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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXI

Madison, March, 1922

Number 6

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THE FIVE MINUTE EGG CLUB. There is something about the atmosphere of our fair country that incites the human breast to concerted action in folly. Individuals among us would not think it sufficient to be good themselves alone; they insist that the rest of the population adopt exactly the same code of conduct and be good in the same sense. It is but one example—there are many. The latest is a cooperative movement back to “manliness” sponsored by the so-called “Five Minute Egg Club” at the University of Chicago and a professor from that University whose judgment ought to be better than it is.

These young gentlemen harbor the delusion that “manliness” consists of wearing flannel shirts, caps over one’s ear, smoking bull-dog pipes instead of cigarettes, and going unshaven. They are afraid, forsooth, of being mistaken for women unless they have recourse to these extreme marks of their sex. They are quite logical about it. Women wear breeches now, they smoke cigarettes—therefore they look like men.

They could even wear flannel shirts and “mannish” caps to carry out the illusion. It seems not inconceivable that some particularly aggressive women might even induce a beard to grow. Verily, we are in danger, and we ought, I suppose, to be grateful to the farseeing young gentlemen of Chicago and Northwestern for their precautionary measures for securing the stronghold of our sex.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS B. P. “Our hero laid the magazine down gently, almost reverently, and gave himself up to dreams.” Thus would we begin the dramatization of the effect of an article about the University of Michigan, past and present, which appeared in *Smart Set* last month as a part of the series entitled “The Higher Learning in America.” The author speaks of a time when Michigan was a university richer in life because the “evergenerous Bacchus,”—as he is euphoniously called elsewhere in these pages—had not been driven forth from the land; he sketches alluringly evenings and nights and events that must have remained lastingly in the memories of Michigan men, happy-hearted wassails that lent color and vividness to student days.

A Wisconsin man, if he has not succumbed to modern degenerating influences, cannot help being prodded into brooding over what Madison must have been like in the days before Ferdie’s and Hausmann’s and the Silver Dollar and countless others had their teeth drawn. The thought has a vertiginous effect; if we think now of the w. k. flowing bowl easily accessible, if we can possibly conceive that once the man who admitted that a bottle of port enhanced an evening was not written down as a drunkard and reprobate, we are only half credulous. So long have we been driven, together with the rest of the country, to the refuge of bootleggers and hair-tonic, that to drink

decently and honestly seems as impossible as to murder decently and honestly.

No doubt it is all for the best: no doubt some day the Keeley Institute will vanish from among us, the bootlegger follow in the path of the barkeep, and sobriety will reign in the land, but that does not prevent us from being stirred by the memoirs of the Michigan

man to a tear of regret for the genial evenings that have been snatched from us, for that phase of college life which was a part of it for centuries during which, we dare say, colleges turned out no greater number of second story men and Keeley Institute patrons than they do now.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN	MARGARET EMMERLING
EARL HANSON	PENNELL CROSBY
HORACE GREGORY	KATHERINE ROCKWELL
STANLEY WEINBAUM	

Three More Quatrains

LLOYD GEORGE.

When wasting snow leaves bare some bit of ground
 And through the trees there comes a breath of
 Spring,
 There's no awakening of your Love to sing,
 For you have sung to me the year around.

The Summer grasses burn and die away
 And all the world has turned its face aside,
 But you have never gone from me, nor tried
 To guard the quiet things Love had to say.

When Autumn's leaves are crispen brown and gold
 And Life is halted on the verge of sleep,
 The lasting quiet of your charm will keep
 The spell of Love from growing pale and cold.

What Do You Think of Wisconsin?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The foreigners at Wisconsin play very little part in our lives; we neglect them utterly as we scurry about on our own affairs. We are more English than the English in our cool lack of interest in people who are not of us. We do not even think about them, about what opinions they hold of us and the University. Students who have come here from other countries, on the other hand, have not, as the very expressive slang phrase has it, "gone dumb on the world." They still react to their environment

—they criticize us and our manners; they see weaknesses which we cannot discern because we have eaten of the American lotus.

To give these people who see us with a stranger's eyes an opportunity to express their reactions and opinions, the LIT has secured a series of short papers from men and women ranging from Latvia to the Philippine Islands. We are presenting them in the following pages, and we regret only that time did not allow extending the series further.

THE COMPLEXITY OF WISCONSIN.

ISMAEL MALLARI, Philippine Islands.

I should have written my Wisconsin impressions during the first semester of my freshman year, when the novelty and glamor of the place and of the people had not yet worn off, when the mere mention of the Class Rush and the Varsity Welcome set my whole being a-tingle. Then the mental picture suggested to me by the word "Wisconsin" was vivid, colorful, almost hectic. Now a coat of gray has been brushed over it. Then, with an intense sincerity in my heart, I could glorify the wonderful college spirit and the democratic principles which guide the young people of the university.

I still believe in the college spirit. Its physical manifestations, at least, are evident. But where can we find democracy? According to what I have observed and what people have told me, class lines are infinitely better defined here than even in my own country where classes are said to exist. In the university, of course, members of different classes meet and sit on the same bleachers in the stadium; but at home we talk to servants, too. I cannot criticize class distinction. Different individuals have different abilities, and the "social ladder" is a phenomenon which may be expected in any big society. But why refer to an ideal as if it were a reality?

What is the position of foreigners in this intricate social system? I am talking particularly of those belonging to "inferior races." Why, they do not belong to it at all. They form a class by themselves. A foreigner is more or less a curiosity, and people examine him as anyone would examine a painting or an oriental rug. His social position is not questioned, but his ignorance of western civilization—the acme, of course—is taken for granted until the contrary is proved. In a few instances he will be befriended, but as a general rule he is merely a peculiar species of humanity with dark skin, glossy hair, the ability to dance and quote Shakespeare, and money enough to come to school.

In all cases, of course, the foreigner is the gainer. He meets all kinds of people,—the fastidious, the careless, the diplomatic, the frank, the idealists and the materialists. He meets people whose pride is in their money, people whose pride is in their looks, people whose pride is in their honorary keys, people whose pride is in their genealogical connection to the fabled "Mayflower."

This contact with people is, perhaps, the greatest thing that the university can offer; I call it the "course of the humanities." It is a very exciting course, and

one which a person will never forget if he lives a hundred years. It is what has made America real to me. The movies and the papers taught me that America was a land of hold-ups, divorces, and party quarrels; Wisconsin has shown me that it is a land of intense and worthy activity, of pretty scenes, of attractive women and handsome men. Literature and the tourists taught me, or led me to believe that America was a land of superior beings, perfect physically, intellectually, morally; Wisconsin has made me realize that it is a place where dwell real human beings like me—capable of prevaricating, cheating in the examinations, and letting women do all the standing in the cars. In short, Wisconsin has made it clear to me that the Americans, judging from the select few in the univer-

sity, are as good and as bad as I, and it a very wholesome lesson, for it has carried me far beyond the Pollyanna stage of my life.

Living in such a society as this, is it a wonder that I seldom, if ever, get homesick? Indeed, I cannot conceive how I'll ever leave Wisconsin without regret. I'll miss the companionship of its young people; I'll miss my classes which each day have revealed to me infinite possibilities of enjoying life, challenged my imagination, and stirred my reflection; I'll miss the more physical aspects of the University, the lake, the woods, the walks, the halls; I'll miss that mysterious, intangible thing which has caught and held me fascinated; I'll miss the strange indefinable spirit which is Wisconsin.

HARK TO THE TORCHBEARERS.

AKSEL TARANGER, Norway.

It seems to be a generally accepted fact that the students in our university are destined to become the torchbearers for the coming generation on its path to a new and better civilization. In no address to the students by the fathers of this country is this statement neglected, and no doubt the students respond with pleasure to the picture these words produce. It is pleasing, you know, to be told that you are one of the leaders, especially when you are at your wits' end to get a job after graduation. You can so easily picture yourself in the front of the big masses stepping with a light and springy step towards new and better camping grounds.

If we take the matter seriously and make a review of the student body within our gates we find the athletes, the organizers, the Y. M. C. A. men and the proverbial teahounds; but those worthy of being the torchbearers we do not find,—at least not in great numbers. And this is not as it should be. We praise the active campus workers, the "W" men we raise to heroes, and the fellows from the "Y" get honorable mention, but our small circle of intellectual and thinking students are at best labelled "highbrows."

Of what importance is it, that the squad shall lick Minnesota or that the band shall go to Chicago? Tell me why our Cardinal publishes heated editorials upon the subject of sending the team to California or Princeton or wherever it may be.

It seems as if the outside activities, which were sup-

posed to play a secondary role, have entirely taken the lead and degenerated the student into a rooter and a hero-worshipper, so that he entirely loses track of the vital things that the university could give him.

Where can we find a student body more narrow and undeveloped, more ignorant and stifled in imagination than ninety per cent of the crowd that daily passes up and down on our campus? Bring up any topic of vital interest today, like current political events, European reconstructional plans, the truth about Russia, or modern literature, and you will find that you are knocking against the wall of thorough ignorance.

I will wager with anybody that not five per cent of the students can give the explanation of the recent Haiti and San Domingo controversies, I will further wager that not over ten per cent know that such controversies exist, and also will I wager that in nine out of ten answers, those who do not know will tell you that they do not give a damn.

My wagers could be extended, but what is the use? The fact remains that the students today are not prepared and do not want to be prepared for the role of torchbearers and the people will soon be looking towards other types of men for leadership.

The remedies are many, but as long as we continue yelling and skyrocketing on our path towards complete intellectual ruin the remedies will be of no avail. Not before we forget the Wisconsin spirit and its worshippers and turn our minds to worthier pursuits will we produce the torchbearers the world is looking for.

"LIKE A STARCHED SHIRT".

F. VAN DER MERWE, Transvaal, South Africa.

As the traveller's eye is apt to catch mostly those things which are not approved of in his own "privileged circle," the following by no means represents an analysis based on a psychological study, but rather random impressions.

Although the British possess the only real democratic government policy in the world today, they by no means claim to practice social democracy. This the Americans denounce as unjust, but where is your own democracy? The deification of the dollar is its controlling power, and has but usurped the British standard of classification of social distinction.

One of the most marked peculiarities of some students is their conscious or unconscious sympathetic attitude towards practically all crime. Far from being nauseating, a murder is hailed as choice information; the cause and motive are thoroughly studied, as also the "brave struggle for life by the accused," who but refuses to grant an "eye for an eye."

College life here is like a starched shirt,—inflexible, without resiliency, colorless. It lacks the sporadic element of the unexpected which makes life interesting, and would appear to be cut and dried. The cause of this should be an interesting study. Can it be due to the complete outside freedom which places no reward on kicking over the traces, or is due to the arbitrary and sometimes relentlessly unpardonable decree of the powers that be, "Thou shalt not or thy credits shall" . . . Could we not blame the over-burden of politics which outlines the desired path with its wand of office, or perhaps the excess of or-

ganizations which monopolizes and manipulates the pleasures of every student? Some, no doubt, could be found who would lay the blame even at the door of the reluctant departure of an evergenerous Bacchus.

As for co-education: let me say just this: The proverbs may have read in the olden days: The power of concentration is a jewel, but with co-education it reads: The jewel adorned in a pair of tantalizing silk—controls the power of concentration to the exclusion of all profs, past, present, and yet to come.

The attitude of some Americans towards foreigners, through perpetual unwarranted suspicion and distrust, has caused the foreigner to recede into his more congenial corner, to seek in his own company that sanctity denied him abroad. You cannot suspect a man without hurting his dignity or causing him to take umbrage. Unfortunately there is a tendency to generalize this narrow-mindedness, with a consequently detrimental opinion of an American.

What arouses the admiration of every foreigner is the vast opportunity offered to every student for attaining his education. Money is no more the stumbling block of old, if the student but desires to further his studies. In this, America certainly sets a unique example to the world.

If environment has any influence on one's intellectual development, Madison should turn out leaders who will rule America. Long will the memory linger with me of the natural and unparalled beauty of the City of the Four Lakes, the winter sports, and the restful and homelike atmosphere that rests over all.

THE PATH OF CERTAINTY.

ANNA C. STOFFREGEN, Latvia.

When my dog, my trunk, and I obstructed the passage at Madison's station entrance, helpful, young student faces greeted us. I nodded, congratulating myself: "You have come to a place of kindness."

I have often denied that kindness alone gives us the right to exist. At the Varsity Welcome my liking

of the Wisconsin students received a new impulse. "They all have come here with a big purpose; they want to broaden their minds," I assured myself.

And at a foot-ball game I saw the thousands of students in regular lines around the stadium. They followed with their eyes one contest, with their voices a few cheer-leaders, with their feelings their varsity

allegiance. I began to fear that uniformity of thought would needs be the result of constant common action.

I admired the health and joy in the faces and bodies of the thousands. In my memory lived, ready for comparison, the picture of European students; some bookish, or eager to gain a favored place, others in smoke and tavern wasting that time which the American students spend in sports, with their comrade Nature.

Sport is one of the means that protect the American studying youth from "real life;" while the European student grapples with its ugliness and with disillusion, the American one—with the firm walk, the erect head, and child-like eyes—discusses speeding, prom queens, and bobbed hair.

Wee small things interest him. Mention but

Latvia, my country. "A nation, really? Well,—somewhere on the Balkan? No?" Never mind; their instructors ask similar questions, and I enjoy telling of the marvels of strange countries. I also enjoy telling fairy stories to children.

Why should Europe be more than a fairy tale to the American student? Before him lies a path of certainty; lawyer, doctor, engineer positions are waiting for him in this land of promise. He will go to Europe when his earnings shall enable him to pay generous tips.

When your own house is filled with kindness and good chance, you may live a domestic life and be happy; why should the American student desire to go out, know, and understand foreign people?

MY IMPRESSIONS OF WISCONSIN.

BJORN G. BJORNSON, Iceland.

I should have written my impressions of Wisconsin four years ago. Then I had just graduated from the gymnasium at Reykjavik and was half intellectualized on account of a severe training in the classics. Now I have become thoroughly Wisconsinized and have the same feeling as an old Y. M. C. A. secretary writing about his impressions of the Y. M. C. A. This will therefore be more of an introspection than an impression.

As a student I have to rejoice in the fact that the faculty and the intellectuals have suffered a terrible defeat. The students are indirectly running the whole university. The faculty's situation is difficult. They have either to fail ninety per cent of the students or lower the standards so as to make studying a mere unimportant outside activity, only to be tended to when nothing better, as fussing, playing bridge, shooting pool etc. is at hand. In this connection we can mention the recent scandal about the professor who insisted on being both ambitious and idealistic. The result was that over thirty per cent of those in his classes failed and an investigation was started in order to find out what was the matter with the professor.

It goes without saying that the faculty cannot fail ninety per cent of the students, but only ten per cent. The under-graduates have, by this intellectual sabotage, themselves determined their working hours. It

is on the average five hours a day for Letters and Science students and six hours for professional students. We have thus utilized very successfully the principles of the I. W. W. in making the university a pleasant place to attend.

The result is very satisfactory. Of course every European highbrow,—even I would have agreed with them four years ago,—will tell you that it is remarkable that men can go through college in America without acquiring any trace of culture. But in that very fact lies the strength of the American colleges. They don't spoil the youngsters by making intellectuals out of them as all European universities do. Nowadays culture is a luxury that only the highbrows can afford. It is noticeable that in Europe only comparatively few university graduates are successful. This fact is without doubt due to their over-trained intellects. Here in America we have noticed that not the intellect but the spirit is of the greatest importance in life. At Wisconsin we have cultivated the Wisconsin spirit—one of the most sublime things in life. In school we have seen it win many football, baseball, and basketball games. Later in life it helps every graduate to make similar conquests. It is that great spirit, inseparable from our university, that makes this institution worth while. And if I have succeeded in acquiring some of this magic Wisconsin spirit, I know that I have not spent my college years in vain.

DELICIOSAS!

MANUEL ORTEGA, Spain.

My impressions of the University of Wisconsin? During the short time which I have spent in the United States, I have not yet been able to form a true picture of my ideas about the states nor of the University of Wisconsin. It would take months of careful study to be able to relate accurately the advantages and disadvantages of American universities as compared with those of Europe. It would be unfair to treat the American universities from the Spanish point of view only, as well as it would be unjust to criticize Spanish universities from the American point of view; it would cause many controversies which would create ill-feeling on both sides, ill-feeling over minor points that are caused by the marked differences of Spanish and American temperament.

The very first thing that impressed me was the largeness, the greatness of this university. I would never have expected such a rich, such an extensive, such a well organized university in a small town like Madison. Those of us who have attended one of the many old European universities, are very favorably impressed by this contrast. I am thinking of the University of Madrid which I attended for some semesters. I am thinking of its poorly illuminated lecture-rooms, of its large, vast hall-ways, of its moth-eaten, musty atmosphere, where the past centuries seem to weigh down the stones and walls of the tired buildings; and I feel satisfied and happy in the healthy, new atmosphere of this university, with its newest pedagogical thoughts, where one feels abreast with the newest currents of scientific and cultural life.

Another thing that drew my attention at once was the large number of woman-students here. It is a rare event to see a woman-student in Madrid, and every morning I am very much astonished by the unending line of girls that I pass while going from one

class to another. Here I admire the blue eyes of one girl, full of temper and loveliness, there I see a beautiful neck, or blond, beautiful hair. Then I wonder at the graceful movements of a young woman hastening to her classes. And every morning I forget all about the sines, cosines, and tangents over which I had been brooding the night before. But still, my personal opinion of the Wisconsin girl-student,—*deliciosas*.

The last point which I will mention is the difference of the general attitude of the Spanish and American students. By an established rule, the Spanish student never studies. There is absolutely no control over a student in Spain, and he is absolutely free to do and act as he pleases. From the first moment on he follows Ruben Dario's advice:

*Gozar de Abril es lo que importa
En el primer loco delirio.*

"April must be enjoyed
In the first, crazed delirium."

and lives a thorough Bohemian life. When he reaches the age of 25, the average student is completely exhausted and unable to take up the battle of life.

*Juventud, divino tesoro
Ya te vas para no volver
"Youth, oh divine treasure,
Going never to return."*

The American student is different. He has to work to stay in the university. His study is concentrated and wholesome, and he knows that work is the essential part of college education, although he does not disdain friendly social intercourse.

STILL LESS.

STANLEY WEINBAUM.

A rainy day, for some short while,
First brought us two together.
Your languorous, erotic smile
Meant more to me than weather.

A not unusual romance—
Some words, a kiss, much sighing;
And then, a flash, a wayward glance,
And our brief of love was dying.

So now, if any place there is
In such a tale for morals,
Be it, that dull affairs like this
Not always end in quarrels.

For our love ends as summer ends,
And autumntide discovers
Ourselves a little more than friends,
A little less than lovers!

Quotoscope

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*I was born with pen in hand,
And my parents called me Clarence
As a sort of reprimand.*

The *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* offers the Quotoscope as a prize contest to its readers. Scattered throughout the article are certain quotations. To the person who identifies the author of the greatest number of these will go the first prize which consists of a choice between Pyle's *Book of Pirate*; Wells, *Outline of History*; Strachey, *Queen Victoria*.

As second and third prizes there is a choice among the following books: *Memoirs of a Midget*, Walter de la Mare; *Cytherea*, Joseph Hergesheimer; *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler; *Parody Outline of History*, Donald Ogden Stewart; *The Beautiful and Damned*, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The person who qualifies for the first prize may have his choice of any one of these books. All answers must be submitted to the magazine, care of the Union Building, before April 15th, at midnight. It is not necessary to identify all the authors in order to win; you will merely have to identify more of them than your nearest competitor.

The Quotoscope, of course, has a nobler, a higher purpose than the mere mercenary one of offering prizes. It has been charged by a well-known poet of some years ago that

"A lot of dull, conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes,
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak."

It is our aim to dispute this statement, at least as far as Wisconsin students are concerned. Wisconsin students are neither dull nor conceited, they are intelligent. They publish "The World's Greatest Year Book." The results of this contest will prove to the world that they are intelligent.

A statement like the one above, and like the one by a more contemporary author that "he who can, does; he who can't, teaches," invariably arouses our ire. Even our faculty is intelligent. But we can prove that we are not "too proud to fight." The slogan of one of our neighboring cities, that "1921 will reward fighters" holds good this year as well as last. "Man is made for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior."

It has been charged that "our classrooms furnish an arena in which a brutish doctrine tears to pieces the religious faith of young men and young women." It has been charged that our university is a hot-bed of iniquity, that we drink, and smoke, and swear, and chew, and that the atmosphere here will "change in a trice

The lilies and languors of virtue,
For the raptures and roses of vice."

We can answer these charges with a counter-charge that

"Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man."

But even if the charges given above are correct, we stand with our recent friend and novelist, when he says "For God's sake, give me young men who have brains enough to make fools of themselves!" For "life is real, life is earnest." Life is nothing without temptation, and it is a well known fact that "the only way to overcome a temptation is to yield to it." "To be, or not to be, that is the question."

We have outside support for our theories. The world of journalism offers us aid. "There are two kinds of newspapermen, those who try to write poetry, and those who try to drink themselves to death. Fortunately for the world, only one of them succeeds." One piece of advice to the wild man: Be moderate, for

"The goblins will get you
If
you
don't
watch
out!"

But on with the battle. It has been charged that Wisconsin women are unwomanly and undemocratic. We maintain that all of them are women, that

"The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skin."

Wisconsin women are virtuous and innocent. Take the case of Lucy. "In her innocence she had not known that the whole town would discuss even her clothes, her body. She felt that she was being dragged naked through Main street."

Lucy is the living embodiment of Wisconsin wom-

anhood. We guard her as precious as any treasure.
Life would be desymbolized without her. Even our
recent acquaintance the poet has written

"Oh, mercy! to myself I cried,
If Lucy should be dead."

After having thoroughly discussed the subject of
women we are ready to get "back to normalcy." The
battle is still raging. "We will fight it out on this
line if it takes all summer." "Let us die, but do not
let us be ridiculous.

We are not afraid of our enemies. We have out-
side support for our theories.

"Time, in its slow, illimitable course,
Brings all to light,"

as it will bring to light the fallacies of our adversaries.
Our hour of victory will come.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

And when the war is over, and

"The shouting and the tumult dies,"

we leave it to the intelligent student body of the uni-
versity of Wisconsin to tell us

"all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

And to him who can, we say

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Of one thing, only are we certain, that "the dog it
was that died," but still we ask, "Who killed cock
Robin?"

The Greying Age

MARGARET EMMERLING.

I live by my window now,
Counting the passersby,
Who straggle along, or bow,
And straggle along again.

No cry could turn my face
From the street where the shifted web,
All dreary, like dirty lace,
Of passersby is slung.

I count the weary who stroll
Aimless, and them who seek,
And them again whose soul
Leaves wind and dust where they pass.

No shout of yours nor tears,
No laughter nor deviltry now
Could lift my heart from its years
At counting the passersby.

Co-eds and Potato Chips

CLANCY SCHULTZ

"Yes, I went fussing the other day," said Mark. "But never again."

"What was the trouble?" I asked. It is always interesting to ask Mark questions, for his replies are unusual, and, like himself, very frank and intelligent. Mark is, however, sincerely lazy, and for the most part he takes his pleasures vicariously sitting in his room. When he goes out for a good time, he insists on its being a good time. While he enjoys the reputation for being intellectual, he is only intellectual when he can be so in all sincerity. When he's having a good time, nothing makes him more irritable than to have his mind diverted from his pleasure to non-sensical highbrowism.

"Hugh," Mark answered my question deliberately, "co-eds are like potato chips. You know when you start eating good fresh potato chips you can't stop until you have finished the bag, and when you're through what have you got? Nothing, if you're husky. A darn fine stomach ache if you're not."

"It's funny you quit so soon then. There are plenty of co-eds still here."

"Oh, hell, the bag broke and what was left of my chips spilled all over the street. You see, it's this way. My sister has always said that I am too hard on women—but I'm not. I like women: it's co-eds that get my nanny. But I let her make a date for me. She picked out the girl."

"Marge is just the one for you," she said. "Intellectual—always reading. She's read everything, positively everything—*The Sheikh* and *Erik Dorn* and *This Side of Paradise*—all the new books. You'll like her."

"I doubted it, but I took a chance."

"Saturday night I took her to a dance. She was good looking all right. Hair parked in space and so smooth and shiney that you feel like climbing up and sliding off. Round face, perfect features—always perfect—no expression. Wrinkles her nose when she is amused, like a rabbit nibbling lettuce. Absolutely typical. And was she primed? I'll say so."

"Right off the bat she said, 'I hear you're a great reader, Mr. Morrison. How did you like *The Sheikh*?'"

"I've never read it," said I, "but I think *Butler's Way of All Flesh* is the best novel I ever read."

"Do you?" says she wrinkling her nose. "Well, I'm not sure. I don't care much for sex novels. They're apt to be too risqué to leave around where mother can find them. Don't you think?"

"Possibly," I answered gravely. "But a little thrill now and then, I'm not averse to."

"Oh dear," says she. "Do you go canoing much?"

"That was working too fast for me. It was only too apparent that I should have chewed that last chip a bit more so that it wouldn't have stuck in my throat. I dodged."

"I used to go quite a lot, but since I broke my shoulder I haven't been able to paddle very well. You'll have to excuse me."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"And that was the end of that dance. If she had only kept her mouth shut she would have been divine—much better than any book of verse. Dancing with her was poetry, but her infernal chatter was bathos. A little later in the evening when I was getting sleepy and small talk was running low, she tries the literary tack again."

"I suppose you like poetry?"

"Adore it," says I.

"So do I—especially Browning."

"Oh, my dear! You touch a weak spot in me. I think Browning is the most conceited Pollyanna who ever put his thoughts into exquisite language. I despise him more than I do H. B. Wright."

"You've such peculiar tastes, haven't you? Do you understand Browning?"

"I don't know—I've never met him."

"That asinine witticism brought forth much nose wrinkling. If she was playing bunny and inferring my remark to be cabbage—all right. But she wasn't. She was awfully amused."

"Well, who is your favorite poet?" she asked by and by.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered, "I haven't had a favorite poet for three years—in fact, since I started to read poetry. Among my present favorites are D. H. Lawrence, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Herrick, and John Donne."

"How interesting," she said. "All moderns—don't you like any of the older poets?"

"With much self control I modulated my reply to

a simple, low negative, permitting her to believe that Herrick and Donne were fighting for the next laureateship of England. Still I managed to have a fairly good time. Her effort to keep up to my highbrow standard was amusing.

"'Do you ever go to the movies?' she asked after a bit.

"'Occasionally,' I murmured abstractedly, for I was thinking at the moment of marrying a girl with a gorgeous mop of bobbed hair who was dancing near me, just so that I could use her hair for a shaving brush. It would be glorious to work up a lather on and then just stick my face into it for a brief cool moment or two before beginning to scrape. But my dream was brought to a sudden end.

"'You do?'

"'Do what?' I asked startled.

"'Go to the movies.'

"'Yes, quite frequently. Why?'

"'Dont they bore you?—they bore me.'

"'Why no, not very often. Sometimes I enjoy them for themselves sometimes they amuse me because they are so rotten. I'm seldom bored.'

"'Well, I'll admit I like the Cecil De Mille productions. *The Affairs of Anatol*, for instance. That was fine. I think it is good that they are making films of great literary masterpieces like that.'

"'My dear young lady, if you knew how much it pains me to disagree with you you wouldn't make statements like that. The picture you mention was no more a picturization of Schnitzler's play than a German street band playing the Humoresque is an artistic rendering of Dvorak. And that's that.'

"'Well, I didn't see the picture myself,' admitted Marge, 'but all the girls simply raved about it. They thought Wally Reid was wonderful.'

"I didn't want to seem didactic, so I refrained from airing my views on Wally Reid and the movies. After a bit Marge cooled down. She was a good-

natured little nose-wrinkler. I'll have to hand her that. So are most of them, but darn it, they think they know too much, and most of them are just four-flushing.

"It wasn't till we were eating a sandwich after the dance that the conversation became interesting again. Then, out of a clear sky, she asked what I'd been reading lately. It happens I hadn't read a thing in a month worth mentioning except text books, but I bluffed.

"Oh, nothing in particular—a little Oscar Wilde, and I read a novel by Dreiser the other night."

"'Oh, aren't both those writers naughty? I heard that they were.'

"'Naughty? Well, I don't know. I never found them any naughtier than William Shakespeare at times.'

"'It seems to me,' she said, 'that all the books that are supposed to be naughty aren't. Are there really any naughty books in the world?'

"'Possibly one or two,' I said. 'But I refuse to tell what they are. They're most fun when you happen on them accidentally. You'd better hunt them up yourself.'

"'I think you're mean,' she answered. But anyway, I wasn't going to get into the clutches of the Dean of Women for seducing one of her charges *via* salacious literature. No chance.

"So I managed to get through the evening without mishaps, enjoying my potato chips from time to time, and looked forward to more until we reached her home. There the bag broke, and they all went into the mud.

"'Good-night, she said, 'I've had an awfully good time. It's such a relief to meet a man like you who's really intellectual. I get so ferribly tired of playing around with ordinary people. Dont you?'

"I don't, but I didn't say so. My constitution isn't what it once was. I had a stomach ache."

MANET NIHIL.

GASTON D' ARLEQUIN.

Farewell, farewell,—the sound is like the sigh
Late summer's sad wind heaves
Softly among the strewn rose-leaves
That fade beneath the heedless Autumn sky.

There were our footsteps that the waking day,
When the wide sea was spanned,
Found printed in the silver sand,
—The sea has washed them quietly away.

Falling Behind

HORACE GREGORY.

Peter Webb knew that he was unable to keep up the social pace that he had set for himself twenty years ago. He was falling behind,—that was why he was forced to accept an eleventh-hour invitation to the Van Dyke affair, the last of its kind this season. The Van Dyke's had forgotten him during the entire winter and now . . . he was shaving; he winced as his beard resisted the pull of the blade, then noted the depth of the lines around his mouth, lines which were partially concealed by a carefully waxed moustache. He was old and tired,—tired because he had been through a nerve wracking day at the store. A rush of post-Lenten trade had multiplied his duties as manager of a "fashionable" retail drug establishment to such an extent that he was left in a state of nervous exhaustion at the end of a ten-hour day.

Yes, he was falling behind. For the last two years he had been entertaining discarded wall flowers, irritable old dowagers, awkward debutantes,—then a long dark winter with no invitations at all. The Van Dyke's were giving him a last opportunity, a last lonely straw at which a drowning man may grasp in hopes of a miraculous rescue . . .

The cab, which he had ordered from a livery near by, was already waiting at the door, yet Webb dressed slowly, with unusual care. The shabby furnishings of the room stood out in marked contrast to the perfection of his evening clothes.

Alice Macleroy would be there tonight. He had seen her name in the advance notices of the Van Dyke German in the society columns of the morning paper. Alice had just "come out" three months ago. She was barely eighteen, but Webb had known her for six years,—a little girl sitting in the Macleroy carriage in front of the store while her mother vacillated over a choice between French and Persian perfumes . . . When he had met Alice this winter at an informal dinner, he had realized with something of a shock that she had suddenly grown up into a poised young woman.

On the way to the Van Dyke's, Webb made up his mind in regard to Alice. He would propose to her at the end of the last waltz. He would have to act tonight; the Macleroys were going to Europe within the next week . . . It was true that Stephen Macle-

roy, her father, was a millionaire, and Webb had nothing but his salary to offer; yet Webb had introduced him into the Van Dyke circle twenty years ago, which had aided materially in old Stephen's success as a lawyer. Webb had played the part of a foster-uncle to Alice, a part by which he gained admittance to the Macleroy household and served as a slender thread of contact to the Van Dyke set within the last year.

The cab came to a halt before a large, florid mass of brick and stone, the Van Dyke residence. The light from the doorway magnified the broad outlines of the two open-jawed sandstone lions which crouched on either side of the entrance, at the head of a short flight of steps. Peter Webb consulted his watch (a gift from the Macleroys) by the light of the street lamp—forty-five minutes after nine. Just the right time; he had never been a moment too early. He gave brief instructions to the cab man and entered the house.

Half an hour later, Webb almost ran into the over-developed person of Mrs. Van Dusen, widow of the late colonel. She had been spending the last five years in New York and had returned to the Middle West for a short visit. She was a vigorous, keen-minded woman, well over sixty, who maintained her right of arrogant superiority by virtue of her late husband's skill in the management of the Van Dusen foundry.

"Good evening, Peter Webb, are you lost? Ah, I've dropped my fan. Thank you. There's no use your asking me for a waltz. The music is abominable, and I'm too old to dance. Sit down, Peter; were you looking for someone?"

Webb sat down. He was silent for a moment; his usual self-possession had left him. He smiled bravely.

"Yes, Madame Van Dusen, you and Miss Macleroy."

"Oh, you mean Alice. She's here somewhere. Last time I saw her she was with my nephew, Howard. He's one of those young know-it-alls, just out of Harvard. An educated fool, like his mother. Did you hear of that affair in New York? I told John, my brother-in-law, that he'd ruin the boy. Howard got mixed up in an affair with a chorus girl,

and I brought him West with me to get him straightened out."

"There is no one who could take better care of him, I'm sure."

"Nonsense, Peter. You're getting too old to pay compliments to me. We're all growing old, and there're not many of us left."

She tapped his arm with her fan and leaned closer, looking up into his face.

"You can't hold out much longer, Peter; you've turned gray."

The room had become insufferably hot. The music seemed far away. Webb felt a ringing in his ears. The dancers floated by. He could have counted the faces that he knew upon the fingers of one hand. He was falling behind, losing everything. There was one last hope,—Alice. He must find her.

He rose. "I'll bring you a glass of punch, Madame."

Mrs. Van Dusen smiled and nodded her head.

It was at the buffet in the dining-room that Peter caught a glimpse of Alice. She turned about and came toward him. She was adorable in pink. Her large blue eyes met his.

"Hullo, Peter. Where have you been? You must meet Howard,—he tells such amusing stories." She indicated a tall young man across the room.

"Alice, will you give me your last waltz?"

Webb looked at her earnestly. His gray eyes pleaded.

"Why, I guess Howard won't care. I'll let you have it. Come now, you must hear his funny stories."

"Sorry, Alice. I'm on my way back to Mrs. Van Dusen. I'll find you later."

Now that he had found Alice, he wanted to sit back in a corner to plan his course of action. He must play his cards carefully. He must be sincere, and yet restrained. He must not lose his head. He

forgot Mrs. Van Dusen, everything except his last waltz.

Alice was waiting for him at a door which led out to the side veranda. The last waltz, one of Strauss's was just beginning.

"Let's go out doors, Peter; I'm hot and tired out,—I want to talk to you."

He followed her into the moonlight. Things were turning out beautifully. He would win—Alice's husband!

"And I want to talk to you, Alice."

Her eyes were blue, even in the moonlight. He was very close. He could feel her body breathing. He took her in his arms,—she did not resist—she was so pretty. Alice's husband,—his last chance to stay in the "set". Her lips were cold and moist. There was a touch of frost in the spring wind. She pushed him away.

"But Alice, dear, I want you to marry me, I—"

He was losing his head now—his brain was throbbing. She hid her face in her hands.

"I love you, Alice, I—"

Then he saw that she was laughing,—laughing at him.

"I'm awf'ly sorry, Peter, really. But I couldn't help it. You were just like Papa when he kisses me good-night. Come, we'll forget about it, and I'll tell you all about Howard. Howard's an awf'ly nice boy."

Webb had left her.

An hour later Webb was back in his room, seated on the edge of his bed. Well, everything was over. Alice was going to Europe—very likely young Howard would be in the party. And Peter Webb had lost. He would be lonely, but the "younger set" had come in, and he was thought of as an old man. He was not the same as he had been twenty years ago. He had fallen behind.

Mostly Yvonne

STANLEY WEINBAUM.

"Really, M. St. John, you must meet my niece Marguerite. Charming girl," babbled Mme. Chantèmes, her rotundity ludicrously compressed into a narrow Marie Antoinette bodice. She removed her masque and peered about. "Marguerite! Where in the world—! She is wearing a ballet affair. Where—Ah, there!"

She swooped down on a graceful little figure in pink—very little pink indeed—and dragged her over to St. John. One had a fleeting impression of a

piquant nose—violet eyes laughing through a black silk masque—a mass of black hair.

"Marguerite, this is the Baronet St. John," remarked Mme. Chantèmes in an abstracted manner. She was wondering vaguely where the servants had disappeared, and in a still remoter area of her consciousness, whether there was any punch left. Perhaps this abstraction, or her near-sighted eyes, or the heat, may account for her mistake. For, as a matter of fact, the masqued figure in pink was not her niece

Marguerite, it was her god-daughter, Yvonne Dellanoy.

Mme. Chantêmes left the pair with an incoherent murmur. The pink-clad bit of fluff looked up at St. John, and mentally decided to allow the mistake to stand. Yvonne was certain, despite the narrow masque, that M. St. John was quite the handsomest male figure of the evening. She suspected, furthermore, that Mme. Chantêmes rather intended Marguerite to make herself as agreeable as possible to the young English nobleman; the Chantêmes were wealthy enough to support an impoverished title, and were quite willing to assume the burden, and finally it was not in Yvonne's nature to resist a joke.

Her companion was looking over the rococo assemblage on the floor; the scenes are few as vivid as a fashionable bal masque. Perhaps St. John was a trifle jaded, for the fantastic costumes of the men, and the still more brilliant, if less expansive, garb of the women, seemed suddenly gaudy and a trifle coarse.

"Let us go into the garden," he said turning to Yvonne. "It's beastly hot in here."

Thus it happened that Mme. Chantêmes, discovering her error, was quite unable to rediscover either Yvonne or the blasé baronet.

Meanwhile the two had drifted to an isolated seat in the garden. It was quite near the outer wall, and the light from a swinging street-lamp yellowed the turf, the bushes, and the narrow stone bench. Apparently without art or forethought, Yvonne had seated herself so that the light fell directly on her face; she knew her own charm and was not afraid to put to the test.

St. John felt mechanically for his cigarette case, and frowned as he found it empty. Yvonne offered him hers and selected a cigarette for herself. A solitary bat pirouetted, dipped, and whirled in great circles about the street-lamp, imagining, no doubt, that

it looked like a gryphon. The bridal-wreath was in bloom, and the long, white-veiled twigs and branches sighed as if they were in love.

St. John turned a little toward his vis-a-vis.

"D'you know," he said, "I'm expected to make love to you now."

"Of course," murmured Yvonne, "but if it's at all unpleasant—"

She removed her masque, apparently to powder her nose. She did not notice the startled expression that passed over St. John's features as she did so.

"No, indeed! On the contrary," responded he, His tone was altered and more interested. The bored note had vanished from his voice. Yvonne felt the change.

"*Ma chère marraine, la reine,*" she began.

"*Votre cher marron le rien!*" interrupted St. John. "Families are such a drag. One has to marry nowadays to gain freedom."

"Oscar Wilde!" she gibed. "And whom would such a dilettante as you marry?"

"My ideal," he responded reflectively, "has black, oh, very black hair, and a harlequin wit, and laughing violet eyes,—and," he added maliciously, "she never blows smoke rings and then sticks her fingers through them."

"Beast!" exclaimed Yvonne delightedly.

Well, to make a short story considerably shorter, Yvonne raised her head from St. John's shoulder, with an almost serious look in her eyes.

"Chéri," she said, "I must confess. I am not Mlle. Marguerite. I am Yvonne Dellanoy.

"I knew that!" chuckled St. John. "I was introduced to Mlle Marguerite early this evening."

"But I haven't a franc to my name," mourned the girl.

"And I haven't a pound," laughed St. John. "I've unlimited credit, though!"

NOTHING MUCH.

STANLEY WEINBAUM.

When mornings you attire yourself
For riding in the city,
You're such a lovely little elf,
Extravagantly pretty.

And when at noon you deign to wear
The habit of the town,
I cannot call to mind as fair
A symphony in brown.

And evenings—You blithely don
A brevity of white,
To flash a very paragon
Of lightness—and light!

But when the rounds of pleasures cease,
And you retire at night,
The godling on your mantelpiece
Must know a fairer sight!

The Confessions of a Journalist

OR

Thinking in Headlines

KATHERINE ROCKWELL.

For two hours I have been grinding out headlines up in Editing Lab, turning my thoughts into bold faced type or perhaps giving a quasi-humorous bit of imagination an italic slant in Chelt. Old Style. My brain still laboring under the impetus given it by the necessity of writing at least the required six heads continues to function after the necessity is past, and as I stroll down the hill I comment inwardly on persons, places and things in terms of 18, 36, or 72 point, hanging indention pyramid, or crossline flush.

Slips! Heavens! That's the time I almost take a fall. Darn slippery hill that. Why I might have broken my neck.

Co-ed Breaks Neck on Slippery Hill.

Probably that would rate about a front page number 8 head in the Cardinal and it would be reprinted all over the state. Mentally I start writing my own obituary, only to catch myself as I come to the phrase, "She was well thought of by all who knew her." At that point I started counting up the people who, I thought, ought to be sorry about my tragic death, and incidentally, I remembered several persons who would probably be on the fence under the softening influence which death has on the attitude of one's ertwhile enemies, together with the fear which people have of speaking ill of the dead. I decided right then and there that I would certainly haunt anyone who spoke ill of me after my decease. It would probably read in the papers like this:

Sorority House Haunted

Spirit of Dead Girl

Comes to Seek Revenge

As I visualised the path that my potential ghostly visit would take I was startled out of my reverie by the shrill screams of a soprano. I could not distinguish the words but one does not enunciate in times of distress, even in the Music School, from whence the sounds were coming. I had heard cries of this nature before issuing from this building and I remembered rumors and voices that kept saying,

"It certainly sounds as though some one were being killed in there."

And yet no one ever went in and investigated. Again the shriek sounded. I would go. It would take bravery but it would be worth it.

Medal Awarded for Rescue by Wisconsin Co-ed
5 Credits Toward June Graduation Given
By Faculty

I was opening the door when I heard Peter yell and ask me how long since I had entrée to the Choral Union. I did not explain. It would have been awkward; but instead I joined him and when he said that he was hungry enough to eat tacks or steal, and would I go with him to Lawrence's for food to eat, I acquiesced and started muttering under my breath.

Starving Man

Subsists I Mo.

On Stolen Tacks

He evidently heard me for he asked,
"What the ——?"

I didn't answer but instead pointed to a group of "little urchins" sliding down the hill and remarked:

"Madison Kiddies

Enjoy King Winter"

I think I would use an italic face on that"

Peter stopped in front of me and looked me full in the eyes, first with an expression of dumb wonder, then slow comprehension dawned, and finally with a look of commiserating pity, he remarked in a choked voice,

"Oh I see,

Cuckoo Girl

Wanders Witless

On College Campus

Suffers Under Illusion

She Is Mother Eve—

Labels All Creation

"Yes, said I,

Eve Encounters Serpent

On Slippery Hill

Where Is Adam?"

"Oh," said the serpent, "We'll find him at the tree of life."

As we sat hunched around Lawrence's counter eating, I contentedly mused,

Paradise Party Partake

Of Baked Apples and Cream

None Are the Wiser.

Des Effondrilles

GASTON D'ARLEQUIN.

Ici on dit que l'Amérique est grand en beaucoup de choses. Des le monde civilisé on dit que l'Amérique est suprême en une chose. En l'Europe nous disons de lui qui nous montre ce qui est évident, "Il est habile", ici on dit d'un tel, "Il est un génie!" Ceci prouve la suprématie de la Amérique relativement à cette une chose: le goût.

Car les Américains sont nés avec un goût exquis. On comprend cela tout facilement quand on se rappelle que Boston était leur ville de hier, et que Chicago est leur ville d'aujourd'hui.

Mais jusqu'au temps qu'ils s'enregistrent dans le collège ce talent n'est qu'un peu développé. En effet, sans John Bunyan et Louis Stevenson on serait craintif pour l'avenir de l'Amérique. Mais l'université américaine, institution incomparable, cultive l'idiotisme américain -c'est à dire, le goût- d'une manière à la fois charmante et artistique.

Mais c'est bien indiscret pour un étranger d'essayer de louer les Américains; seulement eux-mêmes sont capables de ce faire.

Dans cette université même il y a des témoignages de ce goût,- notamment la "Revue Littéraire de Wisconsin". Il est très facile de prouver cela. Prenons, par exemple, les poèmes de Pennell Crosby. Ce qui frappe principalement l'attention du lecteur est la superfluité chromatique de rien du tout qui existe dans ces vers. Sans nul doute l'auteur de ces chefs-d'œuvre était saisi d'une "complexe-des-couleurs" pendant qu'elle jouait avec une carte de couleur dans sa jeunesse. Cela rend ses écrits très intéressants.

Touchant les poèmes de Mildred S. Hill, on voit ici une chose qui est vraiment remarquable. Ses poèmes—s'ils sont poèmes—n'ont pas du rythme, mais au même temps le rythme ne leur manque pas! Au fait, on lit deux ou trois lignes, et, enflé en croyant qu'il ait découvert le mouvement, commence à lire la quatrième, et tout à coup il se trouve perdu dans un gâchis des expressions poétiques lesquelles sont parfaitement incroyable, incontestable, et incompréhensible. On le trouve très facile de se perdre dans l'art de ce type. Et de le faire est plus qu'une expérience nouvelle et charmante, c'est positivement dangereux.

Un vrai artiste, suivant la définition de M. Edison, est un homme qui dit au lecteur, "Maintenant je vous montrerai un papillon," et qui alors commence à le montrer. Or, M. Horace Gregory, accomplit beaucoup plus que cela; il nous dit la même chose, mais

puis il nous donne des lunettes de couleurs diverses et nous indique un éléphant. Ou bien il publie des rimes incertaines, car il est surtout un rimailleur. Ses poèmes donnent l'impression qu'ils étaient écrits pendant que l'auteur était vexé avec une douleur de l'estomac. Que Baudelaire eût fait si trompeuses ses idées! Il est presque aussi difficile de trouver le sens dans ses poèmes qu'il est de trouver le poète lui-même.

Et c'est bien intéressant de réfléchir à cette affaire. Le matin le poète dort; l'après-midi il va prendre le thé avec un group des pseudo-littérateurs qui, comme lui, ne sont pas même des dilettantes honnêtes, et ensemble ils haranguent sur quelque griffonneur barbare, en parlant principalement de rien. Et ils sont admirés et estimés comme des intellectuels par la communauté entière! Eh bien, lorsque notre jeune poète retourne à la terre, il produit une vingtaine de ses œuvres incomparables, et alors il dort encore une fois. Quelle fécondité! Mais soit de l'auteur, soit de ses ouvrages, je n'ai plus rien à dire. Fait, le plus que je puisse faire est de remarquer, comme remarque la police en la France, -cherchez la femme!

On voit dans une livraison récente de la "Revue Littéraire", -qui est quelquefois littéraire, de manière ou d'autre- une chose à la fois étonnante et charmante: étonnante parce qu'elle est si différente de ce qu'on est accoutumé de voir damné par le public avec cette même juste rage qui damnait l'ineffablement atroce "Salomé"; et charmante parce que l'on y trouve un puritanisme si subtil et si délicat que l'on peut presque s'attendre à l'avenir de l'art américain malgré la cagoterie des partisans de "vers libre, amour libre, et liqueur libre". Je parle de "Sémiramis", par M. Weinbaum.

Voici un esprit qui est presque entièrement absent de la littérature du hémisphère d'est. Les puritans, quand l'Angleterre devenait trop méchant pour eux, allèrent à Boston, ville qui était bien sainte même à cette époque. Et le puritanisme, austère et froid, a été depuis ce temps-là, le suaveur pas seulement de cette liberté de laquelle les Américains sont si fiers, mais aussi de l'art américain. Ici on n'a pas encore commence à reconnaître le droit à l'immortalité d'Allen Poe. Mais nous pauvres françaises fonda, il y a longtemps, une école sur son génie tandis que sa patrie, reconnaissant qu'il n'était qu'un méprisable sot, exila son nom de la conversation de société polie.

Apropos de M. Weinbaum,—il y a dans tous ses ouvrages un dépendance sur l'influence puritaine aussi

grand qu' il y a un indépendance de l' influence universelle. Un seul exemple suffit:

"He found her name, Semiramis,
"Sweeter than singing, summer seas
"That fondle Heliopolis—"

-et ici il me faut confesser une ignorance de la géographie. Je ne sais point où cette ville est située. Mais "singing, summer seas" suggère une ville mari-

time, plus, il suggère le golfe du Mexique. Sans nul doute Héliopolis est près de Galveston, Texas. Peut-être le mot est le nom poétique de Galveston lui-même.

Et finalement, pour ma part, il ne sera point nécessaire de parler des chefs-d' oeuvre les miens. Leur nombre et leur excellence parlent pour eux à grande voix. Mais je prends maintenant l' occasion d' exprimer ma gratitude éternelle à la "Revue Littéraire de Wisconsin" pour l' honneur éminent elle me donne en acceptant les fruits de ma plume.

Vermillion

PENNELL CROSBY.

They were very merry, that night at the Christmas party. She heard the music and the slip, slip of many dancing feet as she pushed open the huge glass door. In the hallway there were little groups of people, and on the broad, shining stairs, shadowed with gloom from the unlighted rooms above. They greeted her as she entered. It was late, and Alice had disappointed her, and she had had to come alone. Now that she was here she was glad, for in the absence of the plump, conventional Alice she was quite free to do as she pleased, and she was glad, too, that she had worn her new blouse, cerise, with such quaint flowing sleeves. It was going to be a gay party.

Dick was there, with his Viking blue eyes—Dick, whose gambling luck paid for the leisure in which to sculpture such exquisite angels. He came to help her off with her coat, exclaiming at her blouse.

"It's lovely. You must give me the next dance. And come and see the hall, now—we haven't been so trimmed up since 'Aladdin'."

The violins whispered like plaintive ghosts above the madness of the music. The hall was crammed with color. There were crepe paper streamers from the ceiling, punctuated with red and yellow Japanese lanterns. Gleaming with tinsel and glass balls, jolly little Christmas trees rollicked in the corners. Like smoke from blazing torches, the dancers eddied by. There was Dorothy, with an orange sash on her old black dress. Eunice had worn her batiked smock of deep blue-green. And Doll, red-cheeked, was dancing with stalwart Luger, and Chuck Mulholland, who had been Aladdin, had Gertrude's aristocratic arm on his shoulder in exactly the correct position. They all shifted and passed like the broken-glass jewels of the kaleidoscope she had loved when she was seven. On the stage across the room were the five musicians of the art-school orchestra: Elizabeth with her dark head bent over the piano; Munson, his cigarette forsaken for the huge pipe of the saxophone; little

Goldie with his banjo; and the two violinists, the truest artists of them all, gentle, stoop-shouldered Dewey, and Vitlacil, the giant Hungarian.

"Let's dance," said Dick. A handful of confetti flung from the balcony above them powdered their hair as they plunged into the throng.

At the end of two dances with Dick, as the crowd straggled reluctantly off the floor, she saw with dismay the approaching figure of George Brown. More a misfit than ever he seemed in this holiday crowd. A man whom all pitied and all shunned, his friendliness was offered almost apologetically, because he had been so often rebuffed. And now he came to her, to ask her for a dance. Moved by something like shame for her own passionate joy, she gave him the next one, although she knew that his bad dancing would mean a torturing interlude. She knew his story, for few secrets stay hidden in an art school. Artist that he was, his spirit had been almost shattered by the sudden death of his adored wife and he had suffered a severe breakdown. Now, though he was able to handle his brushes again, the brilliancy of his painting was lost forever.

Dick moved away. The painters' lifeless eyes caught hers.

"Are you going home with anyone?" he asked.

"No," she said. She did not wish to lie.

"Then may I see you home?"

There was no way out of it. "Yes," she said, unwillingly.

The music commenced, and Brown's jerky dancing hammered her nerves. Down the room toward them trooped a band of men and girls, hand on shoulder, in a wild snake dance. The leader smiled at her in the jolliest way as they passed. She wished that she knew him—there was something remarkably vivid about his eyes. On his head, cocked debonairly to one side, was a red Christmas wreath.

"Let's join the snake-dance!" she cried quickly into

Brown's ear, and they swung on behind the last couple. She liked the thought of following the lead of Mr. Christmas Tree, as she mentally dubbed the man with the red wreath. Who was he? She would know him some time.

Adroitly slipping away from Brown at the end of the dance, she wandered the halls with Luger. She knew she must be looking very well, for her dances were all taken, to the very end of the party, and this was rare enough here where there were fewer men than women.

There was a little group in the library, gathered around the Victrola, playing an ancient dance record. The tall man whom she knew as the Harlequin of the costume party called to her.

"Won't you dance with me, Columbine?" In the spirit of adventure they had kept their names a secret from each other. "Come, dance!" he begged. She saw the man with the wreath hunting over the records.

As they danced she was awed of the blue eyes of Mr. Christmas Tree, which followed her. She was glad that the Harlequin danced so well.

From the hall came the din, din of an Oriental fox-trot. Everyone rushed in confusion from the music room together. Last of all, she and the Harlequin came, arm in arm, and as she passed close by the young man with the red wreath, he caught her hand.

"Wait!" he cried. "You must give me a dance!"

She loosed herself from the urging grasp of the Harlequin, and sent him out into the corridor with a gesture. Then she turned to the other.

"I can't," she said, simply, "they are all taken."

"No! What luck! But couldn't you—couldn't you perhaps cut one and give it to me?"

"You know how unconventional they are. Oh, I wish I could, but my partner would come out on the floor and take me away from you, and I should be quite disgraced."

"Let me see you home—please!"

She felt that she must know him. Afterwards, she could make some excuse to Brown, but this was a moment like a vermillion flame. To quench it was unthinkable. It seemed that her very soul stood on tip-toe, yearning toward him.

He smiled an anxious little smile.

"Yes," she cried. "But we must leave quite soon, I think." She averted her eyes, as a wave of shame for herself, of pity for Brown, surged through her.

"Thank you." He slipped the red wreath from his head and hung it rakishly on the marble curls of the Hermes in the corner. "As soon as you wish."

II.

There were deep blue shadows on the cerise of her blouse. The softness of the flowing sleeve made it

seem to drip over her hand, just as her fingers, relaxed, dripped over her knee. Overhead shone the light, making golden gleams on her hair. She sat leaning forward a little, her head bent, and her eyes seemed very deep and sorrowful.

Across the room was Mr. Christmas Tree, with a huge sheet of paper tacked on his drawing board, his fingers flickering in swift strokes. He was doing her portrait in pastels.

"What are you thinking about so sadly, my Columbine?" he asked. He had adopted the Harlequin's name for her.

"Thinking that I shall never be able to paint, and wondering when you are going to let me rest." She rose a little stiffly, and moved across the studio to look at the drawing, and her hand fell on his shoulder, with seeming carelessness. He looked up; it was as if his eyes had uttered a cry of yearning.

"Your drawing is bad, Ronald," she said, "the shoulders not foreshortened enough." But her glance was like a caress.

"It is hard for me to draw you. I can't look at you impersonally. You smile at me, and I lose every line—you go to my head, you know, like wine. Please, please, don't smile at me like that, or I shall forget that I am an artist and remember that I am a man.

"You mustn't say that you will never be able to paint. Here I have been at it ever since I was a youngster, and I'm only beginning now, though I'm six years older than you are. You are so tragically young. Sometimes I wish that you were a little older—you seem so fragile that I am afraid to touch you.

"But you like me?" She wished that she might bend over and touch his forehead with her lips, but she knew she must not even stroke his hair with her hand.

"I have liked you tremendously ever since the first time I saw you," he said. "You are a flash of vermillion against the gray monotone. See, I seem to have caught the light on your hair! But I shall never be able to put that wistful look into your eyes, and—what makes your eyes sad?"

"I don't know, Ron," she answered, and knew that she lied. But how could she tell him? She went back to the bench and resumed her pose, and Ronald picked up his crayon with a sigh.

"The interior-decoration business is awfully low now," he said, "and I expect to be fired any time. Then I suppose I'll have to take to drafting again. It makes me sick to think that my younger brother, who seems to have all the commercial ability of the family, is raking in money hand over fist, and I can scarcely make enough to live on. You ought to marry my

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brother, Columbine. He could give you everything, and I—I would like to have you in the family."

"I hate commercial people," she said, scornfully, "I could have married one at home if I had wanted to."

"Nevertheless," he pronounced slowly, "you were never meant for poverty. Delicate food of Epicurean banquets; thick, lustrous brocaded silks with intricate designs in gorgeous colors—oh, Columbine! I can't stand this—do you realize that I would give you the whole world, if I could, for you to play with?"

The drawing-board crashed to the floor. The colored crayons rolled in all directions; and Ronald was kneeling at her feet, passionately kissing her hands with hot lips.

III

It is a very odd sensation to be starving. At first it is quite unpleasant, but one gets used to the feeling, if one has nothing to eat at all.

Columbine had not eaten anything for four days. There was nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything. She had reached the limit of her resources, and there was nothing more to do except starve—or telegraph to her family, and that would mean leaving everything and going home, a failure. Starving is not so bad, after all, except when one is cold, too. There was no wood for the studio fire-place—it had been all used up the day before. She had on her warmest dress and her heavy coat, and a blanket was wrapped around her. She lay on the cot and looked blankly at the floor, because there was nothing else to do. The cot served as a couch in the daytime, and it had a really nice day-cover, but it was unmade now, and rumpled, and the sheets were not very clean. She wished that there were some fresh ones, and just one or two clean handkerchiefs. Yesterday she had cried into the last one. It seemed that everything was used up,—except paints.

Her eyes drifted almost painfully across the room to the easel. There was a picture blocked in, on a beautiful new canvas. Little splashes of paint were here and there, to establish color and value, and the shadow side was all massed in. It would have been good—she was sure it would have been very good, the best she had done, but there was no money to pay the model now. Her eyes ran lovingly over the crisp outlines. Anyone could see that the composition was good! But now it would never be finished,—and anyway, she could not paint—it was too cold. The January wind beat against the skylight. If she died they would find her frozen stiff. That would be unpleasant, but it did not matter very much. She had counted on Doll's buying her blue vase,—Doll had

admired it so often, but she didn't have any money just then. If Doll had known—if any of them had known—but she had not been at the school this week. They would have helped her, but she was not sure that she wished to live. If Ronald had known—but she had not seen him since Friday, and this was Wednesday. He had never let two days go by before without coming to see her, or at least phoning, and now—she reckoned on her fingers—it was five days now, and no sign from him. He wanted to give her the world, he had said, and he had kissed her hands till they burned, but they were icy-cold now, and he had gone away. Delicate food of Epicurean banquets * * *

Her cot might have been a Roman couch, and there might have been a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers on her hair, red roses, perhaps. There would be heavy, soft velvets on the couch, and leopard skins, as smooth as silk. Thick, lustrous brocades, with intricate designs in gorgeous colors, as Ron had said—she could almost see their sensuous splendor draping her slim body. And there would be a low table before her—and a line of ebony black slaves, with golden platters and gleaming goblets. They would set them all down before her, and there would be the warm smell of savory food—

The doorbell rang so sharply that she screamed. She was on her feet without stopping to think. The room reeled in horrible circles around her, but she threw the day-covering over the tumbled bed, and patted her hair with her hands. It must be Ronald. She tottered in feverish haste to the door, fearing that he would think she was not in, and would go away. She opened the door, clinging to the knob for support, and in stepped timidly George Brown.

"I wondered if you were ill," he said, "because you haven't been at school. I hope you don't mind—I came to see if anything was wrong and if I could do anything, and"—he twisted his hat in his shabbily gloved hands, and looked at her beseechingly.

"Why no, nothing's wrong,—and won't you come in? I'm just being temperamental." She was surprised at the gaiety of the tone she had forced. "I get so bored with school sometimes. Is there any new gossip? Has poor Bobby managed to vamp Olson? And has Dewey sold anything?—he was nearly on the rocks. Don't you think if he took his things to an exclusive place and tacked on a stiff price, that they would sell like hot cakes?"

"But you know there is such a thing as having no self-confidence," returned Brown.

"Poor Dewey! I think he's almost consumptive. I do hope he doesn't go broke. She smiled, a trifle ruefully, as one does at a sour taste. "Wont you take off your coat and stay awhile? I—I rather feel like

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talking to someone—I think perhaps I've been lonely. Come see the picture I've started—I'm going on with it as soon as I can get the model again."

"Yes—a good start. It will be lovely,—and darling. A keynote of vermillion, eh?"

"I love vermillion, it's so warm. It is my favorite color—so comfortable and warm."

"That's odd. Your studio is terribly cold. Why don't you have a fire? Pardon me, but this is as cheerless as the tomb. You could have a fire in that grate—?"

"Oh, I'm used to it cold. It's more healthy—keeps me active. If it were warm I might be lazy."

"There's something wrong—I know there's something wrong!" His eyes were like those of a whipped dog abasing himself at his mistress' feet. "I don't want to intrude—I know it's not my business,—but there mustn't be anything wrong for you. For God's sake, tell me!"

She felt something crack in her head. There was blackness filled with whirling, blazing circles before her eyes.

She spoke in a grating whisper, as though telling some shameful secret. "I'm half frozen; and besides, I am starving to death."

IV.

The phone in the hall rang, and rang. She knew that she must answer it if anyone did, for everyone else on the floor would be away, or in bed, asleep. She herself, in bathrobe and slippers, was lying on the rug before the grate, in which a huge fire blazed. She was drowsy and comfortable, and the pleasant taste of a good dinner was still in her mouth. Brown had given her sandwiches and tea to start with, at five, and dinner at nine. The telephone rang once more, and she wrapped her bathrobe around her and hurried out into the hall with the fear of arriving too late that speeds the feet of one who goes to answer a phone late at night. It was only ten-thirty, but the lights were out in the hall, and it seemed late. A feeling of excitement came over her as she lifted the receiver, it might be Ronald.

"Hello?" she breathed. Her hopes were realized, for it was his voice which answered.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he said. "It's like spring tonight. I just came from the Attic club—we had a model tonight—I know it's late, but I felt that I must see you. Couldn't you come out for just half an hour?"

"Yes," she almost whispered. It was eerie there in the dark.

"I'll be over in ten minutes. Do you want to meet me in front of the house?"

"All right," she said, obediently, and stole back to her warm room, to dress. Her cerise blouse flaunted its haunting grace from a hook in the closet, but she had not the mood to wear it now. Quickly she donned a little jersey dress, very plain, and gray. She warmed her coat by the fire as she laced her shoes, and put it on revelling in the luxury of being comfortable. And then there was her little hat with the shining cocks feathers—not new, but just fixed over. It would be new to Ron. Putting her latch key into her pocket, she turned out the light. The house was very quiet, and it seemed that everyone must be asleep.

As she stealthily went down the steps from the entrance, she saw him coming up the street, half a block away. There was no one else in sight, and his footsteps rang in the white, deathly stillness. It was very cold, but there was something in the air that hinted of spring. Very long, it seemed, they had been waiting for the end of winter! She walked slowly to meet him.

He looked very tired. She saw that there were dark circles under his eyes.

"I knew you'd understand, and come," he said. "Did you think I was neglecting you, Columbine?"

"Why—I don't know."

"I thought it would be better if I should stay away. But, you see, I couldn't. Let's walk over to the Institute, shall we? Your hat's new, isn't it? It's a graceful little thing. Oh, I knew I ought not call you up at this hour, but I had to, somehow."

"I knew it would be you, when the phone rang. And I have been just a little lonely."

"It's a horrible lonely life that we live," he said, "yet I can't see any way out, particularly for myself. I can't marry for ten years at least—I'd be a fool to, and it would be terribly hard on the woman. There are times when my work completely absorbs me—days when I'm just an animated paint brush—and I couldn't even think of her then. I have so little to give—I have no money at all. I'm a fool to think of it, but I'm so much alone, and it would be simply heaven to have a little house and someone of my own waiting for me at night."

"See the curious little old ring I found the other day," she said. "It was at the bottom of my jewel case." She did not add that she had searched it out with the intention of pawning it, though she could not bring herself to the point of parting with it. She held her hand out, that he might see. It was of silver, wrought in a strange Oriental design, and set with a glowing blue-green cat's-eye. It glimmered beneath the corner arc-light.

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"It is a souvenir of a romance of my very young youth." They had come to the square where the art school stood, and the wind rattled the dry leaves of the oak trees. The drifted snow had covered all the paths. "An imaginary romance," she said, "with a dream lover. I bought myself the ring, but I pretended that he had given it to me. I made up even his name, and I called him—Ronald Field—It is odd, isn't it?"

"You never told me this before," cried the real Ronald Field. "Why not?"

"I don't know. But when I met you that night at the Christmas party, it was like fate."

"And I have known you for eternities, it seems."

They had crossed the square and the street beyond, and entered a little park. A path dipped down into a hollow and then rose again, among birches that shone like dim silver. It was all white, and still. No light was there except that from the stars, but they were very bright. There was something virginal and holy about the white wood. The man and the woman stood together under the birch trees.

"You are the spring," he said, "for you are like a flower. Columbine, tell me, could you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered. "And you—could you love me?"

"I could. But—oh—I mustn't let myself."

"When it is spring, I shall not be here. I am going back to my people—you see, I haven't any more money. I want to give you a canvas—something I shall never finish. You can scrape it off and use it over, but it would not be any good to me. You see, I am going home tomorrow."

"You are leaving?" he said, slowly. "Why?"

"It would be hard to explain."

"Won't you tell me? Oh, well, if you do not wish to—when shall you go?"

And then he cried out in a queer strangled voice, and she knew that he had not fully realized till then that they would not see each other any more.

"Gone! You? Tomorrow—gone?" He caught her in his arms with a sudden terribly desperate gesture, and she could feel that he trembled. "I can't let you go, I can't let you! Oh, Columbine, I must have you! My dear, my dear." She felt a surge of triumphant joy. Her heart pounded in her throat. The whiteness seemed to flame around them for a moment. And then his clasp loosened, and he was saying in a lifeless, tragic voice, "God help me! What can I do, but let you go?"

She felt that there was no answer she could make to that.

He broke the silence at last in a tone that strove to be calm. "When is your train?" he asked.

"It is in the morning, when you will have to be at

work," she replied. There was more, that was going to be very hard to say. "And besides,—besides—I have promised someone else that I will let—him—take me to the train."

"So this is the end," said Ronald. "I did not think it would be like this. Goodbye, Columbine, Springtime." He kissed her on the forehead just between the eyes, gently, as one might kiss a child good-night.

"It is very cold," he said, "and we must go back."

"I can't let you go—why, I can't! And yet, and yet,—what can I do?"

She could find no answer for that.

Ronald spoke again, and into his voice had come a new note, a note of grim determination.

"Darling, you're more to me than anything in the world. I'll throw away even art for you. Do you know what I am going to do? I can make three hundred a month drafting—and I can get a job, too. Three hundred is not very much—but—I am almost ashamed to ask you—will you marry me? Columbine, dearest, please, please don't say 'no'."

She reached out her hand toward him, and then suddenly he caught her fiercely in his arms. "I love you, I love you!" he cried. "You're Springtime, your Beauty, you're all the flowers in the world. Say yes, and say that you love me!" The whiteness seemed to flame around them, all glorified. This could hardly be earth beneath their feet. She was exalted to the heavens, and yet she felt so weak she would have fallen had it not been for Ronald's arms. He was waiting for her to say something, she knew, but she could not speak. She pulled his head down, and whispered, lips close to his ear, "Yes, and I love you." And then she felt his kiss on her mouth like a sweet flame.

There were no more words spoken for a long time, and then at last Ronald said, "Could you get ready to be married in about two weeks?"

"Oh, no, Ronald—it will take three at least."

"Well, mind now, dear, no more than three! And I am going to the train with you tomorrow."

Columbine was a little confused then. "Ron, dear, I promised that poor Mr. Brown that he could take me down—I owed him a debt of gratitude—really quite a debt—but if you want me to, I'll call him up and tell him not to. But I ought to do something for him, I know."

"Are you sure it was gratitude, darling?"

"Why, of course."

"Poor beggar. I'll tell you what we'll do to be awfully nice to him—we'll invite him to the wedding and have him out to dinner sometime in the little apartment that you and I are going to have—so, my dear, you shall surely discharge your debt."