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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XXII

Number 2

Carpe Diem

—Horace Gregory

A Clever Englishwoman

—Margaret Emmerling

Swinburne and Lucky Strikes

—Louise Smith

November, 1922

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



'Finding Smart Clothes

"Finding smart clothes is very much like finding four-leaf clovers," replied Senior Suzanne in reply to her freshman room mate's question. "You always find more in the same place."

"Is that why you always shop at Manchester's? You do have the best looking things!"

"Thanks. And you'll be shopping at Manchester's, too, if you're as wise as I think you are."

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXII

MADISON, NOVEMBER, 1922

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HOME COMING. No one will deny, we suppose, that the spirit of Homecoming, so-called, is largely sentimental. Reminiscences—we might almost say fond memories—are for the moment close under the surface, ready to blossom forth with little or no encouragement. The sleek, ponderous alumnus, after proper stimulation, recalls with a tear the time when he and good old Bill affectionately hurled beer steins at each other. The harassed high-school teacher, back for a glimpse of dear old Alma Mater, thrills again at the thought of that discordant two o'clock serenade which might have been—who knows!—performed for her sole and especial benefit. And who are we, to deprecate the regurgitation of old, cherished memories, or to decry as unworthy weakness the sentimentality of sweetly sorrowful remembrance!

Nay, let us rather foster this spirit, whooping

it up lustily, as who should say: "Go to; rejoice thy soul with retrospection; yea, an thou canst, delight thine ears with the echoes of spent music." Let us be not only tolerant but indulgent, sympathetic, and no more patronizing than is absolutely necessary, to those who timorously and hesitatingly seek to revive ancient thrills. Let no cold cynicism of ours blight the shy eagerness of their enthusiasm. We too—some of us—may in after years be alumni; we too may turn hopefully to the scene of our youthful misdemeanors, striving pathetically, perhaps, to warm ourselves with the ashes of what used to be. For this day or two, then, let Sentimentality be not persecuted but enthroned. *Et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

F. D. C.

STUDENT POLITICS. The night is dark! It is with more than ordinary emotion that we whisper this asseveration. Vague omens and portents fill the air. Yet now, Cassius-like, we bare our bosom to the thunder-stone, and present ourselves in the aim and very flash of the cross blue lightning. What new horrors the dawn may make to the patient heavens, what peculiarly idiotic offences may tomorrow shame the designs of destiny, these are things which we dare not long contemplate.

Conspiracy at length has found a cavern dark enough to mask its monstrous visage. In the sorority houses convene nocturnal intriguers, where unfair means are employed to lure the unsophisticated, and fair ones to allure the sophisticated. Here Demosthenes mumbles to a co-ed through a mouthful of cake, having given up shouting to the sea through a mouthful of pebbles; here Cicero, having doffed the purple border for a pink cravat,

orates against a new and wilier Cataline, whose custom it is to prefer cork tips to straw.

Yes, they are at it again. The tempest in the teapot is merrily riotous; and charges of corruption effect a turmoil in the Alpha Beta Gamma house which is of no lesser order than that incident with the—oh, nothing in particular.

G. K. T.

SCREEN AND SUBTITLE. Farther and farther is the cinema advancing into the realm of the stage; audiences are turning into spectators, settings are giving way to the screen, soliloquy and repartee wane before the subtitle. The repetition of these terms wakes ancient grievances in our heart.

Screen acting is no longer an art; it is a trade. It is bad enough that the play must be so simple, so obvious, that the most ignorant of us can enter the theatre at any point in the course of the spectacle and pick up the plot, but when to the childishness of the play we must add the hopeless quality of the acting,—we wonder where it will end.

As a matter of fact, screen acting has degenerated into the passing of sets of signals to the multitude. These signals have become to a greater or lesser extent standardized; individual variations still exist, however. We would like to suggest that the producers get together and agree upon one set; it would make it much easier for the spectator. If we could always be certain that a given contortion of the face meant woe, or whatever it happens to be, we would feel much more at ease in the movie house.

Setting, however, has never lost its charm for us. There was a time when we were discouraged to discover that a beautiful example of mediaeval architecture was nothing more nor less than the temple of Isis in Heliopolis, but now we admit that our viewpoint was wrong. It is delightfully disconcerting to learn that some thriving American village happens to be a Babylonian city, and to be informed that the public library of Los Angeles is the Doge's palace—how romantic!

But our soul will never become calloused to the subtitles. Indeed, it is with difficulty that we control ourselves as we think of them. When we are told that a California landscape dyed blue represents "the hour when night draws her trailing veil over the tired world, and pins it with a star", or words to that effect, we know what Baudelaire meant when he spoke of inutterable Disgust. And when, despite the facts as revealed by our lip-reading accomplishments, we find that what the woman who is sobbing on the hero's neck has just said is "Why did God let me love you?", then we know how Mark Twain felt when he said he was ashamed of the human race.

G. K. T.

EDITORS

FRANK D. CRANE
MARGERY LATIMER

GUY K. TALLMADGE
CHERRYL MOHR

IN THE SHADOW

ORLANDO

The night is dark:—touch with your tranquil
fingers

My frightened eyes, and let your low voice keep
The measure of a melody that lingers,
Dreaming of love, to charm my soul asleep.

Salt of the Earth

DIDO VERGARA.

I am still looking for it—I have been looking for it ever since that eventful Saturday night when I first discovered its absence.

It was thus: At the party I gazed upon my manly partner and queried, "Do you know anyone here? It seems rather frigid when one is strange."

"Oh, sure I do," he cheerfully assured me, nodding several times to right and left for my particular benefit. "Howdy, Old Boy.—Hello, Al."

I followed the momentary turn of his head and perceived a number of youths, accompanied by their respective damsels, nodding nonchalant response to my gallant's greeting. It relieved me to find that we were not intruding upon private burial ground. I have not been in college long enough to grasp fully the profound solemnity of the dance ritual.

Thoughtfully, I recalled my ardent anticipations of the evening—my countless preparations for it. I considered, while we mechanically glided over the parquet to the wail of an astonished saxophone, that I had waved my hair in the soft, fluffy manner in which I had worn it to the Belgian Ball (the last social event I had attended prior to my departure for college). I had selected my prettiest frock, and the delicate scent of black narcissus, which always beguiles my thoughts and inspires the little things we say when evening comes and people gather to delight in each other under the spell of soft music, was still weaving its faint magic about me.

But my partner was bored. He was bored with me, with my questions, with my unrest—with my—*mon Dieu*, I do not know! But, alas, he was no less bored with me than I with him! Heretofore, I had considered him an attractive figure, perfectly groomed and correct in bearing—to a fault—the acme of desirable abjections. About a man who embodied these attributes my fancy could immediately spin a web of romance.

The gentleman in whose arms I now valiantly stalked through the endless medley of "Hot Lips" and "Blues" was neatly cut out of a Hart,

Schaffner and Marx illustration, a quaint but visible moustache adorned his upper lip, and the endless variety of jigs, slides, and hump-tiddy-hops he could perform to the invigorating plunks of the banjo was amazing. Truly, I deeply regretted being bored!

There came a pause—improbable, but true. Madly, we rushed for a davenport, but three other couples were more strategic in their manoeuvres, and two of them sank into cushions with obvious triumph, while the third took seemingly violent possession of a pair of chairs along the wall. I was comforted by the fact that these chairs were of a somewhat substantial structure—a little more solid of build than a Louis XV chaise.

My partner was disappointed. "We should have hurried," he said.

I hopefully looked at the ladies on the davenport and their gentlemen. Smiled at them. Had I thought it was humanly possible, I should have said: "It is pleasant here—I, too, am a student—let us sit together and chat, while the men bring us some sweets."

But—such an act seemed nothing short of horrifying. Therefore I humbly admitted that we "should have hurried" and sauntered gravely to the hallway, where countless other solemn, but no doubt delighted couples awaited the next fox-trot.

In my dreams that night I lived through a whirl of forgotten scenes! The happy gatherings in familiar places! The laughter of unhampered, unsophisticated youth! The sparkle and wit of ripe maturity! Those never-to-be-forgotten nights—nay, mornings—when, at the approach of "rosy-fingered dawn" my Daddy took his paletot and hat from the sleepy servant, and with his little daughter upon his arms, approached the host.

"Sir, we have been superbly entertained. Your hospitality is worthy of its fame, but truly we must be off for breakfast, and the young lady will go to bed."

The thrill of saying farewell to the youthful crowd, the happy picture that I carried in my

heart, while riding home with father, of this young man and that one, and the illusion about a third! The chatty gossip with sweet women about their fans, their dresses, and their love!

Oh, if I were an artist, I should sing an Ode of

Praise to all that is beautifying — to that fine charm which people of France call *esprit!*—to the savor of life, our gentle virtues, cordiality, gallantry, laughter and song! Did you know that such was the salt of the Earth?

Autumn Winds

A. C. L.

Bitter winds of Autumn! What you are doing is so sad! Across the waters you whirl, lashing its icy waves until they roar with anger, and down the red hills you come, tearing, sweeping before you bright tinsel—golden vestiges of the havoc you have wrought in my trees! How they sigh, up above—how they sway those treasure-laden branches! And the ever-increasing rustle of a myriad of leaves, quivering, throbbing, wails a song of departure!

Hark! That elm was fighting you—it would not bow. But you were cruel! You left its valiant branches and fell upon a lesser tree, plucking away its pretty garb, and tossing it down, down to the lonely shore where, wondering, I stand.

You have attacked me, too—I felt it. What is a human shadow to your Cyclopean force? So small—so frail! Cool sprays of water you have raised and showered on my face—I closed my eyes. The day is dying, and your voice, now with a note of scorn, is roaring through the forest.

Down by the edge you find me still, grim Winds!—and though your melancholy wooing grips my heart, and my small body cringes at your chill, I do not fear you!

Hear me, Autumn! I am not ready for your call of harvest. I cannot bow to you, for I am Youth! My life is in its Spring; the glow of morning still shines upon my path, pale-hued and veiled. Be patient! Let me live, and love and labor—I have not tasted of Life's golden cup but one tiny drop, and I am very thirsty.

Go on your scurried way, dear, weeping Wind! I do not understand you yet—all that you whisper is locked in mystery. Before you come and win my heart, which some day must respond to your appeal, I want to reach that moment of sublime delight when Life, unfolded in its highest glow of color, will flash before my ever-wondering eyes its meaning—as the foliage of my proud old trees, before departing, arrays itself in glory, and, taking on a wealth of bright-hued splendor, shines for a while before the pallor of grey Winter.

Carpe Diem

HORACE GREGORY

Let us thank the gods that be
 For our swift mortality:
 For the flesh that interlaces
 Earthless dreams with closed embraces:
 For the wealth of Spring, that dies
 In a season: and the wise
 Grace of Time that, passing, covers
 Love, that perishes with lovers

Thus our hearts shall never know
 All the grief of Romeo,
 Nor the passion of his bride
 Who lay dying at his side,
 Nor the lust of night and dawn
 Formed with Lida and her swan,
 Nor the thousand mad distresses
 Born in Venus, whose caresses
 Turned her wantonness to pain:
 Sweet Adonis then was slain,
 While his love in death's disguise
 Pressed moist kisses 'gainst his eyes

Ancient love and ancient woe
 Changed to ashes long ago,
 And these fragments that we find
 Are the formless dreams that wind
 Through our dreams,—the falling fire
 Of their lives in love's desire—
 Blesséd Time, that shields and covers
 Love, that perishes with lovers

This, our love, which yields its measure
 To our will, and meets our pleasure
 With rare beauty, buried deep
 In the mysteries of sleep,
 Cannot rise to love and laughter
 In a world that comes hereafter:
 Ours the moments caught between
 Sleep and waking, where we've been
 Spent with words, and silence grows
 Into flowers; then the rose
 Of our silence brings to birth
 All the richness of the earth,
 Till the winds of Heaven meet
 In the grasses at our feet

Praise the gods, for they are gracious;
 Mortal love is more than precious;
 For the splendor that we've known
 Lives within our hearts alone:
 Mortal love, whose quickened breath
 Issues from the mouth of Death,
 Guards our secrets in the clay
 Born with us, and sweeps away
 Into blesséd dust that covers,
 Life, that perishes with lovers.

Swinburne and Lucky Strikes

LOUISE SMITH.

Langtree had decided twenty-four hours before that it was "no go". Six hours of jovial greetings, back-slappings, and loud-voiced reminiscence had sufficed to convince him that the youth of his college days had eternally fled. Not even the "U," the dear old, beautiful "U", could bring him back. No, he was gone forever. So, after the first zigzag across the campus and the first attempt to revive that dear, silly old class song that should never have been written, he dropped out of the boisterous ranks and lost himself among the spectators. Leaning against a glorious old oak, he watched Jim Grahame, stout and red-faced after ten years, but still the same old Jim, pilot the uneven line back and forth in the flickering light of the bonfire. It was there that the girl's voice reached him, shrill with its mirth.

"Aren't they funny! Really I think they're too silly for words. Believe me, if I ever come back I'm not going to make such a darn fool of myself."

That remark, Langtree felt, was the fitting climax to his two days' experience. The last drop of sentiment oozed out of him, leaving him gently amused, and maybe just a trifle bitter. It was over and done with, buried deep, deep, deep. He could go back to his work and neevr even think of it again. He smiled a little as he thought of the expectant hours on the train, of the thrill that the vine-clad buildings had given him, of his quickened heartbeats when he had strolled away by himself to loog at "her" sorority house. He didn't see how he could have been quite such a fool. But at any rate it was over now, thank the Lord!

He turned away from the scene before him, and started down University Street. It was no use going back to his fraternity house. It would be hours before sleep would be possible in that merry bedlam. They had drunk deep, some of them, in his day, but it seemed to have taken Mr. Volstead to really get things started.

Groups of loud-voiced youngsters passed him as he strolled along, interspersed here and there by very quiet couples, arm in arm to the elbow, and eyes in eyes. . . . It was really surprising how little shame they had.

He did not feel lost and forlorn as he had felt every time that he had been alone since his arrival the day before. They could not hurt him now, these blithe young fellows, as they had hurt him even at his fraternity house with their polite attempts to hide their boredom, their so obvious tolerance. He had wanted to be one of them, that was the trouble. Now he only wanted to watch them and smile.

He decided to have a look at the Lake. It ought to be glorious in the moonlight. It sprang up before him when he turned the corner, a silvery, shimmering sheet, and in spite of himself he felt a little pain about his heart. The memories that he had just finished smothering renewed their struggles. Across that moment of mingled joy and regret, of which something in the back of his mind was so scornful, came a girl's voice.

"I'm not drunk," she was saying. "Just because you're drunk is no reason for supposing everyone else is. Get out of the way and let me pass!"

Close on the left, a man stood with his back toward Langtree in the mouth of a little alley between two houses. A girl was facing him with her bobbed head thrown back and a defiant face revealed in the moonlight. She caught sight of Langtree just as he looked at her, and called to him at once:

"Come here, if you aren't drunk too, and make him get out of the way."

As Langtree approached, the girl's annoyer, murmuring something incoherent about a pretty girl and not meaning any harm, unsteadily withdrew, grinning sheepishly as he went. The girl faced her rescuer in silence for a moment. She looked him squarely in the eyes with a frank, inquiring gaze that betrayed no alarm. He noted that she was rather tall and very slim, and that her eyes, unusually large and bright, had something strange about them. He wondered if she were "quite right".

"Thank you," she said after a moment, with a little smile. "I thought he would never get out of the way. It's really an outrage that one can't stroll around this early by one's self without being annoyed."

She consulted a dainty wrist watch.

"Why it's only twelve o'clock."

Langtree eyed her light organdy dress and kid slippers wonderingly. Who on earth and what on earth was she!

"It really isn't safe for a girl to be out alone on a night like this," he said. "There's so much celebrating going on. Can't I take you home—or wherever you're going?"

She looked at him in interested amusement.

"You're one of the alumni, aren't you," she said. It was not a question but a fact.

Langtree was surprised and a bit annoyed.

"Do I show it as plainly as that?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I shouldn't have known is you hadn't said what you did in just the way you did. I'm not going anywhere," she continued, tossing her thick ringlets back from her head, "but you can come along if you like—that is until I find out whether I like you or not."

Langtree's amazement grew. Then, too, there was something oddly attractive about her face and her strange, throaty voice.

"I accept your gracious offer," he said, almost feeling adventuresome in spite of those weighty ten years.

"Ah, good," the girl replied. "One gets tired of being alone. Besides, perhaps you have some cigarettes."

Unfortunately he hadn't. He only smoked a pipe.

"But we'll get some," he added hastily.

"We'll have to go to one of the hotels," she said. "There's nothing else open. Let's go to the Willis, it's nearest."

So they turned back to University Avenue.

"I was with some other girls," she said, with a gracious aloofness that made him think of tea parties, "but they would talk about Nietzsche. Nietzsche's all right of course, on a winter night around the fireplace, but with a moon like this shining—" She shrugged her shoulders as if the thought really hurt her. "So I left them, and, sad to relate, forgot to take any cigarettes with me."

A passing car, empty except for the driver, attracted her attention. Before Langtree realized what was happening, the car had stopped and the girl, half-way across the street, called back to him over her shoulder:

"Why walk when you can ride?"

He hurried after her and found her comfortably settled in the coupé.

"Take us to the Willis," she commanded. "My second cousin's aunt is dying, and I must get there at once."

The driver grinned at her with understanding. "Some night!" was his only comment.

The girl ignored this remark as well as her companion's embarrassment. With an expression of complete serenity and peace, she softly hummed some grand opera aria which Langtree should have recognized but didn't. When the car stopped at their destination, she awoke from her dreamy attitude, sprang lightly to the ground, ignoring the assistance of Langtree's proffered arm, and resting her arms upon the window ledge of the car, addressed the driver with intense seriousness.

"I can't thank you too deeply, my gracious and honored sir, for your expressively gratifying beneficence. You have saved two unfortunate mortals from the already bloated chiropodist. Blessings be upon thy head. Pax vobiscum!"

A second later, Langtree was hurrying up the steps of the hotel after her.

She stopped with a violent "Oh Hell!" before the darkened cigar stand. Then she hurried to the desk at the end of the lobby.

"You sella me da ceegaret, plees?" she entreated pathetically, while Langtree and the clerk regarded her with equal astonishment. "Have not smoke for so long time. Plees signor. Thees kin' man buy me da ceegaret eef you weel sella heem." She leaned across the counter with a soulful glance.

The clerk looked at Langtree for some explanation but none was forthcoming.

"Why—er—the stand's closed," he protested.

"But you weel open eet for me, signor. Plees!"

"But I can't—I haven't any right to. You see—"

"Oh!" she interrupted with shining eyes.

"Then you weel steala for me! How lovalee! You weel steala me da ceegaret. Plees, Giuseppe!"

A broad grin succeeded the puzzled expression on the clerk's face.

"Well, I guess I can get you some. What kind do you want?"

"Lucky Strikes," she responded promptly.

He took a key from a drawer and unlocked the

case to the accompaniment of a constant chatter from the girl. While Langtree was paying for the cigarettes, the girl clasped the package ecstatically to her bosom.

"Oh, da good tabac," she cried, "an' da good man, too! I lova you forever."

The clerk grinned sheepishly at Langtree.

When they had reached the sidewalk, the girl turned to her escort mischievously.

"Shall I pinch you?" she queried. "I suppose they didn't make them this way in your time."

"No," he replied perplexedly, "What the devil is the idea?"

She flung back her head and stretched forth her arms.

"Life!" she exclaimed dramatically, "Life and Adventure!"

"Oh, I see," murmured Langtree in a far from enlightened tone.

"I doubt it," retorted the girl. "You either think I'm crazy, as that night clerk did, or else drunk, as did our chauffeur. It is interesting to see how people react to imagination. But as a matter of fact, the driver was right. I am drunk. I'm ashamed of anyone who isn't drunk when the moon is shining like this!"

"You see, the reason you haven't been having a good time is because you've forgotten how to get drunk without drinking," she continued when her cigarette was lit.

"How did you know I wasn't having a good time?" asked Langtree in some surprise.

"Oh, I don't know. Because you seemed so horribly cool and sensible when I first met you, and because you were so ready to accept even my company. Besides, most "alums" don't have a good time when they come back—only they usually won't admit it.

"I guess you're right," he said. "But how did you know?"

"When you are as young and as drunk as I am, Methuselah, you know everything! Besides, I have observed the species. There are a number at my sorority house every June—back for a banquet you know."

The words "sorority house" had their association.

"What sorority—" he began with a sense of premonition.

"Nay, nay, Sherlock," she broke in, "no incriminating evidence. I am only an evil dream and I shall leave no finger prints behind me."

"Oh, all right," said Langtree, a bit nettled. "But I certainly didn't intend to use it against you. It's no affair of mine if you break the rules. But to return to the subject, since you are so sagacious in your moonshine, do tell me why we old fellows can't have a good time when we come back."

"Ah, that is simple. You are trying to live in the past. Now the only way to be happy is to be young, and the only way to be young is to live in the present, and thence arises the melancholia. Q. E. D., n'est-ce pas?"

"I guess so," he agreed. "You're quite a philosopher for one of your age."

"Oh, I'm an intellectual, you see. There are several of us in school. We read the Dial instead of Hearst's, talk about the inner check or "the Russians" till all hours of the night, treat our professors like human beings, and flunk all the courses we don't like. Of course we do lots of other things, but those are the essentials. And all intellectuals are philosophical. That goes without saying."

"Well," said Langtree, "you must be a mighty interesting crowd. I don't believe there were any girls like you in school when I was."

"Of course not! It's only very recently that girls were even allowed to have brains, and it is still considered queer for them to be proud of it. Not that I mean that I have a lot of brains, but I try to have, and that's something. It takes in lots of people." She laughed merrily.

"You're very modest."

"Oh no, I'm not. I just believe in saying the obvious before other people have a chance."

At this moment, Langtree's eyes fell upon two men who were approaching. In the glare of the arc light, he recognized Professor Icks, the venerable head of the Greek department. He was wondering whether the professor would remember him after all those years and whether or not he should speak to him, when he realized with a shock that the girl beside him had sunk down upon the curb in a dejected attitude. Her voice came to him through a mist of horror.

"Shi down, Bill. Can go no farther. All in, Bill. Pleash shi down. Wanna put my head—on your shoulder." She stretched an imploring hand to the Professor. "Pleash shir, pleash make him shi down. Or you shi down—pleash! Wanna put my head on your shoulder."

(Continued on page 52)

Poems

BY PHILIP FOX

OVERTURE.

I ask of you the shelter of an hour
Within those arms, whose warmth and slenderness
Shall fold on me, as on some closing flower
That's pressed your heart's soft tenderness.

INTERLUDE.

Sleepily the tardy winds awake
To greet the dawn.
Soon you will wake—
I must be gone,
Treading lightly with the flaming heart of youth.
But with the Eve—soft-sighing dusk—
I will return.
Await me then.

ANDANTE.

A sudden hush o'er the garden,
A little flurry in the lingering dusk,
And you come softly in—
So swiftly, so silently,
Your tresses floating back
Like the veil that hides the moor at sunrise.

My lids droop in the scented gloaming
And I fall back in rest—
I sense you near me—
And then I feel your warm lips vibrant
Trailing tremblingly o'er my cheek,
Pulsing with hot desire
Until my inner being melts—
My soul flows out
Mingling with the sweetness of your presence.
And we are one.

The Inconceivable Story of One Deeb

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN

Deeb sat cross-legged beside the highway at the bronze gate that is in the western wall of the city of Xeph. To prophet and priest, to traveler and tradesman, Deeb called in the same appeal: "Alms, alms; for the love of Ré, alms; I am blind." And when one tossed a silver coin into his cup, Deeb muttered a blessing; but when one heeded not his voice, Deeb would open his little, malicious eyes to stare after the passer and beseech Ré to visit him with a malefaction.

Now it chanced that one evening two strangers entered the city, and that Deeb overheard one of them saying to the other that at the end of the world there was hidden a pearl of such value that kings sighed at the thought of it, and that even the usurer Yeb dared not to set a price upon it. And as the strangers passed into the streets of Xeph, Deeb looked after them, and his little eyes gleamed with craftiness and desire.

The next morning prophet and priest, traveler and tradesman, found one less beggar sitting cross-legged beside the highway at the bronze gate that is in the western wall of the city of Xeph.

What strange lands Deeb passed through in his journey to the end of the world, what habit he assumed in the remote cities that lie toward the sunset, these things are all beyond my conjecture. But one morning found him, just at dawn, drawing for the thousandth time a little wooden idol from the folds of his dusty red and yellow cloak, and for the thousandth time praying to it to bring him at length to the priceless gem that is at the end of the world. All that day he walked on and on toward a high mountain that lay before him, and in the evening he came to the foot of it. In the eagerness of his quest Deeb slumbered not that night, but toiled up the slope, looking fearfully behind himself from time to time to make sure that none followed him. When he finally touched the top, darkness lay all about him, and below him the whole world was shrouded in the mystery of shadow. But in the distance before him he saw indistinctly a vast white wall, and by that sign did Deeb know that he had come at length to the end of the world, and that beyond

were only suns, and stars, and space illimitable. And he drew forth once more his little wooden idol, and prayed to it that he might find the pearl for which kings had sighed, and upon which even the usurer Yeb dared not set a price. Then Deeb descended the mountain.

But when he came down from the slope, Deeb found no pearl at all, nor anything else except the Edge, and the unreverberate abyss; but what had appeared to him to be a wall, and what men had told him was a wall, he found was not a wall, but a wide flight of stairs of pure chalcedony that reached from the world upward into the regions of the incurious stars. And in the first step Deeb found some letters graven. Now had Deeb not feigned blindness all his life he might have been able to read the words those letters spelled.

But Deeb could not read, and so he very rashly began to ascend those steps of pure chalcedony.

And at the thousandth step there stood the god Ré, one of the lesser gods, the Guardian of That Which Lies Beyond, and mutely pointed the way back to the world.

Whether Deeb had been so long accustomed to feigning blindness that he saw not even a god, or whether he was so intent in gazing at the priceless stone upon which he trod, wondering if he could not steal a step, that he saw nothing else, I know not, but he passed directly by the immobile Ré, apparently without even knowing that Ré was there, and continued his lone ascent.

After a vast lapse of time Deeb noticed that the white luminosity which had enabled him to see the steps from afar had gradually increased until it lighted the way of chalcedony and the surrounding space with the brilliancy of daylight. Only the light was softer than daylight, and this caused Deeb to look up suddenly, and then he saw almost beside him the globe of the moon. He saw further that the moon was causing the soft light on the steps, and also that the moon was made neither of green cheese, as someone had told him long ago, nor yet of snow, as the astronomers averred, but of pure chalcedony. And he saw another thing: that there was a figure seated upon the moon; and its form was god-like, but its head was bowed in

its hands, and it was weeping. And Deeb called, and asked the name of him who was sitting on the moon, and the figure raised its head and looked at Deeb, and answered:

"I am one of the lesser gods, and my name is Ulth, and men call me the god of the moon. Go not beyond, for beyond is the way of amethyst." And Ulth turned away, and hid his face in his hands and wept. But Deeb's little, crafty eyes glittered at the word "amethyst", and, when Ulth turned away, he stole silently onward.

But as Ulth had foretold, the way was no longer of chalcedony, nor was the soft light to be seen any longer, for the steps were radiant with the rich purpleal of amethyst. And afar Deeb saw the reeling comets swoon through spaces aethereal, and a myriad stars glimmered in remote regions, while at an inconceivable distance above him there gleamed a minute ball, and the light that it shed was the light of amethyst. After a vast length of time Deeb looked downward behind him. The wide stairway lost itself in fearful distances, while on either side was the profound abyss. The gigantic globe of chalcedony had sunk to a mere point of light; as for the world, it was not to be seen at all. Now Deeb lifted his head in the full splendour of the marvellous radiance that fell upon him, and saw an immeasurable amethystine sphere that dreamed in the empty space. There was a figure seated upon it, and the figure was god-like, but its head was bowed in its hands, and it was weeping. And when Deeb called, the figure roused itself and scrutinized Deeb, and made answer:

"I am one of the lesser gods, and my name is Larkremis, and men call me the god of wars. Go not beyond, for beyond is the way of onyx." And now Deeb saw that all about Larkremis there lay countless numbers of the wars of other days, wars which had passed unchronicled into oblivion. There were long and bitter wars, and shameful victories, there were old, outrageous wars that were nameless and without victory, there were great battles in which heroes fought and conquered, and fabulous triumphs that the world and the gods had forgotten. And from the midst of these regretted heaps there could be heard vague cries of malediction, blasphemy, ecstasy, and groan, and the swell of martial songs, and the clash of sword against sword, of shield against shield. And now had Deeb been wise he would have returned, but he was not content, and from all of these he turned away, and crept softly past

Larkremis, and continued his long ascent. He looked upward and saw at an immeasurable distance a tiny ball of light, seemingly at the end of the steps that lost themselves among the singing planets. All about him swirled the star-dust, and fiery meteors hurtled past him, and yet nor man nor god saw Deeb as he toiled on and on up the onyx stairway in his old red and yellow cloak.

The radiance of the distant sphere became intense and ever more intense as Deeb came nearer to it, until at length he was dazzled by the flood of light. He looked upward once more, and saw the orb of onyx afloat in the abyss, and beheld yet another god-like figure seated upon it, weeping bitterly. And again Deeb called and asked the name of him who wept, and when the figure heard Deeb, it lifted its head and regarded him, and answered:

"I am one of the lesser gods, and my name is Alathrion, and men call me the god of destinies. Go not beyond, for beyond is the way of the sapphire." And the god turned away and bowed his head in his hands, and wept. And Deeb saw that at the feet of Alathrion there were scattered all the destinies of men, and some of them were glittering and golden, while others among them were dull, as though fashioned of iron. And when Alathrion moved, the destinies of men which lay all about his feet were stirred and troubled, and the golden gave place to the iron, and the iron to the golden, and Alathrion took no heed. And it seemed to Deeb that from those mingled heaps at the feet of the god there arose perpetually a stream of sighs, and a thin smoke of breathed prayers which floated past the unheeding ears of Alathrion and became lost in the abyss.

But Deeb turned away from the orb of onyx, and stole past the god, and as he ascended the steps he saw that they were of onyx no longer, but of glittering sapphire.

For a vast length of time he laboured on and on up the interminable steps, and when he looked backward the world of Alathrion had disappeared totally from view, while above him he could see only a faint blue glow, which seemed to emanate from the remotest point of space, on the brink of infinity. But as he toiled upward the blue light grew more luminous, and then he heard afar a low sound, like the sigh of the summer wind. And long after, when the light had become brilliant, and that sound of ineffable sadness had made him

(Continued on page 58)

A Clever Englishwoman

MARGARET EMMERLING

May Sinclair is a distinct person, apart from other novelists. You cannot help noticing that at once. Whether her difference is only freakishness, or whether she is conspicuous by her excellence, she is different. The impact of her stories is strange.

There is her style. The turn of her sentences, and the images, and the brief, bright pictures are arresting. In her latest novel, *The Life and Death of Harriet Frean*, for example: "Exquisite pleasure to walk with Lizzie Pierce. Lizzie's walk was a sliding, swooping dance of little pointed feet, always as if she were going out to meet somebody, her sharp, black-eyed face darting and turning," and again in *Mr. Waddington of Wyck*: "This figure, one great thigh crossed on the other, was extraordinarily solid against the smoky background where the clipped black hair made a watery light. His eyes were not looking at anything in particular. Horatio Bysshe Waddington seemed absorbed in solemn thought."

She is informal; she is very critical. That is, she never gives you a glimpse that is not through the eyes of Miss Sinclair or the eyes of some person in the story. She is purely subjective. She assumes that you are not interested in just a tree or a little boy, but in the poplar as it appeared to her, or the child as Mary Olivier saw him. You will not find description with a capital D in Miss Sinclair, in the photographic sense, nor even in the lyrical form that is common in Victor Hugo. She gives only impressions.

She gives them in a startling way. She thinks of new details, full of meaning because they are not dulled to the ear and the eye by familiarity, and of strange metaphors; she ventures to the verge of credibility, to the rim of significance. A step farther and she would have said nothing at all, have provoked only doubt and confusion in her reader's overtaxed imagination. "Her black scarf of hair." Scarf! Either it snaps on a light of pure lucidity or it leaves one baffled and disgusted. It was a bright gift to me, that image; but not to everyone, perhaps not to many. She takes risks.

Her style is studied, I suppose. She is a keen, self-conscious artist. Her form, the degree of

extravagance and strangeness of the atmosphere, changes with the connotation of the subject dealt with; she is various and subtle. She really hasn't a style, she has styles. And her sense of their changing fitness is quite delicate. But she never creates the "grand style", if only because she can not be detached. She is never lofty, or long serene. She can only be very brilliant and fresh and significant.

Mary Olivier is straight impressionism. There is not a single note out of tune with Mary's attitude toward the world she lives in. And the style changes as Mary changes. That is the remarkably sensitive thing; that shows how subjective the book is. When Mary is a very little girl the sentences are short and matter-of-fact. As she grows older they develop; she is learning to talk differently. And the book is not written in the first person, though often it is difficult to remember that. It might have been.

Here is a bit from the first part of the book, the part called "Infancy". "The sun shone. The polished green blades of grass glittered. The gravel walk and the nasturtium bed together made a broad orange blaze. Specks like glass sparkled in the hot gray earth. . . .", and again, in the same part, "When you smelt mignonette you thought of Mama and Mark and the sumach tree, and Papa standing on the steps, and the queer laugh that came out of his beard;" and, "When it rained you were naughty and unhappy because you couldn't go out doors. Then Mama stood at the window and looked at the front garden. She smiled at the rain. She said, 'It will be good for my sumach tree!'"

The story is so intimately told that we have scarcely a thought except from the mind of Mary Olivier herself. We are living with her all the time; with the closest, warmest part of her. Here are some sentences from "Adolescence", the third section of the book. They are stormy and uneven; but that is how Mary felt in those days. "Beauty. Beauty could be hurt and frightened away from you. If she talked now she would expose it to outrage. Though she knew she must appear to her mother to be stubborn and stupid, even sinful, she put her stubbornness, her stupid-

ity, her sinfulness, between it and her mother to defend it."

But in middle age she is sobered, and the movement of that part is smooth and fluent. There is a brilliant tranquility, an unreal, poised peace. That is Mary's temper, now, and you feel it in the soft running-on of the sentences. "Just now, in the garden when the light came through the green silk leaves of the lime tree, for a moment, while she sat looking at the lime tree, time stood still." There is Mary Olivier herself; the medium is in perfect tune with her, just as when she was younger and restless, the style, too, was restless.

You feel, after reading a number of Miss Sinclair's stories, that she is a very determined sort of artist, who works hard for her effects. You feel that she is an intellectual woman carefully planning her campaign. In each of the three novels of which I shall speak, *Mary Olivier*, *Mr. Waddington of Wyck*, and *The Life and Death of Harriet Fream*, she has made a new and important experiment in psychology. In the first book she is closest to her subject; in the two later books she has more and more become the worker in the laboratory.

Mary Olivier is the life story of a very delicate, very intellectual, very emotional mystic. As May Sinclair is herself at least an idealist (she has written a philosophical volume called *A Defense of Idealism*,—a pleasant book) it is probable that her sympathy goes with the mystic heroine. It is impossible to escape feeling this, too, in following the development of the story. This is important because it is unlike May Sinclair, for while she is always *immediately* subjective, that is, her story is always very intimate indeed, still in her other work she generally conveys the impression that after all, she is the sharpest critic of these people she is telling about. In the case of poor Waddy, she is laughing at him behind her hand.

But in *Mary Olivier*, the longest, most profound study of these three, she has given quite freely of herself. It is strange that in this tale of the development of the mystic—in this very sympathetic tale—Miss Sinclair has still not failed to supply the necessary psychological background. She is careful; she is quite pathological. She has brought Mary Olivier to the fringe of neurotic normality, and yet you know that she likes her, you suspect that she is admiring her.

In all of her work, Miss Sinclair makes free use of psychological theory of the very most up-to-date brand, she applies it without hesitation.

You could psychoanalyze Mary Olivier and she would "come out right" like a problem in algebra; she is a scientifically concocted mystic. She has the proper complexes, fobias and unrest. She is an extremely sensitive person, and a rich, various personality. Wonderful material to work upon! And yet, May Sinclair *likes* Mary, believes in her.

The book is chronologically divided. There is the *Infancy* section, and then *Childhood*, *Adolescence*, *Maturity* and *Middle Age*. Through these periods Miss Sinclair faithfully follows Mary; through her vague, painful development from a restless child through an incomprehensibly sensitive and foolish girlhood, a dreaming, intensely alive, sometimes brilliant womanhood, to serenity, unearthly serenity, at the end:

"The last of life for which the first was made," and

"Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

At the end Mary Olivier is in intimate awareness of something divine. Yet it is not a thrilling, fiery experience, it is rather peaceful; the kind of mystical experience which you could imagine even Browning would recognize. She feels at home in the universe, after wandering; she is at peace.

At the very last, the quivering, keen personality of earlier days visits her again for a moment. These are the closing words of the book:

"Supposing there isn't anything in it? Supposing—Supposing—

"Last night I began thinking about it again. I stripped my soul; I opened all the windows and let my ice cold thoughts in on the poor thing; it stood shivering between certainty and uncertainty.

"I tried to doubt away this ultimate passion, and it turned my doubt into its own exquisite sting, the very thrill of adventure.

"Supposing there's nothing in it after all?

"That's the risk you take.

"There isn't any risk. This time it was clear, clear as the black pattern the sycamore makes on the sky.

"If it never came again I should remember."

Mary Olivier is a novel with a thesis; a novel of an idea, and the idea is that a sensitive person developing abundantly, an imaginative person living fully, can, at the end, see the ultimate divinity,—see the Something Unearthly which had been always lying under other experiences, unnoticed; and gloriously realized at the end. In addition to

this, it is a character study pursued with mathematical accuracy to its inevitable solution. It is a very intellectual piece of work. And at times it is very beautiful.

But May Sinclair can laugh. Of course, she is never heavy. Even in *Mary Olivier* where she was in dead earnest, she was urbane; she never lost her perspective. But in *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* she chortles occasionally. It is a fine, light, intense study. You see poor, awful Waddy most often through his wife, a subtle, soft creature, and through his agreeable young lady secretary. Both are fond of him, but nothing he does can escape them; they are canny; their humor is delicate. You see him more intimately sometimes, when you are permitted to look into his mind and observe his pitiful struggles for dignity, for power, and for beauty. He ardently desires to be eminent in every sense of that term. He has a complex about it; silly, helpless Waddy.

He has a complex about it. Yes, of course, Mr. Waddington, too, is an object of penetrating psychological inquiry. This time, it is a study of egotism, of pitiful, pompous, fat egotism, done by casual touches and by surprising gestures. Mr. Waddington keeps making a preposterous ass of himself in foolish, little ways.

In big ones too, of course. He is a country gentleman and therefore of some importance in the world. He was very important indeed during the war; he used to be extremely busy in those days, and he loved it. When it was over he immediately began to organize the League for Liberty in Wyck, out of the energy that he had left. He and his wife and Barbara, the charming secretary, discuss his plans at tea, one day.

"Well, my dear," said Fanny placably, "it'll keep you busy for the next six months, and that'll be nice. You won't miss the war then so much, will you?"

"Miss the war?"

"Yes, you do miss it, darling. He was a special constable, Barbara; and he sat on tribunals; and he drove his motor car like mad on government service. He had no end of a time. It's no use your saying you didn't enjoy it, Horatio, for you did."

"I was glad to be of service to my country as much as any soldier, but to say that I enjoyed the war—"

His outraged pomposity is as visible as if it had been photographed.

He makes a mess of his relations with his kind

and pretty stenographer by imagining she is in love with him; it was quite logical that she should be; after their intimate and continued association, what would be more natural? But when Waddy purchases a new and splendidly rejuvenating outfit of clothes to wear on the elopement with her, which he confidently planned without mentioning it first to her, and in particular some perfectly dreadful yellow pajamas covered with forked lightning; then, and then only Barbara loses her sight of the funniness of the situation, for one perilous instant. But it comes back, oh, it comes back! Poor Waddy.

There is another affair, too. A rakish impoverished widow winds him around her little finger until lawyers are needed to get him away. Of course it was perfectly natural for him to suppose that she, too, would be unable to resist his manly charm. Later, he finds out that she really did not appreciate him. He is disappointed in her.

The egotist has long been a fascinating subject; and May Sinclair's was done with a brightness and finish that wholly justify the use of an outworn program.

The last book from this clever woman's pen is *The Life and Death of Harriett Fream*. The story is begun in the infancy of Harriett; it closes with the last moments of her life as a spinster of middle age; and the length of the book is one hundred and fifty-three pages. Of course it is a *tour de force*, a brilliant experiment. This time it is an experiment in construction. It is really only interesting from the point of view of novel technique, because it is so violent a departure from methods found successful in the past. That is the one thing you remember when you are thinking about it, and when you meet some one else who has read it, you both say, at once: "Did you think it was successful?"

It is a series of climaxes; the bright spots in the Life of Harriett Fream,—a series of intense moments; sometimes of course they are small, fine moments, sometimes immense, but always they are terribly keen. And you can not make a novel out of a row of bright beads, of different color perhaps, but all of the same brightness and roundness and slipperiness. The trouble with it is that it is hectic, breathless, and without pause or moderation.

Of course each incident is done with fine tact and delicacy.

"When the horror of emptiness came over her, she dressed herself in black, with delicate care and

precision, and visited her friends. Even in moments of no intention she would find herself knocking at Lizzie's door or Sarah's or Connie Penniefather's. If they were not in she would call again and again, till she found them. She would sit for hours, talking, spinning out the time.

"She began to look forward to these visits."

Harriett, like Waddy and Mary Olivier, is a pathological case—a type fairly familiar to psychologists, I think. That is, she is vain of her unselfishness; vain of her power always to "do the beautiful thing". Also, she is the sort of spinster

who never was herself, who had always relied on her parents and when they were gone, found herself helpless and quite alone. She is pitiful.

The book is brilliant, but brittle,—it is too tight; there is no rest.

May Sinclair is getting more and more intellectual, more and more scientific. You can see the wheels go round. Her attempts, however, are always ambitious, and her performance is always thorough and usually artistic. Only, you can not follow her with confidence, because you keep remembering how hard she is working at this job.

Testament

KENNETH FEARING

Unto the panoramic skies,
To worship them, my dead wide eyes—

Unto some dim, leaf-strewn retreat,
The dust of my adoring feet—

Unto the earth, to seal them fast,
My all belying lips at last—

Unto mankind, to be his part,
The ashes of my wastrel heart.—

Maria

F. D. CRANE

Maria stood at the living room window, staring with fixed intensity down the Hochstrasse into the village. Below her, tiers of snow-covered roofs interspersed with barren trees sloped away to the main thoroughfare of the town and the broad river beyond. She had stood there for hours, waiting. *They* were coming today; they,—the enemy. Coming into the village, into the very homes of the inhabitants, to flaunt in the faces of the villagers the victory which was still recent enough to burn and rankle in the hearts of the defeated. They would be innumerable, inescapable. Had not the Hauptmann said that they were many as the locusts which descended upon the fields of Egypt? And Horheim, with the other villages, must submit to this scourge.

"After the hail, the locusts!" the girl said to herself bitterly.

Footsteps sounded on the porch outside, and Maria turned impatiently from the window. As she reached the front hall the outside door opened, and a stalwart, bearded man entered, carrying in his arms the frail figure of a little girl, whose sparkling black eyes were in striking contrast to her pale and somewhat drawn face.

"Elizabeth's foot is paining her again," said the new arrival, setting his burden gently on the floor, "so I carried her up the hill."

"Oh, Maria, we saw the soldiers!" cried the child.

Maria removed Elizabeth's coat and mittens.

"Shut the door, father, the house is getting cold. Come into the kitchen, 'Lisbeth. Your hands are almost frozen."

"We saw them come, didn't we papa?" the child went on, holding her hands to the ruddy stove. "There's lots and lots of them—you don't know how many!"

"They are indeed comparable, in that respect, to the hosts of Xerxes, '*cuius exercitus,*' as Justinus says, '*terris graves erant.*'"

Maria sighed. Nothing seemed to arouse her father, she thought bitterly. His passionate devotion to the Latin classics isolated him in a world of his own, made him immune even to war and its aftermath. He could see the enemy march into his own home without rancor, his only comment a quotation from some Roman dead for twenty centuries.

The three sat down together to their simple evening meal. Maria was silent and preoccupied; she ate little and responded briefly and absently to Elizabeth's eager questions.

Herr Muehlman finished his supper, lit his pipe, and after due deliberation gave tranquil utterance to his thoughts.

"We are at least fortunate, Maria, in having a knowledge of English which will enable use to converse with our—with the recipient of our enforced hospitality."

"Yes, he will not have to use a club to tell us what he wants!" replied the girl, pushing back her chair with unnecessary vigor. "Fortunate indeed! As if I would speak to him! Oh, if I were a man I would kill him before he should set foot in this house!"

The doorbell rang, its single sharp clang freezing the words on her lips. Pale and apprehensive, she looked at her father, who arose stolidly, patted her shoulder gently, and went to answer the summons. Elizabeth came questioning to her sister, and with a gesture of protection Maria clasped the child in her arms. Through the closed door came the murmur of voices, the words indistinguishable. Then there was a sound of heavy footsteps entering the side room. Some moments later Muehlman returned.

"A personable young man, Maria," he announced, "though not, I fear, a profound scholar. '*Ille catus, quantumvis rusticus,*' in the words of Horace."

Maria looked at him reproachfully, biting her lip. But she said nothing, and busied herself with clearing away the dishes.

Somewhat to Maria's surprise, the newcomer kept very much to himself. He was in the village most of the time, and when at the house he remained unobtrusively in his room. She saw him frequently, as was inevitable; noted his dark, curly hair, his black eyes, his carefree stride, and the humorous smile which seemed characteristic of a whimsical good nature. But she gave no sign of recognition at his approach, and he, respecting her silence, merely bowed and passed on to his room.

But the eager curiosity of Elizabeth was unaffected by her sister's hostile reserve. To the child, the *Amerikaner* was a never-failing source

of interest. He had always a smile and a word of greeting, and sometimes played with her in the yard, building snow men for her to demolish, or dragging her back and forth on an improvised sled. Although she was almost as unversed in English as he was in German, they seemed to get along wonderfully well with broken phrases of the two languages, aided, perhaps, by an intuitive understanding on the part of each.

Maria sometimes watched them from the window, resentfully, at first, but as day after day she remarked Elizabeth's happiness, and Lauris' un-failing solicitude for the slight infirmity of his companion, she found it difficult to maintain her attitude of antagonism.

The afternoon of Christmas Eve Lauris came to the house earlier than usual. Under his arm he carried a bulky package; not wishing it to be seen by Elizabeth he came softly up the steps and tiptoed through the hall to his room. He entered just in time to see Maria depositing on the corner table a small basket of apples and a plate of brown cookies. She started guiltily, almost dropping the plate, and as Lauris looked at her in amazement she flushed, and was silent.

"Well, well!" said Lauris. "What's that? *Weinachtskuchen?*"

"Ja—yes." She spoke stiffly, and with evident embarrassment. "It is the custom."

"Thanks, it's very nice of you. I'm sorry if I scared you, but you see I had to sneak in, so Elizabeth wouldn't see this."

He laid the package on the bed, and swiftly unwrapped it, disclosing a large, flaxen-haired doll.

"It's for Christmas," he explained. "I got it in Coblenz yesterday. Do you think she'll like it?"

Maria stared at it, speechless. Would Elizabeth like it! She remembered the adored companions of her own childhood, her crude but cherished rag dolls—not so long ago abandoned. Petty, insignificant objects they had been, compared to this marvel. No child in all the village could boast a doll like this one; no, not even Lena Von Griem; the Hauptman's daughter, had such a magnificent plaything. And it was to be Elizabeth's, the gift of this soldier whom she had hated! She felt the tears come to her eyes.

"You are good—very good," she stammered, and fled from the room.

The gift of the doll swept away the last traces of Maria's resentment. Not all at once, or without opposition, did intimacy arise between her

and Lauris, for in addition to difficulties arising from their dissimilar views of life, there were formal edicts of both their governments prohibiting social intercourse. But the army order regarding fraternization caused Lauris little concern, it being a matter of common knowledge that infractions of the rule were winked at by the officers. He therefore dismissed from consideration the attitude of the army authorities, and although he heard vague rumors of village ordinances on the subject, he presumed that they, too, were un-enforced, and did not bother about them.

Lauris enjoyed being with Maria; she was companionable, and rather good-looking—not like the girls at home, of course, but having the attraction of novelty. In the evenings when she sat sewing in the tiny livingroom, he liked to watch her deft fingers, liked to see the light of wonder mounting in her eyes as she listened to his amazing accounts of America. And as the long winter months passed, Maria came to feel a joy in his presence which she did not attempt to explain or analyze.

One evening in early March Maria was clearing the table, humming happily to herself. Her father, who had been even more silent than usual during the meal, stood with his back to the stove. His face was grave, and from time to time he regarded her uneasily.

"I saw Brummel today," he said at length, slowly. "His daughter has been adjudged—too friendly with the Americans."

Maria started, her face pale.

"Not Ethelda? What—what will they do to her?"

Muehlman was filling his pipe. The operation seemed to require all his attention; he did not look up.

"You know the law," he replied. Her hair will be shorn close."

Maria went on with her work mechanically. Her father watched her with anxious tenderness.

"Of all women," he said gravely, "I think perhaps the unhappiest was Medea. Yet she but loved—too well."

He started slowly from the room, but at the door turned and spoke again.

"*Excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammas
Si potes, infelix.*"

The door closed, and Maria heard his heavy step on the stair. Weakly, she sat down. 'Drive out from thy maiden heart the affections it has conceived—if thou canst, unhappy one! If she could! Tear this insensate love from her heart!

Drive it out—yes, a thousand times yes,—if she could! The struggle was bitter; it left her spent and weak, but with her mind made up. What was it that Medea had replied?

'Videa meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.'

"I too," she whispered tearfully, "see the better way and approve it,—but follow the baser course."

When Lauris arrived, half an hour later, Maria was seated as usual in her rocker, sewing diligently. But his first words brought her to her feet breathless.

"We're going home, Maria," he shouted. "Home—leaving tomorrow! Back to the States—to the folks. Ah, it'll be good to see them again!"

He seized her hands and held them.

"Say, there's a dance tonight at Oberlandstein. Let's go. My last night here, let's make it a gay one! Eat, drink, and be merry, as your father would say. Will you go, Maria?"

The girl hesitated but an instant.

"Sure," she said, with her best American accent, and laughed gaily. If there was a false note in her laughter, the excited youth did not notice it. Maria snatched her shawl from the chair back, turned the lamp low, and passed out with her Jason into the starlit night.

The ballroom at Oberlandstein was crowded when they arrived. Civilians made up the greater part of the throng, but here and there appeared the blue uniforms of the French and the American olive drab. Everyone chattered, everyone laughed, everyone danced, whirling in the hectic tempo of the European waltz. Couples more nimble than the rest swept dizzily across the floor with fine disregard of collisions; the orchestra played valiantly; the dancers, flushed and panting, strove to match its zeal with their own. During the infrequent recesses the crowd gathered at one end of the hall, and steins of dark beer were handed among them indiscriminately. In couples and groups they stood, laughing and drinking, until the magic call of the orchestra whirled them again to the smooth floor.

In all the crowd none chattered more loudly, or laughed more gaily, or danced more recklessly than Maria and Lauris. They made jokes of the merest nonsense; they toasted each other at the beer counter; they sped heedlessly among the dancers in wild exhilaration. At length, wearied with their exertions, they sought a quiet corner of the enclosed garden behind the hall, and sat

down to rest. Lauris was excited and jubilant, but Maria had suddenly become silent.

"You are a wonderful dancer, Maria. We certainly showed the folks some speed, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Maria soberly.

A wan moon had risen; she watched its struggle with the fitfully blown clouds.

"Your hair is beautiful," he went on, fingering a stray golden curl.

"*Heute, nur heute,*" the girl murmured. The silver orb she regarded seemed strangely pale and distant.

"What did you say?"

"It's a song," she explained.

"Sing it for me, will you?"

Maria shivered slightly, and drew the shawl closer about her shoulders. Then she sang softly:

*"Heute, nur heute, bin ich so schön;
Morgen, ach morgen muss' alles vergeh'n."*

Her voice broke a little, but she went on:

*"Nur diese Stunde bist du noch mein;
Sterben, ach sterben, soll ich allein."*

"It's pretty," Lauris admitted, "but you sing so sadly. We are to be gay tonight, you know."

"I know. But we have danced so much—I'm tired."

Lauris took possession of her hand.

"You know, Maria, I'm going to miss you a lot back in the States. You've been a good pal."

"Pal?" she queried. "What is a pal?"

"It means friend, companion,—someone you like."

The girl was silent; no trace of her recent exalted mood remained. The music had ceased, and the dancers were dispersing, with much shouting from group to group and coarse laughter.

"Won't you kiss me, Maria? I'm leaving in the morning, you know."

He stood up, and raised her gently to her feet. She hesitated, then swayed towards him, but suddenly stopped, rigid, staring past him in terror. Lauris turned, but saw nothing to cause alarm.

"What's the matter, Maria? What is it?"

"The Hauptmann," she answered weakly. "He was watching us. His eyes—"

Lauris laughed indulgently.

"Never mind him; he can't hurt us. How about that kiss?"

"No—no!" the girl cried, shuddering. "We must go home."

"Oh, all right."

He took her arm, and they went quickly through the deserted garden to the street.

"You know, Maria," said Lauris as they reached the narrow sidewalk, "when I first came I thought you hated me."

The girl at his side remained silent.

"Of course, now I know you better," he went on. "You're like the girl in a play I saw once; you can neither hate nor love.—'A rose of Bengal, without thorns and without perfume.'"

But Maria made no answer, and without further talk they proceeded down the solitary road, and back to Horschheim.

Lauris arose early the following morning. With a singing heart he packed his few belongings, and made his blanket-roll. Leaving at last! Going home—he could hardly realize it. With the thought of departure, the familiar objects in his room seemed to have a new attractiveness. The uncomfortable plush-backed chair, the too short bed, with its scarlet feather-quilt,—now that he was abandoning them, they were almost like old friends. With a last look around he left the room and went into the kitchen. Muehlman rose from the table as he entered.

"Goodbye," said Lauris, rather awkwardly, "I'm going now."

Without affectation Muehlman shook hands with the soldier.

"God be with you," he said simply. "*Vale, amice.*"

Lauris raised Elizabeth in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Goodbye, Elizabeth."

He turned to Maria, who stood silent at his side.

"I'll walk down to the square with you," she said gravely.

Calling a last farewell to Elizabeth, Lauris marched out of the house, accompanied by Maria. Silently they descended the hill, engrossed in their own thoughts. A number of the townspeople were moving in the same direction to witness, with varying emotions, the departure of the troops.

A girl passed them on the other side of the street, walking hurriedly, almost furtively, her eyes upon the ground. The peculiarity of her hair attracted immediate attention; it was not

more than an inch in length, giving a boyish appearance to the head which was incongruous in the extreme.

"Wonder what happened to the young lady's golden locks," remarked Lauris. "She had some disease, I suppose."

"Yes," said Maria faintly. "A great sickness."

They came at last to the main crossing of the village. A group of people stood on the far corner, and a tall, green-jacketed fellow, whom Lauris recognized as the town-crier, was reading loudly from a legal-looking paper. Lauris paused to watch. There was a charming quaintness, he thought, in the old-world customs of these villages. But Maria almost fiercely drew him away, down the side street on which, at a distance, the troops could be seen already assembling.

"Let us go on," she pleaded. "You will be late."

"What was he saying?" demanded Lauris. "I thought I heard him speak your name."

"Yes, he—I—"

"Oh ho!" he cried, laughing at her confusion. "He was announcing your engagement, is that it?"

She was silent a moment.

"Yes," she said, dully, "that's it."

They had reached the last crossing; Maria stopped, and Lauris with her.

"There they are," he said exultantly, looking at the waiting soldiers. "All set to go,—back to the only country in the world."

He turned back to the girl abruptly.

"And to think that all this time you never told me a word about your intended. Going to be married! I was wrong, then, you can love, after all."

"Perhaps so,—I don't know," she replied.

A bugle sounded impatiently. Lauris seized the girl's hand and shook it heartily.

"Well, so long, Maria. Be good."

"Goodbye, Lauris."

He strode off briskly, his head high with eagerness.

And when he had joined his company, when the ranks had been formed, and the long column had marched blithely away, Maria turned slowly and ascended the long hill to the house of her father.

Villanelle of Marvelous Winds

KENNETH FEARING

Patient are the winds that blow
Around the crannies of the town,
And gather and spend the drifting snow.

Quaint patterns in a ceaseless show
Go up and up, and down and down:
Patient are the winds that blow.

None watch them all; none really know,
Save only the winds that muse and frown
And gather and spend the drifting snow.

Winds, do you seek in flux and flow
Some ultimate, some fitting crown?
Patient are the winds that blow!

What are you thinking as you go,
With hushed white spume to breathe renown,
And gather and spend the drifting snow?

And is there time—you are so slow—
For cloud and flame and sage and clown?
Patient are the winds that blow,
And gather and spend the drifting snow!

Papillon De Nuit

Gaston d' Arlequin

Pity I asked—you were unpitying;
Lilies I offered—you rejected me;
Music—you did not even smile to see
The adoration that was torturing;
And cruelty—alas, I could not wring
Your cruel heart with hate nor perfidy;
Roses—you turned away so tranquilly
I knew their scarlet was no unknown thing.

But when at midnight you grow weary of
The taper, luring with its fatal flame,
And your vile lovers, slaves of infamy,
Leave you alone with love that is not love,
You will depart, and in the night my name
Will mingle with the cadence of the sea.

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Swinburne and Lucky Strikes

(Continued from page 38)

The Professor and his companion passed with a keen glance of disgust for Langtree. The girl continued her pleadings till they were well out of sight and then sprang to her feet.

"That was Professor Icks!" Langtree gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"Oh no, just a little fried," she laughed. Didn't you suppose I knew who he was? I wouldn't have pulled such theatricals for a less distinguished audience. I'm sorry if he was your advisor or anything like that, but cheer up, he didn't recognize you."

"Thank the Lord!" said Langtree fervently.

"Oh, don't be so superannuatedly cautious!" she admonished. "Come on, let's get something to eat."

"You surely aren't going in there!" he protested when he caught up with her in front of the little all-night café.

"I surely am. There's nothing else open, and I'm expiring for lack of nourishment. You don't want me to starve on your hands do you?"

Langtree glanced helplessly around the crowded tables at the motley throng of students, town toughs and workingmen. The girl strolled across the room to the counter as if she were entering the Blackstone or the Ritz. Everyone turned to stare at her, but their gaze produced no effect.

"Just a quarter of one," she said serenely, as she selected a stool.

"Do you like Swinburne?" she asked abruptly, when they had ordered their fried hams and coffee.

For a moment Langtree was nonplussed.

"Oh!" he said, "I'd forgotten there was such a poet. I haven't read a line of him since I left college and I guess I never read much of him then. I think though he was the guy a fellow I knew used to rave about. He was a queer chap—the fellow I mean. He made Phi Beta and we almost kidded the life out of him. Gosh, I'd forgotten all about him!"

"Oh, you've missed so much!" the girl declared enthusiastically. "There's nothing like it. It's like the lake would be tonight in the moonlight if there were just a strong wind blowing."

"But he wasn't really an awfully great poet," he objected mildly, "was he? Not like Shakspeare—or—or—Wordsworth?"

"Wordsworth!" she cried in disgust so penetrating that everyone in the room turned to stare at her—if they hadn't been doing so already. "Wordsworth wasn't a poet at all. He didn't have a bit of true poetic genius. He's all ideas, and of course ideas are very wonderful, but they don't belong in poetry. But Swinburne starts from nowhere, and he gets nowhere, and he's just gorgeous!"

"Well, I'll try to read some sometime," he said lamely: "But I always thought great poetry had to have ideas."

The scorn and indignation which this unreasonable opinion aroused in his companion subsided at the sight of the fried hams between toast and the coffee. How fortunate that Nature, having endowed Youth with such zeal for reform, has also given it a stomach!

"You know you're really quite young after all," she remarked after a time.

"How encouraging you are!" he replied. "From what do you deduce this gratifying conclusion?"

"One has to be either young or vulgar to enjoy this sort of a place and this sort of food, and I haven't found you at all vulgar."

He justified her opinion of his age by a boyish laugh.

"You're getting more flattering every minute. But I guess the reason I hadn't got on my high horse about the place was that I've been too busy—wondering."

"Ah, this sounds interesting!"

"I was wondering," he confessed slowly, "whether you're the exception or the rule. Are all girls as different from what they were ten years ago?"

"I told you there were only a few of us in school," she retorted. "I assure you I am still a rather rare specimen. If you wanted to see the type you should have gone to one of the frat dances or one of the pavilions across the lake. I fancy you'd have found the girls not so very different from the co-eds of your day—only a little bolder and less restrained—but quite sane."

"I wasn't intending any reflection upon your mentality. It is a bit bewildering, especially to an old timer like me, but I shouldn't pronounce it deranged. I'm glad, however, that you're not the type. It keeps me from getting quite so dizzy at time's flight."

"Come back ten years from now," she laughed, "and you'll find them all like me."

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"Oh, I really don't believe it's possible!"

"Yes it is. I have perfect faith that the race is progressing."

She stood at the counter while Langtree paid the account, apparently indifferent to the barrage of amused or disapproving eyes. Her casual gaze fell upon some chocolate-covered doughnuts.

"I want a doughnut," she called imperiously to Langtree. "Don't you?"

In spite of their appearance Langtree acquiesced. That seemed to be his rôle in their escapade. He would probably even have eaten the thing if she had so commanded, but fortunately for the sake of his health she was not so unreasonable.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed after the first bite. "How most unspeakably awful."

She stood on tiptoe and hung the doughnut on the bough of a small tree beside the walk.

"Hang your's up, too," she commended. "The people in that house will think some little fairies have been here when they get up tomorrow."

"Well they won't think much of the little fairies if they taste these things," rejoined Langtree, as he hung his doughnut on another bough.

The girl's eyes wandered to the porch of the house and there encountered other eyes, quite unexpectedly.

"Caught in the act," she said gaily to Langtree, who froze with horror on perceiving his audience. It is so hard to forget one's dignity at thirty-two!

"Greetings from Santa Claus!" called his delighted companion, kissing her hand to the occupants of the porch. "Your arm, Reginald," she said haughtily to Langtree, and walked sedately away.

But she forgot her sudden dignity when they caught a glimpse of the lake at the street corner.

"I'll beat you to the pier," she cried and was off.

She did beat him, rather to his chagrin, for he had once gone in for track.

"I'm going to take a dive," she announced, when, rather winded, he rejoined her on the end of the pier.

"Not all dressed up like that," he protested incredulously.

"Certainly," she replied. "My dress needs laundering anyway." She climbed lightly to the top of the high dive, oblivious to Langtree's protests.

"Catch my slippers," she called, and tossed them down to him.

A second later there was a flash of white and a splash. She came up with her drenched hair covering her face. Langtree helped her up the ladder, half amused and half vexed.

"You crazy child!" he scolded.

"The water's glorious," she gasped, "but it's no fun swimming in this outfit. Oh, give me my slippers, please."

"You'll ruin them if you put them on now," he grumbled, in paternal annoyance at her recklessness.

"All right," she replied, unexpectedly. "I'll go home barefoot." To his amazement, she pulled off her stockings.

At this, Langtree gave it up. It was no use remonstrating.

She stood looking regretfully at the lake.

"I'd like to sit here for an hour or two, and dangle my feet in the water, and recite Swinburne to you, and smoke the rest of these Lucky Strikes. But don't be alarmed. I'm going to be good and go home."

"Oh, don't go on my account," said Langtree quickly. "I'm perfectly willing to stay and listen to Swinburne."

"No," she said sadly, "I must go. I always look like Hades when I don't get enough sleep. Besides," she added gaily as they started back, "I believe in stopping just too soon. Things are so much more interesting if you never get quite enough of them."

"I suppose that's one reason why we 'grads' shouldn't ever come back," he remarked, reverting to his subconscious preoccupation.

They walked for a time in silence until they came to the head of "sorority alley". Langtree, who had been immersed in his thoughts, realized his whereabouts with a sudden start.

"Close your eyes and count fifty while I vanish," commanded his companion.

"Oh, why?" he protested. "You surely don't trust me as little as all that after all we've been through together!"

"Oh that was just for romantic atmosphere," she laughed. "You needn't if you'd rather not. I doubt if I could vanish that quickly anyway, for I don't know how I'm going to get in."

"How reckless of you to stay out without knowing whether you can get in again or not," he commented.

"Oh, fudge, you surely don't expect me to be so ancient as to be cautious. I told you that to be young one must live for the moment."



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They were still standing at the head of the street.

"I bet I know which house you're going to," he said.

"Oh, really? So you think I'm a type, do you? Remember, this is ten years after."

"I'm not likely to forget that," he rejoined, "in spite of having associated this evening with so much youth. You know I said there weren't any girls in the school like you when I was here. But I think that I know where you belong because it would be so undramatic of Fate for you not to."

"You are very young," she said, "to believe that Fate will provide your drama for you. But we'll give the lady a chance. Lead me to the house where you think I belong."

She closed her eyes. He led her down the street to the house which he had visited the day before. He stopped before the porch steps, his heart beating even more violently than it had beat when he had come there alone.

"All right," he said tensely, "open your eyes!"

"Bravo, Houdini!" she said. "I apologize to Fate," Then she said hastily, "Don't tell me her name! She's probably fat and foolish and comes back to banquet every year!—Oh! perhaps she's your wife."

"No," he answered soberly, "I haven't seen her for six years. She's somebody else's wife. She wasn't back for banquet this year at any rate."

She looked at him quite seriously and a bit sadly for a moment. Then she laughed.

"You sentimentalist," she teased. "Oh! did you ever help her in through a window?"

"Yes."

"Which one? Do you remember?"

"A cellar one, in back," he answered.

"Come on, let's find it."

"That's the window," he said, when they had reached the rear of the house. It was slightly raised.

"Oh, our old standby! Ten years isn't so long after all."

Langtree raised the window with an effort.

"I think it goes up harder than it did ten years ago," he commented. "You'd think it would get easier with all the use it gets."

"Oh, it always sticks," she answered. "You can hand me my slippers when I'm inside."

She seated herself on the sill and then slid gently to a bench beneath the window.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am for your patient endurance of my company," said Langtree, as he leaned over to hand her the slippers. "Besides giving me a good time, you've taught me a number of things, among others not to worry over a little thing like ten years."

"Oh, never mind the valedictory," she said hastily, "and don't you dare fall in!"

He drew back quickly.

"Au revoir," she said. "I'll see you ten years from now at my tenth and your twentieth reunion!" And then she vanished with a little laugh.

Langtree pushed the window into its former position and walked slowly away. When he had turned the corner, the window which he had so lately closed was again opened, but not without some muttered imprecations. A slim figure in clinging white appeared, clasping two slippers under one arm. She stole cautiously across the lawn to the house next door, up onto the porch, and after a silent delay, disappeared through a window, leaving Fate's reputation in the drama undisturbed.

The Wind

(To be read aloud)

WILHELMINA MEAD

"New moons for old—

New moons for old—" I heard the Wind calling as he swept 'round the corner of the house. The old oak shook its branches and tapped with its fingers on my window pane like an old man begging for protection, while the Wind swept on up the street whooping his wares aloud. The night was dark. The hurdy-gurdy player, who had been jaunting the streets through the day, and the wrinkled Italian scissors grinder with ringing

bell and pack on back had long left the street free for him to pass.

"New moons for old—

New moons for old—" he called returning this time in the tree tops. Lights blew out. Shutters flew closed. Then all was still. At a venture, I peered through the curtains. Out there the Wind was riding on the clouds, and high in the sky glowed a narrow copper strip—a new moon he had traded for the old.

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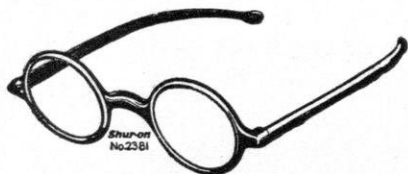
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The Inconceivable Story of One Deeb

(Continued from page 41)

forget for a moment even the sapphire upon which he trod, Deeb again looked up, and there was a globe of sapphire, and there was another figure seated there, weeping alone upon that spanless sphere. But the sound rose and fell like a siren's song, and a nameless woe swept over Deeb, so that he waited long before he called to him who wept. But when the figure heard Deeb's voice, it raised its head and contemplated him, and replied:

"I am one of the lesser gods, and my name is Mauthrar-Khem, and men call me the god of the sea. Go not beyond, for beyond is the way of marble." And when the god turned away again, and wept, Deeb knew whence came that incomparable melody, for at the feet of Mauthrar-Khem lay all the seas, and the winds, and together they murmured of old, undying dreams, and of desolate things that befell proud nations of the shore long since, and they sang of poets who had loved in the evenings of former years, and who had loved in vain. Together they mourned for peerless cities that had forgotten the gods, weaving a golden haze of memories that languished and were unremembered.

But Deeb was now thinking of other things, and once more his cupidity prevailed over a god's warning, and he turned away from the sea's ancient cadence that haunts the world forever, and left Mauthrar-Khem weeping on his sapphire sphere, and began his long ascent once more.

Deeb found that the steps were of marble, as the god had foretold, but instead of being white marble, as he had expected, they were black marble, and the veins of the marble were the colour of blood. Now Deeb thought that he had come to the End, for there was no longer any light from a world beyond, and only by the faint lustre of the eternal stars could he see the black marble of the steps, and more than once he shivered at finding himself perilously near the edge. Furthermore, he climbed much farther than he had to

climb before, up the sable steps whose numbers were countless, and yet he could see nothing above him. Yet still he toiled onward, up the uncountable steps, and now there were no longer any stars above him, for he had passed the utmost of them. And yet thousands upon thousands of the black marble steps, veined with blood red, did Deeb climb, and at length he suddenly became aware of a Presence. And when he stared into the sombre depths he saw another globe, and it was vaster than any he had yet seen, and was of black marble, but the veins of the marble were the colour of blood. On this colossal sphere sat the figure of the Presence, and the figure was god-like, and it was larger than the figure of any of the other gods Deeb had seen. But the head of the figure was bowed in its hands, and it was weeping. And Deeb called, and asked the name of him who wept upon the black sphere, and the figure raised its head, and now Deeb saw that its black garment was lined with the colour of blood. But when the figure saw Deeb, it pondered him, and at length replied:

"I am the last of the lesser gods, and my name is Banilion, and men know not of me. For I am the Guardian of the City where live forever the greater gods. Go not beyond, for beyond is the City of Opal." And when Banilion turned away, and hid his face, and wept, Deeb, looking beyond, saw that there were no more steps, but that a broad street of opal led to the unclosed gate of a marvelous city. There glittered above the temples and spacious courts of that city spires and pinnacles of surpassing majesty, and the marmoreal bastions and battlements of opal cinctured balconies and splendid terraces wherein Deeb saw the titanic forms of the greater gods. But among their fountains and gardens of unparalleled magnificence Deeb saw that the greater gods were troubled with an eternal woe, and roamed listlessly amidst the inconceivable treasures of the City of Opal. And very foolishly Deeb attempted to sneak past Banilion, the Guardian of the City of Opal. But Banilion heard him and turned toward Deeb, and took a deep breath, and simply blew. And he blew Deeb Away.

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KARSTENS stock of merchandise is most unusual. Here you find the products of a half dozen of America's leading clothing manufacturers—each a specialist in some particular line. The stock is not confined to the output of any one manufacturer. A larger stock of the best possible merchandise is the result. And larger sales insure newer things.

KARSTENS

"The Store of Friendly Service"
22-24 NORTH CARROLL

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

They keep you
well dressed,
they economize
for you.

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