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## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XIX, Number 4 February 1920**

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*The Wisconsin*  
*Literary*  
*Magazine*

Volume XIX



Number 4

The Cathedral

Bobbie

Tintern Abbey and  
Desdemona Light

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

February, 1920

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

Always look at the bright side—  
and if there is no bright side,  
polish up the dark side.

Pretty good philosophy, isn't it?

We try to make it ours. Nothing is  
impossible—there's no such word as  
"can't"—no request for speedy service  
is refused.

That's why most university organizations  
have their printing done by The Demo-  
crat Printing Company, where college men  
and women fill their wants.

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XIX

Madison, February, 1920

Number 4

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**A**S STUDENTS we are too little interested in books. We are willing to pay our dollars for pleasure in all forms but that which comes from the printed page. Most of us do not realize the pleasure that a little volume may hold for us because we have never tried to find that pleasure there. We are inclined to think because our text books are sometimes dry and hard to read that all books are of that kind. We are not adventurous enough to hunt and find that kind of a book which will thrill us either by its thought or beauty. "No one, I take it," writes James Branch Cabell, "can afford to do without books unless he be quite sure that his own day and personality are the best imaginable; and for this class of persons the most crying need is not, of course, seclusion in a library, but a sanatorium."

To have read a great book through, from cover to cover a number of times until it has become a part of one, is a great step in one's education. But there is a greater treat for the reader: it lies in the sweep afforded his imagination. He may fight sea-battles with the Elizabethans, or live in London with all manner of curious people, portrayed by Dickens; he may

be a Puritan with Hawthorne, or be tortured by Poe. He may travel around the world, free himself from space and time, and become a sky-lark for the moment with the poets. He is hampered by neither convention nor habit. He may fall in love with as many heroines as he pleases and still be fancy free when he goes to bed. All this is in any man's power if he loves good books and reads them.

**T**O USE lack of patriotism as an argument against those who stand opposed to certain debatable actions of our government is like descending to quotations from the Bible in a religious quarrel. "Mark you this, Bassanio, The devil can cite Scripture for his purposes." So when we condemn opposition to governmental policy, whether that opposition be strong or weak, organized or unorganized, as unpatriotic, we are merely hiding behind a fence and calling names. Opposition makes for good government; it keeps the party in power alert to avoid missteps in policy; it clears the air of the smoke barrage thrown down by those in power to protect themselves against attack. More than this, opposition is a check against political tyranny.

We have been all too ready of late to assume that the government should be considered infallible. It has been considered "patriotic" to stand by and applaud, half-heartedly if necessary, nevertheless applaud what has been done by the government. Often we have applauded things we knew nothing about, for the public has been kept splendidly misinformed. We have been too ready to shout "My country, right or wrong!" Yet after all is not such an attitude rather silly for intelligent men and women who have accepted the responsibility of self-government. After all the government is made of men who like ourselves may make mistakes. Certainly mistakes have been made in the past. May they not be made again? Are not some being made now? We shall have to leave these questions to be answered by historians of

future generations, but inasmuch as we cannot answer them now, is it quite fair to adversely criticise anyone who in the heat of a great enthusiasm declares a decided feeling of objections to any governmental policy? Should we not rather praise the courage required to make such an objection—a courage which far too few of us have—than to condemn the objection as unpatriotic? Gilbert K. Chesterton spoke a keen, penetrating truth when he said,

"My country, right or wrong! Why it is a thing no patriot could say. It is like saying, 'My mother, drunk or sober.' No doubt, if a decent man's mother took to drink, he would share her troubles to the last;

but to talk as if he would be in a state of gay indifference as to whether his mother took to drink or not is certainly not the language of men who know the great mystery . . . . We fall back upon gross and frivolous things for our patriotism."

### EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	CHARLES L. WEIS
JAMES W. GILMAN	RACHEL COMMONS
FRANCES DUMMER	LEON WILLIAMS
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## "Youth"

"SEED time and harvest!" I exclaimed, as we walked back toward Russiaville on the south road, after a tramp that had taken nearly all of the afternoon. It was dusk, and suppertime for most farmers, but Bowers and I live among them by sufferance, and are allowed strange ways. We can not enjoy even Alice's delicious potato soup while a sunset is going on in the west, between Manlove's Grove and Tudor's cornfields. Ours is a flat country, and it gives the sky full reign to work upon us as it will. Now, through the slight mist that the gathering evening and last light of sunset helped to make impressive, I saw Leon Tudor still plowing. I wished for Millet. But I said, "Drat that boy!" (Alice's favorite expressions will crop out, at such moments even in a schoolmaster's speech, if he boards at her place). "I'll wager anything, Ed's at supper. Leon will surely make a farmer. The same eighty and forty year after year, to plow and to reap. Seed time and harvest. But I wonder at it sometimes."

Bowers had been taking Leon in, too, but he was looking farther, over the flat, black land, to the skyline of faint blue groves, broken here and there closer at hand by a tall silo. Monotonous, some would call it. "I don't know as I do," he replied. "Did you ever read Conrad's *Youth*? Tale about the sea and a young fellow on a ship that wasn't worth her keep. This land's valuable. Don't know," he repeated, "as I do."

"But that was the coral islands and palms as green as emeralds, on a sea like a lapis-lazuli. Heaven knows I'd never condemn the boy to the life of a pedagogue or a country doctor." I glanced sideways at Bowers. He's never told me how it was he settled in Russiaville. "He's bright, and he works like a farm hand. It's half past seven."

"That," said Bowers, "is the point, but the emerald islands aren't. An itch for the sea or a love of the

land—it's the same when you're young. Leon wants to finish his forty tonight, and he'll do it. May ruin the team, but he isn't tired enough to stop yet, and the eighty's his to work. Sea or land, the young have got to prove to themselves what's in 'em—see how high they can jump over the hurdle; how far they can put the shot; and how much they can plow in a day. There isn't any work, and there isn't any play for the young,—unless they're spoiled. It's all trial—all sport before someone makes a difference for them, and says that there's pleasure in one and not in the other. When *fail* has no place in your vocabulary, and the possibility of dishonor has never occurred to you, effort's a grand thing for its own sake. Leon—" We were abreast his field now, and we waved at him. He returned our salutation briefly, and we saw that he was ready to set about unhitching. "Leon," Bowers went on, "well, he hasn't lost his first fine careless courage yet—he's made his eighty, and it's never crossed his mind that next time he may not. The same decks to wash down every day, the same ports, the same forties and eighties in wheat and oats. Ever read Emerson?

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust

So near is God to man,

When Duty whispers low "Thou must",

The youth replies, "I can."

We walked up Russiaville's one sidewalk to Bowers' ramshackle office, where he changed his collar. I've wondered if Alice ever noticed—she was one of those righteous Russiaville women who "wouldn't step her foot inside that place less'n she could take a pail of suds and a mop with her," and that the Doctor would have died sooner than allow. Alice had to light the lamp for us to eat by; it was dark outside when we heard Leon whistling home. "He won't have his Algebra tomorrow," I said, "or his English."

"Algebra and English," said Bowers, "That's *your* seed time and harvest." HELEN C. POWDER.

# Bobbie

AS SHE hurried out of the tent which stood at one end of the Midway, Bobbie stopped a minute to powder her nose. A beautiful late summer sun greeted her as she emerged upon the rough ground in front of the Cabaret, as the sign-painter had so flatteringly labelled the show in which she worked. A soft evening breeze cooled her face, and she took a deep breath of the fragrant country air. This isn't such a bad life after all, she thought, as she walked briskly down to the mess house for supper.

"With or without, to-night, Bobbie?" shouted Greasy Joe, as she slid in at the end of the long bench to the right of the tables which surrounded the little open-air kitchen.

"Without, of course," she answered listlessly. "You know I've got to work to-night, and the bums don't like to smell onions on their lady friends."

"She's on the fire," answered Joe.

As Bobbie sat there waiting for supper, she looked rather pretty. She was a petite blonde with bangs and deep blue eyes, rather too small and gathered about the edges into a cynical expression. Her features were fine and dainty, though something of the coarseness of her life showed when they were minutely inspected. A certain hardness about her mouth showed that she was not deluded by the colors of things. She had long ago learned what evil was, and her contact with it did not diminish with her length of stay with the Dickman Carnival and Street Show which at this moment was "making" the county fairs. She had often decided that she would give up her work in the "camp" and try something else. But what else was there? Her life as a dancing partner for those who would pay to dance with her was exciting enough to furnish the thrill upon which she had become so dependent in the last few years. She had started out as a stenographer, but the temperament, or love of excitement of her mother had made such a routine, stupid life impossible. Her mother had been a burlesque "queen" for many years and still, trying to overcome age with make-up was earning enough for herself in the second class houses where stock companies hold sway. Then, too, the life was fairly free from the disagreeable side of the burlesque show which meant loose living for all who were to succeed in that line. Bobbie knew only too well the estimate most men placed on women of her type, but she knew equally well how to take care of herself. Not that she was a prude—not at all—she was merely particular. And one thing she was sure of: she would

never marry a show man. They were not to be depended upon. If they could find a wife who could earn a living, they usually stopped. They were lazy and were looking for easy money or else they would never have been show men. Greasy Joe was different, but God! he was dirty. He might sometime earn enough to set up as a restaurant keeper, but that time was far off and in the meantime—well, the man she married had to have some semblance of cleanliness.

Greasy Joe brought her hamburger and slammed it on the table in front of her.

"What's to drink, kid?" he asked smiling. He was a man of medium height, stoutly built. A broad, genial face covered by a three day's growth of beard added nothing attractive to the dirt and grease which covered his once white coat and chef's cap. Still his eyes were clear and frank. He was not like most of the crooks who invaded the carnival shows with the one object of discovering how many fools and suckers there are in the world.

"Y' look kinda blue, kid," he added as he set down a cup of coffee that she had ordered. "Ain't they treatin' you right?"

"Nothin' wrong here," Bobbie retorted. "Caught two swells this afternoon. Topped the bunch as usual when we checked up. Cleaned up about twenty-five, I guess."

"Gosh, them swells run strong for the chicken, don't they? Think I'll start serving chicken soup. Ought to be as popular as sucker sandwiches around here. Well, y' ain't found me a good dishwasher have ya? I'd like to get a swell in here and make him play in that greasy water for a week."

"Say, ain't they no spuds comes with this, Greasy?" Bobbie interrupted.

"Ya, su-ure," answered Joe, and he raced away to get them.

Bobbie's mind instantly reverted to one of the "swells" she had so contemptuously spoken of a moment before. He had made a rather good impression upon her. He had not, for one thing, tried to make a date with her. He had even admitted that he was a sucker and probably would remain one to the end of his life. But he had not proved to be so much of a sucker as she had expected. He would not dance when he did not want to. He told her frankly when he had had enough, and then had waited until she had trouble getting a partner before he would repeat. She had liked to talk to him, and she had told him some of the things which were not in

the usual "line" she handed to strangers. In fact, she had told him a good many things which she would not tell any of her friends except Joe. If Joe wasn't so infernally dirty she told herself, she could like him better; but as it was, there was no use talking, she despised him.

While she was sitting there finishing her supper, Adams, the boss of the gang and right hand man to Dickman, who owned and managed the show, came along and sat next to her. He was a man of elephantine proportions; heavy faced with a drooping double chin, small ugly eyes which showed him to be mean. Bobbie knew him for what he was; she had no illusions. She had seen too many girls make up to him hoping to insinuate themselves into his affections and thus become permanent members of the show. And every time those girls had been cast off after the proper lapse of time required for him to tire of them,—cast off and left without a job, usually penniless. Adams used everyone and everything for his own advantage. He took what he wanted for his own. What he did not want did not interest him. Just now he wanted Bobbie. She was the only thing that he could not have that he really desired. For three months she had been with the show, and he had never been able to touch her. During those three months he had done everything he could to make himself attractive. At first it was nothing more than giving her little advantages that the other girls did not have; then he had set her up to a bottle of beer, an unheard of thing in Adams even when dealing with men. He had just last week even proposed hiring a taxi to take her to her hotel. This offer she had refused kindly, for she suspected its consequences. Usually she avoided him, but sometimes this was impossible in their small community.

"Where's the rest of the harem?" Adams asked as he sat down.

"Dunno. Maybe over in the tent gettin' ready for to-night. Dick says we'll have to open early and keep going."

"Yep. We've got to clean up here. Dick is about ready for a good drunk again, and when it comes, the show goes to the devil for a couple of weeks. Too bad the old fool can't leave it alone."

"Naw, it ain't," said Bobbie sullenly. "You know you're just waiting for a chance some day to run off with his show when he's petrified."

"Yes, and when I do, I'm going to marry you, and we'll run a real show. Hey, Bobbie?" He leered at her disgustingly.

Bobbie got up and sidled off. As she went, she remarked caustically over her shoulder,

"Don't be too sure. Bobbie's not as big a fool as some."

With this retort she walked up the Midway to the Cabaret. The lights were being lit as she went along and their oily glare and uncertain brightness annoyed her. Dickman was talking to his wife in front of Dreamland. Virginia Dickman had been more successful in her picking than those girls who had tried to take in Adams. She had joined the show the year before and married Dick before the winter season in the South began. She was pretty enough, but unintelligent. Her faithfulness to Dick and a certain stubborn frankness had twice already kept Adams from running away with the show when Dick was gone on one of his regular sprees. Adams hoped that sometime she would get tired of her husband's ways and slip off too when she found the opportunity. He had noticed lately that a split was imminent, and he was laying his plans accordingly. At this very moment Bobbie saw that they were quarrelling. However, she was too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to bother about what they were doing. Something had to be done about Adams. Eventually she would have to quit, she thought, but not until she was forced would she do it. Adams was becoming more of a nuisance every day. He would force her to take some decided action very soon. The other girls in the show were not so attractive as she, she knew, and she was not flattering herself much when she admitted it. Nevertheless that would not keep Adams in his place; in fact, it would have quite the contrary effect.

She entered the tent, removed her hat and coat behind the so-called bar at the far end, touched up her lips with her rouge stick, and stepped forth to look for a dancing partner. The music which came from the dilapidated piano and disreputable drum tortured by two languid negroes sounded harsh and unpleasant. She was already tired from her work of the afternoon, and the small crowd of men and boys around the entrance of the tent did not inspire her to action immediately. Still she needed money now if she ever did. If she was going to have to quit, she must have a supply of money on hand to keep her going until she could locate somewhere else.

Suddenly she saw the youth who had made the afternoon interesting for her. He would be a good one to start on. She knew him well enough so that the little tricks with which she usually kept men interested would be unnecessary.

"C'mon, Mister, you're going to dance with me aren't you?" she said, and he followed her on to the dance floor. He was tall and dark with extremely dark brown hair which was short cropped and turning gray around the edges. He smiled indulgently as he danced and seemed to be enjoying himself only to about half of his capacity. Suddenly Bobbie looked up and said,

"I wonder why you come out here and fool around. I don't get it at all."

"Well, for a couple of good reasons," he answered easily. "I'm a stranger in town and lonesome. I want company, and this seems an easy way of getting it. Then, too, this outfit interests me. I've bummed around some in my day, and I like to see what different kinds of people are like. I'm giving you the double-o because I never have had a chance to get acquainted with show people before."

Bobbie did not answer him. She was just a little embarrassed by him. He seemed to be able to say things so easily which were so different from what she usually heard. He started the conversation again.

"I have been wondering how many dates you have made with these fellows who dance with you. Merely interested, you know. I know you never keep 'em when you make 'em.

How did he know that? Well, he knew it anyway, and she might as well be frank.

"Why, I guess I've got one with every fellow I've danced with. I know I've got three for to-morrow night after the show. I have to do it: it keeps 'em coming."

He laughed.

"I thought so. You know three years ago I fell for a girl like you. I thought I loved her. Spent every damn cent I had and lost her, of course. Never even saw her off the dance floor. I didn't know why then, but I do now. I didn't know as much about the men who come to these shows or what they came for. I thought it was for adventure, just as I had come. I pity you girls."

Bobbie winced. She did not like to be pitied. She tried to change the subject, but it was of no use. He kept right on.

"I've never found one of them with enough intelligence to talk to before, but you seem to have some. What I would like to know is why you do it? Is it because you like adventure, or is it just the money that is in it? Is it fun to exploit your sex? Or is there more money in it because of the degradation men and therefore the simplest way to earn a good living?"

Bobbie was annoyed. She understood his meaning perfectly even though some of the words did go over her head. Nevertheless she said that she did not know the answer.

"Well, neither do I," he answered. "But I'm the kind of a damn fool who wants to know. Still I guess I'll never find out."

He continued to dance with her all evening with occasional lapses when he stood off and smoked a cigarette. Bobbie grew to like him. She babbled on and on about the girls as she knew them. She told him of girls she had known in the past; about Adams and Dick and Greasy Joe. When he finally left, he gave

her his card, a business one, which showed him to be a newspaper reporter. His name was Gerald Blanchard; that was all she knew.

The week went on, and Adams continued his pursuit. Greasy Joe had quieted him once when he was too vehement at the supper table. Again Dickman had saved her from a terrible situation by calling for Adams to hustle up some lights for the athletic show. Blanchard had not come to the Cabaret again, but he had started a disagreeable train of thought in Bobbie's mind. Why, indeed was she dancing away her beauty and youth and getting nothing but money, which was quickly spent, in return for it? And then Adams made her fear him more and more. She wondered how long she could keep this life up, and if she ever did stop what she would do in its place. She would have liked to have talked to Blanchard again, but that was impossible. She refused to go find him; still she wished he would come to dance with her again. Yet he made her angry: if he hadn't come, and if Adams had never existed, she could have gone on for years, enjoying this life, earning her way, having a good time, until— That *until* was what worried her always, until—what?

On Saturday night they picked up their tents and started for the next county fair some seventy miles distant. Dick had gone on ahead to make all the necessary arrangements. The girls for the most part had left the fair grounds, but Bobbie liked the bustle and confusion of loading and moving. Besides she must save money; therefore she stayed with the gang at the "lot". Adams was in complete charge, but he was too busy to bother with Bobbie. Greasy Joe was always the last one to move, for he fed the whole crew after they had finished their work and were ready to start. Bobbie sat talking to him while the ferris wheel was slowly being disjointed and stowed away in the trucks, but now the work was nearly finished, and Joe began to bustle about getting the coffee hot and the meat on the fire.

"It's a hell of a life for both you and me, Bobbie. I'll be glad when I'm through and that won't be a long time from now either. If I could find somebody to loan me five hundred I'd be setting pretty." He turned over the meat balls that were sizzling on the stove. "And that would be the last you'd see of me, you overgrown chestnut, you." He swung his fork in the general direction of Adams who was superintending the last load.

Then there was a general rush for the kitchen. Bobbie moved away a little to give the men room. She wandered about among the trucks thinking, wondering if Joe would be happy when he left the "lot" behind him. If he could, she thought, I can.

Suddenly a huge arm grasped her from behind and Adams put his fat, massive, damp face against hers. She shrieked instinctively and tried to get away, but



Adams was a powerful beast who would not give her an inch now that he had her. Still she struggled gamely with every atom of her tiny frame. She twisted about and caught her fingers in his coat; she pulled with all her strength until the buttons gave way. She tried to scratch his face, but he squeezed her until she had no breath or strength left in her body. She suddenly became limp and helpless. Her senses seemed blurred. She could see nothing, hear nothing, nor did she understand why in a single instant she was released and fell back weakly against the wheel of a truck which was standing near.

When she did again begin to take stock of what was about her, she saw Adams was engaged in a fist fight with a man,—but what man? She looked closer, but there were many men around now. Someone shouted, "C'mon Joe, get him this time." She saw then that it was Joe who was fighting for her. The whole gang had assembled and was cheering him on. Then she saw Adams seize a stake which was lying loose on the ground and swing it high. It crashed heavily on Joe's head. He staggered and fell back, his head bleeding. In an instant he was sinking limply to the earth. Joe had been killed—for her—Joe whom she had always despised. But what difference did that make? She now had no defender; she would have to run for it. For a moment she could see no way out, then, as the gang closed in to see if Joe could be revived, she saw an opening. Without thinking she darted through it. She knocked against several men as she ran, pushed one aside against a truck wheel, but finally cleared the crowd and saw the road to the city ahead of her. She ran till her breathing was a torture, until her stomach revolted, and her legs refused to move. She could hear the shouts of the men behind her. She wondered vaguely what it was all about. As she pushed on, sometimes running, sometimes walking, the quietness around her seemed terrible. She was out of sight and ear-shot of the fair grounds now and was running through the streets of the town. Where could she go? What could she do?

The streets were all dark as she hurried along. She must find some place to go. Suddenly she saw a light in a large building some blocks ahead. She made for it without even stopping to think why. Intuitively she knew she must get to that light, and there she would find someone to protect her from the beast whom she had just seen kill a man in his rage. As she approached she grew frightened. What should she say when she did find someone? Who would believe her anyway, or even be interested enough to listen? Was she not a foolish coward to run as she did? Would anyone listen to her? Still she was too frightened to stay out in the dark; she must go into this building—if she could get in.

She tried the door and found it open. She noticed

then that she was entering a newspaper office. A man at the desk in the corner was just answering the telephone. His back was toward her and he was in his shirt sleeves. When he spoke she listened eagerly and suddenly recognized him as Blanchard.

"What's that again?" Blanchard was asking. "Man killed at the fair grounds? You don't say. We'll cover it quick; we'll leave space in the early morning edition. Sure. Get us what you can by four o'clock. Good-bye."

He turned and saw Bobbie.

"Well, for the love of Mike, what are you here for?"

"Because I'm scared and this was the only place I could find open where there was anybody around. You just found out why I'm scared. Give me a chair, will you?"

"Sure, and here's a nip of whiskey which will set you up when you get your breath again," he said pushing a chair toward her and reaching for a bottle in the drawer of his desk. When Bobbie had settled herself and rested for a few moments, he said,

"Well, let's hear about the row. Who's dead?"

"Adams killed Greasy Joe." Bobbie answered simply. She was too weak and weary at the moment to say more. The whole affair seemed a mere detail in her life. Its awfulness did not impress itself upon her. She was safe for the present; she need fear Adams only in the future, and in all probability he would be arrested and put in jail. Anyway she was safe for the present.

Blanchard had whistled when he heard that Joe was dead. He was rather excited about it all, Bobbie thought. She wondered vaguely why. Then she took a drink of the whiskey.

"Sounds as though that fight might have been a thriller; wish I'd been there," he said.

"It wasn't so much. Joe slugged Adams to make him let me alone. He wasn't no baby, Adams wasn't. He hit back, and they had a fight—Joe had the best of it until Adams found a club and biffed him over the head. Killed him, I guess." She couldn't get thrilled over the episode now.

Just then the telephone rang and Blanchard turned to answer it.

"What? the devil! Yes, I know. Got him did they? Hanged him? No-o-o! All right. As soon as possible."

He turned back to Bobbie with a grave face.

"Well, they sure had a jolly little party out there. Joe's dead all right, and the gang strung up Adams in no time at all; licked a couple of cops in the process. Now they've all vanished like so much smoke. I guess that ought to make interesting reading for about forty thousand bored citizens."

Bobbie did not understand this last remark—all she

heard was that Adams was dead too. In an instant her weariness left her. She was absolutely without fear. Nothing mattered. She felt like dancing and singing. She could go back to the show—at least she could join the girls at the next town and wait developments. All her fears and dislike for the “camp” went with the news of Adam’s death. There was nothing else for her to do now but to get out of town as quickly as possible.

Blanchard watched her for a minute waiting for some comment. When she made none, he asked,

“What are you going to do now?”

“That’s easy. Go back to the show.”

“But the police may want you as a witness.”

“Well, they’ll have to come after me.”

“After all this you are willing to go back—and the whole mess was over you too?”

“Aw, that won’t cut no ice. I’ve got to get back. I’ve got to eat, ain’t I? I’ve got to earn money, and I can’t stick around in one place and see the same people all my life. I’ve got to move around and see a little excitement.”

“That’s bunk,” said Blanchard. “You have become used to excitement and think you can’t live without it. You’d be happier with less of it.”

“Aw, you kidded me once into thinking I was all wrong, and as long as Adams had my goat, I thought maybe you was right. But you ain’t. What’ll do for one, won’t do for another.”

“I thought once that I couldn’t exist on anything but thrills when I was younger, but I found that thrills are like too much sweets, disgusting and sickening.”

“Aw, can that stuff. I’m going. My train leaves at four-ten. If the police want me they can come an’ get me. I’ll give ’em leave. Right now I’m going to find Dick. If he ain’t drunk and lost some place, he’ll have another show goin’ by the end of next week. That’s his kind. S’long. Thanks for the drink. Station’s straight down the street ain’t it?”

Blanchard admitted that it was, and she left without another word.

“Don’t it beat all,” mused Blanchard to himself, “how you can’t make flesh out of herring?”

JAMES W. GILMAN.

### FIRST SNOWFALL.

This fallen snow’s white page is all o’er-writ  
With memories of other winter’s snow,  
While ghosts of buried feelings come and go  
Filth of battle, the snow that covered it,  
Too soon tramped in with uglier things to show;  
This fallen snow’s white page is all o’er-writ  
With memories of other winter’s snow.

Yet they are only ghosts that mew and spit  
Arisen for an hour from below:  
This fallen snow’s white page is all o’er-writ  
With memories of other winter’s snow,  
While ghosts of buried feelings come and go.

DUDLEY C. BROOKS.

### TO THE HEARTH-FIRE.

Awake! From out thy ruddy-glowing bed  
In leaping radiance come upward dancing—  
Rose-clad, with mystic violet entrancing,  
Woven softly in from foot to head—  
O, Flame, arise! the chilly night has sped,  
While raindrops on the roof are scatter-prancing;  
’Tis not the day for woodland journey’s chancing,  
But one for worship at thy shrine warm-red.  
Arise, and hum thy whirring magic songs,  
A wordless mystery-music, bringing throngs  
Of half-seen fire-fairies dancing through—  
Enchantment! Thou are born-Sun-Children all!  
Free, laughing spirits from a log’s dead thrall,  
Out of death leaping to glorious life anew!

DUDLEY C. BROOKS.

# The Cathedral

(From "Sunssets on a Northern Lake")

"God is a Spirit,  
And they who worship Him, must worship Him  
In Spirit and in Truth."

1.

How like a rifled church in Picardy  
This forest is wherein the spectral light  
Reveals, like fragmentary statuettes of Mary,  
The graceful birches crashed upon the ground,  
The fallen age-old pines  
And musty, broken oaks,  
The mighty pillars cast from shattered bases.  
The tumbled arches heap the entrances  
Laid waste by Hunnish hands;  
The dying sun, shining in golden patches,  
Pours through the battered roof.

2.

This sunlit lake, with its rough cliff-bound shore,  
Is holy water in the recessed font.

As in the ancient abbey of Flavigny  
Processional feet have worn the niches deep,  
So, too, how cruelly torn this narrow path across the  
sod  
And small stretch of the yellow sanded beach.

I touch the water to my head and breast;  
I breathe the invocation for a soul forlorn.

3.

To purify the worshippers, the cedar tree  
Shakes out his holy musk. The odors, crisp  
And pungent, cleanse the arbitrary soul  
And pacify the throbbing spirit's fears.

4.

Peter or Thomas a'Becket,  
Louis or the Mad Borgia,  
Gazed on no more beautiful an altar.

See how the blazing sun,—  
That cross of purest gold,—  
Shoots his bright rays.

The many, many aeons,  
The devoteés have looked upon that fire,  
Sought for its strength and grace,

And crept back to the world  
Joyous of heart,  
Or to their tasks with fresher spirits,  
Soothed with humility and love.

5.

The snowy clouds which kneel beside the sun  
Are altar angels praying by the cross.

6.

The thin veils of the mists, which rise and curl,  
Are incense flowing from the silver cense  
Along the altar stairs.

7.

Just where the clouds are thin  
And the bright light comes glimmering through  
In patches of most intricate design,  
There are the seven seals that form the Roman cross,  
Set on the curé's royal, sable robe.

8.

The lighted birch tree, swaying in the breeze,  
My censer is. It swings with gentle movement,  
Side to side, with that mild motion which I knew  
As a young babe. I supplicate for childhood's  
Sanguine calm and confidence unhurt.  
And cradle-like this slowly moving censer lulls  
My weary spirit to a penitential rest.

9.

Lovely, serene Venus,  
Burning in the murky sky,  
Thou art my candle  
Lit in penitence, devotion,  
Upon the altar of the universe!  
God shall see thee and forgive me!  
Bright Venus, burning ever for me,  
My candle lit by an Immortal Hand.

10.

I see the sunset through the spreading maze  
Of slender, naked, matted willow boughs,  
A mosaic, it, of colors, gold  
And burnished copper, cobalt  
And red and purple,  
A rose-window set within the tabernacle.

VICTOR SOLBERG.

## Tintern Abbey and Desdemona Light

IN THE spring of 1918, I was at Fort Stevens, Oregon. Fort Stevens is at the mouth of the Columbia River which is here an estuary sixteen miles broad between the states of Washington and Oregon. The battery of twelve-inch disappearing rifles on which our company drilled was on a hill about three miles in from the Pacific. From the emplacement we had a good view of the whole broad mouth of the river, of the harbor of Astoria, of the mountains down the coast, and of a mighty segment of the ocean.

During the month of May, we used to drill on the guns from eight in the morning until noon, with a ten-minute rest in every hour. Due to a combination of causes, I was at this time emotionally unstable. My mental confusion, my distress, was reflected in my body; I was running sporadically a light fever. During the short time that I was in this condition, much less than one-tenth of the time I spent in the army, I had two fist-fights, the only fighting I did in the late war to make the world safe for democracy. I mention this fact to show my extreme sensitiveness at the time to emotional stimuli.

On the morning I have in mind, after our usual breakfast of burnt bacon and lumpy corn-meal mush, we put on our blue denims, and marched jauntily down to Battery Miskler. From eight until nine we did our unsuccessful best to give the Colonel a fit of apoplexy. During this hour I was the complete Man of Sorrows. My personal troubles, which were really large, the reverses on the Western Front, which were serious, and the condition of the Government, which was sad, gave me feelings of unutterable woe. I was helpless in the swell of my sorrow which swept on and on irresistibly, never leaving and never nearing the light accompaniment of the Colonel's frenzied swearing and the men's covert snickering. All my pain was a direct result of the war, and I could not forget the war. To forget the war—that would be happiness; to forget the war for a little while—then I could stand anything. Our ten minutes of rest came at the peak of my longing for relief, when my desire for forgetfulness was adding complication and weight to my overwhelming burden. I dashed up the ladder out of the gun-pit, and threw myself down where a clump of Scotch broom gave me privacy. Here my gloom reached its climax. Outwardly I was inert, but in me what a storm there was! It was as though a howling wind were carrying me in its midst, rolling me over

and over and rending and cracking my muscles and my bones. I weltered in this crescendo fury until my head seemed bursting, the world reeled, I gasped for breath. I—, It ceased as suddenly as a cloudburst, and I heard the broom leaves rub together.

Half-afraid, I raised my head and slowly opened my eyes. What would the world be like? If I had seen a snake, even a pretty, little, harmless grass-snake, in that precariously-balanced, forebodingly-calm emotional condition, I should have fainted dead away. But my eyes opened on a dandelion. It was a very bright dandelion, and it attracted me. I pulled it from its stem and looked at it closely. It was curious how bright and alive the color was and yet how variously shaded. It was puzzling to trace the curves marked out by the petals, and yet how simple each curve was. Each petal was a complete flower, each petal had the same notch in the end, and yet how different from all the others was each with its almost indistinguishable, characteristic variations. I seemed to be seeing a dandelion for the first time. I gazed and gazed and thrilled again as I saw new beauty. When I saw the shadow that children marvel at in a close-coiled spiral glancing about on its face, I was in ecstasy. I did not lift my eyes consciously from the flower, I continued to see the dandelion, but I began to see more and more; I began to hear and to smell, and to feel more than ever before in my life. I could hear and distinguish the sound of sea-gulls, and sand-pipers, and the surf breaking on the beach. I could see the fiery yellow clumps of broom all up and down the river. I could smell ocean in the faint fitful breeze, or the marsh when the wind shifted. I could feel the coolness of the westerly puffs and the warmth of the eastern. I could tell the difference in sound of waving grass and rustling leaves; I could distinguish the silver-blue water of the river far out beyond the bar from the deeper, purplish tint of the ocean waters. Each of my senses was doubled in power. The world seemed to be new made. The mist as it rose curled gracefully among the trees across the river, until the hills seemed to be trailing clouds of glory down to the sea. The fish-boats with raked masts were beautiful in simplicity; the old dredge, *Chinooh*, was majestic as she slipped down past Desdemona Light. And Desdemona Light was a fairy tower in the morning sun. Made of old stone whose lines were softened into grace by invisible moss and mold, it stood, a per-

fect blend of purple shadows and golden light in the middle of the satiny glancing river. Around the base of the tower were two crumbling, dark, old piles; around the weather-cock on the top flaunted a lacy waving veil of mist.—The dandelion in my hand wavered and became indistinct. I was far beyond the dandelion. Every instant I received a new sensation. I listened more and more intently; I tried to see all things about me; I exerted myself. I penetrated deeper and deeper into the scene; a wild, clear, fearless delight bore me up and up. And all the time my senses were serving me the best they could, I felt the utter inadequacy of human senses. I wanted to get more. I had a fierce, unsatisfied joy in the experience that grew and grew. I felt so strongly the desire to absorb the scene completely into myself that I was terribly thirsty—thirsty for the ultimate beauty I could reach if—

“Number 20! Number 20! Man your swab. Where in hell is Number 20?” And I had to tumble down into the gun-pit.

I have never before confessed to this experience. After I had written the foregoing record, I hesitated to let it stand, until, in a casual conversation, a friend of mine referred to Richard Jefferies, and later loaned me Jefferies' Autobiography, *The Story of My Heart*. To Jefferies such experiences came often, were indeed, eagerly striven for. He says:

“Through every grass-blade in the thousand, thousand grasses; through the million leaves, veined and edge-cut, on bush and tree; through the song-

notes and marked feathers of the birds; through the insects' hum and the colour of the butterflies; through the soft warm air, the flecks of cloud dissolving—I used them all for prayer. With all the energy the sunbeams had poured unwearyed on the earth since Sesostis was conscious of them on the ancient sands; with all the life that has been lived by vigorous man and beauteous woman since first in dearest Greece the dream of the god was woven; with all the soul-life that has flowed a long stream down to me, I prayed that I might have a soul more than equal, far beyond my conception of, these things of the past, the present, and the fulness of all life. Not only equal to these, but beyond, their energy, grandeur, and beauty, and gather it into me. That my soul might be more than the cosmos of life.”

In *Tintern Abbey*, Wordsworth says:

“—————; that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world

Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame

And even the motion of our human blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:

While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy

We see into the life of things.”

BERT GILL.

## DEATH AT NOONDAY.

Glaring Inferno, blasting life,

Sucking black blood from my blackened lips,

Hasten your torture, plunge the knife:

Tediously turning.

Consuming blast, encircling mesh,

Searing the eyes through the withered lids:

Hasten your torture, burn the flesh

Slowly shrivelling.

Allah! You lie! You save me not.

You cannot cool the sand and sun!

Cursed be your name—your spirit forgot!

Oh, Allah! Have mercy! I die.

MARY T. VOORHEES.

## Life's Pantheon

A man looked down the tangled ways of life  
And, seeking, found the road that he must take,  
The one wherein the mile-stones straightly marked  
The measure of his own divinity;  
The weary heaviness that he had known  
Through many hopeless and confusing days,  
Now found relief, and in his purpose strong,  
He faced his work. The world beset him round  
With its ideals, demanding that he too  
Should worship, sacrificing to its gods  
His fellows' freedom and his deepest self;  
The thousand fiends that rule the hearts of men  
Awaited him, with cruel, mocking eyes  
And horrid gifts,—the gifts of poverty,  
Of whispered shame, of deadly, dragging life,  
When all he'd built should stand a crippled thing,  
And he be powerless to finish it,  
The gift of lies that breed distrust in friends,  
The fierce, black hate of slaves for one who's free,—  
All these they offered him and dared him come.  
He held his way. And some men told it far,  
Thanked God for such nobility, and then  
Forgot; for they were blind.  
But there was one who saw and knew the truth;  
He saw the eyes that once were bright with joy  
Grow dead and dark with pain,  
The spirit proud, that stood erect and strong,  
Bend in the blasts that shatter hope and faith,  
And stop beneath the burden of life's grief,  
Shrinking before the sight of loathsomeness  
That would destroy all else except itself;  
He saw a soul pass through the agony  
That only men inflict in human hells,  
And all his spirit throbbed in hot revolt,  
And love that binds the soul to set it free  
O'ermastered him. Its great resistless urge  
Imparted strength and sent another life  
Where that of every living God must walk,  
To bear the burden of creation's pain;  
With cosmic souls that yearn and brood and toil  
And fashion from their dreams new birth of life,  
Eternally they labor at their task,  
A changing pantheon, unrecognized—  
Eternally the pious world thanks God.

EVE KNOWER.

## Orpha

ORPHA Lake sat in her small dining room holding a piece of yellow paper—"Citation on Proof of Will. The people of the state of New York." She was thinking of the long visits Aunt Sarah Jane had made them on the farm during the summer, of a long illness, of the summer spent in New York state—Aunt Sarah Jane had been as irritable as a teething child, and last of all her aunt's words as she kissed her good-bye that dark day in the station. "Good-bye, dear child, you shall have something handsome some day." And now her aunt was dead, and on July ninth the will would be read and a copy sent to her. She glanced at the clock. Her tatting lay by her side unfinished. Mrs. Clyde Summers must have her ten yards of lace that afternoon. Her aunt's words came to her again. "Good-bye dear child," and . . . "something handsome". She had forgotten about tatting and taxes as she fingered the yellow paper and pulled her glasses over her nose to read the names again. "John Bennett, Eliza Oaks, and then—Orpha Lake." She caught her breath as she saw how stately it looked there—"Orpha Lake"—tall, splendid, a name even Mrs. Clyde Summers might envy. That brought her back to the tatting, and she started merrily on making the little loops and curves, the words "something handsome" going through her brain—dancing, playing, screaming with delight—like little girls at a game of tag. No more worrying about forty dollar taxes, no more worries at all. The shuttle went faster and faster. She could smile now when she passed the City Hall. She could buy things. Her heart almost stopped a moment over the last—buy things. Then the telephone rang out sharp and shrill making her want to tear from the house.

"Yes, yes. No I haven't. I'm so sorry Mrs. Summers but you said this evening would be soon enough. It's important? I'll do it and bring it over myself."

She sat down again. That meant no dinner, but then, there never was much. She smiled and tatted, and tatted and smiled as she thought—"I can buy things now . . . buy things."

That afternoon those words were alternating in her mind as she climbed the steep steps of the Clyde Summers' semi-mansion. A ragged serge suit, a home-made hat well back on her head, a forehead ridged with wrinkles, eyes that talked . . . She rang the bell eagerly. In her haste she had neglected to notice that the letter of that morning had been delayed. Even now her copy of the will might be in her mail

box. The heavy door opened.

"Just step inside," and something about Mrs. Summers being there directly.

She sat down and looked about the great hall. The sound of voices rushed out of a long room at her right. Voices that attempted no longer to hide suppressed excitement.

"I just heard it. You know he's been off there for ever so long. Never came back once. When I met him I said, 'Why Mr. Tower!'"

Orpha leaned forward. Her great eyes were like misty blue unexplored lands. Lands that would never be found.

"No he isn't sick, there's nothing wrong. Money? Oh! he has all of that he cares for . . . never cared about it you know. Mother said she was so surprised when she saw him that she said right out, 'Seaborn Tower, I'm so glad' . . ."

Orpha sat back stiffly. It *was* Seaborn. He was at home.

Mrs. Summers was coming toward her.

"Oh, it is you," she said kindly and went for her purse.

Suddenly Orpha wanted to scream aloud to everyone "He's home! Seaborn's home!" An illustrated catalog lay on a nearby table. She took it in her hands and turned the pages hurriedly. Shoes, suits, mourning apparel, misses coats, dresses . . . Something caught her eye. Even before she looked at it closely she knew it was what she wanted. It was something she must have. The knowledge that Seaborn was home made it a thing she could do without no longer. The thought of Aunt Sarah Jane made it possible. All her happiness came rushing out as Mrs. Summers came into the room.

"It was five dollars I believe?" Orpha nodded.

"And how are things going with you Miss Lake?" Mrs. Summers was doing what she called putting people at their ease.

Orpha's happiness had come to the pouring out stage. She wanted to tell everyone the good news—scream part of it, whisper the rest. She looked at Mrs. Summers with eyes that were clamoring to tell, because the mouth was not telling fast enough.

"I'm . . . I'm very well, thank you. Everything's going well with me. My Aunt Sarah Jane's dead." She knew she was saying something. Her happiness seemed uncontrollable. "She's the one that made the quilts. She has sixty—each one different and such a lot of work—When I was there she had

fifty. They were handsome . . . for those that like them."

Mrs. Summers mouth seemed shaky. She put her handkerchief to her lips. Orpha was at the door. "I know I can buy one here," she was saying to herself, "I know I can."

A new breath-taking plan was in her head. She would buy it with the tax money.

Back in the hall Mrs. Summers was struggling to keep back the shrieks of laughter that were fighting for freedom. She shook gently as she walked into the living room.

"It was Orpha Lake," she explained, "I often wonder how the poor thing gets along."

"Oh yes, too bad isn't it?"

"I heard she wasn't . . . hasn't ever been the same since Seaborn Tower left town."

"What's he got to do with Orpha?" questioned Mrs. Summers.

"Didn't you know? Why he was devoted to her, and then he picked up and left. We never knew why."

"Doesn't anyone know? But then, I can't see what he ever saw in her."

"Nobody could," remarked a pale little woman with worried eyes. "I heard he never gave her any reason . . . just up and left . . . I guess he didn't know himself. But I don't *know*."

"Nobody does," they declared again.

Mrs. Summers leaned toward the nodding group.

"Is there," she said softly, "Is there any insanity in the family?—the Lake family, of course."

The ladies shook their heads.

"Too bad—poor thing—a shame isn't it?" they said simultaneously.

The little clerk in Mason's department store thought something to the same effect as she watched Orpha Lake pass out of the store with a large box under her arm. The clerk laughed. It was a hard laugh. Then she muttered something about "What makes a brown old woman like that pick out such a thing?" and turned to wait on an eager eyed mother who wanted to buy a sweater for Keith.

The clerk had already forgotten Orpha and her package.

Orpha was hugging that package lovingly as she walked down the street. It was almost unbelievable that Seaborn was home, Aunt Sarah Jane, the taxes, and then this . . . She hugged the package tighter and tighter. This was the thing that was slowly making her live again. She flushed as she thought—"maybe it's not this at all, maybe it's because Seaborn's home." That thought made her walk faster. She put her head down and took long strides, her

mind on the glorious contents of the green paper box. Someone was passing. She glanced up in time to speak to Mrs. Summers. The streets were crowded. Children with evening papers, women like Mrs. Summers, widows, brides, old men with bent backs . . . Orpha saw none of them. Someone was stopping. She clutched her package, pulled her glasses out over her nose, and stared. This tall white haired man seemed to know her.

"Orphie . . ."

Her throat felt full as she put out her hand trembling.

"Seaborn, and I never knew you."

The lamp shed a greasy glow over the little bedroom. The pictures, cushions, bed, seemed unreal in that stunted light. Orpha stood in front of a shaky old mirror, her hair defying disorder tremblingly neat, her neck strangely hollow in places, her white slip stiff with starch standing out around her like a white umbrella. She was picking carefully at a string around a large green box. Three more pulls and the string was off; the box on the floor. Orpha put her face down on the stiff linen folds of a navy blue sailor suit. She pulled the plaited skirt over her umbrella-like petticoat. Then she ran her fingers over the insignia on the sleeves of the middy—the long bar, the tiny "E", the sailors knot. At last it was over her head, the red tie adjusted. She looked at herself for a long happy moment. Above the red tie and the rows of white braid her neck seemed to stand out, the ugly lines too prominent. There was a half-frown on her forehead. She turned away and in a second was back with a net guimpe—its high collar stiffly boned.

She was ready.

Girls of sixteen as they flung themselves past her home on their way to school would have shouted with glee at the sight of Orpha. Their sailor suits hung straight from their young shoulders; Orpha's was held out by stiff petticoats and bent bones; their plump necks rose from their collars with pink and white beauty; no bones covered with net guimpes; their ties had a jaunty air as though they had been thrown on; tight bow knots like Orpha's would have shocked them to laughter.

As she stood there in front of the glass the words "He's coming here tonight" danced through her brain. She looked in the glass more closely. She was seeing that which thousands strive to see; herself as she had imagined she would look. The gray hair was not there; the bent back; the hard hands; the bony neck. Only the dress. She rubbed a corner of the soft silk tie between her fingers. "He's coming here to-night, and when he sees this dress he'll know he loves me.



He loved me them, but he wasn't sure. This dress will make him sure."

There was a noise on the porch, then a rap on the door.

It all happened quickly.

"Orphie, it's you again!" The man saw nothing but her eyes. Eyes that made him remember. He was young again.

"Come in, and let's have it like it used to be—here's your chair."

He saw her then for the first time. A pathetic little figure no one could describe. He passed his hands over his white hair. Then that nonsense of Mrs. Summers was right. Orpha was insane. No doubt about it. That crazy outfit was proof; the tie—all of it. He laughed suddenly. It was the way men laugh when they are crying inside.

"It does seem funny," Orpha beamed on him, "to be here together again. You went away last week and here you're back."

The words struck the man's mind like flaming sparks. His reason told him she was ridiculous but her eyes held him. His glance wavered. Stiff folds . . . and then red bricks . . . thousands of red bricks, windows with black bars, faces . . . laughing faces with twitching mouths and vague mutterings. Would he have to take her there? He glanced toward the door. He would go. She wouldn't know the difference.

"The leaves around here are falling fast," he remarked gruffly, "I ought to be home now raking."

"Why Seaborn, you've only just come." Orpha was incredulous.

"But I only dropped in for a moment." He put his hand in his pocket. His fingers touched something stiff. "Stopped at the Post Office like old times," he

said suddenly, "Surely you remember how I used to get your mail?"

He would force her memory to defend itself.

"Don't you remember those things?"

She shook her head. It didn't matter what she said now. Nothing mattered. He was going. She wanted to open the door and push him outside. If he was going, why didn't he go?

The man, his head bowed, waited for her answer.

"Don't you remember?" he barked huskily.

He knew how she must look standing there, her hurt eyes . . . He raised his head. Then he caught the bent little creature in his arms and kissed her.

"Orphie," his voice wavered, "Orphie . . ."

The stiff folds brushed his fingers. The faces . . .

He was gone.

She stood by the table silently. Her fingers were on the red tie. She ripped it off. Next came the middy, then the skirt. She gave the crumpled heap a shove with her foot, and wrapped herself in a shawl. Then she saw the envelope. She tore it open.

"——— To my step-son, John Bennett, my Apple Creek property ——— Nora Oaks ——— Eliza ———" She was searching for her name. That tall slender name. There it was—"Orpha Lake, my sixty quilts that represent my lifework. Jane Briggs, my faithful servant, my three New York State farms, and the remainder of my property including ———."

Orpha laid her head on the crumpled heap of navy blue linen. Her fingers touched the insignia lovingly.

"He's gone . . . again;" and then, "She knew I hated quilts . . . she knew it."

MARGERY BODINE LATIMER.

## TO MY MUSE.

### I

(The deserted altar)

Oh, fair ma'm'selle, my dainty-figuerd Muse  
 How often must I stretch my hands in vain  
 That to this altar you return again  
 To light the flame of rainbow—luminous hues,  
 To wrap your robe of cobweb-shimmering dews  
 About your fairy form, and let me strain  
 To touch your electric finger-tips and gain  
 The magic madness that you may infuse?  
 My empty arms are softly brushed by breezes  
 That stir the withered petals on your shine  
 While you are fled where'er your fancy pleases,  
 (Butterfly-wishes you would call divine)—  
 Sure, if you guessed my finger's chill forlorn  
 You'd dip an instant down to kiss them warm!



*Simpson's*

"It pays to buy in Madison."

## What Label Does Your Prom Apparel Disclose?

Is it one of ours? Then we know you are proud of it, and want everyone to know. There is a reason for this, and primarily it is because we do not allow space in our store for any article of which we are not proud.

Our Dress department is now offering some exceptionally attractive prom dresses that you will find individual and distinctive.

**You will enjoy this display.**

### II

(With the stranglers)

To listen alert, to judge, yet still to be kind,  
Seeking The always, elusive, invisible One!  
Line upon magical line, enchantment begun,  
Builds up the eager intoxicant spell in the mind;  
Touch my hesitant fingers, O Muse—kiss my eyes,  
I am blind!  
The caress of Thy gossamer garments, so delicate  
spun  
Speeds through my body the blood in exuberant run  
Art Thou there, Maid Will-O'-the-Wisp, from faith  
shall I find?  
Silent the silvering winter holds fast in his clutch  
The mountain brook aching to race on its way to the  
sea;  
Sparkling visions of Spring it dreams, whose soft kiss  
would be such  
As Thy own sweet kiss on my brow would be even  
to me,  
Melting the ice of my intellect, cold over-much,

Till the melody-wine of Reality swept through me,  
free!

### III

(Discovery)

So suddenly you came, my breath held back,  
Stopped as the air stops just before the storm,  
When through the forest spreads the swift alarm,  
And quickly, waiting, each halts in his track  
Sensing the swift impulsion of the black  
Electric-menacing robe of the god of storm,  
Dreading the first sting of his arrow swarm,  
An onslaught leaving drenching ruin's wrack,  
For I have thought you most a gossamer-clad  
Dream-Goddess, like a sun-drenched evening cloud  
Infusing inspiration dainty-sweet:  
Now, breath-aback, this instant vision had,  
Shows your stern awfulness, "Go!" I gasp aloud,  
"Lest, power-flooded, you break me at your feet!"  
DUDLEY C. BROOKS.

## The Purple Haze

NOW that I can look back on that bright, crisp October morning from a different angle, I am puzzled to know just why I experienced such a queer sense of foreboding and impending danger as I watched my host leave on his journey. I had been visiting him at his extensive ranch for almost a week when he was called away suddenly to the city. He would be gone less than a week at most, he had assured me, and I had readily consented to "batching it." In fact, I was almost pleased at the thought of spending a few hours on my own initiative and responsibility. But as I stood at the yard gate and watched him drive out of sight in the buckboard behind the greys, and as I felt the silence and loneliness of an almost deserted ranch in the wide, open country, and began to muse on the infinite distances and strange environment about me, I doubted myself. I was afraid. Of what, I did not know. I looked wistfully at the last bend where he had melted into the wavy prairie, somehow hoping he would reappear, but he did not. I shook off my lethargy and tried to remember the simple chores I was to do in his absence. My delight in them was tempered by a melancholy depression of spirit. The day was fine and fair, slight haziness in the air to be sure, but then there always is in the fall. Everything was in good order about the premises. There was almost nothing for me to do except amuse myself. I glanced down to where the low cattle sheds, old haystacks, and feed troughs lay vacant in the sun, and back past the chicken house and assemblage of old machinery, to the low, sprawling white frame ranch house. There were no trees to break the monotonous drab appearance of the place except a few shriveled shrubs set out in front of the door. Some sandy chickens were pecking disconsolately over the wind-swept, bare earth in the yard, and among the coffee grounds and potato peelings in front of the kitchen door. I went in and sat at the window of the living room with a months old magazine. I looked at the pictures for I was too uneasy of mind to read.

"Now look here!" I thought to myself. "You're all right. There is nothing to worry about. This ranch may be strange to you; this country may appear lawless, or queer, but it isn't. It is just a feeling you have that something is wrong. The cattle are all taken care of; there is plenty of food in the house; there is a gun here." I jumped at that thought. It was a good idea to have it loaded. I stepped quickly to the large pair of elk horns which were fixed over the door and took down the long Winchester which hung there.

I loaded it carefully and laid it on the table; then I went to the window and looked out, but the peaceful tranquillity of the place certainly seemed to justify no strenuous action. I felt foolish and laughed at myself for loading the gun. How queer that weak laugh sounded in the deserted rooms! A human laugh is a ghostly thing at best. I stepped out and worked the squeaky old pump for a bucket of water. Pausing on the door sill, I set the bucket down and listened. I don't know why I listened. There was no sound. In fact the space was so entirely devoid of sound that I could actually hear something. There wasn't a breath of a wind. I could see the tall, dry blue-stem and bunch grass standing stiff and motionless out on the nearest hills. A few broken chips of glass along the road glittered in the sun. The hills in the far distance were blue and hazy,—but then they always are in the fall. Abruptly I carried the water in and started dinner, though it was only ten o'clock. I needed the whole time though, for I prepared but one thing at once. In mock politeness and trying to force an air of cheerfulness to things, I rang the dinner bell, startling the chickens at the far end of the cattle feed lots almost as badly as myself, at its doleful clamor. I began to comb my hair at the long mirror over the washstand, but was so taken back at the drawn, painful look on my white face that I tremblingly sat down at the table and forgot that I was to serve myself. The bacon, potatoes, and other vegetables were all on the stove yet. Most of it—I had cooked enough for a gang of threshers—was burned beyond recognition, but I wasn't much hungry anyway. A cup of coffee braced me up so that I decided to go out and take a horseback ride. Still, the thought of going out of sight of the house! But that was spared me. Toby, the horse usually "kept up", had in some manner escaped to his friends in the large pasture. The sheds and barns were deserted. I peeped into the chicken house and noted that some of the chickens were on the roosts—and it was scarcely past noon! More were trailing dejectedly toward the door. I tried to think of all the reasons I had ever heard of chickens going to roost in the daytime. Eclipses? There was no eclipse. Earthquake? Absurd. Fire? There was not the least hint of fire about save that slight haziness in the atmosphere—but then it's always hazy in the fall. I gave it up and returned to the cheerless house. My stuff on the stove was still cooking; so I threw it disgustedly out, and left the smoking pans on the table.

The telephone rang. I was overjoyed at the sur-

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prise, for I had forgotten the 'phone. What a comfort it was! It was a link with the outside, living world. I needed it. Receiver to ear, I listened impatiently to clatterings; gratings, saws, sharp rasps, and all sorts of uncouth incoherences. A single, elusive word I caught. It was: "Fire." Then the jargon rattled off into such a tangle of mutterings that I could get no more. Finally the 'phone died altogether. The line was down somewhere. It was thirty-five miles to the railroad; plenty of places along the way for trouble with the line. I tried to think rapidly. But what could I think about? One word such as "fire" is so indefinite, yet suggestive. I ran outside and gazed long and earnestly at the hazy, purple horizon in all directions. The outlook was unchanged, but the silence seemed more profound, and I fancied the air thicker. The sun seemed more distant and glowed a trifle redder than before. Probably my imagination was overworking. Rest might settle my nerves; I stretched out on the bed as I was . . . .

I awoke with a start and a feeling of guilt. The clock had stopped, but it was certainly late afternoon. The house was dark relatively to the outdoors. My senses were rather thick and unresponsive, but I knew instantly what occasioned by dull oppressive headache, and painful chest. The tins on the stove clanked and rattled as I stumbled out through the kitchen into

the yard. The air was murky and the sky low. It did not pain my eyes to look at the sun, for it hung low above the western hills like a cold scarlet ornament upon a smokehouse wall. The stark grass blades stood motionless and unwavering upon the nearest hills. They seemed to be waiting too. The forsaken cluster of sheds and feeds lots was mysteriously empty of all life. No cattle were in sight. The horses must still have been in their smaller pasture, but they were not visible. The strong, acrid smell of burning grass permeated everything. But that awful stillness! The implacable potency of the atmosphere, as if compressed! And the ominous paralysis of nature was profound. I felt like an intruder in a death chamber as I reentered the dusky kitchen. I lit all the lamps in the house and discovered my silly gun lying upon the table. A gun wouldn't aid me much if there was to be a fire—especially a prairie fire. I had little real information but had heard the wildest tales about it. I knew how it sweeps at terrific speed, licking up eagerly everything before it, and makes deserts of ranches; how men caught in its path are unable to escape; how it madly runs its deadly course for scores of miles, or until stopped by some river. I tried to think what I should do, for I was satisfied that the prairie was afire somewhere, probably to the west, for there the smoke seemed blackest. If so, there was nothing to stop it but the north fork of the Birdwood

river, and that was ten miles the other side of the railroad—forty-five miles away. And the uncropped, dry prairie grass was rank and ready every mile of the way. I knew there was such a thing as a fire guard, a ploughed strip of land around the ranch, but as to where it was or what to do, I was hopelessly lost. I glanced repeatedly at the white face of the clock. Its black slender hands pointed mockingly at the same hour every time. I put the gun away and went out into the yard. The sun had disappeared. Something touched me gently, like a feather, on the cheek. Other feathery wisps were lazily settling through the twilight. I caught one in my hand. It turned to powder at the touch. It was the crisp skeleton of a grass stem. The prairie was indeed afire.

I raced for the horse pasture, stopping at the barn on the way for a halter.

"I must catch Toby—I must catch Toby!" ran in my head. I felt as if it was almost useless to flee the ranch though. It was too distant to any shelter, and I knew the way to the railroad and its little half-way town of Accident but poorly. Yet there must be some action. Reason could endure it no longer. Toby and his friends were glumly standing against the east fence. He seemed glad of my company almost, and I know I was of his. I slipped the halter on with a little maneuvering and soon had him in the barn, saddled, and ready for business. The lights were still on at the house, and the feathery pelting of the soot fell like black snowflakes in the pale rays from the kitchen window as I returned. Some impulse stopped me on the step. I listened. At first it was just a suggestion; then the vaguest whisper of a sound; a far, far off murmuring; a slow, uncertain distant rustling. A creepy sensation began to play up and down my back. There was such a strange, ineffable weirdness in the distant sound—if sound it was. It was so indeterminable, intangible, and so singularly menacing. I ran inside, grabbed my suit case which stood beside the bed, and stumbled hurriedly through the dark alleyways of the feed lots to the barn. Leaving the east gate down, Toby and I loped off down the trail east through the biting smoke. The ranch buildings, black and forbidding, were swallowed in the night save for a tiny, flickering pencil of light from the kitchen window. We soon dropped over a ridge and even this faint gleam dissolved—we were alone, Toby and I, and the mysterious depth of the hills was before us.

Toby knew where he was going, for he had made the trip so often before. I let him pick his own footing and mused to myself without looking back for a long time. The impentrability of the night became more and more manifest as we went on. Toby made

hard work of the steep hills. When he had gained the crest of an unusually rough, sandy one, I got off to let him blow a moment. Looking intently to the west, I felt that the sky was growing pinkish near the horizon. Yes, I was sure of it. The necessity for speed was strong upon me, but Toby's steaming flesh warned me to be moderate. In these days of automobiles forty-five miles is only an hour, but in those days it was forty-five miles. The tall grasses began to whisper and rustle among themselves. The wind was coming at last. As Toby's breathing grew quieter, I could hear plainly again that far away murmuring. It was much nearer. I seemed to hear the droning of distant winds and forces, nothing definable or consistent, but full of purpose and sinister meaning. The pinkishness grew rosy at the horizon as I watched, and slowly stole up into the brackish heavens. I jumped on Toby, and we went down a long dark valley for a mile or two, shutting out the sight. When we rose again on the next hill the wind was driving the flakes of soot steadily before it, and the rich scarlet on the western horizon was reflected far up toward the zenith. The speed of the thing was appalling. In my most exaggerated conceptions I had not dreamed of such speed as this. We were about halfway to the railroad, I decided. Toby would have to run for it. The miles wore away slowly, slowly. I clung desperately to my suit case which flopped up and down in a trying manner. Toby loped down the hills, trotted steadily across the valleys, and painfully toiled up the hills. The western sky was brilliant. Near the horizon I fancied I could already see darts and tenacles of flame above the hills. The whole force seemed just beyond the farthest ridge—just beyond the farthest ridge—ready to break over and whip down upon us. The smoke burned our nostrils; Toby wheezed and panted, but did nobly. Not being much of a rider, I began to have trouble with my suit case. One of the hinges became unfastened. To my chagrin I discovered that I had been carrying it empty all the time, and so I threw it far into the night. A large broken ridge which I recognized, even in the thick darkness, loomed before us. It was the last hill above the valley where the railroad and the town lay. Toby was fairly staggering; he stopped about half way up and I jumped off. The hail of soot was flying in his eyes and mine, and the whirling wind wrenched at his mane and tail and fought his trembling form. I led him reluctantly and painfully to the top, and remounted. We slipped and slid and joggled down onto the valley bottom. The town lay dark and desolate, all the inhabitants seemed to have gained the river—ten miles farther on. I think that is the point where my courage most nearly deserted me. I

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knew Toby's run was over. He could never make it. The looming inferno would come and go. We had run our last mile.

I got off and led the tottering horse across the tracks and past the forlorn little station with the one single speck of light in the valley, the switch light, now green, now red, like a witch's eye. We trudged up the single dusty street, grimy with soot, weary beyond feeling. An old man was sitting placidly under

the shelter of the hotel eaves, smoking. The fiery tip of his cigar burned a hole in the darkness. I pitied him, he was so tranquil. He nodded cheerfully.

"They're havin' quite a fire, ain't they?" he volunteered as I drew up. "Really, y'u'd think it was about to jump us."

I stood speechless, too dull to understand.

"It's really about seventy miles off y'u know," he said, "on the other side of the Platte."

ROE BLACK.

## Salvation

*Off the coast of the living dead, where the sun shines  
yellow and white,*

*And the skies are streaked with a livid red, as a mock  
to the thing called night,*

*Off the city of staring eyes, and the harbor of seeth-  
ing decay,*

*There the Isle of Desire lies, like a beacon, that's  
blazing the way*

*To a graveless death 'neath the glaring skies, and a  
face that is twitching and grey.*

**D**OWN Doyer Street, and into the little Chinese Theater went a man.

Joe was hungry. He didn't really mind that so much, but he was thirsty, and he was cold, and his clothes, what there was of them, were soaked in the rain. He had looked all along the Bowery for a shelter, up and down Mott Street, over by the bridge, in the Seabird's Roost, but always there was a cop to chase him, or a bigger, stronger bum to nab off the dry places. And the police had closed up that Bahai Mission of his, where they'd feed a guy and let him flop for the night, without asking him so many questions, or making him sing hymns.—If he only had a drink. But it was useless to try and bum one of those any more, he was too well known.—Noisy place, this Bowery. Too many elevated trains. And wet. And full of kids that ran around in the rain and hollered, and splashed a guy when he came near them. Joe guessed he'd try the Chink theayter.

"Theayter" was good. It was the little Doyer Street Mission, once the famous theater of Chinatown, now risen from the depths of sin and vice, in the eyes of the Almighty, to the glories of salvation. As the men who were in it that very night, were saved thru their repentance, were lifted up to everlasting life, so this hall of vice, with it's den of the Devil in the basement, had been lifted to a place near the golden footstool of the gracious one, to work, to save, to glorify.

Up Doyer Street, into the little mission came Joe. Some of Joe's friends were there. There was the

old one-eyed one. His chin was gray with the stubble of a four-days beard, and brown with the drippings of his last chew. And here and there, on his head, were streaks of a flabby yellow, where the skin shone thru, and where no hair, no life, could exist. And there was one streak where the coarse shreds of hair had refused to turn white, but had turned to a lifelong stain of reddish brown. Joe didn't like this man. The look in his one eye seemed to say: "You done it, it wa'nt my fault." So he went over and sat down next to the kid. The kid's face was all cut up. He was just learning to shave himself with a piece of glass. But he was a nice kid and was sometimes good for a shot, so Joe thot he'd do him a good turn and show him the ropes of the place. Ahead of him was the soldier and over at the side was the old woman who always said Amen, and up on the platform were the rich women from uptown.

These were a new bunch, that Joe hadn't seen before. Every time he went into the place, there were some of those women, who'd come down from the churches with their fine dresses and forgiving expressions. And sometimes they brought their husbands along, to help save these poor souls, or to look them over, or—what did they want, anyway? Joe dumbly wondered whether a real nervy guy could bum one of them for a quarter.

And now the brother up ahead was talking. He was telling them how he'd risen from the depths of sin. How he, once, had been such as they,—worse,—perhaps. How he'd besmirched his lips and his soul

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with vile language, and gotten drunk on the devils own concoctions. How he'd fought and blasphemed and begged, and how, once, when he was a mere boy, and didn't know any better, the Lord save him, he'd stolen. And how he'd finally repented and come to peace with the world, and given up his sinful ways. And how he knew he'd been saved,—praised be the Lord.

And here the little old woman at the side of the room shouted hallelujah, and the soldier began to snore, and the kid grew fidgety and whispered to Joe: "Let's beat it."

But Joe didn't beat it. He thot of the basement, forty feet below, where they had a dry, wooden floor a fellow could flop on, and where they had a stove, and no windows that the rain could come thru, and a Chink, spraying insect powder. "Sanitation,—that's them" thot Joe. He would have smiled, had he still known how.

And so he said to the kid: "You gotta stay and repent."

They were going to sing. One of the rich ladies went to the piano and started to play. Joe recognized the tune. He knew the words thru previous experiences. He opened the Hymn-book and gave it to the kid. "Sing!" he told him. Then he went off on a high-pitched revival hymn, two notes higher than the rest, sometimes a beat behind, sometimes ahead, but singing with all his might, praising the Lord with all his heart and with all his soul. And when the hymn was over, his "Amen" was longer, and more soulfully quavering than all the rest, and echoed only by the "Amen" and "Hallelujah" from the little old woman in the corner.

And now the brother up ahead began again to speak. He told them of Brother Talbot,—how he'd lived a sinner's life and died a blessed death, because he had repented, and cast off his sins. He told them of Brother Jerry and of Brother Al, and he told them of the only road to salvation, and of the everlasting torments of the damned. He told them of heavenly forgiveness to the repenting and he besought them to the bench,—to prayer.

And from the side of the room came a squeaky "Hallelujah", and the old man's eye stared straight ahead and said: "You done it,—it wa'nt my fault".

The brother again besought them to prayer. He shouted, and he wailed, and his eyes swept thru the room until they lit on Joe, and there they rested.

"Come on," Joe told the kid, "Come on and repent—if you want a dry place to stay to night."

So they went up to the bench and knelt there in silent prayer. And the woman shouted "Hallelujah" and went also, and the soldier woke up and went,

and the old man, and nearly all the rest of the crowd in the room.

Up on the platform sat the rich women from uptown, with their fine clothes, and their forgiving expressions.

And so, after some more hymns, and great rejoicing in the company, the meeting was over.

Joe and the kid were saved.

"Come on!" said Joe. "Come on down,—repenters first!"

They went down the rickety forty foot flight of stairs, to the basement that had once been an opium den, and was now a place where a guy could find a dry floor to sleep on, and where they had a stove, and no windows to let the rain in, and a Chinaman, spraying insect powder.

And Joe and the kid,—the first at the bench,—had first choice of floorspace. Each pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, and both rolled over,—on the dry, wooden floor, a guy could flop on. And by the time the rest of them had come down from the hall, and were packed into the room like sardines, Joe and the kid were busily snoring and didn't care how much insect powder the Chink sprayed on them, or how many, out of that crowd of saved men, grew sick in the stagnant air.

Joe and the kid got up early the next morning. Joe had been there before. Pretty soon the brother from upstairs would come down and talk to these men, and start saving them all over again.

The two of them went out into the early morning. It was going to be a clear day, and they were at peace with the world. For they had repented, and cast off their sins. Their souls were everlastingly saved,—and their clothes were dry.

They wandered about for a few minutes.

"Let's go over to the Seabird's and bum him for a drink," said Joe.

EARL HANSON.

## THE END OF THE TRAIL

HERE the rosy beams from the fireplace dance and play, coaxing the figures into a semblance of motion as of life itself, stands my little bronze statue. It is a reproduction of a famous bit of American sculpture,—"The End of the Trail"—conceived and executed to tell the tragedy of the American Indian. But as I look at it with half-shut eyes, while the glow from the waning embers throws over the room a sumptuous cloak of mysticism, how full of symbolism, of prophecy, of life's own melancholy verse it seems!

I remember when first I saw it. I had walked

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through the streets of a dusty, sun-parched western town, and stood before a tiny shop on a side street, where hung odds and ends; relics of passing days. Decrepit saddles, a frayed lariat, here and there huge knives and pistols, a set of branding irons, a buffalo robe full of holes, a thousand and one remnants of the West, as it had been, were there—and, among them, conspicuous and out of place, this and that to tell of lives and fortunes gone astray. The bonze, standing on a little pedestal shrouded with threadbare velvet, occupied the vantage point of the whole window. Strange indeed to see such a work then, with the original but a few months old, in such motley company as those trinkets from the lives of cowboys and pioneers and Indians! What brought it there? From whose home had it come? What tragedy in what family did its presence there spell? I emerged from the shop ten minutes later none the wiser, for all that the statuette, newspaper wrapped, was under my arm.

As I strolled away, there was naught to tell its story; but once I passed a thin, flushed man, walking slowly beside an anxious-faced woman; and again a tall figure in buckskin coat and leggins, white hair flowing down from beneath his wide sombrero; and a slinking sham of a man who peered furtively into my face, only to shrink hastily away as he met my gaze; and by a gaudy creature in a red tam-o'-shanter, whose wide mouth drooped even as she turned to smile saucily back at me; and by a host of others whose lances seemed as sunken and whose steeds as spiritless as those of the Indian under my arm.

There on my study table, casting its uncertain shadow upon the faintly visible wall beyond, my wearied Indian ceases to tell merely the story of his own race's flight, unremitting, ever-urged, from the fertile meadows, the rolling plains and the wooded hills where he once held sway; instead he sings a wordless song of all the whole world's fruitless quests and fallen hopes. A drunken Alexander totters headlong from a golden throne; a Caesar stains the marble of his vanquished Pompey's statue with life-blood drawn by his pretended friends; a Bonaparte broods in the shadow of St. Helena's crags. Men fail; men die. Dreams dissolve, aspirations shrivel, achievements crumble; human clay moulders to dust. Races, mighty and exalted, fade and disappear—a Glorious Greece becomes a few, sheep-cropped hills; a Carthage vanishes from the face of the earth; Rome's grandeur decays and melts away. A thousand peoples live and flourish, and then perish; and of their pomp and splendors no vestige remains.

The end of the trail! Every living thing approaches

its end. For you it may be but around that nearby bend; for me, beyond that little knoll. We sprang upon spirited steeds at break of day and dashed forth, heads flung back, lances high, with ruddy cheeks and flashing eyes, hands and hearts ready to meet what the world offers. The dusky light of evening finds us bent under the burden of our weariness, harassed by failures, facing The Beyond. The trembling steed of Life totters on . . . and when it shall fall . . . ?

The end of the trail! A life lived out, burned until the flame gutters in its socket, scarcely warding off the bleak darkness that is to come! And when that spark is gone, what beam will cleave the night?

What a strange trail—from the Unknown to the Unknown! What strange vicissitudes we have met; how crooked the trail for some, and yet how smooth for others. Here is one who canters lightly through the sunlight and disappears in the distance, there one who toils pantingly for but a few steps and falls exhausted; here another who follows in the wake of a throng, and there still another who turns his face resolutely to the front and presses on, intent but on his journey, a single wayfarer bound with eager eyes toward his unattainable goal.

Are not the Indian's sunken head and limp, dejected frame typical of that exhaustion of every mortal who nears the strange, unfathomed end he calls Eternity? Behind, the wearisome toil, the friends found only to be lost, the hopes and expectations that leap and waver and fall, the blind wanderings in mazes of tangled paths, the pathetic searchings and gropings for aught that might serve to guide footsteps aright. Ahead—who knows?

\* \* \* \* \*

The blaze upon my hearth fades and dies, until its feeble rays no longer illuminate the spent, haggard figure on the table. Save for the faint glow of the perishing embers, the room is dark.

Through the open windows, where the Autumn winds scarcely stir the curtains, floats a mellow air, faintly heard through the stillness of the night. The music comes in snatches, drifting in unbidden, yet welcome, until the very dying sparks seem to revive at the lilting refrain:

Out of the luck of the Gorigo camp,  
Out of the grim and the gray,  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
Gypsy, come away!  
Both to the road again, again,  
Out of a clean sea track,  
Follow the cross of the gypsy trail,  
Over the world and back!

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*Bolshevik Aims and Ideals and Russia's Revolt Against Bolshevism.* Reprinted from the Round Table (A Quarterly Review of the politics of the British Commonwealth.) Macmillan.

In this book on Bolshevism, we are first of all made to understand the importance of Lenin in the cause of Bolshevism. He is "the Bolshevik law-giver, the framer of Bolshevik decrees, and the author of the Bolshevik Constitution.——— Alone of all the Bolshevik leaders he enjoys to a remarkable degree the respect of his colleagues, and it is his influence alone which has kept the party together and put a check on the mutual jealousies and rivalries that are so common in all Russian parties."

Lenin was capable of foreseeing what the result of four years of warfare would be; he realized the inevitable reaction from the war and "he began at once to prepare his machinery for exploiting that reaction in the interests of his own aims." His interest was not in national warfare, but in class warfare.

There are many broad statements supported by no immediate authority in the book, though the aim of the book is sincerely to present the "Bolshevik situation" in an unbiased manner. For instance "The Bolsheviks are opposed by all the intellectual classes.—" Again, "All forms of justice have been suspended, and in their place reign the Extraordinary Commissions. These Commissions are an exaggerated and more powerful imitation of the old Russian Secret Police."

The outstanding idea of the book, drawn up from documents and reports from Russia, rather than from actual contact with the government in question, is that "Bolshevism is a tyranny—a revolutionary tyranny, if you will—which is the complete abnegation of democracy and of all freedom of thought and action. By substituting one class domination for another it has merely reversed the former tyranny of the Romanoffs into a tyranny still more terrible and still more cruel in its oneness."

Kolchak, Denikin, and other anti-Bolshevik leaders of Russia are heralded as the saviours of the country. "Kolchak is a great man. He is cultured, not ambitious at all, with great moral force, highly strung and an ardent patriot. In internal, political, and purely Army matters, of which he knows very little, he is very careful, listens to advice, consults people, reflects over it and never acts on impulse."

The book treats of the entire question of Bolshevism and Anti-Bolshevism rather superficially. Aims and ideals and aspirations and promises are set forth freely. Opinions are stated. There are however too few facts, supported by adequate authority, to make the argument convincing.

J. W. G.

*The Bullitt Mission to Russia,* (Testimony before the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate of William C. Bullitt) B. W. Huebsch, N. Y.

The greatest difficulty of all times and particularly of the present time is to make people seek truth, to develop in them an open-mindedness with regard to world problems, problems which are at the present time their own vital problems. The very word "Bolshevism" in the United States has become a danger post beyond which the average man dares not pass. "Bolshevism is a menace". Bolshevism in his mind stands for revolution, slaughter, for the prolongation of war. He is tired of war, of strikes and unrest; he wants peace and a speedy return to the old pre-war conditions and customs which he has

all his life been adapted to. Because of this general attitude toward Bolshevism, this fear of the very word, the recently published testimony of William C. Bullitt, with regard to the situation in Russia is very timely. Mr. Bullitt was sent on February 18, 1919 by the President of the United States, "to Russia for the purpose of studying conditions, political and economic, therein, for the benefit of the American commissioners plenipotentiary to negotiate peace——". His testimony is therefore presented for public inspection under the authorization of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate.

It is impossible in a short review to point out how Mr. Bullitt fulfilled this mission, how he brought back his report of conditions and his proposal of peace from the Bolshevik government, how England disregarded this testimony and proposal and America dallied with it, finally, suppressing it and substituting for the Russian proposal a wholly unsatisfactory statement of America's attitude. What the Soviet Government asked in her proposal of peace was non-interference by the Allies and recognition of her government—the right to prove to the world merely by example what she considered the salvation of Russia, and eventually of the world.

The suffering in Russia, the acute economic distress is commonly attributed to the blockade on land and sea rather than to destructive revolution. Lenin has accomplished almost the impossible by keeping the people contented with the limited means at his disposal, by distributing food and supplies in a fair manner and most of all by maintaining the faith of a distressed, almost starving people, in the Soviet Government. The terror has ceased in Russia, there is less disturbance on the streets in Petrograd than in any other city of its size in the world; robberies are almost unheard of; the theaters, opera and ballet are performing as in peace; thousands of new schools have been opened in all parts of Russia and "the Soviet Government seems to have done more for the education of the Russian people in a year and a half than czarism did in fifty years." "The food control works well, so that there is no abundance alongside of famine. Powerful and weak alike endure about the same degree of starvation." Of course there are many bad features—it is obviously impossible to produce in a few months time or even a few years time a form of government which shall deal perfectly with the masses of people who have suffered for centuries under czarism, but, as Capt. W. W. Pettit, who accompanied Bullitt into Russia states, "One of the most hopeful symptoms of the present government is its willingness to acknowledge mistakes when they are demonstrated and to adopt new ideas which are worth while."

There is much more in Bullitt's report and in the statements of his co-workers which is of great interest and importance. In some of its manifestations of government, Soviet Russia seems a veritable Utopia, particularly in its attitude toward children—in giving them the best of food, of education and advantages.

Russia has realized a new ideal, her people are working with "a new interest, and a new incentive, not to earn high wages and short hours, but to produce an abundance for all. This is what is making a people, sick of war, send their ablest and strongest men into the new, high-spirited, hard-drilled army to defend, not their borders but their new working system of common living."

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"We are through with the old propoganda of argument. All we ask now is to be allowed to prove by the examples of things well done here in Russia that the new system is good. We are so sure we shall make good, that we are willing to stop saying so, to stop reasoning, stop the haranguing, and all that old stuff. And especially are we sick of the propoganda by the sword. We want to stop fighting. We know that each country must evolve its own revolution out of its own conditions and its own imagination. To force it by war is not scientific, not democratic, not socialistic. And we are fighting now in self-defence. We will stop fighting, if you will let us stop. We will call back our troops, if you will withdraw yours. We will demobilize. We need the picked organizers and the skilled workers now in the army for our shops, factories, and farms. We would love to recall them to all this needed work, and use their troop trains to distribute our goods and our harvests, if only you will call off your soldiers and your moral, financial, and material support from our enemies, and the enemies of our ideals. Let every country in dispute on our borders self-determine its own form of government and its own allegiance—— We have proved that we can share misery, and sickness, and poverty; it has helped us to have these things to share, and we think we shall be able to share the wealth of Russia as we gradually develop it. But we are not sure of that; the world is not sure. Let us Russians pay the price of the experiment; do the hard, hard work of it; make the sacrifice—then your people can follow us, slowly as they decide for themselves that what we have is worth having."

That is the message which the Soviet Government has instructed Mr. Bullitt to bring back to the American people.

J. W. G.

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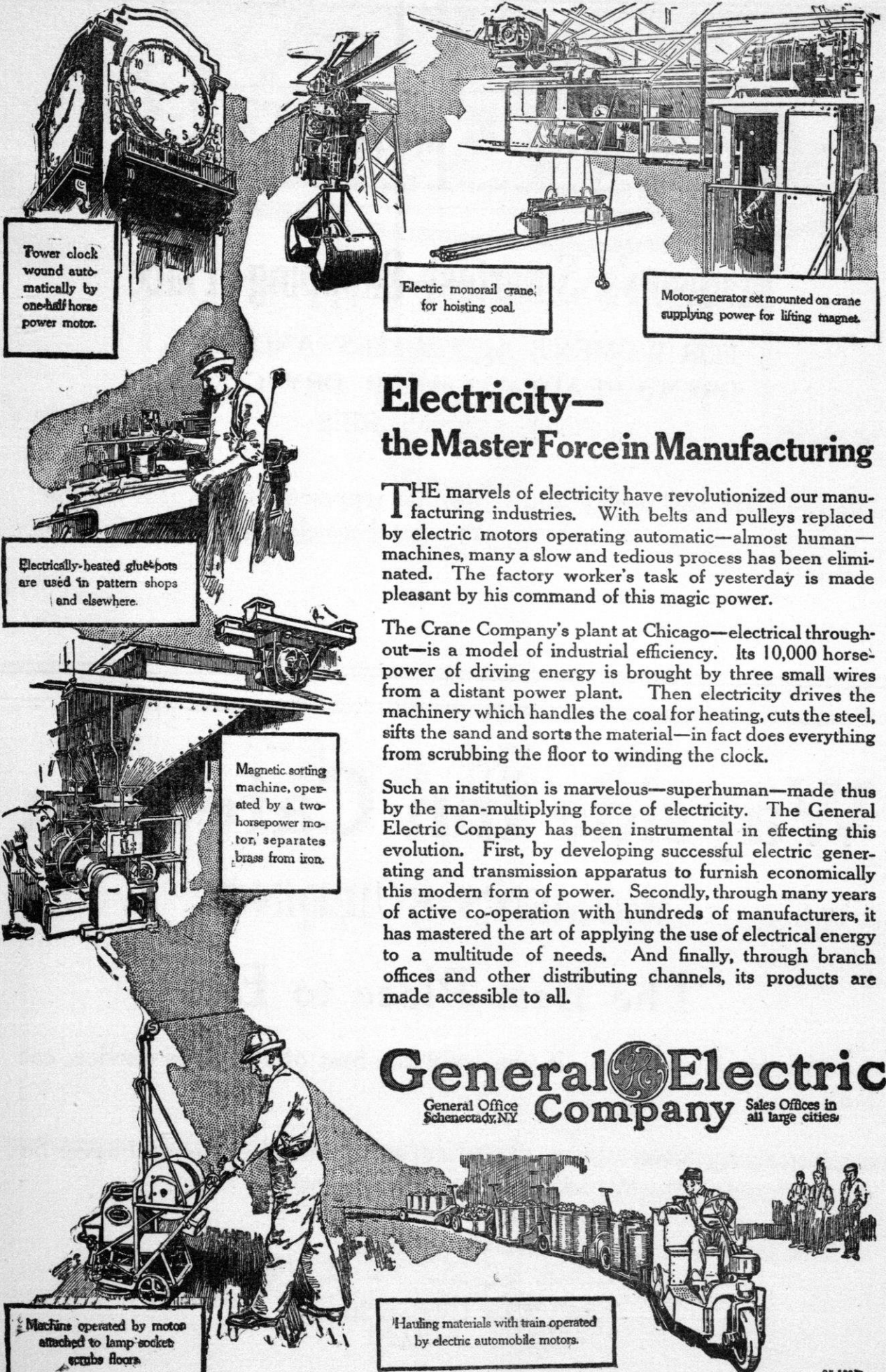
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