The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXIII, Number 6 April 1924

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April 1924

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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How Mother Nature Was Put to Shame

Vol. XXIII APRIL, 1924 Number 6

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIII | APRIL, 1924 | Number 6

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is published during the scholastic year by students of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The editors will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and are especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Manuscripts may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom hall, the Union building, or mailed to the editors, 752 Langdon street, Madison. Manuscripts must be typewritten, and a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed if the return of the manuscript is desired.

Editorial

THE purpose of the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is closely akin to that of every other college literary magazine ever established: to ferret out the best writing being done in the community of which it is an expression and to publish it. So far there is nothing new and nothing startling, nor shall there be. Its editors believe inherently in the power of the written and spoken word and design to make that power felt here as elsewhere. But they are instinctively conscious that behind the *word* stands the *idea*—that one is complement of the other. They thus formulate the first tenet of their theory of literature: nothing is worth writing about that is not supported by the definite groundwork of thought: in plain words, they believe it is folly to write when one has nothing to say.

A word about these editors. The best characterization is usually brief: they are optimists, but not idealists. They see many things in life that are sordid and nauseating; they are conscious that much evil is campaigning against the happiness of humanity. But they see these things in their true proportions, along with the encouraging and inspiring aspect of that life, and they confidently believe that the latter is in the majority. Many of the evils they recognize as chronic ailments: in this case it is rather to alleviation than to elimination that they would devote themselves. From such a source they draw their second theory: literature need not be morbid, risqué, or falsely realistic. Or for that matter over-sentimental or melodramatic. That kind of writing is too prevalent to be ignored, but it need not be fostered. That is why the editors propose to bar it from the pages of their magazine. Anyway, they believe that their readers prefer something else.

For that matter, so do the editors themselves. After all, they are only ordinary human beings among whom the preference for apple pie and chocolate eclairs is about evenly divided, but who express a decided penchant toward pineapple sodas. They chalk up the usual number of grade points at the end of each old semester and make the customary resolutions at the beginning of the new. They use Mrs. Ayer's brilliantine and sometimes prefer Palmer's *Gardenglo* to Coty's *L'Origan*. None of them has ever read the Bible from cover to cover, not even in that crafty diablerie of the pecuniary publisher, *The Modern Reader's Edition*, but each has read at least *Hamlet* and *Treasure Island*, and in less wary moments, *Tom Jones* and *A Sentimental Journey*. They gaze with fond glances on yellow slickers and varicolored belts, and many times are tempted to push aside the literary business of the day to discuss "that new formal in Loken's window." Much of the foregoing is, of course, innocent hyperbole, yet it is not in vain if it establishes its point: that the editors are a normal crop of undergraduates closely akin to the group for which they write, and whose sympathies and interests are automatically enmeshed with those of that group.

They have, nevertheless, sacred ideals and convictions as to what their magazine should publish. To the budding author's question, "What do you want?", they are tempted to answer, "Anything." Yet they qualify the reply, consciously or unconsciously, with the admonition that the "anything" must be the result of sound and honest work, devoid of sham, and refulgent with sincerity. The editors are no coterie rejoicing in the esoteric conviction that they know which particular brand of literature is the best, but they do believe that they are automatically qualified by their position to recognize the good and separate it from the bad. That is the formula upon which they shall work, and under which they solicit manuscripts, (typewritten, of course, as stated on the masthead: sometimes they think themselves fond for belief in such utopian dreams.) Once again — clearness, sincerity, and above all, an idea! Also does this apply to poetry, which modernly has a tendency to perplex rather than to inspire. Good poetry rarely comes to the editorial sanctum; there is much poor stuff, but the intrinsically excellent is rare indeed. The poetry shall be both intelligent and intelligible, and enigmatic only in exceptional cases—for the novelty of experiment.

There has recently been much ado about co-operation between the English department and the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE, in spite of the undeniable fact, as was recently pointed out by a reputable professor in said department, that the two enterprises function with different aims and objects. Nevertheless, occasionally the same geological specimen can bring down two members of the species avis. That has been largely the case in the present issue: The stories "Bayou Billy" and "A Canadian Ghost" served an original purpose as themes in Mr. W. B. Cairns' class in Narration; "Peter and Sophy," "The Story of the Man Whose Dinner Was Late," and "A One Act Play" came into being after assignments by Mr. R. E. N. Dodge in Advanced Composition; "Counting Sheep" and "The Solitary Wasp" were written for Miss Helen C. White's group in Junior Comp, at the time with no ulterior motive. To these faculty members, our editorial thanks.

It has also been suggested from time to time that articles in fields other than literature would be well received. With such a purpose in view the article by Professor Fish is presented. In such a category, too, must be placed the article on Glenn Frank, timely because the editor will soon come to Madison to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address.

Of the rest of the contents of the present issue, little remains to be said. The dramatic and musical reviews are frankly an experiment—an experiment which, it is hoped, will culminate successfully; at present it is largely embryonic.

And now a word of reiteration—to find the best campus writing, to publish it, to foster and develop creative and critical literary senses and appreciations, and to be in all things diligent and indefatigable in the search for excellence—this is to be the high purpose of the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

J. F. W.

How Mother Nature Was Put to Shame

In Which the Evolution of Cosmetics and Womanly Wiles Are for the First Time Revealed

BY MILTON H. ERICKSON

MANY, many years ago, Mother Nature held supreme rule over all the earth as the greatest of all artists. Long had she reigned and well had she reigned; yet it came to pass that she, once the most wonderful of artists, was put to shame, and by one who owed life itself to her, and was, in fact, her greater masterpiece—the greater because Mother Nature had created two masterpieces. Wondrous works of art were they, yet so strangely were they made that neither was a masterpiece without the other. The first of these two marvelous works was man, and Mother Nature had made him big, and rough, and shaggy, and awkward, and strong, and brave, and simple, and faithful. The companion to man was Woman, and Mother Nature had made her small, and shy, and timid, and wonderful, and beautiful and trusting and loving, and Man wanted her, and loved her, and adored her, and great was their happiness, for Mother Nature had made them to live together. Greatly pleased was Mother Nature, and proud was she of her work, and of the joy and happiness that it caused. Yet, though she knew it not, she had failed most wretchedly, horribly in her work, and because of her failure was she put to shame. And Woman it was who did the mighty task of shaming Mother Nature, and well did she do it.

Long had Man and Woman lived happily together, and daily did the joy and peace and love of their souls increase. Long content was the simple heart of Man, and long content was the loving heart of Woman.

Yet there came a time when the heart of Woman was not content, but sorely troubled, and then much did it question her concerning the gift of beauty that Mother Nature had made and bestowed upon her, and long did she ponder: Were it perfect? And then one day, she noted Man's joy and pride in looking into her eyes, and though she knew that they were beautiful, for Mother Nature had made them so, and Man had told her so—yet often she questioned: Did they not lack something wherewith to make her beauty perfect? And she went to her favorite mirror-pool, and there she

> **SACRIFICE**
>
> BY OSCAR RIEGEL
>
> I THIEVE the scarlet from the tinted days
> To wind your throat with burning roses,
> And I shall not be sad to miss the flame
> And show, when drearily day closes.
>
> I seize the throb of fragile-pulsing hours,
> The crystal beat of bird-wings flying,
> And when (too soon) I lose the pounding song
> I shall not grieve for echoes dying.
>
> So drink my toast, a cup of jingling stars,
> To seal the night with singing laughter,
> For I shall not grow sad beneath the sky
> To feel no star-shine on me after.

saw how greatly she could enhance their charm and her own beauty by changing their expression, and by moving them a little, just a little this way and that. Straightway she went home, and greatly delighted was she when she found how readily she could use her eyes to attract Man, and with them how easily she could make him glad, and perplexed, and sad, and amazed, and troubled, and anxious, and wistful, and happy. And Man, artless Man, understood not this new enchantment, but greatly was he allured by it. And thus was added to the charms of Woman the wondrous art of Ogling, the first great improvement upon the work of Mother Nature.

For many days was Woman content with her newly invented gift, and often did she go to her mirror-pool to practice and perfect it. But one day while there, looking at her reflection, and thinking of how good Mother Nature had been to her, she thought she heard Man coming, and she blushed to think that Man should find her there.

But even as she crimsoned she saw how marvelously beautiful that swiftly-coming, swiftly-fading flow of color made her, and then she realized how wretchedly Mother Nature had failed in giving her but a poor, temporary blush. And forthwith she found some pretty crimson berries, and she crushed them, and daintily, delicately she stained her soft, velvety cheeks with the scarlet juice, and then happily she ran home to Man. But Man, simple, stupid Man, was amazed, and much he wondered about that permanent blush of innocence of Woman's, for he knew not that it far surpassed the ephemeral, transient blush that Mother Nature had created.

And thereafter, day by day, Woman went to her mirror-pool, and there did she study her reflection, and hard did she think, and long did she labor changing and perfecting the work of Mother Nature. Once it was by playing with a bit of soft, powdery white clay that she discovered she could make her soft smooth white skin even more soft and white and smooth. And again, it was by thinning and darkening her eyebrows, and still again, by deepening the scarlet of her lips that she multiplied her beatuy. And always after each new and wonderful improvement would she go home to show Man how much lovelier she had grown.

And at last Woman,—with her hair that had once been only soft and silky now beautifully waved and twisted; with her eyebrows that once had been only slender and curved now thinned and arched; with her eyes that once had been only true, and frank, and sincere now filled with multiple, and conscious and alluring expressions; with her cheeks that once had been only smooth, and white and pink now smooth, and powdery, and rosy; with her lips that once had been only soft and dewy now bowed and scarlet;—stood forth new in herself and self-perfected while Mother Nature, as well she might, hung her head low in the shame of her work.

The Story of the Man Whose Dinner Was Late

Which Proves Precisely That Such Things Should Never Be

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

MARK was on his way home from the office. He only half saw the people in the street and the cars and the police. Every day he came home by the same route. His mind was busily gathering in the loose ends of the day's happenings. It ran quickly down the list of tasks completed, and conned over again the set of tasks left over for the morrow. And in the background hovered the expectation of the evening.

He would find dinner ready and Alice waiting there, ready to listen with more attention than understanding (which situation he enjoyed much more than if she had been of the kind of women who listen with more understanding than attention)—to his ponderous conversation. He would eat and play with Smuts for a few minutes—then read the paper and smoke while Alice washed the dishes. The evening would develop into one or another of their standard evenings. Either an "at home" evening, a "company" evening, when some couple dropped in and they played bridge, or a "visiting" evening when they did the dropping in,—there was never much variety. The theatre, perhaps,—but Mark had not secured tickets this evening. He hadn't thought much about it. If Alice had a plan, perhaps he would make no objection.

The noise of the streets and the serious clatter of his little car, the street-crossings, his own easy comprehension of the traffic-director's signals,—all these filled him with a pleasant sense of belonging to the very life of the city. He felt himself typical of so many of the city's successful men. He liked going home when all the other men went home. He liked staring straight ahead with concentrated seriousness. He liked being definite about his turnings without seeming to think.

The Richardsons lived in an apartment that was very successfully located upon a prosperously quiet avenue. It was in a very modern apartment building, brick, with two long parallel rows of sun-parlors down its front. Mark's apartment was on the fourth floor. He parked the car and took the elevator.

He had long since forgotten to marvel at it all. He was busy, important. At the office there were things that waited for his hand, and people who asked his opinion. He could not conceive of its going on without him. As for his home, —his wife,—these things had to be. A busy man's dinner should always be waiting for him. He was in a very bad state. He had forgotten how to wonder.

Alice had been his wife for seven years now, and there was not much illusion left. Hers was a gentle nature, complement to his. She still appealed to his vanity, but no longer to his sense of romance, if, indeed, there were any romance left in him. She kept his house and cooked his meals. He loved her, in his way. She had become a habit with him, but he had never found in her anything with which he could converse, and think deeply at the same time. She would be waiting.

He did not notice the elevator boy, and the ride up caused no sensation what-ever. It was only when the door of his apartment would not open to his brisk touch that he awoke in a measure to the immediate present. Locked! He was annoyed. This was unlike Alice. He found his key and opened the door.

One entered the apartment by stepping into the living room. The inevitable fireplace was there. There had never been a fire in it and even the gas logs were out of commission. The over-stuffed furniture, the grand piano, and the floor lamp spelled home to Mark, even though he knew that in any of his friends' homes the outline was essentially the same. The paper lay at his feet instead of conveniently upon the table. This, too, was unusual. He snatched it up roughly and tore the top page. He hated torn newspapers. Throwing it upon a chair, he strode into the dining room.

There was nothing upon the table, except a linen scarf and a bowl of "wandering jew". Mark stepped to the table and tapped his knuckles upon it, breathing a little hard. This was really going a little too far. A busy man's dinner should always be waiting for him. Where in the deuce was Alice?

"Alice," he called. Smuts came bounding to him from the direction of the sun-parlor. Smuts was a small Scotch terrier, and he barked softly. Mark pushed him aside with his foot and flung open the swinging door to the kitchen. But Alice was not there. She was not anywhere in the apartment. And there were no signs of any preparations for his dinner.

Mark suddenly felt himself very hungry. He burst into the kitchen and stared about him. What was the woman thinking of? It certainly was a little thing to ask, one's dinner, after one had spent a whole day slaving—yes, slaving, down there at the office. And he was hungry, darned hungry! Well, he'd get his own meal. He didn't quite know where to start, but there had to be hot water for the coffee. He snatched the tea-kettle from the stove, filled it, and lit the gas. He burned his finger, and he was not quite sure whether water had to be heated before or after one put the coffee in. He swore,—and swore again, louder. Smuts wagged his tail and panted.

Mark looked about him again. It was a modern kitchen, lined with white cupboards and bins. Once he had known it rather intimately. That was when he and Alice had been married only a year, and he used to help her wash dishes Lately, since he hardly ever entered the kitchen, it had become unfamiliar, as unvisited rooms do. He looked about with a sense of discovery.

He wondered where a meal came from. In the cupboards were rows of strange cans and jars, filled with unfamiliar substances. A bag of oranges was the only clearly recognizable food. He did not want an orange. In novels, anyway, food was always kept in the icebox, so he opened the icebox. There were two cold chops, greasy,—some milk, butter, eggs, a few worn pieces of cheese and a bottle of ginger ale, a bowl of stale gravy, and some celery. He decided upon a chop. After a few bites, his anger, which had been forgotten in curiosity, welled up again. He threw the chop away in disgust and abandoned the kitchen with Smuts at his heels.

He considered eating out. There was a cafe not too far away. But he did not

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A One Act Play

In Which Familiar Characters Enact a Short and Familiar Drama

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

THE scene is laid in a very messy living-room. At the left stands a piano, its top loaded with photographs and other ornaments. A table in the center holds magazines, a sewing basket and articles of sewing, and a few books. Near the back is a "sofa" of ancient design. There are chairs scattered about and in one of them sits Uncle Fred, reading a newspaper. He is thin, pale, almost an invalid. Mrs. Edwards, a portly woman who frizzes her hair about her face with paper curlers, is bustling from the door at the right which leads to the dining room to the door at the back which leads upstairs. She pulls the chairs into place as she goes along, reaches the door, opens it, and calls.

CHARACTERS
UNCLE FRED, *Dora's Uncle.*
MRS. EDWARDS, *Dora's Mother.*
GRANDMA.
ERNEST.
DORA.

MRS. EDWARDS: Mother! *(She repeats this call in a very loud voice.)*

UNCLE FRED: Say, Carrie, did you see what it says about Mis' Brant?

MRS. E. *(Still louder)*: Mother!

UNCLE F.: Say, did you see this about Miz Brant's brother dying and leaving her five thousand dollars? Did you?

GRANDMA *(Coming down the stairs)*: Did you call me, Carrie?

(She is old and very wrinkled, but her tightly drawn thin hair is still light-brown. She is slightly deaf and hears only what she chooses to hear.)

MRS. E.: Yes. Ernest will be here in a few minutes, mother. Shall I help you pick up your things?

GRANDMA: Who?

MRS. E.: Ernest. It's Monday night, you know.

UNCLE F. *(Rattling his paper)*: Carrie, did you—

MRS. E.: Yes, Fred. I saw it this morning.

(She and Grandma begin to pick up the sewing things which lie about the table and put them in the basket. Enter Dora at the right. She is young and pretty with very curly black bobbed hair. She has been wiping dishes in the kitchen and still wears an apron.)

UNCLE F.: Say, Dora, did you post my letters?

DORA: Gee, Uncle Fred, I forgot. *(Hastily)* I'll post them in the morning on my way down town.

UNCLE F.: Well, I don't see why you couldn't post them when I told you to. What did you do all day, anyway?

DORA: Helped Gramma, didn't I, Gramma?

MRS. E.: There's Ernest now. Hurry and get that apron off, Dora.

(Grandma has settled herself in a rocking chair and has begun to read the Woman's Home Companion. Uncle Fred looks at Dora disapprovingly and then turns back to his paper. Dora stuffs the apron behind the sofa, goes to the door at the back as if half inclined to run away. Exit Mrs. E.)

MRS. E. *(off stage)*: Come right in here, Ernest; I guess we won't bother them so very much. *(Enters, bringing Ernest. He is a rather good-looking youth with a high pompadour of bushy black hair. He carries a music roll.)*

ERNEST: Hello, Dora. Hello, Mr. Dawson. Hello, Grandma.

UNCLE FRED *(shortly)*: Hello.

(Grandma turns as if vaguely aware of some sound. Her face lights up as as she sees Ernest and she holds out her hand.)

GRANDMA: Hello there, Ernest.

(Dora has said nothing. She stands rather awkwardly in the middle of the floor.)

MRS. E.: Now you come right over here. Dora, I want you to sing with Ernest.

(She pushes the young people together and seats herself upon the piano bench. Ernest unbuckles his roll and produces some music.)

DORA: But mother, I haven't practiced.

MRS. E.: That doesn't matter. Ernest and I won't care, will we, Ernest?

ERNEST: No'm.

(Dora sulks.)

UNCLE F. *(so loudly that they all start, excepting Grandma)*: I see where the bus to Escanaba is going to stop running.

GRANDMA: What?

(Mrs. E. plays a few chords and Ernest begins to sing in a rather good tenor.)

ERNEST: "When you come to the end dova—"

MRS. E.: No. That's wrong. *(singing)* "When you come *to* the end dova—" See? Come on, Dora. *(playfully)* Don't make us do this all alone.

ALL THREE: "When you come to the end dova per-fict day" etc.

UNCLE F. *(shouting)*: I say, mother, did you send my blue suit to the cleaners?

(Grandma hears nothing. The music stops and Mrs. E. and Ernest discuss in low tones something about exercises.)

DORA: What did you say, Uncle Fritz?

UNCLE F.: I said, did you send my blue suit—?

DORA: Yes, I guess so. I saw it all done up in a bundle.

(She wanders away from the two at the piano.)

MRS. E.: Dora, will you play this?

GRANDMA: What?

DORA: It's me, Gramma. *(patting her shoulder.)*

(She goes over and plays.)

ERNEST *(sings to a rising scale)*: Ah . . . ee . . . oo . . . .

(Mrs. E. leaves at right. Dora stops playing and looks up at Ernest. They laugh.)

ERNEST: Gee, I hate this stuff.

DORA: Don't you, though? Did you see the game this afternoon?

ERNEST: I'll say I did. Great, wasn't it? But we shouldov won.

DORA: We certainly shouldov. But that one kick was just perfect. I think Carl is a wonderful player.

ERNEST: Do you? S'funny, so do I.

(He smiles as if he had been very clever. Uncle Fred prepares to leave, putting his glasses into their case.)

UNCLE F.: Goodnight. *(And he stalks up the stairs.)*

(Dora and Ernest watch him go.)

ERNEST: Heard some news today.

DORA: Did you? *(Pleading)* Tell me!

(Ernest signs toward Grandma questioningly.)

DORA: She won't hear you. Go on.

ERNEST *(in a low voice)*: Willie Welsh is married to that Polish girl.

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Woodrow Wilson

A Biographical Sketch, Together with a Short Commentary on the Man and His Works

BY CARL RUSSEL FISH

WOODROW Wilson was born in the South, and as a boy passed through the strain of the Civil War and the welter of legislative corruption during the Reconstruction period. Optimistic and forward looking, he was of the New South. He did not regret lost economic institutions, he accepted national sovereignty, and he saddled his hopes on the promise for intellectual distinction offered by the newly organized John Hopkins University at Baltimore.

At the University he was a marked student. His fellows admired him, his professors expected great things. Neither, however, were taken into his confidence as to the chief work which the University called for, his doctor's thesis. Conceived by himself and worked out largely from human material in nearby Washington, it came as a surprise to all, probably the most important doctoral dissertation in the field of history and political science which has as yet been produced in America. Entitled *Representative Government*, it for the first time showed the American people how Congress does its work and the relatively greater weight of discussions in committee than those of the floor.

Out of these experiences were derived his political views. As devoted an apostle of democracy as Lincoln, he distrusted representative government, but he would emphasize the executive, whose responsibility could be readily located, and which he believed to be generally more representative of the will of the whole people. His great admiration was for Jefferson, the great president, who by the voice of reason, led the government throughout his two administrations. Naturally, he adhered in politics to the Democratic party, whose successes had come chiefly under the direction of strong executives, Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland.

He devoted himself at first to education and became president of Princeton. Here he attempted to accomplish his life purpose by his accepted method; that is, to establish a greater spirit in the life of the institution through executive leadership. The forces opposed to his plans were strong and the probability of his success was not great, when he was called from the field of education to that of politics.

He became a candidate for the governship of New Jersey at a time when twenty years of debate had given the American people a definite conception of what they wished done with regard to certain economic followers, but when opposing interests were still able to prevent the enactment of these policies with clear-cut laws, and to embarass the execution of laws passed. He proved to be unmatched in his power of formulating the wishes of the people into a program of action, and in inspiring a united determination to secure results.

Elected governor of New Jersey, he forced his program through an unenthusiastic legislature involving continued and incessant popular pressure. The "Seven Sisters," as his measures were called, constituted perhaps the most complete program of economic reform adopted in any state. They made him the logical candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1912. As president he dealt with Congress in much the same manner as he had with the New Jersey legislature. With growing public confidence behind him, he was chiefly responsible for as well balanced a group of measures dealing with domestic questions as stands to the credit of any national administration. It was largely on this accomplishment that he received in 1916 the extraordinary compliment of a re-election in contest with the re-united Republican party, which he had defeated in 1912 only because it was divided.

It is in connection with this election that one charge is made against Mr. Wilson, which is widespread, but devoid of all validity. In 1916 the Great War had been going on in Europe for two years and the United States was still neutral. Some of Wilson's supporters urged that he be re-elected "because he has kept us out of war." Shortly after his second inauguration he led the country to take part in the war, and this is held as evidence of bad faith. It appears now, from the most intimate revelation, that Mr. Wilson still hoped in November 1916 to preserve our peace, and to re-establish that of Europe. It is more important that even if he had expected war, he was as president absolutely debarred while peace was still possible, from making any statement to the effect that conditions might make it impossible for him to continue to keep us out of war.

Juster criticisms concern the negotiations for peace. These are two-fold. First, his policy of assuming personal responsiblity for negotiations, instead of appointing as had been usual, a bipartisan commission, is generally believed to have been a mistake. This must not be considered as an isolated question, but as a result of his life long belief in the responsibility and leadership of the executive; a belief reinforced by the intoxicating success which it had brought to him and his cause in the preceding eight years. He certainly was not ambidexterous in his political strategy, but from one method by which they have there are few men who deliberately turn from one method by which they have achieved great things to another which they have not tried.

No decision of his own, however, could prevent his being thrust, when he reached Europe, into a position which was new for him and which his experience had not fitted him; that of cooperation with equals, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando. His attempt to appeal behind them to their peoples failed because he had not the established confidence and common knowledge on which he had relied in America. No one could have inforced his will on such a group. How far Wilson failed in the contest of wills has been judged chiefly in the difference between the Peace of Versailles and his ideals. In common fairness it should be estimated also on the difference between that treaty and the purposes of other negotiation—as evinced perhaps in the recent war time treaties.

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Peter and Sophy

Relating How a Fussy Little Wife Won Her Point About the Cabbages

BY BEATRICE SELLERY

"PETER," said Sophy meditatively, taking her gentle blunt nose out of the book she was reading, "I do wish I could persuade you to plant cabbages this summer."

"Er—gumph—*(a growled response to his wife)*—Haw! Haw! Haw!" *(merry chuckle refers to his reading matter)* replied Peter.

"Peter Birdwhistle, you are not even listening to me." Sophy's little brown ringlets shook indignantly.

"Eh? What's that? Cabbages? Well, Sophy, my dear, you know perfectly well that I do not care for cabbages—cooked or in their natural—ah—state." Peter passed a hand over his well-thatched silver head and smiled in absent fashion; his eyes clung eagerly to the page before him.

"Peter—Peter—but the guinea pigs do not care for radishes. I really cannot make them cultivate a taste for radishes; perhaps the flavor is too strong—I have tried and tried, and cabbages are so dear! If only you would plant me one little row of cabbages, Peter? I'm sure you would not mind it—" She sighed an amiable little sigh. What use, after all, was there in bringing up this matter? Peter, as far as cabbages were concerned, was consistently adamant. Yet every summer she would hope against hope—

Sophy recrossed her little pink embroidered slippers and went back to her book—it was a very thrilling book about Feudal times—barons, and keeps, and dungeons. She did not look her threescore and thirteen years; her hair had very few grey threads in it, and she wore it youthfully, parted in the center.

"Haw! Haw! Sophy, my dear, this is a very odd idea—they call it 'Spine motion'—quite amusing."

Sophy came back with a start. "Spine Lotion? Peter! You are reading advertisements again!"

"Motion—not lotion!" Peter looked a trifle ashamed. His unaccountable fondness for the extraneous matter to be found in the outer pages of perfectly good story magazines always amazed his wife. "'By this totally new method'," he quoted, "'a man may easily rid himself of from ten to twenty years or more. Send for our booklet with full explanations and photographs'." His grey eyes sparkled. "It does not cost much, Sophy. It would be interesting—to be twenty years younger."

> **TWO MOODS**
> BY FRANK JONES
>
> I
>
> SONGS are not of the present;
> Their essence is of the past.
> And they leave me somehow yearning,
> With a sorrowful, poignant burning
> For pleasures which could not last,
> Pale pleasures, forever past.
>
> II
>
> I SHALL weave flowers in her unflecked hair,
> And we shall dance all night together.
> Cherry bloom is frail and fair!
> And what will it matter tomorrow whether
> We have stripped the tree of its blossoms bare?
> Flowers should be picked in the mad spring weather:

"It would seem a little queer," suggested Sophy thoughtfully, "to have you so much younger than I. Do you really think, Peter—"

"Oh! It may be used by both men and women," said Peter hastily. "Naturally, my dear, we should get young together."

"But I am quite comfortable — as I am." Sophy Birdwhistle had a little smile on her soft pink mouth. She glanced at the old clock, ticking rheumatically over the mantel, and placed a grey worsted book mark between the pages of "Geoffrey, Baron of Broadlands."

Amelia entered with a bound; she bore a lamp in her hand and on her face an expression both determined and good natured. The look she cast upon the two old people was almost maternal.

"Be very quiet, Amelia, and be sure to see whether Jobina is resting well."

"Yes'm, Mis' Birdwhistle," returned Amelia in a hoarse whisper. She crossed the room on her stout black sateen legs and opened the screen door softly. The warm June night breathed in—the melodious chorus of tree toads and crickets swelled hysterically. Amelia moved over the lawn toward the hutches, a thick, dark blot in the gloom. Her mistress stood at the door, silhouetted against the light.

"Amelia! Amelia!" she called. "If Jobina is crying I shall go myself." Out of the corner of her eye she saw Peter carefully clipping something from the magazine. The dark spot loomed large again. Amelia came in, her shoes wet with dew.

"They ain't no more noisy than usual," she proffered. "Nor Jobina waren't squeakin'."

"Do you think it threatens rain?" enquired Sophy anxiously. Amelia scanned the starry heavens solemnly, and—"Can't say's I do" she admitted with the utmost candor.

Early one morning a few days later, Sophy was outdoors as was her wont, tending the guinea pigs; she gave them all fresh water and a quantity of chopped cabbage. Their little cages and huts were scattered all over one side of the lawn; a few of them Peter had constructed of wire netting and shingles. Robert Ostler, next door, had built several other excellent dwelling places, which were occupied by the guinea pig aristocracy—above all, Jobina. Sophy was very proud of Jobina, a great, fat black and white beast with a placid disposition and of a highly prolific nature; her name was not without its significance; more than one of her numerous broods had met with swift disaster from over-fond juvenile admirers and stray dogs. The Birdwhistles were childless—Sophy bore for Jobina a deep respect and even envied her a little.

Mrs. Janet Ostler threw the usual morning greeting across the white board fence. "And how's all the little creatur's this fine sunny day?" she queried. "Ay—but they sound happy!" The squeaks and grunts of the ravenous pets as they absorbed their breakfast indubitably denoted contentment, and Sophy agreed pleasantly. She looked charming in a fresh gingham apron, fondling Theodore—a handsome veteran whose interesting white hair grew in numerous little rosettes or spirals all over her body; Theodore's round nose quivered incessantly and her red eyes followed the plump

hand with the cabbage leaf intently. Her name, one need hardly mention, was a slight error. Theodore was many times a grand-mother.

"Peter was mentioning as he went past," continued Mrs. Janet, "about that there book he's getting—as makes a body twenty years younger. What do you think of the idee, Sophy?"

"Why-y-y, I *do* hope he will not be disappointed," said Sophy slowly. The two women exchanged meaning glances over Theodore's unconscious head.

"Well, I must be gettin' back to my wash," said the good neighbor. She carried her portly figure briskly across the grass and Sophy heard the door slam. She looked just a bit wistful—crossed over to the radish bed and looked pensively at the rows of plants in all stages of growth — some coarse, straggly and quite gone to seed—some with firm red roots, and some were green dots in the earth—those Peter had planted only last week. In the vacant lot over the fence was a little heap of dead withered things —products of Peter's gardening which had gone to waste. Too bad! Now if it were cabbages——

She selected a fresh radish from the bed, washed it optimistically and offered it coaxingly to Theodore. Theodore's round eye was reproachful. Pollyanna, a sleek yellow pig and notoriously greedy, scorned the proffered dainty; her offspring scampered away disdainfully. Little Mrs. Birdwhistle heaved a deep breath and tossed the discarded vegetable upon the burial mound, where it lay drooping among its brethren.

"Good morning, Sophy! Where is Peter?" Mrs. Vandercamp paused under the shade trees that fronted the Birdwhistle domain.

"He has gone down to take some of my books back to the Library," replied Sophy, "and—" she hesitated. "He's going to stop in at the Post Office." A smile lightened Mrs. Vandercamp's dignified features—then she had heard.

"Ah—of course. I heard about his little idea. Really, my dear Sophy, don't you think that patent medicines at his age—?"

"It is not medicine but exercises, I believe," said Sophy with outward calm.

"Ah—yes. To make him twenty years younger. Well, really, Sophy, it could be what we might call a reversal of nature. If I were you—," but Sophy desperately changed the subject. Peter, after all, was Peter. What he wished to do, he should do! A few minutes later she slipped into the house, hunted up the "Chronicles Monthly," and flipped the pages until she found the advertisement of "Spine Motion." It was embellished by a photograph of "Herbert Fleetwood, originator," and labeled "A grand young man of seventy-five." Sophy studied the picture judicially. "He does look younger than Peter," she confessed, "but," she added complacently, "he is not nearly so handsome."

"Oh Mis' Birdwhistle! You hoo!" Sophy went out slowly. As she had expected, Edith Solway, spinster, was hanging over the gate.

"What," giggled Miss Solway, "is this funny thing I been hearing about your husband? How he's going to get himself youthified and be just as spry's a cricket again!" Her voice was raucous with delight. "My, my, you never *can* tell, can you? That's a true true word!" Sophy did not hurry to reply, but her inquisitor seemed satisfied with a monologue. She leaned over and poked Pollyanna with a bony forefinger. "He! He! You oughto try 'Spinal Moving' on some of them fat pigs," she suggested, while Pollyanna scuttled to the other end of the hutch in dignified disgust.

"Good mornin'," said John Egbert with a twinkle in his eye. "Li'l present for Mr. Peter Birdwhistle," and he handed over a slim square package. John Egbert had "heard the news," with all the rest of the village, and a mail carrier has certain advantages. Every house on his leisurely route received tidings that Peter Birdwhistle's "Spinal Motion" junk had arrived at last. Now how soon would they begin to see the change? How young would he get? Controversy ran high and hilarious.

Sophy alone remained calm. Her mouth was firmly set—even a little grim. Her Peter was too precious—she did not wish him hurt or even teased—but then again — cabbages were very dear — she had never known the price to run so high.

Amelia had to be most sternly repressed—her head behaved like the lid on a kettle of boiling water.

Peter's enthusiasm became less outspoken; he sat in an easy chair and studied his book through and through —looked at the photographs and waxed reflective. But "twenty years or more!" He urged Sophy to try it, too, but she said she preferred to watch him first—she knew so little about it.

At eight o'clock that evening Sophy gravely pulled down the shades and closed the doors into the sitting room. Peter had said that he would require space. Sophy then examined the pictures. "You had better remove your shoes —an socks too, Peter," she advised.

"Ah—yes," said Peter. There was a faintly worried light in his eye. Slowly he assumed "Position No. 1," on hand and feet—back arched high! It felt rather foolish and the blood rushed to his head—he was glad that only Sophy was there.

"Now you bend," said Sophy, her eyes on the text.

Some things may bend, but others can only break—Peter made a valiant effort, but he crashed down heavily.

"Ookh!" he exclaimed as the breath was dashed from his body.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" and Amelia, fond but disobedient, dashed from the door near which she had been hiding and hastily endeavored to lift her prostrate master.

"Let me go, girl!" cried Peter, his face deep purple. "That was part of the exercise," and desperately he tried to cover his naked extremities.

"Amelia, you may leave the room," pronounced Sophy Birdwhistle coldly, but there was a glimmer in her eye. Reader, were it not better for us to leave the room likewise—close the door softly and trust our friend Peter to his Sophy and to the instruction of Mr. Herbert Fleetwood, originator?

The Birdwhistles invariably arose at six. This morning however, Sophy, exhausted by the fevers of the evening, overslept. She was aroused finally by sundry grunts and moans from the recumbent figure at her side.

"Peter!" she cried solicitously.

"Sophy, my dear," he muttered, "my rheumatism again!" Sophy glanced quickly out of the window to see a radiant morn.

"Your bad knee, dear?"

"It—ah—seems to be all over me." A groan of agony escaped him as he raised an arm to indicate the extent of his misery.

"And to have it come to-day, when I've just started that splendid course—Spine Motion—make any man from ten to twenty years younger—eh Sophy?"

"It is a great shame," said Sophy gently. She met his accusing eye serenely. "I will bring you some breakfast and fix you up. I suppose Amelia can attend to the pigs for once—cabbages are *very* dear," she concluded in faraway tones.

"Ummm——Ugh ! !" said Peter.

"Nice day, ain't it?" Mrs. Janet Ostler looked admiringly at the guinea hutches which her worthy husband and Peter had recently whitewashed. An August sun

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James Joyce

A Critical Study of the Man and His Mooted Works

BY S. G. A. ROGERS

ALTHOUGH Joyce has written a book of verses and a play, his most characteristic work is contained in his three volumes of prose fiction—*Dubliners*, *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Ulysses*. Through them we may follow the process of his growth, the stripping away of all that was not himself, the discarding of all influence that could not be creatively assimilated, to make room for the violent expansion of his own originality.

Dubliners appeared in 1914. It is a collection of sketches and short stories, through which we get a sense of the dingy world of Dublin's lower middle classes, a world of taverns and boarding houses, of petty clerks and loafers and ward politicians. Already we find an avoidance of artificial emphasis for the sake of mere "point." There are no ready-made effects, whether of humor or pathos or surprise. The style is restrained and clear. Though it attracts on the whole little attention to itself, it strikes one here and there by the directness with which it presents some physical image. Take for instance this description of a middle-aged clerk addicted to drink: "When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-colored, with fair eyebrows and moustache. His eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty." More rarely occur flashes of lyric beauty, beauty both of sound and picture. The following paragraph reveals, I think, that Joyce was already an exquisite artist in the arrangement of words:

"It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. —It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly on the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, on every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead."

The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man is the story of the revolt of a sensitive mind, eager for spiritual cleanliness and beauty, against the squalor of the world described in *Dubliners*, and its struggle to steer its way unaided through the ferment of adolescence. Even more striking than in the earlier book is the power both to etch upon the reader's brain a physical impression almost brutally immediate, and to evoke, through a caressing beauty of phrase, the glow of emotional response that comes to us as a rule only through poetry. Pure narrative or plot interest, never allowed to distort reality in *Dubliners*, is here completely sacrificed. But what perhaps chiefly marks the emergence of Joyce's personality is the directness and courage with which he follows the stream of his hero's mind even when it carries him through depths, at once intimate and universal, that modern literature has conventionally agreed to ignore.

Despite their individual color, the stories in *Dubliners* show after all no essential difference from the methods of Chekkov. Gertrude Stein and Dorothy Richardson had attempted, before Joyce, to render directly, if not completely, the flux of human consciousness. *Ulysses*, in scheme and execution, is quite new.

When I say that it is new I do not mean that it owes nothing to the past; but that whatever derived elements there may be have become so thoroughly absorbed and transmuted in Joyce's brain that their final fusion gives us a work that is essentially new and personal. Critics have found in it affinities to Rabelais and Swift, to Flaubert and Dostoievsky, but none that I have read, even its most savage detractor, has denied its immense originality. Few have denied its strength.

Ulysses relates a number of ordinary events in the lives of three people during one average day. To do this, in the manner that he wishes, Joyce requires over seven hundred large and closely printed pages. The scene is still Dublin. We see once more many of the figures who first appeared in *Dubliners*. Stephen Sedalus, the youth whose spiritual conflicts composed *The Portrait of the Artist* and who is obviously Joyce himself, plays an important part. The main character—the Ulysses of this strange Odyssey—is Mr. Leopold Bloom, middle-aged, in the advertising business, fleshly, easy-going and vulgar, a living individual and at the same time a type of mediocre sensual humanity. A few sentences from the book will explain both its general scheme and its title: "Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves." *Ulysses* is the tale of Bloom's voyage through himself, through the deeps and spaces of his own mind, and of the sirens and giants, the shades of the dead, the hosts of the living, that he encounters, the shipwrecks and escapes that he experiences. Through Bloom, Joyce has tried to give us completely the inconceivable variety and confusion of human consciousness, unsifted and unarranged.

Though he has humor, penetrating wit, and a rare sense of ideal beauty, Joyce sees life on the whole fiercely and darkly. Life Swift and Baudelaire, he is haunted by the spectacle of man's uncleanness. The central chapter of *Ulysses* is a long description of an orgy in which Stephen and Bloom both take part amid a rout of characters, some of them real, some of them personifications of the images and desires that surge uninhibited through the dizzy minds of the two intoxicated men. At the revel's height it suddenly becomes unreal to Stephen—ghastly, a dance of death. The image of his dead mother rises. "Repent, Stephen," she says. "I pray for you in the other world.— Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn." The revelers notice that Stephen is strangely white. The mother, with smouldering eyes, threateningly continues: "'Repent! O, the fire of Hell!' She raises her blackened, withered right arm slowly towards Stephen's breast, with outstretched fingers. 'Beware! God's hand!' A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning

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Bayou Billy

Which Shows That the Tragic and Comic Find Their Places Even in the Life of a Big Mallard Drake

BY ROSWELL H. STINCHFIELD

DUSK was settling over the shallow lake. The chill wind that was shifting into the northeast bore hints of storm. It was late fall, and the stillness all about was cheerless and melancholy. No frogs lent their contented croaks to the last drowsy chirps of marsh birds, as in the spring. No crickets sang merry little tunes for dancing fireflies, as in the summer.

Bayou Billy, the big Mallard drake, bobbed about uneasily. Two or three times he had settled himself in a cove formed by two overhanging bushes which he had chosen for shelter. With his head tucked snugly under his good wing, he had tried to forget his anxiety. But each time the nervous, slender neck with its irridescent crown reappeared and craned in a longing survey of the South.

Almost three weeks had elasped since the little "V" which the drake had so proudly headed had wound its startled flight in that direction. He had come to the surface of the water just in time to see them disappear into the distant blue haze. The same sense of utter loneliness returned as he recalled their going and his vain efforts to follow. For Bayou Billy, crafty old leader that he was, had fallen victim to a sportsman's careful aim.

The days which had followed, although painful, had not been so lonely. Many ducks had come to the lake, and he had often been able to join some flock in the early morning or late evening in their joyous scramble for food. And the departure of each flock had left him spent and weary from his attempts to join them.

But no ducks came to the lake now. It was the middle of November, and he knew that most of them were already in their southern feeding grounds. He could picture them in happy throngs puddling about in the ooze which yielded so many tempting morsels, and basking in the sunshine of the many bayous and coves along the gulf coast. He was not with them, perhaps never would be again. The long gash in his right leg had nearly healed, and the soft flesh at the bar of his right wing had scarred over. But the three primary wing feathers which the bullets had ripped out, of course, had not grown again, and he was unable to fly. He could raise himself from the water, only to cut a small circle and fall again with a sickening thud.

There had been plenty of feed, and he had been unmolested by other sportsmen, for the lake was a lonely one, far from human habitation. But now instinct told him that the chill wind bore no friendliness. The morning before he had awakened to find tiny shafts of ice in the water about him.

When at last the deepening shadows obscured the opposite shore line and the sky had taken on that murky smokiness, impenetrable even to the keen eye of the wild fowl, Bayou Billy settled himself for the night.

In ironic contrast to the tragic despair which was settling upon this noble leader a keen exhilaration in the same elements was causing the blood to course warmly in the veins of another denizen of the wild.

The shadows and chill wind which had crowded Boyou Billy into his uneasy rest were awakening and stirring into action a beautiful, dark-furred mink living under an old stump on the east shore. His little mate snuggled her warm body close to him as he stretched in their cozy nest. But he was hungry. It was a good feeling and set his whole body a tingle. He raised his sleek head and then gracefully crawled over the edge of the nest and slipped into the cold water below. A few seconds later two greedy, bright eyes and a sharp nose appeared at the surface, piercing the gloom for sight or scent of anything which might satisfy his growing appetite.

Nothing was in sight, and the mink struck out, swimming near to shore with his head turned so that he could keep watch for any movement in the reeds or marshy grasses.

Bayou Billy's head shot up into the blackness as if it had been on the end of a powerful spring. Why he had been so startled he did not know. Perhaps it was just the uneasiness which he had felt all that day. Perhaps it was the strange ripple, ever so gentle, that had swayed his bouyant body. He listened with every muscle taut. Unmistakably

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WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

OPEN the garden gate, walk in, my heart;
What pleasant herbs are these that sweetly smell?
Must I return from whence I did depart?
The harsh, loud, crying world I bade farewell.

The garden shines with blossoms of delight,
The Lamb of God walks whitely through the grass,
Here with this little volume, quaintly bright,
I open gardens for my heart to pass.

Whose are those blessed figures clad in light?
What are the crimson flowers like raptures burning
Among the sacred lillies, cold and white,
Guiding my feet to paths of peace returning?

Ah, blessed A'Kempis, proxy for that One
Who is the Holy Garden's sacred Host;
He walks among your lilies, God's loved Son
Who is the Father and the Holy Ghost.

Open the garden gate, walk in, my heart!
What fires of peace! what sacred paths we took;
Enter the Heavenly Gardens, nor depart—
See, they are opened by a little book!

Counting Sheep

Being the Exposition of a Strategic Move Against Sleeplessness

By Clyde G. Strachan

One counts sheep, of course, to put himself or herself to sleep. The "of course" part of the statement has a sound of cock-sureness which might make one believe that I have followed the process as a cure for sleeplessness all my life. But I have not. It was only after two years at the University that I found the proper way to mind-herd my sheep; even then the task proved so interesting and exciting that my discovery threatened to enhance the very thing it was supposed to do away with.

As to my recollections of real sheep, I must say that there is nothing in them which one could consider conducive to drowsiness. I once spattered the ribs of one with part of a charge of small shot meant for a rabbit, and its sudden blat and scurry through the brush will always disturb my mind when I think of it. I have seen in Wisconsin a few bedraggled bands of them, wandering about their fenced-in confines in search of herbage missed in former nibblings. They looked weary enough to make one feel tired, and might be effectual as sleep-producers in spite of their lack of numbers, if it were not that my remembrance of them is so overshadowed by that of the huge flocks I have seen in the west. Anyone who has seen those western flocks would never connect them with sleep. Rather, men go crazy upon looking at them day after day, for they move about always in a thick cloud of dust, bleating incessantly and smelling strongly, and do foolish things suddenly and in unison. At the clipping pens their racket and odor and dust is such as to almost deaden all of one's senses except his sense of humor, which is a blessing, for there is the relief of laughing at them in their embarrassed nakedness.

I had all that as a background when I found it necessary to resort to sheep as an opiate. They would not work. I could not get over my recollections of them, and put them out on a plain, where I tried to count them. They milled about, and sections of the flock that I had blocked out and counted would spread, and mix with the others. I suppose that such actions on the part of my sheep indicated a lack of control over my mind. Those sheep certainly seemed to dominate my will-power, and I had to get up and smoke my pipe to dismiss them from my thoughts. Strange to say, it was the idea that I did not have control of my mind that finally sent me to bed and to sleep. For, I reflected, if, except for some fundamental instincts, my mind controls me, and I attempt to control my mind, it must be a struggle of my mind to control my mind, and——. Well, you can see where it would lead to. I might have substituted such a train of thought for sheep-counting, if I had not met a friend, a girl, the next day and told her of my difficulties.

"Why, of course, silly," she said. "You can't count sheep out in a field. Make them go through a gate, and count them one at a time."

"Oh, thanks," was all that I could say, for I was rather taken aback by my stupidity.

I tried her plan that night. Somehow it was difficult to make a fence, for I had not thought of large numbers of sheep in connection with fences. I finally built one, however, though I could not imagine a little gate in the long fence I had constructed across my mind. It simply had to be one of those wide ones, which you have to lift off the ground to swing open. In my first attempt I left it wide open, and the sheep crowded through in uncountable numbers. I was almost in despair when I suddenly hit upon the plan of closing the gate so as to leave only enough room for one sheep to get through at a time. They ran very fast, and I had to count fast, but I discovered that I could make them come from such a direction that they had to slow up and make a turn to get through. Very often two came up at the same time, and were stuck in the opening, which slowed up things somewhat; furthermore I had to concentrate very firmly on the gate to keep some of the sheep from jumping over the fence.

As I have said, the herding of my sheep was so interesting that it only kept me awake the first couple of nights. But since then I have learned to control my flock with an iron mind, holding it strictly to its purpose. Lately a dog has come upon the scene, and I am always glad to see him. For his arrival is always a signal of coming sleep; he appears suddenly, and in the middle of the flock of counted sheep. They scatter, scampering toward the horizon of my huge pasture, and go and go until they have drifted from sight.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT WILLOWSLEIGH

By Marya Zaturenska

John strolls out with Dorothy
While little Rose and Phillis play
At tea party; they seem to be
Quaint children by Kate Greenaway.

The small bell in the belfry showers
A golden and triumphant note.
The old men dream among the flowers
Or watch the white swans float.

Small boys go past the latticed shop,
Where old dame Madge sells cake for tea,
And chocolate creams and lollypop,
Which they sniff wistfully.

So through the noon in Willowsleigh,
The children play in merriment;
The lovers walk, and quietly
Their elders dream in slow content . . .

Till the sun fades, and then is heard
But the shrill humming of the bees
In old gardens, or a bird
Singing his heart out in the trees.

IMPRESSION

By Frank Jones

Autumn
Turned the leaves of one bent tree
To silver. Almost as spring might have done,
But it was not a joyous April silver.
Rather it was sad
Like the hair of old, old men.

Glenn Frank

A Glance Ahead Toward the Phi Beta Kappa Initiation and the Speaker of the Evening

BY ELIOT H. SHARP

GLENN Frank is coming here to talk to us next month at the Phi Beta Kappa initiation. He will speak to those who are not being initiated as well as to those, fortunate ones if you will, who are, just as Alexander Meiklejohn did last year. The subject of Mr. Frank's address has not yet been announced. Those who look forward to hearing him simply for the sake of what he will have to say consequently are unable to advertise him to their friends who are specialists in one line or another and would want to hear him only if he were going to talk about their pet specialties.

There are singularly few men of as much prominence as Glenn Frank who are so close in point of years to the generation which is now in the process of being educated. There may indeed be many who are equally close to our generation in sympathy and in thought but there are few who are only twelve years out of college who have reached such a position as the editorship of one of America's greatest monthly magazines. The view point of the undergraduate is still fresh in Mr. Frank's mind. What the undergraduate sees in the immediate foreground he is very apt to see there too, what the undergraduate sees on the horizon he will likewise have to look afar off to see.

There is another significant fact about Glenn Frank in connection with us. It is that he is a graduate of one of our near neighbors, Northwestern University. While Northwestern is not a state university, its students, particularly those of Mr. Frank's calibre, are very apt to know as much about state universities in the middle west as we ourselves know. Thus it is that Mr. Frank may well be called one of our own number, for he is close to us in age and in sympathy and in his knowledge of the midwestern point of view.

But he is more. He is at the same time a member of what we choose to call the older generation, so that while he looks upon us with the eyes of a companion, he also looks upon us with the eyes of a father. He stands midway between us and those who like to be regarded as the sages.

No one can talk about Mr. Frank today without mentioning The Century Magazine. It will therefore be of interest to know what events lead up to his appointment as its editor.

When Glenn Frank left Northwestern he had the honor of having won the Northern Oratorical contest for 1912. A Chautauqua immediately obtained his services and in a very short time he had made for himself the reputation of a great speaker. He wrote not a little, too, mostly on economic subjects and on various phases of the war and the effects of its termination. Then in 1919, when The Century was suffering a decline along with the other publications like and unlike it, Mr. Frank was asked to become its associate editor with the hope that new and young blood would revive the publication. He had written a series of able articles on economic liberalism, the peace treaty, government, and the church for The Century and these recommended him for the position. In March of 1921 he was made editor.

Just what has Glenn Frank accomplished during these years? What he did were things which any editor would have done in the natural evolution of things, what to a large extent editors of contemporary magazines were doing. The external appearance of The Century he changed by giving it a new and standardized cover, different paper, different sized type and a somewhat different make-up. The essential character of the magazine, however, he left for the most part unchanged. He has followed other magazines in adopting the use of wood cuts, of which The Century now carries many, instead of half-tones, and he has endeavored to print more articles on economic questions. As for fiction and general articles, they are still of about the same quality and quanity as when Mr. Frank took over the magazine, except as Zona Gale replaces Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and other similar substitutions have been made.

Concerning Glenn Frank himself there has been practically nothing written; we know only the bare facts of his life and only the facts of his character which can be observed in his work. We know that he is a stirring orator, that he is tremendously well informed and that his interests are exceptionally broad.

His great passion is to ferret out the forces which are leading the world wherever it is going and by so doing to ascertain where the world is going. To the dark ages or to a glorious renaissance,—in one of these two directions he is sure civilization is rapidly moving. But in which direction is the question. In endeavoring to picture the character of the future his interests turn primarily to education and the church. Both of these fundamental influences as he sees them are now entirely on the wrong track.

It is in his monthly editorials called "An American Looks at His World" that Glenn Frank now expresses himself. To this world of pessimists he comes as an optimist. There are many kinds of optimists, but he is of the real kind, the kind that basis its optimism on the two essential classes of knowledge, that which is gained from reading and that which is gained from investigation. He is not a "Day by Day, in every way we are getting better and better" optimist. Not by any means. He is not false but true, not blind but with seeing eyes wide open to what is going on. Our literature, he says, is characterized by a latent feeling of depression which is caused by fears, five in number, which he classes as biological, or the fear that the race is deteriorating: psychological, or the fear that the overwhelming power of the mass will stamp out the power of the individual; economic, or the fear that indutry is over-reaching itself; administrative, or the fear that the workings of government are becoming too complex—a fear which characterized Jackson's presidental supporters—; and moral, or the fear of "this wild generation". And so he says that "the next great spiritual renewal rests upon a bringing together into a new synthesis all the new spiritual values that have been thrown up as by-products of modern thought and investigation in biology, psychology, sociology, economics, political science and related quests of the modern mind." The acceleration of this spiritual renewal can be brought about best by education and religion, but not by the kinds of education and religion which exist today.

A Canadian Ghost

And Also What Happened When a Certain Very Young Scotchman Met One

BY JOHN BARNES

MY early life was spent on a farm in the heavily-wooded region of Bruce County, Ontario, about ten miles east of Lake Huron, the original hunting ground of Huron and Algonquin Indians. There redskins were still represented by the small Chippewa tribe ensconced on a reservation adjoining the lake some miles to the north.

The word, Bruce, suggests that the county was settled mainly by Scotchmen, and their names—Cameron, Campbell, McGillwray, McDonald, McLeod, McLean, McLennan, McTavis, McLeish, McDougall, McArthur, McKillop, McFarlane, McKenzie, McKinnon, McPhearson, McRae, McInnis, and McIntosh—give ample evidence that they were Highlanders. They were a rugged, stalwart, stock, necessarily unschooled in the lore of books, but possessed of a practical knowledge suited to the needs of frontier life. They brought with them the folklore of their Highland hills, which meant that many of them, imbued with superstition, believed more or less in banshees, ghosts, hobgoblins, haunted houses, haunted swamps, and haunted cemeteries.

My father followed close upon the heels of these pioneers, and settled on a farm on the twelfth concession of Bruce township bordering on Lake Huron, and extending its length eastward about ten miles or half way across the county.

Children who are reared in an atmosphere surcharged with Indian tradition, imbued with Scottish superstition, surrounded by the solemn silence of the primeval forest, are likely to be either timid and fearful, or bold and daring.

I was the first child in the Barnes family and exceedingly timid. But my first fears could not have been due to Indians, to superstition, or to the proximity of forests. Nor were they inherited, for psychologists maintain that infants are born with only two fears, the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises. However, that may be, while I was still crawling about the floor, I was frightened by my own shadow and terrified by a feather wafted gently across the floor in my direction. At four I still clung close to my mother's skirts, and seldom allowed her out of my sight. At seven I would not go out in the dark alone. Even in broad daylight I had to be escorted to the country school for a time by my father. I went with him only on condition that I should be allowed to sit between Annie and Mary Beaton, neighbor girls about twelve and fourteen years old. One hallowe'en there was a gentle knock on our kitchen door. I had no more than opened it when three white figures grabbed me and carried me out into the night. My frantic struggles and terrifying screams evidently frightened the ghosts, for they dropped me, and I rushed back into the house still screaming. An ordinary boy of my age, even in that neighborhood, would have been likely to say, "Aw, g'wan, you're no ghosts; pull off them nighties and let's see who you are." Later, an Irish neighbor, with patriarchal beard and long clay pipe to match, spent many a winter evening by our kitchen fire, spinning yarns, often interspersed with hair-raising ghost stories so awe inspiring or so terrifying that I could scarcely force myself to go upstairs to bed alone.

However, several years at school served to dissipate my timidity. Indeed, as the psychologist would say, I overcompensated for it. I developed a sort of dare-devil attitude in combination with a determined will. When I set my heart upon securing something or doing something, I was never satisfied until the securing or the doing was accomplished.

It generally dawns upon a boy before he is ten that there is no real Santa Claus. In much the same manner it must have dawned upon me when I was about fourteen, that in reality there are no such things as ghosts, hobgoblins, or haunted houses; that every so-called ghost would vanish if investigated. Arriving at this very positive conviction, I backed it up with a fool-hardy vow: I would personally investigate the first ghost that I chanced to meet. To my surprise and consternation, in less than a month that opportunity came.

I had learned that our genial neighbor, Bobbie Hay living about a mile nearer the lake, had purchased a pair of horse clippers (something new in the vicinity), and was practising upon the boys of the community, giving each and all who came to him a first class hair cut free of cost. Badly in need of a trim, and tired of the haggling process practised at home, I made my way one evening to the house of Bobbie Hay. He had returned late from town and was busy at his evening meal. Then his chores about the barn had to be done, and I dodged about after him with the lantern. Returning to the house, he seized his big clippers and asked me whether I wanted cut number one or number two, explaining that one was an all-over, close crop and two left a small forelock. I chose number one, and in about five minutes had the appearance of a youth after his first hair-cut in the penitentiary. As it was already nine-thirty, I reached for my cap, thanked Mr. Hay, and bade him good-night.

In this particular part of the township the farmers had pushed back an irregular timber line about eighty rods from the highway which ran straight west to Lake Huron, almost ten miles across the township. In daylight this highway was a magnificent vista sloping gently away toward the "big water" between two apparently converging lines of primeval forest—maple, beech, and hemlock. On a dark night the edges of these woods seemed to creep closer to the highway and form perfect ambushes from which natural denizens or sprite inhabitants might sally forth, and to which they might retreat with impunity. At such a time the timid wayfarer cast many a side glance into their dim recesses or, on the slightest sound behind him, peered into the darkness to see that a water-wraith was not stealing upon him.

It was on a calm winter's night late in January when I started for home from neighbor Hay's house with my penitentiary hair-cut. Snow had fallen to the depth of two feet and owing to the prevalence of rail and board fences, the lanes and crossroads had blown full. As was usual in the winter season, gaps had been made in the fences and sleigh roads led directly from the farmstead across the fields back to the woods, or out through fields on to the main highway. I started on the sleigh path leading to the main road. There was no

(Continued from page 22)

The Solitary Wasp

An Interesting Observation of Miraculous Things Constantly Going On Unnoticed Under Our Eyes

BY WILSON A. MORAN

A FEW years ago, I read a book, which had stared me in the face ever since I first began to rummage around in the closets at home. The title of it was "The Solitary Wasps". The reason for tucking it away in a closet with other odd books was probably the same which kept me from reading it when I was a boy. For it was a report of some entomological bureau, if there is such a thing; and while there were numerous beautiful-colored plates showing bright-colored wasps, the text contained so much that was technical that I am not surprised that I never even looked at all the pictures in my younger days.

But I found, when I was at last old enough to understand it, that the account of the habits of these solitary wasps was absorbingly interesting, and I read even the technical part of the book. I learned for the first time how to account for certain mysterious mud balls which I used to find in a boathouse I once owned. I broke open a few of these balls one time, and found them full of live spiders. The sight was so repulsive that I accepted at once the suggestion of my imagination, that these spiders were hatched out in the ball, and let it go at that. If I had examined them a little closer, however, I doubtless would have discovered a little white egg among the spiders: not a spider's egg, but a solitary wasp's. It appears that there are a number of different species of wasp which are not at all communistic, and which do not even make their solitary nests for residence purposes. They probably never see their young—or at least it is not their fault if they do—although they work frantically to provide nests for as many as possible. My book told me all about them—chiefly about the kinds which have a taste for spiders, and which variety of spider each kind prefers. It seems they sting their prey just enough to paralyze it, and store it away to provide fresh meat when the attached egg hatches.

I had never witnessed this atrocious deed, however, until last summer, although I have seen many a wasp making the sand fly in our back yard, and have poked straws down many a mysterious hole, in the hope of "getting a rise out of" what I supposed would be a spider. Even when I finally got a chance to spy on a solitary wasp at work in real earnest, I was too late to see her catch and sting her prey, which in this case was a grasshopper fully four times her own size. But I saw her bury the grasshopper, and the marvel of it has kept me amazed ever since.

This particular wasp was a handsome thing, small and black, as I remember, except her abdomen, which was a bright red; but she was astonishingly strong, and unbelievably active and dexterous. For her nest she chose an unpromising spot near the roots of a clump of bunch grass and at once, without any preliminaries, began digging furiously. As fast as the sand heaped up under her body, she would back up and spread it around, never pausing a second in her work except to run in circles around the nest, or to make an excursion to see if her grasshopper were safe. Any human being working so hard and unremittingly, and in such frantic haste, would have been completely exhausted in two minutes. Deeper and deeper the hole went, until all I could see at times was the sand flying up out of the hole behind her. But it was evident that nothing slipshod would suit her, for everything was done methodically, if swiftly. She pulled and tugged at the blades of grass that were in her way, scattered the sand away from the entrance, and repeatedly raced back to her digging after I had estimated that the burrow was plenty big enough for the grasshopper. As the nest neared completion, she made more frequent trips to the bunch of grass several feet away where the grasshopper was cached high above the casual glance of any other stray hunter.

The marvelously complicated system she followed made me unwilling to criticize her erratic movements when she went to measure the grasshopper each time, although it seemed to me that if her eyesight were strong enough to enable her to catch a grasshopper, and after she had made the trip several times, she ought not to have such a hard time finding her way again; or, if caution prompted her, there was no occasion for so much.

But at last she had made her nest to suit her, and she went to fetch the booty. Straddling across Mr. Grasshopper, she seized him by the "neck", and dragged him home. Head first into the whole he went. There was just room enough for both of them to get through the opening. She was gone for a few moments; but presently Mrs. Wasp appeared above ground, and in her decisive way reversed the movement of the sand, then dashed back into the burrow to tuck the sand around her victim. Again she reappeared, sent a little dirt flying back between her legs, and went in to pack it down Over and over the process was repeated, with a patience and industry that was a revelation to a lazy man. After the hole was completely filled and level with the surface, I thought surely Mrs. Wasp would be satisfied. But no; back and forth over the place she went, uncovering and artfully arranging every stick, straw, leaf, and blade of grass, smoothing the ground all around, until everything was precisely as she had found it. If I had not watched the whole proceeding, I would never have dreamed that there was any such maternal villainy concealed under that innocent looking bunch of grass.

When she was completely satisfied that her bloody footprints were erased, Mother Wasp flew away for a few yards, and, ceasing her restless prancing for the time, seemed to be nothing but an idle piece of uselessness of her kind; but I think she was just recovering her breath before continuing her diabolical career.

Bibliomania

The Critic Reviews the New Books

At the present writing we feel quite dogmatic, very self-assured, and not a little inclined towards the hyperbolical, whether negatively or positively so. Therefore we do not hesitate to proclaim "The Plastic Age" by Percy Marks as the best book dealing with college life that has yet been written. In reading it, one does not stop to consider style, one is only impressed with the great truth of the story. Mr. Marks, employing a keen scalpel, has slit a typical American college (Sanford College) up the belly; he has turned the college inside out, and exposed its innards, for better or for worse, to the readers.

Hardly a phase of college life escapes the author's notice: the short comings of professors, of the curriculum, of fraternities; drinking as she is now being drunk, petting parties, and worse than petting parties: all are mentioned and dealt with fairly, and in an unprejudiced manner. Mr. Marks, at present an English instructor at Brown, does not bother to take sides, he merely presents things as he sees them, and, which is of greater value, as they are.

The story takes Hugh Carver, a healthy, somewhat innocent boy from a small New England town, through four years at Sanford, a men's college. Somehow we cannot help feeling that Sanford is a badly disguised Amherst. Certainly it is not Williams, and we doubt its being Wesleyan.

During the Freshman year, Hugh comes in for his share of the hazing; of all his teachers, but one, Mr. Alling, a Latin instructor, who tells the class that Plautus was quite a naughty author, and then proceeds to translate Latin slang into its American equivalent proves interesting. Hugh, like so many others, is impressed with the childish insistence of certain instructors that the roll be answered in just one particular way. The football season and the hysteria of final examinations are well portrayed. At the beginning of the second semester comes fraternity rushing and pledging, with Hugh's inevitable fear that he will not make Nu Delta, his father's fraternity, and one of the exclusive "big three." Also there comes the inevitable dragging out of Baird's manual "a book on fraternities written by a non-fraternity man". "You can see where we stand. Sixty chapters! You don't just join this one, y'understand; you join all of 'em. You're welcome wherever you go." Or, "Only fifteen chapters, you see. We don't take in new chapters every time they ask. We're darned careful to know what we're signing up before we take anybody in." Hot boxes, and other things pertaining to rushing: Hugh undergoes them all. One of the big three, offers to pledge Carl Peters, Hugh's roommate in return for a "gift" to the house. At the end of the season both boys "go" Nu Delta. Before the year is out Hugh realizes he has made a mistake. The fraternity is divided into cliques that are forever fighting each other; the cliques unite only to merge against other fraternities in some campus political campaign. The inane initiation also adds to Hugh's disillusionment.

In his sophomore year Hugh is lucky to have a class under Henley, an English instructor, who never cares if he "razzes" his pupils, who frankly is disappointed in their writing themes always shouting the same old refrain, "Sanford is the best college in the world." Through the rest of the year and the two years that follow Hugh learns to drink and to pet, twice he comes perilously near losing his virginity, once he almosts picks up some bags who later are responsible for his roommate's leaving school, again during the drunken brawl during Junior Prom. He attends poker sessions and bull sessions, devoted to the two ever-recurring subjects: women and religion. In his junior year he becomes interested in poetry; the counter-current sets in, and the students abandon their sophisticated pleasures, and suddenly devote themselves whole-heartedly to their studies. At the end of his senior year Hugh graduates hardly knowing what he is going to do, completely recovered from the cynicism of his junior year, just beginning to realize the true meaning of Sanford.

Perhaps we have devoted too much space to the negative side of college life as seen by Mr. Marks: we hope not. Perhaps Mr. Marks has himself. Yet the good points of college life are mentioned also in "The Plastic Age." Again we say, this is the truest picture of college life that has yet been done. And on that point is based its merit.

We suppose that out of deference to the fact that Edna Ferber was brought up in Wisconsin, that she graduated from Appleton high school, and worked on the Post there, we should hold her in high esteem. But somehow we haven't done that. Her short stories were pleasing, but as far as lasting worth was concerned we steadily refused to mark them higher than a B—. "The Girls" raised this rating to a B. Now her latest novel "So Big" forces us to raise her mark still higher. A most humiliating thing: having to change one's opinion. It must be done, however.

Her one adventure into the field of dramatic writing, "Twelve Hundred A Year" written in collaboration with a male whose name has slipped our mind, lasted a very short time on Broadway. "Fannie Herself" written way back when we used to read the American Magazine (terrible confession) started out in promising fashion. The picture of Fanny and her early years in the small town of Winnebago is vividly done (Miss Ferber excells in character portrayal) but when Fanny comes to Chicago the story unfortunately takes a slump. We feel that Miss Ferber has always wanted to write a novel of Chicago that would sum up the intense life of that city. "So Big", although not totally devoted to Chicago, portrays sympathetically and accurately the growth of the mid-west metropolis from a gawky village in the eighties to the teeming city it is now.

Briefly,the story tells of Selina Peak, the daughter of a professional gambler. An orphan after a shot meant for another man kills her father, Selina gets a position teaching school in High

Prairie, a Dutch settlement ten miles outside of Chicago. It is in this transplanted miniature Holland that Selina spends the rest of her life except for an occasional trip to Chicago in the later days of her life. She falls in love with an impractical, slow-moving, slow-thinking Dutchman, the handsome Pervus De Jong; they are married, and then Selina's troubles begin.

They have trouble with the crops, and in spite of the handicap of her boy, Dirk (So Big), Selina works in the fields to aid her husband. Then Pervus is taken with one of his rheumatic attacks and dies. The rest of the story is devoted to Selina's struggle against poverty, and her struggle to educate the boy.

Perhaps we have not summed up the story as it should be done: the title leads the reader to believe that the story is written about Dirk. It is true that the last hundred pages are devoted in the main to Dirk, but the true protagonist of the book is Selina. Hers is a character that is clearly drawn with a fine amount of sympathy and restraint. And it is refreshing to find in these days of realistic books written in bad imitation of D. H. Lawrence's and Sherwood Anderson's sex—conscious novels a story whose ending is not wholly unhappy.

From the pages of Miss Ferber's latest book, characters, wholly new and interesting, come and go and reappear: Simeon Peake, Selina's father, August Hempel, a Clark street butcher, who, before the book is over, is king of Chicago's meat packing industry; many Dutch characters: Klaas and Maartje Pool, Roelf Pool, Jakob Hoogendunk, the Widow Paarlenberg; Mattie Schwengauer, the adult special at Mid West University; Dallas O'Mara, an attractive, girlish illustrator; General Goguet, a French war hero, totally bored with the receptions tendered him by Chicago society folk. All these characters are interesting and convincing in their reality.

Yes, quite frankly are we willing to mark Miss Ferber's "So Big" with a big, scrawly, "A".

For fully a year and a half since we entered this puissant seat of the higher learning in America and for two years before we satisfied Mr. Hiestand's entrance requirements, mystery stories have been untouched by us. This is not stated in a tone of vain braggadocia; this is not the conventional holier-than-thou attitude. Such reading simply hasn't been done this season or the past two seasons.

Our capacity for digesting the thriller used to be very great. Merely mention the word Conan Doyle, Arthur B. Reeves, Hornung, or Eugene Sue Gaboriau, and you were tabulated in our mental notebook as a person of keen literary acumen. E. Phillips Oppenheim, strange to say, was the only person whose books refused to pass down our capacious gullet.

Recently, in a desire to keep up with the progress of mystery we picked up "Rippling Ruby", one of the latest from the pen of J. S. Fletcher. It is getting to be quite a trite statement that there is no keeping up with Fletcher. Before one book is on the market, another is in the hand of the publishers.

Mr. Fletcher's rise in the past five or six years to the kingship of the realm of mystery has been a startling one; ergo, Mr. Fletcher's work must be investigated.

We are willing to excuse a lot in Mr. Fletcher. If he were an American, Mr. Fletcher's work might receive the Pulitser Prise, but we did not expect him to win the Prix Goncourt or be crowned by the French Academy. We realized that in writing as fast as he is rumored to write superhuman productions were not to be expected.

But with all these advances on our part, the book was a disappointment to us. Perhaps we picked Mr. Fletcher in an off-day mood. Perhaps more should be read before the final verdict is handed down. We do not know: we only know that three more seasons are going to pass by before we can be inveigled into reading him again, and even then—.

There are plenty of thrills in the book: Stock, spavined thrills. There are a number of the conventional inscrutible Chinese, there is a precious stone in whose name four men and Rippling Ruby, the logical winner in the Derby at Epsom Downs are murdered. There is an eccentric English noblewoman. There is a love story in the last two paragraphs. There is, but dearly beloved Lord, why rave any longer. Ventre Dieu, why did we read the thing all the way through. Who knows. Perhaps the unanswered question is a key to such books' popularity.

HELIOGABALUS.

Merely Music

GIVEN two sides of a triangle: Kreisler and Elman, what will the other side be? In view of his recent Madison appearance, many will supply the word Heifitz. There is room for a great deal of discussion here as to who should be awarded the mythical third place, and before going farther certainly Efram Zimbalist should be considered. He is an older man than Heifitz. More than likely Heifitz will surpass him when attains true maturity, but Zimbalist still remains the great violinist.

Plenty of opportunity will be given to judge the man, for he is to play here at the Parkway during the first week in April. Last July he disappeared suddenly from the sight of the American musical world, and then appeared, back from Paris, with his new Titian Stradivarius violin, for which he paid over thirty thousand dollars (so the rumor hath it). On October seventh he made his first New York appearance after two years of absence in Europe and the Orient. Quoting from the New York Times of October eighth: "He may have rivals in brilliance, in sheer wizardry, but not in that personality of modest sincerity that stamped as individual even his lightest interpretation yesterday." During the winter season he gave another recital and twice acted as soloist for the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

Another musical appearance will take place when Frieda Hempel comes to Madison for a recital at the Parkway on April thirty-first. Miss Hempel will be remembered for her Jenny Lind concert given recently. The former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House does not devote herself solely to the classical or "show" type of song, but includes many of the simple old-fashioned American folk songs in her selections.

Stagefright

Heralding the Approach of Significant Drama in Madison Theatres

THE most important dramatic performance of the year, to our mind, will be presented at The Parkway on the afternoon and evening of April twelfth. This is David Warfield in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." More than likely the original New York company will be with Warfield, for when he organizes a company, he usually gets actors that are likely to stay with him during a transcontinental tour to last from one to two years. Also, Warfield is not particularly noted for exceptional supporting casts. The play, in the main, is woven about him, and little else but Warfield matters.

Recently New York has seen many Shakespearian revivals. John Barrymore started the ball rolling with his hundred night performance of "Hamlet." Hardly had Hamlet been taken off the boards in order to let Barrymore take a trip to Europe, when the Times square woke up to find Jane Cowl and Ethel Barrymore running a race to see which one should put on "Romeo and Juliet." If the decision was to be awarded in consideration of which one of the two had suffered the most during the past few years they might still be running the race. Both have been unfortunate in being cast in mediocre plays. The dispute was settled amicably out of court, and Jane Cowl won much success as Juliet. "Romeo and Juliet" having run its course, she is now trying her hand at "Antony and Cleopatra" with equal success.

Also during the recent season just past, Warfield sneaked his little band of Venetians across the North River, and invaded New York in search of fresh laurels. He found them, if newspaper criticism at the time can be judged as correct. His was the fourth attempt to interpret Shakespeare greeted as an entirely meritorious performance.

Judging from Warfield's performance in "The Auctioneer," we feel that his interpretation of Shylock ought to be an entire success. A Jew himself, and a remarkably subtle actor, he ought to be able to act his part more than adequately. "The Auctioneer" was the very essence of triteness, of blatant, lachrymose sentimentality. It would be very hard for even the worst ham actor from the provinces to ruin it any more than the author had ruined it. But Warfield, in acting the part of the east side auctioneer, duped his audience into believing that here was a play, duped them in much the same manner that Frank Bacon duped his audience in "Lightnin'." Bacon was made for his part and his acting made one forget that the play was fabricated from utter trash: a hangover from the sentimental melodrama of twenty years ago. But Bacon was fitted for only the one role; Warfield with his varied talents can interpret many roles. And we hope that "The Merchant of Venice" will show him living up entirely to our expectations.

Post Mortem: A friend of ours did not like "The Perfect Fool," his reason being that he thought it was going to be a musical comedy, and it was not a musical comedy. The chorus was a thing necessary to satisfy him (presumably a chorus with many shapely legs); the fact that there was hardly any chorus and that it was not a particularly good looking chorus prevented him from seeing anything worth while in the show. He failed to appreciate that, unlike most so-called musical comedies, the original company was brought west, and such a thing should be praised when it does occur. Possibly, in fact, probably, the chorus, composed of veteran hangers-on in New York, refused to come west, but the majority of the original company accompanied Ed Wynn on his western tour. Flo Newton and True Rice, the team that served as feeders of Mr. Wynn's stuff—they came with him: so did the Japanese trio, and the ladies quartet. As we remember, the only one of the headliners who failed to come west was Aline McGill, a lean, tall girl, who, in spite of her height, managed to toe dance quite gracefully. At present she is a headliner in some other New York show.

With these people as a supporting cast, it seemed strange to us that our friend did not get his money's worth out of the show.

Who's Who In the April Lit.

PROFESSOR Carl Russell Fish, whose article "Woodrow Wilson" is one of the features of the April "Lit," hardly needs an introduction. He was born at Central Falls, R. I., and received his A.B. at Brown in 1897. He received his M.A. and Ph.D. at Harvard. He has been teaching history at the University of Wisconsin since 1900. Professor Fish was director of the British Branch of the American University Union in 1919, is a fellow of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

MR. ROGERS, whose article on James Joyce is also a feature of this issue of the "Lit," comes from Providence, R. I., and graduated from Brown in 1915. He took post graduate work at Chicago University and then joined the English Department at the University of Wisconsin. In 1921 he left the University, and spent a little over a year abroad, mainly in Paris. In the fall of 1923, he returned to the University, this time teaching French in the Romance Languages Department. Besides a few elementary courses, he teaches a course in Contemporary French Literature and a thesis course in Flaubert.

CHARLOTTE Armstrong, author of "The Story of the Man Whose Dinner Was Late," is entirely new to readers of the "Lit." She comes from Green Bay, is a sophomore and a journalist major. She was editor of the school paper at Ferry Hall, a girls' school in Lake Forest, Ill.

FRANK Jones will be remembered for his translation of two poems from the French of Remy de Gourmont printed in the December issue. He graduated from Appleton High School, and in his senior

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THE STORY OF THE MAN WHOSE DINNER WAS LATE

(Continued from page 4)

go. He sat down in the sun-parlor and lit a cigar. He suddenly felt alone and strange, felt a queer sinking sensation of not being in his own home. The drapes, the rugs, the magazines beside the lamp,—it was all alien, nothing of his. Even the light, which was fading, cast an unaccustomed gleam and made shadows. He snapped on the lamp and was not comforted. Even Smuts was uneasy. Where the deuce was Alice?

He got up and looked down the street. Here and there a squatty car scooted along the street. It was dinner time everywhere, excepting here, for him. There was no Alice anywhere. Unconsciously, he pictured her in her green suit, and the close-fitting black hat with the stiff, shiny, feather. Alice looked well in that hat, he thought. She was a fine-looking woman, after all. She—

"By the gods! Smuts!" The dog quivered to attention. If she—if she—A wild thought, but still— He tore through the house, looking, searching almost afraid that really he might find what he was looking for. But there was no note anywhere. Nothing! "Fool!" he called himself. Yet it had happened to some men, and he had no reason, excepting for his vanity, to believe that Alice still cared for him. She would be kind and sympathetic toward anyone, and he gave her no opportunity to be anything else.

The little dog was watching him eagerly. Were they going to play any more? Mark took him up in his arms and petted him. Smuts wasn't a bad pup.

"Good dog; good dog," he said. "Alice wouldn't go away and leave us, eh Smutsy? But where in hell is she?"

He had visions of going in search. But the city was large and he had no idea where to go. She—why, she might even have been hurt, some way. There certainly was something wrong. It was not like Alice. No, she would telephone or something.

Then he heard the clanging of the elevator. He listened. Steps down the hall. The tension broke in a great relief. It was she, he knew. He watched the door. The green suit and the black hat. He even began calmly to relight his cigar. But surely, evenly, the steps went on and stopped at the next apartment back.

And the sick worry came over him like a familiar cloak. If she only were not hurt! He snatched up his hat and flung the door open just as the elevator down the hall rose to a stop for the second time. And it was Alice!

She came hurrying toward him. She was not hurt, he saw. She was afraid that he would be angry. She was a little too eager, a little too apologetic.

"O, Mark,—I—"

"Where have you been?"

"Mark, I'm sorry. It was Nattie's motor car and it broke down out in the country and we waited and waited. I knew you'd worry—" So—?

"Where's my dinner coming from?"

"Why, Mark, I'll have it ready in a jiffy. I'm so sorry, dear. Here, take my hat. I'll hurry. Are you dreadfully hungry? You see it was the carbureter or something and the garage man—" (She was already in the kitchen) "got the directions mixed and couldn't find us—" (Life had snapped back into the familiar) "and Nattie didn't know what was wrong and neither did I, of course," (Smuts had curled up in indifference before the cold fireplace) "—so you see—".

"Yes, for heaven's sake, I see! Will you please hurry my dinner?"

"Why, dear, the water's all boiled away in this kettle. How long ago—?" He chewed his cigar and jerked the paper open.

"How long ago? How long do you think I've been waiting for a little food? It seems to me—".

"But dear—".

"Well,—"

After the meal, which was very late, he read the paper while she washed the dishes. Between paragraphs he conned over what he was going to do tomorrow. Alice came in, smoothing her hair, and sat down on the other side of the lamp.

"Mark," she said.

"Uh—what?"

"I—don't you think it would be nice to drop in to see the Averys for a few minutes? I wanted to tell Clara about a dress I saw."

"Don't want to go over to Averys," he grunted, then added sharply, "Haven't you done enough gadding for one day?"

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WHO'S WHO

(Continued from page 17)

year was editor of The Clarion, the school magazine. As a Freshman at Lawrence College, he won first prize for the best piece of undergraduate poetry submitted. He is now a sophomore in the University.

CLYDE G. Strachan, an L and S senior, is one of the new contributors to The Wisconsin Literary Magazine. During the war he saw active service and was discharged with the rank of captain. He is majoring in geology and intends to return for his master's degree.

WILSON A. Moran is another whose writing is new to readers of the "Lit." He is the author of "The Solitary Wasp" printed in this issue. He is majoring in Education, and has already taught for several years.

MILTON H. Erickson is the fourth new contributor to this magazine. He is a junior on the hill, and is taking work in the School of Medicine. For over a year he has been editorial writer for The Cardinal.

GEORGE A. Jones is a sophomore, majoring in French. He graduated from the Horace Mann School for Boys in New York City, and while there worked on the school newspaper and literary magazine. He is the author of "The Sudden Death of Mr. P. Darrington Crenshaw" and "Sir Galahad in Search of the Holy Ale."

MARYA Zaturenska needs little introduction. Coming to the United States from Russia, she received her education in the terribly mismanaged New York public schools. Her poetry soon began to attract attention, and she is now attending the University as the receiver of the Zona Gale scholarship. Some of her poetry, printed in the March number of Poetry Magazine, has attained the great distinction of being reprinted in the March 22 number of the Literary Digest.

PETER AND SOPHY

(Continued from page 8)

beamed down. Sophy wiped the perspiration from her brow with a pretty little pink handkerchief and contentment beamed in her rosy face; she had just finished reading "The White Company," and Peter had gone to the Library to get her another book by the same author.

"A beautiful day," she murmured, and gripping Jobina firmly under her arm, she presented that queen of guinea pigs with a nice, fresh, green leaf from Peter's own cabbage patch.

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A ONE ACT PLAY

(Continued from page 5)

GRANDMA: What's that? Willie Welsh married! Well, what do you know about that! *(She gets to her feet calling)* Carrie!

MRS. E.: Yes.

GRANDMA: Did you hear that?

MRS. E. *(entering)*: Did I hear what? Are you going to bed, mother? Let me take these.

(She picks up the sewing basket and opens the door at the back. Grandma shows no disposition to leave.)

GRANDMA: Well, well. Who did you say he married? My goodness, it doesn't seem but a week ago that he was just a little boy.

MRS. E.: Come, mother.

ERNEST *(awkwardly)*: Well, you know, I wasn't exactly supposed to tell anybody.

GRANDMA *(blithely unconscious that he has spoken)*: These young folks do grow up in a hurry.

(She beams meaningly upon Ernest and Dora.)

MRS. E. *(crosses the room and takes her arm)*: Come, mother.

GRANDMA: Goodnight. *(She goes up the stairs.)*

MRS. E: Well, Ernest, we haven't had much singing, have we? You practice on that until next time. You won't mind if I leave you, will you? *(She, too, beams meaningly and goes up the stairs.)*

(Dora goes over to the sofa and curls up upon it.)

DORA *(bitterly)*: Alone at last!

ERNEST *(startled)*: What?

DORA: Oh, nothing!

(There is a pause.)

DORA *(suddenly and vehemently)*: Mother makes me sick!

ERNEST *(horrified)*: Why, Dora!

DORA: Yes, she does. *(She looks at him coolly)* And so do you!

ERNEST *(stupidly)*: Why, Dora!

DORA: For heaven's sake, why don't you go home? I'm so tired of all this. I tell you, Mother makes me sick!

(Ernest at last sees something to resent concretely. He carefully puts away his music and prepares to go.)

ERNEST *(with dignity and incomprehension)*: Good night.

(Dora sits for a moment and stares blankly. Then she crosses to the piano and drums a few notes.)

PIANO: "When you come to the end dova—"

DORA: Oh hell!

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WOODROW WILSON

(Continued from page 6)

Wilson reconciled himself to what he did not like, as Washington did in the case of the United States Constitution, by leaving the future open to improvement. None of the infractions of his conceptions were legally permanent, and the League of Nations provided a machinery by which he believed democracy could peacefully approach its ideals.

Physically exhausted by his efforts, always more conscious of his ego than for instance Lincoln, and fed on success, he developed an obstinacy which weakened the possibility of an American endorsement of his works, if such endorsement were indeed a possibility in his day. He lacked the tolerance of Washington, and the infinite variety of approach of Lincoln. In definite accomplishment, however, he stands among our presidents, next to them. Whether his views of the world organization were a vision or a mirage, is for the future to determine. His whole career, however, has a unity and a consistency that precludes any judgment which is not based on acceptance of his intellectual honesty and his personal devotion to the ideals which he formulated in a language so precise and noble that they hold the imagination of the world as have no utterances of any American since those of Lincoln, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry.

JAMES JOYCE

(Continued from page 9)

claws in Stephen's heart." This horrified disgust at the contemplation of human fleshliness, noticeable in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, peers at us constantly, as poignant as Stephen's remorse, from the pages of ***Ulysses***.

There are many other aspects to the book. Even lightly to touch them would require a long review. Although we are now doubtless too near it to be able to measure its ultimate importance, my own conviction is that it marks a definite new stage in the evolution of the novel.

BAYOU BILLY

(Continued from page 10)

he felt an ominous presence. Had he been able to fly, he would not have hesitated a moment in winging away even into that dreaded blackness. But there was nothing for him to do but await developments.

Suddenly a dark streak grazed his

(Continued on page 22)

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neck. Almost stunned with fright, Bayou Billy flopped backward and dove. Swimming frantically under water he headed straight for the shore, putting into each stroke all the strength he could muster. At last when it seemed that he must come to the surface for air, he turned upward, slowly up ever so little. His head just broke the surface, and he was about to spread his wings to settle into his position for surface swimming, when he felt a powerful wrench at his left wing and stabs of pain as sharp teeth sank into the skin at the base of the feathers. He was almost pulled under, but the mink had been following so closely that it did not have time to change his general upward course. With a powerful lunge Bayou Billy came out of the water. The weight of the mink as it came into the air was too much for the insecure hold which it had upon the wing. With a sickening, tearing noise, the delicate flesh gave way and the mink dropped back into the water with a mouthful of feathers.

Instinct, fright, and dread of the black water and the fearful death which he had just escaped, spurred the duck on. He did not even realize that he was flying. He was merely getting away from a terrible peril, as far away as possible, and he soared upward, ever upward. Had he even tried to wonder at his sudden ability to fly, he would not have known that the attack which so nearly cost him his life was after all his salvation. The mouthful of feathers which the mink was so disgustedly spitting into the water had restored the equilibrium necessary for flight. Bayou Billy was on his way to the South.

A CANADIAN GHOST

(Continued from page 13)

moon. The sky was heavily overcast. The darkness was intense. The dead silence was broken only by the screech of a racoon or the yelp of a fox. Most farmers and their families had retired for the night, but here and there an occasional light was still glimmering. I was trudging along this partly filled path, head down, feeling my way rather than seeing it. I stopped and peered into the darkness to discern whether I was nearing the gap that led on to the main road. No fence was to be seen, but there directly in my path, towering about eight feet above the snow and

(Continued on page 23)

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(Continued from page 22)

not more than sixty feet away was the shadowy outline of a ghost! A nervous wave made a double circuit of my spinal column. I stood stock still; so did it. Immediately my resolution confronted me. Here's your ghost; here's *your* chance to investigate. But misgivings came thick and fast. What if ghosts have the powers attributed to them? What if they resent investigation by mortal man? If so, what particular revenge may this one wreak? Will he dissolve me into thin air, crush me in his maw, or bear me off to the world of spirits? To the fore again my resolution: Here's your ghost. It's merely an illusion. Whatever it is, it cannot harm you. Keep your promise. Don't be a coward. Advance. Investigate. With my eyes riveted upon it, I took several cautious steps ahead. As I did so, it slowly raised a warning hand as if to say: Young man, don't be foolhardy; approach my sacred precincts at your peril. I stopped short chilled to the marrow. Every synapse in my nervous system was functioning at full capacity. Had I my hair, it would have pushed my cap off. I had proceeded, but the ghost instead of vanishing, actually appeared in clearer outline. To retreat to Mr. Hay's house, tell him I had seen a terrible ghost, and ask for lodging for the night, I would not. To attempt to go around that awful spectre on either side meant that it could easily overtake me in the deep snow. I tried desperately to convince myself that it was no ghost. But there it stood—a menacing, horrible, ghastly something. Terrified, I determined to carry out my resolution. With eyes fixed, jaws set, and muscles taut, I strode stealthily forward. With every step that hideous outline became clearer. When within about ten paces of it, I thought my sight became suddenly blurred and that my heart stopped beating. I actually drove myself upon that ghost and clutched it violently. It did not crush me, it did not dissolve me, it did not attempt to spirit me away, it did no move.

It was a moment or two before I realized what I held in my grasp—a maple sapling bearing a profusion of blanched leaves, stuck in the snow to mark the road! Trembling from head to foot, I pulled it up and walked home with the ghost over my shoulder.

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