



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XIX, Number 2 November 1919

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 1919

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

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

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

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

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

*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XIX



Number 2

About Music

You and I

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

November, 1919

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

Always look at the bright side—
and if there is no bright side,
polish up the dark side.

Pretty good philosophy, isn't it? •

We try to make it ours. Nothing is
impossible—there's no such word as
"can't"—no request for speedy service
is refused.

That's why most university organizations
have their printing done by The Demo-
crat Printing Company, where college men
and women fill their wants.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XIX

Madison, November, 1919

Number 2

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials	29
While Venus Smiled....J. Hyman Davidson....	30
Verse	31
A Mere Freshman Thinks About	
Music	Charles L. Weis, Jr.... 32
Racial Prejudice	Elsie Gluck ... 33
Verse	36
You and I.....	T. E. M. Hefferan.... 37
The Pattern of a Lady.....	Miriam Beard.... 38
Carven Images.....	Rachael Hanck.... 39
Illuminated Ab.....	Dudley C. Brooks.... 42
Verse	Eve Knowler.... 43
Derelict.....	Rachel S. Commons.... 46
As Far as Shakespeare.....	Hazel Murphy.... 52
The Book Shop.....	54
Communication	56

CARLYLE devoted a whole book to the subject of "Of Clothes"; students give the subject enough thought to fill ten thousand books. What is the result of all this thought? One idea, a leather coat.

Freshmen who emanate from the back-bone of the nation, our rural communities, and who carry on their bodies the blue serge evidence of such emanation, are often unjustly grieved by the sight of a polished and pressed young cosmopolite, from Milwaukee, perhaps, who is the glass of fashion and the mold of form. In our college atmosphere such freshmen are induced to self-deprecation, and led to the brink of a dangerous loss of self-respect, or else they become bitter and narrow, or, worst of all, they mold their forms to make a proper reflection in the glass of fashion.

Fashion, narrowness, bitterness, self deprecation—all such uncomfortable states of being yield to sweet reasonableness. Borrow some of Carlyle's sturdy common-sense; estimate coolly what is encased in clothes; judge of your worth and your fellow's worth by enduring standards; learn to recognize and penetrate such simple camouflage of clothes.

THE SENSE of humor in students is remarkable for its absence. Students have a sense of the comic and of the absurd, but a real subtle sense of humor is rare. It is not unusual to have a brilliant youth go into Frank's and order coffee on toast, or to have one sit twice through a Mack Sennet comedy, but it is rare to find one who appreciates the subtleties of his professors' remarks, and does not miss the fine points along the way. If we only realized what is being put over on us each day by those quiet men who lecture to us, we would strive hard to cultivate what we have not, for surely we cannot afford to permit a fog-eared doctor of philosophy to laugh *at* us rather than *with* us.

Unfortunately it is not in missing the quips of our professors that our lack of a sense of humor does us most harm. To how many of us has it occurred to stand aloof and watch a crowd of maniac students at a football game jumping and shouting, or groaning and growling? This remarkable display of enthusiasm in those who frequently slumber peacefully through one-thirties, who are too lazy to get up in time for eight o'clocks is just a little humorous, isn't it? The calmness with which we dissipate our energy fussing, dancing, picnicing over the week-end and appear totally unprepared for Monday's recitation, if we appear at all, is incongruous, and incongruity is often the basis of humor. Then there is our serious belief in the hard work we are doing in our studies, of the impositions of instructors; again, clinic excuses, plus so many more things that we should be lacking in sense of humor if we seriously undertook to point them out. We are a curious conglomeration of ideas, feelings and emotions—often we are laughable in our actions—much more often than we realize possibly.

LO, THE poor 'frosh' women! Is it not imposition enough that they are mere freshmen without forcing upon them rules and regulations which are befitting a boarding school rather than a college? Why, please, are not freshmen girls as well able to take care of them-

selves on Tuesdays as on Fridays? Why should they be more closely watched over than the male freshmen? It may be that the object of this new regulation relegating the freshmen women to the social scrap heap for the greater part of the week is a move to make fusing more popular at the library. If so, it will undoubtedly accomplish its end. If not, what will it do? We may be wrong, but it seems an injustice to allow the men who are in the first year perfect freedom of the streets during the entire week when the women—for they are nominally women—are secreted behind closed doors. This injustice should be remedied. If the Dean of Women can do nothing, may we not look to the Dean of Men for the panacea?

WE HAVE from time to time been criticized upon the grounds that the *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* existed merely to give the group of editors a chance to print their own themes. Fortunately this may be denied with an emphasis as great as is possible without profanity. That the staff of editors should now

and then contribute to the columns of our magazine is not to be wondered at. They were selected because they had been interested enough to write for it. Nevertheless were there sufficient material at hand each month of such literary value as to justify it, we assure all who wish assurance, that we are more than willing to act merely in a critical capacity and to leave the writing of 'copy' entirely to you outside who can, but do not, write for the 'Lit'. Therefore those of you who can write, submit your stuff. We promise to be as gentle as possible with you; we cannot lower the standard of the magazine to let you in, but we may be able to help you raise your standards of writing to the levels we aim at.

EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	HARDY STEEHOLM
JAMES W. GILMAN	RACHEL COMMONS
FRANCES DUMMER	LEON WILLIAMS
DUDLEY C. BROOKS	ELSIE GLUCK

While Venus Smiled

DUSK. For a moment the sun hung at the horizon as if to bid goodbye to its celestial friends. A radiant glow filled the universe, and a thrill ran from pole to pole of the heavens. Then, suddenly, the sun plunged down beyond sight and an ethereal hush fell over all. Night had come.

Glistening in the dancing moonbeams, the Great Dipper showed brazenly in all its splendor and beauty. Its massive bowl was brim-full of pure, cool, fresh milk, that lapped musically against the sides, and occasionally sent a bubble of the precious fluid tumbling into obliquity over the side. Truly, it was nectar for the very Gods.

Unannounced, the silence was broken by a slight rustle, which soon grew to a rabble and then to a deafening din. The heavenly bodies turned to see the cause.

"By the Gods that bore me", choked the angry nebula of Orion. "You shall not have that milk. Thy vile stomach was made for coarser drinks than that".

"Hoump!" returned the Great Bear with emphasis, his eyes blood-shot with rage and his fur bristling. "I thirst for milk, and what I thirst for, I get."

"Indeed, thou half-mortal brute. Nectar was not made for thee. 'Divine drinks for the divine', I say. When mosquitoes devour elephants for luncheon, when whales chirp merrily in the top of the mulberry bushes,

when all men love all men, indeed, when *I love Thee*, then and then only canst thou have milk. By Castor and Pollux, the very sun will soon be calling for some artificial light!"

"Hoump, well orated. But move aside and make way. I drink my milk."

"By the Gods that bore me", spat Orion contemptuously, his body heating up like an immense throbbing furnace. "Come forward if you will." And he belched forth a volume of blazing gases that singed the fur of the Great Bear.

"Hoump! The thunder from the lung-bellows of the wild Bear shook the universe, and caused the tiny, timid, clustering stars to cower in the corners of the skies.

Insane with rage, Orion whipped out his faithful sword, and with a fury pent up by eons upon eons of envy and hatred, let loose his leashed lightning. The heavens grew dark and the skies resounded in panic and havoc. With spasms of terrific heat from Orion, followed close by the sweeping cold from the Great Bear, the clusters of stars were ripped asunder, and mammoth cracks widened in the planets by the sudden changes in temperature.

The firmament was rent by the mighty blasts of flames and lightning, and satellites were broken from their moorings by the raging thunder and roars of the

lunatic Bear. Orion himself burst his belt and threw out myriads of meteors that lighted the skies for millions of miles around.

Planets shot through endless space, constellations swirled dizzily, comets flew about crazily, entire solar systems were destroyed and rebuilt in the tempest of the heavens.

Far away in her luminiferous throne, the majestic Venus smiled placidly. Still farther away the stolid, imperturbable Jupiter laughed heartily. *They* were beyond such petty quarrelings and bickerings. They were aged, all-knowing and all-seeing.

Suddenly a gushing noise was heard. The two torn combatants hesitated in their struggle, poised, however, to take up the duel anew. They looked in the direction of the prize for which they had been gambling all

night. A bewildering and dazzling spectacle met their gaze.

Dawn broke with celestial radiance and a thrill that ran from pole to pole of the heavens. For a moment the glorious all-seeing sun hung at the horizon, and then suddenly spurted up, and day had begun.

Glistening in the merry sunshine of the new day, the Big Dipper hung, but now *inverted*, with the mouth of the bowl *downward*. During the past twelve hours the heavens had slowly shifted until what had been up before was now down, and what had been down was now up. So, stretching far into infinity, lay the prized nectar, now the glorious galaxy of the Milky Way.

And yet Jupiter laughed and Venus smiled, and the universe continued to spin its destined fate while men and stars fought and quarreled for naught.

J. HYMAN DAVIDSON.

THE GAME

Vain regret is nought but folly,
(Autumn days are blue and gold)
So away with melancholy,
Happiness can ne'er grow old
Or ever cold.

Joyous laughter fills the daytime,
(Sun on leaves, all colored bright)
Bouyant hearts, a glorious playtime;
Quiet pleasure comes with night
And calm delight.

Life's a game for those who play it
(Leaves in rustling eddies blow)
There are knocks,—Who will gainsay it?
Yes, but up! The game, you know!
And onward go.

FRANCES DUMMER.

GREY DAYS.

Fog on the lake,
Smothering, choking it.
The crackling of dead leaves,
Wind flung
On the sidewalk.
Overhead
A bird circling southward
To palm trees—
Perfumed sunshine.
Yet on the lake
Fog, wind,—
Grey days.

N. P.

A Mere Freshman Thinks About Music*

PLAY your *Pagliacci*! Come then, ring up the curtain." Such are the thoughts I entertain of late, when, chained to my study desk, I watch a fleeting cloud. Laboring thru my 'math' analysis, I draw the elusive curves of Simple Harmonic Motion; but these are waves which do not ripple as the melody from pipes of Pan, and theirs is a music of the spheres which periodically dies out before it reaches me. I translate my assigned four pages of *Sans Famille*; not grudgingly either, for I like Hector Malot, and my newly-gained knowledge of *Français* is not so Parisian that I rebel against the superfluity of nineteenth century imperfect subjunctives. Capi and Dolce dance for me; Joli-Coeur comes up and takes my penny; but Remi does not sing for me, and if he did, his ballad would probably have remained sweeter unsung.

You are going to say that Ruskin plays for me on his color organ of English expression; the artist, the dreamer, the moralist, executes a symphony. He pulls out the stops of truth and beauty, sending forth chords of hope. But even the master organist cannot make tones out of words. Words are cold, dead, forbidding, ice-like, soulless things. No matter with how much of color they may be charged, lifeless ever they remain. Tones are living words; they are the scintillating sparks of life that for some fleeting seconds animate the weary soul and then are gone. Words are the playthings of the cultured, the despair of the illiterate. Tones are the universal message bearers who know neither time nor place.

So play your *Pagliacci*; your author says he has a heart to feel. He knows not false tears, unreal sighs, but only that

A song of tender memories deep in his listening heart
One day was ringing.

His hand might have trembled—but sing, O clown
Prologue.

Then take me to the *Carnaval*. Pierrot and Arlequin are there; Coquette flits before you. Whether you encore her or not, she has a *Replique*. Notice how artfully Chiarina precedes Estrella with melancholy Chopin in between. But stay, here is the renowned Paganini, who comes with but two strings to bow his syncopations for us. In ballet Pantalón and Columbine will entertain.

But so much for Eusebius. Florestan must have his turn. At dusk of day when the last colored sheen of the sun has left the sky, may some unseen, unknown

minstrel come and sing a scale from Massenet—the *Visio Fugitive*, which a nameless *poilu* sang in the valley of the Marne on the hilltop of Mildred Aldrich. Would but some Slavic soul conjure up a band, a Slavic band with twangy cornets and monster bass horns. Surely it would play Tschaiakowsky, and a brooding, eastern march too, a march in which oboe and bassoon would sadden trumpet and trombone while tuba and helicon prayed, 'God Save the Tsar.' God save the tsar! What a mockery!

But this is all mockery that I have written. Both Florestan and Eusebius have died, and now Jazz tends the fire of Moloch on the ancient altar of Polhymnia. I went to the Orpheum last night. I offer no excuse for going. I merely state the fact that I went. I did not expect to find Beethoven in a vaudeville theatre, and I am sure that his shade never came within earshot of the building. The proletariat was there. It clapped its hands and stamped its feet when a painted woman repulsively shook her body to a succession of noises that might have emanated from an ape man. A self-styled "Wizard of the Zylophone" carelessly pounded out the Humoreske in jazz time, but of Dvorak he knew not flies in milk. University students were foremost in applauding.

But no longer do music halls and dance floors mark the limit of jazz's worship. These *bacchanalia* are carried on in the very home. I cannot enter my rooming house without finding some ungifted brother classmate of mine crashing away at the piano in an attempt to outdo the star performer of the Orpheum circuit. The piano groans and utters many a protest, but the jazz grinder continues all unheeding.

The other day I found some rare amomum in my Silenus-like laundry case. Mother had slipped in a few folios of my music, music which I had not seen since last September. After waiting until everyone had gone out, I stole quietly down to the parlor to try over my old friends. *En Automne* was the first one I picked up. My fingers were stiff from long idleness; the piano was hopelessly out of tune; the clash of overtone on overtone finally forced me to stop. Moszkowski does not flourish on the desert; intensive practice is impossible with a nineteen credit schedule. I found, however, a simple book of MacDowell, of which I was still master. It was a quaint setting of six of Heine's poems with the spontaneity and melancholy of the *Buch der Lieder* woven right into the music. There was even enough soul left in the dissipated strings to reproduce our foremost composer's *ultra*-harmony. Thus my sojourn at the piano was not altogether a failure, and I

*The winner of the Lewis Prize Contest, June, 1919.

did not become too down-hearted to draw my sinusoid, translate my Malot, and read my Ruskin.

This very morning I met with another delightful surprise. As I sat writing at my desk, the sweet voices of children from the school house next door were wafted thru the window. It was the daily song period. Moreover, the song was not a foolish round or a made-over waltz from Stauss, but a delicate May-day carol, from which distance screened out all imperfections.

There really is still music in the world. It may be drowned out for a time, but it is there, and I shall hear it. Whenever, therefore, I cannot have the reality I crave, I can think and day-dream. So will

Time *always* hold some golden space
When I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,

And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them.

All earthly limitations will be gone. My singularity will not prevent my being a whole orchestra. My cracked and childish voice will no longer hinder my singing, "*Salve! dimora casti pura.*" Though I do not know the score of the Prophet, I shall direct Meyerbeer's measures, and an inadequate libretto will never be able to lessen my appreciation. Debussy, will rise from Elysium to play for me, albeit I do not understand the complexities of the full tone scale. And should I wish to "borrow a chapter from life which is laughter and sorrow," Canio himself will ring up the curtain; and then I shall cry: "*Vesti la giubba e la faccia infarina.*"

CHARLES L. WEIS, JR.

Racial Prejudice: A Stumbling Block in the Path of Americanization

WE, the people of the United States."
—those are the most significant words in the process of Americanization.

What is Americanization? In the great mass of discussion upon this all-important task of today, it is clear that what is meant by the term *Americanization* is not a mere physical fusion, but the existence of a harmony in mind and spirit between the newcomers in our midst and ourselves. It is "the effort to assist the alien to an appreciation of the benefit of American customs and institutions, to become an integral part of American life, to partake in its opportunities and in its duties". It involves the extension of the "we" feeling to those who were not born on American soil.

In that process, the entire life in the past of the immigrant may constitute an enormous—sometimes an insurmountable—barrier. But the immigrant himself, in his effort to become one of us, may encounter obstacles which neither he nor his background have raised. Professor Fairchild of Yale has estimated that the greatest forces in American life which retarded Americanization, aside from the immigrants themselves are—indifference, love of wealth and race prejudice. "There can be little doubt", he concludes, "that race prejudice is the greatest single barrier to assimilation."

What are the causes of this race prejudice on the part of Americans—if such it is?

When we realize the enormous influx of foreigners into the United States each year, and the vast differences not only between native Americans and the newcomers, but among the new-comers themselves, we can understand a little the bewilderment and lack of proper reaction on the part of Americans.

Forty-one peoples are listed in the report of the Immigration Commission, and one of these forty-one heads is entitled "all other peoples". One writer estimates that there are 61 races in the United States. And they come in vast numbers. Small wonder then that the coming of these peoples whose customs are so different from ours aroused a blind, unreasoning antagonism in us; small wonder that in the mad rush for a livelihood there should be much racial antagonism among the immigrants themselves, especially when they come from countries in which, owing to oppression, nationalism is aggressive.

We have been trying to justify this racial antagonism. We do not recognize that often it is but a manifestation of the primitive dislike for that which is different from ourselves—the negative aspect of "consciousness of kind". Particularly with regard to the new immigration, which has been made so much of,—the immigration from southern and southeastern Europe—we tell ourselves that it is undesirable because it introduces a type which is too different from and too inferior to our own, physically and socially. We say that these immigrants bring with them a lower social standard—by which we mean that they foster criminality, bad politics, low wages, illiteracy, poor housing, and a high mortality rate—and that this lower standard not only has its direct effect in the life of the immigrant, but that it has led to a decline in the native birth rate which is threatening the foundations of American life.

The most sweeping of these accusations is that the immigrant is inferior. But what do we mean when we use the term *inferior*?—Inferior physically, inferior socially? No two writers on the subject of immigration

seem to agree. They can hardly restrict themselves to physical inferiority and if they imply a lower social standard on arrival, they are running onto dangerous ground.

All Americans are proud of their fine colonial stock. Out-and-out anti-immigrationists lay much stress on the Pilgrim Fathers. Occasionally, it is true, a writer remembers the indentured servants, the escaped prisoners, the enforced immigrants and the paupers that England sent us over in the period of colonization. Of course the fact that this immigration was enforced or that some of the immigrants were indentured by no means points to inferiority; but it is the sort of thing that some of our present day writers are apt to call inferiority in the newcomer.

When we come to that much lauded first immigration what do we find from records contemporary of the time?—The same antagonism, the same arguments as to lower standards and the danger of race mixture. All the evils of America it seems were laid up against the German and the Irish and England herself escaped very little blame. One of the writers protested: "England has squeezed the orange and now she throws the rind in our face". Surely here sameness of tongue and general physiognomy did not bar the prejudice which greeted the newcomer. The older generation is always more desirable because it comes no more."

In our present immigration, the newcomer from eastern and southeastern Europe has often been deemed inferior. Here again is the discussion of this term *inferior*. Professor Commons says (speaking of the Chinese): "We speak of superior and inferior races, and this is well enough—but care should be taken to distinguish between inferiority and backwardness. . . . The Chinaman comes from a medieval civilization. . . . and has earned the reputation of being entirely non-assimilable. But the children of Chinamen, born and reared in this country entirely disprove this charge for they are as apt in absorbing the spirit and method of American institutions as any Caucasians. The race is superior but backward."

Too often the basis for a particular judgment on the foreigner is the national bias of the writer; so we find Jacob Riis and Dr. Steiner and Mary Antin pleading for the immigrant, and Hall and Walker condemning him. To Professor E. A. Ross, the sociologist, the faces of the immigrants as he viewed them coming in at Ellis Island a few years ago predict but a sorry future for America, for "in every face there was something wrong—lips thick, mouth coarse, upper lip too long, cheek bones too high. . . . There were so many sugar loaf heads, moon faces, slit mouths, lantern jaws and goosebill noses that one might imagine a malicious djinn had amused himself by casting human beings in a

set of skew molds discarded by the creator. . . . That the new immigrants are inferior in looks to the old immigrants may be seen by comparing, in a Labor Day parade, the faces of the cigar makers and the garment workers with those of the teamsters, piano-movers and steam-fitters. . . .". He is willing now to modify this statement. For myself, I must admit that the faces of the immigrant families of New York City among whom I have lived all my life present no more unbeautiful types than the faces of the college students I watch here at Wisconsin every day. With due allowances for the vast differences in dress—and none of us can overestimate the difference dress makes—the photographs of the immigrants in Professor Ross' book are to me as beautiful as the photographs of the last Junior Prom.

We need an impartial study of the immigrant. A commission of our Bureau of Immigration to study emigration conditions in Europe reports: "The present day emigration from Europe into the United States is for the most part drawn from country districts and smaller cities or villages and is composed largely of the peasantry and unskilled laboring classes. The present movement is not recruited in the main from the lowest economic and social strata of the population. . . . (it) represents the stronger and better element of the particular class from which it is drawn."

Add to this the exclusion of paupers, idiots and moral defectives at the gate—an exclusion unknown in the earlier immigrations—and the picture is not quite so black as we are sometimes led to believe.

What scientific foundation has there been for our drawing of the line between inferior or superior, or are these classifications but high-sounding names for the epithets of the masses—"Hunkies, Dagoes, Swedes, Sheenies"? An officer of the Immigration Commission said in testimony that he did not consider a South Italian or a Syrian a "white man."

Of course, what is true of the attitude of the American toward the immigrant is true, to some extent, as among the immigrants themselves. Too often politicians have capitalized the existing antagonisms between the various national groups in his district.

Nothing is more outstanding than the opposition of the old immigration to the new: "In the decade 1840-1850 when the Irish immigrant girls were first employed in the New England cotton mills, the native women who have previously been the textile operatives protested; twenty years later the Irish girls, after they had become firmly fixed in the industry rebelled because of the entrance of the French Canadian girls into the spinning rooms, just as the French Canadians are refusing to be brought into close working relations with the Polish and Italian females who are entering the cotton mills at the present time." A director of Amer-

icanization work found that his class of seventeen Armenians was reduced to one Turk when he introduced the Turk into it.

The problem of racial antagonisms is no light one. They have their root in age-old prejudices. It has been said "that the tendency to value one's civilization as higher than the whole rest of mankind is the same as that which prompts the actions of primitive man, who considers every stranger as an enemy and who is not satisfied until the enemy is killed." To the old Greeks every non-Greek was a barbarian. Is it true that the only progress we have made is that we are willing to be more liberal only if the non-Greek stays in his own country?

When we back up our prejudice by a "statement of facts" we talk of the low standards of the immigrant as they are reflected in housing, in the position of women, in the rate of criminality, etc. In some of these the immigrant of the slums and the backward and isolated communities is decidedly backward. But whether that backwardness is due *entirely* to his being an immigrant, or whether it is not due to a large extent to the fact that *for the time being* he constitutes the lowest economic stratum is not at all certain.

"The objection to the unskilled immigrant is based upon the belief that because of his lower standard of living he is satisfied with lower wages than the American or older immigrant. It is therefore taken for granted that the effect of the great tide of immigration in recent years has been to reduce the rate of wages or to prevent it from advancing. The fallacy of this reasoning is due to the attempt to compare the wages and standards of living of the unskilled laborer with that of the skilled mechanic." In order to prove that the new immigrants have introduced a lower standard of living, the latter ought to be compared to the standard of living of unskilled laborers in the past. "Housing conditions have been most dwelt upon in the discussion of the standard of living of the immigrant, because they strike the eye of the outsider. Historical studies of housing conditions show, however, that congestion was recognized as a serious evil in New York City as far back as the first half of the nineteenth century. The evil was not confined to the foreign-born population. American born working women lived on filthy streets in poorly ventilated houses, crowding in one or two rooms which were used as dwelling and work-shop. No better were the living conditions of the daughters of American farmers in the small mill towns of New England. They lived in company houses, half a dozen in one attic room, without tables, or chairs or even washstands. . . ."

"Races may come and races may go, but the slum goes on forever," says Professor Fairchild. For revolt-

ing accounts of tenement conditions, none equals that given in the first Tenement House Report in 1853, and we know that the tenement house problem was an acute one as early as 1823 when the population of New York City was but 270,000.

We can accept without analysis the statistics as to housing conditions among immigrants on the one hand, or we can take the innumerable instances quoted by Steiner of high individual standards without coming to a fair conclusion. That immigrants did cut wages seems certain, and one does not justify the disastrous results that have followed on the basis of his ignorance and helplessness. But one should take into account the fact that there was a demand which he filled—he did not create the demand. The particular forms of the industrialism of the nineteenth and twentieth century, especially in America, have made the problem of the immigrant what it is.

The position of women with many of these newer immigrants is undeniably lower than among Americans—except perhaps in the case of the Hebrews. If, however, we are to take the decrease in the enormous fecundity of foreign born women as an index to their state of independence, the second generation is rapidly advancing.

This question of the birth-rate of the foreign born brings us to the last most vital argument used against the immigrant—that their fecundity has led to race suicide among native born Americans. That the one had an effect upon the other is of course undeniable, but that they stand in the simple relation of cause and effect is very questionable. What does not seem to be taken into account in the comparison is the remarkable growth in independence of women, the effects of city and industrial life on the birth rate, the rise in our own standard of living (rather than contrast with the lower standard of the immigrant) and the shifting of emphasis from a high birth rate to a low death rate. Besides, Americans too often constitute themselves into a leisure class in which child bearing is not popular.

Why this alarm about the native birth rate? As a matter of fact when we view it aside from its general social aspect as a manifestation of decay—we find that too often it has its basis in the inevitable race prejudice. It is not only that we are afraid of low standards. It may be that the immigrant through his own efforts or through governmental action will achieve higher standards—there seems to me no doubt that he is capable of doing so. *The truth of the matter is that we insist that our stock is superior.*

Restriction of immigration is bound to come. It has already begun in the form of the literacy test. We may even for the next few years witness a temporary total prohibition of immigration.

Americanization is one of the most vital problems of Reconstruction. If such a prohibition of immigration is put into effect, the period of low tide should be devoted to a careful study of the various problems which immigration has introduced into American life. For it has introduced problems. Some of our colonial immigration may have been poor, but after all it is estimated that up to 1820 the total immigration did not exceed a quarter of a million whereas 32,600,000 aliens came to our shores between 1820 and June, 1916.

The interesting results of an analysis of racial prejudice seem to indicate that in meeting this tremendous problem of immigration, we have resolved—and probably mistakenly so—the problem of *quantity* into that of *quality*. One thing is certain. Whether it was through our own fault or that of the immigrant, we have

shown an inability properly to absorb the immigrant and make him one of us. It is precisely our ability to absorb that is the vital problem at the foundation of the whole question of immigration and Americanization. We must study every agency; we must remove every obstacle. One obstacle that must be removed is racial prejudice. No one will say that the immigrant has been utterly blameless, but let us not take the blind methods of Americanization in the past as an indication of what can be done.

When we open our gates again—even though we may only throw them ajar—we shall perhaps know a little better how to greet the stranger—who it seems to me cannot absolutely be labelled an asset or a liability—but rather a possibility.

ELSIE GLUCK.

1919

Lord God of creation,
Justice incarnate,—
All-powerful, all good,
Is it I who have deserted thee?
Oh the bitter doubts assail my soul.
Vainly does my youthful blood cry out,
“There is a God—
He may not be all powerful,
He may not be all good;
Even as you, He may be struggling for justice;
But He is!”
Oh, the bitter doubts,
And the bitter sorrow of this—is it Thy world?
Is it Thou who inspirest these priests,
Smugly to preach smug lies?
Is it Thou who lovest the blood of battle?
The blood of young men vainly spent?
Is it Thou who teachest old men
To speak of righteous hate and retribution?
Is it Thou?
Is it I who have deserted thee?
Eagerly I struggle for the truth,
What are Thy ways,
Lord God of creation?

ELSIE GLUCK.

PARBLEU!

A sodden field beneath a sodden sky
Where in the weary drizzling rain there lay,
Like heaps of refuse strewn or overlapped,
Grim broken things, half rotted to the clay.
A city lying fair beneath the sun,
Where to her guest, with easy, well-bred grace,
A stately lady turned to show “a shell
Dick brought from France. It makes a lovely vase.”
EVE KNOWER.

You and I

We have walked roads together, you and I
—Curl of a grey road, wisping to the hill;
Together we have strode with open eye,
Together we have gone with quiet will.
Above us cotton clouds in open blue;
Below us dusty road and dusty shoe.
With such a life are we content, we two.

We have watched brooks from bridges, you and I
—Flow of a river widening to the sea;
Together we have heard the murmuring sigh
Of water, and have seen our imagery
Of face and hand go flickering to the call
Of current; and the change from green to white
Over some stony little water-fall.

We have seen wooded places, you and I
—Smell of a forest, racy with the pine;
Together watched the floating leaves laze by
On woodland stream, or crossed by crooked line
Of cobbles,—risked a wetting while the bridge
Arched up a beckon to a tamer soul.
We have found peace beneath the father trees . . .

We have read books together, you and I
—Lilt of a Kipling, swinging to the ear;
Together felt the high, clear moments fly
Over a tale of sea and sailor's cheer,
Marching our eyes along the throbbing line,
Or lingering soft upon some simpler sigh
Of country stillness or of shepherd love.

We have breathed quick, clear sea-breaths, you and I
—Tang of the salt sea, leaping with the breeze;
Together clambering rocks to face the high
Foam-fluted waves, and watch the rollers seize
The driftwood from the low-tide sand and pull
It out again upon its pulsing face.
And we have caught it all with heads thrown back
And laughing. . . .

We have hailed ships in harbors, you and I
—Snatch of some Portugese upon the deck;
Thrilled at the flapping sails and heard the cry
Of men at halliards eager for the speck
Of blue out yonder, just beyond the point.
Bronzed, foreign men they were, in dungarees
Blue eyed Norwegian men, and Portugese.

We have sought curious places, you and I
 —Must of a book shop,—grey old man in specs;
 Together we have rumaged low and high
 Within some shadowed corner where the wrecks
 Of drawing-rooms and libraries suspire
 Yellow the books we fingered, dim the lamp.

It has been rich, fine friendship, yours and mine
 —Flask of a memory, hued with true Romance;
 The stretch of lung, the spirit's reel from wine
 O' gladness, bred by sea and road and chance
 Wandering in the city streets. The dance
 Of fires in fall, and musky smell of smoke
 Blown into nothing by the wayman wind.

T. E. M. HEFFERAN.

The Pattern of a Lady

I CANNOT now remember where for the first time I met the Lady Pirate, or what tattered volume of romance retailed her gallant exploits, while even her name and that of her timid scholarly husband I have clean forgotten; but I do know that earth and the fiction of the earth contain no heroine to compare with her, that she was alike the terror of the sea and a peerless example and ornament to her sex, and that finally she overthrew, demolished, and completely wiped away any ideal of ladyhood I might otherwise have had.

A succession of perfect lady heroines of a past generation had brought me up; Rowena of the dewy azure orbs, the virtuous Cora, Morella the drooping, and gazelle-footed Gwendolyn—not forgetting a whole bevy of Lucy's, each more mild of countenance, more purely Grecian in feature, and more exquisitely susceptible than the last. They seemed supremely beautiful once, with all their tender, twining, flowing ways, their tinkling laughter, their timid fluttering hearts, down-dropped eyes, mantle of blushes, bower of ringlets, and shy furtive tears. But one dreadful day, I opened the wrong volume, whose shabby jacket and ungenteel aspect should have warned me away. From its pages out leaped, full-armed, cutlass-in-teeth, the Lady Pirate. Before my eyes she stood, among these patterns of gentility, tall, disdainful, radiant, like some scarlet ibis among sand-pipes.

For a long time in humble adoration I followed this enchantress across unknown seas skirting Eastern lands, through countless duels to protect her bookworm hus-

band from the swaggering whiskerandos on board, through mutiny, plank-walking, keel-hauling, city-sacking to her peaceful old age as a country inn-keeper and mother of twelve assorted children. Now so far as I know, this lady had no single Grecian feature, nor should I ever suppose her capable of a blush or a swoon, but she ruled her ship—presumably a sloop of sinister aspect flaunting the Skull-and-Crossbones—with a diplomatic grace far above that of any mere male pirate. She overhauled merchantmen with tact and despatch; she was magnanimous in fight, loyal and tolerant, brave almost to a fault, a good mother to the twelve children individually and *en masse*, and, finally, she served double rations of grog to the ferocious crew on all proper occasions.

But at length it ended, as all dreams do, and some interfering relative told me not to look forward to a career of Piracy, as it is no longer a respectable profession, especially for a lady. She added that, while being killed is sad indeed, being killed by a lady is a wanton and atrocious indignity.

For years I search for a heroine as daring without causing bloodshed, or as lovable without being rose-scented and sugar-frosted. I have not found her yet. Even now, in dreams, my thoughts go out to that lovable virago, who was at once the pattern of gentlewomen and the scourge of the sea, the delight of the fireside and the menace of merchant men—the Lady Pirate.

MIRIAM BEARD.

Carven Images

Characters

Adam Smith ----- Innkeeper
Jonathan Hands ----- A dwarf
Balder Weeks ----- Wood-carver

ACT I

Scene: The public room of a country inn near Philadelphia, sixty years ago. It is midnight. The tables are deserted, except for one in the corner. Adam Smith, the tavern keeper, sits here, nodding and blinking at the candle before him. A soft rapping sounds on the door as it swings open.

Adam: Come in, Jonathan. I've been waitin' long enough. Where are ye? *(He rises and holds the candle high above his head as though searching for something, and into the wavering patch of light steps a little man, no taller than a child, but with the hands and feet of a man. His face is wrinkled and weazened like a Rackham dwarf's. He grins at Adam by way of greeting, and clambers to the table, where he seats himself. When he speaks, it is with a voice as clear and soft as the sound of a glass bell.)*

Jonathan: And so ye were waiting', Adam? Ye're cross enough about it. I couldn't come sooner.

Adam: Ye must be ordered about like a very slave. Ye'll not last long. A fool could see that.

Jonathan: Sit ye down, Adam. Standing there and staring will never mend matters. *(Adam only shakes his head mournfully.)*

Adam: Ye can never be serious. Ye are like ye were when we were boys together. Will ye laugh even death in the face, Jonathan Hands? If ye can't work, starve ye must.

Jonathan: Ye're right. It's come to that. Sam says I'm to go. Tomorrow'll be my last day with the show.

Adam: Ye're welcome enough here, Jonathan. I'm poor, but ye can end your days here with me, just we two lonely men together.

Jonathan: What? Beg? Never! Ye know I won't. I'll not be fed by ye, led by ye like a child, not while I have—

Adam: That's it. What have ye? Only your life. Your singing voice is gone. Hard work done it. What a voice ye had! The very birds were jealous. I can see 'em yet, in the woods at home in England. They'd sit and watch ye with their bright little eyes while ye mocked 'em and sang to 'em. Them was happy days. *(The big man*

shoves his hand across his eyes and sinks into his chair. His little friend leans over to pat his shoulder.)

Jonathan: There, there. I can just die—like the birds do when their songs go. I only wish I could see the spring in England once more. I'll take the road for one last night under the sky. I'd pine away if ye caged me. *(He starts, and slips to the door, crouching there. Adam rises quickly as the door opens. A tall, slim man steps softly in, softly closes the door, and faces Adam.)*

Adam: What can I do for ye, Balder?

Balder: Will you send a parcel by the stage to St. Mary's tomorrow? It is the image of the infant John that I promised them. You will tell the driver to be careful?

Adam: Surely, surely. Might I see it? *(Balder steps to the door and brings in a long, much wrapped package. With gentle care he pulls off the wrapping and stands the image on the table. It is a delicately carved figure of a little child. Adam touches its baby hands reverently.)* I could almost believe it was real, if it didn't have the halo.

Balder: They seem real to me, so real. *(Adam edges away from him nervously.)*

Adam: Ye've a long walk through the woods. Maybe ye'd better go now. *(Without a word Balder wraps the image and leaving it on the table, goes out of the door, closing it softly behind him. Adam looks all around the room and shakes himself.)*

Adam: Come out, Jonathan. He couldn't hurt ye. I'm glad he's gone. *(Jonathan clambers to the table again.)*

Jonathan: Where did he go? What was he?

Adam: I can tell ye who he is, but sometimes I can't be sure what he is. He's Balder Weeks. He lives in the woods all by himself. He's a wood carver and makes clocks—once in a while an image for a church.

Jonathan: Is he silly?

Adam: Not as I know of—exactly. He and his pa came here from England years ago. His pa had a farm there in the woods, and a good farm it was, too, but he died poor. He read his queer old books and let the farm go to rack and ruin.

Jonathan: Was the pa queer?"

Adam: Yes, some. Quietish. You need'nt tell anybody, but I heard somethin' awful funny about

Balder. (*Adam looks apprehensively behind him, then leans forward, as he almost whispers:*) He makes angels and pixies and dwarfs all his spare time. He thinks them things'll come alive some day. (*The men stare at each other for a moment. Over the face of the dwarf comes a cunning, evil look. Adam draws back.*)

Adam: What makes ye look like that?

Jonathan: (*Intensely*) Do ye think he saw me with the show, Adam?

Adam: Why—no. He never goes to the town when he can help it.

Jonathan: Do I look like his pixies? Do I, Adam?

Adam: Ye do. D'ye think ye could make him believe it? Why d'ye want to?

Jonathan: Don't ye see? It'll be like the old life again. It'll be great fun. And then—maybe there's money lyin' round.

Adam: (*Thoughtfully*) Balder's fearful rich they say. He don't care for money, nor buy much. Rich folks from Philadelphia buys his things, and he gives most of the money to the poor folks there. Evenin' up, he calls it.

Jonathan: I've stole before.

Adam: It wouldn't be stealin', would it? Ye could go back to England. Ye wouldn't die then, nor starve.

Jonathan: It ain't much to me. I've stole before. The world's had only a kick for me. I'd a right to pick its purse after it kicked me. Good night, Adam. I'm much obliged. (*He slips from the table, and walks to the door, singing a gay little "tira la." At the door he stops and looks back, the evil look gone from his face.*)

Adam: But it ain't really stealing, is it?

Jonathan: Don't worry, old friend. I've stole before. Goodnight. (*Adams stares after him, then sits down wearily. His head droops. The candle flickers and goes out.*)

Curtain.

ACT II

Scene I

Scene: *In front of Balder Week's cottage in the forest. Jonathan is squatted on a bench before the door, paring apples. He sings a gay little tune of his own invention. Whenever a long apple peel twists into the pan, the tune takes a twist and a turn likewise. It is early spring, and a great wild crab-apple tree before the door is in blossom. Balder sits on one of its long branches. He is breaking off great sprigs of pink bloom.*

Balder: I'll soon have enough, Little Man. Our house will be very gay. (*Jonathan nods.*) I think we will want it gay, too. You noticed the block of wood in the corner near the fireplace? (*Jonathan grunts.*) I'll begin a new angel today. It's for the new church in Philadelphia. You've never been there?

Jonathan: No. How could I? (*Both laugh.*)

Balder: There are many sights there. You must go with me some day.

Jonathan: (*With a cunning look.*) It's better here. A big city would be no place for a man of wood like me.

Balder: But you're no wooden man. You're alive now—real flesh and blood, like me. And don't we have a happy life together?

Jonathan: Yes, when we're alone. But people mustn't see ye here with me. I'll go back to wood all too soon if curious folk come prying round. And then ye'd never find me again.

Balder: You don't know half the secrets of this old house. It has cubbies galore to hide little men like you.

Jonathan: But I ought to know about them. I could run and hide without worrying you.

Balder: You shall know about them.

Jonathan: When?

Balder: Some day, when time is plenty.

Jonathan: (*Grumbling to himself*) Some day, always some day. (*Balder swings down, his arms full of apple blossoms. He goes into the house and comes back, with a great bowl which he sets on the bench. He pats and pulls the flowers into place in the bowl.*)

Balder: Come now, Little Man. That's enough apples. The bench will hardly hold you and the flowers, too. (*Balder goes into the house and drags out a great block of wood, which he sets on another bench under the tree. Jonathan makes trip after trip into the house, and comes back each time laden with tools. As he works, his eyes begin to shine, and his face looks happy.*)

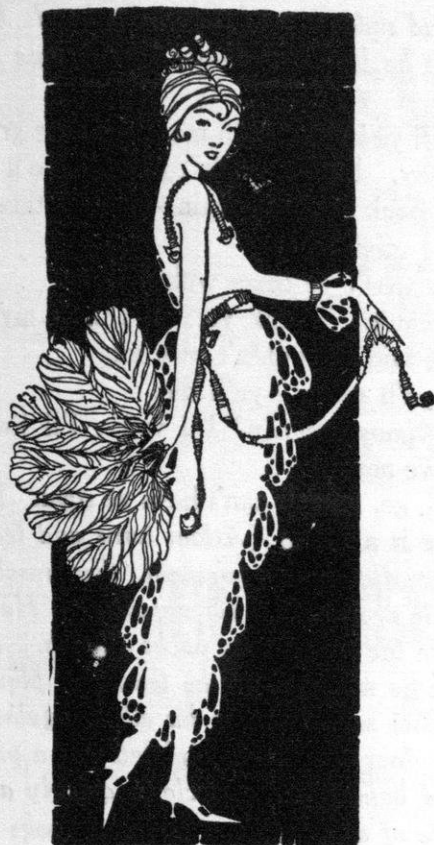
Balder: Now place my tools as I taught you yesterday. (*Balder begins chipping away at the block, and Jonathan, squatted on the ground, watches him intently.*)

Jonathan: It's the work makes ye so happy, ain't it, Balder?

Balder: Of course. Why can't you learn to carve, too, Little Man? You'd be a master worker.

Jonathan: You carve, I'll help. It's enough for me to help you.

Balder: O, but it makes one so happy! And the afternoon when I came home and found you sit-



Simpson's

"It pays to buy in Madison."

Dance Frocks Were Never So Charming

New shipments coming daily from New York

The lovely new colors of this season are used most advantageously in these fetching **Dance Frocks**. Glowing shades in rich Silks are softly subdued with graceful lace tunics or with veiled chiffon effects, while the perky stiffness of other **Silks** accentuates the quaint charm of many another little Frock.

Price Range is moderate

\$35 \$50 \$60 to \$150

ting there! Happy? I was so happy I could have sung!

Jonathan: That would have been funny. Ye can't sing a note.

Balder: O, but I was glad enough to sing.

Jonathan: And didn't ye wonder how I came there?

Balder: No. It was a good thing. Why should I question it? And you're just like all my pixies. I just worked at you till you stepped right out of the wood. Haven't I always thought it would happen?

Jonathan: But don't ye wish an angel had come alive instead?

Balder: You please me well enough. An angel would scold at the wood shavings lying round. Sing for me, now, Little Comrade, while I work. (*Jonathan tilts back his head and sings. A robin answers him from the tree and Balder rests from his work to listen to them.*)

ACT II

Scene 2

Scene: A month later The workroom of Balder's cottage. Jonathan is bustling about, sweeping away chips and shavings. He pauses to open the door. The bright sunlight streams in and lights the corner

where the figure of the angel stands half finished. The calm smile on its face is reflected on Jonathan's as he works. He looks up. In the door stands Adam, grim and silent.

Jonathan: Adam!

Adam: Well? (*Jonathan goes quickly to Adam, and takes his hand. Adam draws back and stares at the interior of the workshop.*)

Jonathan: I hadn't thought to see ye, old friend.

Adam: Is this where he works?

Jonathan: (*With pride*) Yes, where we both work. I help him.

Adam: Ye help him?

Jonathan: Yes. I've helped him all this spring. He's a great worker!

Adam: And the money?

Jonathan: (*Bewildered*) What money? I have no money.

Adam: His money—the money ye came to steal. Have ye forgotten?

Jonathan: Yes, I'd forgotten. How queer—I'd forgotten.

Adam: I don't believe ye. Ye're sly. I'll claim no share. (*He goes closer to Jonathan, and speaks very earnestly.*) Jonathan, I ain't slept much since that night ye left. Ye may have stole be-

fore—I never have. I kept thinkin' on it, and it ain't noways right. And when I seen Balder goin' up the Philadelphia road this mornin', I came to see ye.

Jonathan: I ain't stole, Adam, truly I ain't. I couldn't. He's been good to me. I've been happy here. (*Adam's face is set in a hard, incredulous look.*)

Adam: I don't believe ye, Jonathan.

Jonathan: Believe me or not, it's true.

Adam: And I'll have to tell Balder what ye are.

Jonathan: No! Not that! I couldn't stand it. (*More softly.*) Adam, listen. I've a tale to tell ye. (*He pulls his friend down beside him on a work bench. His little face is old and troubled again.*) Adam, he believes I'm one of his wee men come alive. No one ever was so kind to me before, not even you. I did mean to take the money, at first, but—somehow I didn't care about stealin'.

Adam: Why didn't ye tell him ye was no elf?

Jonathan: He wouldn't've believed it. He wanted to think I was an elf. It was his doin'—I never told him so. (*Adam stares sternly at the dwarf.*)

Adam: Ye lie, Jonathan. I was willin' ye should do it, at first, but I thought better on it. I'll tell Balder. Then if he wants to keep ye he can.

Jonathan: Ye mustn't! Can't ye see ye mustn't? (*He shakes Adam's arm.*) His carving'd never be the same again. He's got to believe in what he makes.

Adam: (*Stolidly*) I'll tell him. Ye ain't to be trusted. Ye better come home with me. (*Jonathan's head sinks down between his hands, but in a moment he looks up again, a new hope in his eyes.*)

Jonathan: Will ye be fair with me? (*Adam grunts*) I'll go away. Balder needn't know. He'll think I've gone back to wood again—many a time I've told him I might.

Adam: Why won't ye come with me?

Jonathan: I can't. Thank ye, but I'll go my own way. Ye said ye couldn't trust me.

Adam: But ye'll starve—ye'll die.

Jonathan: (*Almost angrily*) I'll work, I'll live. I want to live now.

Adam: Well, go. But I can't have ye steal. Balder's good, if he is a fool. (*Adam turns and leaves.*)

Jonathan looks after him a moment, then resolutely makes his simple preparations for departure. He goes to a cupboard in the corner, and packs a lunch. With a hasty motion he wipes away the tears that blind his eyes. As he does so, he knocks his elbow against the wall. A little door flies open, and lets out a pile of gold, silver and bank notes. It closes quickly again, leaving no trace of an opening. Jonathan looks from the place where the door was to the heap of money at his feet. At last he scoops it up with his hands and lays it near the angel. Then the little man, taking his lunch, goes softly out. The sunshine streams across the floor and dances on the gold at the feet of the calm angel.

Curtain.

RACHAEL HANCK.

ILLUMINATED AB.

Reluctantly we met the dawn
 With sleepy eyes, repeated yawn,
 And listened with a bored delight
 To Abner's dreaming of the night:
 The air and earth were black as coal,
 The sky a star-bespattered bowl,
 While in the tent—so Abner said—
 They slumbered soundly as the dead;
 When sudden as electric spark
 Each one jerked upright in the dark,
 While through the blackness rang the shout,
 "The Boche are over us,—look out!"
 A bound from bed! A snatch for shoes—
 Your own or someone's else—don't chose!—
 Helmets grabbed—deserted tent—
 While overhead the message went
 "It is-z-z You! It is-z-z You! It is-z-z You!"
 His heart stopped beating, Abner told,
 (Oh, why at night are Boche so bold?)
 And then his skin shrunk up with fright,
 For all about him glowed a light!

EVERSHARP

The Perfect Pointed Pencil.

Not only is it a pleasure to use one of these pencils, it is economy using the lead until there is only 1-8 of an inch left. There is no waste.

In Gold or Silver Finish
\$1.00 to \$6.00

UNIVERSITY CO-OPERATIVE CO.

E. J. GRADY, Manager

506-508 State.

Phone B. 2720

A target terrified he stood,
His legs were lead, his arms were wood,
And then the horrid knowledge came:
From his own helmet gleamed the flame!
A burning candle stuck above—
A dandy mark which bombers love!
And still the heavenly music came
To send the quivers through his frame:
"It is-z-z You! It is-z-z You! It is-z-z You!"
He rolled, he kicked, he dealt a clout
But still the flame would not go out;
The criss-cross search-lights in the sky
Revealed the terror to his eye.
It came! It came! And on it came!
Though all the guns spat steel and flame!—
And then, Ka-blewey! went a bomb,
Again, Ker-whang! another one!
Down in the mud crouched Abner low,
But still he spread that awful glow;
He looked—the plane was just above,
And then rang out that song of love:
"It is-z-z You! It is-z-z You! It is-z-z
You-u!" Ke-BLOOEY!
And Abner sprang from out of bed
With both hands clutching at his head!
DUDLEY C. BROOKS.

Everything For the College Fellow

In the Line of Cold Weather Wear.

Sheepskins, Overcoats,
Leather and Leatherette Coats
Sweaters

Drop in and Let Us Show You



"COLLEGEMEN'S CLOTHIERS"

Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, WOOD
and MENDOTA
LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime
Hair and Sewer Pipe



Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin Street

Telephone No. 25

ON BOARD—SEPTEMBER 1918

HE WAS killed on board by a huge wave: no one knew whence he came; no one could trace back the path which had brought him there. Someone said: "Poor fellow! we'll have to leave him somewhere here." So, he was wrapped in a sheet, covered with a flag which was certainly not that of his own country and, on one melancholy morning, his corpse was brought on deck. A few men stood round bare-headed. The chaplain quickly read the prayers of the dead. The wind was cold and the sea foamy and rough. The corpse slid over board, fell into the water with a splash which could not be heard through the loud howling of the storm.

"Dreadful weather," said someone.

FERNANDE HELIE.

INSPIRATION

The call of life comes keen and strong
From all the hills of earth,
And there is youth that answers it,
And deathless faith;
And clear winds blow,
That sweep the earth and life itself,
And make all fair;
And death,
And failure's sting,
And weariness,
Are not,
But bright, all-conquering hope,
That challenges the world,
Beneath the banners of a dream of right.

EVE KNOWER.

THE POET'S GOD

Sad gods, glad gods,
Wise gods, mad gods,
All the gods the world has,
How shall I choose mine!
Tears enough within the world
Where the lash of grief is curled,
Tears enough, and wisdom too,
Old and dead that hides the true;
Laughter in the hearts of men,
Joy that sings and sings again,
Dancing tread of flying feet,
Gladness, strong and aching sweet,—
There is lack enough of these
On this star that whirls and flees,
Too little joy in earth-born eyes
Has been the gift of gods too wise,—
Not wise nor sad my god shall be,
But glad and mad and wild and free!

EVE KNOWER.

Wayside Inn Cafeteria

Woman's Building

The Best Place to Eat

Real home cooking. Our French pastry cook has had twenty years experience. If you want the best of food and service, eat here.

Big dining room—quiet, homelike, and sanitary. You will never be disappointed at the Wayside Inn.

Our Banquet Hall can serve 400 persons.

240 West Gilman Street

Kodak Finishing

Bring your films to us for finishing and SAVE MONEY. We allow 25% discount on all Developing and Printing brought to our Store, and guarantee a Superior Quality of Work.

WHY PAY MORE?

Ruud & Irion

521 State Street

"Madison's Premier Photographers"

Kennedy Dairy Company

Velvet Ice Cream

"It's All Cream"

Let us fill your order for that party

618 University Avenue

Phone: Badger 7100

ALL THE LATE DANCE RECORDS AT HOOK BROS.

Derelict

IT WAS the twelfth of October, twenty-five years ago today, that first time I remember—a day blinding in its clearness, exhilaratingly cool. When I shut my eyes now I can see it—the deep green of the hill rising beside me, the gorgeous colour of a turning maple, the road winding dustily ahead of me.

It was to be my first memory, that quarter of an hour as I stood by the green hill—and much of its vividness is due to the fact that while I stood there, with nothing behind to remember and nothing ahead to foresee, I knew, as finally as I now know, that I should never remember anything that occurred or existed in my life before that moment. As my first memory I welcomed it into my brain—consciously and deliberately I absorbed each detail, knowing that my life, whatever it was to be, must begin from that spot, and never go back further.

It is strange that I should have been so clear in this one thought, in the midst of my great bewilderment. For nothing else was clear—I was lost, groping,—a grown man, perhaps twenty-five or six years old, sane, evidently well educated. And yet I was completely lost—I did not remember my surroundings, I could not remember my name, nor had I the slightest recollection of any people who might have been my friends.

You have heard, no doubt, of thousands of cases beginning as mine began—the patient coming into consciousness after some great shock, and finding everything about him a void. There are two reactions to this state. One is a child-like acceptance of the thing—no worrying, no desire to remember, nor thought that there could be any remembrance. The other reaction, far more terrible to the patient is the knowledge that somewhere there is a life that he has lived—and that it is lost forever. The latter was my feeling—and there all similarity between my experience and any other case of which doctors have been able to tell me, ends. For, in other cases, though the patient has felt that his past life has been irretrievably lost, it has not developed so. There has been, within a year or two, or perhaps even a day, some little incident, some friendly face, which has brought back in a flash the lost memories.

But for twenty-five years I have lived on, in an apparently normal, yes, a happy life—and never have I remembered any individual thing occurring before the twelfth of October, 188—. Strangest of all, in the entire twenty-five years, I have met no person, old or young, who had ever seen me before that year. It is this that has been the great mystery to all those specialists who have endeavored to bring back my lost life

—they could find no human being who might remind me of what I had once been.

I have never experienced again the blind horror of those few hours after I first came into the world. I call it that—from my own point of view I had never before seen the world, nor had this bit of New England ever seen me. I shall never forget the agony of those hours. The sun was setting splendidly as I first found myself standing by the gay little maple tree. Hours later when I at last despairingly admitted that I could not remember, and started aimlessly west along the dusty road the full moon was shining directly above me, I was beaten, exhausted. My clothes, which had seemed respectable and neat at sunset, had become disheveled and grass besmeared in my long struggle with the horror.

After I had admitted my defeat and had realized that now I must search for something to bring back my memory, I had no other distinct thought until I had dragged along the little road for about a mile. There was nothing but blackness, terror, despair. I came finally upon a village, and then all my faculties quickened—perhaps now I should find something familiar. There was a single railroad track, and beside it a small board station. I strained my eyes eagerly, hopefully. The sigh under the eaves bore one word—Rosemary. My despair returned. I had never seen the place, never heard the name.

The little town was sleeping peacefully as I stumbled along its wide market street. I had no idea where to go and wandered for some blocks. At last I came upon what was evidently the hotel, an old weather-beaten affair, guarded by huge elms. There was a sign which I could not read in the shadow, and a dim light inside. I had in my pockets a five dollar bill and some loose change, enough to board and lodge me for about three days.

The hotel clerk, dozing behind the counter, stared at me out of sleepy eyes with small-town curiosity, and pushed forward the register. This was my first reminder that other people must be told something about me—and I knew nothing to tell. Instantly I was on my guard. My story must not be told promiscuously, I must have a name, a purpose. Calmly enough I took the register and wrote a name—John Cranefield. I do not know why I wrote it, perhaps it is my own name. There was nothing familiar in its appearance as I saw it written there, but I knew that it would have to be mine until I could remember. Still on my guard, I paused in my writing and asked casually;

“What day is it?”

A College Man's Store

With a College Man's Service and A College Man's Clothes.



MILLINERY William's Hat Shop

401 State Street



The newest styles now on display.

Restores and Creates Beauty



MARINELLO MASSAGE TREATMENT

is a normal exercise, restoring tone to the tired skin. When the skin is dry and poorly nourished the Tissue Cream used at home will soon produce a marked improvement.

Used and recommended by more than 3500 Beauty Shops. Sample of Tissue Cream free, also illustrated booklet showing how to massage the face at home.

223 STATE STREET

The Two Best Places to Eat



HOME AND COP'S CAFE



JAS. I COPPERNOLL, ("Cop") Prop.

13 West Main Street

"Tuesday, the twelfth, sir."

The man registering before me had written, "October 11". I wrote October twelve, and followed the boy up to my room. As I passed the mail rack I saw a poster—"For pure air and green fields, come to Rosemary, Maine."

There is little to tell of the next three months as I gradually worked my way from Rosemary to New York. In the first month I became superficially used to my situation, and somewhat philosophically plodded on toward my one objective—enough money to take me to a great specialist, and cure. For I always fought down that one clear thought which had possessed me on the first day—the thought that the first twenty-five years of my life could never be found. I refused to believe it, and very nearly convinced myself that someday, soon, my memory would come back, and with it friends and a home.

In the first month also, I discovered the sort of work that I was *not* fitted to do. I tramped from town to town, in the general direction of New York, trying to earn a living by odd-jobs on occasional farms and in village gardens. But plainly I had been born for an intellectual, not an agrarian career. My chance employers suffered by my manifold mistakes, and I was told over and over, "You city-bred fellows had ought to keep yourselves out of the way. You're nothing but a nuisance." Without doubt I did belong in the city. But the only way to get there was through the villages.

At length I succeeded in reaching a fair sized city in upper New York, and there I had my first taste of the intellectual, and was happier. I found that I could write with fair decency, and procured a modest position on a newspaper, where I toiled for the rest of the three months, until I had enough money to take me respectably to New York City.

I discovered my knowledge of books while working on the newspaper. The town possessed a very fine little library, and browsing there in my few leisure hours, I found that most of the well known authors, English and American, were familiar to me, as well as many French and German works. Observing the titles of various books, I would remember their contents clearly, and I had no difficulty in locating historical events, and in remembering the story of the lives of authors whose books I had read. But I had no knowledge whatever of when I had read any of these things.

It was then that I first deliberately analysed the condition of my mind. I saw that I was a comparatively normal man, of reasonable intellect and at the very least, of good education. I remembered history of nations. I remembered apparently everything that I had read in books. I knew customs and manners well enough to act and talk properly in any situation. Why,

then, could I remember nothing else? And finally I thought I knew. The abstract, the intellectual side of my mind had, in the great shock which I must have received, escaped damage, while the personal, the *self* portion, if brain can be so divided, was gone. There was no way of associating ideas, places, people, with my own personality. It was as if I were all mind and had no feeling, as if I had memorized the world from a book, and was now meeting it myself for the first time. This feeling has been with me always, from the first day—when I have returned to places, have met people that I had met since I came into the world of memories,—I have associated them with my own personal experience. Everything else has been recognized as if from the printed pages of a book.

When I reached New York my hopes were high once more. Surely a man of twenty-five, broadly educated, perhaps widely traveled as I must have been, could not have failed to see New York— Now I would remember, I could see something to make me know who I was and what my life had been. But, when I reached the heart of the city, hope left as suddenly as it had come. I knew where to go, recognized buildings, streets, parks. But in my mind there was not one personal recollection, not one thought which casual reading about the place might not have put there.

I found a cheap room downtown, and then set out to walk. For hours I marched to reach Central Park at last, and sitting disconsolately on a bench, to admit defeat once more.

There came over me an unbearable feeling of loneliness, of utter despair. I was a stranger in life—There was no one whose face I might know, and who could greet me as a friend. I had no home, mother, father, love. No—worse still, I might have all of these things, love might be waiting for me nearby, or at the other end of the world—and I, needing it with all my soul, had forgotten where to find it.

A man is never so selfish as when he is in misery. For three months I had wandered about in a daze, trying to find comfort for myself in my bewilderment. And now, sitting on the cold park bench, my feet damp from the January thaw and rain, the gray sky seeming to smother out all the warmth in the world, I thought for the first time of the people whom I had left behind. For there must have been people—no man is wholly without friends or love; no man can go away without leaving behind some loneliness. My heart ached suddenly with pity for these people. They must wonder what had become of me; they must be searching, longing. I tried to picture to myself what they might be like these friends who were looking for me. But the pictures eluded me, and the great loneliness came back

Bank of the Commonwealth

Capital \$50,000

The Nearest Bank to the Campus

We Solicit Your Business

Safety Deposit Vaults, Travelers' Cheques and General Banking

Corner University Avenue and Francis Streets

G. H. Q.

MORGAN'S

532-534 State Street

College Refectory

Cafeteria Service
638 State Street

Enlarged Quarters
Courteous Attention
Home Atmosphere

THE ONE MEN'S STORE



Which Excels in Style and Assortment of

SPORT CLOTHING
Sheepskins, Leather Coats

For Men and Women

All Sorts of Regular and Specialty Clothing

THE HUB
KARSTENS & SCHMITZ CO.

overwhelmingly.—Somewhere through the darkness, hearts full of love for me were calling me, and I could not go, because I had forgotten.

In time I made friends in New York, and in my loneliness their kindness was of great comfort. I found work in a library, which kept me going until I could learn enough stenography to secure a position as private secretary to Edwin Winslow, a distinguished man of letters of the time.

Now at last I had come into the world in which I had felt I belonged. Nine months of drudgery and poverty had made more poignant my despair, and had worn raw my already everwrought nerves. It was like taking a breath of pure air to leave my dingy room for the world of good books in Edwin Winslow's big house on Riverside Drive.

Winslow was the sort of man one reads of in fiction and longs to meet. Wealthy, brilliant, famous, he was thoughtful and kinder than many who have won renown through clever use of the pen. He made me one of his household, by his cordiality and tact, and whatever loneliness his companionship did not dispel, quickly disappeared before the cheery friendliness of his charming wife and her invalid sister.

It was to Winslow, smoking one evening in his comfortable study, that I told for the first time the story of my lost memory. Until then, kind as my friends had been, I had been unable to bring myself to tell them what must make appear a being mysterious and unreal, and to them I had seemed merely a reticent fellow, with a past, perhaps, which I would prefer to forget. Winslow, I felt, with his greater age, and his long study of people, would understand.

And he did understand. He listened in silence while I told my story through from the beginning, nine months before. Thinking that he might help me, I left out no detail, telling him as I have written here, all of my own thoughts on the subject, and my ever defeated hopes. His eyes were keen and clear as he watched me. He was leaning forward when I ended gloomily;

"And I shall never be able to escape the thought that my friends, perhaps my home as well, are waiting for me, never forgetting me, while I have forgotten them and cannot go to them."

The gray eyes grew soft with sympathy; he touched my shoulder gently:

"Make yourself escape it, Cranfield. There must be a way to bring your old life back to you. For now, think that you have no need of a past—live in the present here with me, look forward into a future of happiness and success. In a few days Dr. Cleveland, one of the greatest brain experts that I know, and a good friend of mine, will be back from Europe, and we'll have him take you in hand. He has done wonders with all sorts of cases."

And so we talked until late in the night, of the miracles of surgery, of psychic experiments and their results, and recurrently of the great ability of Dr. Cleveland. When finally I went up to my room, I felt again for the first time in many months the hope with which I had earlier downed the thought that there could never be hope. Surely, these specialists had won in battles greater than the battle for my memory could be. I had intelligence still, and many with minds almost gone had been brought back to normal living. My heart sang joyously, and the next day brought new purpose into my attitude toward my work.

To that part of my story there is little more. Dr. Cleveland came, saw, and in due time admitted that he could find no solution of my problem. Detectives tried to trace people who had heard of or seen a man who looked like me. I traveled widely with Edwin Winslow for two years. I was in the care of specialist after specialist, but always with the same result. I remembered nothing, felt nothing, before that autumn day of my first memory. I met people of all races and all ages, talked with them, gained their friendship, but never once met any who could cast any light into the darkness.

Gradually I grew philosophical. I could never live in the past; never have the youth that all men look back upon; never think that once I had a home. So I determined to live as Edwin Winslow had urged me to do, whole-heartedly in the present and for the future, so that what little past I might be permitted to look upon, should be full as human effort could make it. I had my work, the constant association with the Winslows inspired me. Their kindness comforted me, and I had leisure to write on the literary subjects that I loved, and to become known in a modest way among the men of letters with whom I associated. In many ways I was happy, and yet I could never escape for long, in spite of my determined efforts, the questions which constantly pursued me, and forced me to grope blindly back into the past.

In moments alone I would find myself wondering incessantly about the people whose lives I had left. Somewhere in the void were they still waiting, or could they forget a little now that years had passed? I could never get away from the thought of their terrible hurt, if they could know that I, whatever I might be to them, could not remember them, even dimly. Sometimes, at night in my room, I would lie for hours on my bed, in an agony of shame, that I, who so loved traditions and long friendships, could ever have forgotten.

Then one day, at the house of one of the Winslow's friends, I suddenly met Jean Graymore. I have no idea who it was that introduced us, or why the roomful of people disappeared almost immediately.

Alexander Kornhauser Company

Service and Satisfaction

Shop in a store equipped to serve as you like to be served. A store which anticipates your every dress need.

It is the aim and achievement of the Alexander Kornhauser Company to fit the merchandise to the individual requirements of each customer. There is an atmosphere of distinction about the merchandise from this store which stamps it as correct in every detail. Whether it is an elaborate dancing frock, a smart suit, or the smallest accessory, we have it at a price most reasonable.

Prices Aren't High If You Buy Right

Prices of clothes are higher than they were; that's true. Good clothes cost more; but you don't have to pay more than they're worth, not if you buy the right kind.

We have the right kind, high quality, all wool clothing that will give you long service.

Made By
Hart, Schaffner & Marx

New Belted Models, Double Breasteds for Men
and Young Men
\$40.00 to \$65.00

Olson-Veerhusen Co.

IF

An approaching wedding or birthday finds you unprepared, we invite you to pay our store a visit.

A gift in a Gamm box means quality.

Gamm Jewelry Store

9 W. MAIN ST.

The Y. M. C. A. Cafeterias

Catering to Students

Exceptional Foods in Great Variety
and at Moderate Prices

JAPANESE SERVICE
GIVE YOURSELF A TREAT

740 Langdon Street
207 W. Washington Ave.

W. C. MALONE

Quality, Service, and Satisfaction

Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

Phone: Badger 1164—434 State Street

C. H. Sannes Institute

State License

C. H. SANNES, C. R. SANNES,
Reg. Masseur Chiropractor
317 State Street, Madison, Wis.

Swedish Massage—Electro Vibratory Violet Ray
Treatments, Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Spinal Adjustments—National Schools System.
Ladies' Turkish Baths—Steam and Electric Cabinet,
Salt Glows and Showers. Pine Needle Extract Baths.
Reducing Treatments. Fine Rest Room.

Beauty Parlors—Shampoo, Scalp and Facial Treatments.
Hair Work. Manicuring. Chiropody and Electrolysis.

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS AT HOOK BROS.

Perhaps it was carefully planned. But we stood there alone, she and I, facing each other.

I do not know how long we stood, it may have been only a moment. But in that time, looking into the girl's frank eyes, there came out of the darkness through which I had been blindly staggering for three years, one glow of light that has never faded. I *knew*, knew with an absolute conviction in which I have not once wavered, that whatever the early part of my life had contained, I had never before loved any woman.

Mechanically I talked through the afternoon, and mechanically I went home, carrying with me the picture of Jean, her frankness and her gayety, to fight through a long black night the battle with my conviction; I could remember nothing of my life, no person, no incident. How, then, could I know that it had held no other woman, no other love? How could I dream of marriage to Jean with perhaps a wife waiting for me, and so bring dishonor on her and on Jean? And through

it all the knowledge that I need have no fear, no doubt, stayed in my mind. I had never loved another woman.

As I have written, that conviction has never left me. When some months later I told Jean the story of my lost life, and of my love for her, it was as strong, and she, believing me, became convinced also. That was twenty-two years ago. Until today, to no one but Edwin Winslow and my wife, and the doctors, who have kept my secret, have I mentioned the mystery of my life. My young son is in college, in the youth I never had. My oldest son is at the Western front. Tonight I am suddenly troubled at the thought of what the shock of war may do to him. Tomorrow I go to the hospital for an operation. I may not live to greet my son when he returns. I am writing this for him:

I am a grayhaired man—in years, fifty, in memory, —twenty-five today. And beyond the twenty-five, except that I knew no Jean—still lost.

RACHEL S. COMMONS.

As Far as Shakespeare

THE TOWN clock was just striking seven, when Lizzie May's key grated in the lock of the library door. It was a beautiful morning. Lizzie May inhaled the fresh, slightly chill air, greedily. Had she known Browning she might have recalled his—

“The Year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn
Morning's at seven;
The hill-sides dew perled.”

but Lizzie May had neither the time nor the inclination for Browning, so instead she hummed an air that had drifted across to her “fourth floor back” from the dance hall on the corner.

“It's the only, only way,
It's the only trick to play,
If she's only nice
She will kiss you twice,
It's the only, only way.”

but by the happy tilt to Lizzie May's chin and the laughing light in her gray eyes, a sentimentalist might have said that she was trying to express through the little snatch of ragtime, the self-same joy of living that had been the inspiration of the poet's lines.

Lizzie May pulled open the heavy doors and stepped into the cool darkness of the hall. She passed through into the reading-room, and crossing to the long rows of windows, she let green shade after green shade fly up with a whirring snap. The brightness of the morning sun let into the room so suddenly, blinded her for a moment, but soon she became accustomed to the glare, and her quick glance darted over the long book-cases with their endless rows of books.

Lizzie May was taking the place of Nora Muldowney, the regular scrub-woman, who was employed by the year. Nora had been mopping the floor, as she had explained mournfully to Lizzie May, after the students, poor dears had gone home, and bless your sweet heart, she had most finished, and had got as far as Shakespeare with the dustin', when a pain took her that quick in the back, that bedad, it doubled her up, and the janitor, the Holy Saints reward him, had taken her to his own home, where she was being waited on, the Queen of England, not better. Now, if Lizzie May would want to be earning a spare pinny, would she go loike a good girl, a bit early in the morning', and finish up?

Lizzie May was only too glad to earn a “spare pinny” and the morning air had fairly made her ache to get out anyway.

She crossed over to the right hand corner where Nora's bucket and mop still remained from the night before. As she did so, the gilt letters on the books at a level with her eyes, attracted her attention. “Shakespeare”, she read off slowly, “he must be the guy that Mr. Robins is always quoting to the office help.”

“Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”

“Gee, he must have had some head on him to write this many books”, she said speculatively, as she passed the dust cloth which she had picked up from the floor, over some two dozen little volumes bound in green calf. She bent down to the next shelf and stopped to read the titles on the larger volumes.

William Shakespeare, A Critical Study by Brandes,

Half a Second

Of Your Time

We want you to know these
drug stores

The Menges Pharmacies

26 West Mifflin Street
901 University Avenue
1825 Monroe Street
801 Oakland Avenue

Milk

Cream

Ice Cream

- - Sold by - -

Zilisch

Pure Milk

Company

The Dairy of Real Quality

Telephone—Badger 979

VARSAITY BEAUTY SHOP

Ella White Courtney, Proprietor

The House of Quality
All Branches of Work

415 North Park Street

Phone: 429

FRANK BROS.

Fancy Groceries and Fruits

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

2 Stores

611-613 Univ. Ave. Cor. State & W. Johnson St.
Phones 5335, 2689 Phone 868

Capitol Cafe



"Under The Dome"

MR. and Mrs. F. R. FULLER, Managers

Phone—Capitol 217

Student Parties, Banquets, and Dinners

Music Evenings and Sundays

PANTORIUM COMPANY

"Quality Cleaners"

DISCOUNT YOUR CLEANING

\$5.00 GIVES \$6.00 CREDIT

Phones: Badger 1180
Badger 1598 538 STATE STREET

GET THE NEW MUSIC AT HOOK BROS.

Shakespeare, the Dramatist, by William Archer, *Shakespeare, the Man*, and at the very end of the row, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, International Edition*.

"Why do they have all them little ones, I wonder, if they can get all in one?" she questioned herself.

"I'll just take a peek inside of this, I guess." She turned the pages slowly—"That man must have been a quaker," she commented as she stopped to glance at a page from the *Two Gentlemen from Verona*, and read "Sir Valentine, thou art a gentlemen, and well derived; Take thou, thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserved her."

"Well, I must get back to my work," she sighed regretfully, as she passed with a reluctant glance a striking picture of Lady Macbeth. She turned over the introductory pages quickly as if unwilling to overlook anything which might be of interest to her. Her eyes

caught a line in italics. It was an item from Shakespeare's will.

"I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture."

Lizzie May snorted—"Humph! Pop left us better fixed than that. I guess when I go home, I'll tell ma that she's as well off as Shakespeare's widow was."

Still holding the volume which had evoked her soliloquy, she moved over to a nearby window seat. "Well," she said a trifle unsteadily, "I'm glad that Nora only got as far as Shakespeare."

She shamefacedly wiped away a lone tear that had fallen on the gilt lettered William and winked hard to keep back the others. "Anyway, it's sort of comfortin'," she consoled herself aloud, as she returned the book to its shelf. It's sort of comfortin' to think us and Mrs. Shakespeare have somethin' in common."

HAZEL MURPHY.

The Book Shop

BODY AND RAIMENT, by Eunice Tietjens. Knopf.

Among the very recent books of verse is a small yet select collection by a Chicago poet, Eunice Tietjens. She will be remembered as a contributor to many of our best periodicals, as collaborator with Harriet Monroe on the editorial staff of *Poetry*, and as the author of a volume of free verse, *Profiles from China*, which appeared in 1917. *Body and Raiment* is a suggestive title for the little volume, in which, by means of a nice process of selection, the author has set down her extreme versatility and the fulness of her experience. Although the poems are very readable, they are marked nevertheless by a spirit of high consciousness and by a universality of emotion which places them among lyrics of distinction.

Mrs. Tietjens introduces herself in a Proem with "A Plaint of Complexity", an attempt at self-analysis, which strikes the keynote of the whole collection with amazing exactness.

"I have too many selves to know the one
In too complex a schooling was I bred,
Child of too many cities, who have gone
Down all bright cross-roads of the word's desires,
And at too many altars bowed my head
To light too many fires."

Each of her "many selves" is given a keen individuality in some separate poem which that same self seems to have inspired. The "modern, rather mannish self" admittedly wrote the poem of the drug clerk—a revelation of a sure understanding of human nature and a whimsical, delicious sense of humor—

"No, we don't carry no pomade
We only cater to the high-class trade."

"The Steam Shovel" is another product of the self who "lives gladly in Chicago." The self

"compound of strange, wild things,
Of solitude, and mud, and savagery;"

inspired impassioned lyrics of intense emotion. The "mother self", too, is present in much of the verse.

"This self stands
When others come and go."

She hovers here and there, shyly dodging some lines and showing forth plainly in others. But "the self she does not touch—a self who stands apart—is the self behind the poems which

reflect suffering and deep feeling and a sense of the issues of life. This self lived in the battle-scarred France and recorded her impressions in several forceful war-scenes; this self lay through months of suffering on a white hospital-bed—"the house of many-fingered pain." It is she who wrote "The Great Man" and "To my Friend Grown Famous" with fair and open-minded estimate.

Mrs. Tietjens is exceedingly versatile and skilful in the handling of metrics. Music in many tempos rings through her verses. In "The Bacchante", a *scherzo*, the rhythm is so sprightly that it is felt even before the rime. She sings her "Woodland Love Song" in veritable Alfred Noyes rhythm—

"Hark to the woodland, the low thrilling hum of it,
Hark to the message that sings in the pine!
Love lies before us, the whole golden sum of it;
Come what may come of it,
Hee you are mine!"

For a poet who wavers between conventional metrics and saucy free verse, this lady shows remarkable sureness in her selection of verse form to meet the needs of the sense. Her free verse may be without rime but never without reason.

L. S. L.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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

ADMINISTRATION

James W. Gilman, Managing Editor.
Lowell J. Ragatz, Business Manager.
Lela M. Hendricks, Circulation Manager.

CIRCULATION STAFF

Lucile Liebermann Virginia Hinners

ADVERTISING STAFF

Ragnhild Skaar Lydia Hendricks
Patrick Gahagan Richard McCaffery

PUBLICITY

Mary T. Voorhees.

Rosemary Beauty Shop

Go to the Rosemary Beauty Shop, the most modern equipped shop in the city, for first class work. Soft water for shampooing. A full line of toilet articles and hair goods on sale. Open every week day and Tuesday and Thursday evenings by appointment.

Phone: Badger 6211—523 State Street

General Tailor Shop

New Work
Cleaning and Pressing

E. C. TETZLAFF

410 State Street

Exclusively Photographic

We make Pictures of Groups and Parties

KODAKS KODAK FINISHING

**PHOTOART
HOUSE**

MR. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

Thanksgiving Decorations

Paper Napkins

Place Cards

Tally Cards

Bon Bon Boxes

H. C. Netherwood Printing Co.
24 NORTH CARROLL ST.

Toggery Shop

We handle nothing but the best in the line of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

Try Us for Sheepskin Coats

1347 University Avenue

DRUGS

All roll film bought here developed free
KODAKS, STATIONERY AND MAGAZINES

SUMNER & CRAMTON

670 STATE STREET
Postal Station 9

Ehrmans Delicatessan

SANDWICHES A SPECIALTY

Open Evenings and All Day Sundays

302 State Street. Phone: Badger 1591

An unusually attractive and large selection of novelties for

Gifts for All Occasions

at
THE UNIQUE SHOP

Corner State and Dayton Streets

The "LIT" for the Rest of the Year

80c

LOWELL J. RAGATZ, Business Manager

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

752 Langdon

CHICKERING AND SCHOMACKER GRAND PIANOS AT HOOK BROS.

The Irving Cafeteria

HOME COOKING

MISS LUDAHKA
419 STERLING COURT

THE PERFECT GIFT

A Picture

PERFECTLY FRAMED

McKILLOP ART CO.
650 STATE

QUALITY FIRST

KAPLAN'S FRUIT STORE

Wholesale and Retail

402 State Street

Phones: Badger 401, 402

MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY

429-431 State Street

Telephone Fairchild 530

Special Rates on Bundles Brought in and
Called For

COMMUNICATION

To the Magazine called "The Literary"

I want to be your friend because I am alone and like what you say. The coldness of the night cramps my fingers, and the fire is nearly out; still I write you.

The other day I was sitting on a stone by the road when an automobile appeared and disappeared very rapidly. It threw me much dust from its rich purring wheels, also your magazine, which must have fallen out from the back. I read every word in it. I am only seventeen, but I have been through Stevenson's lovely stories, some of Bernard Shaw, Shelley, Browning, and loads of Russian things. My grandmother is a Russian. Your magazine, though, is the first thing I ever read written by young hands, Youth is very nice. I have it in the morning. I am wrapped in darkness, buried under a million soft feathers of sleep, when something sweet and cool comes into my nose and passes over my eyes, "Morning!" Then I sit up on the ground to find the lights of dawn in the woods. The earth is frosty, the mist is still hanging on the trees, so I jump up to keep myself warm. I throw my arms into the blue air; I kick up the yellow leaves in whirls, and bury my head in them. The long road is long,—that is my joy! After I eat my breakfast (I stole some awfully good bacon this morning) I tilt my sandled feet along the road and sing at the top of my voice. The birds and the early-risen farmers shake their heads at the mad, red-skirted vagabond. Do I care? Am I ashamed to be young?

I am not far from Madison just now. Please do not think badly of me because I take what I want and roam. You are intolerant if you do. I can tell you many interesting things if you will let me be your friend.

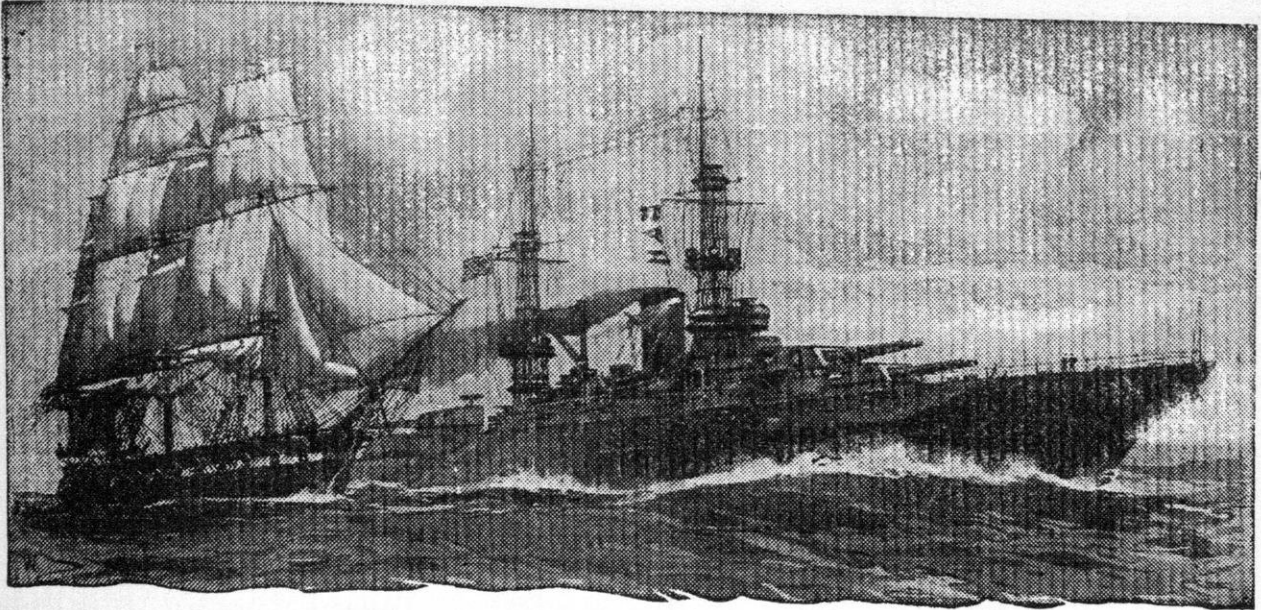
(Signed) The Gypsy.

The fire is all out. Black, starless October! Oy Kolyade!

[Editor's Note: We believe it not customary to publish anonymous communications. This, however, interested us so much that we could not refrain from printing it. More than this, we are sure that we shall love the Gypsy if ever she makes herself known to us. Certainly if the bacon was as good as it sounds, she may invite us to breakfast any day, and we shall accept the invitation.]

All copy for the December issue of the "Lit" should be in the editor's hands before November 20th. Mail or deliver to "Lit" office, 3rd floor Union Bldg.

VEGA BANJOS AT HOOK BROS.



The "Constitution" of To-day—Electrically Propelled

THE U. S. S. "New Mexico," the first battleship of any nation to be electrically propelled, is one of the most important achievements of the scientific age. She not only develops the maximum power and, with electrical control, has greater flexibility of maneuver, which is a distinct naval advantage, but also gives greater economy. At 10 knots, her normal cruising speed, she will steam on less fuel than the best turbine-driven ship that preceded her.

The electric generating plant, totaling 28,000 horsepower, and the propulsion equipment of the great super-dreadnaught were built by the General Electric Company. Their operation has demonstrated the superiority of electric propulsion over old-time methods and a wider application of this principle in the merchant marine is fast making progress.

Figures that tell the Story of Achievement

Length—624 feet
 Width—97 feet
 Displacement—32,000 tons
 Fuel capacity—a million gallons (fuel oil)
 Power—28,000 electrical horsepower
 Speed—21 knots

Six auxiliary General Electric Turbine-Generators of 400 horsepower each, supply power for nearly 500 motors, driving pumps, fans, shop machinery, and kitchen and laundry appliances, etc.

Utilizing electricity to propel ships at sea marks the advancement of another phase of the electrical industry in which the General Electric Company is the pioneer. Of equal importance has been its part in perfecting electric transportation on land, transforming the potential energy of waterfalls for use in electric motors, developing the possibilities of electric lighting and many other similar achievements.

As a result, so general are the applications of electricity to the needs of mankind that scarcely a home or individual today need be without the benefits of General Electric products and service.

An illustrated booklet describing the "New Mexico," entitled, "The Electric Ship," will be sent upon request. Address General Electric Company, Desk 44, Schenectady, New York.

General Electric
 General Office Schenectady, N.Y. **Company** Sales Offices in all large cities. 95-108D

Announcing

THE OCTOPUS

A humorous campus journal

Lowell J. Ragatz	- - - -	Editor
Marie Bodden	- - - -	Associate Editor
Maurice E. Field	- - - -	Business Manager

Watch the Cardinal

Burdick & Murray Co.

Seventeen to Nineteen East Main Street

Madison's Smartest Shopping Place

FOR WOMEN'S AND MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S READY TO WEAR DRY GOODS AND ACCESSORIES

If you want real service and value that represents full worth for the money expended, come here. You get these elements of satisfaction at our store.