



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XXIV, Number 4 March 1925

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March 1925

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

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code). 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

A Page of Verse---William Ellery Leonard

Some University Origins---Wayland J. Chase

Translations from the Chinese of Li Po---Cheng Yu Sun

The Spring---Jessie B. Gruner

Ironing Day---John F. Weimer

A By-Way in Puerto Rico---Edith S. Miller

Spring Book Reviews

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

Vol. XXIV, No. 4

Price 25 cents

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOL. XXIV

MARCH, 1925

NUMBER 4

JOHN F. WEIMER, *Editor-in-Chief* GEORGE C. JOHNSON, *Managing Editor* HARLAND F. GILBERT, *Bus. Mgr.*

Editorial Board
MARY ELIZABETH HUSSONG, HELEN J. BALDAUF, VIOLET R. MARTIN, PAULA OTTEN
Editorial Staff

GRACE S. BURROUGHS, WILSON A. MORAN, JOHN E. DAVIS, MARJORIE A. MUELLER C. GIBSON SCHEAFFER

CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|-----------------------------|----|
| Frontispiece | Cheng Yu Sun | |
| Translations from the Chinese of Li Po..... | Cheng Yu Sun..... | 3 |
| The Spring | Jessie B. Gruner..... | 4 |
| How Many Aprils More?..... | Paula Otten | 4 |
| Some University Origins..... | Wayland J. Chase..... | 5 |
| Sonnet on Hearing "March Triumphant" from "Aida" | Robert Schaller | 6 |
| A Page of Verse..... | William Ellery Leonard..... | 7 |
| My Critical Condition..... | John E. Davis..... | 8 |
| A Song for Early Spring..... | Marya Zaturenska | 8 |
| Away from the Hills..... | Edna Davis Romig..... | 9 |
| Ironing Day | John F. Weimer..... | 10 |
| To a Blind Man..... | Paula Otten | 10 |
| The Letters of Selvida Osborne..... | Mary Elizabeth Hussong..... | 11 |
| A By-Way in Puerto Rico..... | Edith S. Miller..... | 12 |
| Pan in the Moonlight..... | Ethel H. McCall..... | 13 |
| Three Poems | Violet Martin | 14 |
| Twice a Year..... | Leo John | 15 |
| This Love | John Glarner | 16 |
| Between the Covers..... | | 18 |

Business Staff

Assistant Business Manager, Stanley W. Kadow '25; Circulation Manager, Rosanna Kinschi '25; Circulation Assistants, Ada Toms '26; Jessie Gruner '26; Margaret Roess '26; Local Advertising Manager, Howard Kaercher '27; Local Advertising Assistants, Durell Benedict '26; Arthur Tofte '25; Carrie Rasmussen '25; Virginia Gibler '25; Ella Dewey '26; Alicia Grant '26; Lucille Rutledge '27; Collection Manager, Adolph M. Hutter '27; Publicity, Irene Norman '25; Art Publicity, Emil Ingold '27.

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



Sorrow Untold

See Page 3

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the
University of Wisconsin

Vol. XXIV

March, 1925

Number 4

Translations from the Chinese of Li Po

Refuse Not This Cup, I Advise Thee

By *CHENG YU SUN*

REFUSE NOT this cup, I advise thee,
Lest the spring breezes laugh at
man!
The peach and plum trees seem to rec-
ognize us still;
They bloom for us luxuriantly;
The sweet tunes of orioles are flowing
among the green boughs;
And the bright moon is peeping at our
cups.

Seest thou not the pink-cheeked youths
of yesterday?
To-day their white hair is urging them
to the graves!
See the angry weeds over-growing the
Stone Tiger Hall;
See the wild deer roaming on the Ku-
Su Terrace;
See, O see the residences of those by-
gone kings;
Their walls and gates are shut within
the yellow dusts!

Refuse not this cup, I advise thee.
If thou drinkest wine not,
Tell me: Where are now the men of old?

(Note: The Stone Tiger Hall was
built by a king, Shih-Fu. The Ku-Su
Terrace is a famous building of the king
of Wu, who used to feast on it with his
favorite queen, Hsi Shih.)

Sorrow Untold

A FAIR LADY rolls up her pearl win-
dow-blind;
Sitting deep within, she knits her moth
eyebrows.
One sees only the wet traces of her tears,
But knows not whom she is hating!

The Long War

THEY FOUGHT last year, by the upper
valley of Son-Kan* . . .
This year, by the high ranges of the
Leek Mountains,
They are still fighting fight-
ing!
They wash their swords and armor in
the cold waves of the Tiao-Chih
Sea;
Their horses, turning loose over the Tien
Mountains,
Seek the meagre grasses in the white
snow.
Long, long have they been fighting, full
ten thousand Li** away from
home;
Their armor is worn out, the soldiers
grown old

O, the warlike Tartars!
To them manslaughter is their plowing,
Plowing, O from ancient times, in the
fields of white bones and yellow
sands!

It was in vain that the Emperor of Chin
built the Great Wall,
Hoping to shut out the fiery hordes.
Where the wall stands, down to the
Han Dynasty,
The beacon fires are still burning.
The beacon fires keep on burning;
The war will never cease!—

The soldiers fight and die in death-
grapple on the battle-field,
While their wounded horses howl in
lamentation,
Throwing up their heads at the deso-
late sky;
The gray ravens and hungry vultures
tear
And carry away the long bowels of the
dead,
Hanging them on the twigs of lifeless
trees.

O soldiers that fight long—their blood
varnished the desert weeds!
But what more have the generals ac-
complished?—
O swords and armor, ye murderous in-
struments!
If the sages ever employed you, hearken,
it was through painful necessity!

*The Son-Kan Valley, the Leek Moun-
tains, the Tiao-Chih Sea, and the
Tien Mountains are all near or out-
side of the north-western frontier of
China.

**“Li” is a Chinese measure equal ap-
proximately to one-third of a mile.

The Sorrow of Gem Steps

SHE SITS UP late in the still night.
The white dew glistens coldly on
the gem steps outside,
Its chilliness soaking her silk stock-
ings; . . .
She lets down her curtain of fine crystals,
And watches the autumnal moon, glit-
tering.

The Spring

By JESSIE B. GRUNER

*"When lilacs last in the door-yard
bloomed,
And the great star early droop'd in
the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd—and yet shall mourn
with ever-returning spring."*

—W. W.

THERE WAS a certain sureness, a security, that she felt about the fall. She knew that she was on the ground. No matter how wildly the wind blew, she knew it would go past her, and leave her standing. The sky that fall wore was pleasant to look upon; it could not hurt her. She liked to watch it, saying to herself, "I am stronger than it is, it cannot hurt me."

But when the spring came she was no longer master of herself. The spring ruled her. Since she could remember, a budding tree, a new spring hat, a wind that rustled a white ruffled curtain, could do strange things to her.

She never thought another could understand, no one could. Some one had once said, "You are sad because the spring comes and goes without bringing you what you want. There is always some thing lacking. It is the lack which you feel. Some day the spring will bring you what you want, and you will be happy."

She had tried to think it would be true, that in some spring things would not hurt so much, that she would enjoy the spring as she did the fall. Springs had brought her many things. One spring had brought her love, another marriage, and one spring had brought her first child. The certain falls had brought the other children. But each spring had brought the other thing—the old torture—the feeling that she was swaying beneath something too strong for her.

To-night was too much! She glanced from her seat on the bare porch in through the window. There sat her husband most placidly smoking and reading. To be away from it, she wondered

if the children were warmly enough covered. She wondered about frail Joan. Another blanket, perhaps.

How Many Aprils More?

By PAULA OTTEN

HERE SPRING WIND shivers
Thru white thorn blossoms,
And—heard you the blackbird's
whistle then
So piercing, shrill and sweet?
Ah, here is April gliding by
With swiftly buoyant feet!
You want to die, you say,
Because your heart is breaking?
Ah, Sweet,—you can't,
With April here,
And spring wind shaking
Petals down.

(Child! I know—I know . . .
. . . . Yet helpless we
To ease another's pain,
And always life throbs on,
Inevitably strange,
And ever must we smile,
The while our tongues trip forth
Such mockeries
As—"April's here!")

The blackbird's call again!
You hear it, too?
. . . . There!

(How many cycling springs to
come?
How many Aprils more to wait?
While mocking winds shiver
Thru thorn blossoms,
Endlessly?)

Outside the little girl's room she paused before entering. Sobbing? In a moment, the thin little arms were about her neck. It was not the sob that comes of a skinned knee. It was something beating the child, tearing her; it would have her! Oh, the mother knew, she knew—

"Darling, no, no, Mother is here, see. You must not feel so. Listen to Mother, to-morrow we will go downtown—just think, a brand new hat and coat for Easter." Joan would love that.

"Mother, don't make me go to church. I can't, I can't. I hate new clothes on Easter. I hate the singing, the minister's words, the people's faces. It is the spring pulling, hurting—Mother, do you know?"

The mother drew her closer, her own child.

On Sunday morning her husband took the boys to church. She and Joan went toward the river, returning very late. Her husband, awaiting their return and his dinner, thought he had seen no two such spiritual faces among all those at church.

At dinner he said:

"An Easter present for everyone. Joan, you are the oldest. What will Dad get you?"

"Roller skates, Dad, so that I can hear the wind in my ears."

Her father glanced at his wife—funny kid, she was.

"Do you think her ankles are strong enough?" he asked.

She thought, then looking at Joan's waiting face, she remembered her first pair of skates and nodded consent.

She knew by the way the phone rang that Monday morning that something had happened. Joan, this new-found child of hers had chosen too steep a hill to hear the wind whistle in her ears . . . It was not the driver's fault . . .

A week later she sat on the porch. The soft spring breeze came across the green lawn. Upstairs—the extra blanket on the window seat. Ahead—another spring, and another.

Some University Origins

By WAYLAND J. CHASE

THAT WHICH WE CALL our present day civilization is the aggregate of customs and practices which have survived the ravages of time. In consequence of this we live in an environment of usages, fashions, statutes and institutions that have been slowly accumulated in the age-long course of man's development. Every custom has its history: the origin of some runs back to remotest antiquity while that of others is of recent date, but all have come out of the past, and a study of their history helps measurably to make them understood. The world of scholastic custom by which student and professor are hedged about we call the University. What is its history?

The first meaning of University (*Universitas*) was *all of us or the group*, and the word was descriptive of any and various aggregations of men, like an industrial gild, whether of tanners or carpenters or arrow-makers or whatnot. What we today call a university developed from the gathering together in the 12th century of great groups of students and of teachers in response to the desire to learn that at that time, received a great quickening. Each of these groups organized itself just as any other gild of workers in those days did: the students to protect themselves in a strange town against the townspeople, for the price of lodgings and other necessities tended to rise rapidly; and against the professors to secure that the students got their money's worth for the fees they paid. The professor's guilds were organized to formulate and establish standards of scholarships and tests of membership in the profession, and so to protect their order from deterioration. By 1221 the formal title appears in the statutes of Paris, "Nos, Universitas Magistrorum et Scholarium Parisienium," or "We, the group of Masters and Scholars of Paris."

It was only in the long course of time that this word university lost its original significance—a group or corporation of various sorts, and came to be limited to guilds of masters and students, but slowly that came about.

Our word college has had a kindred though a different history. In origin it is akin to collection and colleague and means a group or an association. It, like university, was early applied to a gild of workers. Thus, the churchmen

associated in the conducting of worship in a large church were called a college of clergy, and the electors and advisers of a pope the college of Cardinals. Today, too, we have the electoral college, the group of presidential electors which recently registered the result of the November election.

In university circles the name college when first applied to students signified a self-governing corporation or association created for the maintenance of poor students. The object of the earliest college-founders was simply to secure board and lodging with supervision for poor scholars who couldn't pay for these necessities themselves. The earliest college of which we know was an endowed lodging and boarding house or hall in Paris in or around 1180. By 1500, Paris had 68 colleges and by then these had come to be what the 25 colleges of Oxford and the 20 of Cambridge today are, each an aggregation of lodgings, study halls, libraries and recitation halls under its own faculty and possessed of its separate endowment: each a separate corporation devoted to teaching and scholarship. One of these, Emanuel College of Cambridge, the Alma Mater of sixty or more of the divines of the 17th century, New England, was the model for the first college founded in English America—Harvard College in 1636.

It will be generally agreed by students that one of the most important features of the university is the parchment which it confers upon each one who completes the course he undertakes. Both the sheepskin, as the material upon which the university records its approval of the student's work, and the idea itself of the degree, dates back 800 years or more. When universities were young, paper was unknown in western Europe and parchment made of the skin of sheep or calves was used in its stead. It was long after the beginnings of universities that the art of making paper from linen rags was discovered, and all that time the students who got degrees got them in parchment form. The degrees themselves have had a curious history.

Just before the days of universities the highest schools were those held under the auspices of the bishop in the cathedral over which he presided. These cat-

edral schools were attended by boys who in lower schools had learned to speak Latin and were now seeking to perfect themselves in Latin grammar, and were studying in Latin books rhetoric, logic, elements of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music. Besides these boys there were in attendance youths and young men studying theology. It was when education came to be much sought for and students thronged at this or that specially famous cathedral or monastic school, like those of Paris, that universities began. They were at first nothing more than overgrown cathedral schools whose very numbers occasioned the need of a new scheme of organization. As we have seen, the organization adopted was that of the industrial gild and into university practices some of the gild customs enter. An artisan gild admitted a boy as apprentice to pursue a course of training of varying length, commonly seven years. At the end of that time having perfected himself in his trade, he proved his skill by submitting to the officials of his gild his masterpiece. If this was approved by them as a worthy effort, he was given the title of master workman.

It came to pass that in the circles of these young universities the boy who had pursued his studies far enough and well enough to demonstrate a capacity for learning was accepted, so to speak, into apprenticeship for teaching, and was allowed to do a little teaching along with his studies. At this stage he was called bachelor in French universities because *bachelier* is the old French for apprentice. This word was borrowed and applied similarly by the universities of other countries. While the time required to obtain this degree of bachelor of arts varied widely at first, by 1300 it had become four years both on the continent and in England. The expression "bachelor of arts" was equivalent to "bachelor of the general liberal studies." The receiving of this degree was preceded by a public demonstration of the recipient's ability. This took the form of what was called a "determination." To *determine* meant to maintain a thesis against an opponent. When this had been satisfactorily done, the determiner put on his bachelor's costume and took his seat for the first time with the others who held this title, and the day ended with a feast at his expense.

Thereafter, he returned to his studies and was occasionally permitted to give a lecture to the younger students, usually on the subject of logic. When he had heard lectures given on all the books prescribed by the faculty, had arrived at the age of twenty and had been at least six years in attendance, he could offer himself for the license to teach. To get this he had to undergo an examination on the books he had studied and again publicly to defend a thesis. Then in full academical dress, kneeling before the Chancellor he was given in the name of the Trinity, the license to teach in the faculty of arts. Now he was a master-doctor, that is, a master-teacher, but commonly he was called by any one of these three titles, which came to be synonymous in the middle ages—master, doctor, professor. It is interesting to note that in the French universities today the second degree is the *licensie*, or license to teach, instead of the master of arts, which is not now conferred there. The influences which have caused these three titles, once synonymous, to take on different significances are varied ones. Today the term "doctor" no longer suggests first of all its original meaning of teacher, but instead it first denotes the practitioner of medicine. Oddly enough when the middle ages first brought the term into use the department of medicine rarely existed at the universities, and the doctor of medicine has been the last of the professional men to get the title. It was the doctor of arts, the doctor of theology, the doctor of laws, who were in evidence. Perhaps the first step in the direction of giving to the word doctor the medical flavor it now has, was when some of those who received the degree, doctor of medicine, instead of teaching the subject, went into the practice of it, yet retained and valued the title as a mark of distinction likely to be of use to them in gaining their livelihood. Then the degree of doctor began to lose its original significance of teacher, and professor came to monopolize that meaning.

Today in Germany the bachelor of arts degree is not awarded at all by the universities, nor is it in France except to a very small extent. In the latter country it has practically ceased to be a university degree and has come to be merely equivalent to a certificate of graduation from the secondary schools. This has come to pass through two causes, the first of which was an insistent demand on the part of the seekers for the higher degrees that the time requirement for

them be shortened. In consequence of this it appears that the four years hitherto required for the bachelor's degree was reduced to three, then to two; by 1500 it was only a year and a half; soon it came to be a year and then next the requirement vanished and with it the degree. The second cause was that steadily the secondary schools had been improving in quality and enlarging and extending upwards their courses of study,

Sonnet on Hearing 'March Triumphal' from 'Aida'

By ROBERT SCHALLER

THE THRILLING PEAL of brazen
trumpets loud,

The blare of martial horns into
the air!

The warlords of the ages sweep-
ing proud

On haughty steeds with slave at-
tendants fair!

The Scythian from conquest of
far Ind

Drawn in his chariot, so proud he
gallops,

The Corsican come from the cut-
ting wind

Through ice and snow, over the
mighty Alps,

Triumphant, into the plains of
Italy!

Olympia's young flaming thunder
son

Sweeping the mailed hosts 'neath
Persia's sky;

Marching victorious to Babylon!

The lust of conquest from all ages
past

Burned in that one tremendous
ringing blast!

taking on subject matter that the universities were relinquishing and so they were doing the work that originally had been done for the student by the first years of the university course. Now in German universities after three years of study the student gets his doctor of philosophy degree, which is the old medieval title of master of arts in a new dress, for what we call on this side the water the college of arts, the Germans call the college of philosophy. In France, as has

been pointed out, the license or degree of *licensie* has taken the place of the old title of master of arts. In the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge the changes wrought in the matter of degrees by the progress of time were quite opposite to those on the continent, for in England the bachelor's degree was retained, and conferred at somewhat later age, while the higher degree gradually disappeared. There the universities grew to be mere groups of colleges with but the bachelor's curriculum, which was intended to educate the youth of the ruling class and to give them a culture befitting gentlemen. The master's degree so shrank in significance that it came to be awarded, as it is in England today, without test or examination to anyone who kept his name upon the college books for five years succeeding his baccalaureate, and paid a small fee.

American institutions of higher learning started out as colleges created on the pattern of England's, but with the aim of training up ministers. Like Cambridge and Oxford they had four-year courses, and gave a degree of bachelor to "every scholar that on profoe is found able to read the Originale of the Old and New Testament into the Latine tongue, and to resolve them Logically: Withall being of godly life and conversation." The only other degree conferred in course was the master's, which at first was given soon after granting the bachelor's. Shortly the usage came to be to grant it three years after the baccalaureate to any bachelor who paid the small fee required. It was not until later years that this degree in America came to possess its present character of a reward for graduate study approved by examination.

Down to the middle of the nineteenth century the B. A. and the M. A. were the only degrees conferred at American colleges to the students in course. By that date the enlargement of the field of knowledge with the resulting tendency to specialization called into existence new degrees. The degree of bachelor of science was conferred by Harvard first in 1851. As the study of modern languages grew in favor and importance it supplanted for some students the study of the ancient classics. This led to the creation of a new literary degree, that of bachelor of philosophy, which is among the degrees named in the earliest catalogues of our university. But after a

(Continued on Page 17)

A Page of Verse

By *WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD*

MISS MARTHA

From apple-blossoms to the chestnut
burrs,
With kite to fly, or captain-boat to row,
Life was a vast green Age, and much
was hers,
And one vast Age the snow . . .
In the girlhood long ago.

But now her seasons shrink . . . from
green to red,
Till frosts of Fall are on May's iris-
end . . .
With nothing between but some frayed
note re-read,
Her hearth or walk to mend,
Or burying a friend.

THE NEW HOUSE

(*After a Burial*)

NOW THAT the whirlwind here hath
strown
Thy roof-tree, bower, and ivied
wall,
Thinkst thou each scattered beam and
stone
Sufficeth to rebuild it all?

Use what thou findest of the old
That thus survives with strength for thee:
But thou must gather, wise and bold,
Erelong new stuff by hill and sea:

From hills, new timbers, heart of oak,
In lands that guessed not of thy tears;
From seashores, rocks where ocean broke,
Unheard by thee, ten thousand years.

Rebuild thy house; but, wise and bold,
Weep not to see its altered form:
The new house cannot be the old . . .
Thou, too, art altered since the storm.

FOR BARBARA

I wish I were a bird, a bird,
With two delirious wings,—
I'd perch upon your hand at dawn
And tell you lots of things.

I wish I were a flower, a flower,
And winds were twice as fleet,—
I'd nestle on your head at noon
And make your hair so sweet.

I wish I were a star, a star,
With sparks of golden light,—
I'd steal me through your window-pane
And kiss your eyes good-night.

TO MY WALLFLOWER

(*From the Norwegian of Wergeland*)

Wallflower, ere thy lustre fade,
Shall I be that whence all is made;
Yes, ere thou lovest thy crown of gold,
Shall I be mould.

Even as I cry: "My window, up!"
My last look turns to thy golden top;
My soul it kisses thee, as it flies
Out to blue skies.

Two kisses on thy mouth to thee!—
The first, for that thou lovest me;
The other, sweetheart, give some day
My rosebush gay.

When she's in bloom I shall not see;
So bring my greeting when that shall be;
And say I wish on my grave may fall
Her petals all.

Yes, say I wish upon my breast
The rose by thee for me caressed,
And be in House of Death an hour
Her torch, wallflower.

A PILGRIM OF THE SPIRIT

He fought for dreams against the creed
that teaches
Lads are but shaven necks for Arrow-
collars,
And made last June some ten commence-
ment speeches
At fifty dollars.

My Critical Condition

By JOHN E. DAVIS

AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME I have a burning desire to "write something in criticism"; I want to see it published, with suitable editorial comment to the effect that "a new critical pen has swung into the literary horizon," or something equally asinine and unusual. I told the editor all about it, and he said, "Well, what's your critical theory?" Funny thing, that—I found I didn't have any at all. "Just a hodge-podge of prejudices, maybe," I confessed, ashamedly pulling my ear. "Well, that's what I mean, freshman," he retorted; and I lapsed into silence, having learned one new thing about the profession.

As a matter of fact, I'm not going to write any criticism—couldn't if I wanted to, you see; for a critic requires a background of reading which I always neglected to get, in spite of book-report requirements back in high school days. On the other hand, I do read a book now and then, and I react; and the reactions of my contemporaries on books and other things interest me greatly. A group display of philistinism or provincialism makes me curious to know just what Henry Mencken will—or would—say on that particular occasion. I know in advance that his comments will be sufficiently caustic and will be fraught with the expressions, "yokelry," "groundlings," "poltrons," "Rotarians," "Babbitry," etc., etc.; but he may, possibly, combine them in a new fashion this time. If I see an abominable play, I long for the instruction of Mr. George Jean Nathan. To these two learned anti-Nordic gentlemen I shall, perhaps, return later.

Most journalism students, at least, know that a course in critical writing exists at the University of Wisconsin. I took it, and can say at the outset that it is a good course—as good as any such course can be. I think, too, that it did me good—as much as any course in critical writing can do in one semester's time, with a student who is not quite sure of his critical mission in life anyway. This is the way we went about it. The class was to write one newspaper report and one or two criticisms a week, besides turning in outside reading slips. The newspaper reports were for the purpose of learning how other

great critics held their jobs. We learned some names, including Deems Taylor, Heywood Broun, and A. B. Walkley, most of which I have completely forgotten. I think D. T. writes musical criticism, and H. B. theatres; and Walkley—well, let that pass. The outside reading was intended to teach us the

A Song for Early Spring

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

MY DEAR LOVE left the town in March,

Before the Spring breathed near,
When naked shone the silver larch,
And shivering-young the year.

His eyes, so grey, so cool, so cold,
Carried March skies away;
The sun warmed seeds into the mould,
Rose-clouds broke through the grey.

My love so hopeless—sharp and fine,
Became a lonely thing;
Shy flowers grew big with dewy wine,—
His going brought the Spring.

My love so hopeless—faint but sweet,
Bitter became and steeled,
Because his dear, departing feet,
Brought violets to the field.

At Spring's first silver-shining tune,
Why did you leave my side?
Forever now each flowering noon,
I am unsatisfied!

technique, or maybe it was the theory, of criticism. That little point has slipped my mind now. At any rate, we read about critical standards, and how movies are made, and how to act in a theatre. And then we wrote criticism, for practice. Because the time was short, we had to flit from one type of art to another, writing on movies for a week or two; then on vaudeville, and through following weeks, on legitimate, concerts, musical comedy, volumes of poetry, nov-

els, books of biography, books of history.

I doubt if very many critics were turned out that semester—or are any semester, for that matter. And yet no fault is to be found with the handling of the course in itself. It is, in its organization, as thorough and as comprehensive as it can be; but it is simply impossible to teach the gentle art of criticism in one semester of a college year. I doubt if it is possible to teach criticism at all—one learns that sort of thing, but cannot be taught—if you know what I mean. Well, whatever Mr. Mencken's faults may be, and they are sometimes very grave indeed, I agree with him in this: that style cannot be taught by any rules which the professors can propound, casting absolutely no reflections, you understand, upon professors. It just can't be done.

Where shall we go for style?—Why not to books, where other people have perpetuated their style? Who then, will tell us about these books? The right ones, that is. There is Fanny Butcher, the Pollyanna of contemporary literature. And Gene Markey, who knows what he likes, and does it out in small gobs. (But oh, Gene has left the Trib, and we do miss him.) And Grant Overton, who syndicates literature to the masses via some of the afternoon papers, and gets out a publishers' promotion book now and then. There is also Marya Zaturenska.—

With great flourish, *The Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) announced on Sunday morning, January 18 (1925)—for the benefit of city and university literati—that it was starting a "new book section of literary news."—"the most complete ever used by a Madison newspaper," said the prospectus. "Madison is a cultural center, and as such demands the best in books. This is attested (etc., etc.). The Journal will endeavor to (etc., etc.). Marya Zaturenska, Zona Gale scholar . . . poetess . . . best anthologies . . . Grant Overton . . . members of the Journal staff . . . extensive news about Wisconsin authors." I refer it all to the editor of "Americana" in the estimable *American Mercury*.

But the page is the thing! I hastened to find it. At the upper left, I noted that "Irving Brown, local boy, tells of gypsy life at first hand." Not a bad

start; well, let's see: below, under the heading "Poems that Live," are some stanzas entitled "Thoughts in a Library." Beneath that—or them—are a couple of sticks of type asserting that a Soviet paper sells a half million daily. And in large type at the bottom of the page, readers are asked if they have too much uric acid. The next two columns are devoted to Marya's "Literary Scrapbook," country correspondence from Verona, and advice to "Rub pain out of rheumatic joints." Marya uplifts Madison as a cultural center by talking about the Iliad, punning on the word Freud, recognizing the prowess of Roundy (nationally famous sport writer), telling the Dean that she will smoke if she wants to, attesting to the democracy of Wisconsin's legislature and her intimacy with the Guv, and quoting a poem from last year's *New Republic*.

In the next column the Journal counsels the cultured cult of Madison to "Try one of these (3) books this week." Grant Overton has a round with "Did you know all of these things about your author?", and assures us, among other things, that Kathleen Norris is Irish, that Heywood Broun has a son, and that James Oliver Curwood is one-eighth Indian. From there the page dwindles off with the information that a "Former Wisconsin teacher wins fame by book;" and that the Eskimos are very fond of tea. Thus does the Journal endeavor to supply to its readers news about what is going on in the world of books each Sunday.

So much for the question, "Who will tell us about the books?" What I have said by no means covers the subject (it wouldn't); but it is enough; 'twill suffice, as Shakespeare had somebody say to Romeo. The main thing, if I am going to read, is to pick out a book with a gaudy binding (preferably a Borzoi), or by a much-talked-about author, or bearing a funny name, like "The Worm Our—" (shucks, I forgot that one). If a book is recommended to me by several of my younger friends, I try to read it. If people speak about a book in whispers, it interests me immediately—not, I insist, because I have a particular taste for the "juicy" morsels of literature; but because I want to know what it's all about, and whether it's worth the hullabaloo.

The idea of stolen fruit's being sweet applies, in part, to my reading. I love to pick up a totally irrelevant novel, or

book of sketches, or collection of verse, when I know that there are pressing academic studies which demand attention at the time. On the other hand, being compelled to read anything, as for an assignment, makes the reading a drudgery to be put off as long as possible.

Some books I prefer to read almost without stopping, while I dip into others for a few minutes or an hour at a time, over a long span of days or even of weeks. For example, I read Dorothy

Away From the Hills

By EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

SPRING HAS touched Mendota,
and her silver waves are gleaming;

Willow trees are golden all along
the wooded shore;

Glinting oar and paddle send the
swift canoe careening—

But I see the lift of mountains as
they rise before my door.

Green and greener stretch the meadows,
and the wild flowers brightly showing;

Lilting wrens and busy robins
build their nests in every tree;

Orchard blossoms falling with the
vagrant breezes blowing—

In my mountains now are blooming
furry blue anemone.

Spring is on the lowlands, all the
world is full of singing;

Lilac bloom and violets and golden
daffodils,

Cherry-bloom and roses—all sweetly
perfume flinging;

Spring is on the lowlands: but it's
springtime in my hills!

Canfield's "Homemaker" at a sitting of a few hours, while I spent half a summer on Dreiser's "Traveler at Forty"—and then didn't read the last hundred pages.

My own impressions of what I read are of enormous importance—to myself. It is highly improbable that anyone else gives a hang what I think of Maschen, or Newman, or H. C. Witwer; and if anyone did care, he'd say I was wrong. But then, I don't think that I should enjoy having an opinion if I knew it was right.

Let us start anywhere—with Ben Hecht, say. Well, I like Hecht's type of stuff when it is "restricted to the ostentatious impermanence of journalism," as Cabell's John Charteris says. Take his feature stories, such as you find in *The Chicago Daily News* (see past files) or in "A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago," and you will admit that Hecht is a great journalist.—But I am unable to stomach his other things. I always neglected to read *Gargoyles*—although it was suppressed, and I intended to look into it—but I ploughed through half of *Erik Dorn* and quit. If *Gargoyles* is anything like that work, it *should* have been suppressed (says the writer of this article). I call it blah—or pish-posh, if you will. And now, *Humpty-Dumpty*—same brand of stuff, with a bit of Percy Marks thrown in to keep up with the book lovers of the nation.

Shall we proceed without further ado to the literary body of H. L. Mencken. Mr. Mencken is an ass. I say it without reservation; but he is an ass by choice rather than by necessity,—as a matter of technique rather than because of any intellectual limitations. He is an ass whose braying gives the impression that he could sing if he wanted to—but that is an open question. To obtain Mr. Mencken's disfavor, simply be of tolerable importance and have something to say about anything—or vice versa. To gain his hearty approval—but that is hardly possible, except for George Jean Nathan—and perhaps Draiser and Sherwood Anderson.

Now this Carl Van Vechten. He will be known mostly as the creator of *Peter Whiffle*, much as Mr. Cabell resignedly expects to be known as the author of *Jurgen*. *Peter Whiffle*, I think, is a beautiful and fascinating piece of work, like a strange mosaic. Van Vechten seems to know everything. (Of course, he doesn't: no one knows everything.) He catalogs smells, sights, sounds, tortures, tastes, wardrobes, colors, jewels, books, foods, vices,—anything—and keeps you reading, even if you do skip a few lines of the detail. Again: *Peter Whiffle* is a beautiful and fascinating piece of work; but oh, what a disappointment was *The Tattooed Countess*. It shows flashes of Van Vechten at nearly his best, and a mass of what I hope is his worst. A dreary *Main Street* piece,

(Continued on Page 23)

Ironing Day

By JOHN F. WEIMER

THEY BURIED ELLEN'S four-year-old on Tuesday. The day had been insufferably warm, but a cool wind came up from the lake after dinner, and the few people who were still with her sat on the side porch of the little cottage, rocking softly and talking mostly about family matters. It was told that Grandma Herron was going to California again this winter and that it really seemed as if Margaret were going to be married and give up the kindergarten work. Ellen herself spoke hardly at all, and sat on a little stool beside her husband, Charles, her hand in his. She had changed the dress she wore at the funeral for a thin white one, and had thrown a white scarf over her shoulders.

"Ellen, dear," said her mother, "are the children coming back tonight?"

Ellen looked at Charles first, and raised her brows in a manner in which she often asked unexpressed questions. Then she answered, "I think not. They've been gone for two days now, and I know Mrs. Gary will want to keep them until tomorrow at least. I don't want them to come back until things have been settled again."

She wiped her eye quickly, and then went on: "They have missed only two days of school, and I don't think another will make much difference. We'll get them tomorrow—if Charles can drive me over."

Again the raised brows asked their question. And Charles, who had been so splendid and yet so clumsy through the whole thing, answered in his comforting voice, "Of course, dear. Just as you say."

Then Ellen went through the French doors into the house, and came back a few minutes later with a tray laden with tall glasses of lemonade in which floated little pieces of ice and red and green cherries. That was why everyone marveled at Ellen. Without servants, her household was run so smoothly. Even now in her first great trouble, she went quietly on doing things herself, expecting nothing, and giving everything. From the time she had dressed the two older children and had sent them off with Mrs. Gary, through the long day before the funeral when people came to cry and talk a bit with her, until now, she had

gone about quietly, doing everything that had to be done. The queer part of it was that no one marveled at her endurance. Everyone took it for granted that that was the way Ellen would do things. Because she fussed very little, one never noticed how much she was accomplishing.

At ten o'clock some one got up, and then they all went home. Ellen stayed on the porch only because everyone in-

To a Blind Man

By PAULA OTTEN

I SAW YOU grope and smile
Up helplessly,
To where you thought
My face should be,
And felt a hot rebelliousness,
And hatred bitter against life and
God,
The fire spent—the surge of feel-
ing cooled,
And shame instead,
For selfishness of mine,
A courage to live on anew,
A gratefulness for all things,
You gave to me,
Would that I had as great a gift
For you!

sisted, and Charles alone went out with the guests. She heard the slamming of automobile doors, and the purring of motors. Then Charles locked up, switched off the light in the living room, and came out on the porch, sitting where he had sat all evening. Ellen put her hand in his again.

"She was so tiny, Charles—only four years old."

"So sweet," Charles answered.

They sat there until after midnight. Before they went to bed, Ellen went back to the girls' room and peered in. There were the little bed and crib. She wondered if it would be best to move that crib into the attic before the children came home. Then she stepped across

the hall to the room of the oldest of her brood—eight-year-old John, who seemed to be the miniature composite of father and mother. His school report card, which had gone unnoticed because of the myriad other things which had had to be done, was lying on the dresser. She looked at it for just a moment, noticing that he had a red mark in arithmetic again. After switching out the light, she tiptoed to bed, but got up a moment later to cut a grapefruit, and sugar the two halves for breakfast.

She slept poorly, and was up soon after six. When Charles left for the office, she was getting out the ironing things. He had forgotten to get the clothes up from the laundry, so she had to carry the heavy basket herself. She was glad that the laundress had remembered to dampen them as she had promised. (Usually she had always considered her task complete when the last piece came off the line.)

Thus the day began with ironing, as all Wednesdays since her marriage. As she ironed the little gingham dresses, she mused that it was the last time for them. One was so new, too; the tot had worn it only once or twice. She decided to pack up all her little things and send them to the new orphans' home, but changed her mind immediately. "They're so few," she thought. "Besides, I'd like to keep them."

So after the last one was neatly folded and laid by the others and the two lacy petticoats, she wrapped them in tissue paper, put them in the box Charles' last suit had come in, and carried all up to the old yellow pine highboy in the attic. There she had already placed the tiny booties and several toys, grown nicked and paintless in faithful service. Just then the telephone rang. She shut the drawer resolutely, and hurried down stairs. It was Mrs. Gary, saying she was bringing the children over.

"But Charles has promised to take me this afternoon," explained Ellen.

"It isn't necessary, dear," replied Mrs. Gary. "Mr. Gary didn't go down town this morning, so the car is here. And I'd love to bring them—that is, of course, if you want them."

"Want them? Oh, Mrs. Gary, I can't wait—"

"That settles it. I'm coming."

The Letters of Selvida Osborne

By MARY ELIZABETH HUSSONG

So a half hour later she came, just as Ellen was putting the ironing board away. How she kissed them, many, many times, her eyes wet with tears. Mrs. Gary was crying openly, but stopped when she caught Ellen's reproving little smile and almost imperceptible shake of the head. At the door a few minutes later, she whispered, "They're too young to know; we're going to smile through it."

Safely in her car, Mrs. Gary cried on her husband's shoulder. In the house, however, Ellen was at her old game of listening to the stories her youngsters had to tell, and then suggesting things to do for the rest of the morning: soap bubbles was the activity finally chosen. She hustled them off into the back yard, and wrote two notes, exactly alike except for the names:

"John's absence for the last few days was because of a death in the family. Please excuse it.

Ellen Burke."

She also called Charles to tell him that Mrs. Gary had brought the children home.

After lunch, she sent them off to school. She spent the afternoon sewing. At three o'clock she set out the milk and graham crackers for the children's after school lunch. They bounced in a few minutes later, changed their clothes under her direction, gobbled down their lunch, and were off to take up their neighborhood acquaintanceship where it had been peremptorily broken off a few days before.

Charles came home early for dinner, too early in fact; so Ellen asked to be driven out to the cemetery.

"It will take only a half hour, dear."

Charles was on his way to the garage before she had really finished speaking, and before she could find her sweater, he was sounding his klaxon out in front. At the cemetery they stood silently near the flower-heaped mound. Charles stooped to pick off a card from a spray which the undertaker must have overlooked.

"Would you like to take a flower home?" he asked. "My mother used to do that—to keep in a book."

"I'd rather not," smiled Ellen. "It's very pretty, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 23)

DEAR DAD,
I remembered what you said about being careful not to overdraw my account. As I have just \$6.54 in the bank I thought you would appreciate knowing in time to prevent me from over checking.

I am on the staff of the university daily paper now—a reporter. Will mail you some copies soon. There is a lot of competition and a long waiting list. They only took a few of us. Hope I will be woman's editor by the time I am a senior.

Your own,

SELVIDA.

P. S. My roommate's father is a ro-tarian, too.

Dearest Mother,

I have been over at the library studying tonight. All of we pledges have to study either there or at the house every night from 7 to 9. You see our sorority has an awfully high scholastic standing—we were third last semester—and they want the pledges to help keep it up. There are three Phi Beta Kappas in our chapter. Phi Beta Kappa, you know, is for terribly high scholastic standing.

Journalism is a most inspiring subject, although a freshman can only take one course in it. I think I would enjoy having a job where you go around and interview celebrities who come to town: You would meet so many wonderful people.

Yes, I dress warm enough, though a fur coat is more of a necessity than a luxury in this climate. I'm the only girl in the house without one. But I manage.

Lovingly,

SELVIDA.

Dear Libby,

Well, I'm thankful the family sent me to college instead of to Miss Lyon's like they did you. But college has changed since your day, Lib. Gone are the days of the Miss Lyon's girl with her brown suit and white shirt waist and demureness. I'm the only girl in our house who doesn't smoke.

And instead of the young man who "called with the written consent of the

parents," lots of the girls date breakfast, lunch, afternoon, dinner, and night.

A gay life, Lib. Doubt if you could keep up the pace.

And instead of the "two evening dresses of light color with sleeves to the elbow and neck to the collar bone," you should see my roommate's squirrel coat, her raccoon, her jade, her diamonds, her rhinestone combs and buckles, and her row of little panne velvet dresses—from Paris, if you please.

Love from your sister,

SELVIDA.

P. S. Give my best to your hubby and tell him I inquired after the hardware business.

Dear Bud,

Of course I knew that Frosty was going with Marge. Apple sauce! He's merely a local shiek like yourself. If you think I care, you're demented.

So Dad says our's is "just a real good car"? Doesn't sound much like a new one, does it? One thing about ours—we don't have to lock it.

And so you think that college is a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed? You'd better come.

You will write me all the news that you hear about my crowd, won't you, Bud, dear?

Lovingly, your sister,

SELVIDA.

Dearest Alice,

Just a note. This is geology lecture and I can't write much because the lights are off. But can you find out whether or not Frosty has asked Marge to the Elk's Christmas dance?

Am going to have a wonderful time this week-end—two dances, a formal and an informal. Will wear my blue to the formal and my black velvet to the other.

I wish you could meet Harry—the man I've asked to our formal. All the girls like him. He's a Sigma Chi. Any night you dropped in for dinner, you'd hear, "And the gold of her hair and the blue of her eyes," between courses.

Will probably special this.

Loads of love and many thanks for answering the above question.

SELVIDA.

A By-Way in Puerto Rico

By EDITH S. MILLER

"A CITY in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun",—a quaint old town still, even after twenty-five years of American occupation, is San Juan Bautista, capital of the island of Puerto Rico.

If trolley cars clang down the narrow streets, if telephone wires seem incongruous with the massive fortresses, the city of the four plazas still has its quaint old houses with shuttered windows, overhanging balconies and luxuriant patios. If American department stores are replacing the Spanish shops, if the jaunty American flapper hat has taken the place of the graceful mantilla, if powder compacts are carried instead of fans, yet the essential characteristic of the city is Old World charm.

As I stroll down Cristo street early in the morning, I see that already the city is awake. Cooks on their way to market stop to chatter with the vendors who come in from the country with fresh eggs, plantains, and aguacates. Usually they are barefooted country lads, clad in dirty white suits, and wearing handmade straw hats. They have probably walked all night, but they will get their siesta during the hot noon hour. Orange vendors, their carts piled high with thin-skinned West Indian oranges, lazily pare them making "chupones", or suckers.

From six to eight o'clock the market hums with business. The sharp cooks barter raspily with the vendors. Bargains are struck only after much gesticulating and shrill-voiced conversations punctuated by the whine of the brats tugging at their mothers' skirts.

"Eggs! Eggs! Chickens!" Down the street comes a vendor, a basket on each arm, one containing eggs, and the other blinking chickens, whose feet are tied together to prevent any attempts at escape. Even the chickens seem lazy and inert. He passes by, and his cry, "Huevos, huevos, yo tengo gallinas y huevos." "Eggs, eggs, I have chickens and eggs," dies in the distance.

The market place is on the top of the hill at one end of Cristo street. Looking down the steep, cobbled street, I see the cathedral of the capital. The cathedral guide points out to me the resting place of that picturesque Castilian,

Ponce de Leon, the first governor of Puerto Rico, Columbus' companion on his second voyage, and the discoverer of Florida and Bimini. He escorts me to the glass case where San Pio, dressed in pale blue satin and crowned with tinsel, lies. San Pio, my guide explains reverently, is a saint who was formerly a Spanish soldier, and who was executed because he refused to eat the rations. Later his remains were found petrified, and the pious Spaniards, explaining this as the wrath of God, canonized him.

I leave the church and come out again on Cristo street. Automobiles shoot out of the stone building across the way. Questioning one of the loiterers, I am informed that it was formerly a convent, from which the garage, "Las Monjas", "The Nuns", derives its name.

"And," continued my informant, "a novice once escaped."

He tells me the story of the Puerto Rican girl whose sweetheart left for Cuba, promising to return shortly. In the turbulent times of the Cuban insurrection he was made a prisoner. The girl, believing him to be unfaithful, entered the convent, and the time approached for her to take her final vows. During a service at the cathedral she recognized him in the audience. She screamed his name.

The next morning the nuns in the convent whispered among one another. Rosa Maria was not in her room. A rope made of torn bed sheets dangled from her window. She had escaped in the night,—she and her lover,—and had silently slipped off in a little boat to the Cuban ship in the harbor.

Rosa Maria has never returned to Puerto Rico, and in the convent where she once wept over her unhappy love affair, Dodge and Studebaker cars are repaired.

"But how," I question, "did they plan the elopement? Why did no one hear her?"

I am given a hurt look. The Latin shrugs his shoulders. Have I no appreciation of romance? These Americans, how practical they are!

I wander on, half stumbling over the swarms of naked brown babies who are playing in the sun baked streets, children

with the loveliness of a Murillo painting. They answer to the religious names of Jesus, Juan Bautista (John the Baptist), and Virgen Maria (the Virgin Mary), and look, with their great limpid eyes, like "Children of the Shell."

The little children and young girls are, almost without exception, beautiful, but the beauty of the women fades rapidly. An over indulgence in rich foods, and too many babies leave her fat and take away the youthful contour of her figure in her early twenties, and only the beauty of her expressive eyes and tiny hands remain.

An open doorway attracts me. The interior looks like a store, but there are tables; so it must be a restaurant. I see the sign, "The Panama Canal," and I enter.

There are no windows to brighten the gloom, only massive doors with iron bolts for security at night. Dirty, perhaps, yet picturesque. The courteous clerk bows politely,—politeness is an inherent characteristic of the Latins,—and he inquires with a Galician accent what the *senorita* wants.

As he prepares a sandwich I watch him curiously. No doubt he is a Spaniard who has come to Puerto Rico to make a fortune. He wears the inevitable dirty white suit, on his head is a red tam o' shanter pulled rakishly over one eye, and, swathed around his waist, a dirty sash. Earrings make him look as though he were the reincarnation of a pirate of the fifteenth century who once plundered this city for treasure. I notice in particular his long, pointed, dirty fingernails.

"You are a Puerto Rican?" I ask. He grins, showing yellow teeth.

"No, no, *senorita*," he corrects. "I come from Galicia, and some day I will return to Spain."

A mulatto woman, surrounded by several wide-eyed urchins, and carrying in her arms a sleepy brown baby, enters.

"Two cents of beans, one cent of rice, a half a cent of onions, one cent of pork, and a half a cent of tomatoes." She pays her five cents, grabs her packages, each wrapped in newspaper, and shambles off to cook the famous dish of rice and beans to feed hungry little mouths, and I wonder if this is the way my old pirate is plundering treasure.

"What is that?" I ask indicating a small edifice built on the sea wall ending the street, a building not more than fifteen feet long and four wide, its pillars forming an arch at the junction of Cristo and Tetuan streets.

My self-appointed guide tells me the story of a Spanish cavalier who was riding down Cristo street, when his horse, becoming frightened, ran away, headed straight towards the precipice. After a useless attempt to stop his horse, the pious Spaniard prayed to the Virgin, vowing that if he were saved he would make a permanent memorial to her.

The runaway horse stopped, sheer on the precipice, and the young gallant, falling down on his knees, thanked the Virgin for his rescue. Later this little chapel, hardly more than an altar, was erected, and now, hundreds of years later,

once a year, on the date of his salvation, mass is said in the chapel.

Noon finds Cristo street deserted. It is the time of the siesta.

Night comes quickly, for in the tropics there is very little twilight, and the Southern Cross splashes the heavens soon after the sun sets.

It is in the evening that the upper strata of society appears in the streets.

Young girls, carefully guarded by a retinue of relatives, attend the band concerts at the plaza. Their bobbed hair lacks the high Spanish comb, their dresses are of modish American styles, and yet they appear typically Spanish.

As the band plays, the people parade up and down, the whites in the center and the blacks on the outside. There are occasional Americans, perhaps a sailor or two and a pompous travelling man

who confides to a chance acquaintance, that things are different in North America,—give him the good old U. S. A.!

The men, following the usual Latin custom, whisper "piropos" to the young ladies. "Piropos" are low voiced admiring phrases meant for the ear of the girl alone, and the stern looking aunt who accompanies her to the plaza does not hear the whispered, "Estrella de la noche, que linda tu eres," "Star of the evening, how lovely you are," and the girl is still Spanish enough to dutifully follow her duenna.

As I sit in my hotel at night, I hear, faint in the distance, the cry of the peanut vendor, "Mani, mani tostado. Un paquete por un centavito!" Peanuts, roasted peanuts. One package for one little cent!"

Pan in the Moonlight

By *ETHEL H. McCALL*

"COME, TIM, take my hand here; the path is a little rough. We must be very still now; we are almost there."

"Oh, Carley, what if it is not true! Oh, what if it is just a story that someone made up! And what if mother and father should come home before we get back, or Nora should discover that our beds are empty!"

Carley looked down at Francion with all the scorn of his ten years. His dark eyes narrowed, and he whispered, "Sh, don't speak so loud, Francion; you will break the charm. It must be true. And you know that Mother always comes home from parties very late; Nora will certainly never wake up to even see that we are gone."

Francion smiled at this assurance from her brother, and turned to Tim.

"Do you hear, Tim, dear? Carley says it must be true."

Tim, the gardener's little boy, was silent a moment.

"But the path seems so long, Carley. Why don't we get there soon? I didn't know that the Kempton's garden was so far from your house. I am tired; perhaps we are on the wrong path."

As he spoke, the child peered into the darkness with large, sightless eyes.

"Oh," he continued, "promise me, Carley and Francion, that you will tell me all about it; I wish that I could see it. Do you s'pose not seeing it might make a difference?"

Carley replied quickly, "No, Tim, you can't help that, and when we tell you all about it, you will see it in your head. Oh, we are there! Listen, Tim, the dark woods are behind us now; the path is lost in the gloom of the forest; the pool is just before us."

Francion broke in. "The moonlight is very clear, Tim, and it makes the dew sparkle on the grass. The pool is very black, only on the top it glistens a bit in the moonlight."

Then Carley spoke. "Tim, it is there! They didn't lie this time; it is true. When I asked Father about the story, he laughed and said that Mr. Kempton was always cluttering up his garden with new statues and it might be gone now. But it's not. Oh, Tim, it is very beautiful, and the moonlight plays with it, and the shadows of the pines creep over it. Yes, it is Pan, and his pipe is lifted, as if to call the wind down from the tree tops."

"And, look, I can see the white, shiny, stone statue in the dark pool! I should think it would hate such a horrid, black

pool," added Francion. "Tim, do you see now how it is?"

A tiny, fleeting smile passed over the face of the child; then he said softly, "Yes, I see it. As you spoke, Carley, the picture came into my head. I am glad that it is true. They haven't lied this time. All the other times when they told us about God and the fairies they did, though. But it really is here."

"But, Carley," inquired the puzzled Francion, "I asked Mother if the story was true, and she said it was a pretty bit of paganism. What is paganism, Carley?"

"How should I know, Francion? But when I asked Granddaddy, he smiled, and nodded his head. He knew it was true. It must be, for Tim's sake."

"It is true," they assented in chorus.

Carley began again. "Tim, do you hear the wind singing ever so softly in the trees, and the rustle of the leaves in the woods? Now, the pool has a tiny ripple on its surface where the breeze has dropped down from the trees to dance on the dark shininess. It is just such a night as the story told about. The moon is just over the pine tops, and the statute is gleaming white."

Francion stopped him. "I guess the shadows have slipped into the pool to make it darker."

Carley resumed the soft monotone. "Now we will cross the lawn, and kneel in front of Pan. Francion, go first, for you are the youngest; then, Tim, you next, and I will be last. The story said to breathe your wish ever so softly. Don't be afraid; it must be true, for some things have to be true."

Carley stopped; his fine little face was flushed with excitement. Then, taking Francion, the little sister, by one hand, and Tim by the other, he started across the grass.

"Oh, Carley, Carley," cried Tim, "if this doesn't turn out to be true, I will never believe anything they tell us. You remember how hard we prayed that the

white rabbits wouldn't die, and every single one did. God didn't pay any attention to us, and Pan won't."

Francion of the faith patted his arm. "Don't worry, Tim, just wish as hard as you can, and tomorrow we will know that it is true."

Looking up at the beautiful statue of Pan, the child whispered softly, "I wish—I wish that Tim could see; he hasn't ever seen anything."

Then Tim lifted his small, white face to the summer sky; his sightless eyes seemed to plead. He sighed, "Pan, I wish that you would make me see as Francion and Carley do."

Carley looked at Tim with all the

earnestness of faith. Then he spoke very distinctly, "Oh, statue of Pan, I wish that you could make Tim see, not by little pictures in his head like he does now, but as we do—with our eyes."

The three stood breathless a moment, looking up at the white statue. Then Carley took the little Francion by the hand, and helped Tim up. "Come," he whispered, "tomorrow we will know if the wish is granted."

The deserted garden was drenched in moonlight. The dark pool was unruffled; shadows again crept over the white statue. In the woods, there was the crackle of underbrush, and then,—the silence of the summer night.

Three Poems

By VIOLET MARTIN

QUARREL'S END

WHY IS IT that the blue flame of our passion,
So all-consuming and so burning sweet,

But tipped the swift days with a swift abating
And left the bruised rose leaves at our feet?

Why is it that the years have gone so quickly

Without a word or look between us two,
When every post found you in dreams beside me,

And every dream found me so close to you?

Why is it that we wasted time for loving
When the ripe days for Beauty were so few?

Look, how the years go by us swiftly running!

Why can there not be peace between us two?

I would be straight as rods of steel,
With a clear look for the eyes of men,
And say, "Though it be for woe or weal,
I am your friend—I am your friend . . ."
And yet—and yet—I would not say,
"For aye, my friend!" The new dreams rise . . .

I hear winds blow, and far away
The south-bound swallows fleck the skies . . .

DO I REMEMBER?

Do I remember all the little things?

The slow moon on the hills, soft,
shadow-kissed,

And our own kisses' sweets; the purple wings

Of birds in travel flown across the mist?

Do I remember all the silent nights

When we two had no words but stood afraid

Of this that held us with its bond of lights,

Blinding and dazzling with its flame and shade?

You ask it now that all the flame is burnt—

All but a spark: *Do I remember?* Pain
Unassuaged by your warm kisses learnt
Of barren silence to be sweet again

Might all be lost could we meet passionately,

Once more, and then part swiftly, carelessly.

VENI, VIDI, VICI

"'Twas only in the daytime we passed by,

Once, twice; and at the dance they said,
"Miss So-and-So". Your dark and fire-flung head

Upon my shoulder rested. Eye to eye
The glances flew, and the half-uttered sigh

Broke through your lips, love curved and tilted, red

Below the eyes that dared with dreams.
The dread

Of losing you forever held me high.

I dared. One word—or did I dream the speech?

Your eyelids raised their heavy, glistening screen.

There was the sudden rushing, like the fall

Of waters in cataract. Each to each
Our souls touched tinder, and the thing did seem

The trembling of a kiss beyond recall.

See the sun spilling his radiant gold

Down in the hollow,
Off toward the river. If we are bold,
There we may follow—

You and I—joyous,
Spinning us garments of gold, as we run.
Nothing can harm us
If we're but bold in the way of the sun.

Twice a Year

By LEO JOHN

(A LIVING ROOM. There are two doors at the rear, one left and one right. French windows open into a garden on the left. On the right a fireplace, near which stands a davenport with the usual table and lamp behind it. On the left, two armchairs. A telephone on a small stand at the back between the doors. Over a chair at the rear is flung a man's fur coat, and nearby on the floor a suitcase and a grip, prominently marked with university seals.)

In one of the arm chairs sits AUNT LENA, a fat woman with bobbed hair, almost entirely gray. She is sewing lace on a pillow slip, and as the curtain rises, leans over to a small table nearby for a chocolate. The other characters are MRS. LANCE, Aunt Lena's younger sister, and JOHN LANCE, Mrs. Lance's only son, home from college for his spring vacation.

(Enter MRS. LANCE through the door at the left. She sits in the other arm chair.)

AUNT LENA: He doesn't look like you, Mary. That's certain. And as I remember his father—well, there's no resemblance there, either.

MRS. LANCE: Of course, there is, Lena. Remember, fifteen years is a long time. Besides, your memory was always faulty.

AUNT LENA: Not more so than yours, now that you speak of it. I meant to call your attention to that fact long ago. Why, last summer when I wrote you to ask whether or not you received these very pillows which I had sent, you never answered. Memory—why, you don't even remember when people send you letters. Then apparently the slips left your mind entirely, because now when I come to see you six months later, you haven't even started to sew on the lace.

MRS. LANCE (*laughing*): Lena, Lena. Still the same old Lena. I remembered those pillows as well as I remembered you, and I am really quite positive that I wrote telling you that they had arrived and how much I

liked them. And as for not sewing on the lace—why, you certainly have
AUNT LENA: Busy? What on earth seen in the two days that you have been here how busy I am—

can you be busy about? Nothing to worry about—your boy away at college, servants to do your work—busy! Good heavens!

MRS. LANCE: Oh, but there are so many other things. And just because a boy is away at college doesn't mean that he is nothing to worry about.

AUNT LENA: I suppose you are right, there, but it's plain enough to see that he doesn't worry much about you. Why, he hardly kissed you when he came in, and he greeted me as a casual neighborhood acquaintance—think of it, he hadn't seen me for fifteen years! Merely flung that coat over that chair, dropped his bags, and was off upstairs.

MRS. LANCE: I'm afraid you don't understand him at all. He's always in a hurry when he's home, and tonight there's some kind of a reunion dance downtown. His train was late, so now he has to hurry; that's all. And as for his greeting—why I'm sure that you wouldn't want a great big fellow like him blobbering all over you—

AUNT LENA: Well, maybe not, but, thank goodness, we still have time for hospitality in Summerland. It may be a small town, but the people in it are not all out of breath, as you and your younger generation seem to be here in the east. Gracious! He certainly is hurrying—hear him running about up there. The plaster will fall off the ceiling. Mercy, what a crash!

MRS. LANCE: Just a shoe hitting the wall, Lena. It's a noise you'd soon recognize if you lived with a boy. I rather miss it when he's gone.

(*The telephone rings.* MRS. LANCE goes to answer.)

Hello! Oh, yes, Elizabeth. How are you, dear? Yes, he's here. He came about a half hour ago; the train was fearfully late. Do you want to talk with him? Just a minute, dear.

(*She opens the door at the left, and calls to JOHN, upstairs.*)

John, dear. John!

JOHN (*from upstairs*): What's up, Mum?

MRS. LANCE: Elizabeth is calling. I guess she thought you weren't going to get here for the dance. She wants to talk to you.

JOHN: Nothing doing. Tell her I'm undressed, and that I'll tear over as soon as I get shaved and into some clothes.

(MRS. LANCE *hesitates a moment, and then goes to the telephone.* AUNT LENA takes out her disapproval on the pillow slips and the chocolate box.)

MRS. LANCE (*at telephone*): Hello, Elizabeth. He's hurrying, and says not to worry, and that he'll be over soon. Good-bye, dear, and do have a good time.

(*As she returns to her chair, JOHN calls from upstairs.*)

JOHN: Mum—I say, Mum!

(*Again she opens the left door.*)

MRS. LANCE: What is it, dear?

JOHN: Haven't I any clean B. V. D.'s? I've looked all through the dresser here.

MRS. LANCE: Of course, John. There are those you sent home in your laundry last week. I've put them out on your bed. You'll find some socks there, and a shirt. And, John, on the dresser in my room is a small package with a tie in it. I'd planned to save it with some other things for your birthday, but you might as well have it now.

(*She closes the door and sits down again in her chair.*)

AUNT LENA: One would think you were a servant, but hardly his mother.

MRS. LANCE: It's nothing more than a labor of love—something I wouldn't give up for anything in the world. Besides, I haven't had a chance to do anything for him since Christmas.

AUNT LENA: Well, it's your own worry, but I can't imagine myself doing anything like—

JOHN (*from upstairs*): Oh, Mum—

(MRS. LANCE hurries to the door again.)

MRS. LANCE: Yes?

JOHN: Wow! That tie! Where'd you get it? It looks like a crepe.

(*She laughs.*)

MRS. LANCE: Well, I might have known. That's my last attempt. I

see where Uncle Jake gets another tie. Are you almost ready, John?

JOHN: Yep. Coming. Will you drag my coat and hat out in the hall? I'm coming at full blast.

(*She takes the hat and coat from the chair, and goes out.*)

MRS. LANCE (*out in the hall*): Come, John. Hurry, dear.

JOHN (*out in the hall*): Here I am. Are the keys in the car? Thanks, Mum. See you later.

(*A door slams. MRS. LANCE comes back in.*)

AUNT LENA: So he's gone. And he didn't even say good-bye.

MRS. LANCE: He kissed me out in the

hall. And now if your heart is still set on an evening at the movie around the corner, why, we'll have to go, or we won't see a complete performance.

AUNT LENA: He took the car, didn't he?

MRS. LANCE: Of course. We can walk the tiny distance.

AUNT LENA: Well, I'm not overly fond of the idea.

MRS. LANCE: Come now. (*She gets AUNT LENA'S rubbers from the hall, and starts putting them on her.*) Remember, he comes home only twice a year.

(*Curtain*)

This Love

By JOHN GLARNER

I.

AFFIRMATION

SOME GRIM jokester
came through our nurseries when
we were young,
and left us all with lives cut up like
puzzles,
with half the pieces missing in the sets.

Year after year I sought to find a piece
for here and a piece for there,
and I was ready to take this game and
throw it in the sea
. . . when I saw her
frantic with her own hopeless game.

And now I think it evident
our sets were meant to complete each
other
and fit together piece by piece.

But it is a queer game with odd rules,
and it seems that most of the pieces to
be found
must first be created.

II.

AVOWAL

Girl,
nod that wise head knowingly, cock that
wise eye warily;
we know this tragic hoax our fathers
pulled.
Beneath their lie a fiddling of their loves
on the strings of sensualism—sen-
timentalists.
Or fools—dashing out love's light in
their groping blindness.

Girl,
We shall dissolve that folly in the knowl-
edge of this Latter-day Apple.
You and I recognize love only with the
coming of understanding and de-
pendency.

We are to forget love in learning to be
comrades in outwitting disaster, great
friends beneath the smashing of life.

It asks for more than justice from the
man,
this civilization our fathers gave us
being not of the purest.

Some University Origins

(Continued from Page 6)

time this was displaced here by the bachelor of letters, which, however, failed to hold favor long and the Ph. B. returned into use. In the last half century the number of different degrees conferred by the various institutions of professedly higher learning in this country has become almost legion. Among them by far the most important is the Ph. D., that of doctor of philosophy.

The present importance of this degree as well as of that of master of arts is significant of the change that has come into the American universities. Today we can not think of a university except in terms of laboratories and other elab-

orate facilities for research. But none of these did the medieval university possess. It kept alive the tradition of learning and was an institution for teaching only,—for passing on known truth, the opinion then being general that the sum of human knowledge was complete. So far was the university then and for many centuries thereafter from being a place of research that the great advances in knowledge were made by enquirers and investigators outside university circles, and for long the universities were inhospitable, indeed, often antagonistic to the new knowledge. It was in the eighteenth century Prussia, that zeal for research and the academic freedom indispensable to it found first conspicuous encouragement at the universities. The new foun-

dations of Halle and Gottingen broke sharply with older scholastic traditions and stood for the new conception that universities must be discoverers as well as disseminators of truth. This ideal in the early part of the next century found conspicuous embodiment in the university of Berlin, which first opened its halls in 1810. American students were soon attracted to Germany by this opportunity of study. In 1835-36, four Americans were enrolled as students there; by 1860-61 there were 77; in another 25 years there were 446. These returning to our country brought back to our universities this spirit of research with which they had been imbued, and they quickened here the zeal for scholastic enquiry. It

(Continued on Page 24)

Announcement to Campus Writers

THE THETA SIGMA PHI AWARD

Theta Sigma Phi, women's honorary journalism fraternity, is offering their annual prize for the best short story appearing in the Wisconsin Literary Magazine during the school year. Instead of the usual cash award, a beautiful loving-cup will be given. The judges will be decided upon later.

There will be two more issues of the Lit, so opportunity is offered to both old and new contributors. If you write short stories, send in your best efforts now.

Manuscripts may be left in the contributors' boxes in Bascom Hall, or, better still, send them to our office at 752 Langdon.

HEADQUARTERS

for Men's Newest Styles
CAMPUS TOGS
now showing at

THE TOGGERY SHOP

University Ave. & Orchard St.

If you can't get
it anywhere else,
you can get it at
our place always.

FRANK BROS.

Fancy Groceries and Fruits
611-613 University Ave.

Phones:

Badger 5335-2689-71

BETWEEN THE COVERS



"MARBACKA," by *Selma Lagerlof* —
Doubleday, Page & Co., Pub-
lishers. Price \$2.00.

This autobiography of Selma Lagerlof, centering around her family home, Marbacka, is like a tale of the folk, so beautifully and simply does it tell itself, so intimately and freely does it reveal itself. In this, unlike the usual autobiography, there are no startling revelations of the author's life, no secret details unfolded; Selma Lagerlof is only a part of her environment, along with Johan and Anna, her brother and sister. It is a relief to read such an autobiography wherein the writer is neither a paragon nor a misunderstood. One has more faith in this type of book after reading this story.

A rare grace of style is inherent in the telling of the story. Without conscious stimulation an even temper in the prose continues until the end. The matter and the manner balance each other perfectly while the serenity of the soul of "the most beloved woman in Sweden" permeates the chapters. When the house-keeper's tales and the naive superstitions of the Marbacka people come into the story, the style continues in the same tenor and with the same facility as when the author writes more intimate details of her life. Here are not unusual words flung together riotously, but rather exquisite phrases in the simplest language.

But there is more than style and intimacy in the book—there are characters who are very real, very vivid. Lieutenant Lagerlof, Selma's father, Mamselle Lovisa, her aunt, Vackerfeldt, the colour-sergeant—it is as if these people who were so close to her, so predominant in her life, had the very center stage of Selma Lagerlof's story. We know each of them although we are never told directly of any one of them.

Then there is atmosphere created from the superstitions about the good luck of cats and myrtle for the bride's crown and the usual ghost tales. These elements produce no superior half-smiles—they belong to this idyllic tale.

With the postscript, which is as little sentimental as postscripts usually are, the loose ends of the rambling story are nicely tied together and we are left with a completed family history. We are able to look back and see Marbacka etched more clearly than would have been possible without this bit added.

The book is the latest work of a Nobel Prize winner. That may mean nothing or everything to you. In either case read some of it for style alone.—*R. M.*

OXFORD POETRY, 1924. *Acton and Quinell* editors. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.

This latest anthology of English students' verse proves rather delightful reading for afternoons when the cares of the world are not particularly burdensome. The poems are varied and will suit whatever mood happens along. The capricious ones of length which the Muse has dictated are interspersed between with clever and picturesque little tone sketches.

These poets from the University of Oxford seem a serious and sincere enough lot with one exception, a Mr. R. Robinson, who evidently believes in treating the ridiculous of this world with ridicule and the ironical with irony. His little verses "Such and Such", "The Uses of Poetry", and "A Man Would Rejoice—" would in general meet the eye of the shrewd and hardened Young America with much more grace and pleasure than the delightful and lyrical chorals of Harold Acton who penned a "Lament for Adonis", or of Desmond Harmsworth who saw ecstasy in "Smoke Goeth Up—", or of Peter Quennell who rejoices in the fresh beauty of "Meander." Something of anguish and bitterness seems to have crept into the stanzas of "War" by C. I. Frazer, and those of "In Dismal Winter" by D. S. Maw. Unlike American student poets who have run rampant in fields of immortality and immorality, these University of Oxford people are content and find enjoyment in

Popular Books

Come In and Browse

75c Each

200 titles by your favorite authors.

Adventure Romance

Mystery Humor

Wonderful values

Brown's Book Shop

623 State St.

The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword—

providing the pen works right.

How about your fountain pen? If it isn't in working order bring it in and let our expert pen repair man put it into first class shape.

NETHERWOODS

The Student's Supply Store

519 State St.

turning to the open country and woodland nature for their major inspiration. A bit of true, stolid, English philosophy is evident in the lines now and then, however.

The general trend of this collection is not to such radical *vers liber* as the poetry of the young Americans. The few pieces that tend that way have not the incisiveness and cynicism of their colonist cousins' efforts. Neither would it be seemly for the English gentleman, a true lover of home, to hold up institutions of mankind to ridicule. His genius is in rhyme, beauty of phrasing and poetic expression, of love, beauty, and philosophy. One bit of verse in keeping with this is "Smoke Goeth Up—" by Desmond Harmsworth:

"Smoke goeth up from farm or desert fire

At eve, a slender strand, a steady stream,
Or like a prayer ascends from funeral pyre.

A silent music, an unbroken theme;
Then shatters in eddies, breaks along the air,

Races in swift convolved joy, or flows
To invisible peace and hangs contented there.

So in the night the soul steals forth and goes

In secrecy, the body laid asleep,
Out in the blue space, on wings of ecstasy;

Mounts up without a cry, trembles to keep

Tryst with the flaming stars; divinely free,

Floats in the all but unremembered deep,
To find at last its own tranquillity."

The collection in this little volume is indeed worth the interest of anyone concerned with late advances of poetry among those of the coming generation and of anyone who wishes a sheaf of charming and refined verse.

—J. E. L.

ARROWSMITH, by *Sinclair Lewis*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00.

Martin Arrowsmith strives toward an ideal, and in the end loses all in life but the sight of that ideal, still in the future.

From boyhood Martin Arrowsmith had the desire to become a doctor. He would listen with rapt attention to old Doc Vickerson, and then go away to dream. When the time came, Martin entered a great university of the middle west. Here he made his life friends; here he discovered his god and his future wife. The god was Max Gottlieb, a czar in his department of bacteriology. Martin got from him a desire to find Truth, and to specialize in immunology.

As such things happen, Arrowsmith became engaged while attending the university. In fact he was engaged to two girls at the same time. It was Leora, the little nurse at Zenith General hospital, who was true. Martin married her.

Later they went west to her home on the plains of Kansas. At any rate, Wheatsylvania was a fine town in which to start his medical practice. The peo-

ANY STYLE YOU WANT
CORRECTLY TAILORED—

O. C. OLSON
TAILOR

228 State Street

High Class Workmanship at the Most
Reasonable Prices in Madison

Suits \$35.00 and Up

With You Since 1891

We Furnish
the Rendezvous--

For many student generations the Chocolate Shop has been the rendezvous of Wisconsin students. After the game, after the party, or after the afternoon class you'll find your friends at—

THE CHOCOLATE SHOP

and this is why—

Due to the volume of business we have, we can **CLEAN** and **PRESS** your suit for

\$1.25

Correct Cleaners

409 N. Lake St.

F. 4790

MEAT

**Goeden & Kruger
Inc.**

F. 500

**THE CARDINAL
PHARMACY**

University Ave. at Park St.
"The Students' Drug Store"
You are a Stranger at Our
Fountain Only Once

ple were very ignorant; they talked too much of other people's affairs. Martin had no time for his beloved laboratory work.

Martin and Leora left the plains to come east again. As assistant health officer, Martin began work in Nautilus. Here he was taken into The Set; he had time for experiments. Not for long could he accept the emptiness of the sham social life in this town of snobs and crooks. Leora was apathetic, not the glittering social light of The Set's expectations.

On to a clinic in Chicago, then to New York, where Martin entered a clinic with Max Gottlieb. His god had fallen; he had become mercenary. But Dr. Martin Arrowsmith would never give up. Independent original research was his desire. He had freedom at the McGurk Institute, but there was always a sense of directors, and false standards, and struggles to beat one's fellow man in the filthy game of grasping for gold.

The opportunity of a lifetime came. Martin went to St. Hubert in the Caribbean, carrying a cure for the plague. The cure was his own discovery. A long fight, and Leora killed by the plague sent Martin back to New York cursing fate.

He married Joyce Lanyon. On her money they went to Europe. Martin learned the ways of Society—but his experiments suffered. People talked. There was a separation. Later Joyce came to Martin. They talked, "But the car rolled on unhalting, and he remem-

Sawyer's

Bakery & Delicatessen

Picnic Lunches Put Up

Roast Meats

Salads

We Bake By Electricity

It's Clean

B-1591

302 State St.

W. C. MALONE

Dealer in
Groceries, Fruits and
Vegetables

Wholesale and Retail

Phones B. 1163-1164
434 State Street

Famous For

STEAKS

Real, juicy,—

Phone B 2037

Private Banquet Room-Booths

Walter Hicks Cafe

108 East Main St.

B. H. Vollrath. W. G. Damerow

bered that he had been doing an experiment."

To his friend Dr. Arrowsmith said, "We'll plug along for two or three years, and maybe we'll get something permanent—and probably we'll fail!"

After a struggle ended, yet just beginning, Dr. Arrowsmith has discarded Life to continue the Search for Truth. In this new novel Sinclair Lewis has embodied enough material to make half a dozen novels. The characters are numerous and varied. Yet we are glad that they are all in one novel, and that we shall not have to tolerate them again in their too self-satisfied and ungodly lives.

—C. G. S.

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE, by Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

For many months Annette Riviere had put off the dubious task of reading her father's correspondence, which even now rested in precise little piles in the pigeon holes of his Louis XVI desk.

But on this spring afternoon, as the sun is slowly sinking behind the hills of

St. Cloud, Annette sits in the library of her home beside the Seine, thinking. She had been her father's constant companion in his last years. Raoul Riviere had been an architect, suave, a true man of the world. Annette's mother had been reserved and proud. Annette had the characteristics of both.

When she discovered in her father's correspondence that he had led a gay life, she was not surprised, for such had been his nature. But when the fact became apparent that somewhere in Paris there existed a girl who was a half sister to her, Annette was shocked.

After days of brooding, Annette went in search of this girl. She found her, and instead of hating her, came to love little Sylvie, who was sweet, and very much different from herself. Then there were long days of companionship and confidences. Their love for each other forced them to tell the secrets and ambitions of their lives.

Sylvie lived joyously, and was not hampered by ideals or dreams; Annette was more serious, having inherited from her mother strong moral virtues.

Then a man came, and naturally there was rivalry. Tullio, a charming Italian, was the cause of their separation. This did not last. But Annette had felt the passion of youth, had awakened to the love she possessed, and was not satisfied.

She fell in love in earnest with Roger Brissot, an eloquent, ambitious young man of the middle class. After a while Annette came to resent his very possession of her, feeling that she had a soul of her own, which was inviolable. Knowing that it will be impossible for her to go on being absorbed by this man and his career, Annette has visions of a life of her own. Roger cannot understand this; and she will not give in.

Not wanting to hurt him, Annette gives herself to him in one mad moment, and then goes away.

"For days she dreamed; and she made no effort to direct her thoughts. She was invaded by a confused mass of mingled emotions . . . A somber melancholy, a bitter sweetness, a taste of ashes in the mouth, disappointed hopes, sudden flashes of memory that made her heart leap, fits of embittered despair,



The New Spring Oxfords Are Here

Our new Spring oxfords are here. They are lasted along graceful lines with a sense of broadness, that makes them ideal companions to the wider trouser. The leathers are all selected, the colors are light tan and black. We invite you to call and see them.

FLORSHEIMS **THE HUB** BANNIKER'S
 \$10.00 \$12.50
 F. S. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.,

A PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Which Appreciates
 Your Trade

Student Book
 Exchange

652 State Street

W. S. (Bill) Gatewood, Manager

A Refreshing Drink ---with Food Value

When the waiter asks, "What will you have to drink?" order milk—and specify Kennedy's!

With your meals or for that afternoon weariness there's nothing better than a tall glass of good cold milk. And for the best milk, be sure it is from the

KENNEDY DAIRY CO.

629 W. Washington Ave. Badger 7100

HAVE YOU TRIED our "VALETERIA"

System
Six Distinct Operations
In Pressing

THE PANTORIUM

B. 1180

538 State Street
Phones

B. 1598

pride and passion, and a sense of ruin, of the irremediable, of a Fate against which all efforts are vain,—at first a crushing feeling, then mournful, then dissolving into a drowsiness whose distant sorrow was marked by a strange pleasure . . . She did not understand . . ."

Thus Romain Rolland dissects a portion of a woman's life, looks into it minutely, explains her emotions, all of her life. He draws an adept and clear comparison between the frivolous Sylvie and the serious, deep character of Annette. They are together constantly in the first part of the story, showing by their speech and their reactions toward each other their individual traits and differences.

Then Rolland looks into Annette's love, her struggle with her soul. And in the end we wonder why she faced her problem as she did, and what her future is to be.

The lives of Annette and Sylvie unroll vividly before us. As Romain Rolland says in a foreword, "When I write a novel, I choose a human being . . . Once this person has been chosen I leave him perfectly free." When the work is

done he says, "Seek here neither thesis nor theory."

So when we read we see but a life—and when we have finished we say that it is truly life, and we desire to go on.

"Annette and Sylvie" is the prologue to several volumes entitled "The Soul Enchanted." "Summer," the second volume, will be published this summer.

—C. G. S.

ORPHAN ISLAND, by *Rose Macauley*.
Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

Imagine a sun-kissed isle in the tropical sea, covered with bread-fruit trees, and cocoas, and butterflies, and tiny land crabs. Then place on this sequestered Avalon a spinster, twenty-three orphans of assorted ages and sexes, a Scotch nurse, and a tipsy Irish doctor. Allow them to steep slowly for sixty years and then introduce a typical middle class English family.

This whimsical study in sociology is by all means the most significant literary work published by any woman writer this year. Miss Macauley has a most feminine perception, together with a considerable amount of imagination and wit. There is the unusual combination here of hard, sharp realism, and of delicate

fancy. The descriptions are singularly beautiful. Thus the author describes the wooded parts of the island—

"A thousand sweetnesses, like fleeting thoughts, assailed the hot, still, brooding air. In the dense green overhead monkeys chatted brightly, and radiant parrots uttered sharp, staccato cries, while paradise and humming-birds flashed brilliant colors on the woody gloom. With soft, continuous thuds cocoa-nuts fell on the emerald grass; with squashier sounds the ripe golden bread-fruit slipped softly from over-weighted boughs and tumbled through dark, glossy leaves to the ground."

A great deal of the charm of the book comes from this wealth of description, which is coupled with ironical humor and sympathetic character-painting. But the power of the work originates in the opportunity given by the contrast of the Victorian and the Georgian eras. Miss Macauley has very carefully and cleverly imagined a tiny state, sedately developing apart from the world, according to the ideas of a narrow puritanical spinster. The only contact with the outside world at all is through the memory of this autocratic Miss Smith; since Jean, the

nurse, is silent, and the doctor is removed from the scene by sharks before he has time to mould the thinking of the community.

This is a type of thing that can be very well-done, or very sadly handled. Whatever virtue this writing has, it must get directly from the author. It has much in common with the personal, discursive type of essay, in that the author lays bare his character, his personality for the reader to admire or to avoid, as he desires. Since this book is such a witty, sparkling satire, Miss Macauley must be a very charming, a very interesting person indeed. The book is filled with people you would like to know, and with conversation you would like to hear. In other words, for amusement and enjoyment of a slightly sophisticated nature, read Orphan Island.

—S. P.

My Critical Condition

(Continued from Page 9)

The Tattooed Countess; dashed off, no doubt, to pay for the Christmas carton of Benson and Hedges.

A professor of mine seems to be fond of Galsworthy. I am frequently prejudiced against writers or bond papers or salads because I have professors who like them; so that my judgment of *The Forsyte Saga's* author may not be entirely unbiased. At any rate, I read *The White Monkey*. Mr. Galsworthy's style didn't strike me as being very good English; the reason being, probably, that it is not very good American. But how that man can twist a group of plots together!—and then bring you out, all straight and nice, at the end.



**PATRONIZE
LIT
ADVERTISERS**



Well, that's my style of criticism. No academic *critique* ever got away with such drivel. Mr. H. L. M. would sneer and not even waste the breath to bawl, "Sophomoric," if he were to read this. But he never will.

Ironing Day

(Continued from Page 11)

She nestled close to him in the car going home.

"It's John's birthday next Sunday," she said. "Mercy—nine years old! He wants a watch—just a dollar one."

"Absolutely," grinned Charles. "Is there something else you want?"

"Only some canned tomatoes from Brown's, dear."

He smiled. "It certainly isn't much."

"There's one thing—let's hurry. Those kids must be starved, and I've done hardly anything for dinner. You'll have to help again."

"What?"

"Oh—open the tomatoes, for instance."

She laughed softly.

OUR LUNCH ROOM

Is Still Unexcelled
in "Quick Service"

The Old Reliable

LAWRENCE'S

622 State Street

The Wise Student

is now cashing in on this Co-op rebate. He is now reaping the reward of foresight and economy by getting his supplies, books, clothing, and furnishings at the Co-op.

The rebate this year is again 15%, and many thousands of dollars worth of merchandise is being divided among members.

Plan to be among the lucky ones next year. Join the Co-op now.

THE CO-OP

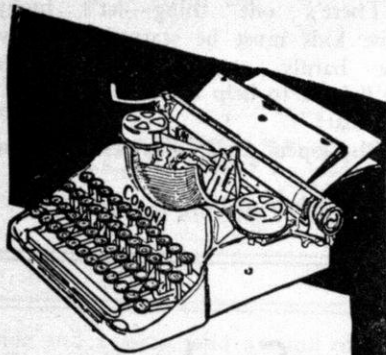
506 State St.

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

MORGAN'S

THE HOME OF MALTED
MILK

Try a Tostwich



Only the new
CORONA FOUR
has all
these features

No other typewriter, large or small,
offers you all these advantages.

- Standard four-bank keyboard
- Standard 12-yd., two-color ribbon
- Standard 10-inch carriage
- Self-spacing carriage return
- Automatic ribbon reverse
- Accelerating type-bar action
- Back spacer on keyboard
- Margin release on keyboard
- Straight line visibility
- Portability
- Proved durability

Come in and see it. Or phone us
and we will send it to you.

**BREWINGTON
TYPEWRITER
COMPANY**

533 State St. B. 222

Some University Origins

(Continued from Page 17)

has been, therefore, within the last fifty years that the seminar, graduate study and the degree of doctor of philosophy have become familiar features of American university life. It was not till 1892 that the first Ph. D. degree was conferred at the University of Wisconsin. Its recipient was Charles R. Van Hise, who eleven years afterwards was elected to the presidency of our institution.

The cap, gown and hood that figure in our thoughts of commencement are survivors of those medieval days when every teacher and every student had the status of a clergyman, wore his hair cut in round tonsure and was dressed in ecclesiastical garb, not merely at degree-receiving time but all the time. At some of the European universities academic costume is still of daily use and there it conforms often very closely to the old time usages. There on high university occasions most gorgeous and vivid robes are worn—largely silk in texture—some of all crimson hue, some, of all scarlet, others of yellow.

Black caps and gowns have been used in university circles in this country since early colonial times but with wide variations in practice. From first being worn by both faculty and students as their every day costumes, they came to be the scholastic apparel of the faculty only, except as commencement formalities brought them into use for the students. But in the nineteenth century in many quarters they ceased entirely to be used by the students. About 1885 they returned to general use at graduation, one reason being the realization of their democratic quality, since gowns and caps clothed all students alike. By 1893 it was felt that an authoritative standardization of this costume for the United States was desirable and the leading universities sent delegates to a conference about matters of academic costume. Out of this there developed the Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume, which has received a charter from the State of New York and which has its headquarters in Albany. The present styles of caps and gowns are ascribable to this Albany arbiter of scholastic fashions, but the idea of the cap and gown runs back to university beginnings in far away medieval days.

Town and gown hostilities sometimes

flare up with a regrettably scorching flame even in these days. They, if not the survivals, are at least very reminiscent of the conflicts of student days of long ago. In the middle ages the university student had no legal rights or status in his university town, for he was ordinarily an alien, a foreigner, lacking the status of a citizen, since the only rights then recognized were municipal, not national. Consequently, he joined with his fellows to protect himself. There was, therefore, more occasion for town and gown conflicts then when there seemed to be some justification for the students' body taking the law into their own hands. Fierce and important were some of these conflicts: Thus one of them in 1209 at Oxford led to a migration of some of the students from that university and town to Cambridge whither some of the teachers went also and a new university was begun. In 1354 there was a specially notable conflict at Oxford growing out of a saloon fracas and lasting three days. Much blood was spilt and deaths resulted on both sides. Now the town discovered that it had overreached itself. For, first the bishop of the diocese, and then the king of England entered the controversy and turned the rule of the town over to the university officials for a time. And annually thereafter, for nearly five hundred years, whoever was mayor of Oxford was required to present himself together with sixty other citizens at St. Mary's Church, where a high mass was said for the souls of the student victims. It was not until one hundred years ago that this requirement was relaxed.

Besides these aspects that have been named, the ages long past gave permanent shape and enduring characteristics to many other features of our campus life, as for example the organization and government of our university, the subjects in our courses of study, even some of the student songs. We are, therefore, not at the end of our subject, but by editorial edict we are at the end of our space. Perhaps an appropriate closing of this effort to prove the importance of the past in our university environment would be the phrase which is itself a survival of far away student Latin-speaking days—Q. E. D., quod erat demonstrandum.

*The stomach is the most curious part
of your body—ARISTOTLE.*

Enjoy selecting what you most
want from delicious dishes, delight-
fully served.

UNIVERSITY Y CAFETERIA

Light Colors In Clothing—

For our patrons at Wis-
consin we are showing
light grey and bisque flan-
nels and cheviots in the
correctly styled three and
two button lounge suits.

\$35 to \$65

KARSTENS

22-24 N. Carroll St.

*Langrock & Adler Rochester Clothes
Stacy Adams & Bostonian Shoes*

FOR THE APRIL ISSUE

The "LIT" Announces

**Some Literary Ramblings
From the Brilliant Pen of**

ARGON THE LAZY