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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XXII

JUNE, 1923

Number 7

The Essence of a Pre-Examination Tip

Last Saturday a student came into the Pen Shop, whipped from his pocket one of our large Rider Masterpens, and said, "I thought this pen was a dandy until this morning when it absolutely refused to write a word".

"If I were a pen, and my owner refused to give me a drink, I think I would refuse to write, too. We will give it a little service from our 'Free Filling Station'."

When the owner saw that his pen was dry, he "registered" surprise, and then explained between laughs, "Why, I bought that pen three months ago and have used it ever since. Ought it to run dry that soon?"

"The Rider Masterpen holds more ink than any other pen, but we do not guarantee it to write three months with one filling. WE DO GUARANTEE IT TO SEE THROUGH THE LONGEST EXAMINATION YOU ARE EVER FORCED TO WRITE."

Rider's Pen Shop
REAL PEN SERVICE

"Rider for Pens"

666 State Street

Cranes' Linen

A person is judged by the stationery he uses. Why not use stationery that has good qualities in itself?

We carry a complete line of Cranes Linen. Come in and let us help you make your selection.

The CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

The Branch Bank of Wisconsin

The Students' Bank

252-256 W. Gilman St.

Badger 1637



Enter - - - - the Sports Girl

On the campus, the links, the courts, riding—everywhere is the sports girl. And when properly attired she gets so much more from the game. Then too there is the satisfaction of knowing she is wearing just the right thing when its from Andelson's.

A newly-arrived assortment of sweaters offers an opportunity to the coed.

Andelson Bros Co

"The Home of Courtesy"

17-19 West Main

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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Volume XXII

MADISON, JUNE, 1923

Number 7

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ON YOUR WAY It would be nice to breathe a word of friendly encouragement to those of us who are about to jump off. This is not the place to recount the manifold achievements of the members of the graduating class, their indefatigable and self-immolating services to humanity, education, and what-not. Nor is it necessary to remind them that all life is before them and that the world awaits their coming, eager to avail itself of their talents and attainments. One can only say: "Go on and jump;— maybe the water isn't cold."

"HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN" The existence of college literary publications is proverbially precarious; the iniquity of oblivion blindly scatters her poppy, and deals with the memory of men and magazines without distinction to merit of per-

petuity. There may have been a time when literature increased and flourished mightily on the campuses of our universities, but that time is no more. A candid appraisal of our contemporaries reveals but a paltry half-dozen college publications of anything like literary distinction, or even pretension. These few endure, heroically combating the vacuous smugness of their age, until one by one they wither on the stalk and become as forgotten as Gordianus, of whom five languages secured not the epitaph.

One of the most meritorious of these publications, *The Stanford Cardinal*, has within the last two months succumbed to public indifference and stolidity. Consolidated with another magazine under the name of *The Stanford Spectator*, it now performs the useful function of displaying the features of California athletes to the admiring populace. Still more pitiable is the fate of *The Illinois Magazine*, which last year ranked high among its literary contemporaries. This publication has, indeed, escaped utter extinction, and even retained its literary flavor. But it is now a magazine only in name, a bi-weekly eight-page insert in *The Daily Illini*. From this ultimate degradation, God save the Lit! Better that we should perish utterly; better that the Union Building should fall entirely to pieces over our unworthy heads; better that the waters of Mendota should arise and forever extinguish the torch, than that it should smoulder feebly and malodorously as a supplement to *The Daily Cardinal*!

WHO'S WHAT Besides furnishing inspiration for the Sky-rockets, the Octopus, and the Plumbers' Pageant, we suppose the Lit' may itself participate in the dissemination of contem-

porary criticism. One of the most talented and scholarly of the non-spurious intelligentsia in our midst has epigrammatically characterized local *litterateurs* in the appended schedule, which may be taken as a series of studies in green chalk, a literary Who's Who, or anything else that inclination may dictate.

Heinz Rubel—The animal-cracker toreador.

Frank Crane—Nine drunken inhibitions on a roaring sidewalk.

Hickman Powell—Photograph of an author's waterboy.

Phil Fox—Photograph of an author's eyebrow.

Carl Rakoski—Horried Puberty in the side-show of Funny Mirrors.

Mildred Fish—The arch laughter of a Y. W. secretary at a Blackhand sorree.

Irv Shafrin—"Parsifal", slightly aborted by the six Kentucky Aces.

Hub Townsend—Small bottles of sewing machine oil.

Margaret Emmerling—We get twenty-three and a half bushels an acre, where eleven grew before.

Kenneth Fearing—Train Despatcher announcing the alphabet to the roll of toy drums.

Solomon the Sapiant, Sheba et al. of the Wet Skyrockets—the glittering laughter of a bladderless football.

Guy Tallmadge—Satin hands dive langourously for teacups in a pan of dishwater.

Editorial writers for the Cardinal—More seldom than threadbare rugs.

Column Right—Uncle Josh describing Niagara.

Catherinet Meyer—Discreet dance of deadly indecorum.

Louise Smith—Two hundred hymn-books open quietly, somewhat in the rhythm of popping corks.

Scorpion—Only a poor old quahawg after all, full of toothlessness and the indomitable crusading spirit.

EDITORS

FRANK D. CRANE

MARGARET EMMERLING LOUISE SMITH

GUY K. TALLMADGE KENNETH FEARING

MARGERY LATIMER MILDRED FISH

To D.

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN

The fingers of the passing years
Have touched our light love tenderly
With memories of smiles and tears
And moments dear to you and me;

O, little heart, the night is long
That gives glad loves, for sad loves lost,
And hears again my oldest song:
I love you most, I love you most.

Happiness

LOUISE SMITH.

The big grey rocks were warm and protecting, and she could be very comfortable there out of the wind. Below, on the golden beach, the gaily clad figures passed in intriguing groups, apparently insensible to the chill breeze from the sea: the French women with their shapeless, brilliantly-colored sport coats, enormous hats, and dainty sticks, moving with a tripping little gait; their escorts, dapper and self-conscious, in fantastic blazers, "*le dernier cri*" from London; the tall, broad-shouldered Englishmen in their elegantly fitting coats and absurdly short, wide trousers, strolling, nonchalant and indifferent, beside their tall wives and sisters, in pale lavender or yellow silk sweaters and heavily-flowered garden hats. Out toward the pale blue sea, bare-legged figures moved cautiously over the slimy rocks, searching for shell fish, and everywhere, on the rocks and the sand, in and out of the crowds, scampered the children with their bright suits and long, thin legs, and their shrill, harsh cries not unlike those of the awkward gulls that drifted now and then across the sky.

Golda's book slipped from her hand. There was a tranquillity and a sense of well-being in the hour and place which invited her to read. But they were in the soft blue sea where the white sails glided and in the long, gold shore line that curved to the ramparts and the spire of St. Malo, and her thoughts were not there but on the beach below where the disquieting crowd passed and repassed like a restless animal that cannot lie still. It made her very lonely. What folly to have come to a place like Paramé when she knew no one there! One couldn't enjoy it alone. The sea and the beach and the rocks should have belonged to solitude and lonely poets, but men had built about them an artificial world of light laughter and lighter flirtations, of good-natured gossip that meant no harm, and careless friendships that meant nothing at all—a fantastic, glittering world from which she was shut out. All very well to talk of enjoying it as a looker-on, with philosophic detachment and amusement. One didn't want to be detached and philosophic; one wanted to be in it, and merry.

There were voices coming up the path along the rocks. She leaned over and looked down. A large white-chiffon hat and a sleek, black head were approaching—the newly married couple from her hotel. They were walking hand in hand, and she felt a twinge of jealousy. If one were only in love, this place would be Heaven. The beach and the sea, the casinos and the crowds, everything would belong to one then. The girl looked up to Golda from under her big hat just before they turned a corner and passed out of sight. Golda exchanged a pleasant bow with her. What a sweet, pretty face! And how the rather plain and very serious young husband did adore her! His every glance was a rite of worship. Golda sighed and picked up her book again.

She had read one page three times and still had not succeeded in fixing her attention on it, when she heard voices again. The envied lovers were coming back.

"But Jean, *mon cher ami*," the girl was insisting, "you must stay out here a while. It is so pleasant, and you must have some air. I shall just lie down and rest till I feel better. Please let me go in alone, Jean!"

They passed out of hearing, the girl still talking rapidly, and Jean tenderly protesting that he did not wish to stay alone. Golda smiled sympathetically. What perfect dears they were! Her gaze wandered to the sea, which was growing paler as the sunlight waned. She began to construct a tender romance, with a slim blond youth she had seen at a teashop that afternoon for the hero. It was the promenade on a silver midnight and the blond youth was murmuring, "*Ah, Mademoiselle, c'est une éternité que je vous ai cherchée!*", when somebody slipped on the path beneath and roused her with the sound of falling pebbles. The plain, serious young husband was returning alone. Of course the pretty little French wife had had her way, thought Golda. These pretty little French wives always did. She caught the Frenchman's eye and he bowed to her. For a moment he hesitated and then, to her amazement, climbed up to her.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, would you mind if I sat here and talked to you a while?"

"Oh, I should be very glad," she replied in all sincerity.

For a few minutes, their conversation was self-conscious and banale, but then, through a chance mention of Bergson's lectures at the Sorbonne which she had attended, she discovered his passion for philosophy, and listened delightedly to an enthusiastic explanation of the influence of Auguste Comte on "Airbairt Spencaire". He was so young, this Frenchman, and so eager, and he made such funny gestures. With a sense of indulgent superiority, she reflected that he was like all men, passionately absorbed in one line of thought with the ingenuous enthusiasm of a child. But how characteristically French for his hobby to be philosophy although his business was, she had learned, in the Banque de Paris! If he had been an American he would have insisted on explaining the banking system to her—or perhaps baseball.

The sun was setting and a damp chill fell on the beach. She hated to stop this flow of words and these agile gestures, but the cold had become unendurable.

"Ah, yes," he smiled, "you Americans are so sensitive to the cold. I think I shall take a walk before I go in."

They parted with much mutual good will, and Golda strolled back to the hotel very happily. It had been so nice of him to come and talk to her. That was all she had wanted, someone to talk with. He was a very nice young man, and how perfectly adorable he had been when he spoke of his wife. She no longer envied the happiness of these lovers; she felt a sympathetic joy in it. On the terrace she paused for a moment looking at the grey sea and the rocks still gilded from the hidden sun. This was a very wonderful place.

She had just closed the door of her room and taken off her hat, when there came a knock. It was Marie, the friendly, red-haired maid, and she was very much excited. When she had cautiously closed the door, she burst forth.

"Oh, Mademoiselle! something dreadful has happened. You would never guess. You know the young people at the end of the hall, those who have just been married? Well, the wife has gone! Yes, she has run away. She came in about two hours ago, and she told me to call a cab, and she packed her valise and went to the station. I heard her tell the driver to go there. There was a train at five-thirty, you know. I could not call her husband; it was not my business. What could I do? He has not come back yet, but when he does—Oh! the poor man! I am so sorry for him. He is so nice."

"But Marie," protested Golda incredulously, "perhaps she wasn't running away. Perhaps—someone might have sent for her, she may have got a telegram—"

"Oh, non, Mademoiselle," broke in Marie. "She left a note."

"You didn't read it, Marie!" cried Golda between disapproval and curiosity.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I read it," said Marie triumphantly. "It said she did not love him, that she was bored, that she was sick of hearing him talk about philosophy. Oh, it's a shame for her to treat him that way, isn't it Mademoiselle?"

When Marie had gone, Golda drew a chair to the window, and sat gazing at the rising tide setting its teeth in the smooth sand for bite after bite. After a long time, she heard the Frenchman's footsteps coming up the stairs and down the hall. There was a moment's silence while he stood, no doubt, staring at the empty room, and then his door closed sharply.

DIVAN AND MORRIS CHAIR

KENNETH FEARING

Like a window blind that shakes all night;
 Like rain that spatters through the night;
 Something in me you could not know;
 Something in you I could not know,
 Kept flickering behind the light,
 And could not come, and would not go.

The Stimulus of the College Curriculum

Vilas Prize Essay

FRANK D. CRANE.

The curriculum and its relation to the student has been a favorite theme with philosophers and writers; it has never lacked the attention of great minds, the variety of whose opinions and theories has been almost infinite. Not seldom have these opinions been adverse to the educational system prevailing at the time, and emphatic in advocacy of reform.

Turning back, for the moment, to the Puritan Era, let us look at a fairly typical comment on current pedagogy found in Milton's essay *Of Education*.

"I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hope-fullest Wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age."

Fundamental ideas have not greatly changed in the two and one-half centuries which have elapsed since this pronouncement. Even now, I think, we like to imagine the college curriculum as a friendly, helpful sort of person conducting a donkey over one of the more passable Sierran trails, soothing its distemper with words of gentle encouragement, inspiring it to renewed endeavor by an example of intrepid fortitude, and giving the beast a well-placed kick when it balks completely; finally turning the now thoroughly stimulated animal loose, to graze where it lists, with a benediction and a diploma. There is a charming naiveté and pastoral simplicity in this figure; as

a simile it lacks nothing but similitude. The college curriculum is not a person; the student is not a donkey; there are no words of encouragement; there is no example of fortitude; nay, even the well-placed kick is largely illusory. And when the patient animal is turned loose it is not,—alas!—stimulated thoroughly or otherwise; it is only very weary.

These random remarks are not put forth as axioms; it is fully realized that they require careful and serious substantiation. This is an age of skepticism and inquiry, and more particularly of mass consciousness and what we may call group introspection. The curriculum, whatever it may be, animated with this *Zeitgeist*, looks upon itself critically and demands with the utmost gravity; "Am I a person? Why not?" The student, weighing Pythagoras and Bergson, examines himself judicially and asks in all seriousness: "Am I a donkey? Why not?" And the rest of the world, the educational *tertium quid*, somewhat irritably inquires: "Is the student stimulated by the curriculum? And why not?" Very palpably these are questions to be asked, and answered.

I. Why the Curriculum is not a Person.

I am quite well aware that a captious person might assert that this question is absurd and unworthy of grave consideration. He will point out that a curriculum is a course of study, that a course of study is not a person and never has been, and that any discussion of so foolish a *propos* is necessarily vain and idle. Nevertheless, even foolish questions may have profitable answers. The superficial reply, which is yet not so superficial as it may appear, is that the curriculum is not a person because it is an institution. Although it was never a bodily entity, it has been a great deal more personal than it is now. Higher education was wont to be less a matter of subjects than of teachers; the ancient curricula consisted not of books but of men. The philosophers

of Greece were themselves, in a very real sense, courses of study to their pupils. Even in the Oxford of two hundred years ago—whatever the university may be now—there persisted a course of study which had personality, or, as Cardinal Newman calls it, ethical atmosphere;—a curriculum of which he says:

“Here then is a real teaching, whatever be its standards and principles, true or false; and it at least tends towards cultivation of the intellect; it at least recognizes that knowledge is something more than a sort of passive reception of scraps and details; it is a something, and does a something, which never will issue from the most strenuous efforts of a set of teachers, with no mutual sympathies and no intercommunion, of a set of examiners with no opinions which they dare profess, and with no common principles, who are teaching or questioning a set of youths who do not know them, and do not know each other, on a large number of subjects, different in kind, and connected by no wide philosophy, three times a week, or three times a year, or once in three years, in chill lecture-rooms or on a pompous anniversary.”

The curriculum of the modern state university has become as impersonal and remote as it is vast in scope and intricately ramified. Growth has been extensive rather than intensive, inclusive rather than selective,—growth of the curriculum as of the university—until even the state, whose creature the university is, is hardly more intangible and spiritless. The state, too, was personal once. *‘L’état, c’est moi’* signified not only autocracy but a national personality and *esprit* which was quite a different thing from modern rather perfunctory patriotism. And it is not to be expected that one’s *alma mater* should be quite the source of inspiration it was when the personifying phrase was first coined. To again quote Newman: “A university is, according to the usual designation, an *alma mater*, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill.” It is a wise “fostering mother” that knows her own children, one by one or at all, in this enlightened era.

I do not wish to suggest that the only answer to our question: “Why is the curriculum not a person?” is: “Because the university is a foundry.” For this is obviously irrelevant and an evasion, and only provokes the further query: “Why is the university a foundry?”—a matter no sensible person would undertake the embar-

rassment of discussing. There is another answer, equally irrelevant but far more satisfactory and unobjectionable. The curriculum is not a person because it cannot drive a donkey.

II. Why the Student is not a Donkey.

I come now to a more difficult question, which will require considerable subtlety of reasoning. Current prejudice must be combated, an unthinking general opinion which is prone to endow learners with asinine faculties. Jeremy Collier, for example,—an exponent of the same antiquated pedagogy that designated the fifth proposition of Euclid the “*pons asinorum*,” “because it presents the first great difficulty to the beginner,”—makes the following comment on student reaction: “Who would be at the trouble of learning when he feels his ignorance is caressed? But when you browbeat and maul them you make them men: for though they have no natural mettle, yet if they are spurred and kicked they will mend their pace.” Modern amenities of speech have discouraged such straightforward expression of this opinion, but the basic idea still persists. *Cur asinum geritis, vos bipedes asini?* is a not uncommon reproach. One would think that the metamorphosis which Apuleius recounts had been very generally reversed, and that, instead of man taking the form of a Golden Ass, donkeys now assumed the outward appearance of gilded youths.

This derogatory repute casts a belittling reflection upon the *genus* student, and is scarcely to be borne with equanimity. Apollo was less harsh with the unappreciative Midas, giving him not the entire shape, but merely the ears, of an ass.

“Cetera sunt hominis: partem damnatur in unam:

Induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.”

Nay, even mischievous Puck, “that merry wanderer of the night,” bestowed only the head of an ass on the shoulders of the worthy Bottom. But general opinion, which can boast neither divine infallibility nor supernatural perspicacity, does not hesitate to heap complete asshood, head, hoofs, and tail, in one sublimely contemptuous gesture, upon the whole tribe of struggling scholars.

It is disconcerting, and in poor taste, for Balaam to be rebuked by his ass, and without being too tediously bombastic,—

“Car qui pourrait souffrir un âne fanfaron?
Ce n’est pas là leur caractere.” —

it needs only to be said that the student is inclined to resent a characterization which implies stubbornness and stupidity as his most pertinent traits. He may be, and probably is, either stubborn or stupid, but not both. The qualities are too paradoxical; like Dr. Hirsch and his antagonist, they cannot coexist; they 'cancel out.' Only be stubborn enough, and stupidity cannot endure; it requires intelligence to be consistently obstinate. Likewise it requires a high degree of tractability to be witless in any thorough-going fashion. Instead of throwing all students in a heap labelled donkeys, let us make two piles, which, for the sake of preserving our barnyard terminology, we may call the sheep and the goats.

No claim of originality is made for this classification; enough if it be useful for a consideration of the student as a studying animal. The sheep studies to placate his family, to maintain himself in his green pasture, the school, and to become a college graduate, whatever that is. These ovine motives are not held with any tenacity, or translated into action with any power; they are only casually realized and carelessly acknowledged; and they constitute, for the time being, the guiding philosophy of ninety students in every hundred. The goat, on the other hand, studies from stubbornness, from a love of study for its own sake. The curriculum and its grades, degrees, and other honoraria, are incidentals to such a student; although for the sake of convenience he usually arranges to include assigned work in his voracious browsing. He studies not so much for the curriculum as in spite of it.

This is at least a step forward in characterization. Instead of a single anomalous category, we now have two more or less distinct classes.

However, it may be helpful to seek an application for the donkey metaphor. One of the best known fables of La Fontaine is that entitled: *Le Meunier, son fils, et l'âne*, which furnishes, among other things, examples of the various methods of conducting an ass to market. A miller and his son, who may very well represent the university and its curriculum, begin their journey by tying the donkey's feet together, suspending the animal from a pole borne on their shoulders, and carrying him away bodily. Public ridicule causes this method to be abandoned; the donkey is set on his feet, and the curriculum placed on his back, while the university trudges watchfully alongside. When this style of locomotion is also disapproved

of, the university mounts on the donkey, leaving the curriculum to scramble along behind as best it may. Again remonstrance is made, and corresponding reform; we now behold the patient beast laboring under the combined weight of university and curriculum. Here at last we might suppose that an ideal arrangement had been reached. But no; criticism flows as freely as before, demanding now that the university dismount, that the curriculum dismount, and that donkey, curriculum, and university travel onward, each as an individual entity under its own power.

There may not be an exact parallel between progress in the art of education and in that of donkey-driving. But it is not difficult to see what rôle the student is cast in, when a comparison is made of the two arts. The moral to this fable is, of course, that whatever one does people will criticize. Also there is a secondary moral, expressed in a line which has become proverbial:

"Le plus âne des trois n'est pas celui qu'on pense."

We may now confidently assert that the student is not a donkey because he is either a sheep or goat.

III. Why the Student is not Thoroughly Stimulated.

I have endeavoured to point out that the curriculum is predominantly impersonal and mechanical, that it has become thoroughly standardized according to the most approved business methods for quantity production. Drawn in the general current away from individualism and towards universalistic utilitarianism—the greatest good for the greatest number—it has been adapted more and more to students as a class, to that most convenient of fallacies, the 'average' student. As an example of maximum efficiency the curriculum is rivalled only by the bed of Procrustes.

At first sight one might suppose that the adoption of the elective system had introduced an element of flexibility. But the rigidity of the course of study does not result from limitation in direction; it is consequent upon the restraint and standardizing of the rate of speed. Like the automobiles which constitute a funeral procession, students in the same course most maintain a uniform degree of celerity; which is fixed partly by tradition and partly by the capacities of the slowest vehicle. Allowing the student to choose which funeral he will go to does not help matters very much. However the attractiveness of the respective

cemeteries may vary, the road rules are practically the same for all; very seldom will the movement of the cortège have any tendency to recall the swiftness of mortality.

The curriculum is admittedly adapted to the supposed abilities of the large majority of its students, that is to say, to all but the hopelessly indolent and the incurably dull. If the proportion of students dropped on account of scholastic deficiency increases perceptibly, alarm is taken at once, and the standard hastily lowered another notch. Only in a few of the endowed institutions is any endeavour made to maintain a fixed standard of scholarship, irrespective of the percentage of students that fails to attain it. A state institution cannot escape its political character; it must cater to the tax-payers,—must “give the people what they want.” And what they want, in the way of higher education, is a place where the sufficiently opulent, and who are neither half-witted nor totally inert, can spend four years at college in perfect safety and complete peace of mind.

Taking for granted that the annual welcome sees a large number of sheep admitted to the fold, it will not be difficult to ascertain the stimulatory effect upon them of the college curriculum. Theoretically, in maintaining its fixed rate of progression, the university not only holds back the more intelligent but spurs and stimulates the laggards. Actually it but partially succeeds in the former, and fails egregiously in the latter. Those whose faculties still languish in sloth at the time of their matriculation, who have been vainly prodded in grade school, and unavailingly spurred in high school, are not likely to respond to any stimulus which can be offered by the curriculum of a college. They have already tried the pursuit of scholarship and found it wanting; they have tasted of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and found it sour.

The university, in its liberal courses, offers little that is entirely new to its incoming students; it simply gives advanced instruction in subjects which, in a more elementary form, are familiar to all high school graduates. Unless the student has already found his stimulus in algebra, calculus has little chance of arousing his interest; if he has been indifferent to Virgil, Lucretius will not inspire him.

It is true that a new and practically unknown field is opened before the professional student, often resulting in an appreciable stimulation. One

whom a smattering of French has left cold may be intensely aroused by Shop Drawing, Genetics, or Common Law Pleading. This, I suppose, is what is generally referred to as the stimulus of the college curriculum;—the inspiring vision of new vistas of knowledge and thought which should challenge the eager interest of the student, the prospect from Mount Nebo, the showing as from a high mountain of the intellectual kingdoms of the earth, productive of that exaltation expressed in the well known lines of Keats:

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

It is a curious and somewhat disheartening circumstance that this feeling, in so far as it is aroused by the college curriculum, should be so largely confined to students who are learning to design boilers or to breed hogs. Educators who have recognized the greater zeal and intensity with which vocational attainments are pursued have been inclined to ascribe this exceptional ardor to materialistic inclinations rather than to curricular stimulus. But unquestionably a field which arouses the curiosity of the jaded student, which has the illusory greenness of distance, is more likely to afford him stimulation than a mere extension of the bounds of his accustomed meadow, the pasturage of which he has found not to his taste. If knowledge of Homer is to produce on a student the effect which it did upon Keats, it will have done so long before arrival in college; he is by then, in respect to Homer, either already stimulated or immune. And the same may be said regarding the liberal curriculum as a whole.

Turning from the sheep to the goats, let us consider the case of those who have found a stimulus, an incentive to learn, in the course of their pre-university education. These few, surely, the college curriculum will at least suffer to remain in a state of stimulation, presenting to them an inspiring and constantly clearer view of the intellectual regions which they have already glimpsed with some degree of eagerness.

Even to this end the curriculum is poorly adapted in several respects. In the first place, there is the funereal pace of the average class, which is as intolerable to one who is really inter-

(Continued on page 212)

Invocation to the Dancer

GUY K. TALLMADGE

*Daughter of suppliant fire and the measures of
music transcendent,
Dance, clad in veils of rose and white!
Dance to the pipe and the lyre! In the beauty of
rhythm resplendent,
Dance, girt with gold and shod with light!
Wed to the splendour of sound the voluptuous
rapture of motion,—
Dance! Formed in faultless symmetry,
Fleet as the west-wind unbound, and superb as
the swell of the ocean,
Dance, sister of Terpsichore!*

Nymph of airy foot and wing,
Fleet-footed maiden, agile-winged maiden,
Virginal, sweet nymph of Spring,
Thy floating hair with flower scent is laden.

Flower petals crown thy head
And grace thy fingers, and thy lovely fingers
Scorn the white, and press the red
To thy sweet lips, where all their colour lingers.

Dance the dance of life in Spring!—
Of young winds blowing and of young streams
flowing
And young lovers wandering
In dells where the young hyacinth is growing.

Dance of Summer and the sea!—
The moon that whitens; Love that lures and
frightens
Till it turns to ecstasy,
As foam upon the green wave breaks and
brightens.

Dance the dance of Autumn's ways!—
Of wild leaves flying, ripe fruits glorifying
All the sadness of the days
When the last rose turns pale and dreams of
dying.

Dance of Winter's tyranny!—
Of bleak November and of rough December
Hardening the land and sea,
Remembering not the hours that we remember.

*Dance the four Seasons!—sorrow and sharp grief
 in Spring,
 And languid longing of the heart,
 And Love's hard treasons, old loves sadly per-
 ishing,
 And loves grown sweet that now depart
 With sighs and sorrow; and in Summer, mem-
 ories
 Of loves that will not wake again
 To any morrow, and the too-sweet night that flees
 Too swiftly, saying 'It is vain.'
 Leaving no treasure; Autumn, gathering, in the
 rain,
 The harvest of the barren year:
 Lean grapes of pleasure, sad and swollen sheaves
 of pain,
 And fruits wherein no loves appear,
 Nor any gladness; Winter, tearing the last leaf
 From its repose with his hard breath,
 And giving sadness till the weary mouth of grief
 Kisses the grievous mouth of death.*

Table Talk

EMILIE HAHN

The low ceiling was roughly beamed, and the shadows of the room crept up to it only to be swallowed in its vague pattern of light and dark. Through the thick, sluggish atmosphere of rising cigarette-smoke and steady, low talk, an iron lantern glowed red; beneath it the crowded square tables contributed futile answering gleams from candles stuck upright in saucers, surrounded with stained cigarette-stubs and melted wax. A man carrying a tray of empty coffee-cups edged his way between the tables, colliding with wooden stools and unexpected sharp edges. Around the tables absorbed faces were reflected in the candle-

light, and the monotonous murmur of conversation ceased now and then as some voice suddenly emerged, stimulated by a temporary self-confidence.

In one corner of silence and deep shadow a man lounged motionless. His chair was tilted back against the wall; the chin of his impassive face was sunk into his chest; but beneath the dropped, heavy lids his eyes, startlingly alive, stared into the clattering confusion with rapt intensity changing the quiet figure to a brooding menace. The lantern swayed, and the shadows crept forth and then slipped back into their hiding-places, and the silent smoke glided up and up.

Midnight Oil

ELEANOR HEAD

"You know Dode, Al said that you were a whiz. He liked you a lot." Marcia was standing before her mirror in her neat black mules and something pink and removing all superfluities from her much bewaved and scanty golden locks.

"Did he?"

Marcia glanced over at Dode who was lying rather too indifferently across the narrow bed twisting the longest lock of her shorn hair around the end of her nose and swinging her legs cheerfully. She really might have stopped swinging her legs and said something appreciative. Not many girls got compliments from Al. Why, he hardly noticed most girls! And he had grown quite enthusiastic about Dode after the dance.

"Yes he did. You know Dode you could be as popular as I am if you would only take a little pains."

"Thank you. Do you really think so?"

Marcia looked at Dode a little suspiciously. What did she mean? But Dode was still swinging her legs, and now choosing another lock to twist about her ear. Marcia decided that she was a sweet, innocent little child.

"Why of course you could, dear. Al liked you so much. Said you had a good line."

"I haven't any line."

"Now Dode that is what they all say."

"I heard you say it the other night. I guess you're right."

Oh, she was hopeless! Marcia was never quite sure of just what she meant. But really it was a shame for a kid with such cute eyes and hair like that and well with such wonderful possibilities to go around looking such a sight. No style at all! Absolutely no style!

There was silence. Marcia took the shade off the light on her dresser, picked up the hand glass and began scrutinizing all the ins and outs of her physiognomy. Dode sat up and let her pumps drop to the floor with a bang, and then sank back to make fresh wrinkles in her dress and stretch contentedly.

"Did Al say that I might be popular, Marcia?"

"Yes. He raved about your looks and the way you danced, and— Well, I just never heard him

talk so much about a girl before. You know he's not very susceptible to most feminine charm. He's had so much experience and attention that one has to be unusual or clever to attract him, really."

"You are clever, Marcia. I must be unusual."

"Yes, I guess that's it, dear. But, you could be clever too. I'll give you a few tips. "Marcia dipped her finger into a jar of nice white oily stuff and wiped off a large glistening hunk onto each fair cheek.

"Please do, Marcia. Every little helps you know."

"Well, dear, in the first place you don't give enough thought to your looks. At dances you look adorable but just around at classes you don't seem to care. You should never let a man see you except at your best."

"Why not?"

"They never forget it. Why, Al says—"

"Yes, but Marcia, be explicit. What should I do?"

Dode was out of her dress now and sitting up on the bed hugging her knees and looking at Marcia with interest. Marcia was wiping the white cream off her face, on to a very dirty and dry and pinkish wash cloth. After each long swath, she looked first at the wash cloth with much wonder and then examined her face again in the glass. She seemed to be enjoying herself.

"Well, Dode, that brown jacket thing you wear looks awfully dowdy and not a bit stylish. It's sort of peculiar."

"Oh that thing. I like it. Gee, I got that in high school. Spring wouldn't be spring without that."

Marcia now started rubbing another kind of cream on her cheeks. This came out of a tube and was fragrant.

"And Dode you never rouge nor powder, and you ought to. And it wouldn't do any harm for you to get a wave once in a while. I know you have a nice wave of your own, but natural waves aren't stylish any more."

"Powder makes me sneeze and rouge makes my face feel dirty."

"And Dode you are careless about details in dress. Why don't you follow fads? You never got a bandanna did you? And you never wear ear rings. It's the little things that count."

"You think so?"

"Oh yes. And Al says—"

"That settles it. You're right. What else?"

"Oh and what else? Well you say disconcerting things sort of bluntly I've been told. And you disagree with a man too much. They don't like it. Just talk enough to seem interested, but let them say all they want to and don't be perverse."

"Who told you all this about me?"

"Oh I've just gathered it from everywhere."

"All for me. You sweet, thoughtful girl."

"Well, Dode, you are such a lovable innocent little thing. I hate to see you spoil your chances."

"I'm afraid that with all this they are already spoiled Marcia. It is too late. They have seen me at my worst."

"I'll tell you, Dode. We'll start a new leaf. Al said he thought it would be dandy if you went with his roommate. And he suggested that we fix up a double date for next week-end."

Dode was lying down again, twisting her hair around the end of her nose. She said nothing.

"Al's roommate is cute. He has a cute Marmon, and he's good-looking, and dances wonderfully."

Dode said nothing. Queer! Maybe she was timid.

"You don't need to be bashful, Dode. I'll tell you what to talk to him about beforehand, and otherwise you can do just what I do and you'll get along all right."

Dode said nothing. Was it clothes. How uncomfortable! Dode's dresses were terribly girlish and styleless.

"Please, Dode. Don't be discouraged. 'I'll help you get dressed. I'll curl your hair for you and powder you up, and if you want me to I'll lend you my new crepe dress with the Tut trimming. You would look darling in it and I know they'd all fall for you. It isn't so hard. It just takes a little experience and this is your chance."

She looked at Dode pleadingly, and started toward her. Dode was immediately on her feet. She didn't feel like being kissed. Marcia's face might smell sweet but it looked sticky.

"Where you going, Dode? Please say yes. I am so fond of you I want to help you succeed."

Dode escaped the far reaching white arms and sank into a wicker chair.

"It is dear of you to bother, Marcia. And very nice of Al to have thought that I was possible. You know what I told Al? I told him that I was afraid to dance with him because he looked and acted so much like the man I was in love with last summer. Had the same irresistible ways. And I told him that I wanted to forget, and that he made me remember and filled me with longings etc. He believed me."

"Why of course he did. Who could doubt those innocent eyes. But how romantic, dear. Why didn't you tell me. We really have so much in common."

"Why didn't I tell you?" Dode rose slowly from her chair and walked over to the dresser."

"Why I just thought of it last night. I never was in love with a man like Al."

"Why you have a line, you little devil. We can have a circus. Say you'll go on the date."

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Not clever enough."

"Cleverness is a matter of practice. You'll learn. Please."

"Nope."

"Oh Dode. Please. I would love to fix you up."

"Nope."

Marcia was drawing dangerously near. Her face gleamed with oil and persuasion. Dode escaped out the door.

"I'm going to wash my face."

Marcia looked at herself in the glass. Poor little kid, she thought. So shy. She'd help her get over it.

Marcia was just slipping out of the topmost layer of pinkness and shedding the mules when Dode stuck her head back in the door.

"Dode! Put up my window for me."

Dode crossed the room, collected her shoes and dress from the foot of the bed, and raised the window. Her face was shining with soap.

"Dode, you shouldn't use soap on your face." No answer. "Please say you will go, Dode. Al won't understand. Please; just once."

"Well, you tell Al that what I told him last night was not true. That I am engaged to a Princeton athlete who made Phi Beta in his junior year, and that we both hate men who wear rings on their little fingers."

"Why Dode, how beautiful! What is his name?"

I knew you had it in you to get someone wonderful. And so that's why you aren't interested in the men here. Is he handsome?

"Like Adonis."

"Why let me kiss you. When did it happen?"

"I've forgotten."

"Have you a ring?"

"Oh, yes! And all his pins, and all his medals and cups and sweaters and numerals and letters.

I keep them all packed in lavender in my cedar chest."

"How cute. Can I see them all?"

"Sure, come down and help yourself. Take the ring too. And see if you can make up a good name for him; it has slipped my mind."

"Oh, Dode, how wonderful. Let me kiss you." But Dode was gone.

"I Do Wander"

MILDRED FISH.

I sat beside my slim lamp's yellow light,
 And ate my plate of supper bite by bite.
 I dribbled honey from a silver spoon
 Upon a roll round as the harvest moon.
 And twilight covered up my bright sky patch.
 I tiptoed to my door and shut the latch.
 The clock said seven minutes before seven.
 I should have seven minutes in my heaven
 Before I must be grim and write a paper.
 I thought, "My lamp would cut a funny caper
 If it were not stuck to its pedestal."
 I sat quite still and heard a robin call,
 And felt a little lonely for my love,
 And wrote a letter saying "dear" above,
 With many words below that said the same,
 And at the bottom I put down my name.
 I found an apple in a crackling bag,
 And rubbed it shiny on a silken rag.
 I tied it to my letter with a string,
 And put a cape on with a windy fling.
 My heart was tripping but I made my feet
 Walk quite respectably a-down the street.
 I looked both ways to see if I should show,
 And threw my letter in my love's window.
 And then two women loudly laughed, but I
 Haughtily turned and stiffly passed them by,
 And fled their backs as if I were quite wild,
 Dismayed and shame-faced as a naughty child
 Until I found me in my room again
 Before my clock, which pointed up to ten.

The Return of Ian Michaelovitch

RUTH KOTINSKY.

Three years' training in the army of the Czar blurred to the memory of a vague discomfort under a late afternoon sun, and amid the rolling fields of his native gubernia. One more hill to climb, and in the valley below, Piratin, with its goats and its wheat, and the river. In a peasant house near the outskirts,—Anna, the recruit's bride, left to tend the goats and keep the fields ploughed in rotation.

Three years! He filled his lungs with the smell of the home air. "Eida da, ei da," he roared a primitive rhythm. Enormous strides, swung free from the hip, bore him up the hill. Three years, among evil men, for the glory of the Czar. Three years since Anna kissed him goodbye at the top,—all the village watched him and Fiodor go down the hill. "Ei da da, ei da!" He swung his bundle to the other shoulder.

Grass, and the wheat with the first green sprouts. Fragrant loam between. He came to the top of the hill. The river was slatey grey, and evening smoke rose from the chimneys. His house was the nearest. He started down the hill. Anna must be looking for him. The common had a bad look this year. A boy met him, and asked him if he were Ivan, and he said, "Sure!" and laughed. And the boy looked at him as he loped, impatient, down the hill.

As he turned from the road to the door he smelled cheese, and goats' milk and soup,—the evening soup. "Anna!" he called. And she came running, and threw her arms around his neck. And she was excited, and took him to see how the herd had increased, and how the orchard was grown. And when he said he wanted some soup, she took him to look at the wheat sprouts.

When at last they went to the house, there was a whimper inside, and he thought of the boy who had stopped to ask him his name, and the greeting from old Nikita in the village before. He turned to look at her, and she told him—the cavalry regiment on the common, late in the summer before, and the quartering of officers. So that night Ivan administered justice in the orchard, and Anna was quiet when he struck her.

Next morning she went to the milking, and he stood, like a guest, in the doorway. A mile down the valley the river was turning blue in the morning. The air was moist with rising dew, and the fresh milk from the goats smelled acrid. In his arms he held the infant, and gurgled a clumsy lullaby, rocking and singing to the time of the milk as it streamed in the buckets.

EPILOGUE

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN.

Golden measure, and melody,
Light and shadow of song, silver and sad refrain,
Perished of sorrow,
Haunt the hours of the long, slumberless night, in
vain
Seeking life from my dreams of thee.

Thou hast taken away from me
Love, and laughter, and song: bitterness fills the
night,
Sadness the morrow:
Naught remains of the long season of life's de-
light
Save remembrance, adoring thee.

A Sound in the Night

BY JUNIATA SCHEIBLE.

"Listen!" cried Barbara suddenly, "What's that?"

Jack scraped his foot along the porch floor and brought the swing to a sharp stop. Children's voices drifted up from the yard, an automobile horn honked out in front, a street car thundered by a block away. Familiar sounds . . .

"What's the matter, Bab?" he said, "I didn't hear anything."

"It's gone now, she murmured, "Didn't you hear it Jack?"

"No, I didn't hear anything. What was it?"

"The wierdest noise I've ever heard—sort of a wild insane laugh—I don't know how to describe it. It was horrible."

"Say, you've been dreaming—" Jack leaned back in the swing and picked up his magazine.

"No I haven't Jack. I heard it the other night after we went to bed. It woke me up. King's were giving a dance you know, and I thought at first it was someone trying to be funny. But—just now it struck me differently. It sounded like a madman."

"What have you been doing Sis?" Stuffing yourself with a lot of Edgar Allen or 'The Monkey's Paw' or what? I thought you were quite the cold-blooded woman—never quivered at spook stories and that sort of thing."

"All right, go on and laugh at me if you want to, but I bet it would scare you too," Barbara walked to the edge of the porch and looked out into the dusk.

"Well don't let's get peeved about it." Jack lit a cigarette. "If there are any madmen in the neighborhood, let's know about it by all means and get in on the fun. I'm strong for mysteries every time. Give me a good Camel and a Sherlock Holmes story and I'm in my element. But a highly respectable residence street in Chicago is hardly where I'd expect to find a maniac. However—" He turned to the depths of the swing and began to blow soft rings of cigarette smoke skyward. The evening deepened; children's voices died away as one by one they wandered unwillingly homeward; the houses across the stretch of back yards seemed like a blurred background against which gleamed little squares of yellow light. The rumble of street cars seemed subdued by infinite distance . . . Suddenly

out of the night came a sound—hideous, piercing, grotesque, like a prolonged mirthless laugh that rose to shrieking heights and then—ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Jack leaped from the hammock sending his cigarette sailing through the air like a red spurt.

"That noise!" he cried, "What was it? Didn't you hear it Bab? Bab! Where are you?"

He felt about the porch—he called again—no answer—Barbara was gone . . . Faint footsteps echoed through the night from the darkness below. Jack hurried to the edge of the porch and looked down. In the shadowy gloom a figure was moving toward the fence that divided the yard stretching between this apartment and the one across the way. As it moved, a faint ray of light from a distant window shot across its path, bringing into relief for an instant the soft outlines of a fluffy coiffure. It was Barbara. A moment later Jack was beside her.

"You win," he muttered, "I got a good scare that time."

Barbara clutched his arm. "I've found out where it comes from Jack," she whispered, "That porch," she pointed to the second floor of the apartment opposite.

"Why Bab, you're crazy—that's King's porch."

"But that's where the noise came from, Jack. I'm positive." She pointed again, "Do you see that window where the light is? Right next to the porch? Someone came to it for an instant and called frantically—I don't know who it was but I'm going to watch."

"Better go up Bab—it's getting late and you'll catch cold . . . Don't be stubborn. I'll stay on the porch and watch and tell you if anything happens."

Barbara's eyes flashed at him in the darkness, but there was a little tired glimmer in them and she turned presently and silently retraced her steps back to the porch.

Stars—moon—clouds in shifting shadows across the night sky—cool, rustling breeze from the lake—three contralto peals from the grandfather's clock inside—all these conveyed faint impressions to Jack's mind as he lay silent in the swing, hour upon hour, watching a faintly illumined window

across the way. Thoughts—vague and haunting and fearful—had ceased to run through his mind and he was thinking of nothing, not even of how sleepy he was. He was vaguely aware that his right arm was curled uncomfortably beneath him and that his foot tingled. His eyelids, too, were heavy. It was so easy to think of nothing, to drift off into soothing unconsciousness. . . . A shadow moved across the shade of the window opposite and Jack stirred slightly, making a mental note that this was the twelfth time the shadow had crossed the shade. Perhaps it was the thirteenth; he had forgotten. The light opposite went out and a subdued, whirring sound denoted the opening of a window. A low voice called softly, "Bud."

Jack's eyes opened wide in the darkness and he listened intently. The same voice spoke again, "Bud!" There followed a curious, scratching noise. Something was moving on the opposite porch. "You'd better come in now," the voice continued, "It's almost time to go." The scratching noise was resumed and in the wavering, half-light of the moon, Jack could distinguish a shadowy form moving across the porch on all fours. A door swung open and the form was swallowed up in the blackness.

"Jack!" Turning, he saw Barbara leaning over the swing, her hair hanging in soft, glistening tangles over her corduroy dressing gown.

"Bab, for heaven's sake—"

"I've been watching the light from my room Jack. It went out. What happened?"

"Something moved on the porch. Go on in Bab, for the love of—"

"I'm not cold. What moved?"

"Something. I don't know what. It was going on all fours like an animal."

"Do you think it was?"

"I don't know what it was. It went indoors."

"Jack!"

"What?"

"That was King's porch."

"Yes, I know. It was Mrs. King at the window."

"At the window. When?"

"Sh-h-h-h—"

Hurried footsteps moved across the porch and Mrs. King's voice spoke in a low, frightened tone, "Come quick. We've got to go this way instead. Don't stumble."

Two shadowy forms wound their way down the steps—down and down and down. A key rattled

somewhere in the vicinity of the basement—a door slammed—silence.

Jack rose from the swing and made his way down the steps into the yard. The posts of the porch opposite seemed gray and blurred, and the stair-way between was like a chasm of blackness into which he descended and felt about for the basement door. It was unlocked, and its rusty hinges creaked dismally as it swung inward. Hanging on to the knob in the damp coldness of that subterranean room, Jack waited breathlessly in the stillness. Suddenly he heard a scramble of feet over the cement floor and his heart seemed to stop within him as a hideous, maniacal laugh cut the air, rose to shrieking heights and—stopped as suddenly as it began. Jack reached convulsively for the door, felt something hard and round, grasped and turned it, and the basement was suddenly flooded with light revealing a woman with torn sleeves and flying hair who stared at Jack with wild, hysterical eyes.

"Mrs. King!" He took a step forward.

"Get away! Don't come near me," she was almost screaming. Jack stopped. "I—I thought you were my husband," she continued in quieter tone. Jack said nothing. "Don't you understand?" she cried, "I thought you were my husband and he mustn't know!"

"I understand," said Jack steadily, "You were running away—"

"Yes—Bud and I. I had to get Bud away, don't you see? Before he found out—" there was a wild brightening of her eyes, "Before his father knew he was here!"

Jack drew back a step and gazed with horror at the strange figure before him.

"Mrs. King," she said slowly, "Bud is your son?"

Mrs. King drew her hand across her forehead and laughed queerly.

"My son! Of course—he's my son," her voice rose. "You thought he was in the asylum didn't you—didn't you? He was until three days ago. He came back in the night and I hid him—he was like an animal—he walked on four legs—and he laughed like an animal," she cringed, "That laugh!"

There was something unreal about her strange figure, her burning eyes, the way she kept her right hand clutched behind her.

"I had to get him away," she went on, "But he was hard to manage and I was afraid he would laugh. I felt that I should go crazy if he did—I

couldn't *stand* it." She paused, and then went on with an unnatural fierceness "There isn't insanity in the family I tell you—he got it in the war—four years ago. But I knew I couldn't stand it if he laughed again—I knew I *couldn't*—" she stopped.

Jack was watching her spellbound.

"He won't laugh again," she said quietly. Jack spoke involuntarily, "How do you know?" Mrs. King's eyes blazed as she drew her right hand from behind her back. In it was clasped a knife.

"Because—" she said, "I've killed him."

BLAIR AND BLAIR'S FRIENDS

KENNETH FEARING

Poem? You call that a poem—that little line
Etched between his eyes and down his cheeks?
Or perhaps a chronicler that mutely speaks
The drama of a life. Oh, something fine,
Beyond a doubt. Blair himself would assign
A mystic soul-or-something, but Blair seeks
Oil for the engine of his life, that creaks
Damned flatly, like a half-heroic whine.

I'll try my hand. The thing's a monument
To everything Blair didn't know. Grotesque
As love, as quaint as hope that men will scrawl
On the odd wan face of Grief—from reverent
Waiting for nothing to happen, at a desk,
With ignorance clamped down upon it all.

SECRET

KENNETH FEARING

Silent . . . something white . . . went "flick"

And waiting for the baton's click
Is tidal music. Soul, be quick . . .

Heart, heart, be red tonight!
Down there . . . passed a something white
Suddenly against the light.

Something in the deepest black
Came stealing to a soft attack . . .
Felt at the door . . . and then turned back.

Who goes there? . . . Soul! brain-bolt the gate
And after him like sullen fate . . .
I think it was . . . it was . . . too late . . .

The Smile—

of the house is its windows. How does yours smile—a bright cheery smile—new draperies? Making the home beautiful is as important as pretty dresses, or pleasant menus. In fact, the most important hours of our lives depend upon home influences.

Our drapery section offers big opportunities in many new and cheerful suggestions for brightening the home and the summer cottage.



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Dust and Ashes

EMILIE HAHN.

My patience suddenly deserted. "Andreyev Dostoievsky!" I snapped. "You are a fool. Stop that inane scrambling this instant. You'll never get out—you know it." My turtle ducked his head and attacked the slippery porcelain impassively.

"Andreyev Dostoievsky, you are a disappointment. Surely I had a right to expect intelligence from you? Surely a cross between a clam and a snake is *obliged* to exhibit intelligence? You disgust me, Andreyev Dostoievsky."

He walked three inches and went at it again. I sprang to my feet.

"Andreyev Dostoievsky, you are worthless. You do not care. You ignore the obvious absurdity of your existence. You know—you know that you do not even provide your own excuse, and yet—why, to see you try to escape, one would think that freedom mattered to you! Andreyev, have you ever wondered what you would do if you were to get out? I will tell you. You would try to get out again—out of a bigger bath-tub."

He turned around, waddled to the other side and spoke tranquilly.

"Your bathtub, do you mean?"

I smiled indulgently.

"My dear Andreyev, how ridiculous! You do not see me scrambling, do you?"

"And if I rested, I would still be in a bathtub. But I often do see you scrambling. Not often enough, but sometimes."

I hesitated, then scoffed at myself.

"Andreyev, you are a maudlin little turtle that I keep for my amusement. Yes, your impertinence amuses me, and when it grows dull I shall ignore it. In fact, it is dull.

"Andreyev, how do you mean; I don't struggle often enough?"

"Because," he said, beating against the bland wall, "you forget that you are in a bathtub, even when you are awake. That is aiding your natural weakness. Do you know why I never get out? It is because I sleep."

"Poor turtle," I said. And after a pause, I added "Poor *little* turtle. Struggle away, turtle."

He did.

"I could set you free if I wanted to, little turtle," I suggested. He climbed uselessly.

"Andreyev, you too are a slave," I suddenly capitulated. "You too indulge in the ultimate slavery of eating—and hope, too. Free? Why, you poor idiot," I said softly, "Freedom is a word that fell from Mars by accident."

And I sighed.

"Very well, Andreyev, since I must. But wouldn't you wait until I could take you to the Forest Preserve on Sunday?"

For answer he slipped again.

"That is right. Accept no compromise."

I picked him up, carried him downstairs, and I protest that he would have gone farther had he not kicked at my fingers. He stumbled down the kerb and started across the street. His shell was so thin that it made no noise as the Yellow Cab passed over it.

I stood there for almost two minutes, scrambling. Then I smirked, and ran up the stairs two at a time, feeling superior. I ate a good deal, and slept. The nearest cemetery is at least three miles off.

TO MIGUELO.

MERLE GORDON.

When Sevilla in the moonlight
Shimmers like a silver token,
When the lions of Al Hambra
Seem to slink between the columns,

Then, Miguelo, come and woo me,
Woo me with your quiet laughter,
Woo me with the idle tinkling
Of your silver-stringed guitarra!

O, Miguelo, bandolero,
Iron man of lonely highroads,
Linda wears her shawl of cashmere
With the cockle-shells that trim it;

Linda wears the ancient flower
Of a hue akin to sunset,
Sunset in the Bay of Biscay,
In her hair she wears this flower.

O, Miguelo, bandolero,
Come and pluck this ruby flower,
Come and pluck the rose of passion;
All is righted by confession!

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The Bathing Suit

ISABEL SCHANCK

Jerome took off his shirt and hung it on the rusty hook, thinking of the pleasant time he might be having if he were at home. He would whittle in the shed and listen to Mally's stories of slave days. He would watch the heat ripples above the field of green tobacco, and when he felt sleepy Mally would sing and he would be drowsier and drowsier . . .

The locker was made of rough boards with a high window on one side of the wall and a bad mirror on the other. He looked at his shapeless rented bathing suit, three sizes too large. It was black cotton faded to a scummy blue gray. He sat down on the unplanned bench and reluctantly untied his shoe strings; the floor was cold and slippery.

He shivered, and slid out of his clothes and into the bathing suit. It was stiff and damp, and smelled like the pool of stagnant water in the marsh out beyond the pasture.

"Jerry, ain't you ready yet?" It was his mother's cracked voice. He shivered again. He must open the door and go out in the sunshine and down the slimy steps to the beach in this awful thing. He looked at himself in the mirror. In the slanted light and distorted glass his face seemed misshapen, and his shoulders crooked. The bathing suit was too large in the neck; it stretched off on the right and gaped down below his shoulder blades in back. He hated it—he hated Chesapeake Beach—he hated his mother. He pictured her, skinny in her red bathing suit, showing ragged teeth below a yellow cap. He couldn't go out. Everyone would look at him and at his mother, and would say: "there go two gawks from upstate."

He wouldn't go out at all. He would leave the door locked and stay here. And when his mother began to hunt for him, and shrill his name down the corridors he would stay silent. If she should look in the window he would be under the bench. And when night came he would dress and go out quietly, and sit on the pier and listen to the plunk, plunk of the ripples against the piles of logs beneath him . . .

TO KANI

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How sweetly through the silence swings this music; with what splendor rings
The supplianee of those mellow strings, as love to love replying, Kani.

Dost not prefer the midnight ways where bats with bright, demoniac gaze
Pray to whatever bats may praise, thus tortuously flying, Kani?

Nay, let the lepers and the lame give homage to the solar flame—
For me the night and her whose name I fondly murmur, sighing: "Kani"!

But when by visions visited I see the Master of the Dead
Stand phantom-like above the bed where, passive, thou art lying, Kani,

And when Arcturus, cold and bleak, hath leveled with the lonely lake,
And thou and I alone awake, his arcéd flight desecring, Kani,

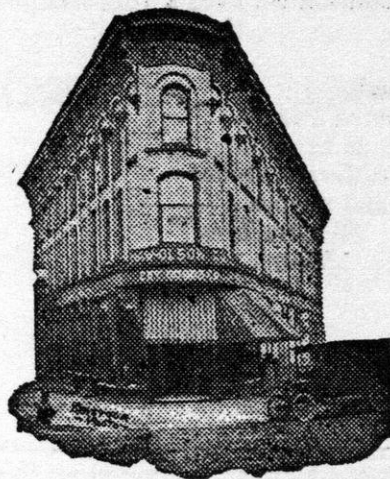
Fling out thy light, O Laughing Fire! lest from the passion of desire
Shall leap the tall, funereal pyre, with flesh and laughter dying, Kani!

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THE STIMULUS OF THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM

(Continued from page 198)

ested in the subject as it is inordinately exacting to the indifferent majority.

Secondly, the grouping together of students with wide divergences in mentality tends to discourage a competitive spirit in class work, and to minimize the incentive to study. It is as disheartening for the dull student to listen to recitations which he cannot hope to equal as it is for the brilliant student to endure the tortuous extraction of a crumb of knowledge from a scholastic mediocrity.

Then there is the elementary nature of required and pre-requisite courses, which are suited in content as well as in rate of progression to the abilities of the indifferent and otiose. No one, I suppose, will seriously contend that a student who in grade school has taken some interest in grammar, and who in high school has been roused to a concern in literature and the rudiments of composition, will find any stimulus in the ordinary course in freshman English. I intend no deprecation of the course, it is an excellent thing for its purpose, and admirably suited to the overwhelming majority of its students, who have theretofore taken no appreciable interest in literature, composition, grammar, or even spelling.

This particular course, freshman English, has been mentioned because it is the only one, so far as I know, where an effort has been made to overcome the lack of stimulus for students of any ability. The establishment of advanced sections has largely answered, in this course, the three objections made. These sections are less sluggish in progression; they accomplish a rough but effectual sorting out of the sheep from the goats, giving each division the stimulus of fairly even competition; and they are nurtured with a somewhat less elementary *pabulum*. Moreover, they are placed under the guidance of really able teachers, contact with whom may in itself be a source of stimulation to the interested student.

This brings me to a fourth reason for the lack of stimulus in many university courses, one which I mention with some diffidence and trepidation, namely: the caliber of the instructors. I am aware that a dissertation on this subject by a student savors considerably of presumption and might even be thought immodest. I can only plead that it is essential to the matter in hand,

which, if worth discussing at all, is worth discussing with a degree of thoroughness.

It will probably be generally admitted that the amount of stimulus a student receives from a curriculum, if any, will depend to some extent upon the personality and attainments of his teachers. Especially is this true in the case of a student with some scholarly predilections, who is likely to be also of a comparatively sensitive disposition, predisposed to admire the learning, to reverence the brilliance, and to respond to the encouragement of his professors. It is somewhat to his dismay that such a one finds himself largely under the tutelage of serious young men and women equipped with a fairly adequate knowledge of their subject, and nothing else. I suppose it is admittedly unfortunate that the rapid expansion of higher education and the consequent shortage of pedagogical talent should have produced a class of machine-made instructors, who, without personality, without experience, without background of tradition, without any broad cultural foundation, and sometimes even without a thorough acquaintance with the subject they endeavor to teach, undertake to apply the curriculum with the precision and disinterestedness of an automaton. From one to two years must elapse, in general, before the student comes into contact with really competent professors, from whom some inspiration might be received; by which time, though he may still retain his faith in God, the constitution, and the brotherhood of man, he has usually lost all respect for the teaching profession.

How much stimulus is it reasonable to suppose that the recently graduated student will occasion to the newly admitted student the earnest student, the scholar,—at least in embryo— who asks for bread and is disdainfully thrown a shower of crumbs? Provided that the student takes the pursuit of learning at all seriously, provided that he has an atom of character or a scintilla of idealism, he cannot and will not be indifferent to his instructors; if he is unable to follow and respect them, he will endure and despise them. The leader has been lost, replaced by the monitor;—

“Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre!”—and the perplexed student, surrounded by Rosenkrantz’s and Guildensterns, can only mutter:

“’Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.”

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The trouble, of course, is not with the individual instructors but with the system, which is designed not for the inspiration of goats but for the education of sheep. It is not considered desirable that the so-called bright students should be catered to at the expense of the rest. A prominent Wisconsin educator remarked at the sixteenth conference of the Association of American Universities: "I do not believe in a system which tends to concentrate the attention of the teachers on the few brilliant men in the class and is satisfied if the rest know enough 'to keep out of jail.'" The more or less avowed purpose of a university is to disseminate knowledge through the discipline of organized courses, and instructors who instruct, but do not inspire, who stipulate but do not stimulate, are not inadequate to the accomplishment of this end.

At this point it would be fitting to insert some succinct, epigrammatic reply to the query: "Why is the student not thoroughly stimulated." I can only suggest that it may be because he is tired.

In the course of these rambling observations I have not ventured any opinion as to the desirability of stimulus in a college curriculum; my endeavour has been merely to point out how little there is, and why. It can be claimed, with some force, that the introduction of such stimulus in any appreciable degree would tend to be disruptive to the smooth, mechanical operation of the institution, perhaps diminishing the output, or producing unevenness and irregularity in the finished product. If it were to be thought desirable, however, that the curriculum should afford more stimulation to the student, measures can be suggested which, although probably impractical, theoretically might bring about the required change.

The most important reform suggested would be a development and extension of the advanced section idea. In some of the cities of California there has been inaugurated in the grade schools a system of "tracks," curricula, usually either three or five in number, which progress at varying rates of speed through the ordinary school subjects. Children are placed in one or another of these tracks according to their intelligence and capacities as determined by various tests. This classification has resulted in a noticeable increase in curricular stimulus, adapting, as it does, the course of study to the student, and giving him the stimulation of adequate competition. It is per-

haps Utopian to surmise that so complicated a system could be successfully operated throughout a modern university. Yet it would seem that in the more general courses, which are commonly given in numerous sections, no great,—no insurmountable difficulty would be found in diversifying the classes so as to provide one or two tracks which would accommodate other than freight trains.

If it should prove impractical to modify the curriculum in this manner, some increase in stimulus might still be brought about by raising the pedagogical standard. The notion which has of late become current among the unthinking, that only those follow the teaching profession who are incapable of other pursuits, has the worst possible effect on the student. One cannot avoid a comparison of the graduate-student-instructor with teachers of a generation or two ago, who, autocrats and martinets though they may have been, strict and even harsh disciplinarians, were nevertheless men of personality, culture, and traditions, gentlemen and scholars with too high a sense of the dignity of their profession to practice it mechanically and perfunctorily. It is probably vain to expect that this type should again become predominant in American universities; yet if this were to occur, it is certain that the student would find more stimulus to scholarship and learning. But the contemporary trend is in the other direction, away from the personal ideal to the social, the official, the mechanical.

It is debatable, indeed whether stimulus to the student is not itself an old-fashioned idea, and something that the modern university can get along very well without. There is something not quite comfortable about an atmosphere of indiscriminate stimulation; it is disconcerting, and scarcely respectable. It is not calculated to promote the uniformity and standardization which are expected of an efficiently controlled government institution; one cannot even be sure that it would not prove *nuisible* to the orderly and automatic dissemination of knowledge. Better, perhaps, not to disturb the peaceful hebetude of the flock, or interrupt the tranquillity of its repose with unsettling stimulus.

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