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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXI

Madison, Wis., April, 1922

Number 7

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WHAT MAKES US SMILE. We think it quite appropriate that we should set down as editorial comment on University life some of the phases thereof which provoke us to a thin, mirthless smile. Accordingly we do so. Some of them are as follows:

Talks about "University Ideals" delivered before a club in the Y. M. C. A.

The ludicrous yowling of the American Legion at Kate O'Hare's address.

The sneaky venom of people like Kate O'Hare.

Undergraduate drinking societies that rage about the streets *en masse* after midnight telling the world that they are drunk.

The crass asininity of William Jennings Bryan's attacks on President Birge.

The products of the course in Freshman English.

Wild stories about co-eds.

The imitation Rotary Club pin that Commerce Course men wear.

Honorary societies.

Men who wear fur coats with golf stockings.

The conversations one hears walking up and down the Hill.

The abysmal stupidity of "Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

The ban on cigarette advertising in college publications.

The architecture of the University buildings.

People who say, "How're yuh comin'?" in a genial effort to make conversation when they don't know you're last name.

Instructors who know that they are disliked by their students and yet try to be funny to please them.

The tin pennant on the pop-corn stand at State and Lake streets.

The Student Senate.

Up-state editors who figure out how much it costs to teach a Freshman from South Dakota to conjugate "avoir," and who then demand a practical education for the sons and daughters of Wisconsin.

People who speak of movie actors as "Wally" Reid and "Doug" Fairbanks.

Men who take off their hats in elevators and disguise their timid politeness by making believe to scratch their heads.

Girls who wear common-sense shoes for common-sense reasons.

P. V. G.

QUOTOSCOPE. The outcome of the Quotoscope Contest has been announced by the Staff as follows: First prize, J. Stuart Hamilton, who submitted twenty-three correct answers; second prize, Miss Marjorie A. Ruff, who had twenty correct answers, and third prize, George C. Lord, with nineteen.

The winner of first prize has the choice of the following books: Pyle's *Book of Pirates*, H. G.

Wells' *Outlines of History*; Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

The winners of second and third prizes may choose their books from the following list: *Memoirs of a Midget*, Walter de la Mare; *Cytherea*, Joseph Hergesheimer; *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler; *Parody Outline of History*, Donald Ogden Stewart; *The Beautiful and Damned*, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

THE YOUNGER CRITICS. Undoubtedly someone can tell you who H. L. Mencken is. Very likely, there are several persons who know George Jean Nathan. And, though it is merely probable, there may be those who have heard of Heywood Broun and Gilbert Seldes. That is if there are persons who will freely admit their knowledge. Yet there are better than even chances that, should you force some undergraduate, at the point of a gun, to divulge the identity of his favorite American critic of art and letters, you would find it to be one of these men. There is something to be said against this method of research, yet it is absolutely necessary in these days of superstitious dread of displaying any intelligence above that of a class B moron. And it may be said, in passing, that the superstition here, as it did in the halcyon era of witchcraft, makes of the devotees something akin to blind worshipers.

Despite the simplicity of this explanation there must be some other reason for an engineer deserting his enamorata, the slide rule, to take up the latest

critical tid-bit from the pen of Mencken or Nathan. There is more than superstition at work when an embryonic doctor will tear himself from the spell of the highly colored anatomical drawings to read what criticism Heywood Broun has to make of Broadway's latest trap that fails to clap.

If you are so put together as to have tastes permitting you to read the critiques of these men in the same day that you devour the out-pourings of the William Randolph Hearst system, the explanation is in your hands. Commonly enough, we are so put together, and realize that the charm worked by both is much the same,—sensational journalism in the one case, sensational criticism in the other. It is impossible to read through two hundred words written by any of these critics and come away without the sensation of having been shocked and startled into an awareness of something or other. They write with such a flourish, bang, and thwack, that you succumb to their spell without a tremor of resistance.

And yet at times they speak with seeming truth. All in all, they appear to have merely taken a novel way of barking up the public,—a way that resembles the parental promise of a circus ticket to the small boy who will do a little work. And the analogy is still good. Like W. R. Hearst, these critics have learned the way to bait the American public, but they seem to have bettered him at his own game; they land the public, inject a few ideas under its hide, and let it go, confused, but unharmed.

L. G.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN	MARGARET EMMERLING
EARL HANSON	PENNELL CROSBY
KATHERINE ROCKWELL	
STANLEY WEINBAUM	

The Silliad

BILL BOOLEY

"Varium et mutabile semper femina.
Ludere cum sacris reducto ad absurdum.
Sic transit gloria mundi."

INVOCATION

Melpomene, Oh Muse, to thee,
With scroll and mask of tragedy,
From far Mount Helicon, I sing,
Come, and with thee sisters bring,
Kalliope, my verse to fire;
And Erato with sacred lyre.
Join hands, and in thy sylvan dance,
Tune thou these keys to sad romance
Of co-ed's greed—amor nummi—
And how an Ed was made to see.

CANTO I.

Far to the south in sunny Badger land
There lies, beneath the kind and watchful hand
Of tender-hearted Zeus, a hamlet gay,
Removed from strife, far from the crowded way.
Here dwelt 'mid Nature's verdant grove and glade,
In youthful joy, a simple country maid.
Her cheeks flushed by the first rose bloom of dawn,
Eyes big and melting like a startled faun,
Two dew drops, shining bits of summer's sky,
Violets, nestled in their lashes lie.
Lips parted with the panting breath of youth
Expose to view teeth white as virgin truth.
And over all an air of innocence
Sweet, unaffected trust and confidence.
From tender age her feet were taught to stray
Along the straight and narrow trodden way.
A loving mother, straight-laced Methodist,
A father stern but kind; add to the list
One elder sister grave and somewhat gray,
Did guide this maid upon her growing way.
Each morn when rosy-fingered light dispelled
Erebos' shadow, e'er for six had knelled
Big Ben's loud clanging bell, all sleep had fled.
Our lass had milked three cows and poultry fed.
On sturdy oat-meal gruel she brake her fast,

And washed the dishes when the meal was past.
Her morning tasks well done, to school she sped.
By diligence and wit her class she led,
And each month, when her final marks they spied,
She was her parents' joy and teacher's pride.

* * * * *

The years flowed by as rivers to the sea.
This lass came to the University.

* * * * *

CANTO II.

When fates on fair Mount Ida did conspire
To rouse, one day, Himeros' godly ire?
Beware, Oh fellow man, earth's curse, blind dates,
If loving roommate with some woman slates
A meeting for you, whom since high school days
He had not seen, nor knows what arts and ways
The simple rustic lass at school has learned.
A lonesome lad for girlish laughter yearned.
That night they met, and, Oh, how sad to tell,
In unsophisticated ignorance, he fell.
Anadyomene, the co-ed's patron saint
Whose token net their hair holds in restraint,
From watery deeps upon her pupil smiled
To see a mere man's innocence defiled.

What charms her graceful figure now reveals,
 Freed from coarse gingham and restraining steels.
 Dainty silks and satins clinging flow,
 Not as of old from head to peeping toe,
 From danger line above, precariously,
 To scarce an inch below her dimpled knee.
 Each sylph-like zephyr, herald of the spring,
 Discloses to the world a fairy ring,
 Below caressing folds of scanty skirt
 'Round shapely calves a silken roll is girt.

On dainty head a crown-like coiffure sits,
 Each twining ringlet cost at least two-bits,
 For years of pig-tails give a natural bent
 Which—ad instar—one cannot circumvent.
 The flush of dawn that spread her cheeks before
 Is now the scarlet, sunset hued "Luxor,"
 Which often in the madly hurried race
 To eight-o'clocks, strays from its proper place,

Invading regions only sanctified
 To Djer Kiss, woman's aid in strife to hide
 From mankind's sight her crop of freckles thick.
 Blue lips are brightened up with gay lip-stick.
 And over all an air of innocence
 Sweet, unaffected trust and confidence.

CANTO III.

Terpsichore, the fair, now takes the stage
 And makes our hero Amalthea of the age,
 But Cerberus from depths of inky black,
 Grins as the booby spends his father's jack.

Each week-end night did find this joyous pair
 Enwrapped in modern dance, treading on air.
 With mid-week dates, four every week at least,
 A walk, a show, the usual midnight feast,
 His pocket book was badly bent, but still
 What mattered that? Each evening brought its thrill.
 No day without its call by phone could pass.
 He watched, and wandered with her up to class,
 And gazed into her eyes until the bell,
 For a long sad hour, rudely broke the spell.
 They saw each play and concert in the town,
 And bills for Sunday suppers brought no frown.
 One evening under wandering Io's charm—

A bench, (she snuggled close within his arm)—
 He asked her for a Prom date tenderly.
 She quickly kissed him, murmuring, "Certainly."

* * * * *

They went. It was the starting of the end.
 She danced with some girl friend's tea-houndish friend.
 She liked his little waxed moustache, his line;
 He fell, man-like, to feminine design.
 Undaunted still, our hero called each day,
 Only to find her busy or away.
 The lizard's roadster parked before her door,
 Defiled a spot beloved to him of yore.
 His pin came back; and then a note polite
 Said, "Villain, keep forever from my sight."
 With still an air of injured innocence,
 Of sadly misplaced trust and confidence.

* * * * *

LAMENT

Perhaps one thinks a moral now comes in,
 Of thoughtless flapper punished for her sin.
 The vamp sails vamping on her gilded way,
 And breaks three hearts or pocket-books a day.
 She makes her dates at least a month ahead,
 And has a waiting list besides, 'tis said.
 Her studies never cause a troubled thought,
 For male instructors struggle to be caught.
 A glance, a pout, a smile to coax him on,
 Will often change a mark to fair from con.

Our hero, sadly, on the other hand,
 Seems to have built his castle on the sand.
 He's broke; his marks have sunk so very low,
 That e'er the year is o'er the dean says, "Go."
 Back in the old home town he now is found,
 Learning his father's business from the ground.

The woman, as she learns each vamping rule,
 Becomes, in time, the idol of the school.
 Men fight to call her "Dear," or "Love," or "Lamb."
 She has the cutest way of saying "Damn."
 Pall Malls she'd smoke in public on a bet,
 Her room is full of half-smoked stubs, and yet
 She still retains her air of innocence,
 Sweet, unaffected trust and confidence.

* * * * *

Morals for Higher Mammals

I. CANT

Choosing to write on such a matter, I have been amply warned that, if I were not careful to refrain from seeming too serious, I would prove myself an ass. On the other hand, should I become facetious, I would show myself equally an ass. And there can be no doubt that the middle course, if pursued, would find me just as much some sort of ass as ever. Obviously I must choose and I choose to be serious.

Now, having settled a certain part of the readers' perspective, the paper shall begin with an arraignment of the student body of this university on the charge that seventy-five per cent of it is immoral, because, at some time or other, the members that make up this percentage have had an ethical standard which they no longer observe. Proof of this charge I have in my several years experience among students. If anyone can disprove my claims, I am not interested, just now, in their facts. What I want to do is to offer a remedy for a truly lamentable condition which I believe to exist.

Every year the influx of new students, of varying degrees of immaturity, grows larger. As they progress, or digress as it seems to me, through the following four years of pseudo-scholastic life, there is a gradual, but continued, casting aside of their few, or their several, moral habits. All the "Thou shalt nots", the "Do's", and the "Don'ts" of parental instillation are soon found to be useless obstacles in the way of a more pleasureable existence. It is time for a change. And that change may be brought about by the institution of the set of standards which I have to offer. Before setting down this code, however, a survey of the undergraduate's immoral background will do much to help us understand his unhappy condition.

When the student registers as a Freshman, he is required to sign a card signifying his religious preference. Then is the time to begin building a set of influential experiences that will make it much easier for the undergraduate to follow some sort of ethical code. The filling out of these church-cards ought to be done away with. The act constitutes the first of the immoral influences. I have actually known a freshman to profess a preference for the Congregational denomination, although he was a Baptist in good standing, because some person had told him that President Birge was a member of the Congregational church. There are a great many who refuse to sign any card, thinking that they might, thereby, be forced to attend serv-

ices, an act they are unable to view except in the most horrible light. In short the practice is one of intimidation,—a highly immoral practice that lays the foundation of a widely immoral student life.

After registering, the student is sent to make out his program of classes. Now the undergraduate has a certain standard of studies he wishes to follow, whether they are the so-called pipe courses, or those designed to help him toward an education. These standards are soon toppled into ruin. He learns that there are requirements including studies entirely outside of those embraced by his standard. If he would live in peace and for long in the camp of the Romans, he must accept their ways. And so, having to abandon his standards, he is again forced into immorality.

Then the student attends classes, and, for the first time, encounters several of that disturbing genus,—the university instructor. He has always had a standard of teachers—everyone has—and when he finds himself in the class of an instructor who fails to measure up to his ideal, no amount of running after deans will save him from the immorality of being in the presence of—from his point of view—an abnormal or subnormal instructor. Unless, of course, he is otherwise immoral; for, if he can manufacture enough conflicts to suit some dean, he may escape the matter of instructorial immorality.

In the matter of studies, the student is notoriously lacking in morality. Some students who openly announce their standard of never studying are not infrequently caught in the act. And those who hand their standard on the wall, in the form of a diagram, have often been found absent when the schedule read "Study at Home". This immorality is found, not only in the preparation of studies, but in the presentation of them. When some student finds himself confronted with the task of writing a topic, without the slightest bit of moral honesty, he lets the thing go until the night before it is due and then writes it without actual reference to the books included in his bibliography. Of course an excellent grade on such a topic somewhat alters the amount of immorality, and fortunately most topics are of this order, so that the practice is not entirely damnable.

The sort of moral code a student carries with him to an examination cannot be neglected here. There is undoubtedly some cheating in examinations, but it is with a far more moral aspect of this matter that I have

to deal. Consider the time spent by the average undergraduate on a two-hour examination. Usually, if the questions are reasonable and fair, not more than an hour and a half is allotted to it by the student. Now look at his hurried handwriting, which demonstrates his state of mind, and then regard the obscure presentation of his less tumultuous thoughts. Obviously, in order to finish the examination in a time shorter than that prescribed, he does himself an injustice. Falling below his standard of self-justice, he becomes most woefully immoral. At the other extreme of this matter, there are those exceedingly careful students whose precision in penmanship and presentation of thought forces them into the grossest of immoralities. Their painstaking regularity leaves them with several questions to be answered when the bell rings. Promptly they accuse the instructor of giving them an unfair examination,—a false accusation wholly unbecoming to any lady or gentleman.

So far, I fear this paper has been disappointing. Perhaps I was expected to discuss the immorality of assisting young women into their living quarters after hours; or the rightness, or wrongness if you will, of indulging in the pastime of skipping stones on Lake

Mendota after dark. Or maybe I ought to have scolded co-eds for smoking cigarets. But it seems to me that all these things are not so much moral problems as they are parts of an education. It is true that every student, even in these matters, has some sort of standard that allows him a certain amount of indulgence. And there are just as many who immorally over-indulge, as there are those who do so less than their standards demand. But aside from this aspect, these things seem unimportant as moral problems.

Having got so far, I recollect promising, some time ago, to set down a code of morals that would benefit the deficient undergraduate. It is time I kept my promise. The most obvious remedy for the student's failure to live up to any standards is to be entirely without them. Revolutionary as this seems, I fail to see any great fault in the remedy. Therefore, the code that I have to offer, to put it simply, is this: Have no standards of moral action! And, as this, in itself, is a standard, it should not be followed too closely. The student should have, therefore, a few morals, and those, I not only firmly believe, but am sadly aware, that experience will force upon him.

Ballade of Indecision

LLOYD GEORGE.

When I have left my love behind
With all its charm that blinded me,
I know a gentle peace of mind
That lovers know when they are free
Of wiles they love and fear to see;
Yet when I boast, it's quite in vain,
For days will pass, and presently
A letter wakes my love again.

When Love, all tired with hot pursuit,
Rebels, and when I find Her dull
And glib when she were better mute,
All foolish vows I would annul,—
Once more I'd wait for night to lull
My mind and thoughtful peace to reign;
And yet—it's undeniable—
A letter wakes my love again.

When I have learned that days are made
Of things dull men are wont to say,
And when I seek some kindly jade
To help me while my time away,
Then I recall that month of May
When I could love; but now—it's plain—
I must await the coming day
A letter wakes my love again.

L'ENVOI

Oh Princess, you are wise and fair,
Pray tell me what I have to gain
By leaving love when I'm aware
A letter wakes my love again?

The Professor

GASTON D' ARLEQUIN

He was an old, old man. Indeed, one could hardly have believed him to be as old as he was, although his step was infirm and senile. But while his hair was almost pure white, yet his mouth showed no lines wrought by the iron of experience. One might have read the man's whole life in his brow, for it was marked with the mark of intellectual labour. One could see that circumstance had not troubled him. All his years had been full of calm peace; he lived alone with his wife, for their marriage had been childless.

He was a philosopher, and for forty-seven years he had been delivering his lectures in that room. He had spoken the same words for so long a time that they seemed to have become a part of him, and from mechanical repetition alone they had lost all the expression and vehemence which he had put into them during the earlier years of his teaching. And so his students, while he was lecturing, used to talk with one another in undertones, or throw little wads of paper about, and sometimes some of them would fall asleep while the class was in session. But he had long taken no notice of these little interruptions, and would drone on undisturbed.

Forty-seven years! The university each year offered him a pension, and each year he refused it and kept to the class-room. Once he had accepted the pension, and had retired, but in a week he was back again, almost begging to be allowed to resume the lecturer's platform. And the ponderous machinery of the offices turned round and round, and his successor was found another place, and the old man droned on again, while his students talked in undertones, and threw their little wads of paper about, and slept as before.

Then, one day, without any warning, someone entered the room and interrupted him. He had just begun his lecture refuting the arguments of Descartes by which the existence of God and of an immortality are established. And he broke off in the middle of one of the sentences he had been reiterating for so long, and turned upon his interlocutor as though to strike him. But the old professor was feeble, and there was nothing but wonder in his bleared eyes as he stared. The intruder desired the professor to leave the class-room, but it was only after it had been whispered to him that the matter was of the gravest importance that he could be induced to go out. The

students suddenly woke up to the fact that he was gone, and after waiting for certainly not more than half a minute, decided that they were excused. They left the room, stamping down the stairs and talking loudly among themselves.

At the next lecture period they found a notice stuck in the door. It stated that the class would not be held that day, owing to the death of the professor's wife. They were highly elated at being again dismissed, and spent the hour joking with one another about Philosophy. That was on a Friday.

On Monday the class assembled again, and no sooner had the bell rung, than the old professor entered the room. The students suddenly realized that he had been absent for the first time within the memory of any of them, and stared at him in a half startled manner. But his gait was the same as it had always been. He laid on the table the book which he carried under his arm, with that same abstracted movement that they could mimic so well, and turned to his audience. There was no change visible in his face, and yet one could feel a tenseness, a certain strained expectancy among the students. He cleared his throat in the old, well-known way, and began as he had begun countless times before:

"At the last session we were considering the—er—." His voice quivered. His face fell. They had never known such a thing to happen before. He was overcome with confusion.

"Can anyone tell me where I—." The murmured words trailed off into a vague, unintelligible mumble. One of the students in the first row spoke:

"You were refuting the arguments of Descartes on immortality, sir."

"Immortality?—immorta—?" The old professor seemed preplexed, lost,—

"Ah, yes!" He raised his head.

"I have demonstrated the fact that the Cartesian conception of consciousness is untenable in view of the rationalistic hypothesis—." The voice of the old man fell back into its monotonous drone, and his listeners seemed to breathe for the first time since he had entered. A big, green fly could be heard humming on one of the window panes, doubtless enraged at discovering that it could not fly through the glass. The undertones in the class began again; little wads of paper flew about as before, and here and there one could see a student already half asleep.

Inertia

LLOYD GEORGE

"Clifford, will you go down town for me?" Mrs. Jones stood in the open door leading to the screened porch and spoke quietly to her son. Clifford, the tall and abnormally thin youth who lay stretched out in the hammock, idly twisting the fringe around his fingers, turned his head quickly away.

"Oh, why can't you call up Aunt May and get her to go?" he asked crossly. Mrs. Jones frowned and started into the house. Apparently she changed her mind, for she turned again and came back slowly.

"Clifford, do you feel any worse this afternoon?" Her inquiry was in no way motherly and solicitous; it was simply curious.

"I'm all right, only kind of tired," her son replied.

"Seems funny you don't feel sick, ever; 'only tired,' you always say. The doctor says he don't know what's the matter with you." Mrs. Jones paused to look at her son's thin body.

"There must be something wrong with him," she thought, "or he wouldn't want to lay around all the time."

"The dickens with the doctor! He's just like the rest of you,—all coming around trying to figure out what's wrong with me. I tell you I'm all right, only tired. Let me be for a while."

Mrs. Jones said nothing more. She looked at Clifford's thin fingers twisting the hammock-fringe, shrugged her shoulders, and went into the house. Her son rolled slowly over on his back and sighed as if in relief.

"They ought to know that I don't like to be asked how I feel, all the time," he thought. Then he heard his mother at the telephone, trying to get his aunt.

"The line must be busy,—rotten phones they got in this town," he muttered to himself. "She'll never get her. I s'pose I'd better get up and go down town; if I don't, she'll be telling the old man how sick I am." Languidly he moved his feet to the floor and rose. The sun, coming through the reed curtain, fell on his face, revealing its premature lines about the nose and mouth. The loose skin of his neck wrinkled a little at his shirt-collar. He pushed his hair out of his eyes, then walked slowly into the house.

"I guess I'll take a walk down town. What did you want down there?" Mrs. Jones looked up at him from the kitchen stove, a slight expression of surprise on her face.

"Why—just some butter,—about a pound. But aren't you pretty tired?"

"Yes, but I'm tired of lying out there." Clifford spoke restlessly. Mrs. Jones got her pocketbook and gave him the necessary change.

"Get it at Brown's; Grugerman don't keep his butter fresh," she cautioned him. He nodded shortly, got his cap, and sauntered out through the back door.

Outside, he sensed the languorous warmth of the sun. It seemed to soothe his feeling of fatigue and to make him want to take his steps more slowly than usual. "Feels good!" he thought and then wondered why he had not come out earlier. He looked down the street hoping to see someone he knew. It was deserted, save for a dump-wagon that was being driven across it a block away. There was not even the slightest flurry of dust to indicate any unusual activity.

"This town is dead, all right." His condemnation of the village gave him all the satisfaction of a mature curse. Then he wondered where all the fellows were. It did seem queer,—he hadn't seen much of the guys for nearly a month. Of course, he got a glimpse of them if he walked down town at night; but they used to come around to the house. He wondered if they were staying away because they had heard somebody say he was sick.

"Damn fool people!" he said aloud and then turned around to see if anyone might have heard him. In a way he hoped they had. It would show them what he thought of them. Then he wondered whether anyone in town thought he ever did any thinking; probably not. But he did though,—a lot of it. He wished he didn't have to do so much, because it kept him from really resting. It was funny how little things started him thinking: there was the sun coming through the porch-curtain and hitting a nail on the railing at the same time every afternoon. He knew, because he got up to look at the clock. He had bothered his head about that and about why he got up when he wanted to rest. Oh, why couldn't he quit it? Then he noticed a peculiar crack in the cement sidewalk. Funny it cracked that way; why didn't the crack run in the other direction? Damn it! there he went again, bothering his head about something. Why couldn't he just go along with nothing in his mind?

He began to feel that the sun was too warm. He

wished he was back, resting in the hammock. Well, he was nearly down town; he'd be back home soon. The scant life and action of the village business section attracted his eyes. There was Pete Buck driving Grugerman's delivery wagon. Pete thought he was better than someone else since he got that job. Who was that girl going into the drug-store? Must be Ruth Scott with her hair done up,—trying to act wise. Why, she wasn't as old as he was!

"The girls in this town are a bunch of little fools," he said to himself in a tone of contempt. Then he saw a youthful figure come out of the drug-store. It was a boy of about his own age, dressed in a smartly-cut and snug-fitting blue uniform. The boy walked briskly and with something of a swagger.

"Huh! That must be Bud Snyder home from military school," he thought. Bud looked pretty good in his suit, but he seemed kind of cocky. That's the way it was with these guys when they went away to school and then came home. Well, he wouldn't call out to Bud; if Bud wanted to talk to him let him come over. Clifford looked ahead and down at the sidewalk and continued his slow, tired gait toward Brown's grocery. Across the street, Bud had halted and was looking in Clifford's direction.

"Hey, Cliff! That you?" he called. "I didn't know you at first. Come on over and have a soda."

Clifford had turned and was looking over at Bud.

"By Gosh! It's Bud Snyder! When d'you get home?" He stepped off the curbing and went leisurely toward the youthful military figure.

"Last night," Bud answered and then repeated his invitation to a soda. For a second, before they started for the drug-store, Bud looked at Clifford, taking in his thin face and arms and legs. He said nothing, but Clifford thought to himself,

"Bud's been hearing that there's something wrong with me. He's trying to keep from hurting my feelings by not saying nothing."

"Where's all the gang,—Jake and Gordy and Ed.?" began Bud, by way of conversation, when the two were seated at the soda fountain.

"'Round somewhere, I guess," answered Clifford shortly. He was wondering how much Bud had to press his suit to make it look like new all the time. He was also wondering if Bud thought himself any better than he was, because Bud went to military school.

"Not much doing around here," commented Bud. Clifford shook his head slowly.

"We sure have some swell times at St. John," continued Bud; "we monkey around after dark and get girls from the town." Bud became enthusiastic at the

memory of it. The other said nothing, but there was a light of interest in his eyes.

"Yea, I was out with a girl the other night who was twenty," went on Bud. "They think we're older on account of our uniforms. You ought to see her, Cliff; she was classy as the devil, and didn't care what she said."

"You guys, up there, must have a hell of a wild time," said Clifford putting in the 'hell' in hope of proving his equal sophistication. Bud nodded, by way of modest reply, and reached for his soda, which was being served.

Clifford, as he sipped, looked at the other, noting again his neat appearance and his air of worldliness. That girl probably handed Bud a line. He bet there wasn't any girl,—Bud was probably handing him some bunk. Just because he—Clifford—hadn't been out of town for a long time, Bud thought he could get away with it. Maybe he'd better tell Bud what he thought of him; but then what was the use of it? He was too tired, and besides, Bud was treating him to the soda. He wished the soda wasn't so sweet; it made him think of the too warm sun outside. He wished he was home in the hammock where he didn't have to think about Bud and his bunk that he was trying to put over.

Bud finished his soda, pushed his glass from him, and drew out a neatly folded clean handkerchief. He wiped his mouth and fingers carefully.

"Say, Cliff, what's become of the girls in this place? You know,—Alice, Marion Burr, Ruth Scott, and the rest of them; how are they,—got any class?"

Clifford thought of Ruth Scott and the way she was doing her hair.

"Rotten!" he said with an air of disinterestedness and finality.

"That right? Even Margy Wilcox?" The manner in which Bud emphasized the name seemed to carry something suggestive.

"Margy Wilcox? Why-y—," Clifford halted, seemingly nonplussed.

Bud laughed. He seemed pleased with making the other lose something of his youthful poise.

"Still going around to Margy's place?" he asked.

Clifford was not confused because he felt anything like an embarrassed lover. He had simply forgotten Margy Wilcox and he realized that his pause, while he recalled that he had had a case on Margy before Bud went away, made him look guilty and foolish.

"No, I haven't been out with her for a long time," answered Clifford.

"I 'spose not," said Bud with an attempt at irony.

"Well, I've got to go up to my Dad's office for a while. See you tomorrow."

"Uh huh!" Clifford replied without interest.

He had bought the butter and was walking up the street toward home. He was thinking of the way he had acted about Margy Wilcox. He certainly had made a fool of himself acting like a young boy. Why, he had almost blushed! And he hadn't even seen Margy for a couple of weeks. She probably had a case on somebody else by this time. The idea of her being the willing object of some other fellow's advances stirred his interest. He wondered if she was at home now. There was her house,—he might stop and see her. She might be glad to have him call.

Acting on the thought, he turned in at the Wilcox home and knocked at the door. Margy opened it.

"Why, Clifford, I'm glad to see you. I thought you were sick. You do look awful thin. Won't you come in?" She spoke excitedly, seeming ill at ease. Her tone implied that she really hoped he would not accept the invitation.

"Why—I can't stop. My mother just wanted me to tell your mother to be sure and come to Aid Society at our house Thursday." Clifford lied glibly. It eased his mind to know that the Society did meet on Thursday at his mother's house.

"All right, I'll tell her," said Margy. "I'm sorry you can't come in."

Clifford mumbled something and left. He grinned as he went slowly on toward home.

"She sure wanted to get rid of me," he thought. Then her remark about thinking he was sick and thin came back to him. He wondered why everybody took such an interest in his being sick. It was just like when old lady Griffin had a stroke of paralysis; everybody hung around talking about it for weeks. People always liked to talk about somebody being sick. People were funny, particularly in this bum town. They 'hadn't anything else to think about. Why couldn't they think like he did? But then, he didn't want to think. Maybe it was better the way it was. Anyway he didn't want to think now,—it was too warm and he was too tired.

He noticed that the sun was below the horizon line of heavy-foliaged trees. It occurred to him that the porch would be pleasantly cool by now, and that he was nearly home.

He walked in at the back door, laid the butter on the kitchen table, threw his cap on the chair. His mother, hearing him, came into the kitchen. She frowned when she saw him.

"Do you feel any more tired, Clifford?" she asked. Her son said nothing, but walked out on the porch and languidly stretched himself in the hammock. Mrs. Jones followed him to the door.

"Do you feel any worse?" she asked quietly.

Her son hunched his shoulders impatiently and turned his face away.

"Oh, can't you leave me alone for a while? I'm just tired," he said reaching for the hammock fringe, which he began to twist around his fingers.

White Hyacinths

GWENDOLYNNE JONES.

My hyacinths are blooming now; the air
Is like a church on Easter Sunday, fair
With sunlight and with Holy Spirit's gleam,
And lilies' living whiteness everywhere.

Oh, hyacinths that make me kneel in awe,
I wonder if a poet ever saw
The creamy whiteness of your living blooms,
And doubted wholly of Our Lord, His law?

Tears come upon us as we kneel to pray,
For we forget not all the sorrow-way;
But know God is more kind than we can tell—
To give us hyacinths, and Easter Day.

A Tale of the Desert

S. G. WEINBAUM

On famished Ramazin's ninth night,
 (The way to Mecca was not long.)
 The pilgrims sought with prayer and song
 To pass away the hours of light.
 Ere yet the rising moon was white,
 My tent poor Hassan sought to say,
 "Hajji, tomorrow we shall sight
 The Mecca Way."

"Enter," said I. "The wine of Gran
 Is at your left, and by your side,
 There is tobacco newly dried.
 Enter and talk, my friend Hassan."
 He came, a strong young desert man,
 And smoked a while upon the ground.
 "I'll lead no other caravan,"
 He said, and frowned.

"I'll lead a caravan no more,
 Nor take again the weary way
 To Mecca every hundredth day,
 And kiss the Kabla. As before
 The desert men make love and war,
 While I alone, great Koussat's son,
 Make this dull journey o'er and o'er,
 Until it seems 'tis never done.

"They say that in a distant land, there is a mountain made of sand,
 And men crawl up it day by day, but never rise a single hand.

"Ev'n so am I, but not again
 Hassan shall lead a caravan;
 But I shall seek Feringistan,
 Far-famed in tale of lips or pen.
 Hajji, thou canst remember when
 The Frankish expedition came
 With many hundred Frankish men
 Of curious name.

"And Hajji, canst recall the maid
 Who walked among the men unveiled,
 Who faltered not, and never paled,
 Nor trembled at the robbers' raid?
 Thou knowest how with serenade
 And song of love I sought her side,
 And nightly wooed her, undismayed
 By all her pride.

“And many a sultry desert night,
I poured my love into her ears;
The passions of unnumbered years
Were in her breath, and in the light
That glistened like a chrysolite,
Or chrysoberyl, in her eyes;
At night her flesh seemed pale and white
As one who dies.

“Ah, she was cold, and very fair,
And when she sang, I loved her more.
And oft in flaming metaphor
I sought to charm her with my prayer:
‘Your eyes are like things wrought and rare,
Brought up the Gulf in Persian ships;
There is a fragrance in your hair;
There is a passion on your lips.’

“But she has gone; Feringistan
Has taken her, and left to me
The fading shade of memory,
Like figures on a Chinese fan,
Or like dim shadows on the span
Of thread across deep Tophet’s hollow,
Or like some specter, pale and wan
Who bids me follow.

“Feringistan—Feringistan, whose borders the Barbarian
Bounds with an iron barbican, to guard thy heart, Feringistan.

“For nearest west is Khurdistan, and after that, Arabistan,
And after that the Holy Land, and after that, Feringistan.

“And I shall meet the Frankish horde,
And frustrate all their magi’s tricks,
Their Christians and their crucifix,
And I shall slay them with my sword,
In Allah’s name, and drive them toward
The regions of the western isles,
And seas remote and unexplored,
A thousand miles.

“A thousand miles, a thousand miles, a thousand multiplied by eight,
Will bring one to the Lonely Isles, where no man ever takes a mate

“A thousand years, a thousand years, a thousand years increased by nine,
Will bring one to the World of Tears, where men mate not with maids, but
wine.

“A thousand miles, a thousand miles, a thousand multiplied by ten,
Will bring one to the Iron Isles, where men mate not with maids, but men.

"And at the birth of every child, a black magician tastes his lymph,
And if the child be undefiled, he shall be made a paranymp.

"But farther west than one can tell, the Jewish hero, Samuel,
Sits with his elbow on his knees, and rings his silver temple-bell.

"And hosts of shrieking sycophants kneel down before his judgment seat,
And up and down an onyx street sway files of filthy elephants.

"But should his magic bell be broken, Hell shall tremble at the token,
Solomon shall rise in wrath, and the last judgment shall be spoken.

"But somewhere in the Frankish land,
In some great dwelling made of steel,
I shall seek out my maid, and kneel,
And press my lips upon her hand.
I'll draw my Allah-breathing brand,
And smite the hosts of infidels,
And none shall face me, none withstand,
For fear of Afreet-haunted Hells.

"Mid towns that whirl, and worlds that swirl, and pale, fair women carved of
pearl,
(But I should not remember these had I not heard the singing girl.)

"They say, in far Feringistan, a flaming iron caravan
Goes down an endless iron road, but will not stay for any man.

"There is a palace there that reels upon eleven thousand wheels,
But not a single soul in all those halls to tell one how it feels.

"They make a crystal globe that shines upon their streets in glowing lines,
And down those glittering streets at night go naked, unclaimed concubines.

"And out of far Feringistan,
I'll take a wife, in Allah's name,
And all those lands shall know my fame,
And none shall halt my caravan,
I'll lead her back to Ispahan,
And name my first-born son Hussein."
"Salaam Aleikum, friend Hassan!"
"Aleikum Salaam! Peace be thine!"

Imitations for the Immortals

BY
GEORGE SWIFT

The Elusive Kiss

BY
H. NRY J.M.S

The peculiar effect upon his own mind occupied the rest of their tramp back to her house; it had gone out with her, and indeed, with him, and had some home with them, besides reducing the case to the edge of absurdity unless . . . unless. Unless what? Ah, that was the elusive thought that clamored for notice among the various voices of his subconscious mind. It had been as strange as he could consent afterwards to think it; it had been essentially what had made the abrupt departure from the staid in his life: he had now, yes, this was it, he had finally entered into the "zone," the density and opacity of which was somewhat appalling to him. They were *here*, these accumulations; they were like the multicolored and shifting notes that struggled to and fro in the beams cast by the single electric globe that feebly illumined the obscurity of this small room, her *parlor*. It was, he mused, making for him some difference that he could not quite calculate, this sitting together in her *parlor* and alone, instead of elsewhere and with another. And back and back it kept coming to him that the frigidity she showed him might, should he choose to insist on it, have a meaning—have, as one would say, an historic value—beyond the importance of momentary expressions in general.

His frigidity—or perhaps the more preferable term would be *iciness*—his congealed imagination thawed . . . the state of his mind might readily be construed as . . . as mellow, as he toyed with the thought of the warmth that would be engendered by her glowing female form nestling within his arms, and he upon the davenport; that is, that his hands should clasp firmly—yes, even fervently—the moist and padded flesh of her blunt yet seductive hands, that his yes, perhaps this was the solution, that his lips should soon taste to the fullest the soft velvet of her twin-inviting and inverted Cupid bows,—was, at that psychological moment, understood by Cecil Fawn—as an admission of his potentiality as a lover. But was it? Whether he should clasp the hands of Fanny Lislibidium more tightly was soon settled by an act, the inception of which he now believed her to have

been harboring—from an impression of something unusually prepared—and pointed—in her attitude and array—ever since she had led him across the threshold of her *parlor* and had seated him with irritating solicitude upon the narrow, small but inviting *davenport* . . . Fanny had dimmed the room's single light . . . The effect was as unexpected as the unheralded creeping of skin and increased palpitation of pulse suffered by Cecil. It was, in fact, even at the moment not absent from his view that she might easily have made an abject fool of him—at least for the time. He had indeed for just a few seconds been afraid of some such turn: the uncertainty of her posture had become so . . . the next thing an uncertainty in the very air.

"Yes, but . . .," he mentally soliloquized, as his mental poise was momentarily unbalanced by the creeping . . . the reptilian crawling of this, to him, most ungentle—a physical emotion somewhat unleashed, as indeed, he heard booming from the other room the rumbling snores of the lion-faced Duenna of his Fanny—ah, that was it—why lion-faced? Lion, lion? Forbidding aspect, of course. But . . . Oh, bother! Here he was thinking of—of what? Of why was he—he here, or what was he doing here—in the flesh, and his spirit at large and his intellect number? His answer came *pat*, and he was thrilled with inexpressible yearnings and their comrade satisfactions as the full import of that psychological suggest of Fanny met with and embraced the timid and most dubious mental gropings of Cecil. Now, deuce take it, what, exactly, was the definition of osculation?

But here his pleasant and voluptuous enjoyment of intellectual musings upon the precise import and exact meaning of that nebulous but disturbing word was reft by an obscure, a tantilizing molecule of his never quiet brain. Now what, precisely what, should he do next; that is, after holding, with disquieting emotional reaction, a girl's hand, what is, what might be called "*next on the program?*"

Laugh

BY

DR. FR*NK CR*N*

What is the highest form of human satisfaction? Especially to both benefactor and beneficiary? A laugh.

Remember how amiable and polite Sir Walter Raleigh was to the Queen? And don't forget what great rewards the polite Sir Walter received for his amiability! Now though the Queen trod his cloak into the very mud, Sir Walter merely laughed, for it might have been his best cloak instead of merely being his second-best, or week-day cloak.

So always you must look on the bright side of things. Though dark clouds loom, hunt for the silver lining.

If Wealth laughed at Poverty, if Hall Caine laughed at Hearst, if America laughed at Japan, if Babe Ruth laughed at Judge Landis, what would happen?

In truth the Universe would be much happier, nicer and sweeter.

Let us laugh at all whom we meet. Then they will probably laugh at you. Thus it illustrates for us the natural law of reciprocity, of hunger and sex. Pugnacity and flight. Self-assertion and self-abasement. Barter and exchange. Marriage and babies.

There is positively nothing so disconcerting as discourtesy. And is it not impolite to wear a grouchy expression? A grouch makes enemies, repels friends, plays havoc with family ties, fills the divorce courts, wet-blankets the banquets, disrupts associations, and hurls us into world wars.

Macbeth was a grouch. What happened to him?

Last week I was chatting with Warren Harding, of Marion, Ohio, anent a certain aspirant to the President's cabinet. "He is a he-man, and comes from God's country," I said.

"Mayhap," replied the President, "but I won't allow him in my cabinet."

"Sir, and may I ask why?" I queried.

"He is a grouch," caroled the President.

So you see.

Napoleon was a grouch. What happened at Waterloo?

Each and every laugh is a drop in the bucket. Nay, each and every laugh is one of those "little drops of water, little grains of sand, go to make the mighty ocean and the mighty land." The more drops, the more water. The water supply should be secure for all time.

And as the Omnipotent ruled it to be, the world is very full of little drops of water; even America is wet.

So you see.

Spread the light of laughter. Grin and bear it. Even that pagan chant: "Cheer, cheer the gang's all here," has the basic principle of laughter beneath its lewd exterior. But I am sure you will prefer my own little hymn, with which I regale my Chautauqua meetings and Y. M. C. A. benefits. It is a paraphrase of a once popular song called "Smiles."

"Laughs."

"There are laughs that make us happy,
There are laughs both strong and true;
There are laughs that soften up the tear-glands,
As the sunshine melts away the dew."

So, patriots and fellow citizens in this prosperous land, I want you to do your bit.

Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!

A Figment of a Vision

BY

J.M.S BR.NCH C.B.L

Thus do they of Packerstown narrate how in the ancient days Patric of the Bull Neck was wielder of the pole-axe, and chief executioner of the never ending stream of steers that came before his weapon. And from his daily labor in this welter of blood and stench

of killing did Patric grow great of brawn and huge of adenoids.

And the tale tells how one red and sanguinary day, as Patric was methodically braining steer after steer, two youths came, and they were clad in violent and

rich vestments and strolled at great ease and smoked queer pipes from whence issued huge clouds of grey smoke. And so well did these strangers plead in clipped syllables and persuasive tones that in a manner not to be mentioned did Patric matriculate at a nameless yet famous seat of learning. Thus did this scholarly institution, situate in the province of Media in the kingdom of Amerigo, acquire the beef and brawn that had succored Patric through divers and vicious set-to's in the squared circle in and about the environs of Packingtoun.

In such a wise did Patric abandon the strenuous yet remunerative calling of the pole-axing of steers and assume the new duties of higher education. Now was Patric loath to leave his native heath, for before him lay the tearful parting with that tall, sweet and charming maid, hight Cerise, whom he had met by happen-stance on one of his amorous junketings up and down Halsted Lane. Patric nathless, solaced himself in this wise: "I adore Cerise beyond any damosel in this wide world, but I do not value her more than myself. How silly! No, I have divers painted and antique canvases to collect and sundry yachts to accumulate ere I adventure out of this world and into the next." Then Patric with ashen-hued countenance did as was requisite in a manner not to be mentioned.

And Patric, in his first year at this freshwater university, wishing to follow after his own thinking and his own desires, dispatched a missive to the Hearst courier native to that hamlet, asking for the magic incantations necessary in the making of success. Full-wroth was Patric when he had broken the seal and consumed the contents of that childish and asinine reply.

"Never will I submit to such drudgery and such honesty, but always will I follow after my own thinking and my own desires, though they lead me through thickets of thorn and into places foul with mire," said Patric. And so Patric made dillance unto a perversely colored, curiously clad and amiably minded co-ed and soon she and Patric plighted their troth. From her did Patric ask for the Gonif magic of success, and in low-voiced love-tones, and with certain gestures and rites that shall be nameless, did she impart the primary fragments of mystic means that should give success unto mighty-thewed Patric of the Bull Neck. Patric, as football material, and so ravished from within the walls of Packingtoun, vindicated with victorious skill the prophecies made by those sleek scouts who had ferreted him out. Many a youth on many a gray November day was wracked and twisted by heroic Patric on the gory gridiron.

By the Eve-like wisdom of Gloria Swansong, his first year inamorata, did Patric accouter himself in rough tweeds imported from the land of the wizened Picts, and in rich worsteds brought from the grimy by-ways of Loundontoun. For a like reason haunted he the marts of devotees of the tonsure, and indulged he in countless hair-cuttings, and in curious massages, and in other beautifying treatments. All frolics and dances were assiduously patronized by this broad-shouldered, nimble-footed and handsome boy, and soon he became a name to whisper in awe as that of a select dandy, an established man of muscle, and even as a student of learning. For wisely and with the advice of his fair counselor did Patric with supple servility ingratiate himself with his instructors. In such wise did he change from uncouth peasant yokel into a perfumed and curled courtier at the court of learning. By the beginning of the second year Gloria had become peevish when Patric admitted, in answer to jealous inquiries, that he did not find her quite so beautiful, nor quite so wise as Cerise had been; but this, as Patric showed, could not be expected or rectified. For there had never been any one like Cerise; and it was quaint of anyone to believe otherwise. Mayhap she had now taken on the appearance of a dear chimera, the object of all his youthful illusions. For Cerise, while on a tour of investigation for the Vigilantes de Morales, and while refreshing her timorous spirits in the Entertainers' Tavern in the Afric jungles of the southern borders of Packingtoun, had inadvertently stopped the slugs sped by some dusky denizens of those jungles in one of their many duels, and sweet Cerise had abruptly departed this life.

Now by the benign ruler of the vast kingdom of Amerigo was promulgated a writ whereby the cover of the football was changed from pigskin to cowhide. Patric of the Bull Neck did thereby attain unprecedented honors carrying that cowhide sphere across many and divers goals. For Patric of old was well acquaint with cowhide, and so well did he acquit himself on foreign fields that a far-famed university situate in the province of Orientalia made princely offers that dwarfed the petty promises made by a young and flourishing university situate in the province of Occidental. Shrewdly did this big-boned son of Media accept the golden proffers of the effete sons of Orientalia.

And the name of Patric was oft emblazoned in inks of scarlet across the sheets of town-criers and his slightly vacuous yet arrogant features appeared with others of like ilk among the portraits of those epic heroes annually chosen to grace the mythical All-Amerigo eleven. For four full years did Patric of

the Bull Neck grace that gallery of Homeric gods, and for those four years did Patric make mighty miracles in the Olympic lists and athletic carnivals. And full well was he recompensed for his onerous physical toil, for he was now counted a comrade by the pliable scions of the wealthy barons of Orientalia.

Through his past gridiron triumphs in the province of Orientalia, for Patric had now secured the sacred sheep-skin, and through the machinations of various obese and beef-faced alumni with hard eyes and bulging wallets, and who were of high estate, Patric became one who was fawned upon by the puny-bodied stock-brokers, and was given the keys to their coffers. Through the adroit juggling of stocks upon the golden informings of those same moneyed barons of Orientalia, and through his precarious yet profitable wagers with the harpies of the turf, yea, in such wise, did Patric annex broad lands and great palaces and kingly retinues, and in this manner did Patric of the Bull Neck swell the yellow stream that flowed from the chests of the income-tax warden into the regal hands of the King of Amerigo.

And now did the moneys of Patric appease all his material desires, for he now became a patron of the arts and purchased first editions, and likewise did he become a religious follower of the social calendar and followed its seasons from the coryphee-lined sands of the Beach of Palms to the Land of the Piping Rock and Porte Nouveau. The buccaneers and boot-leggers of Broadpath procured tuns of good red wine for him, and vans of whiskey were seen in an unending procession going to and from the rear portals of his Riverbank chalet, and his Avenue Five hunting-lodge. From these pleasancess he waxed fruitful of voice and caroled many a roundelay, and he spent his idle hours in playing a curious harp from Jerusalem, and in ecstatically winding the whirling product of the brain of the wizard Thoum, son of Ead. But he was satiated of that poisonous charade of primitive pleasures and pagan delights, and was unable to forget that benign angel of Halsted Lane: for he saw that all who have known life must suffer death.

And Patric pensively courted death by seeking marriage, but though his lawful spouse changed overnight from a mute and shining paragon into a shrewish and vixenish matron, and though she wearied one by the wagging of her tongue, Cerise kept no diary and she oiled no ivory mounted pistole. So, though the name of Patric of the Bull Neck was not heard in the loudest shouts of the town-criers nor written by some sickly clerk in the long records of the court of divorcement, Patric dreamed of the headless horseman Death, and hoped for the stabling of his nag within the garage and among the cars of Patric. And he who first thought that happiness was the true desire of man, and who later thought that dissatisfaction was divine and would hold old age at bay, he who dreamed these visions cast back and remembered that health had brought him Cerise, and Cerise had brought him confidence, and confidence had brought him fame, which brought him wealth, and that wealth had carried with it material assuagements, and . . . and none of these contented him. And that upstanding and adamant Patric who bridled under hampering conventions and sought success by following after his own desires . . . why he is grown old . . . now he has become dead and grown silent of tongue.

Now do they of Amerigo tell how Patric of the Bull Neck rode with Death from the broad acres of Patric's estate on the bank of the Hudson into and through the dark and gloomy underground tube until they came to the stream of Lethe across which lay the land of oblivion, or Jersey.

* * * * *

Patric roused from his noonday nap and fell to the task of speeding the souls of steers into their particular Nirvana. And as he became preoccupied in and devoted all his energy and artistic exuberance to this task, two richly attired and indolent youths watched with fascinated yet sophisticated eyes the coiling and writhing muscles that slid beneath his rosy skin as Patric felled steer after steer.

Thus it was in the old days.

QUATRAIN

PHILIP SPACE

Oh, Wind and Earth, who make the Spring,
Because I've lost no little thing,
Will you with all your careless pow'r
Awake my love for just an hour?

'Horrible' Dictu

FRANK D. CRANE

It seems about time that a voice should be raised in protest against the cavalier manner of handling foreign languages prevalent in student literary efforts. I do not refer to the Sky-rocket Column or the Octopus, which have a certain license to manhandle all languages, including our own. But in the Wisconsin Literary Magazine, one might expect at least a reasonable degree of accuracy in quotation, and of syntax in composition.

With which slight preamble, let us turn to the March number of the "Lit" and feast our eyes upon "Des Effondrilles," by Gaston d'Arlequin. The article purports to be a criticism of various "Lit" poets, written by a Frenchman in his native language. I say it purports to be written by a Frenchman. What else can we think of one who says "In Europe we say—," who refers to himself as a "foreigner," and later as "*nous pauvres francaises*"—which means: "we poor French women," a comic touch probably unintentional on the part of the author. It is quite evident, however, to anyone with an elementary knowledge of French, that the whole thing was composed in English, and subsequently translated word for word, in utter disregard for the French idiom, and probably with the aid of an only fairly reliable dictionary. Our friend Gaston, who in real life is a charming youth and no mean chess player, is not wanting in hardihood, thus to venture a literary criticism which shrieks so loudly to be criticised itself.

What do people of literary judgment, people who understand French, think of Wisconsin literary ability, when they find, in the sixth line of this gem, the bald atrocity, "*la Amerique?*" Will some student of French 1A arise and point out the gentleman's error? Such a prolific poet as our author should know that

lines of poetry, in French, are not *lignes* but *vers*. He speaks of a "jumble of poetic expressions," "*lesquelles sont parfaitement incroyable, incontestable et incomprehensible.*" A pleasantly alliterative phrase, but, unfortunately, not wholly faultless in technique. In the best French, it is customary for predicate adjectives to agree in number with the substantive they modify. Let us pass on as hurriedly as possible. We are at last informed that "*nous pauvres francaises fonda, il y a longtemps, une ecole,—*" Would it not be more artistic to have a plural verb following "we poor French women?"

In indicating a few of the more glaring errors I have endeavored to omit any which might possibly be typographical. I make no comment on the worth of the opinions expressed. But they must be priceless indeed to warrant their presentation to the public in French that the lowliest student in Elementary Composition would blush to perpetrate. We are not informed whether the title "Des Effondrilles"—"Dregs"—refers to the verse criticised or to the criticism itself. It may be noted in passing that Gaston d'Arlequin takes occasion to deplore the literary taste of the university. After reading such a travesty as "Des Effondrilles," it is quite likely that others will share his opinion.

Is it too much to ask that writers who make use of foreign languages at least conform to the more elementary rules of grammar? That they do not burst forth in French comparable to the Latin of Sganarelle? Latin? Look at "The Holy Kiss," by Elizabeth Katz, in the February "Lit." "It ended, *horrible dictu*, at the altar." *Horribile dictu* is right. Yes, HORRIBLE DICTU IS RIGHT!

UNE CHANSON DE SHELLEY

ALFRED GALPIN, JR.

("Music, when soft voices die—")

Les douces voix s'éteignent, mais leur harmonie,
Dans l'oreille de l'âme, vit en trembletant.
L'air visiteur, de la violette languie,
Respire la senteur.

La lys morte enrichit de ses feuilles fanées
Ton lit, ma belle; ainsi à ton éloignement
L'Amour mêmes, sur l'oreiller de tes penées
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Wild Life in the Jungle

FRANK D. CRANE

"I went to the animal fair,
The birds and the beasts were there—"

Very much so. Cockatoos, parroquets, mostly with large, hooked beaks; monkeys and jackals, whose protuberant probosces and oscillating front feet gave them a weird and yet singularly familiar appearance; a zebra, ashamed of his stripes, and disguising himself, with considerable success, as a donkey; a handful of those odorous cats which are reputed to be Polish,—a most distinguished gathering, and all screeching, chattering, howling, braying, and miauling simultaneously in a gloriously inspiring cacophony. A venerable hoot-owl presided over the assemblage. When he spoke, everyone was silent. Likewise, when he was silent, everyone spoke.

For a moment the tumult ceased, and the Grand Hooter held forth.

"Creatures," he said eloquently, "fellow members of the animal kingdom—"

"I object!" A mud-colored jackal jumped with agile grace to his hind feet.

"What is it, Schmaltz? Ain't you an animal?"

"Sure I'm an animal. A free-thinking, free-yawp-ing animal! Do not think you can muzzle me! I stand for free speech!"

A loud outburst of applause followed this pertinent and original statement. Cries of "Free screech!" "Free yawp!"

Schmaltz bowed modestly and continued:

"As I was saying when interrupted by the plaudits of this discerning assemblage, I object not to the term 'animal,' but to that hideous, that unspeakably monstrous word 'kingdom'! Kingdoms! Sinks of historical iniquity, charnel-houses where the blood of the masses has been squeezed out drop by drop, damnable strongholds of those murderous, sharp-fanged beasts—Law and Order! Down with kingdoms!"

Uncontrollable sensation in the mob.

"Down with kingdoms!"

"Down with republics!"

"Down with government!"

"Down with everything!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of these impassioned cries, rendered, as they were, with faultless technique and appropriate gestures. Howls and delirious screeches gathered momentum in a sublime crescendo which gradually took the form of a frenziedly exalted chant.

"Ho for brotherhood of man!
Ho for freedom everywhere!
(Scotty Nearing, Kate O'Hare)
Down with laws and working days!
Down with everything we can!
(Lenine, Trotzky, Big Bill Hayes)
Ho for brotherhood of man!
Yawp! Yawp!"

After this each one gave play to his individual imagination.

"We are oppressed!" screeched the cockatoos.

"We are cast down and trodden under foot!" brayed the zebra!

"So am I," I muttered feebly, and crawling out from under, I made my escape.

* * * * *

"By the light of the moon, the big baboon
Was combing his auburn hair—"

It seemed to be a difficult, not to say delicate operation. He was gazing earnestly at his reflection in a pool of water while he manipulated a refractory cow-lick above his right ear. He looked up and saw me. I thought he might be startled, but his features expressed nothing but cool disfavor.

"What an uncouth being!" he ruminated audibly, and resumed his tonsorial activities. From a nearby olive tree he took a handful of oil and poured it copiously over his head. Ascertaining with a tape measure the exact center of his scalp, he parted the hair and plastered it carefully down on each side. Then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he put on his hat and coat and came up to me.

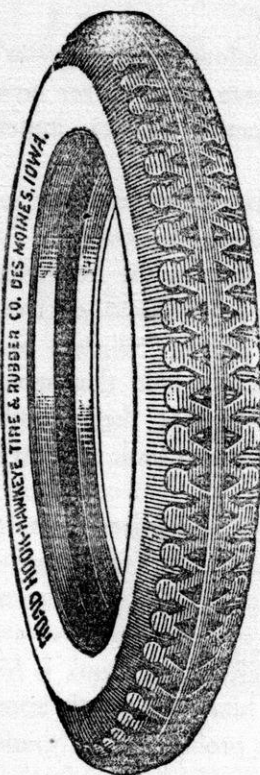
"My dear fellow, you look simply awful," he said, wiping the perspiration and olive oil from his face. "Where have you been?"

"I think it was a club meeting of some sort," I replied. "I did get a little mussed."

"You should take more pride in your appearance. Look at me! I consider myself a model of simian neatness and beauty. And do I take pride in it? Do I!"

I had to admit that he did.

"Remember the old proverb," he went on paternally. "He who subdueth his own air is greater than he who taketh a city." I must toddle on now; dancing at the badger's house tonight. So long, old dear."



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"The monkey he got drunk;
He sat on the elephant's trunk—"

This was the most stupendous and impressive spectacle it has ever been my good fortune to witness among the primordial creatures of the Island of Poo Poo. Imagine an assemblage of ponderous, venerable, dignified elephants, seated in august concourse, bald, for the most part, with the colossal elephantine baldness which comes with age and long rumination, thick-skinned, gray, and majestically imperturbable. There was something admirable, something magnificent, in their hugeness and immobility. One in particular, a veritable monster, whom I took to be the Great Trumpeter of the herd, was almost epic in his gigantic impressiveness. And before him, cowed, trembling, and praying for the inspiration of a Mowgli or a Tarzan, stood the monk.

"Humph!" said the trumpeter solemnly, consulting a paper on the desk before him. "Failed twice in Evolution. Poor in Cocoa-nut picking."

He folded his arms judicially and leaned back in his chair.

"Reports would seem to indicate, young monkey, that your scholastic deficiencies are habitual and irremediable. The attitude which you have consistently taken is one which I cannot too heartily deplore nor too severely condemn."

The monk shivered hopelessly, overcome with fear and dread.

"However, this is not the worst. You were in a

state of excessive drunkenness. And, while in this condition, *you sat on my trunk!*"

The hapless victim quailed before the trumpeter's glaring eyes. The other elephants were nearer now, bulking still larger in the deepening gloom, imperceptibly closing in.

"Do you thoroughly appreciate the enormity of your offense?" the great pachyderm thundered. "It would seem not. Know, then, that in the beginning elephants had no trunks, and were distinguished from common animals only by their superior wisdom and sagacity. But as they very properly held themselves in great esteem, it was inevitable that they should acquire a certain air of hauteur, which took the physiological form of proboscis recession. In common parlance, they turned up their noses at the lesser animals. But the more the nose was turned up, the more it grew down over their countenances—and these magnificent appendages with which we are now encumbered are the result of this process. The elephant's trunk is his pride, his dignity,—and woe to him who sitteth upon it! Not more sensitive was the proboscis of Cyrano de Bergerac, merely to look upon which was death."

Lo, the poor monkey! His terror was pitiable. The huge beasts had crowded so closely around him that he was no longer visible, but I could distinctly hear his teeth chattering. There was a moment of sinister, pregnant silence; nature itself was stilled, waiting, heavy with portent.

And then—

"The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,
And that was the end of the monk."

INTERLUDE

L. G.

She left me a caress
So lightly laid
With loving tenderness,
Almost afraid
Of wounding.

My heart is troubled now—
I fear Love's cold;
For words have lost, somehow,
The truth of old;
And yet—

Oh, Love was kind to me
In many ways
When I cared not to be
Forewarned of days
Unmet.

She left me a caress
So lightly laid
With loving tenderness,
Almost afraid
Of wounding.

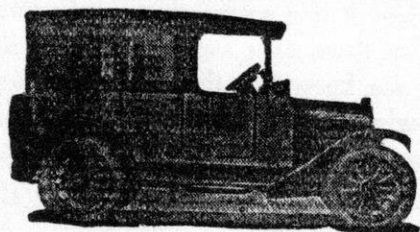
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Six Days Shalt Thou Labor

MARGARET EMMERLING

She was a slim, white person, who moved without touching the things she passed, without ever letting her fingers play on the back of a chair by which she stood; she was noiseless and serene. Her eyes might have been dull, but the curve of the lashes gave them expression; they had a questioning look. That was the only flaw in a picture of decorum. Sometimes she would catch a glimpse of those eyes in the glass when she was arranging her thin hair in its knot, and they would give her a little start of surprise.

If you had watched her sedate progress as she walked down the street, observing her quaint dress and the steadfast forward gaze of her eyes, you would have said to yourself, "She's a pious soul—pillar of the church, loves little children, Ladies' Aid, and all that," and you would have passed on, satisfied with your ready understanding.

But Miss Whiting never went to church at all. She might have gone, long ago, before she came to Madison, but she had never been seen in a church in that city. And that was quite natural, for she spent her Sabbaths in a manner that was, to her, far richer. It was strange that no one in Madison ever gossiped about Miss Whiting's want of piety, for certainly it was conspicuous enough in a lady of her position. But if the wife of a professor of history were walking to church with the wife of a Madison lawyer, and they passed Miss Whiting's square stone house, they probably gave the matter only one passing, sad thought. If they heard her reading aloud, within, they looked at one another and smiled, but they did not criticise. There was a rumor of austerity in Miss Whiting's tone, sometimes, in her conversations with the ladies of the town, and occasionally, a sharp, observing flicker of her eyelashes. One did not criticise her.

"Stella Whiting doesn't seem to grow old," one of them might have remarked on that Sunday morning. "Fifteen years she's been here now in Madison, and she's just the same willowy, neat person."

"Must be something about the way she takes life," perhaps the other replied. "Well, she hasn't any children to worry her." And then they would have continued soberly to the First Presbyterian church, or the First Baptist, or whatever church it might have been.

Meanwhile, the lady in the square stone house was indulging, as far as she could ever be said to indulge

in anything, in her especial Sunday rite. Let no one dare to say that Miss Whiting did not observe the Sabbath day! It was to her the day of days. Throughout her week she waited for the seventh day with a dully aching desire which was the heavier because it was suppressed under her hard and smooth decorum. There was no reason why she should not keep the Sabbath day every day if she chose, except this, and with the pale, calm lady this was everything: that she knew it was not prudent. She knew (oh, she knew!) that these days might grow dull if they came too often; she knew that the odd, winy flavor of them would slowly become flat and flatter. She was quite alone; her life was touched only on its outermost fringe by others and their calendars, but she knew that she must guard herself punctiliously, and live her straight, white life as sharply as if she were in the midst of society. Miss Whiting knew herself well.

Of course there was nothing mystic about Miss Whiting's rites of the Sabbath day. There was no foolishness in them. There was nothing external to do. She was always impeccably neat, and her clothes were always unusual; no one had been able to put her finger exactly on the point of difference—"old fashioned" was quite inadequate. So she was ready when her particularly delicious day came. It was probably on Sundays especially that she observed the questioning look in her eyes, the look that came, partly at least, from the upward curl of her lashes.

She would walk soberly into her library, with lifted head and tightly drawn lips. Perhaps she would pause an instant before entering, that her expectation might rise to its peak. Within, she would close the doors with quiet precision, and then, suddenly look about her with a brittle smile of great wisdom, which dignity could not suppress. Surely it was seen upon her face at no other time. Only on the Sabbath.

Then she would walk to the West Shelves. On other days, Miss Whiting might have sought the North books, and spent a fruitful morning with Plotinus, or the later Neo-platonists. She had discovered rich material in the tenets of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola and his dizzying mystical excursions. On any other day she might have worked with her treatise on Anti-Intellectualism from Plato to Rousseau. But today, of course, her only thought was of the West Shelves.

Most often it was Juvenal she would resolve upon.

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There had been Sabbaths when the stray fragments of Archilochus which she had been able to procure seemed the only possible thing for her mood, but most often it was Juvenal. For hours she would sit primly in her chair reading aloud the savage verses of that "satirical rogue." She did not blush over his indecencies; she did not recoil from his savageries. He

was bitter; she liked him. She read slowly and thoughtfully; she read with infinite enjoyment. She worshipped the swift boldness of his gibes. Sometimes she would read a single satire aloud three or four times; of course she knew them by heart.

It was then, of course, that the ladies would be most likely to pass her house on the way to church.

Poems in Prose

FRANK GRAY

LIFE AND ———

The streets were already gray with shadows, and hushed, as though the city were resting for a moment between the labors of the day and the electric delirium of the night. I had been walking aimlessly, when I found myself confronted by a broad open vista, where the canyon of the street opens out at the entrance to the great bridge which spans the river.

I paused for a moment. The river, turgid and filmed on the surface with oily streamers, gurgled sullenly around the massive stone piers, and brightened like polished metal as it narrowed in the distance. Far out beyond, where black factory chimney's thrust themselves into the skyline, the dusky fires of an autumn sunset were washed clear across the horizon.

In the shadow of one of the cement buttresses of the bridge, huddled a legless beggar. His clothing was tattered and of an indiscriminate color; his face was whitened by a gross stubble of beard; his hair escaped in stray wisps from beneath his battered hat.

As I turned to look at him, he snatched his hat from his head with a familiar movement, and extended it toward me. "A little help for an old cripple, Mister? Just a nickel or a dime?" His voice whined sourly; his eyes gleamed with expectation, as I fumbled in my pocket.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

In a pleasant dooryard, just off the noisy dusty highway, sits a little child, playing in his sand-pile. His curly head is bent absorbedly over his task of moulding and patting the sand into tunnels, and walls, and houses, and cities.

The sights and sounds, all the many and various spectacles of the world, pass by on the highroad; yet he does not heed them.

The sun shines warmly down through the branches, dappling the brown sand with glimmers of light and shadow. A bird chirrs sweetly overhead—breathing into his song the sheer gladness of living.

But the child sees none of these things. His brow is fretted with a serious frown; he is oblivious to all save the work of his hands—for is he not doing the most important thing in the world?

Years pass by like days. The sandpile is deserted now. All the play cities and castles that once patterned its surface are crumbled away by the wind and the rain. But the sunshine still lingers pleasantly there; and the bird (or his grandson) still sings his song of life.

The child has grown up. Now he sits before a desk all day long, absorbed in his calculations and records—for is he not doing the most important thing in the world?