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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XIX



Number 5

“Après Moi—!”

My Dear!

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

March, 1920

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

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

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

*Democrat Printing Company
enjoys.*

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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Volume XIX

Madison, March, 1920

Number 5

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials	113
Syrinx	114
Dudley Brooks.....	114
"Apres Moi—!".....	115
Edward Halline.....	115
Verse	116
Album Leaves	117
Walter K. Schwinn.....	117
The Girl.....	118
Carol Hubbard.....	118
The Girls Talk.....	118
Walter O'Meara.....	118
Mademoiselle Beauquis.....	119
C. M. Russell.....	119
Verse.....	122
Horace Gregory.....	122
Sunsets and Clouds.....	123
Victor Solberg.....	123
My Dear!.....	124
B. I. Kinne.....	124
Hints to Instructors.....	128
Frank Sharp.....	128
My Grandfather's Girl and Mine.....	130
Hazel Murphy.....	130
The Papillon.....	132
Ralph M. Coghlan.....	132
The Banshee	132
Byron Comstock.....	132
Mojave.....	134
Frances Dummer.....	134
Communication	136
The Book Shop.....	136

THE CONDITION of the lower campus is one of those obvious things that we are prone to think about, disapprove of and promptly forget. Right now a blanket of white snow has mercifully covered the barren and unsightly front yard of the university. But with the coming of warmer weather, the campus will resume its "vacant lot" appearance and it will continue to be an offense to the magnificent façade of the library. There is no other university building that equals the library in beauty and dignity, and yet there is not one which has not a better environment. It is the first building to catch the eye when approaching the university from the capitol; it is the foreground of the whole picture; it was put there as a finishing touch to a most happy grouping of buildings on the Hill.

Primarily, of course, the lower campus is an athletic field. Its flat surface and its proximity to the gymnasium make it the logical and natural play ground and

drill field. However, it does not look like an athletic field with running track, baseball diamond and the other usual characteristics,—nor does it look like anything but a vacant lot. A few simple touches would transform the vacant lot into the semblance of a real university campus and at the same time do justice to the library. Build a hedge or a fence painted green around the campus; devote a small plot in front of the library to flower beds; repair the ragged road from Langdon street to State street and presto! the change will be magical.

The results obtained from these improvements would justify the small cost of material and labor and relieve a most persistent eyesore. Vacant lots add little to Wisconsin's reputation for beauty.

R. M. C.

WE ARE pleased to call the readers' attention to a communication printed in this number of *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine* which points out the existence and *raison d'etre* of the New Forum. It is to be hoped that this organization will fill a long felt need in our community; an opportunity for open discussion of all questions of interest to the students as citizens of the United States. We are, as students, too much concerned with our own petty problems of when the Prom will be held, and the ability of the basket ball coach to turn out a thousand per cent team. We need some organization which will bring us into direct contact with those things which are being thought and done outside of Madison, Wisconsin.

One thing we hope the New Forum will not do: become so supersaturated with ultra-radicalism that the voice of the conservative will never be heard in it. On the other hand we devoutly hope that the conservative element in the University will not be frightened by the mere name of Forum. It is the privilege of every

member of the university to become a member and to utter his ideas. The conservative as well as the radical should be heard. Such a balance is necessary to keep the organization fluid and helpful. The Forum is needed in our community. It is the best means of promoting clear and constructive thinking, of keeping our minds alert to what the world is doing politically, socially, and artistically. Our best wishes are with those who are actively interested in making the New Forum a useful and helpful organization at Wisconsin.

IT IS axiomatic that a prophet is without honor in his own country, but we are going to place what little honor we can upon some of those who exist unrecognized in our midst. There are at least four men among the faculty of the University of Wisconsin who are recognized in the world of letters at large. H. B. Lathrop has recently published an amazingly keen book on the English novel. Curiously enough this book is not a mere text book, but rather a discussion of the phenomenon in literature known as the novel which appeared sometime in the eighteenth century and is still with us. The book is meant for the general reader of novels, and is written in an easy undogmatic style which is thoroughly enjoyable throughout.

Another of the notables in the literary world is Grant Showerman, an essayist and narrative writer of no mean ability. He has been ranked as one of the greatest of contemporary American essayists and his

charming observations on the life of a professor are masterful. M. C. Otto also is an essayist but of a rather different type. He is interested in social, political, and philosophical questions which he delineates with extraordinary energy, clearness and charm in various magazines throughout the United States.

Another member of the faculty William Ellery Leonard is one of America's leading contemporary poets. He has published several books of his verse, and another is now in the hands of a New York publisher and will appear early in the spring. This book is to contain Mr. Leonard's poems of protest against the reactionary tendencies during the past few years in the United States. It should be a distinct addition to American poetry.

Editorially it is impossible to do more than call attention to the fact that these men exist among us here at Wisconsin. We cannot discuss their work at length. However, we do hope that by commenting upon them, we may create some little interest in what they have done and will do in the future.

EDITORS

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

SYRINX

Unhappy faithful nymph of chastity,
From ugly lips thy voice is magic sweet
In this changed form,—we wonder how replete
With laughing music thy first voice would be!

How down the mountain slopes of Arcady
Its melody sped so sure, that, incomplete,
(Unhappy, faithful nymph of chastity!)
From ugly lips thy voice is magic sweet.

How madly Pan pursued when you did flee—
What necromancy swift, that by the deep
Stream Ladon, in reeds' whispering you keep
Only your voice—the pipes of Pan to be,
Unhappy faithful nymph of chastity!

DUDLEY BROOKS.

“Apres Moi—!”

(Being the Presentation of a Few Facts Dealing
with the Present Economic Situation.)

“WHAT,” I asked a fellow student, “is the world coming to, anyway, with all these strikes and labor disturbances? Do you think that —?”

“I bid two spades,” he replied in unruffled tones.

“Labor wants higher wages, the manufacturer shoves the added cost on to the wholesaler, the wholesaler politely indicates the retailer, and the retailer points to the consumer. And the consumer, in desperation, throws his gold on the counter and in a wild burst of extravagance orders silk shirts, five dollar ties, butter, eggs, sugar, silk pajamas, and turkey at sixty cents a pound. The manufacturer, wholesaler, and retailer shrug their shoulders and let the law of supply and demand take care of the situation; and another layer is spread on the H. C. L.”

I handed this analysis to an ex-classmate of mine.

“Your shot,” he said, chalking his cue.

I was not discouraged. The other sex—they would be interested; the coming enfranchisement had without doubt whetted their appetites for political science, for economics, for sociology.

“Here are people,” I said to one of the younger specimens,—“here are people spending their money like lords when the dollar isn’t worth fifty cents. The more they spend, the more its value is depressed; and the more its value is depressed, the more they spend. How are we going to stop this vicious circle? You, as a woman, deeply interested and concerned in the cost of food, clothing, and the necessities of life, must have come to some conclusion on these fundamental problems of the day.”

I was conscious that that final phrase had a ring that intensified the grave seriousness of my remarks. “Fundamental” was particularly good.

She looked at me, slightly startled. Then she recovered her calm.

“Say, but you should have seen the wonderful silk stockings I got for Christmas. Simply wonderful!” and her voice trailed off in a rapid ascent of the vocal register.

Two women stood on a street corner conversing in a serious manner. Addressing the elder one,—a charming matron with three children,—I began my story.

“Do you think,” I said in a tone of oratorical pitch,

—“do you think that hunting the profiteers down is the real solution of the high cost of living? Isn’t the question something deeper? Isn’t it the increased consumption,—the reckless extravagance of every class in society,—that has shoved up prices? And with increased consumption has come a decreased production. Don’t you, an experienced housekeeper, think that the fundamental remedy lies with the individual —with each one of us?”

“Individuals,” I went on ardently, “must act collectively; they must —”

“Yes, surely,” said the matron. “Now I trimmed that hat with some tulle and red ribbon, giving it a taffeta effect without the brim’s seeming to daring. It made a wonderful hat for Marjorie,—so youthful appearing, don’t you know? And it was only last winter’s too.”

I do not vouch for the accuracy of this transcription of the matron’s remarks, but let it stand. I went on my way, a little discouraged.

But I ran into a socialist acquaintance of mine and took another chance.

“What do you think—?” I said. He interrupted me, smiling cynically.

“What do I think? You know what I think—what I have always thought. Capitalism is headed straight for perdition. The ultimate result is as clear as day. You can see for yourself. Everything is happening as Karl Marx foresaw,—the concentration of wealth, the exploitation of labor, the enrichment of the few by the impoverishment of the many, the separation into classes, and the irreconcilable class conflict between bourgeois and proletarian. Capitalism has overleaped itself and the social structure it has built is tottering because its foundation is rotten with the socio-economic inequalities that the capitalist exploiter has piled up through the deleterious institution of wage-slavery.”

He continued in the same vein, quoting Lassalle, Isaiah, Bernard Shaw, Rachmaninoff, Shakespeare, John D. Rockefeller, Charles Schwab, and Caruso. When I departed he was setting forth Marx’s three laws of the Self-Destruction of Capitalism, with a few enlargements of his own parentage.

I next sought out a business man. I barely finished

the second syllable of the word "labor" when he brought to light some of his views.

"Those fellows ought to be deported out of the country. That's the root of the whole trouble—these professional labor agitators. What right has one of my clerks to come up to me and tell me how much I shall pay him? These bolsheviki ought to be lynched. We got to preserve law and order

"I raise you five," he said.

I took a try at a street car conductor. He declared that everything would come out all right and quoted Horatio Alger, Pollyanna, and Douglas Fairbanks.

I tackled a building contractor, but all that I could get him to say was "Oh, hell!"

A minister of the Gospel was my next attempt, and

his remarks were to the effect—I do not translate literally his rather lengthy exposition of the subject—that humanity was suffering for its Godlessness and that prayer alone could bring down the price of butter. Maybe he was right.

I hesitated in front of a small group of students of both sexes. I recited my speech, but all that I heard in response was the flapping of their goloshes.

I stood at the edge of the frozen lake and pondered. Twilight had crept over the land, and a sort of gloom hovered over the indistinct objects that were in view.

"After me the deluge!" I repeated cynically, and sighed that there was no Boswell by me to write down my sombre utterance.

EDWARD HALLINE.

SONG OF THE MOON-SPRITES

Down from the moon and up over the trees
Quick, for the dawn might catch us,
Swinging along with the ev'ning breeze
Over the hill-top and darkling leas
Haste, or the dawn will catch us.

Trip o'er the lawn ere the night is spent,
Swiftly, the dawn might catch us,
Steal past the gardens in shadow blent,
One sweetest breath of the blossoms scent,
Flit on, the dawn will catch us.

Then to the lakes that in glory dream
Hasten, the dawn might catch us,
Glide with the curves of the trickling stream,
On thru the pines where the wild owls scream
Fly, or the dawn will catch us.

Over the ocean's long moonlit way
Hurry, the dawn might catch us,
Rush with the roaring waves away
Far from the sound of waking day,
Speedily, dawn will catch us.

Swinging along with the ev'ning breeze
Haste, or the dawn will catch us,
Over the hilltop and darkling leas,
Down from the moon and up over the trees,
Quick, for the dawn might catch us.

E. M.

Album Leaves

(The Home Town)

I

SPRING. The young sun beats warm in the south windows, and on the Latin teacher's desk a small glass is filled with blue violets and pearly pink and white dogtooths. A note is slyly passed; a few words whispered; and after school the four of us set out; up through the square, teeming with men and muddy wagons; across the white bridge, underneath which runs the swollen, dirty stream, carrying sticks and branches on its roiled surface; through the viaduct; past the water-works, chugging happily on the sunny side of a south slope; over a low fence; and then—into the country.

The ground is soft and resilient and damp under our feet; above, the sky is blue and clear as an amethyst bowl. There, atop a hill, a farmer is shouting to his plodding team; from beneath his plow, the rich earth turns brown and fallow. To each side of the unfrequented road the budding trees and shrubs show pale green, and, pushing through the moist earth, the first shy flowers,—violets, Dutchmen's breeches, and buttercups,—spring and bloom. We stroll slowly on to the old bridge, on whose stones may be seen the date 1873, and there we pause for a few moments. Below, among the pebbles and slow moving water, great masses of water-cress are seen; we boys tiptoe cautiously over the uncertain footing, reach far, and return with masses of the dripping green.

Then on. Other fences are crossed, we run down a green slope, and up on the railroad fill, high above the rest of the world. Here the breeze blows fresh and bears a scent of drying earth; across on the hill, and slightly below us, lies the little town. Out of the many budding trees the Lincoln school tower rises; there is the mansard roof of the Armstrong mansion; there the evergreens make a dark, bright spot about the Stowell place; and can't you see the red tile of the new Congregational church? Far to the north the stand-pipe stands tall and bright in the sun; far west, past the town, the river flows down in the valley, a silver stream disappearing in the golden mist. Nearby a rooster lustily declaims his joy, and the early birds twitter and chirp in the activities of home making,—everywhere one hears the myriad busy sounds of renewing life.

But it is getting late; there is piano practising to do; and we scramble down from our height and hasten down the winding road into the town.

It is summer,—and evening. The sun has set, but the heat of the day still hangs heavy through the deepening twilight. In the tall maples the locusts cry shrilly. My father is in the front yard, sprinkling the lawn and sidewalks, and I run barefoot through the thick, damp grass. How warm the stones of the walk feel after coming from the lawn!

Now my mother comes from the house and sits on the porch beside the clematis vine. She wears a soft, white, loose dress and leans her head against the back of the willow rocker. The stars come slowly out and tiny fireflies wind slowly in and out of the bushes around the porch. I chase one through the dewy grass. The choir is practising in the church a block away, the soft, blended voices sounding sweetly mysterious in the still, heavy air. The silence is broken only by the singing and the creaking of the rocker. A family surrey jogs slowly by.

Choir practise is soon over, and the girls in their white dresses walk slowly past the house, talking in low tones. I am tired and I creep near my mother; now she holds me in her arms. A cool breeze rustles the elm leaves

III

Supper is over; the dishes are wiped and put away. I open the kitchen door, and slip out into the cool autumn night; a touch of frost is in the air, and in the east the sky is diffused by the golden glow of the rising moon. The pungent odor of smoke hangs in the air. I go squashing through the brown dry heaps of leaves. What fun to dive headlong into the yielding pile!

My father comes from the house; he carries a rake and pushes all the heap against the curb. Then, as we youngsters stand breathless around him, he bends and lights the mass; that small flame dies out, and so does that one, but look, this one still burns and jumps from leaf to leaf until the whole pile is a blaze of leaping color, reaching far out into the street and lighting all the yard with its flare. See how the crooked shadows bend and swerve and hide from one another. Then the fire burns lower, and we who

stood back from the heat of the flames creep closer again, and watch the lighting of a new heap.

Finally all have been burned and nothing remains but a glowing crimson strip along the curb. Now and then a few leaves burst into a quick flame, but they fade out and leave only a curl of gray smoke floating in the air.

Nine o'clock strikes; one by one the children slip away, until all is still and nothing is left but a heap of dead white ashes beneath a cold white moon. The wind hums among the dry branches. It is almost Hallowe'en

WALTER K. SCHWINN.

THE GIRL.

THE girl lay in a hammock under an apple tree—waiting for the water to heat for the dish-washing. It was summer twilight. As she lay there, she dreamed—and always the dream was the same—

A voice spoke to her—"Come, Girl, come with me."

"But who are you—where shall I go?"

"I—why I am the Dream Spirit—but come—come—"

The voice faded, and the girl followed lest it should disappear. Ahead of her swift feet she heard it—"Come, Girl, come!" On she went, thru familiar fields and into unknown woods—on and on—always with the guiding voice ahead—"Come!"

Suddenly the voice stopped drawing away—it seemed close to her—she looked around.

She stood among the pine trees bordering a small clearing. About fifty rods in front of her was a small, clear blue lake, on the edge of which was upturned a slim green canoe. A small cabin, containing (as she discovered quickly) many books—some familiar and some new to her—books everywhere. Nothing of startling interest was there—only the shining water and the trees—and the books. Yet—

"This, Girl, is your place.—Come as often as you can—don't forget that this belongs to *you*—only you. For you it was created—yours it will always be—For, Girl—it is you!"

The girl lay under a pine tree beside the lake, dreaming still—

"Jo, the dishwater is boiling all over the floor—and incidentally you have no monopoly on the hammock!"

CAROL HUBBARD.

THE GIRLS TALK

I

The Thirtieth named its machine-guns—
Fannie, and Sue, and Nell;
Painted in neat white letters
Elisabeth, Marilyn, Belle.

Sweethearts in Iowa and Kansas,
Girls in Duluth and Lead,
Sleepy gray towns and the cities—
Innocence, charm, and *speed*.

So the Thirtieth christened its pieces,
And Corporal Dopey McVeigh
Blushed like a girl 'neath his freckles
And christened his Mary O'Day.

II.

They tell of the fight at the bridgehead,
Of Fogarty, Harris, and Kuhn;
And the crosses awry by the river
Witness the work was done.

They tell how the "girlies" chattered
With hardly a stop for breath,
Woman-like, purring, and sweetly—
And every syllable death.

They tell of a bridge and a pivot,
A still, huddled group of dead,
A jammed gun stenciled "Mary"—
And a river running red.

III

Oh, the moonlight's cruel in Argonne wood,
And the moonlight's fair at home;
Its glow is soft on slender throats
And cold on new-turned loam.

Miss Mary O'Day danced divinely.
About seven shimmies from dawn
The sleepy-eyed Swede with the 'cello
Heard her say as she stifled a yawn:

"Joe, remember that guy in the stockroom—
The boys called him 'Dopey', I think;
Queer duck we were all the time kidding—
Well, Lu says he's been killed, poor gink!"

WALTER O'MEARA.

Mademoiselle Beauquis

“IT IS the policy of the commandant of the Aix les Bains leave area to allow the men on leave as much freedom as possible. This policy will be followed as long as you observe the discretion of gentlemen and Americans.”

The adjutant's voice droned to a close. The men filed through the military police office for registration, and then moved off in groups toward their assigned lodgings in tow of red-banded military policemen.

Private John Markham wormed his shoulders into a more comfortable position under the straps of his pack, and trailed along in the rear of the group of which he had been made a member. He was alone. He had lost the other three men from his outfit in the confusion of detraining, and he had made no effort to find them again. He wanted to be alone, to be entirely free from every restraint. No more sickening first call, fatigue, drill, stables, school or assembly for retreat for a whole week, and a chance to get away from the infernal monotony of olive drab.

The men ahead of him turned, and Markham looked up to find them entering a pretty little villa. He pushed through the door with them to find a prim and almost tiny young woman gesticulating and talking with explosive emphasis to the unmoved M. P. who leered down at her with, “No compree, kid, you'll have to talk about oofs or van blank if you expect me to get you.”

“Perhaps I can assist Mademoiselle, if she will allow me,” and, propping his pack in a corner, Private Markham took command of the situation.

“What? Monsieur, the American, speaks the French so well? Ah, you will win my utmost gratitude if you will but tell your comrades what rooms to occupy as I direct.”

This was soon accomplished, and the girl turned to her interpreter.

“And now, Monsieur, by a little maneuvering, I have left you a room to yourself. You will find it on the right at the head of the stair. Thus, I am able to show my gratitude.”

Markham thanked her, and turned to get his pack. The M. P. was leaving.

“You sure are sitting pretty here, buddie,” he grinned over his shoulder, “Take it from me, these French Janes are all right,—in France, but they wouldn't rate very high back in God's country where you can talk to a girl without using both hands and a phrase book. Mebbe I'll call on you this week to 'parley vu' a little

for me to my Jeanne. I can't tell her all I want to myself. Well, 'Bong Jure', and make the most of your luck. She sure is a neat little chicken.” And the arm of the military law swaggered through the door.

Markham looked around for the girl as he went up the stairs. She was sitting in an alcove at the end of the hall, reading a book.

“Must be the daughter of the house,” he mused as he went to his room.

For two days Markham reveled in the hospitality of the Y. M. C. A. He nearly ruined his digestion with candy, and he lunched four or five times each day on soft white biscuit, boiled eggs, cookies and hot chocolate. He smoked cigars almost continuously, and lounged in easy chairs, while he listened to the French orchestra work itself to a frenzy in interpreting the great composers to unappreciative ears, and drag through American jazz to the huge delight of the audience. He took in the “movies” and the vaudeville shows, and watched the dances. He did not dance; he pitied the Y. M. C. A. girls too much to add his stumbling, hob-nailed steps to their worries. At times he wished he could talk with the girls, but they always seemed so busy that he did not like to bother them. He stopped occasionally in the cafés where he lingered over a glass of malaga or cherry brandy, while he listened to veterans of 1870 bewail their loss of prestige to the younger warriors, and smiled at the naive utterances of the Americans. He jotted down many notes in a worn book, and chronicled at length the story of an artillery mule-skinner who had wandered past the front line trenches at night. The big Missourian told the story well.

“An' this guy pops up, an' says to me, 'Where yuh goin', buddy?' An' I tells him I'm on my way to the first battalion headquarters, an' he says, 'You're wrong there, buddy, you're on your way into Germany, an' this is a listenin' post. You gotta whisper or they'll fire on us,' 'Whisper, hell,' says I, 'I gotta turn four mules around.'”

The third day Private Markham awoke wondering what he would do for excitement for the next twelve hours or so. His appetite for sweets and dainties had become dulled, and the crush and noise at the concerts and shows were beginning to pall. The other men were still rushing on in the whirl. He could think of no friend who would feel as he did, and would wish to get away for quiet walks and discussions. At last he got out of bed, dressed, and went to breakfast.

Then came two weary, lonesome hours of strolling through the town. There was nothing to interest him. He had seen people just like these in every town in France he had ever visited; the old men in the parks, the dirty, haggling, screaming news-dealers, the smudged faces of the bootblacks and the more artistically daubed cheeks of the trim mademoiselles on the streets, who flirted with his all-too-willing comrades who were everywhere. The Y. M. C. A. rooms in the casino were a turmoil of conflicting noises. Wine and brandy had no tang. The conversation in the cafés was mere dribble.

He turned and slowly made his way to his lodgings. The solitude of his room would be better than this. A "Blue Devil" brushed past him with a cheery "Bonjour", and more than one of the painted maidens tried vainly to attract his eye. He made his way in moody silence to the villa, and slowly pushed open the door. The next instant he had covered the length of the hall, and had fastened a hammer lock on the arms of a huge infantry sergeant. The little French girl, released from the unwelcome embrace and caresses of the drunken soldier, sank weakly into a chair.

"Come along, old man," soothed Markham through the cursing protests of the big sergeant, "Can't you see the lady doesn't care for your attentions? What would you do to a fellow who treated your sister that way?"

"I'd bust his —— blank head open," swore the sergeant. In a flash his cognac-blistered brain turned on another tack. He leaned against the door post, and sobbed like a child. "It's this blamed wine. The stuff's got a delayed fuse. I was all right last night, but I woke up this morning all lit up like a star shell. I bawled out three M. P.'s on the way down here, and pretty near got run in. So long, I can maybe weave home all right now."

Markham ran back to the girl. She had recovered her poise, and her cheeks flamed and her black eyes snapped with anger until they softened at sight of her protector.

"Ah, Monsieur, I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your aid. I only wish there was some way in which I could repay you."

Markham flushed and stammered a reply. Many months had passed since he had spoken familiarly with what he termed, "a decent girl". To cover his confusion, he stopped to pick up a book the girl apparently had dropped when attacked. His surprise, when he read the title, restored his equilibrium.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle, if I appear surprised. I am not accustomed to meeting young women in America who read Voltaire for pleasure. Contemporary literature of the popular sort is more to their liking."

"I must be frank, Monsieur, such is also true in

France. Modern journalists are for the most part widely read here, but father and I always liked the old masters best. You know our authors well, Monsieur?"

"Not so well as I wish. I have read a little of your Rousseau and Rostand, more of your delightful Dumas and Balzac and Maupasant, and I have touched lightly on your Gautier and Daudet."

"Fine, fine, Monsieur, you are a very Frenchman. Now you must acquaint yourself with our Lamartine. This was his home, you know, and it was from these mountains and Lake Bourget that much of his inspiration came. But, we do not know each other. We are not introduced, as you say. The war has destroyed even our conventions."

"John Markham, private in the United States army, at your service." The soldier's eyes twinkled as he bowed with as courtly a grace as his uniform would permit.

"And I am Josephine Beauquis." An answering smile played about her lips as she courtied to his bow.

"In good old Yankee I shall now say, 'Pleased to meet you.'"

"And I shall answer, 'Charmed, I'm sure.' You see I have also read other books than those of my nation. I think your Abraham Leencoln adorable."

Gone now was the lonesomeness and the dissatisfaction. For the remainder of the morning the American soldier and the little French girl chatted on. He told her of America and all its wonders, and of his home life. In return, she told him something of the big resort in which they were, of her father who had fought in 1870, and who had died from worry and strain just before the Americans had joined the Allies, and of her brother who was even then waiting for his release from the army. The hours sped by till luncheon. Markham gratefully accepted her invitation to walk with her and her mother in the afternoon. The mother proved a replica of the daughter with fine, gray hair and a few wrinkles added. They strolled through the town, while the two women pointed out and explained the objects and places of historic interest.

The next day John hired a boat, and rowed Josephine down and across the lake to the abbey, where they spent several hours looking at the works of art in the nave of the chapel. They dined with the Abbé who asked John much about his home, and talked learnedly on many questions. Over the American cigars Markham had brought, and the mellow cognac and coffee, the old man grew more genial, and told stories of the great men of many nations who had visited him. John started to row back late in the afternoon, and the hazy, blue twilight enveloped them before he had covered half the distance. As they passed a secluded cove, the girl pointed out the shore line

which had been the setting for the picture, widely known in the United States, which had so faithfully and artistically presented the wonderful light and color of the lake, the sky and the mist on an autumn morning. "And tomorrow," she said, "we shall walk up Hannibal's pass."

Markham smiled and hummed to himself as he got ready for bed that night. How interestingly and vivaciously the girl could talk. It took all a fellow's wit to keep pace with her. And the old Abbé, what a quaint character. It was as if the old man had stepped from the pages of Gautier. He might even have been the confessor of the tormented young priest of "The Dead Leman," and, except for his gentleness, he might have been the transgressor of "The Three Low Masses", condemned to remain on earth as punishment for his offenses. Through the night Markham slept with a smile on his face, and he awoke the next morning with his heart singing in expectation of what the day was to bring. Josephine and he were to march up the pass with the ghost of the dreaming young soldier, Hannibal. He met the girl in the hall on his way to breakfast.

"Bon jour, mon ami," she saluted him, "and 'Bonne appétit!' Remember, we must leave at ten o'clock, for I must return in time to go to vespers with my mother."

At ten o'clock they set out across the lake. When they were half way over she stopped him and indicated a little town nestling against the steep mountain at the head of the stretch of water to the left.

"There," she told him, "is the village where Hannibal was compelled to leave his elephants, according to tradition, and it is there that he made his last obeisance to his god before starting on his hazardous journey." For the remainder of the trip across they discussed the contradictions of history and tradition. As they strolled along between the sloping fields on their way to the road up the pass, he whistled and sang American songs for her, and she answered with snatches from lilting Alpine ballads and French opera. On the way up the pass they stopped frequently while she told anecdotes and traditions of the points which came in view as they progressed. At the summit they lunched in a café in a pretty little chalet resting on the brink of a precipice, and talked of many things, of their ambitions and their pleasures and of their nations. Before the sun had traveled far on his homeward journey, they climbed down and rowed home to find the little mother in her quaint lace cap, waiting to go to vespers. At the invitation of the two women, Markham accompanied them, and knelt beside the girl in the cool dusk of the church.

"Will you be so gracious as to be my guide again today, and, if so, where shall we go?" Markham asked the girl the next morning.

"Gladly shall I be your companion, Monsieur, but we must wait until the afternoon, for I must read to my mother this morning. She is accusing me of neglecting her. But this afternoon,—perhaps you would like to view Mt. Blanc from the summit of Mt. Revard. We can make the trip and return in plenty of time. You are willing? Then this afternoon it shall be so."

The forenoon dragged for Markham, but he managed to hasten the minutes somewhat by a game of tennis with one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries. Early in the afternoon he and the girl started up the mountain. The car ahead of them in the mountain train was filled with American soldiers, whose boisterous antics at the stopping places highly amused and interested the girl.

"Ah, you Americans are always boys, no matter what your ages are. Look at that gray-haired sergeant washing his companions face with snow. I have heard that the Germans feared your soldiers chiefly because of their youthful enthusiasm in battle. They could not understand your men when they came into the fight laughing, whooping and calling to their friends as if it were all a game. Is that true, Monsieur Markham?"

"I must disappoint you there." And Markham gazed out of the window as he spoke. "That was sometimes true, but when Americans began to fall all around, the Germans had other things to fear beside boyish horse-play. I have seen men like those with faces more grim than Death itself, but the American soldier tries to forget such things. What is that little village on the left?"

The air was so clear that from the top of the mountain, Mt. Blanc seemed to be only a few miles distant. They stood long gazing across the country at the famous peak, but the chill of the altitude soon began to eat through their cloaks, and they were forced to maintain blood circulation with play. They made snowballs and tossed them over the cliff, only to have them disappear beyond a jutting crag which obscured their view of the bottom. Down below them the country was green with vegetation, and the white roads shimmered in the heat of the sun. The whistle of the train announced the time for departure, and they turned to go.

"Today is my last free day, Mademoiselle," Markham said as they picked their way along the path to the train. "Tomorrow afternoon I must go."

"Why think of tomorrow while today is yet here?"

the girl smiled up at him. "We do not know what the next few hours hold for us in these unsettled times, and we must live as the world allows. We must hurry, the guard is signalling to us."

The morning hours of Markham's last day at the leave center were busy ones. He checked out at the military police station, and then hurried about town filling the orders of his friends for tobacco, candy, and souvenirs. After luncheon he hastened back to the villa, rolled his pack, and descended to the alcove. He found the girl gazing out of the window into the courtyard. She turned as he approached.

"Ah, Monsieur is going? I am sorry."

"I also, Mademoiselle Beauquis, I must say good-bye, but, before I do, I want to try to tell you how much pleasure you have given me the last few days. My leave would have been a loss if you had not come to bring me joy."

"Oh, Monsieur!"

"I thought to buy you a keepsake in memory of our friendship, but the things in the shops seemed tawdry when I thought of you." He hesitated. "And so, I have brought myself to part with my token."

He took from his upper left-hand breast pocket a little, fringed buckskin pouch. From the pouch he slipped a shining pebble of quartz, an opal with all its colors playing like those of a gay, shifting spectrum as it rolled into the palm of his hand.

"This is the one thing I have which is truly American. It was given me before I left by my Indian tribal godfather, White Owl of the Selish, to ward off the German bullets. The charm worked, you

see." He smiled and for a moment watched the play of the shimmering stone. "At least, I was comforted many times to know that the prayers of such a man as White Owl were following me. Take it, Josephine, the old man will be glad to know that a daughter of his Father Revalle's France has it. And I, Josephine, — I shall miss its beauty up there on the Rhine, but in missing it I shall have cause to remember you and the pleasure you have given me."

The girl stood before him with the little pouch held tight to her breast.

"Jean Markham, mon ami. Your words give me more joy than you can imagine. I was indebted to you to begin with, and, in addition, I have long wanted to do something for you who have helped France. But, I do not yet feel that the debt is paid, for I have made no sacrifice; you have made it a pleasure. See, I, too, have a memory token for you. It was my father's volume of Lamartine's last poems. You know him now, and will love him, too."

"But, Josephine, —"

"Do not say no, mon Jean. I wish you to have it. I have been disappointed in some of your comrades, but you have restored my dream America. When I cry 'Vive l' Amerique!' hereafter, it will have a new meaning for me. Go, my Jean, and may my blessing and good wishes be with you ever."

He bent and gently kissed her on the forehead, and she, with but a moment of hesitation, took his face in her hands and swiftly kissed both cheeks. Silently he took his pack from the corner and strode out of the door to join his comrades.

C. M. RUSSEL.

If I could catch the beauty of your form,
 Then I could catch the rhythm of the skies
 That blessed the world that waited young and warm
 When the first day brought rapture to her eyes;
 Then I could catch the wonders of the sea
 That rise and fall on each inflowing wave
 To scatter treasures at the mainland's knee
 For her to hoard in some unlooked for cave;
 But these I cannot do. My colors fade
 Before I dare to mix them, they've turned gray;
 And while I'm hesitating, half-afraid,
 Day's splendor dies; its magic passed away.
 My hands drop, helpless, for they cannot draw
 Your beauty that has fixed my soul in awe.

HORACE GREGORY.

Sunset and Clouds

1.

Oft, as a little wondering child,
I looked upon the flowers fair
Set on the open window sill.
And now that I've become a man,
The sash has changed to rounded hills,
The flowers to the sunset's flame.

2.

Clouds are feathers from the angels' wings
Who soar about the glowing sapphire gates,
Floating afar from shining, radiant strands,
Drifting t'ward earth. They slowly oscilate
Down to our verdured hills and flower-starred lands.

3.

That semi-burnished cloud,
Rounded and worn and thin,
An old coin of the Ceaser's doth resemble,
Green tarnished with the salts upon its bronze,
With its half-visible and guessed at figure
Or face of man cast from a mould imperfect.

4.

Just as a mother helps a child to creep
Beneath his vari-colored counterpane,
So, also, thinks he God hath gently pulled and heaped
A marvelous coverlet o'er the tired world.

5.

Crabbed Increase Mather and his wily son
Sat at the Salem trials. They glanced with eyes
Steepled in harsh prejudice upon the Holy Writ,
Seeking to find a word or phrase on which
To base a judgment 'gainst some frightened hag.
One day their Scripture vanished quite away,
The great book with its silver clasp, its type
A'printed in the brightest gold. "Some witch
Has spirited the Writ," they cried. And, for
A fortnight, they were doubly cruel and sour.
I think if they had read the imprint on the clouds,
Where God had stamped the loveliness of truth,
It might have been that they had yielded up
The kindly aid which kindly hearts may give.

6.

Through the long hours the stern, unflinching sun
Slashes his way through clouds, pierces the forests'
depths,

Splinters his glittering shafts against the rocks.
Then, when the evening hour is come, he sometimes
flings

His sleeve across his aching brow to hide his eyes
From labors which he sees he hath not done;
Thus we on earth behold his many banded coat,
Gold striped for services unto the world.

7.

Like to a Paris façade,
Wild with flags and ribbons gay,
Triumphant flying in their victory,
Are those bright banners loosed above the hills.

8.

Thou wild wind——
The screaming of the pipes,
And thou mad, crimson-vested vagabond,
Belted with yellow sash,
Ribbioned with purple strips,
Art the knave piper out of Hamlin town,
Luring the children to a land unknown.

9.

And this mad tumult lying at my feet,
Reflection of the sunset on the water,
May be the ghost of some barbarian chief,
Ablaze in gorgeous feathers, painted, preened,
Banded with copper, flashing with colored beads,
Wailing his prayers to bring the hunting moon.

10.

When a young lad I used to watch the clouds
Roll up in white and glowering domes along
The evening sky. The sun, in dying, poured his
Crimson flood upon that quaking mass.
And tinged and stained it with his brilliant dyes,
And oft to me the clouds appeared to be
A lion-tamer in a carmine coat
With epaulets of gold and buttons bright,
In breeches white, in glossed Moroccan boots,
In sharp spiked helmet with a spray of crimson plumes
Swaying and bobbing in the playful winds,
She cracked her lightning whip; the cringing beast
Answered in thunderous roar, or moaned and snarled
And whimpered as he fled into his lair.

VICTOR SOLBERG.

My Dear!

THE GREAT American odor is spearmint.

But to the great American anything is to be democratic. Mildread and Edeath are not democratic. At any college or university pretending to an aristocratic atmosphere, in the old sense of the word, they would have been ordinary young ladies of bad taste. At their western university they were sometimes called "beaners", and sometimes other things. A "beaner" is a female who is so noticeable as to hit your "bean" when you look at her. So Mildread and Edeath thought themselves quite the classy maidens of Jefferson. Therefore they knew better than to smell of spearmint. They chewed it in their rooms, but never in public. They were, however, both afflicted with bad cases of Azurea. Their friends and others suffered from it. Azurea is, in its beginning stage, a nasal weakness. It shows itself first by a slight tickling or tingling sensation in the nostrils. Later the disease spreads to other parts of the body, and in extreme cases girls have been known to give up . . . but this is not a medical treatise. It is a true story. Would that it weren't.

Mildread and Edeath entered the reading room of the University Library, paused a moment until as many eyes had looked at them as they could hope for, toyed with a freshly curled curl or two, gazed around the room with a look in their eyes indicative of the mental equivalent of nothing, and finally walked in easy stages, stopping to "My dear" girls they particularly didn't like, across the room. They took seats side by side at a table across the room near the French windows, from which point they could watch both entrance doors to the reading room. Mildread noisily deposited an armful of books, note-books and papers on the table, dropping her fountain pen on the floor and her handkerchief on the chair as she did so. They both giggled. Edeath repeated this performance and they giggled again. Then Mildread said in a tone calculated to attract the attention of all students at the table:

"My dear! You're disturbing everyone, you're certainly the limit. I'm ashamed of you."

This affected Edeath because they are sisters in Delta Trite. So she said:

"My dear, I'm no worse than you are. You'd drop your h's if they were detachable."

This clever comeback from Edeath sent Mildread, and then Edeath herself, into a paroxysm of cacophonous laughter. Meanwhile they were piling American Martin furs, which later in the afternoon

turned out to be plain skunk, muffs and huge neck pieces, on the table in front of them. Mildread took her hat off and put it on the fur pile. Edeath didn't. Edeath's hat was new.

At this point an intelligent looking gentleman, with a rather weary face, gathered his things together, got up, looked around the room, and moved to a seat two tables away.

"My dear," whispered Mildread to Edeath, "do you suppose we drove him away?"

"I hope so," said Edeath, "he looked like an instructor and I simply *cannot* do any solid work with one of the things near me."

It will be obvious from now on in this story that at each wordy pyrotechnic display of this sort from Edeath, Mildread will respond sororily with, so to speak, painful laughter.

"My dear," she said, "You're the scream of this village. Don't say another thing to me this *whole* afternoon, I can't stand it. I've simply got to buck my head off. I'm going to do this French, the whole play, all my outside readings in History, and at least two of the assignments in Wadsworth's poetry. My dear, my work's a perfect mess. Here it is almost two o'clock, don't *speak* to me again."

She dived at the harmless French text, a small volume of about fifty pages, wet her fingers and turned over some pages, tearing two, and then glared, in a fairly well done, although stereotyped impersonation of reading.

"My dear, don't talk to me about *your* work," said Edeath, "I spent at least twelve hours hunting a pony for this French thing of mine, and this minute Reddy Dishart told me it is not translated. Wouldn't that curl your hair?"

When Mildread could get her breath she leaned over to Edeath, put her arm lovingly across the shoulder of Edeath's georgette crepe, and looking at her book, said:

"My dear, what's it in?"

"French Scurvey, my dear."

Mildread promptly showed signs and sounds of the expected convulsion, but Edeath stopped her.

"My dear, do you realize they have been reading the thing in the course for a month? I simply haven't had the time to hunt for a pony and now when I do snatch the time out of the jaws of eternity I find there isn't one. I'm willing to bet you I'll have to read the things."

Mildread dripped compassion:

"My dear, get some shark to do it for you. Don't tell me you're going to read the French, you're a mutt if you do. Heavens."

"My dear," answered Edeath, "I've got to. You know me well enough to know that only the most desperate desperation would drive me to such a course in any course. But, my dear, I didn't do one stroke of work last semester, not one thing. I simply jollied that man to death. It was a crime. He was a wreck when I got through with him, *A Wreck*."

"But my dear! Don't translate it, *don't*. Have you had him and his wife over to the house for dinner? Why don't you have them Sunday, there is going to be a crowd and they can't stay long."

"My dear, if it weren't for the wife I would. *They* always suspect, the cats! I've simply got to do it, don't lets talk about it, it's the tragedy of my girlhood. My hair will probably turn white over night. Don't say another word to me, I've simply got to get to work."

Whereupon Edeath lunged at her work with a simulated concentration worthy the selection of a hat. Mildread stared around the room a while, surreptitiously powdered her Dorin complexion by the aid of a small vanity case held under the edge of the study table, pushed her waist down at the neck in front, turned back a pair of flapping cuffs, looked at her nails and then rubbed them on her handkerchief, dropped the handkerchief in putting it back into her lap, leaned over and picked it up, caught her hair net on the chair next to her, adjusted that, took out seven hair pins and put them back in exactly the spots they had been in, cleared her throat, arranged her hand against her cheek, took on an expression of modesty mixed with studiousness, dropped her eyes, fluttered her eyelids once or twice, and started to read the page before her.

Edeath now got up, dropping her fountain pen and handkerchief as she did so, and knocked her coat off the back of her chair. A homely, pimply-faced boy sitting at the next table arose quickly and picked up all three articles. She saw out of the corner of her eye that he was going to do this, so with that instinctive knowledge of what to do in an emergency possessed only by the female of the species, she pretended to notice neither the accidents nor his help, took on a worried look which made her appear as though she were working on a theory of the universe, pulled her skirt up absent-mindedly, and walked to the Librarian's desk.

Mildread looked up when the pimply-faced boy's hand appeared beside her, and down again when his face appeared. She began to unpile the skunk furs in a search for her muff. While she did this she

gazed abstractedly around the room. When her eyes encountered those of anyone she didn't want to speak to she pretended that the distance was too great to see distinctly, when the person was some one she did want to speak to she spoke. Finally she found her fountain pen, took it out of the muff, left the skunk furs just where she had spread them in her search, opened the pen and her note book, and started to take notes. The pen, to a mere observer, seemed a clean decent individual, but Mildread's personality apparently had a malign influence on it for it soon spread its entrails over her right hand. *She* spread the smear to her left hand. Wiping her hands on a beautiful, sheer linen handkerchief, she exclaimed petulantly:

"Oh, that old pen!"

But she did not look up, lest the others at the table would know that she knew that they heard her, as she had intended. She got up and started on a tour of the reading room, holding her hands away from her to indicate that they were soiled, and looking inquisitively for a blotter. She finally saw one in use by a Freshman girl whom she had voted against pledging Delta Trite, whom she disliked heartily, and to whom she never spoke if she saw the girl first. She beamed when she saw the blotter, rushed down upon the girl, put her arm across the girl's shoulder, patted her hair, and said:

"My dear, be a darling and lend me your blotter, won't you? My pen is simply on the blink, I must have it fixed only I never get the time. You're a perfect dear."

When she had blotted her note-book, her hands, and the pen, she returned the blotter.

"You're an angel, my dear, and *not* in disguise. What are you doing? My dear! You're another of those sharks that never have to work. Poor me, I'm a slave to my studies, a perfect *slave*. Ede and I have been bucking all afternoon. Come and see me dear, do, we must go and get something to eat together some day, and tell each other our life troubles, will you? You're an old sweetie! Bless your heart, thank you so much."

Then, pink with a glow of satisfaction over a good deed done in this naughty world, she swept aromatically back to her chair. By this time Edeath had returned and was just about to deposit four enormous volumes on the table. Mildread gasped.

"My dear, what *are* you going to do with those tomes?" said she, her voice filled with admiration and sympathy.

Edeath looked at Mildread witheringly, and when Edeath withers the dead leaves rustle.

"Make a creamed date pudding, you silly! What 'dju suppose? Them books," pointing dramatically,

"I'll have you to understand, is my outside readings in Deeducation. And do it this afternoon I must! Leave me be, woman!"

Whereupon Edeath began to commence to start to settle down for the afternoon. She sat down, pulled her chair up, pulled her skirt down, took her pen up, laid her handkerchief down, patted her hair, opened first one and then another of all the four volumes, leaving them all open and piled in various positions of apparent importance, and took a note.

"My dear," said Mildread suddenly, in what may best be described as a ghoulish whisper, "there's that Monk girl, Mollie Monk, over there by the Bulletin board. My dear, I ask you, don't her clothes look as though a doctor had prescribed them for her?"

"They certainly do, my dear. But what gets me is the way the men . . . I simply can't see what they see in her. I have nothing against the creature, she's all right no doubt, and I know a good-looking girl when I see one, but *that* . . ."

"My dear!" Mildread's voice was fraught with fright. "There's Puck Pine with her. Well, my dear, I can tell you, as one woman to another, that if he takes anyone anywhere *this* afternoon, he takes me. I'm famished and it's three o'clock."

"Three o'clock! My dear! Don't speak to me again. I've simply *got* to do this bucking, French and Deeducation both; get him if you want him, you've my best wishes. I'm *off* the men, absolutely, they're too hard on a woman's career."

Edeath went back to her tomes and her note book, straining every muscle and nerve to appear concentrated and worried. Mildread, too, assumed the public posture of a student; but she was careful to remain in such a position as to be able to see, and be seen by, Puck Pine. She had read two long paragraphs and Edeath had almost finished a whole page when they both suddenly felt that Puck had seen them. Promptly the two maidens sat forward and leaned over the table thus emphasizing the intensity of their preoccupation, their complete absorption in their work, their total obliviousness to the external world.

"My dear," Mildread whispered from the corner of her mouth, otherwise not moving, "shall I go?"

Edeath leaned over Mildread's book as though she were looking at something Mildread had pointed out to her, and said:

"You traitor, of course you'll not go! And leave me here? You're a plain everyday rummy if you do, that's all. Of course *I'm* not hungry."

Mildread's eyelids had carelessly fluttered once or twice while Edeath was speaking, and not in vain. "My dear, my dear, you're saved!" she suddenly

whispered in tense tones, "there's Dub Hughes, he's looking for Puck."

Upon which they returned to their studies.

Puck and Dub met, looked at the History outside-readings bulletin for a moment, pretended to look for a book on the shelves, pretended not to be able to find it, and came over to do exactly what they had come to the Library for. Puck sat down by Mildread and Dub by Edeath.

The conversations that followed were so nearly duplicates that the *raconteur* saves the time and patience of both himself and his reader by recording only one.

Puck reached for the book Mildread was reading, and encountering no resistance, took it from her.

"Watcha doing? Don't tell me you're bucking, *YOU?*"

"You're absolutely the meanest man I ever knew, I hate you. Of course I'm bucking and I have been *all* afternoon, so there."

Mildread's face took on an expression which she tried to make as subtle a combination of injured feelings and pure feminine fascination as she knew how to make. She snatched the book from Puck and stared at the page. Puck's face, in its turn, tried combining sarcasm with devilish cleverness. He was as successful as she had been.

"Trying to make Phi Bete, you old shark you!"

"My dear . . ." Mildread stopped, blushed, giggled, and was about to turn to Edeath when Puck said:

"Dju mean me?" and smiled roguishly.

"As I was about to say when I was rudely interrupted," said Mildread, "I wish you'd go away and yet me study. I'm a nervous (sic) wretch and dying for food and drink, but I've simply *got* to work. Please go 'way, you bad boy."

"C'm'on and take a walk, buck tonight."

"Walk! You beast! I'm absolutely dead! So would you be if you had been sitting here all afternoon. And anyhow, I've got to work, simply *GOT* to."

"You're getting to be a regular greasy grind, you're getting so you buck all the time, honest, C'm'on, you need the rest."

"Rest! Little do you know me sir. That's not my temperament at all. I've simply got to be doing something all the time. I'm so high-strung. And if you were trying to make good for a position so you could support a widowed mother and seventeen brothers and sisters, you'd buck too."

"Well, I thought we'd go down to the Ice Cream Shop and get something to eat. Anyway, I wanted to talk to you about something, but then I suppose . . ."

Simpson's

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leading Fashion Centers

"Why! My dear, why didn't you say so? I've been positively rude. I'd no idea you really wanted me to go. I'm terribly sorry. Let me finish this page."

And she promptly closed the book.

At this moment Edeath was saying to Dub:

"Yes, I'll go if you'll wait a minute till I finish this paragraph."

The youths rose and walked with remarkable nonchalance out of the reading room.

Mildread turned to Edeath.

"Ede, my dear, it's really too easy. I feel that I'd like to try myself on a President, or a King, or something difficult," said Mildread, as the girls, having gathered up papers, pens, books, notebooks, gloves, handkerchiefs, pencils, furs, hats and coats, walked with the same nonchalance noted in the boys' walk, toward the door.

"My dear," said Mildread, "I'm to be 'asked something'! Never was I so thrilled."

"A formal, my dear, sure as your name's what it is. You lucky thing. Oh dear, I wish I'd never said I'd go. If he doesn't ask me, I'll . . ."

"But, my dear, he will! They're dying to take us together, I can see the whole thing," and Mildread put her arm through Edeath's as they walked out of the reading room, carefully choosing the door the boys had not used, to avoid possible scandal.

"Four fifteen, my dear!" Edeath's voice, as they passed the clock, took on the old tragic note. "My dear, I meets you here at five, and puts in another hour's hard work, absolutely."

"My dear, me too!"

* * * *

"My dear, did you get it?"

Mildread's voice said plainly that *she* had got it, and her interest in Edeath's fate was not wholly clear of fiendish glee.

"Get what? Me for the stacks where I can work. Of course I didn't *get it*, unless you mean a sick tummy from a hot chocolate fudge sundae, and a raging headache, and a wasted hour! Half past five! Great Heavens."

"My dear," said Mildread, "I'm desolated. That old prune! Puck was simply wonderful, isn't he the biggest . . . their formal's the ninth . . . you're not going to work . . . with *that* headache . . . come on home."

"Home? Me? I'll probably never see home again. I may just as well have my meals sent here."

"My dear, you're tired out. We've worked the whole afternoon like niggers. Anyhow, really my dear I think the ventilation in here is simply awful. That's what makes your head ache."

B. I. KINNE.

Hints to Instructors

(With Apologies to Stephen Leacock)

THERE IS a time in the career of every abnormally bright young man when it is manifestly necessary for him to teach. After he has just graduated from Harvard, and after a summer's thorough and exhilarating fatigue of writing for the Atlantic or the New Republic, or the Liberator, or the Dial, and (whisper it not) submitting stories to the Saturday Evening Post which are rejected because they are really above the readers of such a routined and strictly formulated magazine; after such exertion, it is necessary, I repeat, to rest the brain from creative labors. One of the best ways of doing this is to teach in a secluded, out of the world, unimportant, western state university.

Having determined on giving the rising generation the benefit of his superior knowledge and wisdom for a year, and having decided upon the most desirable institution, there remains nothing but to secure the position. The requirements for it are indeed simple: A Harvard degree, which, it is assumed the young scholar has already obtained. A cum, magna, or summa, also a Phi Beta Kappa key are desirable though not indispensable adjuncts which hang very well upon the dignity and the central link of the watch chain respectively.

The position having thus been secured, and the young man, now dignified by the full title of "Instructor", having betaken himself to the remote seat of learning where he expects to rest for the season, he may at once settle down quietly and begin upon his recreative occupations.

Now is the time for the thoughtful instructor to realize that nothing makes quite such an impression upon the plastic, and as yet almost formless minds of simple Freshmen as manner. Ease, poise, and an air of graceful omniscience create a reverential attitude among those surrounding the fortunate being who possesses them, making a pleasant atmosphere in which to diffuse his superabundant wisdom. Holding this in mind as the most fundamental of all principles of instruction, he may now proceed to consider in more detail the specific duties which he must perform.

First among these it is necessary to conduct class at eight o'clock in the morning. Before facing this ordeal let him ponder well what pose it is best to assume. There are several possibilities. One is to admit with charming frankness that he heartily detests rising at the unseemly hour of seven-thirty, but that it is a necessary evil which must be borne with patience alike by student and pedagogue. There are advant-

ages in this, chief among them being that it forms a common link, a bond of sympathy as it were between the donor of learning and the donee. During the present season, however, this ingenuous attitude has been discouraged by the majority. It has been quite the vogue to assume enjoyment of the early morning hours when the mind is freshest for vigorous work to look upon an eight o'clock as an opportunity not to be missed by the serious and earnest student. This tends to produce an air of austerity and superiority that is highly favored by most modern and up-to-date pedants, and which they think conducive to facilitated apprehension.

Now that he has established adequate relations with his pupils insisting firmly, yet with modesty, that he will lead them to a love of the best in literature if they will follow his behests as he formerly followed those of great men even more capable of guiding the footsteps of the young intellect than himself, the more serious portion of his task is accomplished. There remain however some sundries which must not be overlooked. Themes written by his industrious students which are brought to him for comment and advice will now occupy his attention for a time. Wearisome as this may seem it is highly complimentary to his preeminently critical ability to be thus deluged with the creative outpourings of budding minds, and he must accept them with quiet dignity in the spirit in which they were meant as votive offerings. Here he must recall the supreme importance of manner. It will not do to go too deeply into any one, or to try to understand what lies behind in the shape of fugitive or semi-captured ideas. Such a course would require far too great an exertion, and might overstrain his sympathies and intellect which, he must not cease to remember, he is resting at this time in preparation for the greater efforts which will be required by his broader future career. One of the poses which has been found to be least taxing to the nerves and most pleasing to the attitudinarian himself is that of indifference to all but trivialities, of imperturbable calmness and lofty insouciance. It enables him to glance carelessly thru page after page of heartrending blunder and blubber without so much bother as a single thought would cost him, and is highly recommended by those who have had even the shortest experience in its use.

There remains but one matter which can cause worry. This is the event of his meeting perhaps but one, perhaps more of his pupils outside the confines of class or office. It may even occur to some of the more over-

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bold to call upon their admired and worthy instructor. In case such circumstances should arise the older man must not converse on topics far above the understanding and interest of his listener, but must make every effort to come down to his level. Such an attempt will not pass unappreciated in its ready tact. If he is more than usually successful he may be able to chat for a period of as much as fifteen minutes without too great a feeling of strain. Such an incident is inevitably trying, but must be borne with patience and fortitude. A sense of the great benefit and favor which he confers upon the student may serve to sustain him during the ordeal.

These simple tasks will fill a small part of the time of the more industrious of instructors. Before he can complete them all the end of the year approaches. There are now two courses open to him. He can retain his position as an instructor in Freshmen English for the rest of his life, or he can try to find some other sort of occupation. He usually knows which he will do.

FRANK SHARP.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GIRL AND MINE.

WITH my chair balanced precariously on one leg, and my feet propped against the window sill, in a fashion equally detrimental to the paint on the casing and the crease in my trousers, I sat watching, in the street below, the attempts of an organ grinder to teach a lively and self-willed little monkey to doff his red cap at the auspicious moment. The lesson over, the organ grinder tuned up his music-box, and the strains of a sweet, vaguely familiar song struck my ear.

"My grandfather's girl was a grand old girl,
And she lived at the foot of the hill."

At the end of the verse, I realized that my eyes were fastened on Ann's picture which was standing on my study table. It was only a snap-shot, but it had been taken at a happy moment. She had been playing tennis and was leaning over the net, one hand thrust into the pocket of her white sweater, while the other brushed back, with a boyish gesture, wayward locks of her black, bobbed hair. Her piquant face and clear eyes reflected the wholesome enjoyment of a hard-played game.

Not much like the grand old girl of my grandfather's time, I thought to myself, as the picture of my grandmother as I had seen it in the family album, flashed before my mind. She had been little too, and slender and straight, but it was hard to imagine Ann dressed in Grandmother's little-waisted, hoop-skirted Sunday best; or Ann's comfort-loving, tennis-shod feet, in the tight pointed little boots. Harder still to

imagine her straight, short black hair, waved and crimped into that gorgeous coiffure. And yet, Grandmother had been popular in her day too. When Grandfather had been "waiting" on her, he found that she was not lacking for partners to escort her home from Sunday School or spelling bees. Of course she didn't get up at four o'clock in the morning to go alone on a ten mile hike to the Fish Hatcheries, when she could stroll down the lane at twilight gracefully leaning on grandfather's arm. She never played rag-time music to Grandfather on Sunday afternoons until he had to hold his feet to keep them still. Neither did she contend that a woman had, morally, as good a right to smoke as a man. (She probably thought it though). Not ever did she go out with Grandfather's room-mate for the intellectual stimulus that he afforded her. She probably flirted a little and danced a little, but she didn't call him up over the 'phone to break a date to the "Orph" because she had to study for a quiz in "American Government and Politics". She wasn't given to dissertating enthusiastically and verbosely on the heavenly smile and the "charming" Boston accent of her "lab" instructor. She could never have asked Grandfather to take one of the pledges to the dinner-dance because the poor girl must have someone tall, while she herself invited up for the week-end, that out-of-town man, who was just a friend of the family, you know. She did not tell Grandfather that she wanted to keep their friendship on a strictly man to man basis, and then fly into a white rage because he failed to pull out her chair at the dinner table. It would never have occurred to her to tell Grandfather that he was a dear boy, but that she had her career to consider. She could not have embarrassed him by comparing her earning power with his. She would not have had the opportunity to don over-alls and take her car apart, to show him that she was as good a mechanic as he. She never looked him frankly in the face and told him that there was no justification for double standards of morality; nor did she discuss eugenics and sex hygiene with much earnestness and more candor. She was not a member of the suffrage league nor the International club. He didn't have to listen to her quote Oscar Wilde or Bernard Shaw, Ibsen or Tagore; but then, neither did she sit beside grandfather on a stool at "Franks", blithely devouring a "hamburg-with".

No, she didn't do any of these things which make Ann so exasperatingly provoking, I concluded ruminatingly, as I removed my feet from the window-sill; and yet, I'm glad that she was Grandfather's girl instead of mine.

HAZEL MURPHY.

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The Papillon

SHE MAY come from Racine, or, possibly from Duluth, but the chances are she hails from Peewee, Indiana. She made it a point to stop *en-route* to school at some large city, where she purchased the latest rooster feathers and gewgaws and some Djer Kiss. She arrives at Madison with great *éclat* and is lost in the swirl of the early social season. Just what happens during that period no one exactly knows, but she emerges with unexpected poise and an air of calm self-assurance that would do credit to her metropolitan sisters. She tickle-toes impeccably and, although she is not certain of the name of her adviser, she has acquainted herself with football possibilities and the Greek alphabet.

Her conversation has at least the depth of a Saratoga chip and her campus "hellos" have that peculiar disinterested ring that denotes people with heavy acquaintanceships. She knows one man, maybe two, in each class whom she has trained to sit next to her and fill in the flimsy thread of her recitations with whispered suggestions. How can she bother with outside reading and the unreasonable demands of the professors on her time when she must devote the evening to her male conquests and her female adherents. She must be bright and glib for the former; demure and affable with the latter. Her life is not an academic one; it is a life pulsating with realer things: repair of party dresses, development of new styles of coiffures, rakish adjustments of brooch and boutonnière. She

must have some time to practice facial expression before the pier glass and still more time to exchange sweet confidences with Annabelle, the girl across the hall.

One meets her in the evenings tripping along from dance to dance with lithe grace and unencumbered mind. On more colorless occasions she frequents the movies—they have so much to teach her. She is just in the next booth in the Chocolate Shop. You find her voice is not so thoroughly modulated as one might expect, but then her self-denial in other directions has used up so much of her energy that you forgive the—well, slightly raucous tones as the bits of conversation reach you over the partition: "You know, dear, I haven't done a speck of studying for weeks." "I'm so upset about Prom. Do you think the pink dress would be all right?" "Yes, he is a cute man. I like the way he dances." "I must be running on. George has promised to do my French tonight, and I can't keep him waiting. Good-bye e-e-e." And she flutters out, consciously oblivious to the eager glances of the men who smile dangerously and tighten their fingers around the malted milk glasses. Each of them wishes the glass was her neck, but she would mistake it for passionate admiration.

Be tolerant, brother! Three years more of this and she will sink back into the sweet pastoral atmosphere of her innocuous origin. She has not long to be a *papillon*.

RALPH M. COGLAN.

THE BANSHEE

"Hist, did ye hear it not last night,
'Twas the wail of the old Banshee."
So spoke brave Mike McCann
The bravest fighting man
That ever I did see.

Now Mike was an argumentative man,
And would always prove his case.
So I bet him in fun
There was no such a one,
But he bet with a serious face.

"I tell ye it was," said Mike to me,
" 'Twas the wail of the family ghost,
When ye hear that cry
It means ye'll die,
If it don't, I hope to roast."

" 'Twas but the shriek of a shell," says I,
"Mayhap one filled with gas."
All through the day
I heard him say,
"Old pal, this day's my last."

In the ashy dawn mid bursting shells,
We started over the top.
In a gush of lead,
We forged ahead,
Nothing could make us stop.

All through the day we crept along,
Advancing foot by foot.
O'er bursting shell,
I heard Mike yell,
"The blithering fools can't shoot."

(Continued on page 134)

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Communication

WE, THE students of the University of Wisconsin, are searching for truth; searching for truth in thought and opinion that tomorrow it may be translated into action. Our country and our age looks to us, and to the thousands like us, to be its leaders in the near future. But if we are to be the captains of tomorrow, we must think today. How better to obtain that breadth of thought and tolerance of view so necessary to intelligent leadership than by listening to the present day molders of thought and by frank and open discussion of all questions with our fellow students?

To carry out this scheme we need a form of organization which is essentially different from any that is active in the University at the present time. We need a group of students who are interested in the larger aspects of life, the economic and aesthetic as well as the political and social; a group which will aim, without affiliating itself with any sect or party, to bring before the student body the representative and inspiring in dramatic art and in current intellectual movements.

Such a nucleus we hope the New Forum, which has just organized, may prove to be. It is a group of students organized for the promotion of discussion, among the undergraduates, of all the vital subjects of the day, aesthetic as well as economic. Individual belief and opinion are no recommendation or bar to membership, since the organization binds itself to no economic, political, or religious platforms, save tolerance and freedom. Certainly an organization such as the New Forum, which bases its program on the spirit of those fine words on the plate at the entrance to Main Hall:

"Whatever may be the limitations which trammel enquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great state university of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found,"

deserves the earnest investigation of every serious student.

ESTHER T. GUERINI,
Chairman, Publicity Committee,
The New Forum.

MARCH.

The rain beat my cheeks,
The wind tore my hair and shrieked,
"Give in, give in!"

I turned my face to the skies,
I loosed my hair for the wind,
For in my heart I knew
That spring would come.

ELSIE GLUCK.

The Bookshop

*Mr. Leonard's Fables.*¹ By Traugott Boehme. Formerly Lecturer on Literature and Philosophy at Columbia University.

The Æsopian fable had lost its vitality as a full-grown type of literature with the dawn of the modern world. It continued to be taken seriously only in schools and pulpits as a vehicle for morality in educating children and simple folk. La Fontaine, Gay, Gellert, Lessing, and others endeavored

to bring the primitive charm of Æsop's fables up to date. They enriched them by the complex social experiences of the age of Louis XIV; they overcharged them with the niceties of enlightened reason; they embellished them with all the polished artistry of language, diction, and meter relished during the rationalistic age of poetry. But they hardly departed from the primary purpose of the Æsopian fable, which had been no other than to teach morality, or rather *mores*, to help

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the youngsters grasp and mind the rules of good behavior and social wisdom which their elders had inherited in turn from their own fore-fathers. The Age of Reason was naturally attracted toward a type of poetry that lent itself so easily to the task of dealing out a fixed system of ethics in small doses for educational purposes. These fable-tellers had their vogue while the rationalistic standard of ethics remained intact. Nowadays they are forgotten, except for a few masterpieces which survive in readers for the elementary grades.

It is a safe prediction that the fables of *Æsop and Hyssop* will never be reduced to a similar state of literary "living death" in the schoolbooks. Teachers may and will appreciate this version of *Æsop* as a stimulating revelation of human nature, but it will require boldness on their part to put it into the hands of children. Pervading the entire collection there is a calm but merciless disregard of the conventional moral creeds. Some of the "morals" may appear quite harmless to the unheedful; but how "carefully formulated" they are, is often revealed if they are taken in connection with the preceding tale. Then their real, and mostly "wicked" character comes out. They are either pointed assertions of the profound amorality of man, or ironical illustrations of the futility or hypocrisy of moralistic motivation. This "ethical naturalism" is diametrically opposed to the dogmatic conceit of the rationalistic fable-tellers, but it is not entirely irreconcilable with the spirit of good old practical *Æsop*. In Mr. Leonard's hands, however, the homely humor of *Æsop* assumes an intensity, a subtle force which the original never possessed. These fables not merely expose the folly of men's conduct, but also the fallacy of their reasoning about their conduct. But the humor, if tragic, is virile; and there is a note of heroic defiance and the optimism of an ethical freedom.

It is preeminently through this novel method of "formulating the morals" that Mr. Leonard has succeeded in awakening an almost extinct type of literature to a new and vigorous life.

In the "Original Fables," more fantastically daring in vision and words than the adaptations, still another new factor is introduced. They are used as instruments of trenchant personal confessions and invectives; a human tragedy of overshadowing magnitude looms up behind the studied playfulness of many of these side-glimpses into a "universe of pain and yelling."

While I have rather lengthily dwelt on the general character and tendency of the fables, I do not underrate their purely artistic qualities. There is a quaint concreteness, a friendly intimacy about the animal world of these fables which I do not recall to have found anywhere else. Those animals and birds and insects and plants are not merely pegs on which to hang a moral; they live and feel and are our brother creatures. This nearness to nature, this home-flavor of things and beings reminds me of Chaucer, who seems to have also been one of the models for the author's management of the language.

The English deserves a more detailed appreciation than I can give here. It is no castrated poet's English. There is a resourcefulness in the choice and order of words, and a versatility in the use of vocabulary and syntax that gives its peculiar atmosphere to each fable, whether it be honest rusticity or learned punctilio. The mother-tongue seems to be teased that she may betray some hidden aspects of her temperament. The fabulist plays tricks with accents and rhymes; he experiments with many meters, from classic distichs to old ballad

verse and elaborate Renaissance stanzas; he "dances in chains" and enjoys his triumph over the language doubly under self-imposed severities.

Only a reader equipped with an extensive literary training will be able to recognize the finer values of such work. Mr. Leonard has sacrificed old *Æsop's* democratic popularity. But to speak of a sacrifice is an injustice to what he has achieved; just as it is unfair to blame Hoffmannsthal for the lack of Sophoclean simplicity and grandeur in his stirring *Elektra*. What Mr. Leonard offers in place of that primitive naïveté is of infinitely higher interest to intellectuals of the twentieth century.

Reprinted from *The Open Court* of November, 1919.

Eminent Victorians—Lytton Strachey – Putnam

With swift, deft strokes, Mr. Lytton Strachey has painted four sparkling portraits. His medium is a prose style of vigor and accuracy, clearness and polish that suggests Macaulay and yet is decidedly Lytton Strachey. He has undertaken to "present some Victorian visions to the modern eye" and his *modus operandi* is a singular one. Choosing four outstanding figures of the time through motives of "convenience and of art" he shows what manner of men and women lived in the Victorian Age; what they thought about; how they looked. He pries into their souls and exposes their real characters. He says Florence Nightingale, "the angel of the Crimean War" was possessed of a demon and proves it; he knows all about Cardinal Manning's intrigues in the antechambers of the Vatican; the communings of Dr. Arnold with his Deity; the strange man-hating, God-fearing, turbulent, irrepressible "Chinese" Gordon.

Mr. Strachey's theory about great men and women is that they should not be treated as mere ornaments to their generations, but as independent, eternal entities. Shakespeare was not merely the greatest contributor to Elizabethan drama; he was an individual figure whose lustre transcends epochal importance. Queen Elizabeth should not be thought of simply as the brilliant queen of England, but as Elizabeth, human being, whose work happened to be the leadership of Britain. He would not subordinate George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt to their chronological places in the history of our country, but would treat them first as men, next in their historical settings. In his treatment of Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold and General Gordon, he demonstrates this idea. Even while he is industriously engaged in painting tortuous backgrounds of social panoramas and political bird's-eye views, one is conscious of a great personality on the stage; a personality who is about to dominate the situation, or a colossal human figure whose skill and brains and energy is shaping stupid Ministries, hordes of insurgents, intractable schoolboys or jealous army administrations to his will. There are many backgrounds in Mr. Strachey's books. Back of the stern, ascetic Cardinal Manning are vistas of Oxford Movement in England and of Pontifical Rome with its consummate diplomacy. Illuminating the figure of Florence Nightingale is the picture of the Scutari Hospital during the Crimean War; of the English army maladministration; of the "cabinet" of personal devotees who devoted their lives to the angel possessed of a demon. For Dr. Arnold he provides Rugby, that factory of great Englishmen. Chinese wars and African rebellions plus the fall of Khartoum are General Gordon's garnishments.

Throughout the life of Cardinal Manning is woven that of Newman. Their careers up to a certain point are parallel.

(Continued on page 140)

¹ *Æsop and Hyssop, Being Fables Adapted and Original with the Morals Carefully Formulated*, by William Ellery Leonard. Open Court Publishing Co.

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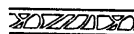
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CIGARS AND BILLIARDS

(Continued from page 138)

Both were students at Oxford and both became Anglican clergymen. In the Oxford Movement of the early thirties, Newman won a distinguished place while Manning was brooding in a small Sussex curacy. Newman was first to renounce the comfortable, gentlemanly Anglican church and startle England by adopting the frock of a Roman Catholic priest. Manning soon followed. But here all parallelism ends. Fourteen years after Manning's conversion he was elected to the Cardinalate and appointed to the archbishopric of Westminster. In fourteen years he had become a Prince of the Church and the spiritual ruler of Catholic England! Newman was still a simple priest and a priest he was destined to remain for many years, for Manning,—red-hatted Manning—could not tolerate a division of his power. The same strategy, acumen and longheadedness that elevated him to the princely rank was effectual in withholding the honor from Newman, his brother in Christ. Not until Newman was seventy-eight years old; not until Pope Leo XIII, the Liberal, succeeded to the Papal chair, did Newman become a Cardinal. And then he was too old to threaten Manning's sovereignty.

That is one of Mr. Strachey's dramas. He tells it dispassionately, almost coldly, with only the slightest ironic touch. He has assumed the function of the biographer and the historian rather than of the partisan. Not so of Lord Macaulay, whom one thinks of constantly while reading Strachey's pure, marching prose.

"Eminent Victorians" has been an instant success. The author knew how to use his tools; and he has used superb discrimination in selecting his material. His gospel is "Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose."

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