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*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XVIII



Number 5

Those Who Wait

Marian Felix

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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February, 1919

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII

Madison, February, 1919

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WHAT are students thinking these days? We have given this question much thought during the last few weeks, for there is so much to think about that it hardly seems possible they are not thinking at all. But where is the expression of their thoughts? We have searched for it in discussionals, in classes, in the student papers; but there is never a word except about prom, and basket ball, and hikes, and mixers.

In European universities the students are the leaders in all new movements. They delight in fostering idealistic dreams of future perfection. The socialist leaders in France are fresh from the universities; in Germany of the past the idealists in political and social reforms were students. But all this seems sadly lacking in our own university, sadly—not because we are

not Bolsheviki leaders, or radical anarchists, but that we are not trying our intellectual wings on the problems of the present.

There is some vague talk about a league of nations. Are we for it or against it? We are not sure, but Prom must be held in the capitol. There is unrest in the labor world. Is the working man justified in his demands? We do not know, but certainly the next mixer must have more "pep" or it will not be a success. Should the government retain control of the railroads? Who cares, if the basket ball team will get into form and win a game—certainly not the student body!

Such indifference to the affairs of men, of the country, and of the world is disheartening. Why are we attending the university if not to prepare ourselves to undertake better the solution of these or other problems? Certainly not all of us are going to be content to be dancing masters, and cheer leaders. Perhaps we haven't the mental calibre to be anything else. If so, we certainly are out of place and belong rather in a "finishing" school where, with no exertion on our part, we may be finished for good and all.

Of course we are not Bolsheviki, but what are we? We are not conservatives either. We are smugly nothing, trusting to luck that somebody else will settle our problems as conveniently as possible for our comfort.

Well, in all probability somebody will—somebody always has in the past. At least, it is worth hoping for that somebody will again.

J. W. G.

SO MUCH is heard these days of Americanizing foreigners and educating the mass, that we sometimes wonder whether the importance of educating our so-called intellectual class and Americanizing the American University student is not being forgotten. Let us state the problem in another way?

Has there not been a tendency of late years to overlook the threatening growth of provincialism and sectionalism in American life in general and in student life in particular. The student is apt to think too much as an Easterner, a Southerner or a Middle Westerner and too little as an American. It has not been entirely his fault, for many states have on the whole put a premium on provincialism by discrimination against students of another state. Of course, a non-resident fee does not hamper all, but it bars many of the most eager minds all over the country from taking advantage of American institutions.

Can we blame the state entirely? Can we blame the Legislature and the taxpayers who protest that they do not want to bear the burden of educating non-residents? Competition among the states, and between the endowed and state institutions may be unequal. Many prominent educators are advocating national scholarships for graduate and undergraduate work. Some states have attempted to let down the bars, by legislative scholarships. But the numbers who still eagerly knock at our gates is large. What are the universities going to do about them?

E. G.

WE WERE interested in this excerpt from the prospectus of the New School for Social Research which is being opened in New York City this year.

"The regular students will be presumed to be in the school to carry on each for himself his own chosen work with the help of the men and books which are put at his disposal. In every case each of them will have his special line of outside investigation into the social and economic and political phenomena of the world in which we live. This line he will be pursuing, regardless of terms and lectures, with such persistence as his energy permits. Informal discussion, reading, individual pondering, and above all a constant anxiety to get a first hand acquaintance with what is actually going on, will be the main ambitions of this new school.

"There will be no ordinary 'examinations', no system of accounting which enables the indifferent student to accumulate academic credit bit by bit. The only credit possible will be the willingness of the instructors to express approval of the students' ability, achievements, and promise."

To those of us who have a definite aim in attending the University of Wisconsin, this quotation is an editorial in itself. But for the rest of us—we who are tasting of higher education merely to pass away a few inconvenient years of our lives while we grow up—there is something in this plan of college which is worth thinking about. First of all how many of us would and do conscientiously attend class where no roll is taken? How many of us do the work assigned when no record is made of that work, and when that work is not checked up? How many of us under such a loose system of discipline would expect our instructors "to express approval of our ability, achievements, and promise?" Too few we are afraid compared with the number of diplomas and degrees being handed out by our dignified faculty each year. Examinations are life savers for many of us—and roll calls keep us attending classes fairly regularly. Take them away and leave all to what we were able to show our instructors through our improvement and ability that we were worth, and I fear we careless, easy-going students would find hard work ever necessary. But what an awful place this would be in which to go to school! Think of how much we should learn! The very idea of it gives us the horrors!

J. W. G.

SINCE we feel that the expressions of so distinguished a critic as Ludwig Lewisohn concerning one of our own university should interest us all,—who are apt to think of our professors only as such, and to forget that they are also men who have created for themselves a position of honor in the world at large,—we reprint from "The Bookman" a part of an article by Mr. Lewisohn, which he calls, "The Problem of Modern Poetry":

Among the American contemporaries who have avoided melodramatic narrative on the one hand and unrhythmed verse on the other and who are, nevertheless, strikingly modern in the form and substance of their work, I would name Mr. Vachel Lindsay and Mr. William Ellery Leonard. On Mr. Lindsay I shall dwell but a moment. His talent has been widely recognized and does not need my support. He has perceived with an acuteness almost creative the value of a folk tradition and a folk-life to the poet, and has sought to create both under the ribs of the Puritanism of the Middle West. His ability is, of course, beyond question. But he has forgotten that the true folk traditions are sincere and passionate and humane and that Puritanism is stealthy and cold and merciless. Or, rather, he would not admit that fact. And hence any

further criticism of his highly interesting work would carry me quite away from the frame and intention of this discussion.

It is quite otherwise with Mr. Leonard. He is a scholar of very rare attainments and philosophical breadth, and has always lived in contact with the central intellectual life of the world. He has never neglected, as no true poet can neglect, the concrete and the temporal; but he has always instinctively transcended both in art and life, the tribal and the provincial. Although so modern in his mood and technique, he belongs to an order of the mind rarely represented among contemporary poets, and this has perhaps sufficed to cause the almost perverse niggardliness of the recognition accorded him.

He began, like all the moderns, as an active insurgent against a fashionable school of poetry:

*Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace.*

He lived much with nature and found in Byron a kindred energy and largeness. But even in those earlier days sharp experiences wrung verses from him which Symons might have written and which, in fact, the older poet has approved:

*I took my berth to close my eyes and weep;
I recked of nothing—I was on the deep.*

This direct and realistic strain came out always more clearly in his work which is now remarkable—and I am weighing my words well—for a blending of philosophic vision with a concrete and marrowy homeliness of speech and image. Thus in a group of poems called "The Unjust" he writes:

*Yet my old hate is but the poet's hate
Even for the ideal villain of the mind—
The mind alert forever to create
Its perfect type from every form it find—
The man himself could enter at my gate
Like any stranger with his dog behind.*

And another poem on his boyish "mastery of exercise and game" ends with these verses:

*And these, with mastery of plane and saw,
Judged as traditions of wise years behind,
No less than legend, language, art and law—
I mean as wisdom of our human kind—
I hold, with something of historic awe,
Among the assets of a noble mind.*

These passages do not represent Leonard at his height of sheer poetic power. They are meant to illustrate his constant use of plain prosaic diction and

structure and his equally constant intensity of movement and high spiritual energy. These qualities all find their fullest expression in a psychological epic of modern life called "The Woman and I." In this poem Leonard attempted to treat the characters and scenes of his age and country with the realism and homeliness, the analytical energy and imaginative sweep which Meredith achieved in "Modern Love." Like the story of the great Victorian, "The Woman and I" is drawn from the experience of its author. But though remaining concrete and individual it has been transmuted in the fires of imagination and of thought. What was subjective in it he has rendered objective to himself in art and has so added his own conflict to the significant sum of human life and suffering. And in this poem he has again and again, in section after section, recorded the realities of our American life in mood and color and gesture with an exactness and unflinching poetry hitherto unachieved by any other writer. I have left myself no space to quote one of the descriptive sections. But I am anxious to give one of those in which Leonard has so impressively conquered for the art of poetry, our sober, scientific, modern reflection on the sources of human character and conduct:

*We act in crises not as one who dons
A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
With walnut gavel, before high window-frame,
Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze;
We act in crises not by pros and cons
Of volumes in brown calfskin still the same:
But like the birds and beasts, from which we came,
By the long trend of character—the fons
Fons et origo—fountainhead and source—
Of deeper conduct. . . .*

I can read the work of nearly all my contemporaries with a degree of pleasure. I would not have one of them, even were the wish less futile, other than he is. But it is time for us to learn both for the sake of the joy that fine work gives and for its fruitful effect upon the art of others, that in Leonard we have a poet from whom we may, if we please, withhold the plaudits of our day and his, but to whom the graver voices of posterity and fame will be more kind.—(Reprinted from "The Bookman" for January, 1919.)

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Those Who Wait

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Henderson—a prosperous business man.
 Mrs. Henderson—his wife.
 Madelaine—their daughter.
 Mary Rogers—Madelaine's best friend.
 Jack Rogers—her husband, in the army.
 Bruce Warden—in love with Madelaine; also in the army.
 James—the Hendersons house man.
 Della—his wife; formerly Madelaine's nurse; now the Hendersons' cook.
 Mildred, Celia, Jane, Margaret—Four chums of Mary and Madelaine.

ACT I.

*Scene 1:** The garden of the Hendersons' house, at 1:00 o'clock on a midsummer day, 1918.

Scene 2: The living room of the Hendersons' house, about 4:00 o'clock the same day.

ACT II.

*Scene 1:** Madelaine's bed-room; 7:30 the same evening.

Scene 2: The garden, an hour later.

ACT III.

The living room of the Hendersons' house on afternoon in October, two years later.

ACT I.

The garden of the Hendersons' home, 1:00 o'clock on an afternoon in midsummer, 1918. The house stands at the right, the windows of the living room and long French doors which open into the dining room, give on the lawn. There is a wall at the back of the garden and at the left back corner a gate through which may be seen a street. There are large trees and bushes in the garden. Beyond them one has a glimpse of other houses. Forward, toward the left, is set a small table, beautifully laid and profusely decorated with flowers intertwined with American flags. In the center is a large bride's bouquet of lilies of the valley, from which extend six streamers of ribbon.

*Owing to lack of space certain scenes have been condensed.

Mary, Madelaine and their four girl friends are seated around the table, in light dresses and garden hats. They are talking excitedly as the curtain rises.

SKETCH OF SCENE

The girls pull the ribbon, which causes the bridal bouquet to separate into six smaller bouquets, disclosing a silver tea service, a gift to Mary from her five intimate friends. Mary has been married in great haste to Jack, who is in the army, and has just returned from a short wedding trip.

The girls tease Madelaine about Bruce, asking when he is coming back and when they are to be married. She will not tell them anything, even whether or not she and Bruce are engaged.

The talk drifts to the war and stories of the treatment of prisoners, etc. Della, who is serving, suddenly bursts into tears and runs into the house. Madelaine follows hastily, and returning explains to the girls that James received his notice to report that morning and that Della is upset. The girls volunteer to serve themselves and all go into the house except Madelaine and Mary. From what the two girls say, we are led to believe that Madelaine and Bruce are probably engaged.

The girls come back and are talking.

In a few minutes there is a clear man's whistle from outside. The girls listen. Mary has half started up. Madelaine is holding her cup in mid-air, with a arrested expression. The whistle is repeated.

Mary: (*Sinking back, disappointed*) I thought it was Jack. (*The whistle is repeated again, this time nearer.*)

Madelaine: (*Jumping up and almost overturning her tea cup*) It's Bruce;

Two young men in uniform appear through the gate. The girls rush toward them, all except Madelaine, who stands perfectly still.

There is some general talk. Madelaine and Bruce seem hardly able to keep their eyes off each other, but feign elaborate indifference.

In a few moments Jack and the girls go out to see Jack's new car. Bruce and Madelaine are left alone.

Bruce: (*Looking rapidly about and then drawing Madelaine to him and kissing her*) But, dearest, I thought you were going to meet me.

Madelaine: How could I, silly? You said you were going to telegraph. Oh, I'm so happy. When are we going to tell Daddy?

It appears that Della in her distress forgot to give the telegram to Madelaine.

They plan to tell Mr. and Mrs. Henderson that evening. Bruce pulls out Madelaine's ring and is kissing her when the young people steal back and catch them. There is teasing and a general announcement. In the midst of the fun Bruce discovers that it is time for him to report at the office of one of the commanders, and he is just taking his leave when Mr. Henderson comes home unexpectedly early. He seems upset about something and greets Bruce very coolly.

Bruce goes with Jack and Mary in Jack's car and Madelaine goes out with the other girls to walk part of the way with them.

Curtain.

ACT I.

Scene 2

The Henderesons' living room; 4:00 o'clock the same afternoon. It is furnished in the modern style and with some luxury. On the wall to the right is a door and further forward a large fire-place. At the back (right) is a door into the entrance hall. Further over, several casement windows looking out on trees and the garden. In the right wall are large doors leading into the dining room. There are book cases between the windows, comfortable chairs, a sofa and a table holding books and the current magazines.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson are seated near the fire. Mrs. Henderson knitting, Mr. Henderson smoking moodily and flipping over the pages of a magazine.

Mrs. Henderson: But why won't you tell me what you are so upset about, and why you came home early? Is anything wrong?

Mr. Henderson: That's just what I'm wondering. Bruce Warden's in town.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Surprised at his tone*) Why, I know it. He got in this noon. Didn't you see him as you came in?

Mr. Henderson: Yes, I certainly did.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Knitting*) I'm anxious to see the boy. Madelaine is so happy she doesn't know what to do with herself.

Mr. Henderson: Humph!

Mrs. Henderson: How does Bruce look? I suppose he's brown as an Indian.

Mr. Henderson: (*Grunts assent*) (*Suddenly*) Say, Grace, did Madelaine say anything—anything—about—(*Squirring around in his chair*) Oh! It's too confounded crazy even for those scatter-brains!

Mrs. Henderson: Why, dear, what are you talking about?

Mr. Henderson: (*Pulling out a cigar and lighting it, moodily*) Did they say anything about getting married?

Mrs. Henderson: Married!

Mr. Henderson: Yes; she and Bruce.

Mrs. Henderson: Heavens, no! What put a thing like that into your head?

Mr. Henderson: (*Chewing the end of his cigar and thinking*) Humph!

Mrs. Henderson: They didn't say anything to you, did they?

Mr. Henderson: To me? Not exactly!

Mrs. Henderson: (*Reassured*) Oh! That's impossible. Maddy has too much sense.

Mr. Henderson: (*Irritated*) Too much sense, the devil! My dear, when you get over thinking your daughter a cross between an angel and a genius, you'll both be better off.

Mrs. Henderson: Tom!

(*Mr. Henderson continues to chew his cigar and to gaze moodily into the fire.*)

Mr. Henderson: What I can't understand is that young jack-a-napes, Bruce.

Mrs. Henderson: It's probably all a mistake. What put such a thing into your head?

Mr. Henderson: George Wetherell.

Mrs. Henderson: But what does he know about it?

Mr. Henderson: (*Peevishly*) What the hell do I know?

Mrs. Henderson: Tom!

Mr. Henderson: (*Changing his position to look at her. In a different voice*) I'm afraid there's something in it, Grace. I was telling Wetherell what a fool I thought he was to let his Mary marry that Rogers youngster, when nobody knows how long he'll be in this country. He looked surprised and said Mary told him that Madelaine was going to marry Bruce this week.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Upset*) Oh, Tom! Maddy wouldn't do such a thing.

Mr. Henderson: A girl's best friend usually knows such things before her parents.

Mrs. Henderson: She couldn't—it's too dangerous.

Mr. Henderson: Humph! (*Breaking out*) There's not a damn bit of reason in the whole thing, but that's no sign. I'm going to talk to Maddy when she comes home.

Mrs. Henderson: Hadn't you better wait until they say something to us?

Mr. Henderson: Wait? Not a bit of it! I'm going to catch this thing while it's young. (*There is a silence. Mr. Henderson picks up a magazine, flips the paper over, and throws it down. Mrs. Henderson knits.*)

Mrs. Henderson: James got his notice to-day.

Mr. Henderson: (*Indifferently*) Did he? When does he go?

Mrs. Henderson: Day after tomorrow. Poor fellow! I guess he hates to.

(*Another silence*)

Mrs. Henderson: (*Timidly*) You'll be careful if you speak to Maddy, won't you, Tom? She's awfully in love with Bruce.

Mr. Henderson: A fine, romantic calf love! They grew up together.

Mrs. Henderson: But she's twenty. If she were sixteen—

Mr. Henderson: Twenty's the worst age of all. They think they know such a lot, and they're usually making their biggest mistakes. I'm not going to let her spoil her life just because she's twenty!

Mrs. Henderson: No, no. It mustn't be allowed. It's too dangerous. But you'll be careful, won't you? Please Tom.

Mr. Henderson: Oh, all right. I'll treat the young lady as though she were in cotton-wool. (*There is the sound of the outside door closing*) I guess she's coming now. We'd better get it over with.

Mrs. Henderson: Don't be hard on her, Tom.

(*Enter Madelaine*)

Madelaine: Oh, Mummy, such a wonderful party! And Bruce is here. He had to report some place down town, but he'll be back this evening.

Mrs. Henderson: That's lovely, dear. What did he have to say?

Madelaine: Just lots of things. Wait a few moments and I'll come back and tell you all about it. (*She starts out of door to right.*)

Mr. Henderson: Maddy, wait. We want to ask you something.

Mrs. Henderson: Come and sit down on the arm of mother's chair, dear.

(*Madelaine goes and sits on the arm of her mother's chair, looking wonderingly from one to the other.*)

Mr. Henderson: I overheard something to-day.

Madelaine: Yes, Dad?

Mr. Henderson: Did you—Were you—Were you thinking of marrying Bruce before he left?

Madelaine: Why—Yes, Dad.

Mrs. Henderson: Madelaine! *Why* didn't you tell us?

Madelaine: Why, we thought we'd wait until Bruce came back.

Mr. Henderson: But Bruce doesn't know when he's going away.

Madelaine: I know. But he may have a month now. The Captain wasn't sure.

Mrs. Henderson: But then he'll be going anywhere, —maybe to France.

Madelaine: Not for a few months. I could go to camp and see him sometimes.

Mr. Henderson: Not even the officers are allowed to have their wives.

Madelaine: I know, Dad. But I could live near him. He'd have leave. And, anyway, he may get a commission and stay near home for awhile.

Mr. Henderson: And what did you suppose *we'd* think of all this?

Madelaine: But you like Bruce, Dad!

Mr. Henderson: Of course, but I can't imagine what the boy's thinking of!

Madelaine: You've always expected us to marry. You've joked about it ever since we were ten.

Mr. Henderson: That's different.

Madelaine: I don't see why.

Mrs. Henderson: We thought perhaps you two might marry sometime, but not under circumstances like this.

Madelaine: Everyone I know is marrying,—even Mary and Jack last week. And I'm old enough.

Mr. Henderson: That's not the point at all. It's madness the way these children throw their lives away for the sake of ten days together!

Mrs. Henderson: Oh, Madelaine! You couldn't.

Madelaine: I don't see why not. We love each other.

Mr. Henderson: Love! My dear child, I hope you have four or five affairs such as this before you find the man you want to marry. You've grown up with the idea; that's all.

Madelaine: (*Slipping down from the arm of the chair, angrily.*) Father!

Mrs. Henderson: Tom, be careful.

Mr. Henderson: That's all right, Kiddie, but listen to Dad awhile. You know he doesn't want anything but your happiness. When the war broke out this occurred to mother and him, but when Bruce enlisted and nothing was said, we thought you had decided otherwise. We were proud of your good sense. Why, my dear, how do you and that boy know whether you'll love each other after the fire testing of this war! At any other time it might be all right, but just now the girls and boys are feeling romantic about the whole thing,—and many of them are being foolish.

Madelaine: But I don't see why it's foolish to marry the man you love when he's willing to give his life for you. It isn't as if we'd known each other only a few months. We've grown up together. (*Lowering her head a little, shyly*) And—We've been engaged a month.

Mr. Henderson: A month! What do you mean?
(*Angrily*) How dare you not tell us? A nice thing, to have him say nothing to me!

Madelaine: He wrote me. (*Steadily*) Father, you aren't fair to Bruce. He is coming to ask you tonight.

Mr. Henderson: Hmmm! That's certainly unfortunate! I have an engagement. But suppose you and I discuss this a little further. How do you expect to live when he's gone?

Madelaine: I don't know. Bruce has a little.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Timidly*) You could take care of her, Tom.

Mr. Henderson: (*Throwing an annoyed glance at his wife*) Suppose I refuse.

Madelaine: (*With her head high*) I'd work!

Mr. Henderson: What could you do?

Madelaine: What other girls are doing. There will be plenty of work for everybody, with the boys gone.

Mr. Henderson: (*Studying her thoughtfully*) Hmmm! But suppose—

Mrs. Henderson: (*Quickly*) You'd take care of her, Tom!

Mr. Henderson: (*Under his breath*) They're a pair of babies! (*Getting hold of himself and speaking quietly*) My dear, I want you to look at this sensibly. It isn't a question of support. You know we'd never let our daughter starve. That isn't the question. You and Bruce would be undergoing totally different experiences. When he came back, you would be like strangers to each other.

Madelaine: (*Starting forward*) O! Dad, no! Oh, you don't understand! We—

Mr. Henderson: Yes, *I do* understand, child!

Mrs. Henderson: Tom! Let her talk.

Madelaine: I don't see any use.

Mrs. Henderson: Go ahead, dear. (*Madelaine is silent, fingering the cover of a magazine behind her*).

Mr. Henderson: Maddy, when I was a little boy, I remember a woman coming to our house and asking if my father was Colonel Henderson who had disappeared in the war. Mother told her father had been in the war, but was a lieutenant. She sat down in our parlor to wait. We children peeked at her around the curtains. She was all in black, and sat up straight on one of our old fashioned chairs. When Father came, she looked at him and then begged their pardon, and went away. When I was older, your grandmother told me about her. She had looked for her husband for ten years, visiting all the Hendersons she

heard of. No one ever knew whether he had been killed or not.

Madelaine: Well?

Mr. Henderson: My dear, if you married Bruce, he might never come back and you would never know whether he was alive or dead. Women like that are neither wives nor widows. You might come to care for some other man and would never know whether you were free to marry him.

Madelaine: (*Walking about nervously*) (*Softly*) Oh-h-h! I'm not thinking of marrying a second time,—yet.

Mrs. Henderson: Tom! She doesn't care about that, now.

Mr. Henderson: But she should care. She's got to think what she's doing.

Madelaine: (*Stopping in front of him*) I have thought. I'm going to marry him. Father, listen. I'll never love any other man as I love Bruce. I'm not afraid of our losing touch with each other. I mean to give myself at home as he does over there. You don't know how close we are, or how we understand each other. I want him to go, and I'm proud of him. Oh, Mother! Don't you understand? It isn't just that we're good friends. We love each other so!

Mrs. Henderson: He may be killed, dear.

Madelaine: And if he is, how do you suppose I should feel if I had refused to give him the thing he wants most! You've said that if I were a boy I should go. Do you want me to be a slacker because I'm a girl?

Mr. Henderson: That isn't slacking. It's plain good sense. You can help him just as well not married to him. He can fight for his sweetheart, as well as for his wife. Stop thinking of Bruce and think of yourself a little.

Madelaine: I am thinking of myself! If he is killed, at least we shall have had each other a little while.

Mrs. Henderson: It would be much harder for you to let him go if you were married.

Madelaine: No, it wouldn't; no, it wouldn't. We shall have something close that is all our own, something nothing can take away from us.

Mr. Henderson: People are not always celestially happy on their honeymoons, my dear.

Madelaine: Oh, Dad, why won't you see!

Mr. Henderson: I do see. Many more things than you will even look at. (*With a glance at Mrs. Henderson*) Madelaine,—suppose you should have a child.

Madelaine: We've talked about that. Bruce thinks it's foolish for people to have them under circumstances like that. We wouldn't.

Mr. Henderson: It can't always be helped, my dear.

Madelaine: But we wouldn't.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Gently*) You can't be sure, Maddy. (*There is a little silence. Madelaine is looking at the floor. Suddenly she throws her head up and looks at them with her eyes shining.*)

Madelaine: I'd love it!

Mr. Henderson: And is something should happen to me or to my business, how would you take care of it? You couldn't work with a little baby.

Madelaine: Yes, I could.

Mrs. Henderson: Oh, Maddy—Child, no!

Mr. Henderson: (*Watching her closely*) Intelligent people don't have any right to bring children into the world without some prospect of taking care of them.

Madelaine: (*Miserably*) But it's only a chance that we might have one.

Mr. Henderson: You have to count on a chance like that as though it were a certainty.

Madelaine: (*Slowly*) But we'd have as much chance of taking care of it as most people.

Mr. Henderson: That's the criminal part of it.

Madelaine: More than most.

Mr. Henderson: Yes.

Mrs. Henderson: Think of the little children of Belgium, Maddy.

Madelaine: But we're not like Belgium.

Mr. Henderson: We may starve, even here. (*Madelaine says nothing. She is thinking miserably.*)

Mrs. Henderson: What do you think of what Father says, dear?

Madelaine: (*Slowly*) I don't know.

Mr. Henderson: Madelaine, that isn't all. Marriage makes it much harder for a man to go away. You can make Bruce happier and help him more by writing and loving him as his sweetheart than his wife.

Madelaine: Bruce doesn't think that.

Mr. Henderson: Bruce doesn't know anything about it. There are dangers on the other side to which marriage would expose him.

Mrs. Henderson: Daddy is right, dear.

Madelaine: Oh,—don't.

(*There is a silence. The clock strikes five.*)

Mrs. Henderson: Tom, we must dress for dinner.

Mr. Henderson: Right away. (*Madelaine has walked over to the bookcase and is standing with her head on her hands*) Is Bruce coming up this evening?

Madelaine: Yes.

Mr. Henderson: Tell him to come to see me tomorrow.

Madelaine: He has to go out to camp.

Mr. Henderson: Well,—some other time then. (*Go-*

ing to her and turning her gently around by the shoulders.) Daughter, you wouldn't be so foolish as to marry secretly, would you?

Madelaine: No.

Mr. Henderson: Will you promise Dad? You know he cares for nothing but your happiness.

Madelaine: (*Turning her head away*) I promise.

Mr. Henderson: Thank you, Kiddie.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Looking at Madelaine pityingly*) Come on upstairs with Mother, dear. (*Madelaine does not answer. She stands where she is until they have gone out. Then she walks uncertainly about the room for a few moments and rushes suddenly out door to left.*)

(*Curtain*)

ACT II.

Scene 1

(*Madelaine's bedroom; 7:30 that evening. The shades are lowered. As the curtain rises Madelaine is seen lying face down on the bed. There is a short silence, then someone knocks on the door.*)

Della: (*From outside*) Miss Maddy, Miss Maddy. Won't you let me in?

(*After a moment Madelaine turns slowly over and gets up. She unlocks the door. Della enters, carrying a tray.*)

Your Mother had to go. She told me to see that you ate something.

(*Madelaine throws herself back on the bed in the same attitude as before.*)

Now, now, dearie, don't do that. (*Putting the tray on a chair and going about putting on the lights*) Sit up and eat something. Miss Mary telephoned that she has something wonderful to show you and she'll be in any minute.

(*Mary comes in. She has a lot of new things to tell Maddy and does not at first notice the latter's preoccupation and that she has been crying. At last she does and when Madelaine explains she is disposed to treat it lightly.*)

Mary: Pooh! Daddy carried on too when Jack first proposed, but when he saw we really cared for each other he gave in. Now he's just as glad we did it as we are.

Madelaine: (*Doubtfully*) But all the things Dad said—I've thought of most of them before, of course, but somehow they sounded different the way he put them.

Mary: Oh, I know all about it. "You won't be able to go around with the boys the way you would if you weren't married", and "It will put you on the shelf at twenty-one", and all that rot. What do they know about it? Conditions weren't a bit the same when they were young.

Anyway, who wants to spend her whole life chasing around like a sixteen-year-old? I'm mighty glad I've got Jack. Getting married is the most fun I've ever had.

(Madelaine doesn't answer, but she begins to look more cheerful.)

Della: *(Entering with a pitcher and glass on a tray)* Here's some ice water, Cushla. *(Mary takes the pitcher and pours some water from it onto a towel, mopping Madelaine's face and hands. Madelaine drinks the glass of water which Della gives her, thirstily.)*

Mary: There. Now you look better. If Bruce is coming at 8:30, you'd better hurry into some clothes.

ACT II.

Scene 2.

The garden at 8:30 that evening. It is growing dark. Patches of light from the drawing room fall through the long windows onto the lawn. The garden seat, however, is out of range of the light, in the shade of the trees. As the scene progresses the light from the full moon shines from beyond the house, making wonderful deep shadows of the trees and bushes, and illuminating the garden seat.

Madelaine enters the garden from the house, in a simple dinner dress. She is carrying a knitting bag. She pulls the garden seat around to place it in a comfortable position, arranges herself on it and starts to knit. Drops her knitting, gets up and starts to rearrange everything again.

There is a long clear whistle from beyond the garden. Madelaine starts forward, hesitates, comes slowly back, and suddenly hurries into a chair, with her back to the gate, and begins to knit as Bruce enters the garden.

Bruce: Hello, Sweetheart. *(Madelaine starts as violently as though she didn't know he was there, half gets up and then sinks back into her chair uncertainly. Bruce lays his hat on the table.)* *(Going over and kissing her)* How's my sweetheart? Where is your father? *(Laughing)* I suppose we might as well get it over with.

Madelaine: *(In a smothered voice)* Daddy had to go out.

Bruce: *(Taken aback)* Isn't that just my luck. I should have called him up and asked when I could see him. I might have caught him this afternoon. There isn't much time either. *(Seriously)* I found a note from the Captain when I got back. I have to report two weeks from to-day.

Madelaine: Oh—Bruce!

Bruce: *(Cheerily)* It's not quite as long as we ex-

pected, but it's a lot better than nothing. We can be married quietly in a couple of days and we'll have a fortnight together. *(With enthusiasm)* I've been thinking. It seems to me it would be better if we went to Deerfield instead of on that trip. We can be all by ourselves until I have to go.

Madelaine: But Deerfield is so cold just now.

Bruce: It's ripping! You ought to see the trees. I never knew what the country was until I saw Deerfield in the summer. The lake is wonderful, and you just ought to see the deer in the woods.

Madelaine: *(With a sort of unwillingness)* I know.

Bruce: Oh, Maddy, it will be wonderful to have you up there! I don't see why we didn't think of it before. When I was up hunting last year, I couldn't get you out of my head. It's a paradise for lovers. Happy, dear?

Madelaine: *(Snuggling close so he can't see her face)* Yes—*(rather uncertainly)* Bruce! Are you sure you want to?

Bruce: Want to what?

Madelaine: Want to get married.

Bruce: Well, rather! Don't you?

Madelaine: *(Faintly)* Yes.

Bruce: It's the thing I want most in all this little old world, and I guess I've wanted it longer than any thing else, too. Say, Maddy, we'll fish together up there. I'll be crazy about teaching you to angle. If it weren't so early, we could hunt; but I guess that's out of the question.

Madelaine: *(Preoccupied)* Bruce, when are you going to talk to Papa?

Bruce: Tomorrow morning. I won't have to go over to camp now and I can catch him at the office. Will you mind the cooking? There's everything convenient. No—I tell you what we'll do. I'll wire old Thompson and his wife to go up and get it all ready. They won't be in our way, and it will be better to have someone to do the work. *(Kissing her on the hair)* We haven't time! *(After a pause)* Say something, dear. Won't you like it?

Madelaine: *(After a slight pause,—still somewhat faintly)* It will be—wonderful.

Bruce: In the evening we can go out on the lake in the moonlight, and we can plan all the things we'll do later. *(Hardly able to contain himself)* Don't you wish we could go tomorrow? *(Madelaine does not answer. Bruce waits a moment, then tries to turn up her face so he can see it.)* Dreaming?

Madelaine: *(Wrenching her face away and burying it on his shoulder)* Oh, Bruce,—I'm afraid!

(Continued on page 126)

Whimsy

My oaken door blew open and I closed it shut once
 more,
 But again it opened into the night and moondust as be-
 fore;
 And the thoughtful wind in the tree top seemed to be
 swishing a song;
 "Come to me, come to me, now, boy, for you have been
 gone so long."

Then I knew the sound that beckoned was the high-
 born faerie's call,
 'Twas the chant of the whimsy faerie who comes in
 the early fall;
 Who rides the wings of the thoughtful wind in the
 trembling top of the tree,
 And bids me straight to be off again to the road's own
 mystery.

And I knew there was no resisting for brave and sweet
 is the spell
 Of the whimsy faerie's whisper, as it rides on the dizzy
 swell
 Of a cloud, or slips from the woodland, or nods on a
 flower, or is pinned
 To the shaft of a star, the flight of a bird, or the wings
 of the thoughtful wind.

I was up and quit of my fireside, and out. The road's
 wild hedge
 Made lace of the linen moonlight along its ribbon edge.
 A braggart gale was growling in the cave of a moun-
 tain fast,
 But the thoughtful wind was singing soft in the elm-
 boughs as I passed.

Many a night I traveled far, weary nor sad was I.
 Ivory parrots and song were mine, all for a whimsy
 cry;
 All for the thoughtful wind in the tree, and a roving
 patteran,
 With a gypsy stew pot simmering, and a gypsy fire
 to fan.

* * * * *

One night as I lay on the cold hill I awoke from a
 cobweb sleep
 To an old moon yellow and hollow, like a candle gut-
 tered deep;

The curling croon of the thoughtful wind was a tapestry of tone,
And the whimsy wish in the willow's hair was like to a planet's moan.

Up I sprang: "Do you mock me, I who have followed true?"

But the whimsy answered: "Nay boy, would you go forth anew?"

And the thoughtful wind in the willow stirred; "Child, will you further roam?"

And he lifted me up in his cool, fast arms, and behold, I was at home.

T. E. M. HEFFERAN,

First Lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F., France.

—Reprinted from Kansas City Star.

Impressions

THERE is a big chimney not far from my home, which towers several hundred feet up into the sky. Ward meetings were held, and protests and petitions were sent by irate citizens, indignant at the very idea of such a nuisance being allowed in a residential district. Gradually they are becoming used to it, but no one ever has a good word for it. To them it is merely a nuisance and nothing more. But to me it is a continual and ever-varying delight. Its lines, graceful yet substantial, the shading of the smoky black above into the tawny bricks below, the air of lofty permanence which it has, all give me daily pleasure as I step out of the house in the morning. Sometimes, on warm sunny days, the smoke hangs above it in a large white cloud; the morning sun behind gilds the edges, and makes a halo of it. As I watch, it swells and billows, and lovely opalescent colors appear and disappear. Again, on a clear, still, icy morning the chimney stands silhouetted against the deep violet of the eastern sky, and the smoke rises in a straight line, clear and defined, until it disappears into the blue; "It's a-goin' straight to heaven, and it won't come back" Another day I shiver and turn up my collar; a forty mile wind is blowing from the north, and the thermometer stands below zero. I look over at my old friend; the smoke is racing south in a long black streak.

"Too cold here," it says, "Don't you wish you could come along? It's nice and warm down there!"

I long to jump up and ride along on that solid black mass. I think of the orange groves, the brilliant globes and waxy white flowers standing out against the dark foliage; of the stately date palms, and of the stubby "cabbages," happy in their "shoes"; of the smelly bubbling sulphur springs, and of the warmth and the sun-

shine. I can almost imagine myself on an old tumble-down wharf on the St. John, throwing sticks at the alligators whenever they appear. The cold wind and the snow are forgotten, until I arrive in the class-room and find icicles hanging from the radiator.

* * *

The ice-house is on the opposite side of town, two miles or so from home. I envy the lucky people who live in the vicinity, while they all wish they could move. It is large and massive,—the blankness of its long grey walls, broken only by an occasional buttress, increasing its apparent size. During the day there is always a hum and bustle about it. In the summer the ice-wagons rumble in and out, the ice is brought out and loaded, horses whinny, men curse; in the winter the great raising apparatus is at work, the endless chain with its crossbars roars and rattles, the ice-blocks thud, and all is din and confusion. As I climb to the roof, the noise below gradually softens to a dull murmur; the tiny men and wagons rush about aimlessly, and the silver stream advances steadily. The wind blows through my hair as I stand gazing out over the lake, watching the squalls racing over its surface. . . . But it is at night that the ice-house is at its best. It looms up vaguely in the moon-light, like a pagan temple, and I shudder as I step into the shadow of its massive bulk. I tremble as I sit on the edge of the roof. Below is a void,—bottomless, without sides—and the temptation to jump is strong. But I don't; I only close my eyes and feel myself speeding downward through the blackness into infinite space. Opening them again, I look before me. There lies a shimmering dancing expanse of silver.

KARL HOHLFELD.

GIFTS

I long to give you gifts
 Of rarest things,
 Such gifts as men of old
 Once brought their kings,
 All things of curious art,
 Or golden grace,
 The carven ivory,
 The slender vase.
 I long to give you store
 Of wealth to squander,
 To give you golden days
 To dream and wander.
 To take away the pain
 That haunts your day,
 And send your soul in song
 Upon its way.
 Till longing so, I face
 The quivering night,
 And all my heart to you
 Takes yearning flight,
 And hovering with swift,
 Denied caress,
 Prays but one gift of life,
 The power to bless.

EVE KNOWER.

ROADS

Leading from the now and here,
 Roads are always calling me,
 Winding on through mile and year,
 Turning so I cannot see,
 Wand'ring as the river wills
 Half revealing forest ways,
 Pausing on the crests of hills
 To point beyond my baffled gaze,
 Looking back as morning grays,
 From the dusk of morrow's eve,
 They call me on to other days,
 On to wonders they perceive,
 Coaxing in their secrecy,
 Hinting, only, that they hide,
 Beckoning in mystery
 To the realm of things untried,—

O yea roads that call to me,
 Feet and spirit are not free!

EVE KNOWER.

OUT OF THE DAWN

Hark'
 Out of the dark,
 Is it a throbbing of drums?
 What is the host that comes?
 Who are they
 Marching, marching?
 Out of the dawn, out of the grey,
 Over the curve of the world
 They followed the flight of a shadow grim
 Through greatening arches dim.
 List to their singing,
 List to the rhythm sweet
 Of their marching feet.
 Tramp, tramp of the weary nations? Nay.
 Light of foot are they.
 What is that banner? What is that song
 Strong as youth is strong?
 What are they bringing?
 On in the path of the light,
 Under that glowing flag unfurled
 Against the night
 Loftily arching,
 Over the rim of the world,
 Flaming out of the day,
 Who are they
 Marching, marching?

JULIA GRACE WALES.

* * * * *

A bright-blazing fire in an oak log;
 Sparks shooting high,
 Till they seem, in tops of the oak trees,
 Like stars in the sky.

Waves lapping light on the lake-shore,
 A soft lullaby;
 Nought left of the fire but embers,
 And soon they will die.

KARL HOHLFELD.

“Outside”

ANNIE bothers me.

It gives me an uncomfortable feeling to be always wondering if there'll be a piece of cake left for her, and between dinner and dessert, when glasses clink and merry care-free voices sing our college songs, a lump sometimes rises in my throat and I cannot join the others. I am decidedly cold-hearted; I am not sympathetic, yet I cannot keep down the swelling of something way inside of me when Annie croaks over my shoulder, “Tea or coffee, please?” It is a croak; it's the voice of an old, old woman; the hand that holds the tray is thin and bony like a claw, her little body is stiff like a ram-rod and straight; there is no surging, joyous life in her. And she is only eighteen!

She wears black skirts and plain, painfully plain white waists, and the straight hard lines make her small peaked face smaller and sharper still. I imagine her life is all black and white, and hard and straight, with no golden splashes her and there. If she'd only wear a red ribbon at her throat, or a warm red smile on her lips, I'd feel so much relieved. But how can she? After all, Annie must feel much like a fly who has been wont to buzz around sordid kitchens, smelly with soaps, and suddenly finds itself in a world of brilliantly colored butterflies, whose little drudge it is. The butterflies bother me, too; I wonder if I am one of them; I rather hate them. How easily they could share some

of the brilliance of their delicate yellows and soft, warm browns with the little black fly, and still have beauty and brilliance enough.

Sometimes Annie provokes me; she is too willing to be a drudge. If I were she, when the butterflies drop in, irresponsibly late to lunch, I'd perch independently on the kitchen stool and watch the gay, young things get their own lunch. I'd be a spunky fly, if fly I had to be.

I wonder if the little heart beneath the plain white waist front, ever beats in pounding thumps at the sound of the door-bell on Friday nights. Do you suppose anyone ever told Annie her eyes were “shining stars beneath the star-light”? He'd probably say, “Ain't it a swell night!” Annie said that once and the butterflies told it among themselves. They thought it was funny. Well, I hope she has an “Ain't it” man, for if his heart is big and his eyes are clear, he can make even a fly happy. Annie wouldn't weigh so heavily on my mind if I could be sure there is an “ain't it” man.

We always dance after luncheon and after dinner. I wonder if the music floats out to the kitchen and makes dish-washing an easier task. I should hate to wash dishes to the tune of “Smiles.” If some day I should impulsively run out and bring Annie in to dance with me—but I couldn't, could I?

DOROTHY R. SHANER.

To Rupert Brooke

I can't believe the world's an empty place
 And knows no more the glory of your face;
 But still, I think, beyond the wanderer's sea,
 In some far sun-drenched island, you are free
 Of this obliteration men call death;
 That you still take the day with one strong breath
 Of young exultance, and the tropic night
 With your old yielding wonder and delight.
 Surely those precious places that you knew,
 Most intimate and gay because of you,
 Either those spots of high extravagance,
 Your glowing islands of amused romance,
 Or where the stars familiar were
 Above the trees at Granchester
 Still hold you. If I walk the world's long ways,
 I know I'll happen as in other days
 To find you suddenly, without surprise,
 You smiling with your clear and eager eyes—
 And know again life's one and valiant truth,
 The strenuous abandonment of youth.

MARIAN THANHOUSER.

(Continued from page 121)

Bruce: Afraid! Afraid of what?

Madelaine: I don't know.

Bruce: Why—! (*Reassured, a thought having struck him*) What a silly little girl! There is every probability that I shall be stationed near here for a couple of months, at least. And so we can see each other all the time. There, there, darling. I know. But you're glad to send me for the sake of the old flag. And think what joy we'll have first!

Madelaine: (*Softly*) Oh, Bruce,—I do love you!

Bruce: Maddy! (*After a pause,—with deep passion*) We've been wonderful chums. When I began to care—differently—it used to keep me awake sometimes until dawn, I hungered for you so. It's a terrible, wonderful fire. (*They are both silent*) (*Bruce smiling*) And I used to imagine I was rescuing you from runaway automobiles and black eyed villains!

Madelaine: (*Laughing tremulously*) Silly!

Bruce: You know, Maddy, it was awfully hard for me to work. I was an awful kid. Sometimes when we were together I hardly dared look at you.

Madelaine: Why?

Bruce: I don't know. You seemed so unconscious. You were so sweet. I was afraid.

Madelaine: (*Completely carried away, her eyes shining*) Afraid, Beloved! Why should you be afraid? It's so marvelous! Oh, Bruce!

Bruce: I suppose I was afraid you didn't care. Oh, I don't know. But couldn't you *feel* how I loved you? Couldn't you?

Madelaine: Yes, oh, yes!

Bruce: Think. In two days our dream will be true. I want you so!

Madelaine: (*Touching his bent head timidly with her lips*) Dearest!

Bruce: I want to go the worst way, but I don't believe I could bear it if we weren't going to marry first. (*A fixed expression comes over Madelaine's face*) I'll have something to fight for, something to remember.

Madelaine: (*Slowly*) But suppose—suppose Mother and Dad wouldn't let us?

Bruce: Then we'd do it anyway! We've planned it too long to let anything stop us. (*With enthusiasm*) I saw Mr. Bronson after I left you. He's certainly a prince! He's going to hold my position for me. And I have eight thousand dollars to leave you; with half my pay that should make you pretty independent. And I'm going to take out insurance—in case—

Madelaine: Dearest! Don't—

Bruce: (*Lightly*) 'Spose we have to think about it

sometimes. In a year a lot of us are going to be pushing up lilies in France!

Madelaine: Oh! Don't.

Bruce: (*Earnestly*) I'm going to come back to you if I can, but if I can't you'll know I was glad to give what I had to my wife and my country.

Madelaine: (*Clinging to him*) Bruce! Bruce! Oh, I can't bear to let you go!

Bruce: Well—We won't talk about that now. Let's talk about the wedding.

Madelaine: (*Desperately*) Dear, you don't understand. Mother and Dad—They said—

Bruce: (*Eagerly*) Did you tell them? What did they say?

Madelaine: They said that—Oh, I don't know! I don't know. There are so horribly many things to consider.

Bruce: Things? What things?

Madelaine: (*Moving her hand vaguely*) Oh, so many things. (*Suddenly*) Are you sure it won't make it harder when you get to France?—Marrying me first?

Bruce: Is that all? Of course, it will. Wouldn't it be harder for us to be apart now than two years ago?

Madelaine: (*Slowly and with difficulty*) That's not what I mean. Father—

Bruce: Oh, I see. (*Quietly*) I'll have you to remember, dear. That will keep me clean.

Madelaine: (*Quickly*) Oh, Bruce, forgive me! There are so many things. (*She buries her head on his breast, clinging to him.*)

Bruce: Good lord! Look here, Maddy. *What's the matter?*

Madelaine: They don't approve.

Bruce: Who doesn't?

Madelaine: (*In a smothered voice*) Mother and Dad.

Bruce: (*Startled, realizing that she is serious*) Don't approve! Nonsense! Why, we've grown up together. They know all about my family. They've always expected us to do it.

Madelaine: I know.

Bruce: Then what's wrong? (*Jealously*) They haven't anyone else in view for you, have they?

Madelaine: It's because you are going away.

Bruce: (*Confidently*) But I'm coming back. Not many are killed in my department.

Madelaine: They think it's foolish.

Bruce: Foolish? Why?

Madelaine: Because—(*Miserably*) Oh, I don't know.

Bruce: (*Troubled*) But we love each other. Lots of my friends are marrying.

Madelaine: That's just it.

Bruce: We could have married if the war hadn't come. And I might have been taken anyway.

Madelaine: Dad doesn't seem to think we know

- what we're doing. He doesn't think—He says I'm romantic; that I don't—love you enough.
- Bruce: (*Hurt to the quick*) Maddy!
- Madelaine: (*In an agony of contrition*) Oh, dearest, I didn't mean—
- Bruce: Maddy, don't you want to?
- Madelaine: Oh, yes, I do; I do. I love you so!
- Bruce: They don't understand. I don't blame your father for feeling funny about it. I should have written him. But I thought it would be better to wait. I never dreamed—
- Madelaine: They won't mind when they see how we love each other! They couldn't mind! I couldn't stand it. (*Hysterically*) I couldn't stand it.
- Bruce: Sh-h-h-h! Sweetheart! It will be all right. I'll talk to him tomorrow.
- Madelaine: (*More calmly*) He can't object when he sees how we care.
- Bruce: See, Sweet. Sometime we'll have a wee little house and two wee, wee little kiddies, a little Madelaine and a little Bruce. Just think what fun it will be to watch them grow. (*Whimsically*) Bruce will be a foot-ball man. We'll send him to Yale. He'll be proud to go where his daddy went.
- Madelaine: (*Dreamily*) He'll be the older so he can take his sister out when they grow up. We'll name Madelaine Grace instead, dear, after my mother. Won't it be wonderful! A cunning little house to take care of. And babies are so sweet, so very sweet. (*Looking at him with an adorable shyness*)—your babies. (*They are both silent, dreaming*) (*Madelaine springing up suddenly with a sound almost like a scream, her eyes wide*) Bruce! Bruce! We can't. We can't, we mustn't. We have no right,—not now. If we have children now there is horrible danger.
- Bruce: Danger? Madelaine, what do you mean?
- Madelaine: We haven't any right to bring them into the world now. Daddy says so, and it's true. We—
- Bruce: But we *won't*. Not till after the war.
- Madelaine: (*With agitation*) How do you know? It isn't right. I can't do it, Bruce. I can't do it!
- Bruce: You're being hysterical about nothing. You don't need to worry. I'll take care of that. (*Trying to calm her by quiet masterfulness*) We are going to be married in three days and are going up to Deerfield. We shall be so happy.
- Madelaine: In three days! No, I can't—I can't. It's too soon. I have to think.
- Bruce: (*Heartily*) We can think up there. Why, we've planned it for two months.
- Madelaine: It's too soon.
- Bruce: (*Laughing and trying to gather her into his arms*) Nonsense!
- Madelaine: (*Struggling away from him*) Oh, I'm so afraid! I'm so afraid!
- Bruce: (*Earnestly*) Maddy, you know, we haven't much time.
- Madelaine: (*Stopping short and looking at him*) No.
- Bruce: It's the thing I want most on earth.
- Madelaine: (*A hunted look coming into her eyes*) But Bruce, are you sure we'll be happy,—afterwards?
- Bruce: Why not? I couldn't love you any more than I do.
- Madelaine: But our experiences will be so unlike.
- Bruce: We understand each other too well to have that make any difference. (*Madelaine is looking at him as though she had never seen him before. Her face is drawn.*) Dearest, dearest, we're wasting time. What's come over you?
- Madelaine: (*Moving away from him, a peculiar, half-hypnotized look on her face*) Bruce, suppose you should just never come back? I'd never know whether you were alive or not. I'd never know whether I was free.
- Bruce: (*Coldly*) You may be sure that if I don't come back, I shall be dead.
- Madelaine: But there have always been so many disappearances.
- Bruce: Madelaine, what do you think of me anyway? I've stood about as much of this as I can! Do you want to break our engagement?
- Madelaine: (*Coming to herself; terrified*) No.
- Bruce: (*Jealously*) Is there someone else? You didn't answer my question before.
- Madelaine: Bruce!
- Bruce: You are always free if you want to be.
- Madelaine: Oh!
- Bruce: Who is it?
- Madelaine: You know better.
- Bruce: Tell me who it is.
- Madelaine: (*Quietly*) Bruce, you know better.
- Bruce: (*Miserably*) I don't understand. What makes you act like this? Have I done anything?
- Madelaine: (*With sudden tenderness*) Oh, no; no!
- Bruce: Don't you love me?
- Madelaine: Yes. Oh, you know I do!
- Bruce: (*Passionately*) Madelaine, I can't go away without having you. I can't. (*He drops into a chair and covers his face with his hands, with a low groan. Madelaine creeps up to him and touches his bent head with her hands, almost as though afraid.*)
- Madelaine: (*Very softly*) Dearest—I will.
- Bruce: (*Looking up at her. Both figures are very tense*) When, Maddy?
- Madelaine: Whenever you like.
- Bruce: In spite of everything?

Madelaine: In spite of everything. (*She kneels beside him. He takes her very gently in his arms, putting his lips on hers without passion. There is a moment of absolute stillness.*)

Bruce: (*Suddenly swept by terrific, unexpected emotion*) Marry me tonight, dear; tonight; tonight. (*Kissing her violently, bending over her*) We have so little time. I can't stand it any longer. Promise me! Promise me!

Madelaine: (*Gasping*) Yes. Oh, Bruce—don't.

Bruce: I love you. (*He holds her tight against him for a full moment; then lets her go. Madelaine is suddenly in a tempest of sobs, uncontrollable and violent. She clings to him helplessly, unable to stop herself.*)

Bruce: (*Bewildered and ashamed, struggling with himself*) Don't! Oh, I'm so sorry. (*Madelaine continues to cry. Bruce holds her in his arms, trying to calm her, but without success.*) We've made a mistake. It isn't fair to you to go on. I'm sorry. Maybe it's my fault. (*Madelaine still sobs.*) (*Bruce with bitterness*) I thought you loved me enough.

Madelaine: (*Between sobs*) I do.

Bruce: (*Firmly*) No, dear, you don't. (*Madelaine clings desperately to him, unable to say anything*) (*With an edge of cruelty in his voice*) Your father was right—haven't you been just a little—romantic?

Madelaine: Oh-h-h!

Bruce: (*Squaring his shoulders, but with a stricken look in his eyes*) Madelaine, I'm going away. (*He puts her gently on the bench and bends over her*) If you should ever come to care more—perhaps when I come back—(*He chokes and tries to turn to the door. Madelaine clings to his cuff, blindly. He hesitates a moment, then with almost cruel firmness disengages her fingers. He goes out the gate without looking back, leaving it partly open.*)

Madelaine: (*Starting up and stumbling after him*) Bruce! You don't—Bruce! (*There is the sound of the gate closing*) (*In a whisper*) Bruce! (*She falls on a chair in the center of the garden, her back to the audience. Her face is buried in her hands.*)

(Curtain)

ACT III.

The Hendersons' living room in early October, two years later. The trees show through the window in gorgeous colors. In one of the windows hangs a service flag bearing one star, for James. The furniture is the same, but some of it is gone and there are a few changes that make the whole room look a little plainer and shabbier. It is early afternoon.

Enter Della. She goes to the door and takes in a paper and some letters. She looks through the letters hastily, opens one and reads it eagerly.

(*Enter Madelaine, in a simple morning dress.*)

Madelaine: Oh, has the mail come?

Della: A letter from James, Miss Madelaine. He says he is well and has leave to go to Paris next week. (*Madelaine has been looking through the letters eagerly. She turns away disappointed. Della starts back toward dining room*) (*Della stopping*) Can I look at the lists, Miss Maddy?

Madelaine: (*Wincing*) Why, of course. (*Della opens the paper to an inside page, spreading it out on the table. She scans the columns. Madelaine assumes indifference and walks toward the window.*)

Della: (*Starting*) Oh!

Madelaine: (*Instantly, running over*) What is it? (*Della makes a motion to hide the paper*) Let me see, let me see.

Della: It's only Miss Mary's husband, 'Cushla.

Madelaine: (*Half breathing again*) Oh! (*More calmly*) Let me see it, Della. Wounded, missing, killed—Jack Rogers, Chicago. Oh, poor Mary!

Della: Maybe it isn't true.

Madelaine: They wouldn't have it in like that if it weren't. Oh, poor Mary!

Della: (*Sighing*) She's got the wee one.

Madelaine: I must go to her right away. (*She starts out to left. The bell rings and Della goes to the door. Enter Mary. She is badly dressed and looks pale.*)

Madelaine: (*Running to her*) Oh, my dear, my dear. I was just coming to you. (*Della goes out*) Here, let me help you.

(*Mary stands still, with a helpless look on her face, while Madelaine helps her off with her coat and hat.*)

(*Madelaine leading her toward a couch*) Why didn't you telephone for me?

Mary: (*Dully*) I couldn't.

Madelaine: (*Sitting down beside her and patting her like a child*) There, there, dear. Sit down. Cry, if you want to. It will make you feel better. (*Mary sits quite stiffly, hardly seeming to notice Madelaine's patting*)

Mary: (*In a dull voice*) I can't realize it.

Madelaine: (*With deep pity*) No, dear, I know.

Mary: I was so happy. It seems so far off.

Madelaine: (*Stroking her hand*) I know.

Mary: (*Restlessly*) It seems as though I ought to have gone on being happy.

Madelaine: (*Haltingly*) It's hard at first, but—(*She stops*)

Mary: (*With a half hysterical little laugh*) Oh, I suppose I'll get over it.

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Madelaine: Mary! Dear! (*Mary sits with her head in her hands, staring ahead of her*) Dearest, forgive me,—but don't let it hurt you too much. (*Very slowly*) There are others who would give their lives to have what you have had.

Mary: Yes, I suppose so.

Madelaine: To have what you have now.

Mary: (*Dully*) Yes.

Madelaine: Jackie is so much to you,—will be more when he is older.

Mary: (*With a flash of life*) He couldn't be more to me than he is now.

Madelaine: I know.

Mary: But it hardly seems fair to him. He is alone so much.

Madelaine: He has you.

Mary: Well, it's about all he has got. I haven't your brains, Maddy.

Madelaine: (*Gently*) Babies don't live on brains; they live on love.

Mary: A lot of love it means for him when I'm away all day. (*Bitterly*) He can't eat love. (*Restlessly*) And I—I must be afraid for both of us.

Madelaine: Oh, dear, be glad—

Mary: (*Getting up and walking about,—half to herself*) Well,—

Madelaine: (*Softly, with pity and veneration*) You have had the most exquisite things in the world.

Mary: (*Stopping dead and looking at her curiously*) Why?

Madelaine: (*Her reverie broken*) W-why?

Mary: (*Impatiently*) Why are they the most exquisite things in the world?

Madelaine: (*Taken aback*) Why, I don't know.

Mary: Oh, it's easy for you to talk, Madelaine. You haven't spent a year and a half grubbing, not knowing where your next meal was coming from.

Madelaine: (*Choking with pity*) Oh, Mary. I'm so sorry. Forgive me.

Mary: (*More gently*) It's an awful thing to say to you, Maddy, but I can't miss Jack. I can't feel any different from the way I've felt for a year, except sort of sick. I loved him; I know I loved him, but he has seemed so far away—like something I dreamed once.

Madelaine: (*Uncertainly*) Yes, I can see. I suppose that is natural.

Mary: It's been such a hard struggle since Father died.

Madelaine: I know, but the war cannot last much longer. Things will be better soon.

Mary: Well—(*after a short silence*) Have you heard from Bruce?

Madelaine: (*Turning her face away*) No

Mary: Not since last April?

Madelaine: Last March.

They continue to talk for a few moments. One

gets a retrospective view of Madelaine's past two years.

Della opens the door from the hall softly, her face beaming with joy. Bruce enters quietly and stands looking at the two girls. Madelaine is facing toward the door.

Madelaine: You see, dear—(*She slowly lifts her eyes and stops in the middle of her sentence. Bruce starts coming toward her. At the table he stops uncertainly, cowed by her silence. Madelaine gets up and goes slowly toward him, her eyes fixed on his. When she comes to him she stops.*)

Bruce: (*Gazing at her a moment, then flinging the back of his hand across his eyes*) Ah!

Madelaine: (*Swaying and clutching his arm. In a whisper*) Bruce! (*Bruce catches her in his arms*)

Della: (*Screaming at the top of her lungs*) Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Henderson! Mr. Bruce is home! (*A few moments afterwards enter Mrs. Henderson running, her knitting ball trailing behind.*)

Mrs. Henderson: (*Running up to him*) My dear boy! My dear boy!

Madelaine stands beside Bruce, weak and happy. She hardly seems to know where she is. Mary still sits on the couch, looking on. She is very pale.

Mrs. Henderson: When did you get in?

Bruce: This morning.

Mrs. Henderson: And you're going to stay? You weren't killed? We all thought you were killed!

Bruce: (*Smiling*) Only the good die young, you know.

Mrs. Henderson: But, my dear boy, why didn't we hear from you? Were you taken prisoner?

Bruce: I got a rather nasty wound last March.

Mrs. Henderson: *That's* why we didn't hear. I always knew it was a wound! Maddy, why don't you say you're glad to see Bruce? (*Madelaine does not answer. She only looks at him.*)

Della: (*Beaming at them*) How can she, the sweet lamb? It's sticking out all over her. (*Mary gets up and steals toward the door.*)

Mrs. Henderson: (*Catching sight of her*) Why, Mary Wetherell! Where did you come from? (*Mary stops. Mrs. Henderson runs to her*) You come right back. Aren't you glad to see Bruce? One of these days your Jack will be coming, too. (*There is a painful silence. Madelaine tries to break it, but cannot.*)

Mary: (*Very white*) I don't believe he will.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Opens her mouth to say "Nonsense", but only half of it comes out*)

Madelaine: (*Slowly*) Jack was killed in action. (*Bruce bows his head.*)

Mrs. Henderson: (*Hardly breathing*) Oh!

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Mary: (*Turning away abruptly*) I must go.

Mrs. Henderson: (*Catching up a long coat from a chair*) My dear, I will go with you. (*They go out. Della slips into the dining room. Madelaine and Bruce are left alone.*)

Bruce: So you thought I was dead.

Madelaine: No.

Bruce: But your mother did.

Madelaine: Yes, I knew you were wounded.

Bruce: You knew—?

Madelaine: I thought.

(*There is a pause.*)

Won't you sit down?

Bruce: Thanks.

(*They both sit. There is another pause.*)

Bruce: What has been happening here?

Madelaine: Oh, the usual thing.

Bruce: Knitting?

Madelaine: And ban— Red Cross work.

Bruce: And plays?

Madelaine: A few.

Bruce: War plays?

Madelaine: Not many. Mostly musical comedies.

Bruce: Thank goodness.

(*Another pause*)

Bruce: (*Suddenly*) You've changed, Maddy.

Madelaine: One doesn't remain the same long in these times. (*She picks up the little jacket and begins to knit.*)

Bruce: What are you making?

Madelaine: A sack for Mary's baby.

Bruce: So she has a baby?

Madelaine: Yes.

Bruce: And Jack's dead.

Madelaine: Yes.

Bruce: Is she having a hard time?

Madelaine: Pretty hard. Her father died, you know.

Bruce: (*Suddenly*) Are you glad you didn't —

Madelaine: (*Giving him a clear look*) No.

Bruce: (*Confused*) You know — I — I —

Madelaine: Why did you write me letters like that?

Bruce: Like — ?

Madelaine: Like the sort you did write.

Bruce: (*Painfully*) There wasn't anything else for me to say. I thought you would be interested in what I saw,—as much as I could get through.

Madelaine: We were.

Bruce: Did it come uncensored?

Madelaine: Most of it. (*She knits*)

Bruce: Maddy, I was a brute to want you to marry me before I left. You were right.

Madelaine: (*Under her breath*) I was right?

Bruce: Yes. You might be where Mary is now. If there is any way to know how things are get-

ting on — afterward — I'd never have forgiven myself.

Madelaine: I might be where Mary is anyway.

Bruce: But you wouldn't have a youngster to support.

Madelaine: (*Knitting*) No. Tell me more about it — over there.

Bruce: (*Smiling somewhat grimly*) I'd rather not. Not just now. (*After a pause*) But it doesn't leave us much to talk about, does it?

Madelaine: You are going back?

Bruce: As soon as they'll let me. (*Shrugging*) I'm lucky to be able to.

Madelaine: (*Looking away from him*) Bruce, I didn't cry that day because I didn't care.

Bruce: I know. I realized afterwards.

Madelaine: Why didn't you answer the letter when I told you?

Bruce: I didn't believe you,—then. I thought you didn't know.

Madelaine: And later?

Bruce: There wasn't any use. (*Short silence*)

Madelaine: Bruce, will you marry me before you go back?

Bruce: No. (*Madelaine winces*) It's too much to ask of you.

Madelaine: (*Turning around*) Of me? (*Steadily*) Do you love me?

Bruce: (*Quietly*) Yes.

Madelaine: Then I insist on it.

Bruce: (*Very firmly*) I'm sorry, Madelaine; I can't.

Madelaine: (*In sudden terror*) You—haven't—?

Bruce: Haven't what?

Bruce: (*Smiling in spite of himself*) No. I cannot let you take the responsibility. It isn't safe.

Madelaine: (*Breaking out*) Safe! I tell you, Bruce, you are talking to a woman who is starving. The word "safe" has no meaning for me.

Bruce: (*Shaken*) Do you really want to?

Madelaine: This time it is I who want it more than anything else in the world.

Bruce: (*Softly, to himself*) Then it was true—But Maddy, you forget the old question. We might have children.

Madelaine: Give them to me! I want them. Except for you and them, I have nothing else.

Bruce: But is it quite fair?

Madelaine: To them? We have found life worth living in spite of everything. Why shouldn't they?

Bruce: But the times?

Madelaine: Dear, at the best we can only trust. Our parents couldn't foresee this war. (*Bruce plays with his hat for a few moments, thinking.*)

Bruce: I don't know. It doesn't seem quite right.

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Madelaine: Bruce, I tell you, you must. (*With intense feeling*) If you don't, I will lie about my age and go across.

Bruce: (*Gloomily*) That is no place for a woman.

Madelaine: I can't help that. I must work and I must give. These eternal Red Cross benefits and this eternal knitting—! They are necessary and right, but it is only my hands that are busy. Safe! What is it to be safe, anyway? These past two years have been all right. They've taught me a great many things. But ten more like them and I would be dead inside—living in the past like an old woman. (*With a half laugh*) Mother and Dad still try to protect me from any feeling as though it were the smallpox.

Bruce: (*Half to himself*) But there are so many things for a woman to do nowadays.

Madelaine: (*Bitterly*) That is what Mary said a little while ago,—something of the sort. Do you think "things to do" can ever take the place of a deep love in a woman's life? Mary did not love Jack or she would not feel as she does.

Bruce I think Mary loved Jack about as much as the average, Madelaine. Are you sure you care so much?

Madelaine: (*In a low tone*) Yes, I am sure.

Bruce: Then we will do it. (*A flash of overpowering joy crosses Madelaine's face; then she shrinks*)

Madelaine: Are you doing it because you want to, or because I asked you?

Bruce: (*Striding over to her*) Can you ask me that? Both.

Madelaine: (*Gazing at him searchingly*) Are you sure?

Bruce: Yes.

Madelaine: But—I—I had to ask you!

Bruce: (*Gathering her into his arms*) Dearest! That was because I loved you; not because I didn't! (*Bruce sinks down beside her chair, still hold-*

ing her. They are both shaking.) (*Slowly and painfully*) You know over there, Maddy, I—I, (*looking at her with searching clearness*) Do you know what I mean? Could you forgive me? (*An agonized expression comes over Madelaine's face. There is a long silence. Neither moves.*)

Madelaine: (*Touching his head tenderly with her hands*) Dear, it is never a question of forgiveness. I can undersand. (*There is another silence, broken by a long dry sob from Bruce. Madelaine starts, and leans over him with a terrible pain on her face. Bruce lets his head fall on her knees. He is struggling against the sobs, with his hand at his throat.*)

Bruce: (*Looking up at her*) It's hell—all of it. But I tell you, it makes men—and women. (*Getting up and beginning to walk around*) No, I tell you, it makes gods, Madelaine!

Madelaine: Oh!

Bruce: (*Looking straight before him*) When you're wounded out there in the mud of one of those ruined trenches, with the pal you've had for a year—rotting, two yards away from you, and not a living soul around, you see things differently. You've got to. Most of the time you're dazed or unconscious. You couldn't live otherwise. But between times, for seconds—minutes—ages—I don't know—things happen. I cannot describe it to you. One comes to know God, and man, and life. He is perfectly conscious, but wouldn't know if he were killed. (*Stopping short and speaking as a man speaks who has tried before to put a certain thought into words.*) That's it. One is conscious, but he is living bigger than his body already. You see, all that horrible suffering and welter seems like just the beginning,—the tiniest root; you're living in Eternity. And all the time you can smell the stench, and hear the shells, and feel the mud in your mouth, and

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the vermin, and the numbness of your wound.
(*He leans against the table, silent.*)

Madelaine: (*Creeping to him*) And you are going back?

Bruce: (*Letting his arms fall*) I cannot help but go back.

Madelaine: Bruce, I don't think I'll marry you after all.

Bruce: (*Startled*) Why not?

Madelaine: I don't think I am worthy.

Bruce: Worthy—?

Madelaine: I don't see how you can be content with just—love,—after that.

Bruce: (*Looks at her, thinking deeply*) After a pause) That is love. (*They study each other*)

Madelaine, it is you this time who does not understand. In those first hours when I was in that trench—after Frank died—there was nothing, nothing at all, except horrible darkness. I was only half conscious. Then when I couldn't stand it another moment, something close and warm seemed to be with me, and I knew it was you. I never could tell you how real it was. Before God came, you came. I couldn't see you, or hear you, or touch you, but I knew you loved me. I was too far gone to know anything else. It was you who kept me alive, who went down, down, with me so far into blackness that you and nothingness were all there were. No hate, no desire, no pain. Just sinking blackness, and your little thread of love binding me to life.

Madelaine: And you knew—

Bruce: I knew what you meant to me, whether I ever had you or not.

Madelaine: (*Clinging to him*) Bruce, Bruce, why can't we die now? I want to die tonight—knowing—knowing. I do not want to live to forget, to be smothered in little things, to see only the outside of people's faces—

Bruce: (*Stopping her, very quietly*) Life is made up mostly of little things, Beloved. God will not let us forget.

Madelaine: Why will He not?

Bruce: Because the thing we want more than life or death or happiness is—to remember. (*Madelaine clings close to him, dropping her head on his breast. He puts his arm about her and together they walk toward the window. The sun is beginning to go down and the flush is behind the trees. They swing the window outward*). We shall be happy for a little while, and then—I shall go back.

Madelaine: And I, Bruce—They must take me somehow. I am going with you.

Bruce: Perhaps—We shall see. But there is need everywhere. You will be with me always.

Madelaine: Yes, always. It does not matter. I never knew what love was before.

Bruce: (*Smiling*) And is it worth it? (*Instead of answering, Madelaine raises his hand to her breast and snuggles it there. They watch the deepening colors.*)

Bruce: (*Softly*) And our children?

Madelaine: (*Stretching her hand out toward the sunset*) The sun is going down, Beloved. Tomorrow will be a new day—for them.

(Curtain)

MARIAN FELIX.

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THE BEST COLLEGE SHORT STORIES, edited by Dr. Henry T. Schnittkind, The Stratford Company, \$1.50.

Certainly here is an interesting collection of short stories, whatever may be its worth. And it is encouraging to young writers to know that somebody considers their work worthy enough to collect the best of it into a volume and have it printed. I cannot emphasize too greatly the impetus and inspiration this kind of a work should be to this class of writers, for to get one's story published in such a volume is an honor in itself worth much to any young writer.

Of the stories published in this first collection of college short stories, it is enough to say of their worth what Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, of short story anthology fame, has said of them, "Of the twenty-two stories in this volume, selected by Mr. Schnittkind as a fair cross section of undergraduate writing, I should regard twelve as worthy of distinctive mention judged by standards applicable to the best professional work." More than this I cannot say. I have wondered whether I should pick the same twelve as Mr. O'Brien, but that is of no great matter, for I have the word of an expert that more than half of these stories are more than worthy of attention.

From my own reading I was interested, especially in the fact that there are so few humorous tales among them. Apparently the undergraduate mind is not a frivolous thing, or else it does not handle humor with the facility with which it handles the more human tragedy. Perhaps this is an expression of the inherent undergraduate pessimism which seems to pervade our colleges. Humor, of course, is not so predominate in literature generally as more serious writing, and this may well explain the lack of it in this collection of stories. Please do not mistake me and think there is no humor present, for there is some, but there is much more of seriousness.

There are a number of stories worthy of mention, but I shall write of only one—the one I liked the best, *The Tomte Gubbe*, by Miss Alma P. Abrahamson of the University of Minnesota. Of course I was influenced in my choice by the fact that Miss Abrahamson is a western woman, and my faith in the Middle West is still substantial. I am glad some one close to home could have produced such an excellent story, for I am weary of seeing praise of Harvard and Columbia people for excellences that I know exist here in the West were they only as well advertised. In *The Tomte Gubbe* Miss Abrahamson has not only produced a magnificent short story, but she has made us acquainted with a naïve type of mind peculiar to primitive people, and she has added an interesting piece of folk lore to the altogether too small American store.

There are two interesting features of this book besides the stories which I have so far failed to mention. One is a symposium by fifty-nine magazine editors concerning the editor's attitude toward the young writer, in which the fifty-nine editors express their eagerness to help and encourage the youthful aspirant to literary fame as much as is consistent with their business. The second feature is a collection of letters from some of the leading short story writers in the United States telling how they attained literary success. Of what value the young writer will find these statements, I am doubtful, for I am much of the opinion of Fanny Kemble Johnson, who in her letter says, "It seems to me that a person possessing the literary instinct will get along well enough without extraneous help, or rather guidance." However, there are those diffident geniuses

who like to look where they are leaping, and for them such statements are certainly invaluable.

J. W. G.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE. A College Anthology for 1917-18, edited by Dr. Henry T. Schnittkind. The Stratford Company. \$1.50.

I have always had an inherent inhibition to young poets, so that when *The Poets of the Future* was handed to me to review, I shuddered for it seemed to me that I should probably find nothing good to say about the book. I was happily surprised, however, by finding that there is much worth while verse in this little volume. Of course it must be remembered as the editor points out in his introduction that "the most inspired poets, those most passionately aflame with the lyric fire of self-expression, have translated their creative urge into action, and in laying down their lives have produced the greatest of all poems."

There are not many of the poems inspired by the war—not as many as one would expect, and of these there is only one which attracts my particular admiration. It is called *Where I Would Die*, and expresses nobly the feeling of every American youth at the outbreak of the war.

" 'Tis a solace indeed at your bed to see
Your beloved ones who share in your pain;
Such a death were consoling, but 'tis not for me.
I would die in the midst of the slain.
And whether my bones be honored or not
It shall matter but little then;
I want to fall in that hallowed spot
Where I die for my fellowmen."

There is a virility in that song that is truly American as has been demonstrated, and is still being demonstrated by our president in his dealings with the other powers at the Peace Conference. We are forever at work and ready to die for our fellow men.

Of the philosophy expressed by these younger poets, I must say that it is for the most part more conservative and conventional than would be expected in any anthology of the works of younger poets. Isn't it rather too bad, for instance, that youth should think of philosophy as

"A game for gods, no less
That leaves man beaten, but a greater man."

To think that youth can conceive of man beaten is a tragedy in itself.

The most interesting of all the poems to me was entitled *The Zoo, Lincoln Park, Chicago*. And out of that prosaic letter-address title grows a quaint, humorous bit of philosophy which is charming and admirable. I quote only a small section:

"An elephant led from afar,
The gem of all the zoo! Yet I
Gaze wistfully, with shaking trunk,
At little birds. Would I could fly!"

A worthy ambition for a young poet as well as for an elephant!

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