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*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XIX



Number 6

The China Lady

Eddie

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

April, 1920

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

*I*F you don't believe in Co-operation, just observe what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

The co-operation and service given to the University men and women in their many publications has created the GREAT GOOD WILL that the

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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Volume XIX

Madison, April, 1920

Number 6

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials	141
Re-Dedication	142
Eddie	143
Summer	144
Bubbles	145
Christmas, 1916.....	148
The China Lady.....	152
In the Gray Dawn.....	156
The Proposal a' la Mode.....	160
Verse	164
The Book Shop.....	166

STUDENTS who are not heading directly for a certain profession at the end of their college careers, are often at a loss to discover just what they want to take up as a life occupation. Just what to choose from the number of things that present themselves in these modern times seems to most of us one of the gravest problems of our lives. We have vocational convocations to help us chose. We have trained men tell us the qualifications necessary for each profession that is open to the educated man or woman. And when all is said, each of us feels that he or she is fitted temperamentally for several possible professions, and the problem remains as insoluble as before. We are tempted to vacillate for months between two occupations, and at the end of that time to reject both in favor of another which after sufficient consideration we reject in its turn.

And after all do we not take the whole business too seriously? In a letter to Boswell on the subject Dr. Johnson once wrote, "Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be

spent: deliberation, which those who begin it by prudence, and continue it with subtilty, must, after long experience of thought, conclude by chance. To prefer one future mode of life to another, upon just reasons, requires faculties which it has not pleased our Creator to give us.

"If, therefore the profession you have chosen has some unexpected inconveniences, console yourself by reflecting that no profession is without them; and that all the importunities and perplexions of business are softness and luxury, compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy, and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness."

WHAT is the matter with Wisconsin? That question is producing considerable speculation among the student body at the present time. All sorts of things are being censured as being at the bottom of what is wrong: frivolous co-eds, tea-dancing, lack of interest in athletics, prohibition, all these and many more are considered evils which, at least, contribute to the lack of "spirit" and loyalty in the university. Perhaps, all of these things lumped together are in a measure responsible for the lack of general enthusiasm evinced by the students in general toward the university and its conventional affairs.

To us, however, the difficulty is a deeper, less easily combatted evil than any so far named. Frivolous co-eds, tea-dancing, and all the rest may go, but the general spirit of Wisconsin would not be immediately improved. The real cause of the trouble is so large and great a thing, so obvious and self-evident that it has been overlooked in the search for the germ of infection. The real trouble with us is the inability to realize the increased size of the university. We have outgrown the old time clannish organization and its methods of arousing enthusiasm among its members.

We must look for a larger and stronger organization with more power and more energy.

It has become quite impossible for us to know each other and be on familiar terms with even the celebrities of our community. We may know the majority of our own class in our own college, but to obtain a larger acquaintance has become impossible. This means that a leader who can organize and bring into union of spirit any significant portion of the students must be a man of strength and magnetism such as is seldom found among young men and women. As men grow older their powers of leadership increase: it is the rare genius who can lead early in life. Therefore, since the task of leadership becomes greater, the leaders must in consequence become stronger, and the leader strong enough is not to be found in the average university.

Another element in the problem is the greater diversity of courses, offered by the various colleges of the university. Now instead of having the various colleges clinging together for support we find the members of each course forming their clan. The Commerce student resents being classed with the 'straight' Letters and Science students. Each course has built up its own set, and among that set the individual finds the greater number of his friends. It is difficult for him to mingle in more than a general way with the students

of other special courses. The result is a natural one: we find students gathering together and making friends among their own kind. We are so specialized in our training that it is quite impossible for us to associate on an intimate footing with men and women whose general educational interests differ materially from our own. In some degree, of course, social fraternities and sororities tend to off-set this particular phase of our new student life, but the net result is very little affected by this influence.

The problem is a complicated one, and one which, in all probability will not be solved while any of those who read this are in school. Nevertheless, the sooner we realize the real problem and set about to solve it, leaving the petty problems of social life to solve themselves, the sooner may we expect to find a unified, strong, and loyal body of students at Wisconsin.

EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	CHARLES L. WEIS
JAMES W. GILMAN	RACHEL COMMONS
FRANCES DUMMER	ELSIE GLUCK
VICTOR SOLBERG	DUDLEY C. BROOKS

RE-DEDICATION.

I.

Sometimes
I wake from dreams
And know that thou art gone.
Then indeed it seems
My waking days
I live
In dreams.

II.

Gone—
And yet—thy love and mine
Were less than love.
Did I not pour it forth
On altars thy dreams and mine
Would build for all mankind?

III.

Because I go about
And do my work,
And live and laugh,
And bare my body joyfully
To sun and wind;
Thou mayest know
Where'er thou art,
Thou hast not gone.

ELSIE GLUCK.

Eddie

AT TIMES, Eddie was almost sociable. He could come home from his little twenty-dollar job, with a package of Eiweiss shrimps, or a pound of Swiss cheese, or some anchovy paste, and he could put his mother into a rocking chair, go out and get supper all by himself, and chat with her thru the meal as if he actually knew her. And then, if he were feeling especially fine, he could go into the kitchen and wash dishes, put things away, and clean up almost as well as Mrs. Brown herself; and that was going some, if you want to know. Oh, Eddie knew how, all right. He could sit down with his mother in the evening, talk to her, tell her of all the things that had happened at the library,—of the funny people who came in there, of the queer questions they asked, and the awful mess a fellow could have with a stamping pad that had too much ink on it. He could tell of the poor nut that came in there to talk Socialism, and of the sailor down in the men's reading-room who knew so many interesting lies about the sea.

But he had his grouchy moods.

Mrs. Brown wished she could find out what he did with his evenings when he wasn't home. He would come sneaking into the house at ten or eleven o'clock, and when his mother asked him where he'd been, or reproached him as tactfully as she could for not having gone with her to call on Mrs. Schneeblock, he would flare up and tell her he was no longer a kid and could take care of himself. Or sometimes he would explain his whereabouts with the two simple words: "just bumming," and then go on and kick about the way she'd let the fire go out in the furnace. Mrs. Brown didn't know what she was going to do with the boy.

Eddie was getting tired of the life himself. She was really unreasonable if she expected him to sit at home every evening, and do nothing but twiddle his thumbs. A guy had to do something—but, Hell's Bells, he couldn't go on telling all about it,—it sounded too foolish. It wasn't as if he got drunk or even got into bad company,—she'd have a kick coming then. But just going out to a show, or calling on a girl—

Some time, tho, he would like to go out and see life as it really was. He wanted to go to the mountains, or down to South America, or to Europe like the man in the literature room, or to sea, and have a lot of hair-raising adventures, like the old sailor. He wanted to get away from this life, where a fellow was bored to

death wherever he went, and had nothing but trouble with his mother when he got home.

And one Saturday night, after he had spent the whole afternoon beating carpets, and getting scolded for not helping enough with the house-work, he decided he'd go away. He would get a job on a boat.

He lugged his suit-case around on the docks all of that evening, looked at the boats, and wondered where they had come from, and where they were going. He wished he had nerve enough to ask somebody for work. And finally, when it was almost ten o'clock and he had decided he'd have to do something,—or go home, he took his heart in his hand and asked a fellow on the *Jupiter* if she had a full crew. He was in luck. The *Jupiter* needed a deck-hand.

The man, he proved to be some sort of a watchman, showed Eddie the crew's quarters and told him to stick around until morning, when the mate would sign him up. None of the men were on board, he told him, they had been paid off and were out getting crocked. But here was the bunk he thot the other deck hand had used, and Eddie could make himself at home, or go out and come back before seven the next morning, just as he pleased. Then the man went back on deck.

Eddie examined the room. It really wasn't a half-bad place, all painted white, with six white steel bunks, and almost clean linen. There was even an adjoining shower-bath that might run, if a fellow fixed it up. And there was the port-hole a man could stick his head thru, if he knew just how to handle his nose, and all the interesting pictures of women on the wall, and the tin-can that served as a cuspidor. But Eddie was tired, and he crawled into his bunk and went to sleep.

Perhaps at twelve o'clock, he didn't know exactly when it was, somebody shook him. And while he was wondering where he was, and where all the whiskey-smell came from, he heard a man saying:

"Shay-y brother—hic! Ye're shleepin' in my bunk!"

"All right," he told him, "I'll get out."

"Never mind—hic! I'll take the other one."

It was all rather vague. Eddie wasn't quite sure he wasn't dreaming. A moment later he fell asleep, and forgot all about the fellow.

Then, perhaps half an hour later, he was shaken again.

"Ye're shleepin' in my bunk."

He raised himself, as if to get out.

"Sh' all right, Bo! I'll take the other one."

Eddie lay up there, and looked at the man rocking back and forth on his chair, and wished he wouldn't smell up the room so, with his whiskey and his bad tobacco. He listened to him, mumbling about the tightwad second mate, who wouldn't buy a drink, and he wondered if the man was always such a poor shot when he spat at the little tin-can.

"Sh'aw right," he heard him mumble, "C'n shleep jush ash well in Harry's ole bunk!"

It must have been the whiskey and the bad tobacco, Eddie decided later, that made him dream so much. He lay there and dozed, and saw himself at the bar of a saloon, and wondered what his mother would say if she saw him there. In the middle of the room sat an old man, with long, white hair and a pipe, eternally mumbling to himself, and rocking back and forth on his chair. At one of the tables, where two men had been playing cards, trouble was brewing. The men were pulling guns. Eddie was uneasy about it. He wanted to get away, but he couldn't move an inch. Then he heard a yell from the other side of the crew's quarters, where the watchman had told him the porter had his bunk.

"Who put that snake in my bed?"

There was the porter, screeching away for dear life, pulling the blankets out of his bed. He made a quick grab. "I got him," he yelled, and then threw some-

thing against the door with all his force. "That's the way to fix 'em,—break their damn backs!"

Suddenly he jumped up on his bunk, let out a terrific howl, and pointed to the floor.

"Snakes,—spiders,—tarantulas,—take 'em away!" He picked up a shoe from somewhere, and threw it to the floor.

"'At a shootin'," he blubbered, and was silent for a little while.

Then he let out a yell, louder and more terrifying than all the rest. He pointed at Eddie's bunk.

"O-o o-h—a big one! A six footer!" He got up, and started across the room. "I'll fix 'im," he cried. "No damn snake c'n scare me."

Eddie jumped out of his bunk. He ran out and took the stairs to the deck in three leaps. Ever after, the watchman claimed that if he hadn't caught the kid up on deck, and held him, the poor simp would have jumped to the dock, and broken his fool neck.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Brown noticed the worn-out look on her son, and the dark rings beneath his eyes.

"You didn't get in until three o'clock last night," she told him. "Where were you?"

"Just bumming," he answered. Then he pushed his plate of oatmeal away from him. "This stuff can't be eaten," he grumbled. "Too full of lumps."

EARL HANSON.

SUMMER

Half hidden in rich green meadow grass,
I yielded myself to musing,
Lazily, sensuously.
High above me
A great China-blue bowl
With here and there
A white fleck
Where little cloud chips
Drifted.
Spear grass, curling, saw-edged,
Crept over me
Like closing petals
Of the Four-o'clock.
Lazy, contented
Sprawled at full length
An acorn curled within a dry leaf
A caterpillar sleeping
In its cocoon
Were no happier than I.

FERN M. BUSBY.

Bubbles

WHEN the great army of axmen and sawyers poured, wave-like, over the central portion of northern Wisconsin, in the logging boom of the eighties they left desolate a vast region of gloomy swamps and dense, impenetrable elder thickets. Robbed of the one feature which rendered it valuable to man, this country became the graveyard of the lost timber. The lumberman's legacy of countless rotting pine-stumps spread out in rows and files like tomb-stones. Here and there the sinuous trunks of willows rose at angles from the marshland, twisted and gnarled like the tentacles of sea-monsters. Over all this section, from the tops of the low barren hills even into the tepid, brackish waters of the swamps was a surface coating of boulders dropped in prehistoric ages by the ice sheet. At such points where the rapidly weathering soil was thick enough to shield the plow-share from underlying strata of bed-rock the would-be farmers of this region usually found that their thoughtful lumberjack predecessors had left pile after pile of slashings—numerous forked twigs and upper branches from which all wood of sufficient size for any value had long ago been stripped. These worthless fagots, bleached by the sun and rain of many seasons, reminded one of skeletons, remaining after the bark and living sap had gone.

The inhabitants of this district, particularly in the vicinity of the little crossroads town of Outcrop, were of two classes: those who came to buy, clear and sell the land, moving on to more hospitable regions on the proceeds, and those whose parents or grandparents had come for that purpose. These, their children, were still waiting for the chance to move on. Years of ceaseless toil, meager profits from the tiny patches of cleared land, consuming expenses for stump-pullers and dynamite—these had broken many. They would lapse into a dull jog-trot, too exhausted to work faster, barely able at that slow rate to eke a living from their scanty farms. What wonder that, in time, they lost ambition to move on to better farm-land. One might say that life had slowly ground their temper out against the hard surfaces of their own granite ridges.

Among these settlers, and more ambitious at first, tho ultimately sharing the common fate, was a young couple very new to this kind of life. Theirs had been one of those secret marriages where affection had jumped the breach of social position. The girl's

parents were wealthy, but heartless in their disappointment and chagrin over the match. The trip into northern Wisconsin, just to get a start in life, had been made without disillusionment. It was not agreeable, but merely an incident to a couple so young, with years ahead in which to climb. Gradually but inevitably they had swung into step with the slow stride of the swampland, which is so remote from the modern world that time is yet measured in ages; there minutes and seconds have little meaning. When their oldest son left home their exile in the marshland had lasted twenty years.

At the end of this period the fierce determination of the father no longer blazed, it smouldered. Little by little, yet never ceasing, thus were the very hills of granite wearing away thru the ages. It had required years to extinguish the flames of hope in this man's spirit, but years there were, and more years. His was the dull, hopeless outlook of those toiling into eternity. The indomitable courage of the patient mother remained undaunted yet unavailing. Their sentence had been extended for life.

While the man and his wife had memories of better days the little children born in these lowly surroundings knew no other life. They had never been farther from home than the shanty where they sometimes attended school at Outcrop. As they trudged along the dirt road when the day's class work was done, they may often have wondered a little where the narrow brown ribbon, stamped with horse shoes and wheel ruts, led to. Beyond Outcrop they had heard it ran a long way off to brother Tom in the city of Marshland Center. In the other direction they knew it only a short distance past a little log cabin that stood by a shed at the corner of a plowed field. This was their father's farm.

Behind the board shed rose a stony hillside, formerly used for grazing. It exposed here and there patches of grass long since too closely cropped for the cows, which now occupied the marsh grass area of the lower meadow. Two goats held sway over the unpromising upland pasture and oddly enough thrived on it. In the evenings after school, the children took care of these goats and helped about the farm so late that they never had time to run and skip and play. It did not matter much, tho, for they seemed always tired from picking up baskets full of stones from the fields or helping with the haying.

A pleasure which they did enjoy was riding home behind Topsy and Bess on the top of the great pile of dried marshgrass that they had helped to load onto the hay wagon.

To guide them thru this life of hardship, these people had one spark of hope. It braced them in failure; lent encouragement when the potato crop turned out badly; helped them bear up when the northern winter set in and the bony cows, under nourished on the wiry swamp grass, gave almost no milk. Even the children contemplated this event wonderingly. It was in the mind of the father as he smoked his corn cob pipe, stretched out before a crackling fire of pine logs, thru the long black winter evenings. It was with the patient, dark-eyed mother as she patched and mended by the yellow light of the oil lamp. At these times, when the pitch bubbled in the hearth logs, making the little cabin fragrant with the odor of pine tar and tobacco, life seemed not at all unpleasant to this family. And the children playing at some simple game there in the firelight would sometimes turn with eager faces to their mother and ask:

"Mama, when will brother Tom come back?" or perhaps:

"Daddy, tell us about Tom's school. Do you really think he'll know how to make the meadow grow real hay when he comes home, so Topsy's ribs won't stick out so, an' Nancy'll give more milk? Do you?"

This was their hope—the older brother who for three years following his graduation from high school, had been working his way thru Marshland Center College. It had taken grit on the part of these people to send him away to learn swamp reclamation at the school of agriculture. For three winters they had not seen him. For three summers they had carried on the heavy farm work unaided. Not until he had been away a winter did the family fully realize the value of Tom's ingenious devices for making the dull routine of farm life lighter.

Perhaps it was from his mother, whose dark eyes he had, that Tom also inherited his ability. Certain it was that intimate acquaintance with life in its sternest aspects had led to an early understanding of the serious purpose of college. In his own subject to which the days and nights of nearly four years had been dedicated, Marshland Center had never known a more promising student. The earlier life of toil had developed an immunity to exhaustion by virtue of which Tom worked ceaselessly. How strange then that he should not enjoy a well-earned sense of satisfaction when he contemplated the accomplishments that had rewarded his faithful efforts. That Tom possessed

the originality of the inventor Dr. Fry of the Physics department was convinced. It was due in a large measure to the kindly interest of the professor who had come to understand this alert young mind, yet who knew very little of that other life, hopelessly outgrown by the boy himself, that Tom had dropped swamp-draining to follow the lure of electricity. Frequent at first, his qualms of conscience grew feebler as time went on and no allusion was made to his course of study in the letters from home. In moments of depression, however, which were growing more frequent of late, Tom was becoming unhappily conscious of the deeper confidence which led those who worked and trusted, in dismal Outcrop, to exact no token of fidelity. All would be well, he struggled to convince himself, when success crowned his efforts, when his battery went on the market and the demand exceeded the supply. His absorption in the development of this battery was his only refuge in the bitter periods of self-condemnation.

Twice in the last week Tom had gone to the laboratory at mid-night to escape the memory of those at Outcrop. The third time, he went there at sight of a letter from home lying on the short table which spanned his narrow quarters at Mrs. O'Kief's boarding house. Even the walls and doors of the laboratory failed to shut out the thoughts of home. They flooded the back of his mind—haunted him as he worked with feverish haste to complete his battery.

Along about three in the morning it was done. The tests of volt and ammeter were applied. The strength was there; more current in that single cell than in any three commercial batteries of the day. Then the needle fell. The current was dying out again. With it sank Tom's hopes. The fear of weeks had materialized. It was polarization, and in this type of cell there would be but one way to correct it. More time was needed in which to perfect the invention.

Seven o'clock found no progress in remedying the difficulty. With the thought of the unopened letter on the table at Mrs. O'Kief's inevitably in mind Tom worked on. He made a slight change in the arrangement of the plates. Once more he closed the circuit, sending the current thru the measuring instruments. The pale blue liquid in the jar boiled with glistening bubbles. Upwards they swarmed, spreading out in an ever-thickening mat upon the second tier of plates. The hand on the ammeter dropped slowly, hesitated, dropped slowly—the boy started at a loud rattling from the other end of the laboratory. Some one was trying to get in. Wondering vaguely why the janitor was coming at that early hour, Tom slowly unlocked and opened the door. A man entered, stooped and grey, with a face in which were written all the cares and struggles

of life at Outcrop. Tom stood face to face with his father. What manner of business or misfortune had led him to come to Marshland Center Tom could not imagine.

The man seemed puzzled at his son's surprise. "Must be you didn't get my letter about renewin' the mortgage, sonny."

The boy soon saw that his father had as yet no suspicion that his son had followed any other than the agricultural course. Tom decided that the deception must not continue.

The farmer listened, at first in bewilderment and then in dismay, maintaining a grim silence. A tirade followed. It was as tho sudden shock and disappointment had given tongues to the countless hardships and griefs of his life of struggle. In vain Tom tried to explain the value of his invention. The man from Outcrop looked from the boy in the long black rubber apron, across the strange room fitted with every form of modern electrical apparatus, to the glass battery-jar, turbid with tiny spheres of gas which still boiled upward. What he saw was—bubbles! Only bubbles! Four years—a college education—and his son had learned to make bubbles. In this strange world of the ultra-scientific there was no trace of the bitter practical problems that made up life to this farmer. He thought its riddles dealt with matters far removed from flesh and blood and the maintenance of human existence. To those not instructed in the language of these symbols they were totally incomprehensible. How could this weatherbeaten farmer see what lay behind these bubbles; the fortune which men who knew the value would pay for such a battery, when the work of a few more weeks had perfected it?

"If you've got any sense of decency or gratitude to your family left, you'll quit this nonsense and come home to work." The caustic challenge was punctuated by the bang of the laboratory door.

For a moment Tom hesitated. The tempest of bitter feelings and conflicting impulses which raged within him came slowly to a standstill as his eyes focussed on the instruments still connected to the battery. Beneath the plates the mats of bubbles hung in motionless clusters. The pointer marking the flow of current had dropped to zero. Very slowly he began to pack the apparatus for storage till he should come back from Outcrop.

The whole marsh country was bathed in the amber glow of late sunset and the vast dead stretches of withered rushes creaked with night insects. The tiny cabin was a mere dark blur against the palely phosphorescent sky except for a bright yellow eye that looked out thru the gathering darkness, from the window near the chimney corner. The murky waters of the swamp were

alive with croaking frogs and gave a pungent smell of damp earth to the night wind. At the hearth-side within, the old farmer sat smoking while the rest of the family gathered around the yellow oil lamp at their various occupations.

"Things are some easier now that Tom is here to help?" The inflection of the mother's voice showed that she had looked up from her sewing to ask a question.

"Oh, yes, the boy's a hard worker." This, spoken slowly around the pipe-stem was followed by a silence as tho the old settler's wits, dulled by the monotonous routine, strove vainly to connect Tom's willing helpfulness and tireless efforts since his return to Outcrop, with that incomprehensible life out of which he had taken his son.

"It's just that way about the cabin. It seems as tho he can't find enough work helping you all day with the haying, without coming home and doing chores for the children in the evening. Why the other night he even came in and wanted to help me with the baking. It does beat all how he can work and stay so fresh and cheerful."

Little did these people guess the ambition which Tom had resolved to realize. In fact it is doubtful if anyone about Outcrop could have appreciated the buoyancy which comes from having an ambition, the exuberance of spirit that turns drudgery into stepping stones to the very threshold of one's goal. Not for one instant did it occur to his family that Tom might still return to the laboratory.

"I wonder what's keepin' Tom so long at the milkin' tonight?" Little Joe got up as he spoke and left the other children in the cabin. Tom was nowhere about the barn and as the younger brother came back by way of the pump he found the milk already set to cool.

The sky still cast a pale yellow glow over the west slope of the knoll above the cabin. As if to emphasize the lonesomeness of the scene the motionless figure of a scarecrow in blue overalls leaned against an old plow, silhouetted in the fading light. It was Tom, and at his feet fluttered the loose pages of the local newspaper. There, between the notice of an approaching auction and the epitaph to a recently departed country judge, was a column headed, "Eastern Electrical engineer invents new battery." The account which followed was brief and characteristically inaccurate, but it might have been written about Tom's own battery. The principles of the two cells were identical. The account closed by stating that trouble due to polarization had been encountered and that only in the last few weeks had a simple and effective remedy been discovered. The invention sold for ten thousand dollars.

EDWIN M. C. GUYER.

Christmas, 1916

"The desire of the moth for the Star"—Shelley.

J EAN MILLET sat in the twilight on the upturned end of the remnant of a board waiting for what had become for him the most momentous hour of a varied life. His shaggy head rested on his breast. One cold, blue hand lay in his lap, the other was tucked under the folds of his blue overcoat. His face, bearded with the short, curly down of young manhood, and red nose were partly concealed within a ragged, soiled muffler which he had wound around his neck. The blue eyes stared impassively at his muddy, hob-nailed boots and the uneven winding of dilapidated puttees. He was not thinking of his clothing as he sat in that shallow pit on the Alsatian front, nor yet of his home, that home which now lay so near at hand, but of his past experiences. He coughed fitfully and raised his face in the fading light. His forehead was as pallid as the dull glimmer in the sky.

"Two years," he thought to himself, "more than two years since I left. I remember I was in the barn that day beating the wheat-tops against a slab of stone. Margot sat on the threshold. Petit Emille raked the loose straws from the bundles from which I had beaten the grain, and laid the long, clean stalks in piles. We were happy there."

Poor boy, he did not know that the vision with which he had comforted himself during the last six weeks contained hardly a whit of the original experiences! The mad grimness of the front had blotted them out! It was rather a composite of the various villages and homes he had seen during the past autumn. The man striking the wheat-tops against the slab of stone was not he, but some one whom he had seen. The maiden resting upon the open threshold was not Margot, but many Margots, many Marcelles, looking up with shining eyes while the father or brother or lover extracted the wheat to be ground, perhaps, for the evening's supper. And the small boy was not Petit Emille, but scores of Roberts and Pauls stacking even straws which were to be made into mats for the protection of young garden-shoots.

He had filled in the blank spaces of his memory with imagination, a poor imagination which leaped fitfully from real to unreal images, from true to false ideas. It was during the calm of the afternoon that the first news of the impending struggle between the

nations had filtered into that Alsatian village with the slow step of the old post-carrier. He believed he could still feebly perceive the pulse of exultation stirring within him, the elation of regaining the "lost provinces" for France. He seemed almost to remember his departure on the last day of July, his leaving with the mother who sped him away to fight for France,—with his little Brother Emille who clung to his stout, strong legs,—with his sweetheart, Margot. Then down the twisting, winding roads, over the hills, through narrow valleys by starlight, by the bright sun, until, at the end of two days of walking and hiding, he had reached Belfort, there to join one of the companies of that famous fortress.

How high his heart had beat in those early August days when the divisions sallied out from the city and swept into Alsace. The enemy scampered before them. They progressed many kilometers that first day, routing many small bodies of troopers, driving groups of beleaguered Germans before them. The first bullets whistled about him; the first crime of the war left him shaking with angry loathing and disgust. That deceit he had never been able to banish. No suffering, no presence of death could obliterate it—that first bleeding and distressed girl of fifteen who lay upon the tile floor of a house which he entered. He had sworn revenge with the fervent passionateness of youth—and God, he and his companions had exacted it!

The progress continued. On the seventh they were in Altkirch; on the eighth they rushed the earth works with bayonets and swept into Mülhausen, greeted alike by the wildest joy and sullenest hate. The hopes of the regiments beat high. They would drive on into Strassbourg thirty kilometers away! The French arms were victorious everywhere!

Then came the first checks. The cunning Germans lay along the ditches and hedges and among the trees. Their gray uniforms blended with the foliage. One could only occasionally catch the gleam of a spike. But the brilliant breeches of the French made exposed targets for the enemy. Machine guns came up. His comrades fell about him! The lines held! They could progress no further!

The division was switched to the west! A long, long transportation from which he disembarked only

to join in a retreat. He tramped over endless, mud-died roads, passing village after village. There was no fighting, no glorious resistance, only the interminable tediousness of marching hour after hour in heavy boots, unclean, unfed, until his thoughts and experiences ran into a blur of the ceaseless need of stumbling on.

Of the Marne, he remembered but little; of lines sweeping forward in the center of an immense battle; of bleeding corpses strewed upon the ground; of the sudden stinging in his arm; of fainting senses; and of the hospital, with nurses clad in blue and white bending above him.

Then the madness of the far western battles fought for the retention of Dunkirk and Calais. The bitterness of the trenches the following winter, the terrific conflicts of the summer, and the taste of gas which left his scorched lungs and blood-clogged nostrils shivering and raw with every breath. During the winter he recuperated at Cannes, that magnificent resort upon the Mediterranean coast. Among the starry flowers, the creamy orange blossoms, the carmine cannas, the birds whisking among the palm and eucalyptus trees, the eager gladness of the purple waves trampling upon the beach in thunderous roar, and the snow-crested mountains shining in the sun like stars studding the bosom of a blue sky, among these soothing objects of nature, he regained his strength.

But in April he was in the lines again, facing the enemy in the savage grapple for Verdun. God knows how men survived that awful battle! Tons of steel bursting into twisted fragments, torrents of bullets flooding every inch of ground, clouds of gas moving with deadly treachery across the pitted earth! A terrific slaughter, a budding froth of hell, boiling over to feed the leaping flames of an inferno of spraying violences which ripped and tore human bodies into shreds of shuddering flesh! Bloody Verdun, gushing like a torrential river, a raving and reeking insanity of awfulness, a deluge of carnage, austere, fiendish, heroic!

The remnant of the regiment had been transferred to Alsace again. Christmas was near at hand; Millet was dying. He had clung to the company for one purpose; he was going home, going back to the mother, to petit Emille, to Margot with shining eyes. They would sit together about the festal table on Christmas Day; they would sing the peasant songs of Noël; the rabbit with his furry feet uplifted would be brought in warm and tender from the hot oven (petit Emille would clap his hands in glee) they would drink the rich wines home-made from the vineyards of the Rhinlands.

Two officers stepped from a dugout.

"He is still sitting there," said the sub-lieutenant.

"Yes, and I believe I know of what he thinks."

"He should be sent out of the trenches."

"It is not that of which he thinks; I have talked with him. He wishes to go home."

"Let us send him home, then. His work is over. Tubercular," he added significantly.

"You do not understand. His home is over there."

He flung his arm in the general direction of the front lines.

"Yes," the lieutenant continued, "he is going home. After we move up tonight, he will try to crawl through if he can."

His companion made no comment.

"If he comes back, well and good; if not, I shall report Private Jean Millet missing since the night of December 23. That will be all. Let us prepare to move forward."

The snow sifted down in feathery flakes where Jean Millet crept to the wires. It was early in the evening, hardly nine o'clock, as he stealthily crawled between them. He stopped as he heard some one near by and felt a warm hand groping for his own. They clasped hands, this dying man and his unknown friend.

"*Bon chance!*" whispered a voice.

"Ah! the lieutenant,—*merci!* and for you 'good luck' also."

It was not nearly so incongruous an experiment to pierce the lines as one would suspect. Over the quiet sectors there had been no active fighting since the first few months of the war. Platoons of men were grouped here and there in shallow pits, the distance between them ranging from a hundred to several hundred yards. Within these stretches there were neither trenches nor wires. The heavy fall of snow and the tall dead pines or living trees, and the intense darkness of the night granted not only plausibility but possibility to his efforts. He had only to push stealthily forward, avoid the pits, keep a wary eye open for the barracks when he would reach them, and then tramp across the open country until he would slink into some hovel or cellar before dawn. The heavy fall of snow would obliterate his tracks. He did not know that the regiment opposite to him was patrolling that intermediary space.

Every nerve in his body tingled and sang as he crept forward. He felt the blood surging in his veins. The eager cry of a yearning, long submerged and being at last appeased, rose from his heart. He thrilled and vibrated with the singing enthusiasm of youth. He was going home! Home! to the hearth

of gentle, comforting home! He compressed his lips austere to keep a flood of song from bursting forth!

He moved forward, step by step, crouching close to the trees, feeling before him, groping blindly in the darkness. Suddenly he struck wires. The tingling clang of a cowbell responded to the impact. His heart leaped in wild abandonment. He flung himself madly upon the snow, listening with the intense anxiety of a trapped beast. Silence! He dared not move! He dared not draw up his legs! The fluttering of his senses and the palpitation of his heart made his mind giddy. Hours flew by! Silence. At last he crawled back a few yards, lay down, crawled back a few yards more, and rose to his feet. A frantic desire to fling himself impetuously upon the pit swept through him, a violent wish to learn if the trench was occupied. He grappled with a tree to imbue himself with the firmness of its substantiality and hugged it while his wind-blown passions subsided from a blazing rage to a flickering wistfulness.

Then he lunged on, to the left, for a thousand paces. Then forward. Time sped on burning wings as he moved ahead foot by foot. At last he saw the gleaming lights of the barracks. He made a wide detour, crossing an open field, and began to climb a hill. He pressed on and on through the deepening snow, though toward sunrise it ceased to fall. He discovered a bit of cellar which had been partly demolished by a shell, stumbled into it, crept into a corner, pulled the remnant of a door over him, and fainted from sheer exhaustion and relief.

The day passed with aeonic lassitude. Each moment dragged itself out with torturing grimness. Cuddling beneath his door, he struggled to draw himself up into a ball. The cold air pierced his overcoat or pushed its deadly fingers through the collar and along his spine. The sounds and noises of the world, sometimes menacingly near, sometimes mellow and afar off, filed or soothed the raw edges of his nerves by turns. His lungs wheezed painfully. Convulsing in spasms of pain, contracting in knots, he coughed into his sleeve and covered it with frothy blood. With tremendous effort, squirming and grovelling in his tiny cell, he wound the muffler around his chest. He slept by short spells until the wretched day wore itself out.

He crept forth at last and began to beat his way through the soft snow. The lamps of far away villages gleamed on either hand. He took a middle course between them, avoiding the twisting roads. He was in the midst of one of the most mountainous districts of Europe, the Vosges of Alsace and Lorraine. What tremendous obstacles they were for him—

high, shell-swept crests spiked with prongs of trees, remnants of what were once beautiful forests! His legs became leadened, dragging with pitiful obedience to the dominant will which compelled them to struggle forward. Several hours after midnight he began the descent of the mountain. The moon rose up behind him and flooded her soft light over the untrodden stretches of snow. He paused and looked across the valley, some three kilometers in width, to a lofty hill. Once he and Margot had climbed that distant mountain. They had seated themselves amidst wild craters and gazed upon this crest on which he now stood. The thought of her brought into his tired heart with increased vigor the yearning desire for the village. He plunged down the slope.

And so he made his way across the meadows of the valley, stumbling with each step, pushing through the deep snow which came almost to his knees. It was dry snow and rippled before his limbs as water ripples about the prow of a boat. He plowed roughly through it, turning crooked furrows with rugged edges, his ears not hearing the swish of the coarse particles as he heaved and whisked them aside. On and on he staggered and groped, flinging his body vehemently against the drifts as though he would crush the white blanket into the smoothest of highways. He floundered and fell, rose to lunge forward, fell, and again impelled his trembling legs to bear his body onward. Sometimes a terrific fit of coughing would overcome him. He would stop in his tracks, wracking with pain, and spew the snow with blood. Then forward again.

His sensations began to fade. He no longer saw the moon spraying her rays like an enormous searchlight upon the earth. He minded neither the obstructions of hedges nor of wire fences. The cold frost upon his beard and the perspiration on his skin awakened no response of acknowledgement. When he stumbled, he shook the snow from the interior of his coat-sleeve with the indifference of habit. One thought only absorbed his mind, a thought which shone like a star beaming alone in the infinite void of dark skies—he was going home.

The sun began to rise as he sat down to rest on a huge, bare stone. He had climbed halfway up the last slope. He sat staring with dumb, unseeing eyes upon the fields over which he had fought his way. Perhaps it was as well for him that he did not see that path, a swaggering, hideous trail embroidered with bloody spew, which defiled the clean surface of earth's white garment. Neither did he see two skiers swiftly descending the mountain opposite to him; nor did he overhear their cries of alarm and astonishment;

nor did he perceive one of the two grasp glasses from a case and peer anxiously before him.

He began to climb. His breath came in heavy gasps. He felt the strangling hold of death tightening about his throat. He fought on. He began to cry, urging his legs to their work with pitiful helplessness or sullen curses. It was folly to scream, folly to waste his breath. But he did not comprehend that. His mind knew only that it was beating against encumbering restraints which were being slowly pushed back, and that the weights upon the restraints increased interminably. For in the hearts of men there is an inborn and profound spirit of contest, an unrelenting force which refuses to be broken by circumstances or fate, flood or fire, catastrophe or annihilation. The chill of death was gnawing at his heart.

The sun flung wide streamers of gold upon a glittering field. He stopped and peered wildly about with feverish eyes. Suddenly the snow in front of him flared up with light, blazing with the scintillations of an immense planet swinging towards earth, glittering as these hills, perhaps, once glittered when this same sun shone upon the polished shields of the Roman legions. The fever in his veins burned out. He saw the copse about him, the conical fir tree with branches bending under the silvery enamel of ermine flakes. They too, caught fire at the tips of their twigs as if a million candles had been set upon them and each had been lighted instantaneously. The grove blazed with the glister of a fairyland made up of an unlimited number of Christmas-trees. The lights rose together in the distance, melting into a glowing, glimmering bank. He recalled how once he had stood within the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles and had seen thousands of lights reflected and doubly reflected until they, too, seemed to have lost all individuality and to have blended into a crust of gold.

A branch broke sharply to the rear with a vigorous, whip-cracking snap. The sound stabbed his breast with the piercing sharpness of a fine stiletto and left him shuddering and trembling.

He heard voices among the trees. He strained his blurred eyes to catch a glimpse of the singers whose anthem rolled in soft and swelling harmony. From among the pines he saw a choir of angels proceeding towards him from an infinite distance. They had stars upon their foreheads and bore white lilies in their hands. He was too intent upon their approach to remember that, as a child, he had sat within their presence as they smiled down from a picture in the village church.

The raiment of choristers changed. He gazed upon a Noël procession of the villagers. The old curé in black cassock and broad flat hat lead the way. Women and children in fresh, crisp caps and bright dresses with brilliant sashes of red and yellow followed him. He saw their gleaming teeth as they opened their laughing lips. He saw their eyes glowing with happiness. He caught the glad airiness of their figures as they danced with easy step across the broad belts of sunlight or the blue shadows of the trees. His mother was there, and petit Emille, and Margot. They were coming towards him, holding out their arms to catch him to their breasts. He leaned forward. He wanted to pray. His knees began to bend beneath him. The women drew nearer and nearer. He flung himself with a last bit of fading strength within their entreating arms.

A drip of red splashed for a moment upon the snow and spread itself with the insidious horror of a malignant growth. Then, suddenly, it was crushed beneath a body in horizon blue which crunched through the snow.

A moment or two later a German sergeant and a corporal glided up with a swish and stood looking down upon the body. The rifle of the former still emitted a wreath of smoke which rose in a thin, white stream.

"Not a bad shot for the distance," he remarked.

He extracted his foot from the ski straps and placed it between the legs of the dead Millet. With a powerful flip, he flung the body over.

"Just tipped the heart," he asserted.

Reaching down, he lifted the hand of the dead *poilu* and endeavored to wrench the identification tag and chain from the wrist. He drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and slowly pulled out the blade. Placing his foot upon the wasted chest, he inserted the blade beneath the chain and tugged with all his strength.

"A souvenir for the kleines cuckoo, Margot?" asked the corporal.

"No," he replied, "though I shall show it to her. It is only some simpleton who has crawled through the lines to see his sweetheart. Nevertheless, I must make a report. On some other occasion it may be a spy who evades the watch."

And before sunset the following night, two German patrolmen were shot for laxness while on duty.

VICTOR SOLBERG.

The China Lady

STEPHEN Severance sat back comfortably in his red plush chair in the southbound parlor-car that was carrying him every minute nearer home. Coming home always gave him a delightful thrill, no matter how short his absence. When he had been away at college, the approach of the holidays had filled him with a joy of anticipation that had greatly interfered with his studies. He had dreamed over his books, reliving and interpreting the events of the past months as he would tell them to the admiring family circle. He had only been away a week, but he was dreaming now of what he would tell the family after dinner that night about the past seven days. It had been an idyllic week. As he drew nearer in thoughts and in miles to the big, stone house in the southern city that he called home, the past week seemed, perhaps, too idyllic. It had been the spell of the North Woods, no doubt, and the free, happy-go-lucky existence in the cottage in the pine woods with Marjorie and her mother. He had been sorry to leave; the time had seemed all too short, but after all, it was just as well to get home to the sane, real things of life again,—and Marjorie was still with him. He would see her now in the setting in which he had so often imagined her, his own home, where next fall he planned to bring her as his wife.

He looked over at her. She was sitting in the chair next to him, her hands folded limply in her lap, her gray eyes fixed on the dizzying rush of fences and fields and cows beyond the window. What would they all think of her, he wondered? They couldn't help liking her; she was such a dear. They'd better like her. She was the only girl who had ever meant anything to him. For a year he had loved her truly, and been as faithful to her in thought and deed as a man could be. The Severances were always loyal, he thought proudly. He wondered what she was thinking of, for he knew by the thoughtful little wrinkle between her eyes that her mind was far from the fences and cows at which she was staring. She was probably dreaming about the old house and what they would do together there. He had told her so much about it that she must know how it looked and feel acquainted with all the people in it, from his Grandmother to Rosa, the cook. Perhaps she was worrying a little as to whether or not she could please them, poor child.

"A penny for your thoughts, dear!"

She started, then smiled up at him with the sweet, quick smile he loved.

"I was just thinking how queer it was that yesterday at this time we were sitting in the cove after swimming, and the bay was all pearly and hazy, and there was just a faint breeze in the pines. You were reading 'Treasure Island' out loud to me while I dried my hair, do you remember? And today we're all dressed up and riding in a parlor-car under the care of a porter who is positive that we are bride and groom, have you noticed?"

Stephen was slightly annoyed. He liked to analyse her; he thought he understood her very well, and it was provoking not to have her think what he thought she was thinking.

The grimy factories outside the window proclaimed the approach of the city. The porter came up grinning, brush in hand. They were there. Outside, Stephen hailed a taxi. They climbed in and he sat and held her hand and wondered how impressed she would be with the dignified old house with its tall, white pillars, bricked walks and stately garden. She and her mother lived in a little apartment together, except for the few weeks they spent at the cottage up north.

The taxi stopped. He glanced at her hastily. "Your hat isn't quite straight." She looked at him in surprise, straightened it hastily, and they stepped out. The family were all gathered in the wide hall to greet them. There was a great confusion of kisses and soft-voiced greetings. Marjorie seemed quite bewildered and was evidently glad to be taken off to her room, a large high-ceilinged apartment furnished with massive pieces of Circassian walnut.

The dinner that night was not just as Stephen had planned it in his parlor-car dream. When Rosa, the cook, who had been with the family for years and years, sounded the dinner gong, Marjorie was not yet downstairs. It was a rigid principle in the family that everyone should be down when the gong rang, which was precisely at seven. He had told Marjorie that dinner was at seven; where was she? Promptness was not one of her virtues, he reflected. It was a standing joke up north in the hotel where they had gone for meals, that Stephen and Marjorie never came to anything on time. Of course, there, he had been late with her, but then, that was different; nobody cared, and she was usually the cause of their lateness, anyway.

Ah, there she was. She made no apologies for being late. She seemed quite unconscious of the fact that the gong had rung ten minutes ago. He took

her arm, and as they filed out to the dining-room, he whispered, "I wish you'd try to get down on time, dear; it inconveniences the family to wait."

Grandmother Severance sat at the head of the table, in a tall carved chair. She sat propped up with a fat black cushion, looking like a little waxen effigy. She said nothing, but her quick, dark eyes, moved searchingly from one person to another. In spite of her silence one was very conscious of her presence. Stephen's father sat at the other end, and carved the huge ham on a gigantic silver platter. His mother sat at the right, dainty and calm, with her delicately lined face; then Stephen, and Marjorie, and William Stephen's older brother, and his wife, Alice, and Jane, Stephen's pretty sister, and Aunt Agatha, and Uncle Henry, two unmarried Severances who still lived beneath their family roof-tree. They all bore the Severance stamp, the clear, pale skin, quick, dark eyes, and firm, pointed chins. Even Alice, who was only a Severance by marriage, seemed to be made from the same pattern. Marjorie wondered if she had grown to look like the rest, or if William had married her because she fitted in so well with the family group.

Marjorie was very different. Stephen noticed it particularly. Her gray eyes were wide and steady, and her brown hair would never stay in place. He had always loved that tumbled mop of hair; in fact, he had been guilty on more than one occasion of mussing it deliberately, and had thought the effect utterly charming; but now as he watched her brown curls next to his sister's sleek, dark head, he wished vaguely that she would take a little more pains with her coiffure. And he had not noticed before how sunburned she was, nor that her nose was beginning to peel slightly. In the north woods it would not have mattered, but here, with the candle-light shining on the dark, polished wood, a peeling nose seemed an anachronism.

Stephen contributed the bulk of the conversation. He talked unusually well. Marjorie was surprised. He was inclined to be silent and reserved when there were many people about. They all fixed their attention on him and drank in all he said. His eyes roved from one to another as he talked, always reverting to his grandmother's tense little face for approval. His descriptions were picturesque, eloquent. He was telling them of the North Woods, the bay, the little wooded islands that they called the Blueberries. Marjorie was reliving those golden days as he talked.

"Steve and I had the most wonderful picnic at the Blueberries one day," she broke in. "I don't think anyone else ever had one like it; that's why it was so nice. Jake from the hotel took a lunch-basket over

to the island in the Evinrud and left it behind a rock, then Steve and I swam over; it's only half a mile from Eagle Point. We sat on the beach and ate the lunch, explored the island and swam back in time for dinner."

"Dear me, child!" Came the soft voice of Stephen's mother, "Wasn't that rather dangerous?"

"Oh, not very, half a mile isn't far, and we're both good swimmers. It gives you such a delightfully shipwrecked feeling to be all alone on an island with no boat or anything civilized around you, doesn't it, Steve?"

Stephen was annoyed. He had watched his grandmother's face and seen her pointed chin go up. His mother had expressed gentle alarm at the story of the expedition, but he knew from the look in her eyes that what she was thinking was, "Did you go with my son on a picnic in a bathing suit?" Of course, it had been a grand lark, but, well, why couldn't Marjorie be a little more careful, if not about what she did, at least about where she told of her deeds? He gave her a warning frown, and changed the subject hastily.

Marjorie did not say much during the rest of the dinner. They went into the living-room. The Severances were very proud of that long room. Each member of the family could tell the history of every chair and table there. Stephen watched Marjorie as they entered. Her delight and appreciation for the things he himself liked was one of the reasons for loving her. Her face lit up with pleasure. "It's lovely!" She whispered. "Just as lovely as I imagined it would be." He smiled at her.

"Oh, there's the China Lady!" She cried with a little laugh. The China Lady stood on the mantel above the marble fireplace. She was a Dresden figure, daintily pale, and prim. She looked very much as Grandmother Severance must have looked in her youth, and she had stood on that mantel ever since Great-Grandmother Severance had placed her there when she came to the house as a bride. She had become a presiding goddess of the house, a Dresden Penate. Stephen had told Marjorie how he had always been rather afraid of her when he was a little boy.

Marjorie ran over to the mantel and touched her stiff skirt with one brown finger. "Isn't she beautiful, and prim, and funny! She inspires one to make faces at her." The girl chuckled softly. "And the ebony table, Steve!" She went over to it and stooped to examine the carved mermaids at the base that Stephen had told her about. If they had been alone her lover would have delighted in her naïve enjoyment but this fingering and peering was hardly dignified. His father's brows were coming together, and his grandmother's chin was going up. He caught her arm

and piloted her to a chair. "Don't be childish, Marj. We're not alone, you know."

She gave him a puzzled look, sat down and folded her hands tightly. The conversation began. So Marjorie had graduated! Did she feel that her four years of college were worth while, since she was to marry in the fall? She did. Mrs. Severance would like to send Jane to an eastern school, but with all the expenses of keeping up the huge, old house, they simply couldn't afford it.

"I think I shall keep her with me," said Mrs. Severance. "I couldn't send her to a university. I don't approve of the rough contacts and the freedom which a girl has there. She can't help but lose something."

"No?" said Marjorie, "she can't but the question is, whether what she loses is worth keeping. She loses nothing that she wouldn't lose if she ever really gets out into the world and rubs elbows with people. Unless you want a girl to be a sheltered flower always, a big university is the best place for her to get a preliminary course in life. Her outlook is broadened; she learns to chose friends and to make decisions."

"Yes, but a girl in a big co-educational school can't keep her sweetness and femininity."

Stephen began to fidget. He was afraid that Marjorie would say something radical and alarm the family.

"I want to show Marjorie the garden before it gets dark," he broke in. "Will you excuse us?"

They walked arm in arm down the garden path.

"I wish you wouldn't try to expound any of your queer ideas to mother, dearest," he said.

"Queer ideas? You mean what I said about a college education? There was nothing queer about that. In fact, it was so trite I was quite ashamed of it. The subject deserves a better defense than I made for it. Don't you approve of co-education, either?"

"Well, no, I don't. It makes a girl intelligent and well-informed, a good pal for a man, and all that, but she acquires too much independence and freedom of manner and ideas."

"Why, Steve, you've always told me that my independent way of thinking and my lack of silly conventionality were the things you found most attractive in me. We couldn't be such pals if I were otherwise. I don't understand you to-night."

"Oh, I want my wife to be well educated, of course, but there is such a thing as forgetting one's womanly refinement in a search for new ideas and culture, and in the desire to be a 'Good Sport'."

"Oh, I see, I'm not womanly enough for you, Steve." Where had these ideas come from? She fancied she could hear Mrs. Severance's soft voice behind the words.

"Why, dear, I was speaking in generalizations. I didn't mean you, of course."

"No!" said Marjorie, and with a vicious snap she pulled a pink hollyhock from its prim stalk.

This little talk left Stephen feeling that he had hurt Marjorie and had failed to make her understand what he wished, but the next few days convinced him that she was quicker to catch his meaning than he had supposed. She was making herself very agreeable to the family; her behavior had been thoughtful and proper. He watched her like a hawk. He understood all his relatives so well that he knew just how they would react to everything she did or said, and he could not help being irritated when she took the wrong cue. Still, he was very proud of her.

On the third day of her visit Marjorie received a telegram from the north saying that her mother was very ill and wished her to return at once. Stephen was greatly disappointed and the rest of the family expressed genuine regret, but despite their united protests, Marjorie packed her trunk and prepared to leave on the midnight sleeper. A taxi was ordered for eleven-thirty.

The family farewells had been gracefully said, and Stephen and Marjorie were left alone in the long living-room. They stood together beside the mantel under the cold, prim gaze of the China Lady.

"It's a perfect shame, that you must go now, Marj. We had such nice plans for this week-end, and the family are beginning to understand you and like you so much."

"How can they understand me when I haven't been myself any of the time I've been with them? I've just been acting a part which you assigned for me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you haven't given me a chance to try to make your family like me as I really am. You've criticised me and coached me into doing just what you knew they were used to having girls do. It has worked all right, but I have felt that I was cheating them."

"But, Marjorie, don't you understand? It was just because I loved you so and was so anxious that all my family should love you too that I've—well, criticised you. They'd never seen you before and—"

"Oh, I know. I expected that the attitude of the family, while perfectly friendly, would be critical, and I came down here determined to win them over to my side, but I wanted to do it my own way, and I thought that you would help me. Instead of that you ranged yourself solid with the audience, and I had to hold the stage alone. It was your lack of independence that hurt me most. Your family has lived so long in this beautiful old house with centuries of Southern tradition back of them that they are steeped in its at-

Simpson's

Our Mr. McGuire wires us from New York that the spring and summer dresses are irresistibly beautiful and new ones will be displayed daily.

mosphere; they see everything by candle-light, instead of by sunlight. Oh, they are fine, all of them, the real thing; they are the true aristocracy of the South and I admire them awfully. I can forgive them their set little conventions and traditions, but I can't forgive you."

"Marjorie, I don't understand! Forgive me for what?"

"You have been out in the world away from this sleepy old house. I thought you had a broader, saner outlook upon life than any man I knew, and I loved you. You had all the strength and daring of a man, the humor and light-heartedness of a pal, and the gentleness and courtesy of an aristocrat. But the man I thought I loved disappeared when the iron gate outside first clanked behind you. These last few days you've been nothing at all but a Severance. You've had no more independence nor outlook than the China Lady on the mantel there. You could be loyal to your family and its tradition without being swamped by them."

The horn of the taxi sounded outside, and Marjorie picked up her little black bag.

"I'd rather you wouldn't come with me, Steve. And you know, my mother isn't really ill. I wired her this morning to send me the telegram. I couldn't stay longer."

"Marjorie, you mustn't leave like this!"

But she turned from him and went out the door. He let her go without further remonstrance, for his confident young brain was whirling as Severance brains were not accustomed to whirl. He stood at the window, dazedly watched the taxi-man help her in, and saw the little black car go spinning down the avenue. The room was very silent and empty. From the mantel the China Lady smiled at him a coolly irritating smile. So he had no more independence nor outlook than that piece of prim, stiff pink and blue crockery! He hated the China Lady very profoundly at that moment, but as he strode towards her he caught the reflection of his own face in the mirror above the mantel. There is nothing more disarming to an angry man than his image in a glass. Stephen felt rather foolish and melodramatic at sight of his drawn brows and set mouth, and he quite shuddered to think of what might have happened to the China Lady, and the consternation that such an accident would cause the family.

Marjorie was a dear girl, but she lacked something, breeding, perhaps.

He turned out the lights and started up the broad, dark stairs.

ADELIN S. BRIGGS.

In the Gray Dawn

Slowly San Foy counted the bright silver dollars in her little hand.

"Honorab!e Lady is sure she has not payed me too much?" she anxiously questioned the portly, middle aged woman beside her.

Mrs. Martin smiled.

"I only wish there were more I might give to you. My dear, the Mission has been a different place since you came,—you're sure you don't want to continue? I'd give anything if I could have you for at least another month!"

San Foy laughed softly as she looked about the bare, clean rooms of the Mission, dotted here and there with grotesquely-colored saints and angels. It was good to know that she had been successful in the little Chinese day nursery the Mission maintained. But the silver dollars for which she worked lay in her palm, and tomorrow—!

"Tomorrow Honorab!e Husband returns to me over the sea, like a sunbeam out of the fog." The sweet voice paused, and for a moment San Foy seemed transformed—a perilously delicious thing in her ill fitting American middy blouse and her worn Chinese slippers.

Then she sighed:

"We have been very lonely, the Little Moon and me."

"How is the baby, San Foy?"

"He sleeps all day,—such sleep I have never seen. The Woman of the Broom—how you say it?"

"Janitress?"

"It is she. She gives to him the milk if he cries; but he does not cry much. He is like the Courageous One, his father."

"Your husband has never seen him, has he?"

"No, the Great Sun and the Little Moon will meet tomorrow for the first time."

"And you, San Foy, what are you?"

The red-lipped mouth curved into a dainty smile.

"I? Perhaps I may be a star, a very small star, shining on them both."

Mrs. Martin answered whimsically:

"If I were the Sun I should be afraid to leave so young and lovely a star alone in the sky."

San Foy nodded understandingly.

"But what may one do when the August Giver of Checks say to Wan Fu, 'Return to China and find me such vases and tapestries as may make the Jealous Ones more jealous.'" So Wan Fu go, but he return in the morning. The August Master entered out of his

store but this noon to say it was certain. He also say to me that if 'Wan Fu make his store more beautiful than any other, he will give to him much money—so much that it will buy a house for Wan Fu and Little Moon and me. But I have conversated too much. I must go to make ready for his coming."

"Well, goodnight, dear. Come and see me when you can. I'm glad Wan Fu is coming home. I don't like that old, fat Tsang who follows you here sometimes."

San Foy's eyes flashed as she answered imperiously: "Tsang! Son of a dog! He would not dare to touch me!"

Mrs. Martin shrugged her shoulders.

"Just the same I'll be glad when Wan Fu's back. Now run along and make yourself beautiful for him." She opened the door.

"Gracious, but it's foggy tonight. Well, goodbye dear. God bless you."

Outside, San Foy paused for a moment on the rickety board steps of the Mission. Below her lay Chinatown, and beyond that the bay. The low moan of a fog horn sounded dismally through the damp, black night. It was on such a night that he had left her over a year ago, only then the dancing lights of the city had seemed to mock her; now they seemed to rejoice with her that the long night was past.

"Over the sea, like a sunbeam out of the fog," she whispered; then philosophically, "San Foy, you must not dream so. There is much you must do before the Great Sun lifts his face over the fog."

She rattled the silver dollars in her pocket suggestively.

Then, swiftly, she plunged into the darkness—down, down, down to the narrow streets and the queer, hostile-eyed houses of Chinatown. There were few people abroad and the emptiness accentuated the squalor of it all. But San Foy had not time to think of this; abruptly she turned into one of the stores displaying in their windows odd assortments of jade, aprons, shoes, candy, and even hats. Presently she emerged firmly clutching a paper bundle. The silver dollars had gone, but she would be beautiful in Wan Fu's eyes.

With light feet she hurried on to the doorway of one of the rickety buildings. As she climbed the steps she breathed a prayer of gratitude. Little Moon, the return of Honorab!e Husband, the promise of a house by the August One, the brown paper bundle,—were not

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these things for which to be thankful? Surely the Gods were good to the faithful!

As she started to take out her key, she noticed that the door was unlocked. Anxiously she opened it: Nothing was disturbed. With a sigh of relief she closed and locked the door, removing the key. Of course there was no danger, but she sometimes feared the covetous look in Tsang's eyes. Queer, that she should think of them now. Yet somehow she felt as if they were looking at her then—boring, boring into her heart—THEY WERE THERE! She knew it, she could feel them slowly paralyzing her—if only she could turn her head and see. Minute after minute passed and still she stood there, motionless, helpless, afraid.

Then a fat, yellow hand grasped her arm and quite slowly and painfully twisted it till the key dropped on the floor, where another fat hand recovered it.

"Tsang!"

"Yes, Little Flower, it is I, Tsang."

At the sound of the suave, oily voice, San Foy's fear fled. With a swift movement she turned and flung her package straight into the round, leering face beside her. But Tsang was too quick for her, and the missile hit instead the picture of Wan Fu on the opposite wall.

"The Gods themselves direct your aim. May the Virtuous Lily be guided by their message!"

San Foy smiled craftily.

"Perhaps the illustrious Tsang has not heard that Wan Fu return in the morning?"

"But yes. So I have come tonight that the Little Flower and I may visit the golden shores of Happiness together, before Honorable Husband returns."

The lips of San Foy were very white now underneath their paint, and they quivered childishly. But her body was erect, defiant.

"Honorable Husband will kill!"

"He will not know. The Virtuous Lily will not tell him, for then, as one disgraced, she may not have care of Little One. Nor will Honorable Wife wound Honorable Husband by knowledge of her dishonor."

San Foy's silence attested the truth of his statement.

The oily voice continued:

"Also is it not told of many that they have lovers? And are you, San Foy, better than the princesses of China? And am I, Tsang, less handsome than the lovers of the princesses?"

San Foy closed her eyes and shuddered. But she could still see the fat, evil figure against the wall. His narrow eyes were almost lost in masses of flabby, yellow

low flesh. But she could feel them gloating over her own delicate figure, caressing its curves and the soft satin texture of her skin.

"Handsome?" she repeated — and laughed — laughed hysterically in shrill staccato tones.

Tsang did not move only his two yellow teeth protruded a little farther beyond his upper lip.

"The Little Flower laughs. But I will crush her petals until there is no more laughter in them. See."

Slowly he crept toward her.

San Foy wondered if it wasn't all a dream; if presently Wan Fu wouldn't come through the door. Oh, he was there! She could feel his strong arms about her, and his face next to her own. She breathed a little sigh of contentment as she felt his lips pressed to her's.—After that she was very still.

The little bronze Buddha who had watched so many strange things and events, watched the fat, old Chinaman and the flower-like young girl—and wondered.

II

San Foy stirred. Slowly she sat up and looked about the room, gradually revealing itself in the gray dawn. It was empty, desolate.

Suddenly the door into the hall banged shut at a sudden gust of wind. Then San Foy remembered. Today Honorable Husband would return. She must be ready! But somehow there was no smile on the white, drawn face, and the dark, sweet eyes were unutterably sad.

She rose and opening the door, awoke the baby. Claspings the dear little body in her arms she kissed it passionately.

"See, Little One, lie here till San Foy is ready," she murmured. And the little almond-shaped eyes looked into hers with perfect understanding.

Feverishly San Foy worked. The lips must be very red and the cheeks very pink. Each hair must be in place—so! Wan Fu had loved to smooth the soft, silky strands. Perhaps he would after—but she must not think of that. And then there was the paper package. She rescued it from where it had fallen and

carefully untied it. Within lay a pair of high heeled black satin oxfords. She laughed as she placed them on her feet. Even the most stupid could not deny that they were charming. Wan Fu had always loved her little feet. What was it he had called her? 'Lady of the Lily Feet.' He would notice the shoes at once—and she would laugh and tell him not to be so silly. But would she?

How queer! Was that a tear on her cheek? She must not cry. Wan Fu was coming home; besides, tears would spoil her complexion. And she must be very beautiful for Honorable Husband.

At last all was ready, and San Foy stole a final glimpse of herself in the glass. Yes,—she was lovely. Wan Fu would find her ready, waiting!

She stooped and gathered the baby from his cradle into her arms. He did not open his eyes.

"It is well, Little Moon. Sleep on, till Honorable Father return."

Gently she placed him on the bed. Then she glanced hurriedly about the tiny apartment. All was in order, except the broken pieces of glass from the picture of Wan Fu. She swept this away, and placed the picture beside the baby on the bed.

Quite calmly and fearlessly she lay down beside him, clasping him in her arms.

"Little Moon," she whispered into his ear, "you will tell him that it must be this way. I could not dishonor his love by my dishonor. So I go into the Great Silence."

And very deliberately she swallowed something she took from her hand.

In a moment the sweet voice murmured:

"Over the sea, like a sunbeam out of the fog."

After that she was very still.

III

The gray dawn had fled, and a little ray of sunlight pierced the fog and jumped merrily into the room.

Far out in the bay, an incoming vessel signalled to the wharf.

NANCY PATTISON.

The memories of you come back again
Like slow, unfolding waves upon a shore
All scarred with broken rocks that drop below
The shifting tides. The memories of you
Rise like a boundless ocean over all—
Then Night comes down to walk upon the sea—
The stars we loved— those stars that blessed the sky
Are rocking in the hollow of each wave.

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The Proposal À La Mode

I LOVE you with all the passionate force of my whole being. I love you with all the longing and tenderness of my throbbing heart. I love you with all the vast adoration of my inmost soul. Oh, beloved, I love you!" John nodded approval as he finished reading the passage. "Sounds pretty good. I'll try that."

He copied it carefully and returned the book to the librarian who smiled as she read the title—"Soul-mates".

John kept repeating the words to himself on his way home, and by the time he reached his house he had memorized as far as the second "I love you".

His lips were still visibly moving when he walked into the hall.

"Goodnight! Look at John, Mother," derided Jimmy, the younger son of the family, "He's talking to himself. Haw—haw—haw!"

The guffaw John stopped by a fusilade of books. As the dinner gong rang he leaped up the front stairs and down the back ones into the dining room while Jimmy picked them up.

"Where were you this afternoon, son?" Mother asked to start the conversation.

"Library", grunted John between mouthfuls.

"What did you read?"

"Love stories," shouted Jimmy, "Haw—haw—haw!"

"I was speaking to your brother, dear", was the gentle reprimand. "What did you read, John?"

"Books."

"What books?" Mother was patient.

"Oh nothing. Just books." John scowled ominously at his soup. Father started to speak but his wife shook her head and continued—

"Were they interesting, dear?"

"Good Lord, Mother", John expostulated with masculine irritability. "Why on earth do you always ask me those insane questions? You might have known I'd go to the library, you might have known I'd read books and you might have known they were interesting or I wouldn't have read them, and you might have known I can't be expected to remember the name of every single thing I ever happen to look at. Good Lord—"

"That will do, John", the voice of authority intercepted this tirade. "You may keep silent until you learn to answer questions civilly."

"Haw—" began Jimmy but stopped at a look from his mother.

"What did you do this afternoon, Jimmy?" she asked him.

"I played baseball with Al and Ted, mother", answered the younger son with conscious self-satisfaction, looking at John who was gazing unconcernedly at the beets. He was excluded in the ensuing conversation until his mother noticed that he was hastily bolting his food.

"Mercy", she exclaimed. "John, stop eating so fast."

"Well, I'm in a hurry. What's the use of poking along over a meal when I've got important things to do? Not supposed to talk when you eat anyway. Can't I have my dessert now?" John delivered this speech as gruffly as possible without arousing parental opposition again and at the same time without descending from his insulted dignity.

"No," objected his father, "you may not. You spend a little more effort eating respectably and practising polite conversation than dressing like a dude and talking nonsense to some silly girl."

"She's not silly and—" John's visage made a striking color harmony with the beets against the background of the room as he confusedly checked his defense.

"Haw—haw—haw. Haw—haw—haw." Now Jimmy's exultation was unreprimanded in the general surprise following the outburst.

"What on earth—" gasped both parents simultaneously.

"John's in love. John's in love. Haw—haw—haw." In his convulsive rocking back and forth Jimmy upset his plate into his lap and inadvertently thrust his head into the mashed potatoes.

While the dinner was being rescued, John escaped upstairs. He locked the door of his room to insure privacy and when he was practically calm again he took the paper out of his pocket and began softly,

"I love you with all the passionate force—"

When he decided he had memorized it sufficiently well, he began to dress. At the crucial moment of the parting of his hair there was a sudden and violent rattling of the door knob.

"What do you want?" growled John inhospitably as he viewed his slanting part spoiled by the interruption.

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VEGA BANJOS AT HOOK BROS.

"I got something to tell you," promised Jimmy from outside.

"Oh Lord. I wish you'd leave me alone." But he opened the door a little and stood in the opening.

"I want to watch you comb your hair, please, can I? It looks swell. Mine won't do that way." Jimmy slid craftily thru his brother's legs and perched on his desk. Flattered by the professed admiration, John planted himself before the mirror again and started the comb at the bridge of his nose.

"Do you always have to start your part at your nose to get it in the middle, do you?" Jimmy affected the servile tone of conciliation, but age and experience were immune. Youth is persistent tho—

"What if your nose wasn't in the middle of your face? Then you couldn't part your hair, could you? Gosh, I'm glad my nose is in the middle of my face even if I can't part my hair in the middle. It'd be funny if—"

"Shut up," roared John.

Jimmy did until he caught sight of a girl's picture on the chiffonier.

"Haw—haw—" he began his refrain and pointing his finger at it, started an Indian war dance around John. "Haw—haw—haw—" At this point he was picked up by the collar and pitched out into the hall. As he landed he heard the door slammed and locked. His parting thrust was—"I saw Louise and Ed Jones at the Majestic yesterday and he sat with his arm around her the whole time."

Attributing this statement to a desire for revenge, John disregarded it and turned his mind to the important business of selecting a tie. He put on a blue one first and then changed it for a purple to match his socks. This was discarded in favor of a red and white striped effect; but deciding that was too strong for his complexion, he ended by wearing the blue one.

When his appearance was finally satisfactory, he rehearsed his speech again, this time enriching it with gestures.

"I love you with all the passionate force of my whole being—" he extended his right arm forward, palm up, and stood on his left foot. "I love you with all the longing and tenderness of my throbbing heart—" his left hand was pressed over the spot theatrically assigned to that organ and his weight transferred to the other foot. "I love you with all the adoration—" both hands forward—"of my inmost soul—" head thrown back and to one side—"oh, beloved—" The orator stopped suddenly and his face lighted with inspiration. Calculatingly he crossed one foot behind the other and slowly descended to his knees. But after precariously tottering for a few

seconds, he abandoned the idea. After one more rehearsal with the most appealing gestures and inflection, John took his hat, painstakingly folded his silk handkerchief to exhibit the design in the corner most advantageously, and crept softly downstairs. As he reached the last step Jimmy came running into the hall, jeering—

"Look at John. I bet he's going to propose to-night." John rushed out of the house followed by the haunting "Haw—haw—haw."

He breathed deeply with relief in the air and walked briskly along, inwardly still coördinating words and gestures.

When he reached his destination, a small house surrounded by a shaded lawn, he paused under the street light, referred to his paper, straightened his tie, patted his handkerchief and entered the yard. As he approached the porch, he heard two voices—a man's and a girl's. He drew near, keeping in the shadow and listened astonished.

"Good Lord, Ed Jones", he muttered as he recognized the man's voice.

"Louise," it was saying tenderly, "Louise."

"Yes, Ed, what is it?"

There was a tense silence then John became instantly paralyzed as he heard—

"I love you with all the passionate force—" John's arm went instinctively forward at the familiar words "of my whole being." The boy on the lawn grew weak with strain. "I love you" continued the voice on the porch "with all the longing and—" it faltered—"and er—er—" John's lips were forming the next word when Louise spoke—

"—tenderness of my throbbing heart, Ed."

John jumped as if shot, in three leaps reached the sidewalk, and raced headlong down the street, his brain in a whirl, while the girl's laugh rang out into the night.

MIRA BOWLES.

When I am dying and life's colors fade
 Into gray light that is Eternity;
 When the red kisses of the Western sun
 Turn cold and pale against the Eastern sky;
 When the great blue of Heaven that sweeps around
 And down to meet the ends of Earth, is gone;
 When ev'rything I loved has drifted off
 Beyond the Vision of my closing eyes,
 Then play the lilting melody for me
 That Spring sang as she twined young April's hair
 With sweet May flowers.

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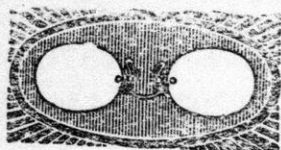
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TO A STRAY DOG SLEEPING IN A
PHILOSOPHY CLASS ROOM

Strange, tawny colored beast, with flopping ears
And drooping tail wrapped round your folded paws,
You are not interested in Kantian laws
Nor history of Philosophy's past years.
The room is warm and you are free of cares,
You blink brown eyes at philosophic saws
And sleep, nor give a damn for Primal Cause,
Dogmatically ignoring earthly fears.
You pick a fitting place in which to sleep
Lulled by the Professor's slow and droning voice
And boredom of long thinking, hard and deep.
There undisturbed by any other noise
In slumber the reward of toil you reap.
I'd like to join you. I approve your choice.

T. L. SCHOLTZ.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Child of the windy cloud,
Thou eager mountain stream!
Born when the thunder loud
Answers in tumult proud
To lightning's arrowy gleam.

Earth's happy verdure springs
Blooming about thy way,
As children's laughter rings
After a bird that sings
Joyous from twig to spray.

Swift in thine innocence,
Pure as sharp starry light,
Knowing not caring whence
Thy lucid radiance,
Scattered in bubbly flight.

Bending as poppy bells
Swung by each fragrant breeze,
Swelling as music swells,
Dropping through spray-wet dells
Like falling cadences.

What elemental zest
Buys each spark of spray
Toward its unquiet rest
Fainting in ocean's breasts
Swung by the slow moon's sway.

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The Book Shop

Debs: His Authorized Life And Letters: David Karsner, Boni & Liveright, New York, 1919

These may not be the days of witchcraft or the inquisition, but the civilized world has not yet overcome its attitude toward the heretic— regarding him as some strange mistake of Creation, or some Faust who has sold himself to the Devil in the attempt to probe the mysteries of the Universe. And if the heretic happens to be one of our own group, we condemn him all the more heartily; so we may overlook a Barbusse, a Liebknecht, a Nicolai, a Bertrand Russel or a George Lansbury, but we cannot forgive a Debs, a Kate Richards O'Hare, or a Carl Haessler. Yet at the same time, his being one of our own group prevents so many of us, from making his acquaintance intellectually and personally.

Of course there are in our very midst, men who see both sides of the case and can write sympathetically of both. In a volume of poetry to be published ("Debs and the Poets") to which James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, Edwin Markham, Horace Traubel, John Cowper Powys, Witter Bynner and Professor Leonard are contributors, the last named writes:

"So let it be— a state must have firm laws
And watchful citizens that balk
Against a wagging tongue—
And one grown gray and gaunt with too much talk,
Who has long since forgotten when to pause,
Or how to please,
May trip at last— even in democracies—
And, chiefly, if he tamper with the young,
And worship not the old divinities.

* * * * *
So be it— his was fair trial and the due appeal
Under those just, majestic guarantees
That give the stars-and-stripes their destinies
Over free (but ordered) common weal! . . .
They made report, this row of staunch patricians,
Unto the bald lone tall men of the plebs;
They bore no grudge, they took no gold,
They may have loved him— for they too were old;
But seated in their ancient nine positions,
They sealed the prison sunset-years for Debs—
As vindicators of those stern traditions
That tore from black Dred Scott his freeman's shirt,
And locked free child in factory dark and dirt."

The Karsner biography of Debs loses a little in clearness of expression of the various issues and events of his great struggles in the very justifiable effort to make Debs the great, human person he is.

"I am not a Labor Leader", Debs said in one of his speeches to an audience of worker, "I do not want you to follow me or any one else. If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of this capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into this promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, some one else would lead you out. You must use your heads as well as your hands."

Here is a defiance of Carlyle's philosophy by one of the

men who has been hailed by his fellow-workers as the type of leader Carlyle would have. The defiance is truly in the frank, open spirit of American individualism which has enlisted itself for the social good— even when the conception of the social good is an unorthodox one. Its being heretical no more proves it right than were it the accepted view—but the method and the spirit in which the man strives for his ideal, deserve our admiration— certainly our attention.

E. G.

The Art Of The Novelist— Henry Burrowes Lathrop—Dodd, Mead and Co.

Prof. Lathrop says in the preface of his book, *The Art of the Novelist*;

"This book is for novel-readers. It is meant for those who have unreflectively and sympathetically read so many novels that they have begun to think about them, who have lived within the realm of the story-teller long enough to have some standards and ideals of their own, but have not defined these standards and ideals and thought them out into clear consciousness."

With a great deal of insight and an excellent, resourceful knowledge of the subject, Prof. Lathrop performs very well indeed the task he sets for himself in the preface. First, he gives us the historical setting of the novel, the causes of its comparatively recent development, and the inevitability of its growth and importance. In succeeding chapters he deals with the *Sources of Interest*, the *Fable* (or plot), *Character, Tragedy and Comedy, Setting, and Point of View*. His book involves technicalities— that is the technicalities concerned with an appreciation of the novel— but rather than being a formidable treatise dealing merely with rules and dry standards, it is a charmingly intimate study, humorous, profound, catching the spirit of the novels he mentions and blending it with the persistent spirit of the ideal novel— that novel which helps us set our standards and render our judgments.

"In the perfect work never to be made by man," he says, "the imaginative force has been so great, and the obedience to it so complete that the realization of the fictitious world within the author's mind is absolute;— complete and harmonious as a whole and vivid and definite in all its parts; having the variety, the energy, the unity, the movement of a living organism."

It is difficult to focus the excellencies of Prof. Lathrop's book into the small space of a review. Perhaps its most outstanding charm is the ease and confidence of the author— his extensive knowledge of the novel and of novels from which he constantly draws apt and pleasing examples.

Prof. Lathrop gives the novel a *raison d'etre* which puts our minds at ease in regard to the enjoyment we get from reading them.

"It is indeed the imaginative effort required to make the difficult and remote possibilities of humanity our own that literary study affords its chief ethical discipline.

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'Art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill;—'

to the temper, say, of Montaigne, who recognizes that healthy humanity is but a compound of sickly qualities, in approximate and unstable balance. The shining vanities and flaming ambitions of youth settling into contented (or discontented) baldness, and the measuring of tape, the humiliation that Goethe remarks upon, of being twice in love,— these are its objects. First is the comicality of the hunchback or the dwarf, then the ridiculousness of the clothed animal, then the lovable absurdity of the forked radish itself."

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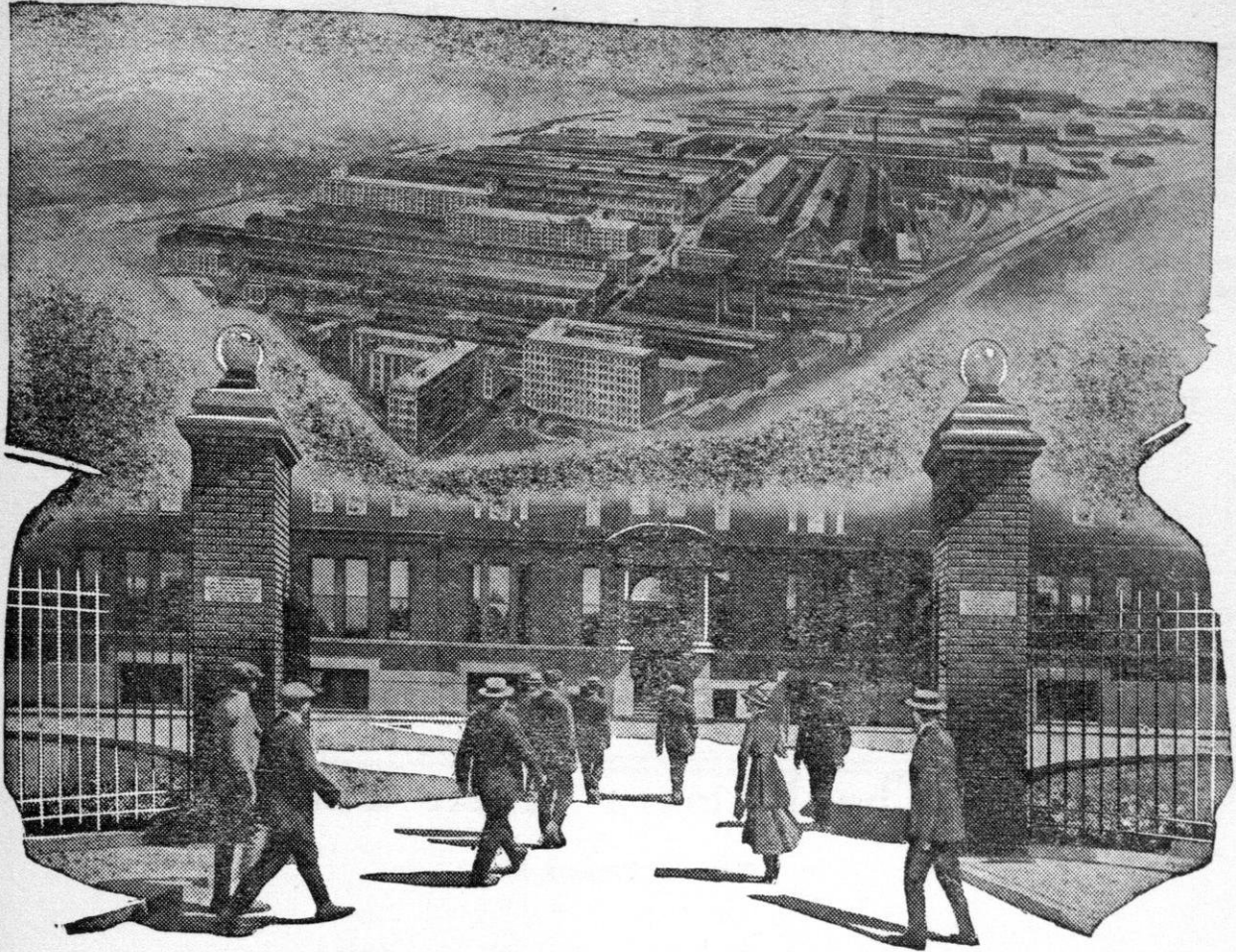
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