



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVIII, Number 8 May 1919**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May 1919

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

*The Wisconsin  
Literary  
Magazine*

Volume XVIII



Number 8

Death or Lucy!

Undergraduate (Un)Enthusiasms

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

May, 1919

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

# DEMOCRAT SERVICE

the acme of excellence  
in printing, combined  
with an intimate  
knowledge of the re-  
quirements of college  
men and women.

## Democrat Printing Company

Democrat Building

Badger 487

### BOYD & FICHTEN

Madison, Wisconsin

Fancy Ice Cream

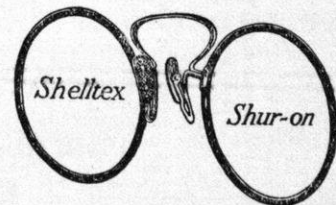
Frozen Punch

Sherbets

For the Commencement Parties

19 N. Pinckney St.

426 State St.



One of the new eyeglasses, crystal and shell  
colors

**Victor S. Maurseth**

OPTOMETRIST

521 State St.



# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII

Madison, May, 1919

Number 8

## CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials -----	197
Death or Lucy!-----Mildred Evans----	199
"You Never Can Tell"-----Alice Van Hise----	203
Undergraduates (Un) Enthusiasms-----	
-----Orin O. Steek-----	204
The Horrors of War--Leo Goldenheimer----	208
A Sporting Chance----James W. Gilman----	208
To Betty -----Leon Williams----	214
Ecstasy (translation)-----Mildred Evans----	214
The Passing Show at the Library Desk-----	
-----Joseph Foster-----	216
Entre Nous-----Eve Knowler----	216
The Book Shop-----	216

IT transpires that the students attending the course in the Problems of Peace are not models of deportment. Indeed, it has long been whispered that the behavior of many of them is scandalous. The big majority, it is said, show no interest in the addresses, no respect for the speakers, and no consideration for those who desire to listen. All of which has finally proved too much for a prominent member of the faculty. In clear and vigorous English he recently expressed his disappointment and disgust to the members of his class, some of whom were presumably among the offenders. Thus what has heretofore been the subject of campus gossip has been dignified by public denunciation.

Since the matter is out it is desirable that we be straightforward with each other. One must endorse the directness of the professor in question. He did not mince matters. He did not spare feelings. He did, however, make a serious mistake. He placed the blame entirely on the students. It belongs equally—it belongs more—on the faculty. Unless it is recognized that

responsibility for the deplorable situation which exists is divided between the two there is small hope of a real change for the better. It might even be said that unless this joint guilt be appreciated a change is not even desirable. Only such appreciation can lead to genuine reform.

Whenever anything goes wrong in our university life it is natural for the professors to assume that the students are to blame. That is the bias of age. It is natural under the same circumstances for the students to blame the professors. That is the bias of youth. And the way to overcome bias to bring the conflicting biases face to face, with the purpose of achieving a standpoint that eliminates the element of error and conserves the element of truth in each.

What is the underlying truth out of which the trouble has grown? Is it not this,—that we made a bad bargain with each other, a bargain which reflects unfavorably upon the intelligence and character of each side, and that we are now "sick of the bargain"?

Let us recall the facts. At the opening of the quarter students were urged to take the course as a preparation for intelligent participation in the work of reconstruction. Requirements were limited to attendance upon the lectures, for which one credit towards graduation was to be received. As far as may be judged from the limited number of persons one talks to about a subject of this kind, the students took the course to get the credit and the credit was offered the students to get them to take the course. It was felt by those operating for the faculty that the course could not be conducted successfully unless the students were offered a bribe in the shape of a credit which involved no work, and it was felt by the students that the chance to get a credit without working for it was too good to be passed by. This analysis is admittedly over-simple, but such other factors in the situation as a degree of genuine interest on the part of the students and a feeling of responsibility on the part of the faculty do not invalidate its essential correctness. Indeed, to call at-

tention to these other elements is only to emphasize the fact that they were disregarded. For had either the interest of the students or the faculty's consciousness of responsibility been significant operating the course would have assumed a totally different character. It would have been less spectacular and more fundamental.

Or, to put the same thing differently, we may say that the students and the faculty proceeded without considering human nature and that now human nature is asserting itself. The students should have remembered (have they never heard a stupid lecture?) that listening, with the respect and attention expected of a university audience, to two lectures a week, by various men on various subjects, might prove to be something of an ordeal, especially with the coming of spring. They should have considered the possibility of seeing the value of the one credit they were getting steadily decrease as the value of what they were giving up in the way of interrupted afternoons would steadily increase, and that in such event the bargain would seem a poor one, the terms of which they would wish to avoid, while there would be no honorable way to avoid them. The professors should have thought of this also, and in addition, they should have known that a scheme of arousing interest or spreading information by supplying two lectures a week on widely different subjects by all kinds of speakers can only be seriously entertained by a man totally ignorant of psychology; that such a course of lectures would be far more likely to engender an attitude of complacent indifference. At all events, it should surprise no one that the students are not enthusiastic about the course, and that such being the case, ingenious youth has found ways of avoiding attendance without getting caught, or, when this is not possible, of making uninteresting hours interesting without the co-operation of the speakers.

This being the situation, what is to be done? No loyal member of the university community, whether student or instructor, can take any satisfaction in the unfortunate impression the conduct in question is making upon visiting speakers or in the report of us that will be carried far and wide as a result. Nor is this the only consideration. A second and more vital one is the fact that conduct unworthy of the actor tends to make the actor worthy of the conduct; that actions which are at first done under special provocation may, by recreating the personality of the actor in their likeness, come truly to represent him. The seriousness of the offense in question is that hundreds of students are permitting themselves persistently to act in an unsportsmanlike manner. The provocation is real enough (and for this the students are *not* to blame), but the loss entailed in rising above this by living up to the promise

which entering the course implied, is after all slight compared with the cumulative loss in fineness which results from continued deception and discourtesy. We are still without an acceptable definition of the self, but we know at least that it is continually created through action. Unsportsmanlike conduct makes for an unsportsmanlike self as certainly as a stream creates its channel.

The "Peace Course", then, rests upon an implied bargain between students and faculty which does credit to neither. The ideal solution of the difficulty would be to dissolve the arrangement, even at this late date, by mutual consent. If the course could come to an end in this manner it might well inaugurate a new understanding between students and faculty and prove to be the nucleus of a new Wisconsin spirit. But, alas, the suggestion is utopian. Neither side has the sense of humor to admit that the joke is on them or the courage to act up to this insight. This remains then: those who are immediately responsible for the objectionable behavior can come to the rescue. They can redeem a bad business by the chivalrous acceptance of conditions implied in the bargain they were persuaded to make, and refuse hereafter to barter away their intellectual and moral potentialities for credits or grades or honors. So doing, they will not only perform a service for the university but win a victory for a greater self.

M. C. O.

#### EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	JAMES W. GILMAN
FRANCES DUMMER	ELSIE GLUCK
MILDRED EVANS	KARL HOHLFELD
MARIAN FELIX	BERTHA OCHSNER
JOSEPH FOSTER	ALICE VAN HISE
LEON WILLIAMS	

#### "UBI FATA SEDES QUIETAS OSTENDUNT."

There are some quiet phrases men have made,  
Most like bared spaces of a tender sky,  
Words that are promised rest in far-off places,  
Near gleaming curves of river where the grass  
Lies soft and plummy, level, and the sun  
Sends wide a light like the fresh daffodils.  
And there are evenings when to say these words  
Within my heart, brings solace like a prayer.

MARIAN THANHOUSER.

## Death or Lucy!

I SUPPOSE it was pig-headed of me—the way I went at it to get Lucy; but I *did* want her and I wanted her more than anything or anyone else in the world. I couldn't eat for a while, or sleep, then I decided that I would spare nothing to win Lucy. I have always been deliberate in my methods; I believe in rules; and so I set about planning a definite campaign for my courtship. I will tell you something about our temperaments and personalities and you will see what tremendous difficulties I have had to face. Lucy was fair and little, plump though not by any means stout, with a delicate changing color in her cheek that seemed to me at times the sign of excellent health, at other times the imperceptible warning of a transitory state—I mean it looked like a petal that could be blown away, and I indulged in vague horrible dreams of losing Lucy—ere I had won her. She was vivacious and loved to dance and sing and wear pretty muslins that drooped in at the waist and then fell in soft waves about her ankles. Her eyes were large and grey with long lashes. It is hard for me to tell of myself except that I am plain, not tall nor stout, of a sandy rather sallow complexion. In short I have no distinguishing feature or mannerism; I wear spectacles and the nearest compliment I have ever received on my physical appearance was from my Sunday School teacher, who said to me on the Sunday that I was eleven—"You look very nice Clayton, in your new suit." The suit, which had been given me by an uncle, was undeniably loud, and until she complimented me I felt ill at ease and embarrassed in it. But after that I had a sudden feeling of assurance. This I mention because it is a partial clue to my conduct later on. I was nothing that Lucy would desire for a husband, and I decided that since I could not be what she wanted I would be what she needed. And in spite of my tremendous initial blunder, I *won* Lucy! I have the tenacity of my German ancestry, something also of their crude cunning; but I must go on with my story.

On the eighth of May, 18—, three years after I had decided to win Lucy, I dressed neatly and went to the Austin home. During the three years I had done all that I could to make myself an ideal husband for a deacon's daughter. I had gradually weeded out all of the obnoxious habits that my years of bachelorhood had sown in me. I spoke moderately; I was well-versed in politics, art, religion, science; because I knew that women loved men who knew more than they. I believed that I had cultivated a certain amount of vivacity, "natural wit"—though possibly I was wrong there; at any rate I was able to give a clever turn to a phrase, to repeat a pretty pun occasionally. One would have thought that I had made myself into the

ideal husband; I had a masterly though not a domineering air, and I have always had a natural gentility of manner, which makes me beloved of children and animals (a good criterion I have heard, of gentility). At any rate I presented myself to Lucy, after a few preliminary calls, telling her of my love and labors, of her perfections which I endeavored to balance favorably with mine. We seemed built for one another; perfect complements—her flightiness, my gravity; her light hasty train of thought, my deep reasoning powers; her fluttering beauty, my solidity. She answered me in a calm deliberate tone; not in her usual flighty manner—in fact she spoke as though reading from a book. If she had prepared her answer beforehand it could not have been more powerful and effective. I will repeat it as she said it; the words will never go from my memory:

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Mengert, to offer yourself to me, and I appreciate it. I am sure that you would make a splendid husband, but I am sorry. When I choose a husband, he shall be a man of fire, of spirit, a man who fears nothing, whose love has the force to move mountains, who can tempt the Devil if necessary. I want a live, live man, not one who will beat me cruelly, but one to whom I can be a true help in his life struggles and who can be a true help to me. He must be big and strong—and not composed merely of ordinary virtues. I hope I have not hurt your feelings, Mr. Menger. Good-bye."

Wasn't that wonderful! And I had thought she was a flighty little thing incapable of thinking. She had summed up my deficiencies in that short speech and with all my pride and belief in myself I had to admit that she was right. But my life has proved that system wins. I cast about for another method, because after her refusal, I was so madly in love with Lucy that I was willing to court her in opposition to death itself. Lucy was ever in my thoughts, as she had sat after my ridiculous proposal—I have a sense of humor—and the proposal came to me in its true light afterwards—as she sat with a smile at her lips, a cruel, half-childish smile, her grey eyes fixed on me—and then Lucy suddenly afire, telling me of my frailties.

I went about my business, pondering, thinking—the town was in a great turmoil those days, and no one bothered me with trivial talk—until one day, Joe Ferris came into the office and dragged me out; "You big stiff," he said, "haven't you any interest in Carlton Center? Do you realize that the worst murder ever done in this section of the country has just been *committed*, together with a smash-up robbery?" I said that I was busy, but he still dragged, and talked, "The worst of it is the people can't help handing it to the criminal. He



must've swung himself down over the telegraph wire onto the pole, taking the risk of burning himself to death. There's broken glass and trails of blood. Old Denver said just before he died that he saw the man was slight and well-dressed, that he spoke good, but that was all, because it was pretty dark—then he kicked in. He didn't say whether the fellow lammed at him first or not, but the guy was cleaning out with his money. Denver's a tough one; he was about due to kick in, but he died cursing like Hell. These wicked ones sure hates to take a chance on a different place than this. "But," his face lighted up. "That little fellow must have the courage of a Devil!"

My head suddenly swam; "Little and slim, good English—courage of a Devil." And then the absurd plan entered my head. I was courting Lucy or death, if not one the other. Why not win either nobly, gloriously. To be a hero—even a wicked hero!—thrilled me through. To be something positive. I could sit at my office desk probably for twenty years waiting for a chance to be an honest hero. And the psychology of woman came to me. They *loved* criminals. I think Lucy hated me more for weeding out my bad habits than anything else. And so with a *positive thrill* in me I went to my office and planned—the most effective method of becoming the guilty man. I am very definite, and I wanted to think of motives if possible, and of course a means of final escape without having to confess my innocence. My habitual reserve I cast off without delay. It had never gotten me anywhere, and it had done me much active harm. So the first thing that I did was buy some new clothes, definitely loud clothes, like those that I had been rather embarrassed in on my eleventh birthday, but that had appealed to my Sunday School teacher. She was a woman—like Lucy. I bought a scarlet tie and it emboldened me, for I went directly into a saloon and began saying ribald things, then definitely suspicious things, about knowing something of the murder of "that damn Denver". But the citizens laughed. "He's gettin' wild, doggone it, now that he can't get Lucy," one of them said. And I began to realize some of my difficulties in being a criminal. My past spotless record was entirely against me. I had always been perfectly square in every dealing. I had attended the church regularly. My word was collateral at any bank in town. As far as I could see I had every virtue that a man in my position should not have. I had no relatives to consider, since I had left Hartsfell ten years before at the death of my mother, my final living relative. But the townsmen would put me in an insane asylum if I couldn't *prove* myself guilty. I swaggered by Lucy's house that first night, and she smiled at me disinterestedly. But I thought of a plan. The crime had occurred the night after Lucy had said the cruel things to me; at a

time when I had gone from my room by my private back door and walked in the moonless woods. Fortunately I had seen no one, met no one. A week later, just before twelve of the most upright citizens of Carleton Center were going to report me to the courts, when the whole town was waiting before the court house steps, convinced of my guilt and waiting for me to be brought to justice—I had spent a week saying guilty and suspicious things in public places—at this most auspicious time, I slipped out of the back door, and beat the twelve to the court house. Then I walked up the steps with all Carleton Center looking—in my checkered vest and red tie, my buff colored spats, and delivered myself, head thrown back. "I am the guilty man, jndge," I said, loud enough for everyone to hear. I heard an awed murmur passing through the crowd. "I'm sorry," said the judge, "you've always been an upright citizen—but you've got the courage of a Devil to come up here and present yourself without trying to get away." He said afterwards that it was my courage then, that kept some of the low ones in the crowd from starting a lynching bee, but as he commended me on my courage, I looked back at the crowd to see if Lucy was there. I gazed fearlessly at them; my new rôle fascinated me; it was as if I had never been Clayton Mengert, business man—I was a desperate criminal at bay with the world; and then I saw Lucy, and my heart leaped forward. I hope that the crowd did not notice the beatified expression which I am sure must have come over my face at that moment. Lucy was leaning against a post crying! It was working wonderfully. Women not only like a criminal, I decided, but preferably, one who has become a criminal because of their cruelty. And even then I hadn't hit on the real secret of my subsequent success.

I was put in a cell pending trial, without bail. Perhaps you wonder at my having no qualms, no moments of regret. I am so constituted that regret is foreign to my nature. When I decide upon an action I weigh it carefully in my mind, then having entered upon it, I await its success. If it is not successful, I drop it or, if I have gone too far, continue as best I can. Thus none of my life energy is expended in regrets. I sat in my cell and planned, dreaming of Lucy.

Meanwhile, there were a hundred people ready to prove that there had been no light in my room during the time of the robbery, and that my lamp had begun to glow just half an hour after the murder. Why I had not attempted to escape—that was the question. Some of them said, "He has been putting on honesty for so long that he thinks he can be saved by his reputation." They wanted the ten thousand dollars that I had stolen, but I refused to give it to them, and they asked repeatedly why I had stolen the money. My business partner, who knew the excellent state of my

finances, was non-plussed. But when any of them questioned me, I simply smiled, "on advise of counsel", mainly because silence seemed the most ingenious method of meeting the affair, and because I needed time to think. But those days were monotonous, until at the end of the second came Lucy. She looked, of course, like an angel in the dingy corridor, with the last light of day falling on her wonderful hair. It was worth any experience just to have seen her so. And then to have her talk tenderly to me. I sank into a dejected attitude and smiled wanly. She clasped the bars and pressed her little face close to them—"Oh, Clayton," she whispered, "You *didn't* do it! They are doing you a terrible injustice! Father is working as hard as he can to clear you." There was a moment of struggle in my mind; whether she would love me more as the sinner or the man sinned against. Then I thought of my confession to the judge and of all the explaining that my innocence would entail, and took a chance on being the sinner. "Yes," I admitted guiltily, then warming up,— "It was a moment of terrible madness, the room whirled around—I saw red. Denver and I had been gambling," I added—I hope with not too much pride in my tone—"Denver cheated!" Here I had my first qualm; to fix guilt on the dead seemed hard, even in the gaining of such a great end, but Denver had probably done worse things than cheat in his wicked life. "I saw him and accused him," I continued,— "He hurled a chair at my head, and I swung back, and, and—" For the life of me I couldn't remember precisely how he had been killed, and so I added, very lamely, I fear, "and killed him."

"Oh," she gasped, and I feared she was going to faint, but she clung to the bars, and when her eyes opened there was a new light in them, I fancied—one of admiration. "But," she continued, "this absurd story about the money, you didn't take the money surely?"

"Of course not," I said haughtily, "someone must have come around during the struggle and cleaned away the stakes—" I hoped that I was not mixing my gambling terms or that she was not familiar with them. "It makes it very unfortunate for me, particularly since I made such an unceremonious exit," I added, referring, of course, to the wonderful, hazardous trip over the wire to the ground.

"Why didn't you come out and say simply that you had killed the man in self-defence and that someone else had stolen the money?" pleaded Lucy. I admitted my lack of foresight delightedly; it was thrilling to give her the upper hand, to allow her managing instinct full play, and admit that her common sense under the circumstances would have been far superior to mine.

"But," she added comfortingly, "I suppose you were so awed by what had happened that you just took the quickest way—to, to avoid people." She slipped

her little hand through the bars, and I clutched it and pressed it to my heart, telling her that she was making it possible for me to stand the terrible strain. Her comfort and sympathy meant everything to me—and her understanding of the whole affair. "It is so good to pour out one's heart to another, to one who sympathizes," I said, and she squeezed my hand. She came every evening, bringing me dainty food, and finally the old jailor who had been our meatman some years before let her come into the cell and talk to me; he even brought in a chair for her. On the second visit she looked at me pitifully at parting and said,— "Clayton, are you sure, absolutely sure that it wasn't the *terrible* things I said to you the night before it happened that made you think of g—gambling?"

My first impulse was to exonerate the lady, but then I remembered the system, and hung my head slightly, saying in an unconvincing tone, "Yes dear, I am sure"; and kissed her hand softly. Of course it was all in the system, but love of her made the rules human. It was something of a relief to my nature, which had been hitherto bound by conventions of society, to be able to heap lie upon lie, and to feel the wonder of these strange fabrications as they came out of me. I was really living—using my wits to the utmost, to win Lucy and to win my neck from the gallows at the same time. I suppose I could have tried another method to gain Lucy, but I'm glad that I didn't take any chances.

The trial came, and I was convicted of murder in the first degree. They couldn't figure out where the money was; my story of someone else coming in at the same time held no weight with them—*one* man had been seen from afar dangling from the wire. It was a one-man job, and I was the man. Those people were like beasts of prey; if my innocence had been proved to them, I had a feeling that they would claw me to death in the rage of their disappointment. They hissed and some of them even spat on the floor near me. The judge was sorry, and some of my neighbors shed a few tears, but all firmly believed in my guilt. The psychology of the case, of course, did not occur to them; I had simply fooled the entire community by faking honesty and uprightness since my entrance into their midst ten years before. I had planned this mighty stroke for ten years, probably longer. Denver's wickedness had suddenly melted—to have heard the jury talk, he was a harmless old saint, cut off from a calm existence by a wily young crook. It is interesting to be convicted of murder in the first degree, an experience I have never regretted.

Lucy came to me after the trial; I was hard put to it, because I had thought that my lawyer's story, about the self-defense and so forth, would be enough to exonerate me, particularly in a community where my integrity had been established. But the tight-rope stunt floored



them; the psychology of a hasty exit by any means after such a shock did not appeal to them. And here I was facing death within three months; the sentence had read "to be hanged by the neck until dead". I did not regret, but I was extremely worried, and when Lucy came to me, I was sincerely disturbed for the first time. She was beautiful in her passionate rage. "Oh, the fools," she cried, "Can you imagine—on the evidence of a man half-blind, recognizing you on a wire half a block away, and to have them think you stole the *money*. They sat like cats and dogs ready to snatch you, and you,—oh, you were trapped; but they didn't get you and they won't get you!" Her grey eyes looked steady into mine, and suddenly she was in my arms, kissing me, and then clinging to me softly, shaking with sobs. But Lucy is brave; she smiled soon to cheer me; and it was worth the shadow of the gallows. I am not a sentimentalist, merely a man who wants to have that which he desires most, at the cost of even life—for her warm carresses and the feeling of her soft little body in my arms, I would gladly have died. It is a peculiarity of my temperament. The days went by slowly, and every night at sunset Lucy came; we had made friends with the ex-meatman. He believed in me, but we always argued in circles, he ending every argument by saying, "but the law is the law", apparently for the purpose of justifying any injustice which it entailed.

One night Lucy came a little later; she looked different to me, who spent most of my time pondering over her different moods, and the expressions that they were represented by in her face. She glided over to the bench and sat down softly, and then hurriedly placed her lips to my ear and began to whisper. "Clayton," she whispered, "I know where Max keeps the keys. In ten minutes he'll be the only guard here, because the other keepers go out for dinner. I've watched. And there is a little side door. I've brought you some cider, and I'll give Max some when he passes. Then we'll all three drink together. But Max will go to sleep. Then I get the keys." She was in the seventh heaven of managing, and she gave me some feminine apparel cautiously, which I immediately hid under my bunk. "Are you all ready?" she asked in a tense tone. We were struggling *together*, in a heavenly struggle for my release; but, "Then where do I go?" I asked. "Oh," she looked down shyly at the floor. "Anywhere".

"And you?"

"If you wish I will go with you; we can go to a new place and live it down, Clayton, where you can forget and where, where there will probably be a sunny little cottage. Don't you think it would be nice to live in the mountains, Clayton? I left father a note, hidden under his pillow, telling of my love for you, and asking him for both of our sakes, and his own too of course, not to reveal it." I kissed her lips, and we sat waiting for the night watchman to pass.

The escape went off exactly as Lucy had planned—much better than I had dared expect. It had seemed to me too heavenly to end in anything but death. We slipped out of the back door, both dressed in women's clothes and hurried into the woods, avoiding the paths and trails. Of course the deacon and all of them thought that we had eloped by train; and the country people who saw a little girl in a sunbonnet and a coarse raw-boned girl go by, said nothing. They were too busy looking for the criminal to bother about us. They wanted the thousand dollars reward, and we passed by them unheeded. For days and days we travelled, sometimes by train, oftener walking, finally coming to the Canadian line. After that we felt safe, though our vigilance did not relax. But I had won Lucy; she married me shortly after we crossed the line and when I had felt that it would be safe for me to wear men's clothes again. We were married at a little mountain village—where the murder had not been heard of.

That happened about twenty years ago. I changed my name and grew a beard, and resumed—to a certain extent—my former gentle behavior. I say "to a certain extent" and in that phrase is the secret of the lasting success of my system. Because I did not "reform suddenly", Lucy brought it about, very gradually. She watched me gamble and she watched me drink, cautiously; and then quietly, subtly began her work of reform, throwing her whole spirit into it. Of course her efforts were rewarded; I gradually gave up the habits that bothered her, finally—when I considered it safe—discarding entirely those which bothered her most. She manages me, and I show no signs of "being managed". But I suppose I have turned again into the reasonable, sane sort of person that I thought at first a deacon's daughter should marry. Lucy has kept my crime from the children, who show promise of leading exceptionally moral lives. She avoids the subject of murders as much as possible, for fear of hurting me. But I know that when her light spirit becomes suddenly aware of its captivity, in other words, when she realizes that she will, in all probability, have to face me at meals three times a day for the rest of her life—she thinks of the murder, the picture of me dangling on the wires, the heroic confession, the romance of our escape—and then I am safe. At these times I usually try to think of something clever or daring to say, or I distract her attention to the children. Of course I could merely hint that she is not quite as beautiful as on the day we fled from the prison, but I love her too much for that. And her eyes are still wonderful; clear and grey.

The reason I have written this story, which I intend to destroy immediately, is because of a letter I received this morning, a curious letter with one thousand dollars in bills enclosed. I will quote it:

"Dear pal—I been chasing you ever since you lit out

of the coop. If the detectives had only got me on their side I would of been their best boy but you are the darndest cuss. Why did you say you done the guy up when you didn't. I thought you was bugs at first then I thought you was talking in your sleep anyway you keep the cops off me just when I thought I was gone you turned their heads and so I says he's either a nut or my long lost father or something. I cleaned up the 10,000 but I got this much laid away and since I'm due to croak any time now I thought you'd might like to know I know your good deed you done for me. I could spill my game to the police I guess and clean you off their slates, but you made such a clean get away I kind of hate to mess into it—and give them my head. Well, pal, if you want to let me know who you are and why you done it write Mike Colon c/o Goodrich Inn, Los Angeles.

Your friend  
Mike.

p. s. maybe your wife might like to see this, if she thinks you done it."

I wired him immediately not by any means to confess, and since I believed him incapable of understanding the psychology of it, and for some unknown squeamish reason did not want him to think me a "nut", I told him that he was my third cousin and hoped that he might die in peace.

Perhaps I have been unfair to Lucy—and to the children. Crime will out, they say. But we are happy here, in the mountains. Nobody molests us. I have no idea how Mike could have found us, or who he is—unless he was the funny man who brought us fish one day. I remember he spoke at length with Lucy, and she thought him a very interesting foreigner. But I haven't the courage to tell Lucy. I will take the family to Europe this year, and perhaps we can settle down on a farm over there for a time. No, I can never tell Lucy. She is very clever, but a woman.

MILDRED EVANS.

## "You Never Can Tell"

Characters:

Mrs. Lee

Mr. Lee

Mary Lee, their daughter

Scene: (*Mary Lee and Mrs. Lee having got breakfast and sent Mr. Lee off to work, still remain seated around the table, in their stuffy little dining room to converse. There is a cuckoo-clock in the corner that ticks very loudly; and the art in the room is a mixture of the God-Bless-Our-Home and the orange sunset varieties. Next to a picture of a woman in a nightgown, clinging desperately to a cross which sticks up in the middle of a dark blue sea, is the photograph of a well-enough looking young boy in military uniform. He seems to regard his family below him with a frightened rabbit-like expression in his eyes, as if he knows they are talking about him.*)

Mary (*Stares at the picture*) Well, heaven forgive you Peter, for not writing more (*She takes up a letter and reads aloud once again*) "Am somewhere in France. Am feeling fine. The weather is good. How are you?" (*Disgustedly*) And that's the only letter he sends, and him being gone over there three months!

Mrs. Lee: Well your brother never did have much in his head to say, Mary,—Pete never was long on words. He just used to say, "Bread, please", or "Butter, please", and throw out his arm for it. Action that's him.

Mary: Action. Him! H'm! I never will forget the time we was to the Harper's dance together. Not much action then, I'll say. I took him along as my ess-coort because (*Spreads herself a little*) Jimmy and Bill was both away, else (*looks at her*

*mother belligerently*) one of them 'd of asked me.

Mrs. Lee. Yes,—Well, g'wan.

Mary: (*Warms up to her subject*) Well, we went in, and I shook hands with Mrs. Harper, and says how lovely the room looked an' all, and Peter just shook her hand flabby-like up and down once, and stared all the time at the ceiling. Then the music struck up, and he walked right away from me over to the corner, and stood there gaping, and he stood there the whole rest of the evenin' by himself, and rubbered at the people dancing. I could of died of shame.

Mrs. Lee: Didn't he dance once?

Mary: Not once.

Mrs. Lee: Maybe he was scared, sort of shy.

Mary: Him, shy! (*She bursts out laughing*) You bet he's shy! Pete was a little modest vi'let all right, all right. So modest he never said a thing, nor thought one either for that matter. What's he's doing chasin' Huns is more than I can see. There'll be lots of runnin', but not by them—you can just——

Mrs. Lee: Sh!—What's that? Sounds like your pa comin' back again. And him just had his breakfast, too.

Mary: Back so soon?

Mr. Lee: (*He bursts into the room, waving a newspaper.*) Look a' here! Look a' here! (*He first shows it to Mrs. Lee, and then to Mary, and snatches it away so quickly that neither one has time to see anything.*)

Mary: Fer goodness sakes, pa, what's the matter?

Mrs. Lee: What is it, Pa?

Mr. Lee. It's our Peter! Our Peter; . . . My son!

Mrs. Lee: What about Peter?

Mary: Fer heaven's sake, sit down and read it to us quiet, pa.

Mr. Lee: (*Seats himself with difficulty, and reads with a breathless, uneven, crackling voice*) Private Peter Westly Lee, of Shell Lake, Wisconsin, on July 18, at the Battle Chateau Thierry, alone and unaided, captured a machine gun and its entire crew, for which valorous deed he is awarded the croix de guerre.

(*Mary and Mrs. Lee stare wide-eyed at each other.*)

Mrs. Lee: Well, I'll be . . .

Mary: (*Repeats to herself*) "For which valorous deed he is awarded the croix de guerre, (*A long silence follows. Each member of the family stares at the other two. Both women begin to cry a little. Then Mrs. Lee recuperates, and visibly begins to swell up.*)

Mrs. Lee: Well, Mary, (*She sobs*) didn't I say, (*sobs*) Pete never was long on words?—Action, that's him.

Mary: (*Trembles*) Ye-ah. And modest. You never could tell. He'd never let on about his grand thoughts. . . . Just like a vi'let, that's him!

Curtain

ALICE VAN HISE.

## Undergraduate (Un)Enthusiasms

THE propensity of the average undergraduate to skim over the top of things, to float along on his emotions, to take life and his education as something to be tolerated but not to be thought about prevents him from having any enthusiasms, properly speaking, for an enthusiasm, in the true sense of the word, is a devotional, intense, commendable zeal or fervor. And rare is the undergraduate who takes either his life or his university training seriously enough to make any part of either an enthusiasm. Eagerly he "fusses", he gambles, he takes part in athletics, he tries to act in his dramatic club productions. Excitedly he races after news stories for the college daily. Earnestly he works for a better year book, or an unusual literary magazine, but none of his avocations reach a point of intensity which may be called enthusiasm. And this is right, for there should be but one great enthusiasm for each undergraduate, and that his intellectual work—his training in things of the mind, to attain which he is spending four years of his life moulding his ideas and ideals so that he may find an enthusiasm to carry him through life, an enthusiasm which will help him bridge the chasms of doubt as to the value of living.

True there are some among every group of students in our colleges and universities who find for themselves such an enthusiasm, but boredom toward the real things of life is the more common attitude. I have known students so intensely interested in the problems of modern science that they would rather work in the laboratory on a sunny afternoon than see an exciting inter-collegiate football game. Others there are who find the art of writing an ever enthralling subject, and who live for the sake of putting their emotions, their experiences into literary form. Some see in the ever broadening fields of economics and sociology a value for them that makes them enthusiastic students of labor problems, of social organization and improvement, so that they may sometime become instrumental in bettering the

living and working conditions of mankind. Perhaps a more common form than any of these is the enthusiasm of the radical political reformer, the socialists, or the syndicalists who being young and full of energy are ready to back their beliefs against the world. But the number of all these is small. They form an insignificant minority in any student body. The average student is indifferent to every thing of importance. He takes but a passing interest in the events of the day. He yawns when he thinks of his studies. He is bored in lectures unless he sits next to a pretty girl, or if the student in question be a girl, unless the lecturer be good-looking and unmarried. He fails to see, or even be interested in the whys and wherefores of the college curriculum or requirements. He is eternally looking for "pipe" courses with no examinations. He would like to take an extra number of hours work so that by utilizing the summer sessions he might finish his work sooner than otherwise, but if that cannot be managed then he wishes to take the minimum number of hours work. He evades laboratory courses because they take up so much of his time, but what does he do with his extra time? Oh, he plays pool or goes to the moving picture show. He hates courses that have much outside reading, because he dislikes spending so many evenings at the library. But if he does not go to the library where does he go? Why he takes a girl to the vaudeville performance, to be sure. At any rate he is not interested in the things that he has come to college to be interested in.

I may be exaggerating the attitude of the student somewhat, but I fear I am not. If however, the reader doubt my powers of observation, let me quote a statement of President Lowell. "No one in close touch with American education has failed to notice the lack among the mass of undergraduates of keen interest in their studies and the small regard for scholarly attainment." A statement from such a source must be given

credence, but there are others. Mr. Slosson in his book called *Great American Universities* writes, "The most vulnerable point in our college system is the diversion of the interests of the student body from the true aims of the college. Social life, athletics, dissipation, and the multitude of other student activities have cut down to the minimum the attention given to their studies." And speaking of the same things, Woodrow Wilson put it this way, "The side-shows are so numerous that they have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on."

As I write I have vivid pictures before me of English universities with William Morris spouting passages from Ruskin's *Modern Painters* "in a voice that fired his listeners (Oxford undergraduates) with rapturous admiration." At Cambridge there are Tennyson and Hallam of "The Apostles" who "not only debated on politics but read Hobbes, Locke, Berkely, Butler, Hume, Bentham, Descartes, and Kant, and discussed such questions as the Origin of Evil, the Derivation of Moral Sentiments, Prayer, and the Personality of God." And there are others. Perhaps if such men were to-day present in our American Universities, their very presence would make for true undergraduate enthusiasms; and perhaps they were in their day but of the minority which we find everywhere who possess the power to transcend their environment and keep "with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

But what is wrong with the majority? Why is there such a lack of enthusiasm among the mass of undergraduates? Why are these great *unenthusiasms* of the college student? There must be someone or something at fault, and it seems to me that it is something rather than someone. Perhaps it is a great many things, but when they are combined they all fit into a single something which we call our educational system. And that educational system is wrong.

When a youth finishes his preparatory work for college, he feels that he is about to enter into a place where he can have intellectual adventures, intellectual pleasures, intellectual combats, and intellectual enthusiasms. He feels he is going into a free world away from rudiments, from requirements, from supervision. He is going to be free to let his mind roam as it will, and feed where it likes. He is going to enjoy this freedom to the utmost. He dreams of it and idealizes it. Furthermore, he is for the first time going to be free to live his own life as he wills, away from parental scrutiny and rule. He can smoke in his room and no stern father nor scandalized mother can gainsay him. He can go to a dance every week now, and he will not be made to take a nap in the afternoon before it by his over-anxious mother. He can even go to the "movies" on Sunday, and not go to church. All this is novelty to him, but he is going to enjoy it. Suddenly he discovers

that while the freedom of life is his, the intellectual freedom is not. In his Freshman year he is required to take certain studies just as he was in high school. He is disappointed. And what is worse the subjects he is required to take are rudimentary still. But the freedom of life remains. His parents are far away, and he is his own master. Freedom was what he dreamed of in his college life; therefore he makes the best of it and enjoys his license to the utmost and usually at the cost of his studies. Often he is dropped from college before the end of his Freshman year, but if he is not he has formed such habits of living and studying that they stigmatize his whole college career as scholastically mediocre. Try as he will he cannot give up the pastime he has learned to enjoy merely for the sake of better academic standings. He is rather puzzled about it, but soon he becomes indifferent. Apparently the four years at college were invented so that a youth might enjoy himself for a short time before settling down to a life occupation. He is rather glad of it. Certainly there is nothing to be enthusiastic about on the intellectual side. There might have been had colleges been as he had dreamed of them, but they are not. The main object seems to be the collection of enough credits and honor points to qualify for a diploma at the end of four years. And that is not difficult if one chooses one's courses with care. Academic credits must be attained in order to obtain a degree, but by casual study and a few nights of hard work at the end of the term they may be easily acquired. Is there anything less likely to give youth intellectual enthusiasms?

When an undergraduate discovers that there is nothing more than credits to be gained from his attendance at college, he somehow loses interest. And yet apparently the primary motive of advisers and registrars and heads of departments is to impress each student with the fact that so many credits are necessary before such and such a thing is possible. If by chance a student does find an enthusiasm somewhere in his intellectual work, he is informed that he will get so much credit if he does so much work along the line he is interested in, but if he does more than that amount of work he will get no more credit for it, or if he does less, he will get less credit. Under such a system interest is deadened. The student feels exactly as if he were working in a machine shop on the piece-work basis, where he gets paid for every piece he finishes to a certain maximum which constitutes the highest amount of money he can earn for one day's work. He immediately loses interest in the quality of the work he is doing and spends his excess energy in keeping track of how much he is doing and how much he will get for doing it, and in being very careful not to do too much. So the student loses sight of the object of his work as he stops to figure out how much credit he is going to get for doing it, and

more than that in seven cases out of ten, he is going to do just as poor work as he can be consistently sure will gain him his credit.

But another aspect of the college work which tends to make the undergraduate regard his scholastic attainments rather as a necessary evil than as an enthusiasm, is the petrifying manner in which required readings are assigned. Lecturers have a way of feeling that they cannot cover enough ground in three lectures a week to make the work adequate for a course in college. Whereupon they compile a reading list from which a certain amount must be read each week. These assignments must not only be read but notes must be taken on them and handed in. More than this the readings must cover a certain amount of the ground covered by the lecturer, so that the student usually finds that he is just reading a rehash of what he has heard a few ours before, or if he is a forehanded student he finds the lectures are but a reproduction of what he has read. Seldom, if ever, is the student sent to the sources to draw his own conclusions; seldom is he permitted to dip deeply enough into one phase of the subject to become thoroughly interested. He gets just far enough to discover that what he has in hand might be very absorbing had he but time to go into it a bit more; but there is another assignment in another book which must be read this week, and he has to leave what he is doing and turn to that. Never are the assignments for a week short enough to give the student time, if he so desired, to read on into some one phase of his subject in which he may be enthralled for the time being. If such a policy were pursued, of course, the student would probably never be ready to pass the general examination in the course. How could he? He would know a great deal about what he had enjoyed reading about, and nothing of things that did not appeal to him. It is much as if a person were put on a prescribed diet and forced to eat what was prescribed some of which he liked and some of which he did not, and yet there were always plenty of things that he did like on the table which he could not eat because by the time he had eaten all that had been prescribed his appetite was gone. Somehow such a system of dieting does not make me any more enthusiastic about eating, than the present system of assigned and required reading excites the ardor of the average undergraduate.

Then, too, there is the everlasting attitude of dogmatism in many of the instructors and lecturers of the American University. They know that the students are going to say obvious things about the work they are doing; they have heard those same things for years and years. And because they have heard those same things so often, they are tired of asking to hear them. Therefore, they lay down certain suppositions as facts and treat them as such, simply for the sake of saving

themselves the boredom of listening to some one else say the same things as if they were original. This type of teaching invariably dulls the student's interest. He sees very quickly that there is nothing to do but to accept what he hears in lecture, and, when an examination comes along, to write down what he remembers of what he has heard. He knows that if he can remember seven tenths of what he has heard, he is safely through the course. But what is even worse in an instructor is a bored attitude toward the subject he is teaching. Nothing is more deadly to the student's ardor. I have never seen a football coach or any other athletic instructor look or act bored when he was attempting to teach his team some new play; I have never seen a dramatic or a musical director of any ability at all who seemed anything but intensely ardent about his task. No man is able to produce in others what he apparently lacks in himself. If the instructor is bored with what he is trying to teach, his pupils will inevitably feel that the subject must be excruciatingly uninteresting or else the master of it would evince a certain amount of enthusiasm concerning it. Since he does not; indubitably it is a bore. Hence the proper attitude toward it is boredom.

Again, I have known of a student who has discovered a point of view other than that he is being taught on a certain subject. He becomes excited, spends hours working up a refutation of what seems to be his instructor's error. He presents his ideas and is ignored or squelched by his master for being an upstart or an ignoramus who has the audacity of a fool to try and argue with him. With a gesture of condemnation or contempt he extinguishes the youth's ardor, and by doing so, he spoils an opportunity of making him a votary of the art or science in hand. Even though the student's ideas may have been wrong, even though he was basing them on a decided misjudgment, a bit of sympathy would have inspired him to go farther, to work out for himself a contradiction of what he had so eagerly gleaned thinking that he was making a discovery. But more often than otherwise, the student's ardor is so crushed by a sarcastic remark that he goes back to his room disheartened and glum, his enthusiasm spent, his industry gone. Sarcasm is a deadly enemy of enthusiasms where ever it is found, for it so embitters the sensitive person that he is incapacitated for anything but retaliation, a chance for which never comes. Thus instead of arousing any constructive effort on the victim, it rather piques him to an uncontrollable resentment which results in nothing.

So the ardor of a Dean of Men who publishes a set of rules on "How to go on Probation" is useless. It is the death-blow to even the enthusiasms which might grow up outside of the actual university routine. The effect of such rules is to make the undergraduates see

how far he can follow them and still remain in college, rather than to make him feel any responsibility for breaking them. For there is nothing which pleases an undergraduate more than to put something over on an all-knowing Dean. But this does not amount to an enthusiasm in more than a few—and in those few it becomes an enthusiasm because there is no other vent for their necessary bouyancy and energy. There is no other outlet for what they have to express as a part of their nature. In the others it inspires a sullen resentment toward an existing order which is out of sympathy with them, with their problems, with their ideals. Few undergraduates are in a position to estimate the comparative values of the variety of interests in our present college life, and it ought rather to be the duty of a Dean to help the student to acquire a right estimate rather than to scoff at him for having made a wrong one. For after all is said the question of inspiring enthusiasm in the undergraduate depends on what is done to give him a true insight into what is worth while doing in life as a whole, not only in his college life. Almost every man must possess some enthusiasm to carry him with any success at all through the vicissitudes of life, and almost every man develops some sort of an enthusiasm; he must or his life will inevitably become a mere hand-to-mouth existence. The important thing then is to give him the judgment and the opportunity to choose a noble enthusiasm, and it is here that the universities are falling down.

So far, it is true, I have assumed that an intellectual enthusiasm in an undergraduate is something to be desired, and I consider it a sound assumption. There are those who believe that the undergraduate should not confine himself to any particular branch of intellectual work, because the more devious the paths he pursues, the broader will be his general background. And this too is true, but I firmly believe that the farther anyone goes in any particular path of learning the more necessary he will find an understanding of the adjacent paths and even of their byways. So based on the ideal that nothing can be accomplished educationally without first creating an interest, would it not be better to create first the enthusiasm for something, for anything, in the student and then let him work out his own salvation? I firmly believe so, and it is on that belief that I am about to make certain suggestions which to me seem the logical solution of the problem of making the *unenthusiasms* of the undergraduate conscious and living enthusiasms.

First of all, then, I should change the entire system of the university. I should do away with the whole procedure of credits, "exes", goods, fairs, and failures. I would do away with probation, and annihilate honor points. I should even go so far as to advise the extermination of degrees, for as long as any of these symbols

of gradation in education remain, there are going to be those who consider the gaining of one or another of the symbols as the ultimate end of their educational career. This is made an enthusiasm which is worthy only of one who looks upon learning as an extrinsic economic asset and not as it should be regarded as a means to a higher and nobler life. And yet I suppose in America there must be some concrete award given which will have its value to the possessor, or higher education must fail miserably. And this is not the object of my thoughts on the subject. I repeat that my object is to turn the present *unenthusiasm* of the undergraduate into true and noble enthusiasm, and here is how I should do it.

Having freed the universities from the awe-inspiring procedure of students' gaining credits and keeping off of probation, I should take the two years of the university which are given up almost entirely to preparing the student to do his work well, and put them in the high schools. The Freshman and Sophomore years have no more place in the university than kindergarten as in a high school. Then when a youth comes to college he would find the intellectual freedom, that he covets, his; and he would not be overbalanced by the lack of congruity between his private and his intellectual life. Further than this I should do away with entrance requirements as they are now understood to exist. In their place, I should put just one requirement and that would be the willingness of the applicant to undertake a definite task in research, or a bit of constructive thinking along a definite line, or the accomplishment of a specified piece of work in literature. This task would be the main thing in his intellectual life. It would be the center about which would revolve all his other work. It would be the end toward which everything he does would tend. Lectures and classes would be held as usual, but there would be no roll calls, no examinations, no mechanics of checking up on what the student is doing in the individual courses. All that would be required is the adequate completion of the task the student has undertaken to do. The university would be his servant, and he would use it as it best fitted into his purpose. From such an institution all the formalism and mechanics which are so deadening to the enthusiasm of the average undergraduate would disappear. The student would not find every bit of intellectual ecstasy squeezed out of him at every turn; he would have to discover for himself, by himself, but with the freedom of a grown man, instead of being told what he ought to know under supervision fit for a child; and this is what the undergraduate wants, though too often he does not realize it. He realizes that he is not getting what he came to college to get, but his energy is turned in other channels, and his intellectual life becomes mere routine possessing only secondary interests



and secondary reactions. All this must be changed if the American universities are to be what they claim to be, the producers of leaders full of the enthusiasms of right ideals and true thinking. These enthusiasms

must be started during the college years if they are really to exist and flourish, but under the present system they are too likely never to exist at all.

ORIN O. STEELE.

## The Horrors of War

HE was a great man all right, probably an admiral taking a little vacation from the boats and helping out with recruiting just to keep the government from thinking he had grown snobbish with all his rank. I knew he must be an Admiral or something, because he was dressed so differently from the other seafaring men in the room, and held his head so high in disdain and bored tolerance of all those about him. He was lowered considerably in my respect, though, when one of the sailors, attendant about the recruiting office, called him, "The Ould Insin." Insane, indeed, no wonder he was on recruiting duty.

"Shake out of your hops, youse, you're next"—and someone rudely awakened me to the mission I was concerned with in the place,—to join the navy! I was led up to the desk in front of the officer, and felt myself tremble slightly under his withering appraisal.

"Huh!" was his cordial greeting.

"How's business?" I asked, banteringly, to relieve the apparently heavy atmosphere between us, and striking an easy, nonchalant pose against his desk.

"Stand at attention, when you are talking to an officer!!!" He must have meant the remark for me, but a dog outside the open window jumped back from a bone, and began barking defiantly at him. "What makes you think we want you in the navy?" he went on, after I had collected myself.

That was a stickler, but I only hesitated a moment, "Why, I sailed in a boat once!"

"Boat! What kind of a boat?" he snarled.

"Well, for the life of me, I can't seem to remember what kind of a boat it was, but it did have the cutest name, *Water-Sprite*. Don't you think—" I was broken off. The officer certainly was a harsh, unromantic sort of person, with little taste for the aesthetic. He seemed strangely exasperated.

"What were your duties aboard the craft?"

That point was quite clear in my mind, and I glibly began, because I felt I had made little progress so far against this most peculiar navy man.

"Well, I was up in the front, and tended a string which was attached to the bib or gib, something like that. Every time we would decide to go in a new direction, I would take the string from one hook and put it on another. It was great sport, too. I shall never forget how thrilled I was as I felt the wind tug at the sail and push the boat on. It was like hoodwinking the elements."

The officer did not become very enthusiastic over my recital, but threw up both hands and spilt a bottle of ink over his trowsers,—"Give this salty yachtsman his physical exam. We'll get him yet," he shouted. That last remark was disconcerting, and set me to pondering. How unaffably he said it.

After being thumped and pounded and stood around in a most immodest plight with a lot of other abashed candidates, futilely trying to conceal from each other's prying gaze, knock-knees, chicken breasts, and dirty feet,—I was brought back to the desk.

Looking over my record, the great man said, "Individually your various deformities are physically perfect, but taking you all put together, you're quite a human *Hesperus*." He finished with a malicious glance at my wavering knees.

After vainly trying to find something at fault with my eyes, and looking way down into my vitals through my mouth, he said, "Now, I want you to repeat after me, everything I say. Do you get me?"

"Do you get me," I began.

"No, not now."

"No, not now," I repeated. He's testing my ears, I explained to myself.

"Haven't you got any brains?"

"Haven't you got any brains," I enunciated clearly, to show I understood every word. It was easy. Why, anybody could hear him; he was actually shouting, but he was probably lowering the standard a little for me. I had been real congenial with him.

"Why, you dumb lummox!"

"Why, you dumb lummox!" I went on.

"Shut up."

"Shut up."

The officer walked away apparently satisfied.

Finally after waiting for several men to get their final instructions, I was again called up, and I advanced with my most engaging expression.

"Oh! you—" grunted my Admiral, when he looked up.

"Well," he said begrudgingly, "the regulations won't let me turn you down, because there is nothing the matter with you, except that you're a damn fool. I've put you on the books as an apprentice Shorehound's mate. Keep those eyes open and get wise to yourself."

LEO GOLDENHEIMER,

## A Sporting Chance

Lieutenant Paul Jones Barrett was blue. It was no new mood to him, however. He was perpetually blue except when drunk, and since his regiment had reached France, he had to stay sober because the officers as well as men were under restriction. Besides, Brest was such a damnable place. Rain was perpetual; mud was universal. He had written home that he was in France—in it up to his waist and he had not lied. He had not expected much better when he had entered the army,—in fact, he had longed for just such a life. He did not want to be happy. To laugh was the last thing he longed to do. He was not there for love of his country, to protect it from the machinations of the enemy. He was not there to make the world safe for democracy, or for any of the other ideals for which men fight. He was not there particularly because he had to be either—he might have waited until he was drafted. He was there so that he might rid the world of himself, and perhaps to make Peggy Andrews feel some pangs of remorse for throwing him over so unceremoniously for an ensign with a pretty blue uniform. He wanted to go through a bayonet charge and see if he could not manage to get a cold blade through himself at a vital point. He was no hero, no brave man. He wanted to die, but he wanted to die honorably. And so he was blue, bluer than ever now that the armistice was signed and there was little chance of his seeing action. He wished he had been included in the division that had gone to Archangel. There, at least, he might honorably have frozen to death in line of duty. Instead, here he was at Brest, shivering from insipid chilliness which made him uncomfortable, but which would do no more than to give him a bad cold.

Moreover the men were restless and uneasy. The report was current among them that they would be put in the S. O. S. for some months before returning to the States. This was unpleasant and seemingly unfair. They had come to fight and were still willing to fight, but they were far from enthusiastic about doing manual labor for thirty dollars a month when they might be at home earning as much or more every week. The captain only made things worse by impressing on them the fact that they were under military discipline and would do as they were ordered in spite of all their desires to the contrary. His method with the men was most antagonistic. He believed every one of them could be cowed into subservience, but there was not a chance of their appreciating square treatment. They must be frightened or they could not be handled. The second lieutenant was the shadow of the captain. He was the man who carried out the leader's policy. Barrett was the fly in their ointment. He bucked them at

every turn—not that he had any inherent love for his men, but because he hated the C. O. and his methods. He always appeared as the counsel for a man court-martialed. He never gave anything but company punishment to offenders when he had command of the outfit, he hated the system of charges and trials and sentences. And the men swore by him. Everywhere in the company street could be heard, "But Lieutenant Barrett says—", or "Jiggers, the old man,—Oh, never mind it's just Barrett. He never sees anything that he doesn't have to." And the captain hated his first lieutenant just as much as his lieutenant hated him.

This morning Barrett was trying to scrape the mud from his equipment. He was going on duty as Officer of the Day. "Drat this mud" he snorted. "It's enough to drive a man insane. Mud, mud, mud. Why it's a crime to expect men to live in it. I haven't seen a thing but muck since I got into this infernal place. And now I have to inspect a guard covered with it. I thought war would be exciting. I thought I'd have a chance to get a bullet through my silly head long before this. It seems to me that the blooming government is trying to keep men from dying for it instead of urging them on. I'm sick of it all."

Barrett was a good soldier in spite of his leniency toward the men and his failure to like his commander. In fact, had he not been a good soldier with a perfect record, his captain would have long ago found a chance to be rid of him. But Barrett was the last man to admit it. He was in the army because he was flunking out at college and because a girl had proved faithless. He wanted to die. Still he did not want to do it without giving himself a chance. He demanded a sporting chance, as he called it, to remain alive. It was not that he hated life so much as it was that he felt himself a detriment to the eternal order of things. He did not want to gum up the works either by living and since a chance to die was offered him he had taken it. He had heard that lieutenants had the highest mortality rate on the front. Therefore he had pushed himself through an officers' training camp, and had made his commission. Now that the actual fighting was over and he had seen none of it, he was discouraged. He hated life as it was, and so the desire to die was intensified. Still it was not strong enough to make him discharge a colt into his brain. He still demanded a chance to transcend the death that he planned and determine his right to live. Once he had proved that he belonged in the natural order of things by taking the chance of death, he would function as he could in that order. What he now wanted was proof. His dreams of action on the front were gone. He must

prove his right to existence some other way. But just now he must go out and mount the guard. A hellish task in this rain and mud.

He snapped his Colt into place, pulled on his slicker, and ducked out of the tent. The first step put him in the middle of a puddle of mud and water which spoiled all the labor of the morning spent in cleaning up. It was no wonder he swore. As he tried to evade the next puddle he slipped in the soft clay, and in the effort to save himself, he had to step squarely in the middle of it. Again he swore. He was glad of only one thing and that was that he did not have to walk post. But he did have to inspect this blooming guard sometime between mid-night and dawn. That was bad enough. Damn such a war!

The guard was formed. He passed down the line inspecting each man's rifle carefully. "Too much oil" he said to one; to the next, "Pretty rusty". And so on he made his comments from force of habit. As he stepped into his place in front of the rear rank, and snatched the first rifle, he had a feeling that there was something vaguely familiar in the figure of the man before him. Usually these formations were very impersonal. The men were seldom from his own outfit, and he had not expected to find anyone he knew on the guard. The rain was blowing into his face as he inspected the men, and therefore he had not raised his eyes above the shoulders of the men. He did not care whether they were shaven or not—most officers would, but he knew how hard it was to shave with cold water, and he was not going to bother with such trifles on a day like this. But somehow he felt he knew this man, or should know him. As he looked at the rifle in his hands, he noticed it was exceptionally well cleaned. And again from force of habit he said, "Good Rifle", and in tossing it back he glanced up to see what manner of man he was complimenting. He looked, he started, and then he grinned. Could you beat it, he was complimenting his old room mate from Mossgrown College. How in the name of everything wonderful had Pete O'Neil come to be a mere "buck" here in Brest. Well, it was something to wonder about, but not now. He passed on to the next man and finished his inspection in quick order. Nevertheless he could not get his mind off Pete.

Pete was a good sport. He ought to be better than a private though. He had brains, and was capable of anything that he did not have to do. Barrett turned to the sergeant. "Who is that man, first in the rear rank?"

"Private O'Neil, sir, Company D."

"Thanks. Good soldier. Tell him so."

"Yes, sir."

Later in the day at mess he encountered the captain

of D company. Barrett had always liked this captain. In fact he had once tried to get transferred to his outfit, but he could not manipulate it. So he was not averse to learning what he could from him concerning his old pal.

"Who's this man O'Neil you had on guard this morning. Appears like too good a soldier to be a mere "buck".

"He is, too," answered Captain White. "He came into my company with that last bunch of casuals from the States. He has had more training than any man in the company, but he refuses to be more than a "buck". I had a talk with him the other day. Most unusual chap. College man—good talker. He says he's willing to die for his country, but he'll be hanged if he'll take the responsibility of making others die. He's just a man, he says, and he won't try to be more than one. Not in the army for his health and he's going to enjoy the experience as an enlisted man with no responsibility. Funny way of looking at it."

"Have you tried making him a non-com in spite of himself?"

"Sure, but he just goes and gets drunk and tries to clean out the camp. When he's full of cognac he's wild and he knows it. He's willing to try to lick every man in the place and usually starts with the charge of quarters. I had to bust him, and only a line about his past record kept the battalion commander who happened in at the wrong time from giving him a special court martial. Oh, he won't be anything but a 'buck', but he's good as that."

"Well, that's interesting," said Barrett, "but I have to roll up to the guard house and see that my sergeant isn't getting too much sleep. See you later".

As he went out he meditated upon Pete's behavior. After all he wasn't sure that there was something in this business of being a "buck". Certainly one was free of all responsibility. He'd have to look up Pete and talk with him. It would be good to talk over old times with him. Of course, he would have to pick his time carefully for otherwise their talk would be constrained by the presence of other officers or men. But after all Pete's being there did not make the life any more bearable. It did not dry up the mud, make the air warmer, or stop the infernal rain. It did not solve the eternal problem of whether Paul Jones Barrett was out of place in this complicated world. It was nice to have Pete there, but after all these other things were of major importance. And so Barrett became moody again as he went about his duties. He wished it all could end and end in a hurry.

The day passed. An insipid letter arrived from Peggy. She wrote that she knew he was lonesome in France, but wasn't it great that peace was so near?

# Simpson's

## Smart Summer and Sport Apparel

New Dresses, Blouses, Middies, Garden Smocks, Wash Skirts, Novelty Scarfs and Summer Underwear arriving daily

We guarantee the prices to be modest

"Things That Are 'Different' in Women's Apparel"

## Fellows

you'll find here some new and clever creations in Suits for late Spring wear.

At popular prices too. \$28, \$30, \$35, and better.

Also showing brand new creations in Shirts, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, and Hosiery.

**Speth's**  
ON STATE

## FRANK'S

Fine Sundaes  
Malted Milk  
Hot Waffles



**We cater to the Co-Eds**



Orders delivered from 9 to 11

Phone 887

Get the New Dance and Song Records at Hook Bros. Piano Co.

Wasn't he glad that he would soon be home? And her ensign was to be discharged very soon, Oh, dear she was so happy. Barrett tore the letter up in disgust. He thought of returning home without having seen any fighting. He thought of the disgrace. (It was a disgrace in his eyes just then). Finally, he threw himself on his bed to sleep till two o'clock when he had to get up and inspect the guard. But he did not sleep. Pete's sudden appearance had brought back the good old days in college. Compared with the present, they were perfect. He even felt a fondness for the Dean who seemed to take his greatest pleasure in life in discovering Barrett's wild escapades and punishing him for them. He thought of home and of the returning with no thrilling tales to tell. And then he thought of the mud and the rain and the sullenness of the men under the captain's heavy hand. He was disgusted, and by two o'clock when he stepped out in the shivering cold black night, he was despondent. He half hoped he might walk into the river by mistake. But no such luck was his. He passed three sentinels still thinking despondently on the complexity of things in general. Suddenly he had a brilliant thought. He would fight this thing out with one of his own sentries. He would not answer the challenge correctly, and bare handed he would fight the soldier on guard; he would fight against the bayonet and rifle shot. Post number ten would be just the place. It was the farthest from the guard house, and it was the darkest post, too. There was no chance of the sentry's recognizing him before challenging. Here was the solution to his whole problem. But in case he was killed, the sentry must not suffer for it. He scribbled a note and tucked it into the crease of his cap and went on. He passed the guards with a quick impetuous step that brought him to the tenth post almost before he knew it.

He was quivering in every muscle as he approached. He tried to walk along as noiselessly as possible, for he wanted to give the impression of trying to run the guard. His senses were keyed up and he noticed the dank smell of the dripping canvas tents as he passed them. He slipped outside of the lines as he passed post number nine. Stumbling over a rock he fell forward on his hands. He could hardly refrain from cursing aloud, but he suppressed the feeling, and being down, he crept across the slippery clay on his hands and knees. From post nine to ten there was an old stone wall about four feet high which went unguarded. The sentries on these two posts were instructed to halt any one attempting to go over it, but their actual beats were across some open gaps of about twenty feet in length in this stone structure. Along the outside of this wall crept the officer of the day feeling its cold clammy sides against his shoulder. When he reached

the opening which was the beginning of the tenth post, he rose to his feet. He was not going to take a chance of slipping by the guard unnoticed. His foot slipped as he stood up and he fell forward again and splashed into a puddle up to his elbows, splattering water and mud into his face. Before he could regain an upright posture he heard a rifle snap as the sentry brought it from his shoulder to port arms. Then, "Who's there?"

It was a dreadful minute; Barrett trembled with excitement and cold. He could not see his challenger; the dark was so intense. Again came the call, louder this time, "Who's there?" With an effort Barrett made sure of his footing and replied daringly, "Who in hell wants to know?" He braced himself for the rush of the guard. He listened for the slightest movement on the sentry's part indicative of an attack. All he heard was the rifle being changed from port to present arms, and then a voice that he now recognized as Pete O'Neil's, "Pass, Officer of the Day."

It was a hard moment for Barrett. He was too amazed to move. He had not expected to be thwarted so effectually by five simple words. If it had been anyone but Pete. And why had Pete such a memory and ability to recognize the voice of his former room mate? This after all was no test of what fate had in store for him. He must try again. He was not able to say anything to Pete who had discreetly walked back to the other end of his post. He wished he could explain. But it was out of the question. Perhaps later he could, but not now.

He returned to his tent disgruntled, but weary from his exertions; and for the rest of that night he found solace in sleep. The next day as soon as he was relieved from duty, he sought the major of his battalion and got a special pass out of camp. He wanted at least to forget this mud for awhile. And more he was embarrassed over his performance of the night before, and he did not want to meet O'Neil. Somehow he feared Pete would laugh at him, and above all things just now, he did not want to be laughed at. He obtained his pass with little difficulty, for since the signing of the armistice, regulations were not so strict, for the officers at any rate. He left his side arms on his bunk brushed his uniform as well as he could and set out. His pass was for thirty-six hours, and he was going to make the best of his time. Somehow he felt he must get drunk and forget himself for a while and he did.

What happened on the night of his pass, Barrett often wished he could remember. But such was not possible. All he knew was that he awoke the following day at noon in bed in a small French inn. It was still raining he realized, and then too he had a headache. A cursed bad headache, it was. In fact, he was disgustingly sick. Why in the name of common

# Wayside Inn Cafeteria

## The Best Place to Eat

Fine home cooking. If you want to save money eat at the Wayside Inn

Banquet Service. Room for 400 Persons

240 W. GILMAN STREET

Meal Tickets: \$5.50 for \$5.00; \$3.30 for \$3.00

# Hick Brothers Restaurant

Steaks, Chops, Etc.

202 King Street  
Telephone 7190

Up-to-Date Method Telephone 429  
All Branches of Work—Expert Workmanship

## VARSITY BEAUTY SHOP

ELLA WHITE COURTNEY

We Specialize in Marceling, Facial and  
Scalp Treatments

We carry a complete line  
of hand-made French lingerie.

Varsity Apartments Across From Chadbourne Hall

## Ideal Gifts

For graduation, birthdays and all  
occasions you will find at

## Gamm Jewelry Co.

9 W. Main St.

Where quality is as represented



sense had he made such a fool of himself? The mere forgetting of his troubles would not solve them. He had never had any respect for a man who got drunk to drown his sorrows. He had prided himself always that when he drank it was to exhilarate himself to a greater appreciation of some event he wished to celebrate. The other was a form of cowardice.

Well, it was time he was starting back to camp. He would not get there before dark as it was. Poor stiff, he ought to have behaved himself as an officer and a gentleman should. There was no sense in getting so beastly intoxicated that he could not remember what he had been doing. But it all fitted into the complexity of things and only went farther to prove that he was out of place in this universe. Would his chance to make the ultimate trial never come?

He got up and dressed, paid his bill, and started back for his camp. On the way he encountered the mud again. His depression grew greater as he approached the spot in which he had been imprisoned for the last two months. He loathed the very odor of the dripping camp. The smell of the "chow" cooking in the kitchen made him sick—such an ugly smell, coffee, and onions, and "slum". Ugh! He must find a way to test his right to exist. He hoped it would prove that he was out of place, that he was a mistake on earth. He hoped he could end it all. Still if by chance he remained after all, then he could accept his fate and go on. He knew he could, but he was not sure that he wanted to. No, he was sure he did not want to. At last he reached his tent. There was no mail, as usual. Here were sixteen letters to be censored, though. All were the same—mud, rain, bad quarters, poor "chow". Poor fellows! It all should be deleted, but he let it pass. Why not? A few people might as well know the truth about Brest. And besides, if he did cut these things out, there would be nothing left but "Dear Mother", and "as ever your son".

As he worked, he grew more and more weary of it all. Why couldn't the government have let the war alone at least until he had reached the front and tried his fate against the cold steel? Why had he no way of solving his fate here? Why did his attempt of night before last fail? Where was the answer? He looked at his colt which he had left on his cot. He thought how easy it would be to slip a clip into it and pull the trigger. How easy yes, but that would be cheating fate. No man had a right absolutely to take his own life without giving fate a sporting chance to save it. Suddenly he began to wonder about that gun. Had he unloaded it when he came off guard? It was peculiar how the events of yesterday seemed. Was that gun loaded or not? He picked it up and gazed at it. How quickly he could settle his problems with it if it were loaded. But was it? There was but one way to find

out and that was to open it and look. No, there was another way, and it was the solution of his dilemma. He would play his game fairly with fate. He could no more than lose his life—and that was what he desired. The end was in sight. Should he write a note first? No, he would leave everything to the powers that control the lives of men. Should he perchance pray? Why should he? That would be taking an unfair advantage of fate if by any chance fate should be opposed to God. No, he'd play the game.

So with a single smooth easy motion he raised the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

A knock against the door of his tent broke the stillness. "Come in", shouted Barrett, and in stepped Private O'Neil.

JAMES W. GILMAN.

### A RONDEAU

(To Betty)

You hold the throne; the erstwhile Queen,  
Of beauty kneels with downcast mien.

Your matchless beauty, peerless grace

Have thrust her vanquished from her place.

You disregard the goddess' spleen,  
Although she lets her charms be seen,  
And you veil yours in crêpe de chine,  
Poor Venus cannot stand the pace.

You hold the throne.

Your rival leaves you quite serene,  
For you the fruits of science glean.

Unerring hands your eyebrows trace,  
No pallor may your blush displace,

While envy paints the goddess green.—

You hold the throne.

LEON WILLIAMS.

### ECSTASY

(Translation of Victor Hugo's *Extase*)

I stood, lone near the waves on a still starry night.  
No cloud played in heaven, no sail found sea-right.  
My eyes sought far more than mere earth-breath of  
sight,

And the woods and the mountains and all living things  
Seemed to question in whispered confused murmurings  
The waves of the seas, the fires of night.

And the full stars of gold, strange infinite legions,  
In high voice, in low voice, from melodied regions,  
Said, bending their crowns fire-flashing, point small;  
And the blue waves that nothing e'er rules or arrests,  
Said, dashing the foam from their trembling high crests  
It is God, God the master, King over all.

MILDRED EVANS.

Kayser Gloves  
Hosiery and Underwear  
Luxite Hosiery  
Van Raalte Veils  
Croroly Neckwear

# Kessenich's

Flanders Blouses  
Hyland Hats  
Goodwin Corsets  
Marcella Under Muslins  
Bonroit Skirts

The Summer Season is coming on and the filmy sheer summer dresses will soon be worn.

We have prepared for it in both the piece goods and ready-to-wear departments and a most beautiful collection of georgettes, organdies, voiles and crepes is being shown for our June Sales.

## MODERN LIBRARY

For Wise and Other Wise

75 Titles.....Leatherett Binding 70c

### Brown Book Shop

110 N. Carroll St. Phone 4881  
Cash for Text Books

## Hetty Minch

226 State St.

¶The Spring and Summer collections now being shown will be of unusual interest to women of Madison.

Gowns, Suits, Wraps,  
Lingerie, Blouses,  
Trousseaux

¶Creations possess an individuality, style and simplicity, the fitter giving personal attention to each garment.

## EHRMAN'S DELICATESSEN

### PICNIC LUNCHES

Open evenings and all day Sunday

302 State Street Phone 1591

Gibson Mandolins and Guitars at Hook Bros. Piano Co.

## The Passing Show at the Library Desk—Two Types

THESE is the professor with his green bag, spectacles, and overcoat. Professors always wear overcoats in the library. Not because they are unacquainted with the location of the cloak room, but primarily for the freezing effect of this article of dress. It is like the kitten playing with a ball of yarn in certain of our oil stove advertisements. The kitten is there to give an effect of warmth and glow to the picture. The professor wears his overcoat in the library to heighten and intensify his cold appearance of dignifying reasoning power.

Professors generally look at you with a pitiful sigh, "Yes, I want to take these two books out." Then they add with their eyes, mutely, "One would be enough, but I'll need two to weight my bag down. I must always have my bag weighted down while on the street. The undergraduates, and then the opinions and esteem of the rest of the faculty, you know."

With that they slink out through the doors, and there is a migratory movement on the part of the staff, in the general direction of the radiators.

\* \* \* \*

Now the young girl of nineteen is a unique problem, defying all attempts at solution. She would like a copy of Defoe or Addison or Amy Lowell. Which copy of Defoe? Oh! She didn't think that he lived long enough to write more than one book. "That's

out? . . . Well, never mind . . . I'll take a French dictionary instead. H'm. I've got my name where the call number should be . . . That doesn't make any difference, does it? Just so I know it myself . . . Oh! I didn't want a French dictionary. I asked for a Spanish one . . . At least I thought that I did . . . I'm so sorry . . . You see, I took French last year, and I just met the man I took it from, and maybe that's . . . Thank you so much . . . Do you want me to bring it back when I've finished?"

JOSEPH FOSTER.

### ENTRE NOUS

I am tired of thinking in cosmic measures  
Of doubt and faith and death and life,  
Of fighting world evils and weighing world pleasures,  
And worrying over the cosmic strife.

My spirit is hungry for fairy tales,  
For the beauty and freedom of fanciful dreams,  
And wanders away through star-born vales  
Of moonlight and magic and silvery streams,

Or flees on the wind through some western rift,  
And watches the splendour of color that quivers  
In the wake of the gleaming boats that drift,  
Like fairy shells, down the sunset rivers.

EVA KNOWER.

## The Book Shop

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, by Henry James. \$1.75, Boni & Liveright.

The "romanticism" which Albert Mordell in the *Foreword* suggests "is occasionally indulged in" by Henry James in this volume, becomes in some of the tales mere sentimentality. It is however unfair to criticize too harshly the stories in which this element is prevalent since Henry James overlooked these stories for publication in collected form.

Albert Mordell excuses the fact of their being overlooked—"It is the tendency of some critics to deprecate what an author has not collected himself. We know that writers often have been the poorest judges of their own work. . . . James was a particularly erring critic when it came to his own writings. This fact is attested to by his rewriting and ruining some of his best early stories."

The first story, *Travelling Companions*, from which the volume takes its name, is the least promising of the entire group. The American-born man, educated in Germany, meets while he is travelling aimlessly through Italy, the fresh and frank American girl, who is trying to enjoy the beauties of Italy, with an unappreciative, hurrying father. She weeps before the painting that has caused Mr. Brooke also to shed tears, and in this manner he discovers that she has "feeling". The

hero is unbearable sentimental; the heroine unnaturally diffident. They meet in romantic spots and the man of German culture is carried away by the unconventional manner and charm of the American girl. He says of her at one time: "For a moment she became egotistical; but with a modesty, a dignity, a lightness of touch which filled my eyes with admiring tears."

*Professor Fargo* has nothing of this element in it. The story is told directly, without the digressions of some of the more descriptive tales. Although it is told in the first person, the emphasis is not on the narrator (which seems to be a wise method in James's earlier stories). Professor Fargo is a quack, with all the vices of the "spiritualist" quack. But with his traveling show are a stately "colonel" and the colonel's lovely young daughter, who is a deaf mute. The colonel has one idea: to save society an infinite amount of trouble by teaching it a method of rapid calculation. He has been forced by terrible straits to join with the Professor, who is his contrast in every respect. The two men hate one another and the colonel finally rises up and denounces the foul methods of the quack. But the wily Professor bides his time, until he can deal a final crushing blow to the innocent old colonel.

*At Isella* is splendid after the author has finished describing

# Stationery

**Eaton—Crane and Pike**

**Cranes Linen Lawn**

**Kara Linen**

**Highland Linen**

We are showing new shades in this very fine stationery and want you to see them.  
Buy on your Co-Op. Number

---

## THE CO-OP

**E. T. GRADY, Mgr.**

506-508 State St.

# The First National Bank

of Madison, Wisconsin

invites students to make use of its complete banking facilities. Uncle Sam is one of its largest depositors; and what is good enough for him should be good enough for any of us.

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

**A. E. PROUDFIT, President**  
**M. E. FULLER, Vice-President**  
**F. G. BROWN, Vice-President**  
**FRANK W. HOYT, Vice-Pres.**  
**E. B. STEENSLAND**  
**H. L. MOSELEY**  
**JAMES B. RAMSAY**  
**M. C. CLARKE, Cashier**  
**M. H. SATER, Asst. Cashier**

Shop at

*Keeley-Neckerman Co*

*Madison's Biggest and Busiest Store*

Where Your DOLLAR Does  
Full Duty

You will find all that is best in Women's and Misses Apparel, Fabrics and Accessories.

The largest and most complete line of Cretonnes, Rugs and Draperies.

Reasonably Priced

**CORSETS**

We recommend Gosard Corsets, the original front lace corset as complete expression of modern corsetry.

**MILLINERY**

We are the exclusive agents for the famous Andrea and Consello, popular priced Millinery.

# Tiedemann's Pharmacy

**Sundaes, Malted Milks**

---

702 University Avenue

## THE FRENCH SHOP

Mrs. L. F. Haderer, Prop.

FOR

**New Challis Organdies and  
Ginghams Made Up  
at \$25**

**Your Spring Suit  
Your Trousseau**

Choice Materials—Capes \$35 up  
107 W. Mifflin St. Ph. F. 543 Madison, Wis.

**All the latest Music all the time at Hook Bros. Piano Co.**

the scenery and the effect of the scenery upon himself and has begun the story of the runaway wife. There are others; *Adina*, *Guest's Confession*, *De Grey*, a *Romance*. All are written in a pleasant lucid style, and most of them are intensely interesting.

M. E.

AMERICAN LABOR AND THE WAR, by Samuel Gompers; George H. Doran Company, New York; \$1.75.

If there is one man whose utterances may be considered as truly representing the spirit of the American laborer, that man is Samuel Gompers. As head of the American Federation of Labor, he would naturally be its mouthpiece. But it is not only because of his official position that we look to him for the sentiments of our working men; it is much more on account of his accurate knowledge, his clear insight, and his sympathetic yet unprejudiced attitude. He is a man who, although working for the interests of Labor, would allow nothing to interfere with a clear and unbiased discussion of his subject. Consequently his speeches have an authenticity far greater than their mere officialness.

Because Bolshevism, Socialism, and other movements foreign to the ideals of our Republic inevitably breed in the discontented classes, and because the discontented classes are inevitably among those who must work hard for their daily bread, it has been an easy matter for the capitalistic press to place the stigma of disloyalty upon the laboring class as a whole. And because this slur is entirely undeserved, because in fact no other class did so much to help win the war, Mr. Gompers' justification is most valuable at this time. In all his speeches, dating from Labor Day, 1914 to November 8, 1918, he makes clear that the stand of American labor has consistently been one of unqualified support of our government. In a speech delivered July 14, 1918 he says:

"There is no man in all the world to whom I could take second position before this titanic struggle as an advocate of peace, but when a marauder comes on your street, or a gang of them, you cannot proclaim yourself a pacifist; you must defend your home and yourself, if you have any spirit or red blood coursing in your veins. And from an ultra-pacifist I have become transformed into somewhat of a fighting man, yearning and hoping for peace, for a just peace, for a peace that shall bring hope and light into the lives of peoples all the world over. . . . But come what may out of this war, out of this crusade, there will be new concepts of the relationship between man and man, and between country and country. . . . There will be real opportunities to make of ourselves and of the peoples of all the countries of the world free peoples to work out their own destinies, to establish governments existing by the consent of the governed, thus working out the universal brotherhood of man, the dream of the poets and the song of the philosophers of all time."

The attitude of Mr. Gompers has also been that of American labor as a whole. Pacifistic, of course, before the war—for it is labor that suffers most the ravages of war—it rallied splendidly once our country was threatened, hoping the while for a quiet and a just peace.

K. V. H.

ECHOES OF THE WAR, by James Barrie. New York. Scribners. \$1.50.

Barrie's four plays *The Old Lady Shows her Medals*, *The New Word*, *Barbara's Wedding*, and *The Well Remembered Voice*, are a most delightful change from the usual diet of war literature with which we have been surfeited during the past five years. In each there is a rather remarkable mingling of

pathos and humour which is wholly charming. There is tenderness without a trace of sentimentalism in the *Old Lady Shows her Medals*, the best of the four.

The scene opens with three nice old ladies, all London charwomen, and Mrs. Dowey, the hostess, discussing the war over a cup of tea in the basement. All of them have sons at the front and are not concealing the fact unduly. Mrs. Dowey boasts just a bit about her son, Kenneth, who is a kilty in the Black Watch, and begins his letters "dearest Mother". Nemesis, in the form of the clergyman appears at this point to inform Mrs. Dowey that her son has a five days leave and is upstairs at that very moment. Mrs. Dowey asks her guests to leave and stands with his letters in her hand while Private Dowey descends. He is a "great rough chunk of Scotland howked out of her not so much neatly as liberally."

"Do you recognize your living son, missus? I'm pleased I wrote so often", he jeers; striding to her and seizing the letters roughly.

"Nothing but blank paper! Is this your writing in pencil on the envelope?" She nods.

"The covey told me you were a charwoman; so I suppose you picked the envelopes out of the wastebasket, or such like, and then changed the addresses?"

"Don't you burn them letters, mister."

"They're not real letters."

"They're all I have."

"I thought you had a son?"

"I never had a man nor a son nor anything. I just call myself missis to give me a standing."

"What made you do it?"

"It was everybody's war, mister, except mine. I wanted it to be my war too."

"You'll need to be plainer. And yet I'm damned if I care to hear you, you lying old trickster."

Private Dowey, however, calms his rage enough to have a cup of tea upon skillful persuading on the part of the old Lady, and they exchange confidences. By the very cleverest of cajoling she prevails upon him at last to stay with her during his leave and honor her 'let-down' bed—and that night what were the two doing but going off to the theatre and coming home arm in arm.

The final day of Kenneth's leave comes after a grand week and the parting is hard.

"Kenneth", says the Old Lady to see if her probation is ended, "will I do?"

"Woman", artfully gay, "don't be so forward. Wait until I have proposed."

"Propose for a mother?"

"What for no?" In the grand style, "Mrs. Dowey, you queer carl, you spunky tiddy, have I your permission to ask you the most important question a neglected orphan can ask an old lady?"

She bubbles with mirth. Who could help it, the man has such a way with him?

Our last sight of the Old lady is two months after Kenneth's death when she is having a look at her medals before starting out to char. They are her War Savings Certificates, Kenneth's bonnet, a thin packet of real letters, and a champagne cork. "She is a tremendous old 'un; yet she exults, for she owns all these things, and also the penny flag on her breast. She puts them away in the drawer, the scarf over them, the lavender on the scarf. Her air of triumph well becomes her. She lifts the pail and the mop and slouches off gamely to the day's toil."

J. D.

Professional Finishing of Your KODAK FILMS means  
better Pictures and fewer failures.

**We do it**

Also Enlarging, Reducing, Copying, Large and Small  
Group Pictures, Parties and Dances

**Portraits in your Home**

If it's in the Photographic line, we do it best.

## **RUUD & IRON**

Madison's Premier Photographers

527 State St.

Madison, Wisconsin

## No Matter

what your photographic requirements may be we are in a better position to supply them.



**The Kamera Kraft Shop**

State at Frances

## ONE SPRING DAY

Develops anarchistic feeling in the office—the kids come out to play—break a window and go in again. Fisherman get out their tackle for inspection and ALL men are saturated with a longing for new clothes.

When this feeling strikes you—see us. You'll be surprised to see what a difference just a few dollars make.

Michael Stern Spring Suits, no better tonic on tap in style or tailoring.

**\$30 to \$50**

Stetson Hats better than sassafras for sprucing up a system.

**\$7**

Excelle Shirts Patterns as refreshing as the smell of lilacs and gasoline.

**\$2.50 to \$10.00**

*The Crescent*  
CLOTHING CO  
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys



THE SECRET CITY, by Hugh Walpole; George H. Doran Company, New York; \$1.60.

In the first chapter of his book Walpole apologizes somewhat for "this business of seeing Russian psychology through English eyes." He explains that he knows nothing of Russia and Russians, then proceeds to show us that he knows a great deal indeed about them. The chief interest of the volume lies in the forceful contrast between the Russian and English attitude toward life, and the author seems to feel that although his is the English attitude probably the Russian is right.

"We don't want you here any more. I tell you in a perfectly friendly way. I bear you no malice. But we're tired of your sentimentality. I am not speaking for myself—I'm not indeed. We feel that you avoid life to a ridiculous extent, and that you have no right to talk to us Russians on such a subject. What, for instance, do you know about God? When have you ever thought about Him? Why, you are ashamed to mention His name. If an Englishman speaks of God when other men are present everyone laughs—and yet why? It is a very serious and interesting question. God exists undoubtedly, and so we must make up our minds about Him. We must establish some relationship—what it is does not matter—that is our individual 'case'—but only the English establish no relationship and then call it a religion. . . . And so in this affair of my family. What does it matter what they do? That is the only thing of which you think, that they should die or disgrace their name or be unhappy or quarrel. . . . Pooh! What are all those things compared with the idea behind them? If they wish to sacrifice happiness for an idea, that is their good luck, and no Russian would think of preventing them. But you came in with your English morality and sentiment and scream and cry. . . . No Ivan Andreievitch, go home! go home! "

There is the theme of the novel, and its development is both fascinating and enlightening.

K. V. H.

ANATOLE FRANCE, by Louis Piaget Shanks.

Here is a criticism of the life and works of Anatole France. If you are not acquainted with Anatole France's works, read this book, and you will straightway go to "Le Livre de Mon Ami", or perhaps, "Le Jardin d'Epicure", or "La Vie de Jeanne d'arc" with intensified interest, and you will find that you have a solid basis on which to form your appreciation. And if you already know Anatole France, the new emphasis, the fresh interpretation, the literary poise shown in the selection of detail in this criticism will delight you. The author gives you Anatole France, "the critic, artist", historical spirit. He gives you the "changing kaleidoscope of Anatole France's phases and moods in the development of that "ardently personal writer". You become engrossed in the character of the man,—the "skeptic in practical life",—"Epicurus with the heart of a Saint Francis". And you become engrossed, too, in the novels of this genius with his "imagination essentially romantic and his Voltairian keenness of analysis", for the author reviews them for you. But there is none of the tiresomeness of mere recounting, for he constantly interprets, chooses and relates fragments of significance in an interesting, searching manner.

In the chapter, "Postscript and Conclusion", the author says: "Greek, yet subtly national, that is why Anatole France has taken his place among the French classics. That is why he must remain a classic. . . . He alone in his generation has chosen the simplicity which suffers least from time. . . . We shall return to Anatole France some day, come back to his work as

the traveler returns to Athens for the beauty which is hers. . . . And we shall return to our work-a-day world tempered and exalted by a devotion to art which is also a devotion to truth."

There is an instance of the style in which this criticism is written. You see it is graceful, simple, and has the carry-you-along quality which makes the valuable content it bears the more impressive.

A. V. H.

ALSACE-LORRAINE SINCE 1870, by Barry Cerf. \$1.50, Macmillan.

The Alsace-Lorraine problem from the historical and economic point of view is vigorously, decisively set before the reader, and there is no mistaking how the author feels about its solution. "The Alsations and Lorrainers are French to the marrow of their bones" and their lives should be reunited with that of their 'Old Mother' France. One is truly convinced by the arguments and evidence collected through wide investigation that the answer is the true one.

There are many illustrations of the injustice done Alsace after its annexation by Germany. The people had not constitutional rights, were not allowed to teach French in their schools, "to break the heart and soul of the nation". Alsace and Lorraine up to the day war was declared in 1914 remained the "chattel" of the German Empire, and the Germans continued to ply the provinces with "scorpions and pin-tricks."

Just before war was declared, Dollwitz, German governor, sent to end the disorder in Alsace, declared: "French sympathies are stronger than ever". And during the war, since Germany could not rely on the Alsations who were deserting, doing anything to escape killing the people whom they loved, she withdrew all soldiers of Alsace and Lorraine from the west front; and by the regimental order, November 21, 1917, declared them "to be under suspicion. . . . withdrawn from the front, quartered apart and employed as laborers on the high ground. . . . deprived of their privileges."

It makes the heart ache to see justice done for Alsace-Lorraine. She must not be made a plebiscite; she must not be neutralized. She must be a part of France. The author is very serious in his message, and the proper solution is convincingly presented.

A. V. H.

THE VALLEY OF VISION, by Henry Van Dyke. Scribners. \$1.50.

"A book of Romance and some half-told tales", Henry Van Dyke calls his collection of short stories. The greatest charm of the tales lies in their lack of pretension, and in their variety of subject matter. They are short, mere sketches some of them, pleasantly smooth in tone; many of them delightful because of their utter simplicity.

There are mystical dream tales, allegories, stories of heroism in the trenches, of returned soldiers, of fugitives, a satire with the scene laid in New York.

*A Remembered Dream* is an account of the author's subconscious feeling of the universal state of mine existing before the war. He tells of the parting of Man from God which made possible world chaos. He describes vividly the helpless dream-sense of not being able to escape from the panic and wickedness, and of his final abandoning of wife and child after he has placed them in safety—so that he may see the struggle through to the end.

# College Refectory

CAFETERIA SERVICE

628 State St.

**Your Favorite Dish?  
We Serve It**

Many of our customers walk out of their way to dine here. They like to see the food—not the menus—before ordering.

# The Irving Cafeteria

*Home Cooking*

Miss Ludahka  
419 Sterling Ct.

“You Will Need Us Eventually”

We Maintain a Sales Room and  
Service Department

**Harloff-Loprach Electric Co.**

Cor. State and Frances Sts.                      Badger 1906

**THE PORTRAIT SHOP**

608 State St.

**Portraits by Photography**

W. L. McKillop

H. N. Hone

**THE BIG MARKET**

House of Quality

Home Made Hams, Bacon  
and Sausage Containing  
Selected Meats. . . . .

**MADISON PACKING CO.**

Do You Like  
**Good Music**

With Your Movies?

We Have the Best. See Our Ad in the Daily  
Papers for Current Attractions

**The GRAND**

The longest and, for me, the most interesting story in the book is *The Broken Soldier and a Maid of France*. It is a vivid, touching tale of a soldier, who has won the Croix de Guerre and been wounded. After recovering he is granted a short furlough, and at the end of it he runs away from the war. As he is escaping through the fields he meets a priest, and to the priest he tells of the horror within him that will not let him return to the battlefields.

"It has no shape, but a dead-white face and red, blazing eyes full of hate and scorn. I have seen it in the dark. It is stronger than I am. Since something is broken inside of me, I know I can never conquer it. No, it would wrap its shapeless arms around me and stab me to the heart with its fiery eyes. I should turn and run in the middle of the battle. I should trample on my wounded comrades. I should be shot in the back and die in disgrace. O my God! my God! who can save me from this? It is horrible. I cannot bear it." The priest soothes him and tells him of the spirit of Joan of Arc and of the spirit of all France. Finally a dream that Joan of Arc comes to him fills him with the final necessary courage to send him back to the struggle.

M. E.

FOE-FARELL, by "Q" (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch), Macmillan. \$1.50.

Against the background of the trenches in France, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch spins an enthralling yarn concerning hate. Two men, civilians, hate each other so intensely that they will not kill but prefer to torture one another by remaining in constant communication. To those interested in psychology the effect of hate on the characters of these two men will be interesting. To those who like narrative of incident and adventure, their outward experiences will furnish sufficient thrill. The two undergo shipwreck; they are cast up on a desert island; they love the same woman; and their hate is tremendous.

The tale is told by an officer to his companions in the dug-out at night after the firing of the enemy has ceased. With a naive manner which completely throws the reader off his guard, this soldier apologizes for his lack of technique in story telling, but never exhibits it, for though he departs from conventional manners, he never allows the readers interest to flag—and what more can be demanded of any story teller. Since reading Stevenson, I have not found a more enthralling tale of adventure which keeps away from the clap-trap of the average "thriller". There is nothing cheap in the book. The events may be old, but related, as they are, to modern scientific knowledge, their freshness is undeniable and makes the story exceedingly attractive.

J. W. G.

TWELVE MEN, by Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.

Here are twelve portraits of twelve men. All are drawn at full length and shun no detail of character that may add or detract from the impression of the author of these men. More than this Dreiser has in this book made a flat refutation of all

the epithets that were put upon him because of his earlier work. There is nothing to scandalize the most modest reader, except the vivid life portrayed. He does not shun evil, for he sees life as it is, by observation, and in some cases, I suspect, from documentary evidence. He has tried to get to the bottom of the thoughts of these men, and to show them as they are with an artists skill.

Of the portraits the one of "My Brother Paul" is the most attractive to me, for here with evident honesty and still with affection, Mr. Dreiser draws this man who has been "a novice in a Western seminary which trained aspirants for the Catholic priesthood"; a singer and entertainer with a perambulating cure-all oil troupe or wagon ("Hamlin's Wizard Oil") travelling throughout Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; both end-and middle-man with one, two or three different minstrel companies of repute; the editor or originator and author of a "funny" column in a Western small city paper; the author of a hundred songs; a black-face monologue artist; and white-face ditto, at Tony Pastor's, miner's, and Niblo's of the old days; a comic lead; co-star and star in such melodramas and farces as "The Danger Signal", "The Two Johns," "A Tin Soldier," "The Midnight Bell," "A Green Goods Man" (a farce which he himself wrote, by the way), and others. He was an affable appealing figure, a victim of his generosity—an angel and a rake combined. This is a very human portrait. Other men of interest are "De Maupassant Junior", "The Contented Man" who truly lives the gospel of Jesus, a believer in goodness of human nature, and "The Country Doctor". All are full living pictures of men who have lived.

I should hesitate to call these pictures short stories, for technically they are not. They are merely narrative of men, interesting men, who have lived on this earth in their own way. A sincere attempt is made to present all as they were—sympathetically if possible, but never deviating from the truth.

J. W. G.

## The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly During the Academic Year. Annual Subscription, One Dollar. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Madison, Wis. Publication Office, Alumni Building.

### Administration

MILDRED EVANS, Editor-in-Chief  
KARL V. HOHLFELD, Business Manager  
ADOLPH GEIGER, Circulation Manager

### Circulation Staff

FLORENCE FINNERUD  
KATHERINE FISHBURN LEILA HENDRICKS

### Advertising Staff

FLORENCE HANNA GEORGINA SMITH

**\$1.00**

Have YOU Subscribed  
For the "Lit"?  
1919 - 1920

**\$1.00**

# Chili Lunch

F. L. Haderer, Prop.  
126 State St.

Open From 6 A. M. to 1 A. M.

Chili Con Carne, Steaks, Chops

# University Inn

Try Our Home Cooking

Best Food

Best Service

Corner Lake and State Sts.

## Haswell Furniture Company

Big line of Student Desks, medium priced. Rocking Chairs, Matting Boxes, Cedar Chests.

117-119 State Street

## W. C. MALONE

Quality, Service and Satisfaction

Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

Phones 1163, 1164

434 State Street

# Cafeterias

University Y. M. C. A.

City Y. M. C. A.

Same Management

Exceptional Food at Moderate

Prices

# Y. M. C. A. Cafeterias

## The State Capitol Cafe

"The Dining Room Beautiful"

Luncheon

Parties

Dinners

Banquets

The Cooking is done entirely by electricity in a clean sanitary kitchen

Management of W. H. Ryde

## Conklin & Sons Company

---

COAL, WOOD  
and MENDOTA  
LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime  
Hair and Sewer Pipe



Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin Street  
Telephone No. 25

## KODAKS

With Autographic Backs

---

Drugs  
Stationery  
and  
Magazines

---

## SUMNER & CRAMTON

636 State Street

## Do You Want \$1000?

Ask us about our \$7.00  
Monthly Savings System

**Central Wisconsin Trust Co.**  
Madison, Wis.

## Milk Cream Ice Cream

- - Sold by - -

## Zilisch Pure Milk Company

*The Dairy of Real  
Quality*

Telephone 979

# MORGAN'S

STUDENT CLUB

## Malted Milk



STATE STREET

# Pantorium Company

538 State Street

## EMIL ORNE MERCHANT TAILOR

See me about a Spring Suit

Cleaning      Pressing

Phone 797

608 University Ave.

# KODAK

## Developing *and* Printing

Like Your Films Deserve



WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

## Smart Spring Oxfords

Dark Brown, Gray or Black English last Blind  
Eyelets

Splendid Walking Shoes  
**\$7.00**

Family Shoe Store  
214 State Street

# The "Lit"

1919-1920

**\$1.00**



Shop at

# Burdick & Murray Co.

17 and 19 East Main Street

This store is always ready as a general headquarters for

**Women's, Misses' and Children's Wearing Apparel, Accessories, Silks and Dress Goods, Bedding, Art Needle Work, Supplies and Draperies.**

In assembling our stocks we have exercised great care. Our buying organization is long trained in the art of selection. Their mature judgment reflects itself in the assemblage of styles which portray the latest fashion edicts besides other merchandise of thoroughly dependable qualities.

Shopping comforts are provided in abundance. Our salespeople are efficient and cheerful. Your every purchase will impress upon you that this is indeed the store of honest and fair dealing.

## "What Service May I Expect?"

That is a fair question for you to ask us when we ask you to open a bank account here

Here are some of the things you may confidently expect:

- 1 Prompt attention at the tellers' windows.
- 2 Courteous replies to your questions.
- 3 Confidential handling of your business.
- 4 Accurate monthly statements of your account.
- 5 Modern facilities for discount and collection.
- 6 Personal consultation with our officers.
- 7 Efficient management of personal and corporate trust business.

We welcome your inquiries about financial matters.

# BANK OF WISCONSIN

The Bank for Progressive People