No, it can't be fair!" echoed little Ellen, unconsciously imitating the belligerent tone Mrs. Flarity must have used.

Back to earth came capable Mary Elizabeth. "Well, how would you suggest that we fix this up?" she asked indulgently. It all seemed so much like a dream that she felt her very self changed.

"Well, Mrs. Flarity says," began the old man, "she knows you are rich because she can tell—and then you don't work, so you must be. She says it isn't charity, it's justice. The Boltons would never accept charity, you know. I'm quite a thinker, ma'am, and I have thought that perhaps half would be charity, but if you only shared with Ellen enough of your riches to give her two

or three years of lessons, by that time we could probably find someone else with the right idea who would share with her later. That would be justice, wouldn't it?"

The pathetic appeal in the old man's sightless face; little Ellen's tense clutch on the arm of the chair; her own keen realization of her inability to help these trusting people who had come to her—these combined to make Mary Elizabeth's tone far more gentle and sympathetic than was its wont, as she explained, "But I am not rich—I am quite poor. I have only enough money to stay here two years, and then I must earn some myself. I am very sorry."

Little Ellen looked ready to cry, but her grandfather leaned forward eagerly. Across Mary Elizabeth's mind flashed a vision. He was going to say that she should give up her chance to Ellen! But no. "Then you should be a Socialist," he cried. "We will get Mrs. Flarity to find some one else with the right idea and money, too, and then Ellen can take lessons. You find someone, too, and then you can learn to be a great player. Perhaps Mrs. Flarity can find someone for you—I'll ask her. She'll be home by now, I reckon, and maybe we can find someone else tonight. Come, Other Eyes, help your grandad. Good-by, Miss Flood, it isn't fair now, but it will be"—and the quaint little couple shuffled out the door.

Mary Elizabeth felt in her bones what was coming. She had known ever since the torturing idea had entered her head—that of giving up her chance to Ellen—that she was going to do it. In one last struggle she rallied the opposing forces.

She could not give up this idea of be-

coming a real musician. Nonsense, she had know all along that M. Flaubert was right, and that her self-deception was obvious.

What could she say to justify herself in the eyes of the girls? Nothing. Tell them to mind their own affairs.

Could she endure waiting for a position? Good clerical ones—the only kind she was fitted for, were hard to find; but then, if need be—

Could she go back to Scoonton, and live with crabbed old Aunt Martha who occupied two rooms of a fourteen-roomed house, had five cats, and believed a laugh on Sunday sent one mile along the road to perdition? Oh, no—anything but that! But if just that were necessary?—the memory of an eager child face, a dainty, bird-like voice, an old man's rapt expression, and implicit faith that he'd find help through Mrs. Flarity's ideas on the equality of man—yes she could almost endure Aunt Martha and Scoonton for the thought of satisfying those longings.

Mary Elizabeth's gusty sigh of mingled contentment, relief and more than a slight touch of disappointment, was broken into by an insistent ring of the telephone bell.

"Miss Flood?" a brisk, business-like voice asked, as Mary Elizabeth answered the summons of the bell. At her crisp "Yes," the voice continued, "This is M. Flaubert's secretary. M. Flaubert tells me that you are thinking of giving up your studies." This time a rather subdued "yes"

"You remember telling me of the clerical work you did before leaving Scoonton? When I heard of your contemplated move, I wondered if perhaps a clerical position

here in the school would appeal to you. I can offer you a rather good one, with many musical advantages attached, and if you are at all interested I shall be glad to talk the matter over with you. Yes, every morning from nine to twelve. Very well—good-by.”

Almost happily Mary Elizabeth hung up the receiver. Not the slightest possibility of having to go back to Scoonton and Aunt Martha? Still a chance of hearing enough good music to give her courage to keep up her practice? The real victory had been won before, but this did make it easier. “Hurrah for the office and the little Frenchman,” she whispered whimsically, as she strode with her accustomed athletic swing toward the desk, and dashed off rapidly on her business-like looking white stationery—

“Dear Mr. Bolton:—

I find that after all I can see a way of having Ellen take lessons. If you will send her to the School with Mrs. Flarity next Saturday morning, I will arrange for her taking two lessons a week for the next two years, with two hours for practice after school each night.

Sincerely yours,

Mary E. Flood.”

After dropping the letter in the mail-chute, Miss Flood returned to her tiny room slowly and rather thoughtfully. Just as she reached the mirror she looked up and caught the eye of that other Miss Flood in the glass. A smile—a really sweet smile—brightened her face. “Why, Mary Eliza-

beth Flood,” she exclaimed, “you’d forgotten, but this was really one of those intangible puzzles Peggy spoke about, and you did work it out. Well, hurrah for me and the Palmer Method”—and with a funny little smile Mary Elizabeth stepped to her desk again and began practicing furiously those wonderful arm movement penmanship exercises in which she had so excelled back in the Scoonton office days.

* * * *

A Parable

A worker sowed a seed

In the Garden of the Years

In ground prepared with toil

And watered with his tears.

There grew a hard green stalk

With tiny gnarled bud.

Sadly the sower viewed

The fruit of tears and blood.

Grieved to the heart he died,

But still the seedling grew.

Day wooed it with her gold,

Night soothed it with her dew,

Till burst the gnarled bud.

Pure whiteness washed with tears—

Its beauty glorified

The Garden of the Years.

All perfect stood the flower.

The small green bud forgot,

But thru the mists of death

The sower saw it not.

H. H. H. '15.

The Triumph

Grace Colby '16



HE waves of applause thundered, beat upon each other, reechoed, and started afresh. One of the favorites of the year for the Morton prize had just left the piano, having amazed her audience by the unusual brilliancy of her technique, and the sympathy and purity of her tone. Everyone was saying to his neighbor, "Isn't Miss Grant wonderful? The judges surely will award her the prize if her encore is as good." The neighbor usually answered, "Yes, she has surprised everyone. You know that brilliant Miss Allison, who played first, has generally been considered the best player in the conservatory's graduating class this year. Well, the encore will decide it." With that, they would applaud with fresh vigor.

Julia Grant, also, felt keenly the importance of the encore. It was not fear of failure, however, which held her in the wings while the applause called so insistently. The absolute certainty coming from months of careful work was hers, and she knew that if she played the encore so diligently practiced, its success was certain. As she stood hesitating, hands clasped intensely and cheeks burning with excitement, she seemed to see as in one flash her future, if tonight she should succeed. There would be the wonderful year of study in Germany, the beginning, perhaps very modest, in concert work, and finally the glory of great success. Such a success she was sure it

would be, for her young enthusiasm and boundless energy could aspire to nothing less.

In another flash her heated brain turned from visions of the future to realities of the past. She saw herself a little girl, laboriously picking out on the yellowed ivory keys the melody of the old hymns her mother had sung before she died. She remembered how her father had decided she must have music lessons in order to play them better, and how, as he listened in the twilight, his head bent and his eyes often moist, she knew he was thinking of mother. She followed again the gradual dawning of the wonderful certainty that she had talent which must be given opportunity to show itself. At first all ambition had seemed hopeless, smothered by poverty. How her father had managed to send her to an expensive conservatory, what an infinite deal of planning, and breaking toil, and sacrifice it had taken, Julia felt sure she never could understand. She only knew that her father was getting very bent, very gray, and careworn. Every time she went home she played old hymns, gradually coming to play them in a new way with variations of her own, weaving them together into something like one piece.

Now, tonight her father had come to hear her graduate. He had said, "I want to hear my little girl play 'my piece' tonight. Nothing you play is so beautiful, Julia, and I'm sure it would please mother." Of course he did not realize what he asked, but she could not, would not, disappoint him. The next instant she remembered the critical judges, the waiting audience. She re-

alized just how the judges would lean forward in surprise as she started to play, then would settle back, deciding it was not even necessary to take the trouble to criticise that piece; she could almost hear, already, the movement of disappointment in the audience. Then her flying thoughts came back to her father, and now only the picture of his expectant, confident face filled her mind. Now, too, she suddenly felt glad, glad to have a chance to repay in a small measure the sacrifices he had made.

Thinking only of him, and trying to express to him her gratitude and love, she seated herself at the piano, and played 'his piece.' As the slow, sweet notes died away and the silence was unbroken, Julia realized she had failed. With that sickening throb of consciousness, all the lights of her ambition and hope flickered, and died down. The lights in the room, too, seemed suddenly to darken. Gropingly leaving the piano, she remembered that, after all, she had triumphed, and gloriously, in something higher than music,—in conquering her selfish ambition. Instantly her vision cleared; now she could clearly see the door toward which she was going. Before she reached it, however, the few moments of silence, the highest tribute an audience can give, were broken.

She had won.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—
TERENCE

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BUSINESS MANAGER

Malcolm Bruce, '14

Greetings!

Several of the student publications have adopted the practice of turning over to the women of the University one issue each year, to be used as a "Women's Number." The regular issues are by no means exclusively "Men's Numbers," but the proportion of women students actively interested in publications is small, considering the num-

ber enrolled in journalistic and composition courses. Interest is spasmodically stimulated by this means, and many lights that have been hidden under their respective bushels are persuaded to shine forth, to show what the women can do independently of a guiding masculine hand.

Mortar Board Society of Senior girls stands sponsor for this number of the Wisconsin Magazine, and the proceeds are to be applied toward the annual Motar Board scholarship fund.

* * * *

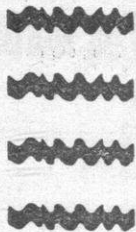
The Uses of Beauty

When the tendency is as prevalent as now to measure everything by purely utilitarian standards, we need to consider the uses of beauty. There are a great many people in the world who do not admit that beauty has a utilitarian side; and it appears that their creed is well represented at our university. The signs and symbols of this order are many; but the most apparent to the eyes of the uninitiated is the system of curious wavy lines which they have incised upon the campus with the ceaseless labor of their utilitarian feet. These lines or paths are supposed to have a meaning to the initiated; the following of them will save time, and it is above all things to be desired that one should have a moment more of luxury in bed or a few more puffs of a between-classes cigarette in the minute thus gained. Such individual enjoyment and convenience is of immeasurably more importance than the

beauty of the campus. This is one of the ideas embodied in the creed of those to whom beauty as such presents no appeal whatever.

But there are reasons why these should consider,—yes, even stop and consider, before they pound across the campus sod with heavy tread. In the first place, it is very good for us to do the small disagreeable things every day. It results in strength of character which will serve us well when the time comes, as come it will in everyone's life, when we shall have to do a big, disagreeable thing. By disregarding the impulse to follow these shorter paths, and continuing in the straight and narrow way of the cement walk, they will have accomplished the useful purpose of cultivating originality and determination, as well as strength of mind.

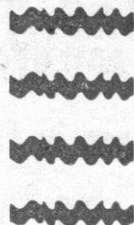
Then there are those to consider who do not subscribe to the creed of the campus cutters. Strange as it may seem, these people take pride and delight in the beauty of our green quadrangle with its fringing rows of elms. It causes them real pain to see its charm destroyed, and the beauty of which we all boast become a thing of dream and memory. There is perhaps no one in the university who would wish that the upper campus should be plowed and harrowed and used for a vegetable garden; but this might better be done than to mar its beauty as is the present custom; for then it would be absolutely useful; and if the present practice is continued it will have neither real use nor real beauty.



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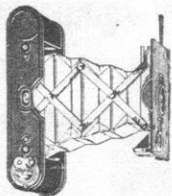


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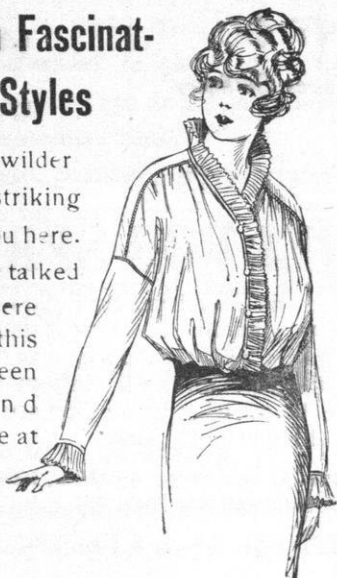
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The College of Mechanics and Engineering offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Applied Electro Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Mining Engineering.

The College of Law offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.

The College of Agriculture offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture; (2) a middle course of two years; (3) a short course of one or two years in Agriculture; (4) a Dairy Course; (5) a Farmers' Course; (6) a four years' course in Home Economics.

The College of Medicine offers a course of two years in Preclinical Medical Work, the equivalent of the first two years of the Standard Medical Course. After the successful completion of the two years' course in the College of Medicine, students can finish their medical studies in any medical school in two years.

The Graduate School offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University.

The University Extension Division embraces the departments of Correspondence Study, of Debating and Public Discussion, of Lectures, and of Information and General Welfare. A Municipal Reference Bureau, which is at the service of the people of the state, is maintained, also a Traveling Tuberculosis Exhibit and vocational institutes and conferences are held under these auspices.

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Library Training Courses are given in connection with the Wisconsin Library School, students taking the Library School Course during the junior and senior years of the University Course.

The Course in Chemistry offers facilities for training for those who desire to become chemists. Six courses of study are given, namely, a general course, a course for industrial chemist, a course for agricultural chemist, a course for soil chemist, a course for physiological chemist, and a course for food chemist.

The Libraries at the service of members of the University, include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, the State Law Library, and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 380,000 bound books and over 195,000 pamphlets.

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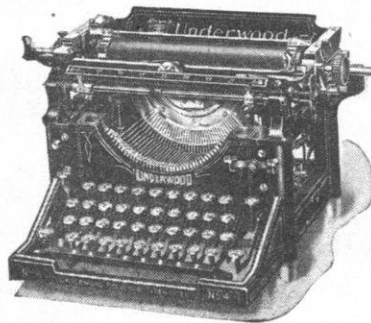
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