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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXI

Madison, December, 1921

Volume 3

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LETTERS AND SCIENCE. The University of Wisconsin is supported by practical people, farmers, business men, producers and consumers of wealth, people who demand value for their money. Our affairs are conducted with an anxious ear to the ground; we constantly sniff the wind for signs of restiveness among the tax-paying population of the state; we are not sure of ourselves, for our success as a university depends on prejudices of two millions of citizens who have certain ideals of education and success. Among these ideals, culture for its own sake, development of the mind so that its functions of enjoyment and appreciation may reach their highest state, holds but a secondary place. Most of us are sent here to "go and get it." The "it", being, obviously, the means of being successful.

The university is compelled, reluctantly, it is true, to comply with the law of supply and demand, through no fault of its own. Therefore, when we are at times forced to justify our existence we do not point to the fact that Wisconsin graduates represent the highest

type of civilized humanity, or that they have learned what life is and how to deal with it intelligently and sympathetically; all this is too recondite, too far beside the business of life as our generation estimates it. We point with pride, in the good old phrase, to our achievements in making pigs fatter, milk richer, and book-keeping harder.

It is indisputable that farmers should be trained to become agriculturists, that engineers should know more about slide rules than about Chaucer, that men who are going into commerce should have some scientific knowledge of business; but it does not follow that institutions of higher learning, as they used to be called, should lend themselves merely to turning out men and women skilled in practical affairs and trained for the improvement of the physical well-being of the human race.

We have not reached the condition where our whole efforts are bent toward these ends, but if we go on we must reach it. We are neglecting our letters and sciences for our pigs and our transepts. The College of Letters and Science is doing well, still; it draws a certain number of students which varies little each year, but it is subdued and humble before the importance of those branches of the university which are producing technically trained men. It has no *esprit de corps*; the art of learning for its own sakes has fallen upon evil days. As a sign that there is a feeling that merely intellectual effort, directed to no practical end, is unworthy of a man, take into consideration the amazing disproportion of men and women in any purely cultural course. Men have a stern duty to perform in life, and they cannot be bothered by learning anything that does not contribute to their preparation for this duty.

The university of today is rapidly growing away from its original function—to education, in the liberal sense. It is developing a second function—to teach

students a trade better than they can learn it anywhere else. Certainly this kind of social service is entirely desirable, but should it be rendered at the expense of producing men and women who have a thorough knowledge of the traditions and wisdom that we have inherited? The answer is that it should not.

The University makes an effort, true enough, to administer a few liberal courses at least to everyone; certain subjects, like Freshman English, are compulsory, but all too many students, after they have been exposed to a course or two on the Hill, retreat hastily into the fastnesses of their own professional school and do not sally forth unless they are compelled to. As a result, the education of the average graduate is narrow and, except in his particular field, not thorough.

This condition should be remedied; there are two ways of going about it. One is to force everyone who aspires to a degree to study the arts and sciences exclusively for two years before entering into specialized work, for after all a degree is supposed to connote something more than the ability to feed pigs wisely;

the other is to carry on a militant campaign of enlightenment as to what a liberal education means and what its value is.

It is unlikely that anything can be done, but it can be tried. At present we are turning out seniors who have never heard of Charles Darwin and who think that Keats is a plural noun. Na matter how well they learn to do their professional work, men have no business calling themselves college graduates unless they have at least a bowing acquaintance with the body of wisdom and experience that mankind has accumulated. If our tax-payers demand practical results of education, let us give them that, by all means, but let us give the other also.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN

EARL HANSON

MAGARET EMMERLING

HORACE GREGORY

LLOYD GEORGE

Melody

MARGARET EMMERLING

Lêuconoê, sing to me
Old and woebegone sweet songs,
For my tired spirit longs
For those dirges of the sea.
In the old Aegean way,
Sing, my Lêuconoê.

Yearning lyrics of wet blue,
Mingled in the moan of waves
Lingering in low Lesbian caves,
Cadences of Greece—and you.
Of the old Aegean day,
Sing, my Lêuconoê.

For the fragrances are fainting,—
Spicy sweet of Grecian weather,
Delos where we sang together—
Waning as an ancient painting,
In the sweet Aegean way,
Sing, oh Lêuconoê.

Easter Sunday

EARL HANSON.

By what strange turn of fate or human perversity a rusty little freighter should sail the seven seas under the name of *State of France* is more than even her owners were able to conjecture. It was a standing joke in the home office, when she came into the harbor from some remote port of the world, to say to the French clerk, "*L'etat, c'est moi*. The *State of France* is here."

Even her own crew was amused by the name.

"Poor old France is in pretty bad shape," the second engineer would remark as he watched the steam shoot out through various and sundry stuffing-boxes and listened to the wheeze and rattle of the engine. And the forward crew spent more than one idle Sunday afternoon mingling pleasantries about the name of their ship with morose grumblings about her unpleasant nature.

"*State of France* is good," one of them would say. "State of War is better."

"Na, b'Jaysus," said the proverbially red-headed Irishman, "*Shtate of Mind*'s the word, and Abner's the boy she takes after."

There followed a general laugh, and invariably the conversation was centered on Abner.

Stories would be told by one or the other of his fellow seamen about the latest of their baiting activities. One had told him the captain was dead, and Abner had made haste to correct him the first time he saw the old man on the bridge. Another had threatened to throw him overboard and had caused him such concern that he had run to the first mate for protection.

"Crazy as a loon," was the general opinion.

"Yes," remarked the boatswain one day, "They get that way when they hang around ships too long, with the kind of shore-leaves they take."

"Shore-leaves, my eye," said a hard-boiled deck-hand. "They're born that way."

"I've seen 'em go nuts over night. You'll get that way some day. I can tell by your eyes."

"Guess I can take care of myself," muttered the deck-hand. He was a large, swarthy individual, about thirty-five years old, overbearing and disagreeable. His name in the fore-castle and on the water-

front, for some good reason long since forgotten, was "Castalia Dutch," "Castalia" for short.

Such are the ways of the sea. A man's past is his own, and no one bothers about it, but his nickname, the name which has grown out of his past, which may be the sole connecting link between him and the years gone by, that stays. It follows him about in some mysterious manner from ship to ship, from port to port. A man's past, what is it? He may be an ex-college professor or a doctor or a lawyer whom fate and drink have somewhat reduced in station. More often he is not. More often he is a cockney from the Whitechapel district or a piece of rotting driftwood from the evil-smelling harbor of Calcutta or merely a plain, respectable seaman with God only knows what antecedents. Sometimes he is crazy or half crazy, as Abner was.

Abner was a good enough seaman and at times he had a remarkably clear head. But he had followed the sea and the ways of the sea too long. The ways of the sea are not good for a man when he is in port. If adhered to too closely they are bound to throw him off his balance. They have thrown scores of men just as they threw Abner.

Abner was Castalia Dutch's favorite diversion. "The Old Man died this morning," that individual would remark, and sometimes Abner believed him and sometimes he did not.

"You've been picking on me too often," he said to his tormentor one day. "Some day I'm going to get you for it. Just because a man's nervous isn't saying you have to nag him all the time." And the look in his eye was not the blank stare of an idiot, it was the look of a man with his wits about him, the look of a man with an intense hatred which demanded satisfaction.

But it passed unnoticed by Castalia, who was used to Abner's streaks of clear-headedness.

"Nervous, hell!" he remarked laconically. "Plain nuts!"

A few minutes later someone began to speculate on what the cook would dish up for a Thanksgiving dinner.

"When's Thanksgiving?" inquired Abner.

"Next Thursday."

"Is it really next Thursday?"

"Sure."

"Oh, Boy!"

At which followed a general laugh, for the time of year was early August. Chronological events were very hard for Abner to keep straight.

One Sunday Castalia Dutch said to him, "The cook ought to be murdered."

"What's the matter?"

"Here it is Easter Sunday and he didn't give us eggs for breakfast."

"Is it Easter Sunday?"

"Sure."

"Is it really Easter Sunday?" Abner asked it of the assembled deckhands and firemen, who chimed in with a unanimous affirmative.

"Should have had eggs for breakfast! The dam' heathen! Ought to have his pants kicked," said Abner.

"Cook's a powerful man. I wouldn't kick 'em just yet," advised one of the stokers. He followed his advice with an amusing anecdote on how the cook had hit his mess-boy on the head with a cleaver because the boy, in a moment of absent-mindedness, had thrown a day's supply of potatoes overboard instead of the peelings he had just taken off.

"Dam' heathen!" was all Abner could say.

To the boatswain, who had a level head and an observing eye, there was something vaguely reminiscent about him of a better station in life. But what was the difference? What's a man's past on a rusty old hooker like the *State of France*? For all a man could tell, any one of these beings might have hunted colored eggs at some time or other during his life and sat down to a steaming Thanksgiving turkey.

Abner made one or two muttered remarks about the cook and left the rest of the men to go and sit by himself on the fantail and watch the seething track of the ship on the water and the long straight line of smoke which hung in the motionless air like a gliding sea-gull.

"Batty as a loon," observed Castalia Dutch and laughed his peculiarly loud, harsh laugh. "He's worse than the Spanish porter we had on the *Celia*."

"Good worker," said the boatswain laconically. "You want to quit riding him. He'll go wild some day and kill somebody."

"Quit your preaching."

The captain walked back and forth in his own little universe, the pilot-house, and dreamed dreams of a larger ship, a white ship in the passenger service, and decided to have the bulkheads painted the next day.

"Pretty good crew," he observed to the first mate.

"Seem to get the work done."

"Boatswain's a hustler."

And the subject of the crew was dismissed from the captain's mind. It is peculiar what an impersonal machine a ship's crew really is. It stands watch and watch and sometimes it gets the work done.

Sometimes it plays cards, too, or rolls dice, or gets homesick, or goes insane, but what does that matter? "*L'etat, c'est moi*," says the captain. "If one crew is no good we'll ship another. Got a pretty fair one this time."

Abner sat on the after capstan for two hours and stared away into space, at the track of the ship and the heavy smoke and the white gulls against a clear blue sky, and listened to the rhythmic splash of the discharge water from the engine room and thought of nothing at all as far as any man could see by his face.

Toward evening Castalia Dutch joined him. He sat for a while and looked at Abner, and then he said, "I wouldn't go near the cook if I was you."

Abner flared up. "I'm going to fix you some day for pestering me. You're driving me crazy. God help you if I fly loose."

Castalia laughed. "Can't help it, can I, if the cook's laying for you? He's going to beat you up for calling him a dam' heathen. Better steer clear?"

"Is he really laying for me?"

"Sure!"

"Did he hit his porter with a cleaver?"

"Sure he did."

"Oh, boy!"

Castalia Dutch went back to the forecabin to tell the men about it. He was proud of himself. There was a light of satisfaction in his eyes.

"He was all right for a minute, and I thought he was going to hit me for bothering him. Then he flopped around and believed what I told him. Scared stiff of the cook now."

"Lay off that guy for a while," remarked old Evans.

"Who asked you to preach?"

"I'm just wondering who is battier, you or Abner."

"Yeah?"

"If you aren't nuts now, you soon will be. You'll swell up with cockiness and bust."

"You talk like a kid. I can take care of myself."

Old Evans lay in his bunk and dragged at his short pipe. He turned to the man across the room.

"Ever sail the China Sea?" he asked, and the subject of Abner was dropped.

The cook of the *State of France* was the kindest of individuals. He would have resented it deeply had

he known to what use the deckhands and firemen were putting his name. He would have reassured Abner. But he didn't know.

"Is the cook still laying for me?"

"You bet he is."

"Will you get me some hot water from the galley? I don't want to go back there."

"Sure thing."

One evening a fireman said the cook had thrown hot soup in the face of one of the coal passers because the latter had called him a heathen.

Abner threw a shoe and hit the fireman squarely in the face.

"I'll go crazy some day," was all he said.

The men applauded and laughed at the stoker for his pains and his bloody nose and would not let him go near Abner.

Castalia Dutch sat on the deck and looked out over the sea. The moonlight was reflected in a million little ripples. The stars shone overhead with all the soft glory of a semi-tropical night. The top-mast lights swung gently back and forth among the stars and the blackness of the sky. The watch rang two bells. The captain moved stolidly back and forth in his own little universe, the pilot house.

Abner came up and talked to Castalia Dutch.

"Did the cook throw hot soup in young Jerry's face?"

"You want to watch out for that man."

"What did I do?"

"You called him a heathen. A man can't stand for that. That's like calling him a Chinaman or a nigger or worse. He'll knock the tar out of you."

"Will you tell him I didn't mean anything?"

"Sure, I'll tell him. Won't do any good though."

"Let him come," said Abner. "I ain't afraid of him."

"Cook's a powerful man."

Abner moved off to the fantail to smoke his evening pipe. Castalia went into the forecabin.

"Old Bughouse is worse tonight."

"Old Bughouse is all right," corrected Evans, pointing to spots of blood on the floor. "See what he did to Hendrickson?"

"What's that?"

"Nosebleed! You want to lay off that man; he'll kill somebody."

"Nosebleed!" The deckhand laughed disdainfully.

Out on the fantail Abner looked at the long broad path of moonlight on the smooth water, and imagined the cook sneaking up behind him. He moved away. He was afraid to look around. He walked up to the

bow of the ship and sat down again. The cook's face came closer and closer. Abner moved off once more. He climbed to the top of the after-cabin and sat down to smoke. His pursuer had left him.

But Castalia Dutch, coming up for a final breath of air before turning in, saw him up there and wondered what he was doing.

"I'll get him," he thought. He stole the cook's apron from the galley, climbed the ladder to the top of the cabin, and sneaked up behind Abner.

"You the guy that's been calling me a dam' heathen?" he asked in as frightful a voice as he was able to muster.

Abner turned quickly, jumped, and fell from the top of the cabin to the hard steel deck below. He lay there motionless.

For a moment Castalia stood on the roof of the cabin and stared down at his victim. "I did it this time," he thought. "I did it this time."

He ran down to the galley and took off the cook's apron.

"I did it this time! Nobody saw me! Nobody saw me! What'll I do now?"

He ran down below and woke up the boatswain.

"Abner's hurt, boatswain; he fell off the after-cabin."

The two raced back to the scene of the accident.

"Did you do this?" said the boatswain when he saw the motionless body. "Ten years in jail for you."

"I didn't do it. Is he dead? I sat on the deck and saw him keel over."

"He isn't dead. Go and get the Old Man."

Castalia Dutch went to get the captain, and when he came they cleared out a spare cabin for Abner.

"I was sitting up on deck smoking my pipe," said Castalia to the captain when the latter asked about the accident, "when all of a sudden I hears a thump and I runs back and there he was." But all the while he talked he carefully avoided the eye of the boatswain.

The injured man lay in the bunk to which they had carried him and began to show signs of consciousness. He groaned and moved his mouth, but the rest of his body was limp and lifeless as if his back had been broken. His white face was twisted in agony.

The captain and the boatswain and Castalia Dutch stood in the cabin and a small group of excited sailors formed on the deck and awaited developments.

Abner was unable to talk, but his groans and the contortions of his face showed the agony he bore, and once he screamed.

"Can't do anything with him now," said the captain. "Have to give him morphine. It's two days to

the Azores. Wish we could get a doctor from some other boat. Confound it! Why didn't they give this old wagon a wireless?"

They quieted the patient with morphine and the ship veered off her course to make a dash for the Azores.

"Somebody'll have to nurse him," said the captain.

The boatswain spoke up, "I'll nurse him."

"Let me do it!" cried Castalia, and through his mind ran the words, "Ten years in jail for this, ten years in jail for this."

He shifted from foot to foot and nervously fingered his cap and avoided the boatswain's eye. And after what seemed an age the captain told him he was the man, the boatswain was needed elsewhere on the ship, and said something about having him relieved after eight hours.

"Let me do it alone," begged Castalia. "I've nursed 'em before. I can sleep here. Don't want anybody butting in."

He realized that he wouldn't be able to leave the patient alone for an instant. Abner might be able to talk. He mustn't be left alone with anybody else. You couldn't tell with a peculiar fellow like that. He might have recognized who the "cook" was that had scared him. He had threatened to square himself with Castalia. At any rate, he might start to tell about the cook and the whole story would come out. He mustn't be allowed to talk to anybody. He mustn't be allowed to talk.

"Let me do it alone!" begged Castalia.

"Suit yourself," said the captain, and, after a few more instructions, walked out with the boatswain.

And so Castalia Dutch was left alone with the lunatic, whose white face showed the marks of pain even in the deep sleep into which the drug had plunged him, and who had once said, in a moment of clear-mindedness, "Some day I'm going to get you for riding me like this."

"You've got me now, I guess," said Castalia bitterly as he watched the prostrate form.

For hours he sat without moving and stared straight ahead of him. Many thoughts came to him and many fears ran through his head. "Ten years in jail for this," a hammer kept pounding the rythm of the words into his brain.

At time he thought he could avert it. Suppose Abner should die? Suppose he should die by being strangled or by accidentally getting too much morphine? Who would be the wiser? He wasn't expected to live anyway. "Dead men tell no tales," the phrase which had been the watchword of the gas-house gang of his youth came back to him. But then

he thought of the boatswain. "Did you do this?" the boatswain had asked. He suspected. He would look into it. If Abner died it would be murder. He mustn't die! And if he lived and was crippled for life he would talk. The story would leak out. Castalia Dutch sat on his chair, his head propped in his hands, and stared straight ahead. A long shudder shook him, and once he began to cry and blubber like a child.

The ship's bell rang out the time every half hour. Occasionally the first mate showed his head in the doorway to inquire about the condition of the patient. Two firemen stood outside the cabin and discussed the accident. At midnight they went on watch and the two who came up from the firehold came to ask Castalia how it had happened.

"Get out of here!" growled Castalia Dutch.

All through the next watch he sat there and stared and tried to still the tumult in his mind, while the lunatic slept on. Toward morning Abner woke up. He did not groan. His mouth was firm and set. But his eyes were fixed on Castalia Dutch. Never for an instant did they move or flicker.

"How're you coming?" said the nurse, trying to be cheerful.

But the injured man did not utter a sound and his eyes were glued on Castalia.

"What're you looking at me like that for? I didn't do it. I didn't do anything." They had looked at him like that once before, without any trace of insanity, without a trace of anything but hatred. "I'll get you for this," Abner had said to him at that time.

"How're you coming, anyway? Anything I can do for you? Speak up, man! Are you awake?" But the eyes kept staring straight at him. The ship's bell rang out the time every half hour. Occasionally the steps of a deckwatch were heard outside as he made his rounds. It seemed to Castalia's feverish mind that he was alone with a pair of accusing eyes and a trip hammer that pounded at the back of his brain, "Ten years in jail for this! Ten years in jail for this!" He tried to dodge those eyes. He buried his face in his hands, but they stared straight at him, and said, "You did it! You did it!" He was certain that Abner had recognized him in the cook's apron.

He went out on the deck. The stars were fading away in the gray sky. A cool morning breeze played in his hair, but a monstrous pair of eyes kept staring at him through the cabin door and demanding his return.

He ran back into the cabin. Abner was groaning,

and his face was twisted with pain. Occasionally he muttered the words "dam' heathen." Castalia Dutch ran out to get the mate.

"For God's sake give him some morphine! He's suffering something awful."

And after the patient had been quieted, Castalia threw himself into a bunk and slept for a few short and troublesome hours.

So it went for a day and a half, while the ship raced for the Azores and a doctor. Castalia caught snatches of restless sleep in which he dreamt of years in prison, and he spent long hours trying to dodge that pair of eyes and figuring on the chances of avoiding the prison and fighting the tumult and hysteria in his own brain. He tried to keep everybody out of the cabin. Only for his meals did he leave the patient.

Abner lay there unconscious most of the time. But the intervals in which the effects of the morphine had worn off and he groaned in his agony or became delirious were almost unbearable to Castalia.

Half a day off the Azores found the latter gaunt and worn and almost hysterical himself. Abner had one of his waking spells and lay there with his accusing eyes on his nurse.

"For God's sake, what are you looking at me like that for? I didn't do it! Don't keep looking at me!

I didn't do anything! You're crazy, man. You're going nuts."

He buried his face in his hands, but the eyes stayed with him, and the boatswain said from somewhere, "See what you did?" and the trip-hammer kept up its refrain.

He jumped up and walked about the room. Worry and lack of sleep and fear did their work. Something gave way in him.

When the boatswain opened the door to inquire about the patient, Castalia Dutch flew at him like a wild beast and clutched at his throat. He had gone mad. It took three men to control him and tie him down.

The *State of France* came to anchor in the harbor and the madman and the idiot with the broken back were taken off.

"Can't spare both of them," the captain said to the first mate. "Too short-handed. See if you can get a couple of new deckhands, and let's get under way."

As the ship steamed out of the harbor to resume her voyage, the boatswain observed to the crew in the fore-castle, "Sometimes they get wild and sometimes you can hardly notice it on them, but they all go nuts if they hang around steamboats too long, with the kind of shore-leaves they take. I knew Castalia Dutch would get it soon. I could tell by his eyes."

I'Idolatrie

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN

I saw thy figure, immobile and slender,
 Most beautiful, and in the purple light
 I saw thy large eyes gleaming, as at night
 A cat's glow, with subdued and hellish splendour—
 O mystic siren, my white soul behold,
 And slay it with the venom of thy smile,
 Let me kiss thy marmoreal body, while
 My passions wax and wane, and thou art cold:

With perfumes shall I scent thy raven hair,
 I shall rub saffron on thine ivory feet,
 And grapes and pomegranates to thee shall bear
 And crimson stain thy breasts while thou dost eat,
 With myrrh thy carven limbs shall I smear 'round
 And bow my head before thee to the ground.

Portrait of a Woman

MARTHA DREIBLATT

Mrs. Bregstein entered a room magnificently. The inevitable comparison was that of a sailing vessel belly-ing before the wind, sweeping grandly into port. She exuded an aura of superb self-assurance that managed to make the rest of the room look dingy and shop-worn. Her very tread revealed her complete satisfaction with herself, and the air with which she commandeered the most comfortable chair in the parlors of the Lodge and placed it in the most strategic position was beautiful to see.

She seemed the expression of all the good rich things that money can buy, as she gently rocked herself in the warm morning light. Her heavy, still bright chestnut hair was laboriously piled high in cunning puffs and waves over a handsome face, moistly pink from the effects of good food and good massage. And now one could see why the comparison to a ship in full sail was inevitable. It was her bosom, which swelled magnificently, making a formidable bulwark before her. It was an awe-inspiring bosom, an overwhelming bosom, a bosom simply crushing one with one's cheapness and smallness. Upon its considerable expanse glittered plaques of diamonds, brooches and things, that sent forth winking rainbow sparks into the blaze of morning sunshine. These, in turn, glittered upon a shiny slippery black silk that tautly fitted the opulent form. All of her glittered and shone, like a newly varnished, very expensive, heavily carved piece of furniture in a plate-glass window. Only the roughened hands, ending in stubby fat fingers, and coarsened nails too brilliantly polished, showed the struggling years that had gone before.

That superb assurance of hers successfully hid the knowledge that the buzzing and busy parlor of the most expensive hotel in this winter resort was buzzing and busy about her. For the others were all discussing her as they lolled about in after-breakfast comfort. They could not help it. All the light of the room was merely a spot-light for her. Young men thought speculatively of her daughter. Older men were eloquent upon the advantages of business connections with her husband. Little groups of women chattered and cast envious glances at her diamonds. It was all said with the due obeisances and ceremony. Only a laughing, mischievous miss from Boston leaned over her mother and grinned irreverently, "The Buzzum's got her war-paint on!" and was reproved with a shake of

the head, and an answering mischievous smile at where the Bosom sat enthroned.

A thin, sallow woman next to her had put a jewelled hand on the shiny, tight sleeve.

"Mrs. Bregstein," she intoned nasally, "My, but your daughter can play the piano something bewediful. I heard her last night play that there now classical piece—yes, the Hungarian Rhapsody. It was something grand." She smacked her lips, clucked twice, and spoke again, jocosely. "Some noise from such a small girl, believe me."

Mrs. Bregstein listened to this eulogy with a satisfaction that made her glisten and shine more than ever.

"Yes," she replied. Then, explanatorily, "Her lessons cost ten dollars an hour."

The thin sallow woman gave a duly astonished "So!", another cluck, and an admiring shake of the head. They both relapsed into the silence of contentment and ease that embodies Pippa's optimistic chant of all being well with the world. The hot sun pouring in through the shut windows made them almost doze off. It was with a slight surprise that Mrs. Bregstein glanced at the jewelled watch on her pudgy wrist to find it almost twelve. Dolores was not yet in.

As if in answer to the unspoken question, Dolores slipped in unobtrusively, accompanied by a masculine shadow. Her mother's eyes followed her. Dolores certainly did look her best in riding habit, and the exercise had given a becoming flush to her cheek. Dolores was admittedly a disappointment to her mother. She had grown up to be an unassumingly good-looking girl, lacking all Mrs. Bregstein's vividness and color. She was dark and slight—skinny, her mother called it. Her hair was thick, but an ordinary black, and her complexion almost sallow. "Queer" eyes, too, uncomfortably alive and glowing. Mrs. Bregstein experienced a continual feeling of being defrauded, that her only child should take after her father so, having neither the person nor the personality to go with her position. Such ideas she had, too. No wonder she was so thin. And about clothes. She *would* wear ordinary, commonplace garments instead of the glowing, gorgeous things her mother itched to have her wear, as if by proxy. This was Mrs. Bregstein's standing grievance, for she knew that there she was really an unimpeachable judge. And then, always talking about things "worth while," and "fine" people.

The girl was too restless. Marriage to a "nice" young man, that was the thing to settle her down.

With this thought, Mrs. Bregstein examined more closely the masculine shadow that still lingered near her daughter. Dolores was talking with unwonted animation, pretty teeth flashing, long slender hands waving illustratively. He was looking down, the corners of his eyes crinkling mirthfully.

"Who is he?" Mrs. Bregstein tapped her neighbor's arm and nodded in their direction. "Who is he?"

The neighbor shivered slightly, pulled her expensive fur closer, and leaned forward. "Him? Oh, a nice young man. Very smart and educated," with the ready respect of the unlearned for a college education. "He could be an engineer, maybe," with an upward inflection. "Not so rich," doubtfully, "But smart," with a desire to please in some way. "No, I don't know his family." She wagged her head, clucked twice, and sank back to wait for luncheon.

But Mrs. Bregstein was no longer looking at her. She was staring at her daughter, trying to catch her eye. The girl looked up at length, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and, with a few hurried words, got up to go.

"But you'll walk this afternoon?" urged the young fellow.

"Oh yes," she promised hastily, still animated and joyous. With a half smiling, backward glance, she started toward her mother, shrinking visibly at every step, till when she had reached the lady's side, she was the dull, empty shell of her former self.

"Well, mamma?" toying with her whip.

"Have a nice ride?"

"Oh, lovely!" The face lit up for a moment.

Silence.

"Well, Dolores, let's go up and get dressed for lunch."

She rose carefully from her chair and swept slowly across the room. Her daughter trailed behind like an ineffectual little tug trying to slip under a big ship's bows to escape observation. No one was looking at her, anyway. They were all watching the mother's grand progress down the room, the walls of which seemed to recede, giving it a curiously larger, dingier look as she left. The Boston girl winked broadly at her retreating back, and chattered on unceasingly to a horde of fascinated swains.

Upstairs in their room, the mother took down her carefully arranged hair, and painstakingly began to put it up again.

"Riding alone?" she queried to the looking glass.

"No-o. With one of the men."

"So? Do I know him?"

"A Mr. Walcott." A blush, and a sudden busyness about buttons.

"Has he been here long?"

"About four days."

Interval of removing hairpins from mouth.

"Who is he? What does he do?"

"Why, I don't know. An engineer."

"Oh."

What a world of contemptuous comprehension and complete superiority for a mere "professional" man in the word! How much money could such a man make? Then:

"Why don't you see more of that handsome Mr. Saks? Such a nice young man. So good-looking, with good connections. And they say his father only waits till he gets settled to give him a partnership in that big business—"

"Yes!" This from Dolores, who had been bracing herself nervously for the coming mutiny. "Good-looking! Ugh, I can't stand him. Oh, mama, why do you bring me to this place. Old vulgar hotel with a pack of silly, matchmaking, scheming old cats. I hate them, I hate the place. I feel as if every pair of eyes were reckoning up my fortune and calculating on the price. I hate them. I hate that idiot of a Saks fellow with his everlasting auto stories,—rich fool."

A vicious jerk of a shoelace. Silence, while Mrs. Bregstein, impassively, is wondering just how far the affair with the Walcott man has gone. Then Dolores, more tremulously:

"I wish you wouldn't think that there is anything between Mr. Walcott and me. He's nice. I don't feel stupid when I talk to him. He's nice," trying to convey her feeling to her mother, "I like him. He—"

But, fortunately, the luncheon summons put an end to more embarrassing and annoying disclosures.

Mrs. Bregstein ate with the unruffled composure of a grazing cow, now and again throwing out a word to her meek husband and daughter. Her eyes roved contemplatively over the crowded room, resting longer upon Mr. Walcott, quietly consuming his food, and Mr. Saks, eating heartily, thoroughly, and in silence. The meal finished, she majestically made her way out, wrapped herself in a fur coat, and went on to the veranda, where one or two fresh air enthusiasts sat, relinquishing the warmth within for the snappy keenness of out-of-doors. Mr. Walcott was one of these enthusiasts. It was to his side that she made her way, pulling her sealskin coat luxuriously about her as she seated herself in the sunniest spot.

"Nice day, no?" she ventured affably, relaxing her majesty.

"Yes, it is," he returned brightly, "Fine day, Mrs. Bregstein."

"Yes. Do you stay here long?"

"That depends. I have a month's vacation, and I'll stay as long as I like it." Politely, "Are you staying long?"

"Ye-es." Confidently, "You see, my daughter Dolores. A certain young man—" Here her eyes strayed to a group of young men who were swapping after-dinner stories and smelly cigars, and lingered on Mr. Saks' blondly good-looking face. Mr. Walcott's eyes naturally followed. "A certain young man is interested in her. And *she*," with heavy archness, "is interested in *him*. So you see," with a heightening of the confidential air, "They naturally would like to be a lot together. And—so you see," she ended serenely, her bosom swelling as she inhaled the pungent air. She looked more glittering and shining and imposing than ever.

"I see," said the young man uncertainly. He brightened up with a "Why, sure!" as the Boston girl called up teasingly from beneath, "Want to go walkin' with two chawmin' ladies?" He bounded down the steps and seized the laughing mother's and laughing daughter's arm.

Mrs. Bregstein settled back to enjoy the sun, with a pleasant sense of ability to conduct life as it should be. The action of digestion and the consciousness of duty well performed made her feel pleasantly restful. She drew in the wine-like air with sensuous delight, and smiled as her rings sparkled in the sun. She felt supreme ownership in all the good things that money can buy.

She saw Dolores emerge with shy eagerness and look about the porch, a slow and grievous disappointment glazing her eyes. She saw Mr. Saks throw away his cigar and heavily amble over to the girl, who let him lead her passively down to the lawn where there were two chairs. Dolores looked conscious and miserable, more insignificant than ever. The young man's heavily handsome face fell into bored lines. They scarcely said a word as they sat dully looking at each other. No feeling of misgiving stirred the mother at the sight. They would get used to each other.

The sun moved a few inches on the porch. Mrs. Bregstein's husband, a smallish, spare man, wandered up to her. "Say Beck," he said, "Let's get out of here. It ain't no rest for me. Like real country life."

"—Sh," she said imperatively. He sank into the chair beside her, and they sat so for ten minutes.

If she had any of the triumphant creator's satisfaction in him, she did not show it. She had married him when he was a little "operator" in a garment factory, with only one flickering ambition—to see a small but ingenious invention of his in the industry carried through. He did not care by whom, just so he had the satisfaction of seeing it accomplished. And mostly he did not desire even that—only a quiet place to rest after work, with a book on ancient Talmudic lore to pore over, a taste for which he had acquired in the old country. With such poor material, and her fresh possessive energy and determination, they had attained their present status. She had worked hard, directed their business, been the driving force for which he was the harried figurehead. And now that she had gotten from him all she wanted, she was a little more merciful than a certain type of female crab, who devours her useless mate. She let him be an appendage to her firmly treaded life.

He roused himself at length. "Guess I'll go over and get up a game of pinochle." He wandered off, with an "operator's" stoop.

The thin, sallow woman passed by, leaning down to whisper, "Believe me, he's a grand fellow. I should get such a son-in-law. You have luck for all the good things."

Mrs. Bregstein sat there a while longer, left all alone, still shining and glittering in the late afternoon sun. The long porch was quite deserted. Over in the corner, the Boston girl was gaily teasing her mother, burlesquing a devout admission of love, and ending up with a hearty hug and a tender kiss. Mr. Walcott grinned boyishly from his perch on the railing. The mother looked up fondly at her rompish daughter and smoothed her hand gently. The girl squeezed back with such a glow of affection that it seemed reflected in the mother's face. It made a pretty scene in the slanting sunlight.

Mrs. Bregstein rose and shivered slightly. The sun had left her side entirely now, and the keen air had a knife-like edge. She turned to go in, holding her sealskin coat closely about her, her smooth face suddenly looking yellowed and drawn, dissatisfied. She would go inside where people were, and warmth, and light, and richness.

"Why can't my daughter be lively like that," she murmured pettishly.

The Reeve's Window

BY IRVING MEYER RAMSDELL.

The characters:

Ralf: A squire.

Geoffrey: Another squire, fellow of Ralf.

Alison: The Reeve's daughter.

The Reeve.

The curtain rises.

Discovered: A street in an English town. There is a high stone house with windows of the second story visible. The windows have shutters drawn, for it is night. There is a wide door, barred, over which is hung a lanthorn lighting the scene dimly with a mellow, yellow light. The period is Edward III, about 1360.

Ralf and Geoffrey enter, pausing beneath the lanthorn. Ralf is about seventeen, Geoffrey twenty. They wear the gaudy, embroidered clothes affected by young gallants of the period. Geoffrey has a lute slung across shoulder. Both squires carry long Sheffield daggers by their sides.

Ralf

(In anger) Here is the house and above lies the chamber. An you do not as you boasted, I will proclaim you at table faint-heart braggart before squire, lordling, and knight.

Geoffrey

Hearken again, good cousin Ralf, I did but make sport for our fellows. I doubt not this Alison, this Reeve's daughter, is as true to you as is ever given Eve's daughter to be true.

Ralf

You made but sorry sport, and now, by my honor, by God's holy bones, you will sing me a song for this maid to assay her fidelity. Beshrew me, an you do not you will pay me the twenty florins which was the wager as heard by all the company.

Geoffrey

Come, cousin, then let us adventure at some fairer time. Methinks that at this hour the noise of song-making would but draw the watch upon me and I would have a bolt through the neck for my pains. I would not die unshriven, perdy.

Ralf

Craven! Wouldst draw your pennies from the pit?

By the holy tree, sing now to this maid foully slandered and let her but part her shutter to smile down, then have you proven. But an she hide discreetly as becomes a maid virtuous and fair, then shall you make sport for Montfermeill and all the men-at-arms. They will jibe you from the gate for idle gossip. Moreover you will procure me twenty florins, though you beg of our surly lord in his chamber.

Geoffrey

Peace, I did but hazard that your Alison had other loving in your absence. Surely this were no slander that a fair maiden—mark, you, I deny not her beauty—that this maiden passing fair would not wane for love-longing of a poor squire. Such maid were lacking wisdom, wherefor, look you, I have accredited her a store. Faith, Ralf, I have allowed you a maid of wit before all the company. So let us cease this idle quarrelling and to bed. (*He takes Ralf by the arm persuasively, but Ralf draws away angrily.*)

Ralf

Ah, churl, you fear for your twenty florins like a Jew usurer? Nathless you wagered bravely that you or any gallant could win this maid, dear to me as honor, to pretty love making within the half hour. Indeed, those were your very words. The revellers laughed at your wit, but by my soul, they shall laugh another way come morning when pretty Geoffrey, the bold lover, comes sorrily home without victory. And now, sirrah, do they jeer a braggart and a craven also, or do you sing your stave and strive at wooing? Your harp is at your back and there is the window.

Geoffrey

Begone, fool. 'Tis an ill fellow who would turn jesting to such evil account. Come again and see your pretty mistress nigh falling from her window of very love. I shall sing her such a song that she will follow to the market place in night cap.

Ralf

You could not move her with a carload of such songs as you sing. Prithee, forget not the twenty florins. It is written in the wager—

Geoffrey

And do you go? It is also written in the wager that I shall woo alone. Come in your allotted time.

Ralf

I will not stay your wooing, sir gallant. Sing lustily that she may hear and tie her shutter the firmer. And think on the twenty florins; you will strive the stronger. (*He saunters away with an air of assurance.*)

Geoffrey

(*He looks after Ralf and shakes his head.*)

Your first love is wondrous full of faith. (*He pauses a moment, then with sudden resolution steals away in the direction opposite that which Ralf has taken, but pauses again and with a smile returns beneath Alison's window.*)

You shall have your song, fair Alison, lest your fiery lover stands by to discover some treachery. (*He strikes a few chords and sings softly.*)

SONG

Under the moon I am wasting in vain;

Long have I lain,

Long have I lain.

Gi'me a rose o'the briary tree, blooming for me!

Rose of my love—on your thorns of disdain;

Long have I lain,

Long have I lain.

Under the moon—

(*Alison opens her shutter and Geoffrey breaks off abruptly.*)

ALISON

That is an evil ditty, Sir Singer.

Geoffrey

Pray, an you like it not, why did you open the shutter?

Alison

Ungallant, I have been told by some more courtly that then they could sing the sweeter.

Geoffrey

Ah, then many have sung to you?

Alison

There is a comely young squire who chirps under the window as sprightly as a bird these many nights.

Geoffrey

So he makes verses too? I did not know it of him.

Alison

You know this squire?

Geoffrey

No, no, but I thought it strange of squire so young.

Alison

I said naught of his years.

Geoffrey

But is he not very young?

Alison

He is seventeen.

Geoffrey

'Tis Ralf.

Alison

Then you do know this squire, you but spoke his name?

Geoffrey

Nay, I—I did but swear by St. Ralf at the youth of your lover.

Alison

Indeed, and how wist you he be my lover?

Geoffrey

I 'faith, he said—er—Eye of God, an a squire sing under his lady's window so often, she smiles on him betimes, I trow.

Alison

(*Alluringly*) But this Ralf is very young, perhaps I do but play with him. He is e'en beardless.

Geoffrey

As am I.

Alison

He is but seventeen—

Geoffrey

And I twenty, lady.

Alison

Your maid may smile on her youthful squire, but your lover makes her to sigh of love-longing.

Geoffrey

Methinks I had best begone; I have no spurs.

Alison

But—you are twenty.

Geoffrey

Ah.

Alison

And your song—perhaps—perhaps it would be tuneable from an open shutter.

Geoffrey

Perhaps it would, lady. (*There is a momentary pause in which Geoffrey regards his lute musingly.*)

Alison

Then do you sing?

Geoffrey

Such noise would bring your good father Reeve and his household about my ears.

Alison

Nay, he sleeps like a very corpse; he always does.

Geoffrey

But methinks this Ralf makes much sweeter song.

Alison

Fie on this boy, this Ralf.

Geoffrey

Say not so. Know, lady, that I lied. This Ralf is my fellow and he loves you with great passion. By my honor, I would be but churlish rogue an I wooed further. He has a rose. Dost remember that same rose? Tossed by your hand from this same window? He cherishes it in his chamber and sighs on it. Indeed, I would not sing you further were song bursting my throat.

Alison

(Laughing) Ho, may a lady not toss a rose to a squire and be heart free? Methinks, squire, for all of your twenty years you know little of women.

Geoffrey

(Stiffly) I have been to the kings' wars in France.

Alison

And yet hold a rose of lady's hand so high? May a king dub but one squire knight?

Geoffrey

Nay, but a queen may have but one king.

Alison

I have no king—yet—wherefor I may toss roses from the window when it pleases me. *(She tosses a rose and Geoffrey picks it up, examining it carefully.)*

Alison

Ah, our loyal friend claims our poor rose! And prithee, what does he think that he regards it with such care?

Geoffrey

That it is very fair and red.

Alison

As red as my lips?

Geoffrey

Ralf speaks, saying your lips are red as reddest rose.

Alison

And you?

Geoffrey

Sooth, the light is dim and I cannot see.

Alison

Even a friend might come nearer to discover the truth in a lover's compare.

Geoffrey

But I see no ladder and the wall is high.

Alison

Yet, methinks the wall is rough with many a foothold and the sill is not so high and—and—

Geoffrey

Yes, lady?

Alison

And you have been in France with the king.

Geoffrey

By'r lady, so I have. *(He makes to climb the wall. He has almost won to the sill when Ralf enters. Ralf is astonished and then enraged.)*

Ralf

Come down, dog Geoffrey, ere I put me this bodkin in your back! *(Geoffrey drops from his perch on the wall and turns facing him. Alison utters a shriek "Mother Mary!" and retires hastily from the window. Ralf talks in a loud voice.)*

Ralf

It is well, harlot, witdraw into your bawdy chamber!

Geoffrey

Lightly, Ralf, lightly, I pray. I made but to return this rose, dropped carelessly.

Ralf

Liar! *(He seizes the rose and grinds it under his foot. Then he raises his head toward Alison's window.)* There is another such rose that I will give the scullion in Montfermeill's kitchen. I will bid him treasure it. I will tell him come sing o' nights to the Reeve's daughter and climb to her chamber, perchance. I doubt but he shall find warm welcome—

Geoffrey

You prate foolishly, cousin, your lady—

Ralf

My lady? Ho, the lady of all lusty fellows who may climb the span to her sill! *(He turns to Geoffrey.)*

Ralf

And for you, false squire, you shall bleat 'neath her

window, nor move though she pelt you with a thousand roses. (*He draws his dagger.*) Draw, lecher, lest I put me this bodkin a hand under your midriff!

Geoffrey

You did bid me essay this thing, Ralf—

Ralf

(*Closing menacingly*) Draw, coward!

Geoffrey

(*Drawing his dagger*) Have at thee, then!

(*They fight—A window hard by Alison's opens with a crash and the Reeve's head appears. The Reeve wears a night-cap and carries a candle.*)

Reeve

Ho, the watch, the watch! Who is it broils beneath the Reeve's window? (*The squires stand apart, panting.*)

Geoffrey

In sooth, good Reeve,—(puff)—I like it no better—(puff)—than you. By my soul, this play—(puff)—takes the wind.

Reeve

You shall stand before the court for this!

Ralf

Look rather to your daughter's chamber than the street, Reeve—

Geoffrey

Hush, Ralf, o'mercy, hush.

Ralf

Look to the window, Reeve, look to the open shutter; look to the chamber and perchance find some fellow as have I.

(*The Reeve cranes his neck toward Alison's window.*)

Reeve

By the holy rood, the shameless wench! (*He slams his shutter while the squires stand silent. Presently sounds are heard from Alison's room.*)

Alison

No, father, it is untrue, by holy Mary!

Reeve

Then why is your shutter open o'the night?----- Take that, and that for a foul hussy. (*There is a sound of blows and shrieks. The squires look at each other questioningly. Suddenly Ralf springs toward the wall, dagger in hand.*)

Ralf

By St. Ronan, he beats her! Geoffrey, prithee, an you are noble squire, aid me to the casement! I

will split the churl's throat. (*Ralf tries to climb the wall, but Geoffrey gives no aid, being too much absorbed in the wails from the window.*)

Ralf

Come, good Geoffrey, I hold you true friend and our quarrel forgot do you but aid me to this window. Harken! Oh, the dog! (*He attempts to climb again.*)

Geoffrey

(*Laughing suddenly*) Ho, ho, the lady takes a lesson in virtue. (*Further wails*) And well taught by my soul! (*He then takes note of Ralf on the wall.*) Ralf, Ralf! (*He rushes to him and brings him down.*) Cousin, cousin, wouldst put neck in noose for too much love of ladies?

Ralf

Alas, Geoffrey, hearken to the piteous noise. And I cannot succor her like true knight.

Geoffrey

Nay, alack, the wall is high. So let us to bed, Ralf.

Ralf

Methinks this unknightly, Geoffrey.

Geoffrey

It were less knightly to die in a hempen rope. (*He speaks soothingly, drawing Ralf away.*)

Ralf

Aye, but Geoffrey—

Geoffrey

Yes, Ralf?

Ralf

The twenty florins, Geoffrey. Sooth, I have lost and—

Geoffrey

Peace, methinks we have gained us twenty florins this night.

Ralf

Prithee?

Geoffrey

In wisdom, cousin. (*They walk out slowly, arm in arm, with Ralf exceedingly sober.*)

Reeve

And now to bed with you! (*He comes to the window with a stick in one hand and fastens the shutter.*)

The curtain falls.

Rejection Slip

ANONYMOUS

Last night I held the world in my two hands.
To crush it like an egg-shell if I choosed;
I bent above the shining, lovely thing
As children will, exultantly, and mused.

At last a gift worthy of my great god!
I fled the winding paths between the stars
To the still space beyond where my god dwells
In splendid calm no human transport mars.

I offered him my gift with burning eyes;
My god beholds a thousand worlds more fair—
He laughed. Far down the starless space I watched
Fragments of tinsel float and vanish there.

Dust From a Bookshelf

DYASKEUAST.

For those who prefer not to do their Christmas sloping surly, I have prepared a list of gift books suitable for the various members of the family and others, which may fill their needs and prevent many a one from being disappointed in the books that he receives for Christmas.

Your Best Girls.

Mabel dear loves poetry.
You might do much that's worse
Than giving her the little
Oxford Book of English Verse.

Your fathers.

For Dad you need a story very thrilling—
A casualty or two on every page.
You might, I think, try Curwoods *Flaming Forest*,
For anything by him is all the rage.

Your brothers.

And now for dashing brother Bill
Who likes his reading racy:
I should suggest you give to him
The Worlds Decisive Battles—Cressy.

Your Christmas Beggars.

For beggars bold and travelling bums
Prepare them with *If Winter Comes*.

Your Single Friends.

Both bachelor bores and maids forlorn
Would love to read Hecht's *Erik Dorn*.

For your sisters.

For sister Sue, sweet little thing,
Who likes no man whose weak.
She would be pleased,
I have no doubt,
With Mr. Hulls *The Shiek*.

For your mothers.

The problem of what to give fair mother dear,
Whom the clutches of stoutness enmesh
Might be cleverly solved
With appropriate cheer
By Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*.

For all your miscellaneous friends.

For "jelly-beans" and "Baby vamps"
Tuberculosis Christmas stamps.

For Grandmothers.

For Grandma with her withered cheeks.
A leather volume of *Three Weeks*.

For Unpopular Relatives.

To country cousins, Si and Seth,
Give copies of Shakepere's *Macbeth*.

For Me.

To me, although I don't like hinters,
You may present Keith Preston's *Splinters*.

Whenever I am left alone in my library at night, I find myself filled with emotions by simply gazing about at the books which I find upon my shelves. I am not a doddering bibliophile—in fact, I am not a bibliophile at all.—I haven't a first edition in my entire library unless it is by accident, and in that case I am as ignorant of its being a first edition as the bookseller who sold it me. The emotions produced are not as subtle as those felt by Mr. Bonnard who had the intelligent cat named Hamilcar. Nevertheless my emotions are vivid.

For instance, here at my elbow is a volume of Samuel Butler. The back is torn off. The leaves are coming out. And yet, if I may confess it, I have never read the book through. It was a new book when I got it, but it is hardly a book at all now. I had occasion when I was looking at it one night to throw the beloved volume at my dog. (Fortunately I missed him, but the book was ruined none the less.) That volume brings back its treasured store of my emotions that evening, and though I should never admit it, I still feel justified in my attack upon the poor dumb animal. It may be said that the incident did not have any permanent results beyond the injury of the book, for I still love my dog.

Then here is a copy of Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*—how much that means to me. It was soaked by the same rain which brought down the dining room ceiling when I voluntarily left the bedroom windows open during a thunder shower.

Again I see *Lord Jim*—a truly remarkable book. And from the top of it is sticking a little book-mark which shows me where to begin when I attack that slender volume again next year. For five successive years I have started to read *Lord Jim*. And for five years I have laid it down when I was somewhere near half through and never taken it up until the following year. This spring I left a book-mark in it so that by five years from now I hope to have read that engaging yarn from beginning to end.

In the same shelf is a copy of Hope's *India's Love Lyrics* which I remember I bought to give to Louise just before I broke with her. I suspect that Marjorie, who recommended my buying it for Louise, was responsible for the rupture, and the string of emotions brought up by that volume is infinite.

I am especially fond of detective stories, but I find that there is little to be gained by merely gazing at their backs. A really great book is required to exude emotion without being read. That set of Dickens, for instance, takes me back to my childhood when my mother, bent upon making a great man of me, read me to sleep every night out of those very books—and she must have read aloud long after I was asleep, for I could never catch the thread of the story for two consecutive nights.

Ah, and there is a set of Robert Browning complete in twelve leather bound volumes. It was given me on my twelfth birthday by a great-aunt who once saw the venerable poet in London. I prize that set more highly than any other of my earthly possessions. I feel rather ignorant as to the content of the pretty little things, but I'm sure that I am right in cherishing them, for to me they seem to come directly from the poet himself. I could not love them better had he actually given them to me. For it is as if he had. If my great aunt had perchance seen Swinburne or Mrs. Hemans instead, think of what a difference would have been made in my liberty.

It is not long since I was gazing soberly into the window of a bookstore when I saw a delightful copy of Gulliver's Travels. It was, I suppose, got up for youthful readers, for it was illustrated in color and was printed in large type. I went into the store and examined the volume—it was replete with beautiful imaginative pictures of the story, and I was overwhelmed with a desire to know what the book really contained. I resolved to go home and find out—I had had the book in my library for some years,—for no library is complete without one—but that evening when I sat down to read I fell asleep after the second paragraph. This experience somewhat dampened my ardour for Dean Swift, and though I usually do not admit it, I have never, to this day, reopened Gulliver's Travels.

I am often lead to think that I should enjoy a quiet evening at home reading, but I seldom get around to actually finding such an evening, and when I do, the evening occurs after a period in which I have been keeping late hours, and working so hard that the print of the pages before me becomes blurred in sleepy endeavors to drag out the meaning from simple English sentences. Books are my soporific: I need only to keep a book at the head of my bed to induce the soundest sleep in periods of insomnia.

But tonight I am really enjoying myself, for I am not trying to read my books, I simply am looking at them. The memories they call up remind me that after all my life has not been entirely deplete of romance. These wilted edges of Baxter's *Saints*

Rest remind me of a certain convivial evening. I felt the necessity of elevating the bottle I had in hand on a stout pedestal above every object in the room. I wanted an altar far above the heads of men on which to place, for the sake of devout worship, that bottle of glorified wine.

My pillar, I built of books: first the dictionary for a firm foundation, the bible next, and the top book was Baxter's *Saints Rest*—a fitting stone upon which to rest the object of my worship. As the evening progressed a glass was substituted for the bottle, and finally as I was defending the sanctuary against the onslaught of a thirsty host, the column collapsed and Baxter was bathed in the nectar of the deity he had upheld. If my worthy old grandfather who presented me with that book could have witnessed that scene how he would have sneered at me for my light-headedness. In his days a quart was nothing in a young man's life.

Here on this shelf is a magnificent collection of sea stories. There is Conrad, and Captain Marryatt, Mc-

Fee, London and Stevenson. I collected them just before I set out on a month's yachting trip. I thought it would be a good chance to read all these yarns in the proper atmosphere. I should have nothing to do but read an dplay cards duirng the vacation: it was an opportunity not to be missed. But, alas, if I had not counted on the winds and waves. The sea was rough and I was sick—and I brought the books back with me—unread, unopened, and untouched. They have been on that shelf three years now, and I still feel somewhat feeble when I see them.

So it goes. I find constant pleasure in standing before my books and reading the titles. An entire evening is spent and I have not injured my eyes, nor distraught my brain with vain thoughts. I have enjoyed the emotions of human beings from baby-hood to my present age, and no poet's metrics have hampered my perception of what I was meant to feel. I am happy with my books—happier perhaps because I have never read them.

William McFee—An Appreciation

LLOYD GEORGE

There is a man, who every six months or so, returns from cruising the western seas, checks his "sea-going" outfit at the East river docks in New York, and, with a package of quite ordinary appearance under his arm, works his way energetically through the hurrying mob of lower Broadway until he reaches a very orderly and much reformed bar-room. There he is met by his publisher's representative. The central figure in this brief drama of romantic literary success is William McFee, Chief Engineer, S. S. —, and author for his satisfaction. The package, of course, is nothing more than his latest pile of manuscript to be delivered to the emissary of an apparently eager publisher.

When you view the easy manner in which Mr. McFee refutes all the old maxims regarding the long-delayed and nearly-impossible-to-attain literary success, you are moved to question yourself or the world-at-large, in the popular phrase, "How does he get that way?" You are not to be blamed for any such exclamation, and, when you learn about him several of those biographical facts which persons like to know of writers, your vernacular will probably carry more force and as much piquancy.

McFee's preparation for the business of being an author consists of a good English public-school education, a thorough mastery of the sciences of navigation

and marine-engineering, and over twenty years' experience of the sea-life he portrays. He has, of course, read a great deal,—sailors with any literary interest have that habit, and McFee is no exception to the rule that the habit does not restrict the nature of the reading. On his cabin book-shelves may be found anything from the *Faerie Queen* to the plays of Pinero.

With such a background, McFee has written three novels and two volumes of essays that have not only been fairly popular, but are possessed of no little literary merit. His first novel to be published was *Casuals of the Sea*, which appeared in 1916. Within two years, the public was given *Aliens* but found it less to their liking than the first. Then a volume of essays and sketches was printed,—*Port Said Miscellany*. This work received scarcely any notice. Finally in 1920 and 1921, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter* were published, both with unusually fine prefaces of some length. The first of these, a novel of unusual construction, was very popular for a short while; the second, a volume of essays which was McFee's first attempt at writing and which had never been published, was well received, probably because of his long preface written eight years after the essays. Aside from these more pretentious works, short stories and critical articles have been appearing regularly for the past

three years in magazines and newspapers of national reputation.

All this work seems too much, considering the general quality, to have been produced in five years by a man who has spent at least ten hours of nearly every day of that time fulfilling his duties as a marine-engineer at sea. In one of his magazine articles McFee claims to have begun writing as a means of recreation when he had tired of reading. Whether or not William McFee honestly believes writing three novels and two volumes of essays to be recreation is a problem that can only be settled by him, so that you will have to content yourself with that explanation of the amount of his production. In the same article, he sets down a number of those intimate details of an author's creative life that are always so interesting to read but so hard to believe. He speaks of the fact that he always uses pen, ink, and a certain size of paper, lamenting, in the same paragraph, his inability to become accustomed to using a typewriter. He gives a description of his cabin with its crowded book-shelves, naming at least twenty volumes as if he thought the reader ought to be sure that he—McFee—had read them. Finally, he draws what the average co-ed majoring in English would call a thrilling picture of himself working out the details of a plot while on deck during a storm. When it is realized that marine engineers are usually to be found below decks, particularly in rough weather, it is time to conclude that Mr. McFee is a very fine artist at the game of enjoying himself through "spoofing" the public.

Turning, however, to the McFee of the novels and essays there is to be found a man writing far better prose than most authors of the day and using it to present persons who really live and react naturally, who gives you pictures of the sea that are as realistic and striking, but never sustained to such length, as those of Conrad. And he tells a story with the narrative power of a master of that art. His prose style has the rare combination of rhythm and smoothness together with a great deal of force. Reading some of the essays in *An Ocean Tramp*, obviously the work of a young writer, and then turning to the preface, written eight years later, you have evidence of the fact that the style of William McFee is the result of those years spent in work at writing rather than at writing as a recreation, as he, with such delicate irony, chooses to call it. The smooth rhythm, the simplicity, and the vividness of this first sentence of the dedicatory of *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, "There is an hour or so before the train comes round the curve of the Gulf from Cordelio, and you are gone down into the garden for a while because the mosquitos become tiresome

later, and the great shadows of the cypresses are vanishing as the sun sinks behind the purple islands beyond the headlands," is indicative of his power. A quality not so much of style as of the writer's personality is his quiet, dry, and cutting humor. It crops out everywhere in his work, but particularly is its presence felt in *Aliens* and in his prefaces.

In the matter of his use of words, McFee seems to be going through some evolution. In *Casuals of the Sea*, he employs a number of words that necessitate more than an occasional reference to a good dictionary; however, in his later work, he has rid himself of this fault to a great degree, although a use of apt, but unusual, words may be said to be characteristic of his prose.

If you are the sort of person who would be likely to discuss William McFee or to listen to discussions of him, quite the most common remark heard would be something regarding the construction of his novels. In each of his three works of this category he has used an altogether different method of putting his story together, and each method is original in itself. In *Casuals of the Sea* there are two central characters, a brother and sister, whose stories, bit by bit, are presented alternately to the reader. This form should, according to rules, tend to destroy the unity of the book, but it is so handled that the reader gets a unified effect. The story of *Aliens* is told to the subordinate characters of the novel by the central figure after each returns from an ocean voyage. The story of the lives of the secondary persons is continued in the absence of the narrator. *Captain Macedoine's Daughter* is a tale told during one evening by a ship's officer in the manner of a reminiscence.

From these brief sketches, it can be seen that what is often called looseness and carelessness on the part of McFee may very well be a conscious attempt to relieve the reader from the strain of following a detailed psychological development of character for too long a stretch. Since the shifting of interest is carefully done with a nicety of balance, it would seem that McFee's so-called "looseness of construction" is a merit rather than a fault.

Numerous generalizations have been made relating to William McFee's rank in modern English literature. He has been called Conrad's successor and the greatest living portrayer of sea-life,—all, more or less, bald-dash. While he writes of the sea it is with other things in his mind than are in Conrad's, the comparison is fruitless. The business of giving him any particular niche in English literature must be left until he has written more and the world has had more time to think over his merits.

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Finis

WILLIAM M. SALE

Natalie crossed the room in soft, hurried steps, appraising quickly every detail of the well-furnished apartment. The two low, well-cushioned chairs before the wide mantel and open fire were well-placed, and she set a bronze cauldron filled with dusky wild asters on a low table pushed against the brown background of the wall. The fire burned ruddily in the grate.

With a half-smile she snapped off the ceiling lights and sank down into one of the low chairs. She should have experienced the delicious relaxation of tuning one's thoughts to little threads of red and yellow flames, but she was most fearfully conscious of the fact that she must assume a mental attitude of some sort or another, preparatory to Jim's arrival. Of course, not even Natalie believed in this sort of thing, and, after five minutes of assuming and casting aside poses, she began carefully to rationalize the whole situation in jerky, admonitory bits of sentences, spoken half-aloud.

It was a late November night. Outside, the wind blustered in the barren trees and drove gusts of rain across the windows. In the empty streets below, the boulevard lights made long reflections on the black wet pavements. Occasionally a motor sped down the street; aside from that, the only sound which penetrated the warm, soft comfort of the room was the fitful beating of the rain and the quiet ticking of a mantel clock.

Natalie snuggled closer into the pillows. Oddly, she thought of warm summer evenings and the breath of wild sweet-peas; moonlight checkered her thoughts, and she heard the low murmur of stringed instruments. Suddenly she realized that she was almost asleep and sprang up out of her chair to walk to the window and look down the long, empty street. She stood there for several moments, but the dismalness of the aspect in contrast to her recent thoughts sent her back again to the fire. Surely, Jim would come before long, and, oh, how firm she would be! To strengthen her purpose she solemnly remarked aloud to herself:

"Natalie, you're pretty much of a fool. Just because you had a New England grandmother is no reason why you should have a New England conscience. And yet you must be firm in your position. You must not let Jim know that things like this do not matter, because they do—most decidedly." She frowned, and tried to look extremely serious and intent on her purpose, but the corners of her mouth drooped a bit and

she only succeeded in looking very lonesome. It was so hard for her to play her part.

She paused a moment, and thought of Nance, who had been with her at dinner—Nance, a slender moth, who prattled cynically yet passionately of love; for whom romance was melody, perfume, madness. Romance, for Natalie, was Jim.

"Oh, why should it have to be like this," she protested. "I love him, and he loves me, and nothing else should matter."

She said this with determination, and then suddenly heard the maid say:

"You'll find her in there."

Natalie sat up very straight and looked toward the door.

"Hello, Jim," she said all poise.

"How are you, Natalie?" he replied, in a tone which did not expect an answer to his question. He walked across the room, and stopped for a moment before her chair, his hand in her hers. She thought he was going to kiss her, and was not sure what she would do, but he dropped her hand and sat down in the chair opposite.

"Well, Jim," she said slowly, "do you think I am glad to see you?" That was one of the things she had planned to say to him, but had discarded, because it forced her to open up, when she so much preferred that he do so.

"Yes," he said, "though I suppose there is a certain strain of sadness in your happiness. Things that are beautiful are almost always tinged with sadness."

"True art is tragedy, isn't it, Jim?"

"Tragedy, yes—because it is life. Oh, Natalie, why should things like this happen?"

"That's what I've been wondering, Jim; but melancholy always goes hand in hand with happiness, and beauty may be sometimes sad. The brevity of happiness lies in its intensity; there is the romance—I sometimes think the only romance."

He bent over and kissed her hand, resting on the arm of her chair, softly, tenderly. Then, taking it in both of his, he held it tightly to his lips.

"I'm so sorry, dear, that I should have been the one to show you that your idol had feet of clay. You have come to me with your joyous youth, bringing a glimpse into eternity—and I, I have shattered everything for you, leaving only a bit of dust."

"Suppose you tell me all about it, Jim. Don't you think that would help?"

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He rose and stood before her, very quiet, very pale, and resolved. Her face, upturned to his, was in shadow, and he could not see that the heritage which she had from her New England grandmother was set at naught against her overpowering feeling of love for the man standing before her.

"There was a time when I did not expect to tell you this," he said, slowly. "I expected to do as other men do. But you awoke in me a knowledge of what I am—for you are everything that is good. Last night, I knew that I must tell you and so I wrote you a brief note, paving the way; for I was afraid, Natalie,—and I loved you so much."

He paused, but she said nothing.

"Today, I received your answer—one short line—How could you, Jim, how could you! Oh, dearest, that hurt to the quick, but I knew that I must see you face to face and I felt that you would be waiting for me tonight."

"Yes, Jim, I hoped that you would come. I wanted to hear you tell your story in your own way."

"Natalie," he began, his voice a bit tremulous, "long ago, there was another girl. She was young and I was young. I followed the impulse of my kind. I did as other men have done; I did as other men do. Long centuries prompted me, Natalie; try to remember that my wrong did not begin with me. My inheritance was stronger than my strength. I am afraid that such things a woman doesn't understand, but this is the truth of it. I do not mean to justify myself by excuses—God knows, my punishment has been sufficiently great—Natalie, can you—?"

He dropped down on the floor beside her chair. Her eyes looked into his for a moment, and then past

him into the fire, which had died down to embers. She leaned forward in her chair, reached for the poker, and stirred the logs until they blazed again.

"The moving finger writes, Jim," she said finally.

"Rather our fingers, dear, yours and mine." It was a half question.

"We can write, Jim; but it's hard for us to erase once the story is written."

"Oh, Natalie, we love each other; can't we burn the manuscript in these flames before us? Things once written are dead, dearest."

"But like a dead moth, pinned to a piece of cardboard one sees the splotches of color on the still wings; their blackened edges. The secret of its life is revealed."

"But such specimens have interest only for the cold scientist, dear. Can't you place the card back in its case, and come with me out into the open? Can't you look ahead with me, Natalie, down the indistinct trail?"

He looked up at her face, softly glowing in the fire-light. She was leaning forward, tracing patterns in the ashes with the tip of the poker. Her hand trembled a bit.

"Jim, dear," she whispered, "I'm not a scientist, am I? Let's close this ugly chapter. You take my hand, dear, and we'll write 'Finis.'"

Slowly, they both printed the word in the ashes. She put out her hand and pressed it softly to his face.

* * * * *

But all this happened only in the dying light of the fire. Natalie sat poking the glowing embers, and when the flames died down she wrote "Finis" alone. For Jim didn't come.

AUTUMN

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN

The yellow and vermilion leaves
 Float down the sharp, inconstant air,
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Labor Day

GWENDOLYN JONES

Morning

Clare always was awake in the morning long before the door-bell rang to announce Bobby's arrival. No matter how late they had danced the night before, next morning she was awake, always, and anxious for his coming, at least an hour before he came. Possibly most women have had the same experience. The man is not afflicted, for when he wishes to see his sweetheart he may go to see her, but the woman has to wait. Clare usually stayed in bed with her eyes closed to deceive her family into believing her indifferent. Sometimes she did not get up until she heard Bobby's voice down stairs asking for her. She did not think it would be quite nice for her to be dressed and at the door to meet him,—he might think that she had been waiting for him.

This was the morning of Labor Day. She thought with some satisfaction of how they had skipped church the day before and gone up the river in a launch they had hired at the city boat house. Her parents of course were angry because she had not attended the service, but her mother had a guest, which, she knew, would eliminate the usual scolding that would have otherwise taken place at the next meal. She wondered, idly, why her parents chose meal-times for such unpleasant conversation.

She had not expected Bobby quite yet, and the ring at the bell came as a surprise. She waited to be sure that it was he, wishing that her door was open so that she could hear what he said. All she could catch was the sound of his voice.

It did not take her long to dress, for present styles do not require the putting on of many garments, but her hair had to be done over once. She did not hurry. She rather enjoyed keeping him waiting,—it seemed to increase her own importance, as the importance of the lord of medieval times was increased by the number of waiting vassals, and as the greatness of a god is indicated by the number of worshippers who kneel before his image and wait.

As the final rite she rubbed the wet stopper of the perfume bottle on the front of her dress, on her lips, and her hands. Taking a clean handkerchief she went down stairs.

Claire always felt a little self-conscious when she met Bobby before other people. If there had been no one else around they would have kissed and have been perfectly at ease with each other, but until they could

kiss each other they were always unhappy and constrained. When she entered the living room all she could think of to say was "Hello, Bobby!" to which he gravely replied "Hello, Clare." They both felt very awkward.

Clare's father was sitting in the leather arm chair reading the morning paper. He was a tall, thin man with a deeply wrinkled face. In spite of her twenty-one years, he still considered her very young, and although he may have loved her, he did not have a high opinion of her common sense. Clare always hated to ask him for anything.

"Can I take the car awhile, father?" she asked, mentally telling herself that he could do no more than refuse, at any rate.

"Oh, I guess you can for awhile," he answered, "but come back in about an hour. Your mother wants to do some errands and take the washing to Mrs. Anderson."

"All right, thank you," said Clare, taking the key off the top of the clock on the mantel. "Come on, Bobby." She was glad that her father had not refused her, because that would have shamed her before Bobby, but she felt no particular gratitude. Her thoughts were mainly pleasantly anticipations, for she knew that as soon as they were in the garage Bobby would kiss her.

She climbed into the car and pretended to be in a hurry to start it, but Bobby's arms were around her in a moment. "Look at me, honey," he said and she turned her head obediently, with a delicious little sigh, and held up her lips. She was neither too old nor yet too young not to take a frank pleasure in being kissed by the man she loved. "You're everything in the world to me," said Bobby, with startling originality. "I love you, dear."

"Is my hair mussed?" asked Clare.

"No," said Bobby, stopping her hand from the gear-lever. "Say that you love me!"

"I love you," she said, with her tone changing to one of almost wistful earnestness. She backed the car out into the fall sunlight.

Afternoon.

"But, mother, you know you said that if we would come to lunch at home instead of going down town, you wouldn't let Edie tag us."

"But her nerves are so bad that I guess you'll have

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to get away without her seeing you," said Clare's mother. "She's so crazy about Bobby."

"I know she is—I guess she'll want to go along on our wedding trip, too,—but she likes to go to the carnival with us so that she can save her own money, and so it isn't altogether affection,— and anyway, we deserve some time to ourselves."

Bobby, of course, stood at a seemly distance, but he knew what the conversation concerned. Streams of people sauntered by under the huge pine trees of the city park, where the Labor day speeches were being given. Clare's mother and her guest were sitting on the ground on the slope of an amphitheatre. The rough framework of the speakers' platform was at the bottom of the hollow. A socialist orator was arousing feeble applause from the crowd. Clare's people had come to hearken and disapprove, and Clare and Bobby had come because they expected to be able to break away and go to the carnival, which was near the park. But Edie was keeping an ever-watchful eye on her idol, and there seemed no way to leave without taking her along.

"Come and sit by mother, Edie," brought no response. But Clare's mother's guest was a woman of resource.

"Won't you come and sit by me, Edie?" she asked. "I haven't seen my little girl all day."

"They'll run off and leave me," whined the child.

"You wouldn't go off with them and leave Mrs. Van, would you? I'd feel so hurt if you would rather be with them than with me, when I came here just to see you and your mother."

Much against her will, but effectively silenced, Edie sat down by Mrs. Van, and Clare and Bobby lost no time in getting away from her. They hurried over the slippery pine needles to the dusty road.

The carnival was not in operation that afternoon, they found, but it did not matter, for the carnival was only a convenient excuse. It was very hot. Clare took off her black velvet jacket, and Bobby carried it, wondering whether he looked as awkward as he felt.

The ice cream parlor was crowded, but the waitress, who knew them both, found them a booth at the back. Everyone was talking and laughing and clattering spoons and dishes. The phonograph was playing an Egyptian fox trot. The faded, rotted, torn pink silk of the electric light shades was covered with red, white and blue striped crepe paper, and there were strips of it criss-crossing the ceiling. Bobby and Clare looked at each other, and their hands touched. They knew that it was vulgar to hold hands in the ice cream parlor, but they did it in spite of themselves. Only they pulled away when the waitress brought their sundaes.

Then they thought they had better take Clare's coat home.

"I wish we were in my home town," grumbled Bobby. "We'd borrow Chet's car, I'll bet. It's too hot to be walking."

"I wish Bill hadn't taken his car to Milwaukee with him," said Clare, "because he always lets me take it when he's not using it."

The house was locked, for Clare's mother dreaded sneak thieves. They opened the parlor window and climbed in. The house was dark and still. There was a bowl of red and orange zinnias on the parlor table, on the block-printed gray velvet table runner that Clare had made, that would some day cover a table in the house where she and Bobby would live. She thought of that every time she saw it. Above it was the portrait of her great-grandmother, who had been a belle in Scotland, with a duke for an uncle. Her fine white hands were like Clare's own.

Bobby's arms were around her, and she lifted up her hands to his face. She was filled with a solemn sort of joy, but she wondered whether the maid had really gone out of the house or not. Even in the midst of most perfect emotion, the world is always intruding.

Evening.

Clare was dancing like a little girl when they started for the carnival. She always loved to go to places with Bobby, and the name "carnival" seems to promise so much of life and excitement, with gypsy girls dancing in riot of color.

The gas torches flared and guttered and black masses of smoke whirled aloft above the dingy little tents. There were a thousand different bits of ugly, useless bric-a-brac, and people came to gamble for it. There were hideous vases and bowls, and cotton Indian blankets, and machine colored imitation satin pillows, and dolls with imbecile faces holding lamps on their heads. There were kewpie dolls with crepe paper skirts trimmed with tinsel, and round eyes that looked, coquettishly, forever to one side.

"Shall we win you a kewpie?" asked Bobby.

"I'd love it," Clare replied. "Edie spent most of the money trying to win one here Saturday. I think they're cute."

Bobby bought numbers from the man in charge of the booth, and Clare spun the wheel. Luck seemed to have gone out for a long walk. "Come on, you'll get it next time!" encouraged the barker. Bobby gamely bought more numbers. Clare crossed her fingers while she spun the wheel. "Thirty-two!" "Well, we get one this time!" announced Bobby triumphantly. "Take your choice, little lady," said

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the man. Clare ran an eager eye over the rows of glittering dolls. She hesitated breathlessly.

"I'll take the blonde-haired one with the purple skirt," she declared. The barker reached up and handed it down to her. "I'm going to call her Nazi-mova," she confided to Bobby.

The grounds were crowded with hurrying, jostling people. They were in search of pleasure—pleasure with tawdry wings, pleasure valued at twenty-two cents for adults, eleven for the "lit-tul" folks. Most of them were acutely unhappy, because they somehow dimly realized that they were not getting their money's worth. So they trod viciously on other people's feet, in an instinctive effort to get even with some one.

And among these unpleasant people wandered Bobby and Clare,—Bobby with his hand on Clare's arm, getting joy from even the touch of her coat sleeve, and from watching the color in her cheek; Clare, very conscious of Bobby's gaze in spite of her downcast eyes, Clare with the kewpie in her arm. The kewpie's stiff purple paper skirt with the tinsel trimming was spread in a circle against her coat, and its blonde head with the painted *fille de joie* smile rested on her young breast. They were as far away from the crowd as though they walked another planet.

They rode on the merry-go-round, although they wondered a little whether doing so might injure their dignity. They went to the freak show, and looked at two exhibits. They stumbled through the crooked mazes of The Land of the Lost and were shot down into the street in a tin slide. They were shocked a little at The Follies. They saw the model mechanical farm, and marvelled at swimming mechanical ducks, and mechanical sheep which grazed in a door-mat pasture. They went up in the ferris-wheel for a rest, and then getting tired of that before the end of their ride, signalled the operator to let them off.

Then they went to The Bathing Girls. The half dozen girls were dressed in thin, one-piece, all revealing bathing suits. There was one in a tight flesh-colored suit. Every time that Clare looked at her she experienced the involuntary shock of seeing a naked person. There were few women in the audience. The men hooted and called. Bobby was growing more than a little sick in his decent soul.

"Let's not stay," he whispered to Clare. Clare hated to walk out—she knew that everyone would notice it and think her shocked, but she nodded. Together they stole out, ashamed, unable to meet each other's eyes.

"I'm so tired," said Clare. "Let's go home, shall we?"

"Yes. Ed will be after me pretty soon now, anyway—he said he would come at eleven to take me back with the car, you know." They shrank from the crowd, and were glad to get outside the grounds. Clare still hugged the spangled kewpie, but someone had torn its dress.

"Honey," said Bobby, after a pause, "I am glad that I know you, and know that there are girls like you in the world." Clare did not reply, but each knew the other's thought, and approved it. They walked home in silence, too tired to talk.

They reached Clare's home, and on the porch Bobby stopped.

"I'm not going in," he said. "You're so tired, dear,—you must get some rest. Ed will come for me at the hotel, anyway. Kiss me, and I'll go." Clare laid the kewpie in a porch chair. There was a sense of comfort and security in being held so in his arms. "Clare, you're my whole life. You know I worship you. Say that you love me."

"I love you," said Clare, in a husky voice.

"Good-bye, dear," he said.

Clare picked up the kewpie and went into the house.