



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVII, Number 4 January 1918

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, January 1918

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XVII



Number 4

The Long Journey
Mist-of-the-Moon
At Twenty-Seven

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TEN CENTS A COPY

January, 1918

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

"The Choice of a Printer is Easy"

A Few
Of Our **University Customers**

Alpha Chi Omega	Kappa Sigma
Alpha Chi Sigma	Military Ball
Alpha Delta Phi	Mortar Board
Alpha Gamma Delta	Phi Alpha Delta
Alpha Phi	Phi Delta Theta
Alumni Association	Phi Gamma Delta
Athenae Debating Society	Phi Kappa Psi
Athletic Association	Psi Upsilon
Beta Theta Pi	Red Domino
Chi Omega	S. G. A.
Chi Phi	Senior Class Play 1917
Chi Psi	Shux
The Clapper	Sigma Nu
Class of 1916	Sigma Phi
Class of 1917	Theta Delta Chi
Commerce Magazine	Theta Sigma Phi
Daily Cardinal	Theta Xi
Delta Gamma	University Club
Edwin Booth Society	University Press Club
First Regiment Band	University Y. M. C. A.
Haresfoot Club	Wisconsin Forum
Homecoming 1917	Wisconsin Literary Magazine
Inter Class Fund	Wisconsin Musical Clubs
Junior Play	Wisconsin Union
Kappa Alpha Theta	Women's Athletic Association
Kappa Kappa Gamma	Women's Commerce Club
	Women's War Work Council

A Personal Interest in Your Printing Problems

Democrat Printing Company

PERSONAL SERVICE PRINTERS

At Your Service—

Mr. F. S. Brandenburg, Wis. '09

Mr. John M. Bickel, Wis. '16

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOLUME XVII

Madison, January 1918

Number 4

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials	85
The Long Journey..... Esther Forbes	87
Back There	Clifford F. Gessler 89
Mist-of-the-Moon	Adelin Briggs 90
The Gypsy	Marjorie Kinnan 91
At Twenty-Seven	Jessica Colvin 92
The New Poetry, Part II... Wm. Ellery Leonard	96
Bits from Her Diary..... Mildred Evans	100
Fate's Favors	Mary Dupuy 101
Colossal Failures	Irving A. Puchner 102
Antiquities	Frances Dummer 104
The Book Shop.....	106
Beyond	E. F.
Reflections in Miniature.....	E. L. M.
Correspondence	108

A DETAILED reply to all the criticism that has appeared recently against us would involve us in a political discussion which would be only a digression from our original literary aims, as *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine* is a literary publication not a political. A detailed reply would be useless, since university authorities who have studied the matter have no doubts as to our loyalty; while critics of a certain type cannot be appealed to through rational judgment.

To those of our opponents whose criticism was motivated by sincere purpose, and who consider our national interests prior to any other interests, we may say that they misunderstood us. Their criticism was based on a signed editorial which unfortunately appeared in last year's *Lit*. That editorial of last year (written by a person who is no longer in the university) does not represent the view of the staff of 1917-1918. An unbiased examination of the material presented by the *members of the present staff* would convince our critics in our loyalty and sincere belief in the cause of the war, even if our method of expressing our convictions is somewhat different from their own.

To those of our critics who did not hesitate to quote half sentences, single phrases isolated from their setting, who made omissions in their quotations without indicating them—with the obvious aim to misrepresent,—to those critics we have nothing to say. We feel sorry that such characters are to be found among our students.

There is one objection raised against us by our critics which we should like to examine.

"The *Lit*," they said, "is non-representative. It is a closed corporation, a self-selective, self-perpetuating group which can lay no claim to represent the university or even the smallest percentage of students."

One needs only to go through a single issue of the "*Lit*" and check up the names of the contributors in the *Students' Directory* to be convinced of the injustice of this accusation. A superficial perusal of the twelve issues of the *Lit* shows a list of more than sixty contributors, all of whom are university men and women. We find among our contributors such prominent men in our national literature as Professor McGilvary and Professor Leonard. Along with these we find contributions by members of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. To maintain the *Lit* is non-representative or shows any partiality is ridiculous. The only bias that we have is against members of the faculty. The temptation to accept a professor's contribution in preference to that of a student is so great, that we had to make it a rule to limit the faculty contributions to a minimum, and to maintain the *Lit* as a student's publication.

A difficulty which the staff has to face constantly and which is apt to be misunderstood by outsiders lies in the imitative genius of some contributors. Often after publishing a successful story, essay, or poem we receive a number of equally good "seconds" on the same subject. It is needless to say that we cannot accept these in spite of their literary merits.

As for our "system of perpetuation," we select the new editors from our contributors; and their contribu-

tions are our only criterion. We make no discrimination as to sex, race, or class standing. Social prestige, athletic brilliancy, or extremity of point of view play no important part whatsoever. The only requirements are: a more than *à priori* ability to write and criticize written work, intellectual honesty, and a community-spirit. For those who possess these qualifications we have vacancies on the staff, and shall be glad to entrust them with our literary standards and traditions.

P. A. A.

THE old order hath changed so often, that it has become platitudinous even to mention the fact. But now that suffrage has at last become almost a certainty, and now that we have woman conductors and motormen and elevator "boys," isn't it delicious to think of the days of Grandmother, when, to be a perfect lady, one had to be a clinging vine, or at least a modest violet! Did you know that Grandmother had to walk down the street with her hands folded across her waist just so? That it was immodest, not to say immoral, to let one's ears show? It is even claimed that in marriage, husband and wife were really two souls with but a single thought—and that one his; but it hardly seems possible that the female of the species can have changed her mode of behavior so radically, in so short a time!

Yes, the change has come. And let us hope that out of the new relationships which must follow, will come a wonderful camaraderie in the world of affairs a mutual respect, and a united striving for the Utopia which we cannot altogether relinquish. Do women as a whole realize the present opportunity for making good? Our young men have left their professions for the bigger, more immediate duty; more will follow; our older men are consecrating much of their time, hitherto sacred to Mammon, to a finer cause; and there is not only room, but acute need, for women trained in every conceivable business. A college girl who is willing to devote some three months to a stenographic course, can step into splendid secretarial positions, previously filled by men. Big law offices, corporations, insurance companies, industrial houses, all these can use her. Positions as managers of departments in large firms should become available for college graduates, if they are ready for hard work. There is almost no limit to possibilities at this time. Success should be waiting with open arms for the determined young woman who studies law, medicine, agriculture, pharmacology; or who takes the commerce course, with an eye to big things.

Big things! There we have it! There is a growing number of women who are exactly as ambitious as men; who would be no more satisfied with marriage alone than would men. The doctrine which Browning gives us for men, in his *Meeting at Night* and *Parting at Morning*, is becoming the doctrine for many women. In saying farewell, you remember, the lover sees the sun rising over the sea; and says:

"And straight was the path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me."

With higher education and the changing order, women's needs have increased; for many of them a placid domesticity, or teaching in country schools as an alternative, is not enough for their eager minds. They too, want a world of men and affairs. Of course, there will always be a large percentage who honestly prefer "home-making" as a profession. That is all right, too. But to the keen, ambitious type who wants something else, this hint: get a professional or commercial training—and your own mentality, your own ambition, alone limit the peaks that you may reach.

—M. K.

THE RED Domino and Twelfth Night dramatic societies feel that mountain-high ideals, unsparing labor and conscientiousness, ought to produce pleasing results when combined with delightful plays, new scenery and good talent. Edwin Booth has also begun to wake up to the possibilities for worthwhile dramatic work in the University. The result is something new in amateur theatricals that should make people sit up and take notice.

The three organizations will present to the public a series of six productions in the form of Open Meetings. The plays, largely one-acts, include many of the most charming pieces from the repertoires of little theaters all over the country. The clubs are putting forth a supreme effort to present the best in acting, settings, and lighting effects, and are confident of scoring a success in University circles by proving that nothing is too much to try, with enthusiasm, work and ability for a backing.

EDITORS

PHILIP A. ADLER
AGNES DURRIE
MARJORIE KINNAN

HELEN S. KNOWLTON
ERNEST L. MEYER
BERTHA OCHSNER

The Long Journey

THERE was the long white road which leads from Therapia to Constantinople, there was the hush of late afternoon, there was a silence which neither the hoofs of our horses nor the cries of the boatmen on the Bosphorus below us could break. Here, I thought is peace, blessed peace—and then—he was upon us in a whirl of dust, he and his French motor car. Only the quickness of his soldier-chauffeur and the violent shying of our Turkish ponies prevented a headon collision. Before I had time to regain control of my frantic horse I saw that Hardy, cap in hand, was bowing reverently to the occupants of the tonneau. "Perhaps," I thought, "This is the Sultan himself." I, too, bowed, and the old man, who sat so straight, and watched so closely, acknowledged my salute by pressing his hand to his fez. It could not be the sultan—this man had not idly inherited his great place in the world; this man had fought for it, and had proved himself.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," he said easily—nothing more, but smiled, bowed, and passed on.

"You are in luck," said Hardy, as the dust of the great man settled upon our clothes and the horses resumed their quiet walk. "You have been in Constantinople but three days, and have already seen the most important thing here. It was Avet Pasha himself, the greatest product of modern Turkey; in fact without him there never would have been a modern Turkey. Of course, you know that Turks are apt to be a bit fanatic. Did you ever consider what a Turk would be like, once he decided to shut the Koran and follow the west? That was what Avet did. He followed the west, which is not the custom of his people. Even the English and Americans, (or 'Franks' to use a handy Turkish word) who come to live here have a way of forgetting how to hustle, and growing semi-orientalized. But old Avet was a born hustler, or at least a born extremist. Before he worshipped our gods he worshipped his own, and he worshipped with his whole heart. To be merely a good Mohammedan did not satisfy him, he was a downright holy one. For four years he was a poor student at a religious college, or *madrassah*. He wore a floppy black coat, a dirty fez, and shaved his head, and he was feverishly holy. You see the same kind on the streets of Constantinople today. Sometimes they spit at you. They are not very nice—only earnest—that is all that can be said for them. Young Avet was to be a deverish. His family came from Angora, to live in a suburb on the Bosphorus, and be near him. They lived like the very poor, and were considered to be poor. As a matter

of fact the old father had a fortune in hiding. He hoarded every piastre because, as he would say, sometime he would make 'the journey.' There is but one journey for the devout Musselman. You go to Mekka, you kiss the Kaaba, you go to Zem-Zem, and then wear green about your fez for ever after. I do not know where the old man got his money. It is true that he possessed vast estates in Angora—but such things rarely produce much but taxes out here. Under the old regime there was but one way to get money—that was by dirty work. What his form of government graft was I do not know. A hundred times Avet heard his father say that as soon as there was money enough he would take 'the journey.'

"While still a student Avet married. The marriage broker apologized for the wife she got him, but protested that she could not do very well for a family that was known to be so poor. Respectable of course they were, even holy, but quite, quite poor. The wife had but little to recommend her to the average unsentimental middle class Osman—but Avet adored her. You know how rarely a Turk will talk about a woman; Avet is no exception. Once in Vienna he told three close friends about this adored wife of his and now it is common gossip. We 'Franks' like the story especially, because it explains why Avet turned from his gods—the Koran, the lattice window, and the past to our gods of the west. Every one knows how miserable was the dowry which she brought, how frail she was—sick with what the Turks call the 'beautiful decline.' They say the victim of it grows more beautiful every day. Maybe it was consumption. She was not strong enough to roll up the heavy beds during the day, or to wash her husband's clothes, as the old-fashioned Turkish wife used to believe that she must do to keep her husband's love. She could not cook or work—this everyone knows. He said that she was very beautiful. Perhaps, but you know that the Turkish scale of beauty is far lower than ours. Ours is set by the stage professional. We western men see young and charming women every day of our lives. We see them unveiled, we see them un—I was going to say undressed—that is the way the average Turk looks at our women's clothes. The old-fashioned Turk never saw a young woman until after he was married. He had no standard; therefore his wife nearly always seemed a *houri* to him. But then, his wife may really have been as beautiful as he remembered her. There was only one thing that this woman could do. That was to amuse Avet. He never tired of her, and of her quaint

ways which were old-fashioned, even by his standards, and of her sudden burst of speech, when she would lift her head like a queen and talk to him as an equal. He called her many pet names—very Turkish ones, such as Dew of the Morning, and Light upon the Wave, but mostly Love of Life. Perhaps she deserved this name, for she never lived long enough to grow sick of it.

That last year, when Avet could not study at the *mahrasseh* because of his worry about his wife, his father surprised them all by dying first. Once I myself saw a death like that, in one of the Bosphorus towns. I can imagine the big, cluttered room, with the bed spread upon the floor, the dingy old man shivering upon it—grey already, and pulling at his bed-clothes, crying out again and again that, as he himself could not make the 'journey' Avet must go instead. 'Praise to Allah, I have the money. You must go.' And later, just before he died, he kept repeating, 'It is the long journey you must make, not the short one. You shall go on and on. You shall behold the wonder—all the wonder.' Well, he died and they buried him in the haphazard fashion of the Turks. Avet settled down to count the money. He did not suppose there really was enough to take him all the way to Mekka. Dear man! there was a fortune. We would not scorn it to-day in America, imagine what it was forty years ago in Turkey. It was fabulous. Why, with that money he could travel to Mekka and back twenty times, go like a prince. Avet wondered why his father had saved so much, why he had not gone to the shrine long ago, when he first had the money to do it. And he wondered why he had insisted that it was the long journey Avet should take—not the short one. Personally I think Avet read more into the old man's words than was rightly there.

"This was all in the seventies. At this time western influence was spreading thru the near east, and the Turks were surprised at it and contemptuous of it. Avet, being alive and keen, could not keep his mind away from it. Much he found loathsome—for our civilization usually spreads corruption first, and then more slowly the good. It was the doctors of the Franks which first aroused his admiration. He heard of what they could do, had done, and of their vast knowledge. He was determined that Love of Life should not die. A Frank should cure her. Love of Life thought he must have ceased to love her because he could countenance this close approach of a foreigner and a man to his guarded wife. They quarreled about it considerably. Then he gave in, but he resented the superstition which made her refuse the aid of the stranger. Avet was a brilliant scholar. He would have admired learning and skill in a monkey. It was then,

said Avet, that he first began to watch the western Europeans as they moved about his city. Sometimes he would curse them for *giaours* and sometimes he would think how they had the knowledge which would save Love of Life. If they noticed him they must have been frightened. He was yards tall, all fierce eyes and lank jaw.

"In spring—every spring—the sacred caravan starts from Constantinople and goes to Mekka. He decided to go with it. And yet he wondered if this was the journey which his father had meant. If this was the long journey, what, then, was the short one? If this was the short journey, then the long one would be—but he dared not put his thoughts in words.

"Two days before the caravan would start he went to the 'heights' where his father lay buried. The wild cyclamen were in blossom under the cypresses, the nightingale, or bulbul, as he would call it, had begun to sing, for it was evening. He sat there many hours, among the shallow graves and disorderly wooden tombstones. He begged his father to give him a sign so that he might know what this journey was which he must take. Should it be south to holy Mekka, or west to the unknown land of the infidel. There was no sign. The graves, all the graves were silent and all the turbaned ghosts within. But the smell of the cyclamen on that night—this he never forgot, or the moonlight on the mosque domes, but there was no sign. In the morning he slept, and woke up when the *muezzin* called to prayer. He knelt towards Mekka, then went home again to his dilapidated wooden house, which stood with its front feet in the Bosphorus and its back feet half way up a hill. I have often passed this house of his.

"He decided to ask Love of Life her opinion on his problem. He was sure she would answer Mekka, and asked her partly because he wanted to interest her—for she was very weak. He had noticed that lately she had no interest, except watching him move about the room. By spring she rarely left her bed, but used to half crouch and half lie upon it, wrapped in all the odds and ends which make up Turkish clothes. When he came into her room he stopped in wonder. He had never seen her so beautiful. Her eyes, he said, were not like most women's, which meet yours and drop. They could look through you and beyond. They seemed to see things which he could not see. He knew that she could not live. But he told her of his problem. She did not say, 'Mekka' as he had supposed. Perhaps it was her sickness which made her drowsy and slow to answer. Perhaps she really did catch at last some vision of the truth. She told him she must think this thing over, and then begged him to leave her alone. But he did not go until he

had again been refused the permission to send for the Frankish doctor.

"At sunset he came back again. He was shaking with a terrible fear—afraid, so afraid. The couch upon which she had lain was tumbled and empty. His eyes swept the empty, dull-lighted room. Then rested upon her body, lying on the floor. He knew that the worst had happened, and knelt beside her calling 'Love of Life, Love of Life!' But she lay softly, as if dreaming. Perhaps the Franks could have saved her, and he cried out against the superstition of his people. In the middle of his sorrow, he leaped to his feet and shouted, 'Allah, it is the sign!' For the dead body lay with one arm outflung towards the latticed window, and through the window came the light of the

setting sun. And the sun sets in the west. Do you see? It was his answer. Her body, which might have lived, but for the superstition of her people, now lay like an arrow to point the way he should take and follow. It was not the journey to Mekka which he should take. It was the long long journey to the land of the infidel.

"In a passion against the ways of his people, he thrust his fist thru the delicate lattice of the window, and let the light stream thru upon her body—and I myself have seen this window, which Avet broke. But you have seen the ending of it all—Avet Pasha, the greatest product of modern Turkey."

ESTHER FORBES.

Back There

I wonder what they're saying now about us, over there,—

The folks of my home town, back there in Smithville?
I think about it, when the shrapnel, cutting all the air,
Strikes down my comrades who have come from homes
like mine

Back there across the sea, in quiet Smithville.

The fields are yellow with the gold of harvest time,—
They're binding up the grain, just out of Smithville.
I can hear the farmers calling to their horses, and the
chime

Of the village clock, and lowing of the cattle by the
stream

Where the road leads through the fields to peaceful
Smithville.

The village girls go chatting down the dusty, shaded
street;

The gossips lean across the fence, in Smithville;
Boys patter down the sidewalk with bare and dusty
feet,

And the loafers pitch their horseshoes by the railroad
track

Or sit and talk about the war, in Smithville.

I wonder, if to-morrow's fight should lay me with the
dead,

How soon they would forget me, there in Smithville?
For everything's so quiet there, when here 'tis all so
red.—

But there's a gray-haired woman there, would weep
her eyes away,—

There's *someone* knows there is a war, in Smithville!

—CLIFFORD F. GESSLER.

Mist-of-the-Moon

Persons of the play:

Dame Grutch

Sir Hugh, lord of the manor.

Mist-of-the-Moon, a fool

The Little Boy

The Old Man

Villagers and Huntsmen

Scene. A room in a humble cottage. Dame Grutch, a withered, old woman is sitting on a three-legged stool near the tiny fire in the big brick fire-place, altho thru the open casement one may see that it is a warm, spring day. Around the fire-place and from the blackened beams overhead hang bunches of dried herbs of all kinds. A band of huntsmen, followed by several excited villagers, enter, bearing the limp figure of Sir Hugh clad in a hunting costume of russet brown. They place him on a little cot at one side of the room.

Dame Grutch (anxiously, but without rising from her stool) What has befallen Sir Hugh?

Huntsman. My lord met with a strange accident while hunting in the forest. We brought him here that you might cure him with your healing herbs.

Dame Grutch. Tell me what happened in the forest. I do not recognize his malady.

Huntsman. While my lord was hunting in Charlecote Wood, he saw a milk-white doe munching the green fern tips. He let fly an arrow. It was a true shot, for the doe fell; but the dogs would not go near it, and the moment that Sir Hugh touched its white haunch, he fell into the swoon in which he now is lying. The doe was left in the forest, for none dared move it.

Dame Grutch. 'Tis the little folk who have laid a spell upon him, and none of my herbs can work against their magic. 'Twas a fairy doe, and mortals are not permitted to eat of the elfin meat. The fairies are angry, and none but they themselves can remove the spell.

Villager. If Sir Hugh dies, the whole country-side will mourn, and the new lord will be cruel and oppressive. The fairy-folk are kind. If they knew, perhaps they would lift the charm.

Another Villager. But how can we find the fairy-folk? They never show themselves to us in the forest.

Old Man. My father saw one once. He'd been a-courting of my mother before they were ever married, and was coming home thru the woods in the moonlight on a Midsummer Eve. He lost his way and stumbled into a fairy ring, he was thinking that hard

about how my mother had promised to be his wife come harvest time. He could see where the grass had been all trampled down by their wee dancing feet, and one little lady fairy had lost her shoe and hadn't been able to disappear with the rest. She was so angry that she stamped her stocking foot, and my father walked lame with his right foot ever after.

Little Boy. I've looked for them often in the forest, Gaffer, but I've never found a single one.

(A long, white face appears at the window, and two burning eyes search the room. There is a momentary hush.)

Villager. 'Tis only Mist-of-the-Moon. The poor creature is daft.

Dame Grutch. Mist of-the-Moon! Perhaps he can help us.

Villager. He is only a lazy idiot. He sits in the sun and chants silly songs to himself or roams about in the woods all day. He will not work for his bread like honest men, but pretends to be afraid to touch the plow or the spade. He will not even walk thru a field that is furrowed by the plow-share.

Dame Grutch. He has intercourse with the fairies and fears to touch cold iron. He knows magic. Call him in.

(Mist-of-the-Moon enters. He is tall and lank and clad in a suit of green. Under his pointed cap his long, dark hair hangs loose and tangled to his shoulders. He sings softly:)

With a pair of big, sharp shears,
I could cut gold crowns from the moon.
Money to buy the years,
I could snip from the sunbeams at noon.
But the shears are cold,
And so is the gold.
So I dance and sing this merry tune.

Dame Grutch. Do not sing now, Mist-of-the-Moon. They say you know magic. Can you work a spell for us?

Mist-of-the-Moon, (laughing gleefully) Yes, yes, I know much magic. I know what the clothes on the line are saying when they dance and wave their arms in the wind. I know how to make the mist look like horse-men marching by. I know—

Villager. Mist-of-the-Moon, see! Sir Hugh is lying on that cot dying of a mystic spell. If you know any magic, use it now, and save our lord to us.

Mist-of-the-Moon (fearfully) I know, I know.

It is the curse, the cold curse, the strong curse, the curse of iron. It cannot be lifted; do not ask me.

Huntsman. Go to the forest. You know the haunts of the fairies. Beg them to lift the curse.

Mist-of-the-Moon. It is no use. They are very angry. The doe was the pet of Queen Titania. It browsed under the fairy thorn on elfin fern. The curse is heavy, and its price is immortality. He who lifts it forfeits all his knowledge of fairy lore and magic; he is outlawed from the land of the immortals, but it is the curse of iron. The doe was killed with an arrow tipped with cold iron. Do not ask me.

Little Boy. (running up and catching the fool's hand) Do you not remember, Mist-of-the-Moon, out in the east meadow how you told me—

Mist-of-the-Moon. No, no, I cannot. I would lose all, all!

Villagers and Huntsmen (greatly excited.) Can you lift the curse? Can you lift the curse?

Mist-of-the-Moon. (In a strange, far-away voice.) He must be touched by iron, cold iron, but the hand which holds it must be an elfin hand.

(*The Villagers pick up various iron utensils about the cottage; the Huntsmen offer their swords.*) Here, here is iron. Mist-of-the-Moon save our lord, save Sir Hugh, or we shall all feel the hand of an oppressor.

Mist-of-the-Moon (shrinking back.) No, no, I cannot touch it. I am afraid.

Little Boy. Mist-of-the-Moon, do you remember when Sir Hugh's lady came to visit your mother when she was ill, and brought her a basket of sweet wine

and white bread? She will be sore grieved when her dear lord is brought home under this wicked spell.

Mist-of-the-Moon (stretching out his arms toward the open window.) Good-bye, oh green wood, good-bye, my fairy friends. I leave you forever for the folk in housen. Henceforth is the bird's song to me but an empty warble; the wind in the tree-tops will tell me no sweet tales; I will see no faces in the mist or in the moon-beams. (*He turns and catches blindly at the handle of a greasy iron griddle held out by one of the villagers. Shuddering, he goes to the bedside of the knight.*) I give you all I have to give; the gates of fairy-land are closing behind me. I am a mortal.

(*He touches with the bottom of the griddle the still hand lying on the coverlet. Sir Hugh sits up looking about him bewilderedly. The people shout with joy and crowd around him. Mist-of-the-Moon creeps off and crouches heavy-eyed by the fire-side, the griddle still in his hand. He is completely forgotten in the excitement.*)

Little Boy, (running up to him.) Mist-of-the-Moon, come out in the meadow and play with me now, and tell me some more wonderful tales.

Mist-of-the-Moon, (dully.) I know no tales, child. I must stay to cook the dinner and wash the griddle. Run away.

Dame Grutch, (who has not stirred from her stool.) Ah, he grasped the frying-pan first, and now he will be my scullery boy. 'Tis well he did not seize a sword.

ADELIN BRIGGS.

The Gypsy

All the world is fire to me,
And white flame is my kin,
And red flame, loud with ecstasy,
I love to dress me in.

Red flame and white flame,
And blue flame when 'tis eve,
Life, and love—they're all the same,
And there to take or leave.

And oh! some morning when the sun
Is burning up the sky,
I'll off to Bagdad, with someone
As fiery mad as I!

MARJORIE KINNAN.

At Twenty-Seven

I HAVE been thinking this morning of the day that Marian and I had luncheon together at the *Cheshire Cheese*, when we were in London five years ago. To be perfectly frank I suppose it was because I am hungry that my mind has wandered to the toasted cheese we had in little oblong tin pans, the pigeon pie, and the strawberries with Devonshire cream. It was almost the only good meal we had in England that summer and just having come down from Oxford, where no one cares what he eats, we certainly appreciated it. So when I am hungry and think of England it is of that luncheon. But as I think of it now in the light of all that has happened to Marian since that day it is memorable for more than the menu.

We stayed there talking for hours in the dingy little booth where our luncheon was served. The waiters went about their business ignoring us, and we felt very isolated and intimate in our dark corner. Marian had on a tiny hat of brilliant blue feathers, which brought out the gold in her hair and brightened her eyes, her whole face in fact. She did most of the talking. Well as I have always known Marian, her personality is a little mysterious and baffling to me and I listen spellbound if a mood of self-revelment comes upon her. Our conversation of that day is still very distinct in my mind.

We talked about our careers for a long time, more or less vaguely, for we were just out of college and they were pretty much matters of theory then. I remember that Marian finally said to me quite seriously:

"You know, Alice, Paul's nice letter this morning made me wonder why it is that I've never been in love. It's really a queer record for a girl of my age."

"You have an extraordinary capacity for being impersonal," I replied in a matter of fact tone, which suddenly reminded me of the way I used to answer questions in my English classes. "You know," I said, "you've admitted before that people don't interest you except as purveyors of ideas. You never notice stupid people, unless it happens to be some old man with a long beard and a picturesque blue shirt who takes your fancy, or maybe a little girl with a freckled face and cute pig-tails."

She did not seem to notice what I was saying. She was toying with her silver bag and looking out of the window, evidently thinking.

Finally she said, "Alice, I feel sure today that I shall never marry. Every one has always taken for granted that I would some time soon, and I had more or less accepted the idea myself. But there is so much

I want to do. I'd like to take up one thing after another and do all extremely well. I'd like to prove to everyone, especially to men, that I am independent and capable and intelligent. I am always furious when men don't treat me as an equal. I want to show them!"

Her big, eager brown eyes were shining with enthusiasm. I hadn't seen her so animated for a long time. "But, heavens," she added after a while, "I don't know why I am so excited. So far as I know, no one has the slightest desire to hinder my determination to be an old maid."

I looked at the delicate lines of her face, and the smart tilt of her hat and wondered. But of course I knew that she was not the kind of girl the average American man falls in love with. She was too intelligent, or too aloof somehow.

"What about Paul?" I asked her.

"My dear, that's an impersonal friendship if ever there was one," she said. "That's why I like him so much. We can sit for hours talking about everything under the sun, and he just takes it for granted that my brain is as good as his. We like to do so many of the same things. Well, we just naturally have an awfully good time together. If all men were like Paul—! But of course he's never thought of falling in love with me, and I certainly can't conceive of loving him."

"Marian, you're so good looking that I never could understand how even your brains saved you from being a social butterfly. And here you are just naturally being the perfect modern woman." Flattery means nothing to Marian, in fact she hates compliments about her looks, so I knew that it was all right to say this to her. "Not another girl I know could have a friendship like that. They all talk about it, and would like to, but they simply can't. Most people with your ambitions, are homely and untidy. You have everything in your favor to start out with—looks, taste, brains, determination. It would be almost a shame to waste you on a home. I can't imagine your being anything but a success."

Marian smiled a little vaguely. Again I knew that she was hardly listening. After a minute she said very positively, "I am sure now that I shall never marry." I had a feeling that she was actually formulating her intention that day for the first time, and I suppose that that is why her words and the expression of her face are so vivid to me now. There was just a faint tightening of the muscles at the corners of her mouth as she said these words. There was a slightly grim expres-

sion in her eyes, no humor at all. I had a sudden conception of how she would look as she grew older if she carried out her intention. But she was still twenty-two and very lovely.

That was five years ago and many, many things have happened since. But let me confine myself to Marian's story. The winter after our trip to England she taught History and coached Dramatics in a girls' boarding school near New York City. I had pathetic letters from her that year. She didn't like the work; the girls got on her nerves terribly, and the other teachers bored her to death. She wrote that she was stifling in that conventional atmosphere. She kept insisting that she was an outcast among the teachers for not being religious. She said that when she tried to study the girls made such a racket that she either had to go for a walk by herself or go to bed. I was disappointed in her because I had expected that she would be more adaptable. I was anxious to see her again because I felt sure that I should find her very much changed.

So the next winter, when she took an apartment in New York and started in writing for periodicals and playing with a small company of actors who were trying to do the new things, I went East to stay for a month with her.

We spent the first day just looking at one another and saying foolish things, trying to get adjusted again. Marian's manner was a complete surprise to me, and for a while it annoyed me unspeakably. She seemed to be very conscious of being a sort of superwoman. Yes, she certainly was conscious of herself in a way that was entirely new. She treated nearly every one with a sort of supercilious disdain. I had been rather afraid that her experience as a teacher would have deprived her of her confidence. Not at all! She apparently blamed everyone but herself for all that was unfortunate about it. Much of her sweetness and spontaneity was gone.

The first night that I was there Paul came and took Marian and me to some sort of a gathering of poets and artists and writers, most of them not yet arrived, in a studio I have never known quite where. The little Russian sculptor who owned it lent the proper atmosphere by his bobbed hair, which nearly reached his shoulders, his short-waisted corduroy trousers with a jeweled belt, and his blue shirt, opened at the throat. The room was lighted by candles. There were a number of half-finished busts wrapped in dirty-looking rags on stands.

"If this is what Marian likes," flashed through my mind, "I certainly don't marvel that she was unhappy in a boarding-school."

And before the evening was over I had ceased to be surprised at any of the changes I had noticed in her.

I was only wondering how she had kept her sanity so well. It was evident to me that Marian was accepted by this motely group as a sort of superior being. They gathered around her, asking her opinion on this thing and that, giving her odd scraps of information the minute she entered the room. As soon as they knew that I was her friend, most of them stared at me with an interest which was almost rude. Marian was radiant. The little lines which were beginning to harden in her face relaxed. She smiled graciously at all of them, perfectly at her ease, replied cleverly, and then sat down on a low stool near the tea-table, just where the glimmering light from a candle fell on her profile.

But I was more interested in Paul than in these people who were so obviously enjoying their eccentricities. It was the first time I had met him, and I knew that Marian was still seeing him constantly. I am always surprised in people I have heard a great deal about and never seen. Paul looked a lot younger and more boyish than I had expected. He had black hair which waved back from his forehead almost too perfectly. If it had not been for his vigorous physique he would have looked a little effeminate, I thought. His mouth was almost too small for a man, but he had such a warm smile that one got the impression that he was extremely handsome.

At first a tall, slender man with dark hair and a sallow face drew him aside and spoke to him in a tense undertone. Paul was so open and responsive that the contrast between the two men was striking. He evidently was not interested in what the other man was saying. He laughed at him good-humoredly and then came over to talk to me.

"You really look about as out of place here as I feel," I said to him.

"Oh, I bring Marian over quite often," he answered apologetically. "They're a queer bunch, but you know, there are a lot of things a fellow can't help liking about them. They aren't interested in this money-grabbing business a bit. All they care about is art. You see that fellow over there," he nodded toward a man with a shock of tawny hair which looked all the more luxuriant because of his pinched, freckled face. "I know for a fact that he has lived for the last four months on fifty dollars which he borrowed from an uncle. His poetry isn't such bad stuff. Marion thinks he's pretty good."

"You know," I said to him, hesitatingly and feeling my ground, "it's hard for me to understand Marian now. She has changed awfully. Now, at college she had no use for anything not classical in art. She had radical ideas, but she liked conventional people."

"Yes, she's changed," he said thoughtfully, "but

for the best, of course." And his eyes rested on her face with an expression more than brotherly.

"Of course," I murmured politely.

The next afternoon I went to call on some friends of my mother, and when I came back I found Marian and Paul sitting before the fire, arguing so intensely that they nearly omitted a greeting.

"I can't see your point, Paul," Marian was saying. "England could have stood for the principle that war is morally wrong at all times as much as we are."

"But, Marion, you really don't get the point. The fact is, that war is not always morally wrong, at least I can't see it that way."

"You never can see anything the way I do, lately," Marian said irritably.

"That might be said the other way around just as well, mightn't it?" and Paul smiled teasingly. "What I mean is that a defensive war is not immoral. I grant you Germany ought not to have started it, but do you think Belgium ought not to have resisted?"

"Please don't mention Belgium to me again," Marian put in sharply.

"And with England it all comes back to the same thing. They are fighting defensively. They are defending not so much their lives as their principles. Of course you won't agree with me, but I think America ought to be fighting right now."

"Paul!" Marian said with more horror in her voice and face than I am able to convey.

"You are the funniest pair I ever saw in my life," I said, frankly laughing at them.

"I know we're foolish," Marian admitted after a minute, smiling whimsically. "But Paul has such naïve points of view."

"And you wouldn't change your mind if your life depended on it, Marian," Paul said as he got up to go.

That night as we were going to bed I gave Marian an awful scolding, which she took with an unconcern which annoyed me further. It all started when she showed me a letter which she had just received from her mother begging her to come home for her young sister's wedding.

"Do you suppose I'd take a trip half-way across the continent to witness a lot of sentimentality like that? Heavens! I wouldn't think of it."

"But, Marion," I remonstrated, "you haven't been home for months and I know your family must be awfully hurt."

"Hurt!" she said scornfully.

"Yes, *hurt!*" I said indignantly. "And, moreover, I think you are carrying this sentimentality idea entirely too far. You are getting more selfish and inhuman every day." And I went on to explain my opin-

ion at length. She made no reply and after a long silence I said, "Do you realize that Paul is really in love with you?"

"Of course I do. Good night!" and she snapped off the light abruptly.

But the next morning she telegraphed her mother that she would arrive the day before the wedding.

It was not long before I realized what extremely good work Marian was doing. It was astonishing to me to see her rehearsing for a whole morning and then spending most of the afternoon writing a bright, intelligent article for some magazine or other. She did it day after day with an energy and enthusiasm which were certainly admirable. Then late in the afternoon Paul would appear for a talk or to take us somewhere.

While I was in New York, I was fortunate enough to see Marian in two parts. The audiences, rather select and intellectual, were very enthusiastic about her work. "A perfect Shavian type," was the general verdict, I gathered.

By the time I left, I was almost ready to forgive Marian all her faults. She was really the success I had prophesied. But I was feeling very, very sorry for Paul. I remembered that Marian had said she would never marry and I could hardly imagine her giving up all her interesting work for a husband and children.

I didn't see Marian again for nearly two years, and her rare letters revealed little of the things I wanted to know. I thought of her very often and read all of her things I could get hold of. The general tone of them was growing more and more radical in denunciation of the war. She said it was all a senseless waste of life which would not be prolonged another day but for the capitalists interest in it. That was all I was able to learn of her thoughts and interest.

Then in the summer of 1916 we went on a camping trip in the Adirondacks together. The first thing I noticed about her, when I met her in the station at Buffalo, was that she looked very much older and seemed rather tired and nervous. She apparently didn't want to talk, so I gave up questioning her for the time being. But the next morning, just before we got off the train, I couldn't resist asking her about Paul.

"Paul left for France a month ago. He's in the French aviation corps," she said with a bitter note in her voice. Her lower lip twitched a little and she pressed the clasp of her glove into her wrist with all her strength for a minute.

The first week of our trip she was listless and bored and I had to do all the planning and most the work. I somehow felt that I could not ask her what was the

matter. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable and discouraged and nearly ready to suggest that we give up the trip. Then one night, when we were lying on the ground listening to the wind in the pines and watching their branches bend and sway against the sky, and waiting for a threatening storm to break, Marian put her hand on my shoulder and whispered,

"I've been wanting to tell you about a lot of things that happened before Paul went away. It's awfully hard to tell you things, Alice, but I must tell someone."

"Go on," I said.

"Paul didn't tell me that he was going till the afternoon before he sailed, because he knew I wouldn't approve. We had grown apart more and more just because we tho't so differently about the war. We saw each other all the time and talked about it and discussed it until, I suppose, Paul began to feel that he must act on his convictions. It's been awfully hard for me to understand how he could be in love with me all the time and yet disagree with me so absolutely. He wanted my approval terribly that last day. But, Alice, do you know that the minute he told me he was going, my heart almost stopped beating, and I just stood there looking at him, unable to move a muscle? And he stood beside me smiling, that dear old smile of his. I had never realized what he was to me all this time. I had been taking him for granted, and priding myself on being impersonal. But in that one moment I realized everything. A pain shot thru me and things went black. 'There is no use in my staying and talking about it to-day.' I heard Paul saying. 'We have said all there is to say. Expect me when you see me.' He took both my hands and kissed me on the forehead. Then before I could realize what was happening I heard the front door slam. I was dazed. It must have been half an hour that I stood there, gripping the edge of the mantel and telling myself that it was foolish and impossible for me to love Paul now."

"Have you heard from him?" I asked.

"No, he hasn't written. And I don't think he will. Of course he has no idea what I felt for him when he left. And he'll probably never know now," she added after a minute. "Somehow, I think he won't come back."

"That's foolish, Marian," I said, feeling desperately sorry for her. I knew that she had repressed her emotions for so long and been so deliberately and exclusively intellectual that now her responses were crippled and her emotions no longer rang true.

Just then she said to me, "I am terribly ashamed of myself for loving Paul, just as he goes off to do what I could never approve of, what I disbelieve in with everything true in me. But I am going to get over it. I

am improving a little every day. I will not love him." And again I heard that hard note in her voice which I had noticed the first time I asked her about Paul.

Then we got up and turned the canoe over and put some dry wood in the tent. Marian never mentioned Paul to me again and for a long time I didn't dare to bring up the subject. I could see her struggling with her feeling hating it and hating herself, and using up her vitality in this way every day. She was very pitiful to me, though I wouldn't have let her know it for anything in the world. I watched her carefully and before long I was absolutely convinced that her powerful will would triumph, though it would probably be at the cost of all that was womanly and human in her.

One day just before the end of the trip, Marian went down to the river to put the blankets in the canoe. I followed with the rest of the things in about five minutes and found her sitting on a stump by the shore with the blankets on her lap, staring straight before her. I went up to her and said with deliberate cruelty,

"It will be awfully hard for you to go back to New York and not have Paul there to talk with you and take you to places, won't it?"

She jumped up and sized my arm, her face perfectly white, and said to me, "Alice, how can you? No it won't be hard. I shall never think of him. I am not so sentimental as to reminisce." And she took everything and threw it into the canoe, paying no attention to balance, stepped into the bow and sat there stiffly with her paddle in the water, waiting for me to push off.

Marian did go back to New York and resume her work, the only change being that she took an apartment in another part of town. She gave up writing to me altogether and I really felt as though I had lost track of her almost entirely. She didn't write nearly as much for the magazines, so I couldn't follow my old method of keeping track of her. I was extremely busy myself and thought of her less than usual.

So I was very much surprised one day last April, just before the United States entered the war to receive a note, special delivery, from Marian.

"Dearest Alice," I read, "Paul came back a week ago and I married him last night. His knee was injured in an accident to his plane. I had succeeded in getting all over the feeling that he was necessary to my happiness. But his nerves are terribly shattered and he clings to me pitifully. Poor Paul!

We are going to bury ourselves in California till he is better. Affectionately, Marian."

"Poor Paul!" was the phrase that haunted me for the rest of the day.

JESSICA B. COLVIN.

The New Poetry: A Critique

III

Without citing authorities, Aristotle, Quintilian, or Julius Caesar Scaliger, without citing past practices in any art, without citing art at all, I may hold these truths to be self-evident (in this my Declaration of Independence): that all effective and worthy communication from man to man, all speech that really gets across and does anything for the listener, depends on the speaker's ability to see straight, to feel straight, to think straight, and to talk straight. That the Imagists *qua* Imagists neither see, feel, think, nor talk straight is the four-fold proposition to be expounded in this section of the present treatise.

(1) The Imagists can't see straight. (a) Their physical eye is abnormal. They are often myopic: little minutiae of life, the shadow on a half-leaf caused by the upcurling of the other half, the white lines between the bricks of a chimney, the fly-speck on the window-frame between you and the blue sky (I take my illustrations from what is before me as I look up from my desk), details, which a De Maupassant or a Tennyson would perhaps weave harmoniously into a larger picture or situation, become for the Imagists the whole horizon. But worse, they are oftener cross-eyed, squint-eyed, jaundiced-eyed, astigmatic; the arrangement and color and focus of objects in *natura rerum* is for them curiously eccentric and subjective—curiously, because their creed calls loudly for loyalty to the object. The same holds for the operation of the other senses: Imagists doubtless hear things more wonderful than Beethoven's Symphonies in the buzz of the mosquito on the flats back of Chicago, and they whiff more than all the perfumes of Arabia in the summer-steam of a Jersey dung-hill. The flavor of vinegar is to them sweeter than honey from the honeycomb of Sharon. This, however, need not alarm us unduly. There is no occasion to call the doctor. They are ailing as Imagists merely. As human beings they still find mosquitoes pestiferous, dung-hills malodorous, vinegar astringent. But there must be new sense-impressions for the New Poetry.

(b) Their mind's eye, Horatio, is still more affected. What they see in imagination, as reported to us in tortured metaphor and simile, defies diagnosis. Of all writers Imagists might be expected not to violate the two simplest maxims of making images,—that the given image should be capable of actual visualization, and that its parts should hang together. Not in the pinchbeck ingenuities of Young's inflated *Night Thoughts*, will one find more essential bombast.

Young's big drum is lacking; but the Imagist accomplishes the same thing with a squeak.

"The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between,"

says one. Says another (and I purposely name no names),

"My thoughts
Chink against my ribs
And roll about like silver hail-stones,
I should like to spill them out" . . .

Dear lady I wish you might; you would feel easier. But a member of Parliament (I think it was Lord Castlereagh) unwittingly extemporized long ago what is in some respects the best Imagist poem:

"My lords,
I smell a rat,
I see him floating in the air,
But mark you,
In a trice
I will nip him
In the bud."

The Imagists are, on their own say-so, the one new thing under the sun. Their imagery, however, in so far as it is a confused collocation of words—

"*Vox et praetera nihil*"—

as in the first example, is as old as the oldest muddle-head, and may be paralleled by the examples listed from all second rate literature in the old-fashioned "Principles of Rhetoric"—useful books still, it would seem. In so far as it is consistent, as in the second example, consistent in its elaboration of an initial false note and crochet of thought, it may be paralleled in the worst "Elizabethan Conceits" of Joshua Sylvester, Dr. Donne, and Abraham Cowley. John Dryden, when still under the influence of this historic fad of the fantastic, writing an elegy on a young nobleman dead of smallpox, achieved this Imagism:

"Each little pimple had a tear in it
To wail the fault its rising did commit."

This, as the Imagist ought to say, is perfect work; nor should the form, good old heroic couplets, blind us to its perfection—as a sample of Imagism. This was when Dryden was a lad; when he grew up, he wrote "Absalom and Achitophel". Such things, whether in the boy Dryden or in his modern peers, have nothing to do with the imagination, though Imag-

ist and imagination are the same—etymologically. They arise, when incoherent, sometimes from the vagrom associations of undisciplined fancy, sometimes from associations merely verbal. When coherent, they arise from logical analysis of the implications of the original fancy, the Imagists' only pretensions to logic. In no case do they have the interpretative, the illuminating quality that brings reality home to us. At best such things are to poetry what parlor bric-a-brac is to sculpture, what flowered wall paper is to painting—sportive, ingenious, grotesque, needing but a touch here and there to be a triumphant manifestation of the Comic Spirit—yet needing that touch badly, for the New Poetry is nothing if not portentously serious. But this criticism is becoming involved with the subsequent propositions. So

(2) The Imagists can't feel straight. At best they are horticulturists of the emotions; they cultivate a shudder of crass horror or a thrill of exotic joy, as the green-house man cultivates a cactus or an orchid. The truth is, *qua* Imagists, they don't feel at all. That is the *radix malorum*, as a mediaeval diagnosticism would have phrased it. The great words of life have come out of life.

“Und wenn's euch Ernst ist, was zu sagen,
Ist's noetig, Worten nachzujagen?”

This question the Imagists will find answered in that work of the Old Poetry, known to us professors as Goethe's *Faust*. With them it's never *Ernst was zu sagen*; except for the sayings' sake. They mistake the fervor of compositional zeal, ambition to bowl a big score on the Imagists' tally-board (for the Cult spends half its time and ink in reviewing its members' performances), they mistake, I repeat, scribbler's itch for the impulse of the living word. Hence their painful hunt for emotions and subject matter, the bizarre, the sordid, the exotic, the Circassian tea-tray and the back-alley tomato-can. They must do something New: they are too blasé to feel like common-folk; and besides the Old Poetry feels that way.

Yet the really new thing in life or in art grips us, rouses, convinces, by the very surprise and delight in our realization of its normal, though unsuspected, connections with the old,—it comes out of a world that we knew even when most headed for a world that we had before not known. There is no *Umwertung aller Werte* for life or art: that is not progress; not even intellectual, ethical, esthetic independence, but confusion worse confounded. There is the historical, the racial, the evolutionary in each really new thing. But these phrases of mine are after all pretty large shucks to cover such a small nubbin, as this shriveled and diseased growth in the Muses' cornfield. To be very

simple: the Imagists, in pursuit of the new, tend to repudiate the old association of things and of words, the associations which in fact virtually make a part of the very being of the words and things—and imagine then that their own *fiat lux* will browbeat chaos into taking shape as newfangled suns, stars, milky ways, arc-lights, and fire flies.

Far from being original, it is their helpless unoriginality, their common-place dulness of feeling, that compels them to the outré theme, as well as to the outré form (see below). The truly original man is he that stands a new personality in the midst of life, the ever new and the ever old. There is nothing original about eating soup with a sponge—that's simply a naughty boy's prank, and a naughty boy is the most conventional of mortals—except in a way the Imagist.

Hence, again, their grotesqueries in the so-called pathetic fallacy:

“The sun is near set
And the tall buildings
Become teeth
Tearing bloodily at the sky's throat.”

The author of this sanguinary apocalypse wishes not alone to give us a striking image (*vide* proposition 1), but evidently, still more, to communicate his inner savagery and desolation of soul. As a matter of fact it is all calculation, and very silly arithmetic at that. To one truly speaking *de profundis* the tall buildings silhouetted on the sunset sky are infinitely what they are, and, if he speaks of them, he makes us feel them as infinitely what they are. It need hardly be remarked that for teeth to tear at a throat there must be two sets—an upper as well as a lower jaw—unless one means the teeth of a saw tearing at the throat of a wooden pump-spout.

Hence, too, their violence mistaken for force. A well-known Imagist, having determined one bright morning, to write a poem that should express the *ne plus ultra* of pessimism, or the brutal psychology of a soldier in the trenches (for Imagists keep abreast of the times), or a state of green-apple cramps (it's hard to say which) evolved the following lines among a hundred others of that ilk,

“How I would like to cut off my hands,
And take out my intestines to torture them.”

My word for it, the young man was not joking. In passing (*vide*, again, proposition 1), the reader may be puzzled to figure out how the speaker could accomplish his wish. He might cut off one hand, namely by an axe in the other hand. That done, how were he to cut off the remaining hand?—perhaps by thrusting it under a buzz saw—or offering it to the teeth

(tearing bloodily at the sky's throat) of his fellow-imagist. Very well, but HOW, when both hands are off, is he to take out the main organ of his abdominal tract?

And finally because they can't feel arises their barbarous diction. Their words don't spring to life, as wisdom from power, Athena from the head of Zeus. Their words are sought for, hunted out, not prayed for, waited for. Thus with them thoughts *chink*; and thus, combined with their resolution to emphasize sense-impressions, we get a rich assortment of pseudo-onomatopoeic words, in -oggle and -uggle, and -abble and -obble, in -ittle and -attle, in -ish and -ush. Having in truth no real feelings to communicate, it is for these unfortunates

"noetig Worten nachzujagen."

(3) The Imagists can't think straight. This proposition should already be pretty well established under propositions (1) and (2). There is no unfolding of ideas, because there are no ideas on hand to be unfolded: that intellectual structure, that logical framework which underlies even the "Ode to the West Wind" (the most passionate of lyrics, and teeming with more fine images than all the Imagist Anthologies), is totally lacking. Imagists would say gloriously lacking, because the heart of an exquisite moment is more than mere order and evolution. But the very palpitations, the systole and diastole, of the exquisite moment itself are too often damnably hard to make out, though you should lay your ear faithfully to its breast or adjust patiently your stethoscope. Plain, direct statement will never do for the New Poetry. There must be entire elimination of the superfluous. The secret of boring is to tell everything, said Hugo. The secret of charm, seem to say the Imagists, is to seem to have something to tell and to avoid telling what it is. They are so archly illusive. Thus they keep us forever wondering . . . wondering, since they

"left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold,"

or refused to report more of the Abyssinian maid than that

"on her dulcimer she played

Singing on Mount Abora."

It is the most conventional and hackneyed of literary tricks. The following is trumpeted by its author's fellow craftsmen:

"Have I performed
the dozen acts or so
that make me the man
men see?"

The door opens,
And on the landing—
quiet.

I can see nothing: the pain, the weariness."

The last line does indeed come home to me, and I repeat: "I can see nothing."

(4) The Imagists can't talk straight. No further mention need be made of their strained diction and their broken syntax. But a word or two on their *talk* as *poetic* talk. They discard rhyme, "the one chord" as Oscar Wilde said, "that the modern world has added to the Greek lyre." Let this pass; they have good precedent in Milton who called it "the invention of a barbarous age" after rhyming his way to immortality in "Lycidas" and the "Sonnets"; so did Collins discard it in the "Ode to Evening"; so still earlier did the Elizabethan Areopagus and later the young Shelley and Southey in efforts at free verse classical or romantic. So did old Walt, so the other day did Arno Holz in Germany. It is the simplest prescription for truly original poetry. And as soon as the Imagists can do things in unrhymed verse even as good as Southey's fearful Sapphics they are welcome to leave rhyme to us simple scribblers. But they've emancipated themselves no less from metre—uniformity in rhythmic movement, to them, like rhyme, a straight-jacket that impedes the beating of the resonant hearts of exquisite moments. So did the Elizabethan translators of the *Psalms*, so did old Walt. Obviously Spenserian stanzas, quatrains, couplets, and above all sonnets (Byron's "most puling of compositions", because his own efforts missed fire) are taboo; and they do philosophize much thereon. Let them read quaint Daniel's "Defense of Rhyme", or ponder the suggestion that metres and verse-forms are neither more nor less than the *grammar* of the language of poetry, a grammar, like that of any language, which registers the long experience and evolution of the race, and which, like any grammar, the ordinary speakers of the given language do well to conform to if they would be understood: Or let them ponder again, that liberty presupposes the *law* whereby liberty gets its meaning, that there can be no *variations* without something to vary from, whereby the variations get their meaning, and that a really "free verse" must manifest itself unmistakably as *verse*—i. e. as a typical movement—before it can manifest itself as "free", i. e. as liberated from a typical movement. This is quite as philosophical as their own lucubrations—and I do not offer it as anything new, either.

But they are the true discoverers of *rhythm*: they know that emotions should *generate* the rhythm, not be *compelled into* it. Hence their succession of short phrases, one below the other, like an artistic catalogue

listing the virtues of some tooth-powder or shoe-polish, and the generous margins of their poetry-books, which make a very little scribbling go a long way. They think this very subtle: you could chop up any news item or editorial into rhythms quite as symphonic, polyphonic, or hetero-phonic. Now there are magnificent rhythms in the long roll of Walt Whitman's irregular lines: he had a grand voice and a good ear, had bluff, honest old Walt. And even when in rebellion against established norms he was using those norms, either with variations or absolutely:

"Placard 'removed and to let' on the
roofs of your snowy Parnassus"

he said—in a hexameter with the very swing of Homer and the Parnassian Muses. But there is no music at all in these staccato chirps, wheezes, hiccups, and grunts of the Imagists. Yet they tell us how long and conscientious has been their training in technique—as if training in technique, by the way, were a new thing: the Meistersingers would have kept them a good deal longer at their apprenticeship, I warrant. Finally, far from inventing a new form, a free form, of expression, they have adopted the most primitive and the most delimiting form in existence: the form of the First Reader. All they need to do now, is to divide syllables, as they do words and phrases.

The fact is that the best that can be said for the best Imagist poems is that they are poor short-hand jotting for possible poems—brief memoranda or field notes to be worked over when emotion is remembered in tranquility, and music and logic and coherent syntax interpret initial inrush of idea and initial splash of sensation. I was not *altogether* jesting in the reference to the first reader; but, in sober sadness, a better analogue is to be found in the hasty diaries and letters of the poets, where we so often find registered a few phrases that we recognize as the germs of poems now familiar to us. I say, a better analogue—except that the poets seem never to achieve in their greatest haste the incoherent obscurities that the Imagists achieve so effectively at their leisure. One illustration for many. One day in the early summer of 1856, Emerson, coming in from a Concord stroll, jotted down the following Emersonian thoughts anent the neighboring rivulet and the transcendental universe:

"Thy music is sweet, Musketaquid, and repeats the music of the rain, but sweeter is the silent stream which flows even through thee, as thou through the land.

"Thou are shut in thy banks, but the stream I love flows in thy water, and flows through rocks and through the air and through rays of light as well, and through darkness, and through men and women.

"I hear and see the inundation and the eternal spending of the stream in winter and in summer, in men and animals, in passion and thought. Happy are they who can hear it.

"I see thy brimming, eddying stream

"And thy enchantment,

"For thou changest every rock in thy bed

"Into a gem.

"All is opal and agate,

"And at will thou pavest with diamonds;

"Take them away from the stream

"And they are poor, shreds and flints.

"So is it with me today."

Even as it stands, it has the touch. Even the roughest nuggets in the goldsmith's workshop gleam true metal. But, as his son says, "Mr. Emerson kept the verses by him nearly two years before in their perfected form he gave them to the Atlantic Monthly for January, 1858."

TWO RIVERS.

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,

Repeats the music of the rain;

But sweeter rivers pulsing flit

Through thee, as thou through Concord plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:

The stream I love unbounded goes

Through flood and sea and firmament;

Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,

I hear the spending of the stream

Through years, through men, through nature fleet,

Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,

Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;

They lose their grief who hear his song,

And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—

Who drink it shall not thirst again;

No darkness stains its equal gleam,

And ages drop in it like rain.

It is indeed a far cry from the old poetry to the new—
—from Emerson to Ezra Ounce!

IV

Is there anything more to say about this quackery, except that in the wide interest it has aroused it seems to bear out B. T. Barnum's discovery that "the American public likes to be humbugged?" Nothing, except a very personal confession. I'm loath to make it; but I must play fair. Friends, I too was once as they; I too have been an Imagist. And I will lay bare my shame—merely for the good it may do. The poem is called

STAR.

"Night.
 Whilst I grind thoughts
 On the park-bench,
 My fingers
 Now crunch tramps' dry bread crumbs;
 Under my feet
 Rub-able rubble,
 Squashed banana peel;
 A pine tree spikes its top
 Into yonder dense dark up.—
 Lone star,
 I could tell you
 A tale - - -
Rats in my chamber."

But this is not all. Herein, to make a clean breast of it, I attempted a compactness beyond the compactness of other Imagists. I got my cue from a Futurist painting, during my term on the hanging committee of the

local Art Association, a painting which, when hung one way, presented a castle ruin over a sunset tarn, and, when inverted, a twilight sky over a deserted quarry. It will be observed that Star read backwards spells Rats. Now read my Imagist poem bottom up, with the necessary changes in punctuation, and note the different quality of the tale and the emotional situation.

RATS.

Rats in my chamber. . . .
 A tale
 I could tell you,
 Lone Star:
 Into yonder dense dark up
 A pine tree spikes its top;
 Squashed banana peel,
 Rub-able rubble,
 Under my feet.
 Now crunch tramps' dry bread-crumbs,
 My fingers,
 On the park bench.
 Whilst I grind thoughts.
 Night.

The thoughtful reader, who has followed me thus far, has all the necessary propaedeutic for an understanding appraisal of this two-fold poem. Possibly it was unwise to record it; possibly it may start a schism among Imagists, a new sect which may become famous as "The Dualists".

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Bits From Her Diary

JUNE 25—WEDNESDAY.

I should like to be anyone in the world but me! Everyone tries to make me miserable. This town is little and countrified, the people in it are horrible—especially the boys. They treat one as though one were still a child. They are for the most part, very plain looking and have tremendous feet. Bill Perkins has the largest feet of any; though I must add, the best eyes. The boys still think that one wishes to play rough and babyish games when one would far rather stroll or read magazine stories in the swing. Mother can't understand a thing! She expects me to help her about all of the time, and she won't let me wear my hair up. Louisa's mother lets her, and Louisa is months younger than I am and she makes me take Bess around with me everywhere I go. She

can't see why I don't like to have Bess with me, because when she was a girl she loved to have her little sister with her. But Bess is such a nuisance. She's so dumb. None of my friends like to have me bring her, because when she can't understand a thing, she has to have it all explained, and she won't be quiet until she knows all about it. Mother says Bess likes to be with my friends and because she is so large for her age that it is embarrassing for her to be with the children of her own age—but, why should I be made to suffer because Bess has become overgrown? But the worst thing is that mother won't let me have a real party dress. I begged and begged for one for Madge's party Saturday night, but she just smiles and says, "Dearie, mother knows best. White is simplest and prettiest for a girl of your age." Then she says,

"When I was a girl, I would have been very much pleased with a white dress." Oh, why can't she realize what this party means to me? She knows that Madge has invited her cousin Harry from Lamont. She doesn't realize perhaps that Harry is any different from the boys around here. The mere youths around here are *nothing* like him. He is a man of perhaps twenty or thirty years. He has black hair and a black moustache and oh, such dreamy eyes. And he smokes cigarettes carelessly, not the way Bill Perkins smokes them sometimes when he's sure no grown-up will see him. And he helps you across the street and takes off his hat when anyone speaks to you. He tells about things he's done and places he's been to and he has the most beautiful smile that makes all of his teeth shine. He must have liked me, because he took me home from Madge's in the afternoon when it was perfectly light, and I could have easily gone by myself. Besides, he called me, "my dear" several times. He said, "my dear, you are so charmingly naeeve." I can't find *naeeve* in the dictionary, but just from his tone of voice I know it must have been something good and perhaps tender. He is coming again, and I must wear *white muslin*. They would perhaps regret having been mean to me, were I to drown myself on the night of the dance in the pond behind Madge's house. He might then find my lifeless body. At least the white dress would make a good shroud.

JUNE 26—THURSDAY

I will go to the dance, come what may, if but to look at Harry from a dark corner.

JUNE 28—SATURDAY

It is after the dance. A million new party dresses would have availed me naught. Harry had a grown-up girl with him all evening. As I sat in a dark corner of the veranda, having at last gotten rid of Bill Perkins, I heard Harry say to this girl: "Divine creature, priceless jewel. When will you decide to share life's joys and sorrows with me?" It was torture, horrible torture to me, besides being wrong so I went away but not before looking a last time at his smile which made his teeth sparkle even in the moonlight. Then he kissed her, and I fled—fled to my own "bood-war" where I am now, wondering how men can be so faithless. I have looked long at myself in the mirror, and I cannot blame Harry in his choice. I have freckles, a snub nose, and no character to my face. There is nothing more in life for me, but I shall be brave and, thank Heaven, eventually death will come.

My heart is torn with woe, with woe,
My love he loves another, oh,
'Tis cruel but true, and I did see
One in his arms who was not me.

MILDRED EVANS.

Fate's Favors

NAW, I wasn't doin' nothin' tonight." Peachy LeMoyné opened her pretty mouth to yawn as she gazed languidly at the spindle legged floor walker simpering before her. Peachy was a gown and cloak model in the huge department store which formed a pleasant background of soft carpet and shaded lights for her fresh young beauty.

"Sure, I'll go with you," she said, and unbent to add coquettishly, "S' all right with me. 'T means nothing in my life!"

Mr. Simmons squeezed her hand temperamentally. "That's the girl," he murmured masterfully, not to appear too eager. But she pulled her hand away suddenly and looked up to stare coolly at two customers approaching. Her handsome nose tilted a trifle to show them that their wealth was nothing to her. For plainly these were women of importance; their silks rustled and their diamonds sparkled, and their expression, as they sailed majestically up, plainly demanded instant service.

Mr. Simmons was bowing and scraping with really remarkable grace considering the interrupted tête-à-tête. But business is business and Mr. Simmons ad-

mitted that he was a shrewd man. So he smirked agreeably and learned they were looking at evening gowns. At once he had salesladies rushing to and fro, bringing out wonderful creations which soon shimmered and rustled over all the surrounding chairs. The tall majestic one examined them critically through her lorgnette. The choppy one, whom she called "Alys" and was perhaps her sister, was somewhat less frozen but far from cordial. They finally picked out a gown for the large tall one, apparently in the fond hope that she would look precisely in it as Peachy did, posing there with her insulting grace. The gown was a marvel of blue and gold lace, delicate as a dream, shimmering as a waterfall. The price tag registered three hundred and ten dollars.

Once having made up their minds, the two "swells" showed a disposition to expedite matters. It seemed that they were catching a train shortly and would therefore take the gown with them and would prefer to pay cash. With nonchalant briskness the tall one produced a thousand dollar bill, aristocratically ignoring Peachy's involuntary stare. With her patrician accent she ordered that haste be made in returning her change

as their time was short. The floor walker, thoroughly impressed but uneasily conscious of orders from headquarters, abjectedly apologized for having to remind them that it was the store's policy, etc., that they could take no risks, etc., that mistakes occasionally happened, and so forth. In other words the bill must be first sent to a bank to be authenticated before the store could accept it as payment. The tall one became haughty and raised her eyebrows unpleasantly at her victim. But Mr. Simmons' face did not include a handsome overgrown chin for nothing. He summoned a messenger and sternly ordered the greatest haste. The boy murmured "chee" from a fallen jaw at sight of the bill, but sped away. Mr. Simmons engaged the ladies in polite conversation but received no encouragement. The tall one sat stiff and straight, taking sharp breaths, and the choppy one became plainly nervous and constantly consulted a watch on her fat white wrist. The silence became appalling and Mr. Simmons perspired freely in the presence of such grandeur.

But it could not last. The tall one had been talking with the choppy one in obvious exasperation, and now she rose abruptly.

"This is positively insulting!" she declared. "You have forfeited our patronage and you may cancel the order. I would not consider buying it now."

She cut short Mr. Simmons' renewed apology with "That will do; that will do." At that moment the messenger appeared with the bill.

"Yes, sir," he panted. "The cashier says it's all right." Mr. Simmons started a forgiving and hopeful smile, but the frozen one refused to thaw and demanded her money back. They sailed with dignity to the elevator, Mr. Simmons at their heels, still apologizing.

It was the wait for the elevator which saved the day for Mr. Simmons. By an incredible stroke of luck his eloquence at last turned the tide and slowly the frozen one thawed out. Perhaps she suddenly remembered her sense of "noblesse oblige," or perhaps he reminded her of an old lover of her romantic but humbler youth. At any rate he came through with flying colors. He had delivered the gown into their hands, given them their change of some seven hundred dollars, and had triumphantly bidden them farewell with his most fascinating smile. Then he sailed back to Peachy LeMoyne, flourishing a crisp, new, thousand dollar bill. But Peachy was grumbling.

"Gee, I wisht I was them," she muttered. "Wots the use of blue eyes and red lips if y' aint got swell clothes?"

Squeezed back into a crowded elevator descending to the first floor, a tall woman caught a choppy woman's eye and deliberately winked. The choppy one grinned back. Later, safe in the soft depths of their limousine, the tall one opened her hand bag and lovingly fingered a thousand dollar bill, old and worn and dog-eared.

"Gosh, Al," she chuckled. "It aint hardly exciting any more—pulling this game."

Then she pulled out some others from another compartment. "These counterfeits look awfully new, don't they?" Then—"That little simp and his peroxide blond aint so doggone smart as they think, are they?"

The choppy one smiled, then sighed. "But they *were* classy lookers!" she reflected. "After all, wot's the use of us having the brains to get these here glad rags when we ain't got the figger to *wear* 'em! This here world ain't fair, Mamie."

MARY DUPUY.

Colossal Failures

WE NEED more colossal failures; for civilization is built upon them in somewhat the same fashion that a coral island rises from the sea upon the bodies of innumerable dead organisms.

To be a success is comparatively easy. It is only necessary to keep abreast of the surge of public opinion, to judge where the crowd is bound; and then by placing yourself near its head indicate in a voice louder and clearer than that of anyone else the direction in which you know and the crowd knows it is going. People are like sheep. Give them sufficient pasturage and protect them; and you may shear them with scarcely any complaint on their part.

The way to a colossal failure, on the other hand, is beset by almost insurmountable difficulties. Many

start out, but few conclude the journey. The road is often difficult to find, and there are many houses along the way into which the two sisters, Fame and Fortune, are likely to entice one; and where, if once inside, one is overcome by the beauty of the two young women. Later, when worldly pleasures have become distasteful, or when Fame and Fortune have discarded you for some younger victim, then remorse over a wasted life may urge you on the road of colossal failure again; but your strength will have been wasted from constant disuse.

But if the beauty of the two sisters, Fame and Fortune, can be resisted, all the temptations have not been evaded nor have the greatest difficulties been overcome. There will be impassable swamps to be drained,

"House of Fashions



and Individuality"

The Shop that Caters to the College Miss

WE SPECIALIZE IN THE WANTS OF WOMEN'S APPAREL EXCLUSIVELY. HERE YOU WILL FIND ONLY WHAT FASHION HAS APPROVED OF. SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, BLOUSES, FURS, MILINERY, UNDERWEAR, DRESS ACCESSORIES. OUR PRICES ARE MODEST.

**We Solicit Student Patronage and Charge Accounts
"ON THE SQUARE"**

Boyd & Fichten's Candy Shop

19 N. Pinckney—426 State

Four Big Leaders
at
Peace Time Prices

HOT CRISP PECAN FUDGE.....	20c
HOT CRISP ALMOND FUDGE.....	20c
HOT SWISS MILK FUDGE.....	15c
DOUBLE CHOCOLATE NOUGAT.....	15c

Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company

UNIVERSITY AGENCY

Let us explain a Northwestern
contract to you

BILLY RICH, '10

University Agency Manager
Phone 884

Commercial National Bank Bldg.

swamps that are the breeding places of diseases which may destroy your strength. And then the clinging stench from the decayed vegetation will make people shun you, turn their faces as you pass. Broad streams, over which there will be no bridges but the ones you erect, will have to be crossed. As you work on the spans, people will throw rocks; for the hammering disturbs their contented slumbering, and they are fearful of the thoughts that may troop over the bridge from the wilderness on the other side. You will be lucky if you are not struck and tumbled into the whirling waters below.

You will be thrown into dungeons of public ostracism. You will be put into the stocks of malicious lies. You will be lashed as a disturber of the peace. Never will you be treated better than as a vagabond. Your family will perhaps disown you, and your friends will inflict the most severe torture, will judge you most harshly.

Finally you will reach the Great Wall. Before it some people will be sleeping, while others will be shouting words strangely alike and in the same cadence. The sleepers, instead of being aroused will slumber all the more deeply. You will mount a dais

higher than any other and from it you will begin to speak. The sleepers will then be awakened; and urged on by those who had been declaiming, they will curse you. To prove your words you will try to mount the Great Wall which is also called "Somnolence and Prejudice." The angry mob, however, will clutch at you and finally tear you down.

You will be a colossal failure; for you have lived your life in your own way; you dreamt great dreams and endeavored mightily to make them practicable; you dissented from what you did not believe; you suffered torture of the soul and mind rather than conform to what you thought false: But the bridges you built and the swamps you drained will ease the journey of some other colossal failure who will, as you have done, perish endeavoring to surmount the Great Wall; and your ashes and his ashes multiplied by the ashes of other colossal failures will build a mound with the aid of which someone sometime will be able to climb the Great Wall; and after him the crowd will follow. Then perhaps a few will recall that over your body civilization trod as she advanced to another obstacle on the other side.

—IRVING A. PUCHNER.

Antiquities

THE waning light slants obliquely through the north windows into the rooms of the Antiquarian Society. It lingers on the ornate gold frames, making them glisten palely. The paintings and tapestries shrink back into the darkness of the past until the electric lights, a necessary modernity, flooded them with a subdued glare. After dusk heavy silken hangings shut out the noise and confusion of the street; so that the rooms are a complete world in themselves. The fragrance of a carved satinwood chest mingles with the scent of crysanthemums in the oriental room. Beside the fireplace in the Tudor hall an elderly maid arranges the tea table, bringing in the Russian samovar, the priceless caravan tea, the Dresden china cups and old Dutch spoons. The butler places the chairs in the lecture room in straight stiff rows and returns to take his stand at the door. An atmosphere of quiet dignity and reserve prevades every nook and corner. The ladies feel it as they enter and smile graciously at one another. There can be no mistake; they are all of the oldest families. Every article which they have acquired has been examined by an expert and found to be authentic.

For many years they have been coming to these bi-monthly meetings. Every other Tuesday from November to April their carriages and of late a few automobiles have drawn up at the sidewalk in front of the

Institute of Fine Arts, and the ladies have ascended to the suite set apart for the Society for the Preservation and Purchase of Ancient Objects of Art. Here a monthly paper has been presented by a member or some collector of note. When no special program has been arranged they have discussed the merit of their recent acquisitions, and occasionally they have held business meetings. In this way the years have slipped away.

Of all the good ladies the most noted, perhaps, is Miss Priscilla Edgerton. She has traveled a great deal picking up bits of lustre in Persia and carved ivory

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly. Yearly Subscription, Seventy-five Cents. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Madison, Wis. Publication office, Room 82, North Hall.

ADMINISTRATION

PHILIP A. ADLER, Editor-in-Chief
ERNEST L. MEYER, Manager
JOHN S. KING, Circulation Manager
HAROLD J. BRYANT, Accountant

ADVERTISING STAFF

JOHN S. LINEN MILDRED EVANS
ELIZABETH PRUETT

BUSINESS ASSISTANTS

ELSA BARWIG DOUGLAS SIMPSON

Kessenich's

The Mar-Hof Middy Suit

Made by The Hoflin Company

The Suit that You Want for the Hill.

You will like its trim, well-tailored lines and the gay emblems which give it the true nautical air.

Yet you will find it will stand the severe test of daily wear.

Made of that most durable material, blue serge, by a company which makes the regular sailor's uniform.

Other serge dresses with individuality of cut and trimming.

Students (and others), visit our store at 24 N. Carroll St. and save money on your supplies.

H. C. Netherwood Printing Co.

PRINTING AND ENGRAVING
PHONE 701

MODERN METHODS IN OPTOMETRY

Modern in Ideas
Modern in Service
Modern in Equipment
Modern in Examination

VICTOR S. MAURSETH

Jeweler and Optometrist
521 State St.

Jewelry and Watch Repairing

Ours is a great shop—a business in itself with its head and staff of able workmen.

And it is peculiar to this store, because we set our own standard and have thus far developed distinctive features: Namely, the best work, moderate prices and the limit of possible promptness. Remember that your diamonds are well taken care of as all work is done in our shop.

GAMM'S

9 West Main

Established 26 Years

at the Indian bazaars, but her specialty is Japanese prints. Her collection is reputed to be the finest privately owned in the country. She has numerous Tsuji Kwakos and Yamawaki Tokos, and even a famous Okyo. Furthermore, her knowledge of the different schools is very great. She can tell a Nangwa from a Hokuga with absolute certainty, and her decision on such matters is regarded as final. The presidency has been repeatedly offered to her, but she had thought it necessary to decline this honor. It would demand too much of her time, she says, and she would be unable to go about the country when an opportunity is presented for purchasing what might prove to be a valuable print. She prefers, to use her own words, to be a "common member."

Of late Miss Priscilla's age has prevented her traveling. She can not get about with as much ease as formerly, but her mind is as keen as ever. In the past year all her energy has been directed in preparing for a special exhibit and lecture course. Thus far all her efforts have met with success and now she is to de-

live her last talk, on the subject, "The Shijo School of Japanese Paintings." She sits calmly on the platform beside the president, waiting for the orderly bustle to cease and the ladies to take their places. At last the president rises majestically and introduces her, praising her past work, and thanking her profusely in the name of the society. Miss Priscilla bows in acknowledgement, and unfolds her manuscript, written in a delicate angular hand. Then in her high firm voice she begins:

"The Shijo School of Japanese Painters deserve recognition and study by all who can appreciate a return to nature and reason in pictorial art." There is a slight stir at the door as the butler admits a late comer. Miss Priscilla pauses, politely wiping her eye glasses to cover the unwonted disturbance. When the room is again quiet, she coughs discreetly and resumes her reading. The ladies sit motionless with upturned faces, gravely expectant.

FRANCES DUMMER.

The Book Shop

Beyond: By John Galsworthy, Charles Scribner's Sons. New York

In *Beyond*, Galsworthy again tells the story of "love and the world well lost." He is fond of the subject and has told it several times before, but with particular success in *The Dark Flower*. Because *The Dark Flower* is so good it may be harder to give *Beyond* its dues. It is unmistakably a "cheaper" romance. The writer perhaps knew it was to be published in a "popular" magazine, and either deliberately or unconsciously conceded something to this magazine's tone.

In texture the work is beautiful with the rich flowing beauty which characterizes Galsworthy's style. The story is like an unlovely design upon the finest silk. At times it sinks to melodrama, at times rises to the sustained poetry of *The Dark Flower*. Did the editors of the magazine request Galsworthy to tack on a Happy Ending? If not, why could not Gyp be allowed to die in body as she did in soul the night of Bryan's death? Life is almost cruelly forced upon her. But what to do with this undesired life? On the next to last page Gyp decides to run a fresh air farm for children of the slums. We are surprised. But then, this is what heart-broken heroines often do in fiction—and movies.

Galsworthy obviously likes his story people. In spite of all judgment he makes the reader like them too. We like even that contemptible "fiddler fellow," Fjorsen, with his goldy side whiskers, loping gait, with his repellent cattish eyes, fierce, shy and furtive, and not one ounce of natural decency in him. There is Daphne Wing, the dancer, the daughter of old Wagge, the undertaker. She is vulgar, Galsworthy assures us, with a vulgarity only England can produce—her senseless red lips always parted for sugar-plums, her tiresome "Oh" this and "Oh" that. There is the sinister Count Rosek a vil-

lian of almost old-fashioned magnitude. But the humanity shines out through the foibles and villainies of these people. One cannot hate what one understands and Galsworthy makes one understand. Difficult as the task is he can make us understand his distinctly goody-goody people, Lady Summerhay, for instance, and the Wagges. As for the heroine "Gyp," beautiful "Gyp" of the "flying eyes" she is an acquaintance for whom it is well worth reading a number of "popular" magazines.

In an undercurrent, below and around the tenser human lives, live the dogs and horses and cats in exactly the relation they do in actual life. There is no sentimentality towards these humbler lives, and no patronage. But one is very conscious of them, of the Scotch terrier "Ossy" deaf, ancient disillusioned, lying all day in the sun; of the terrier puppies, "black devils with eyes bright as diamonds," of the magnificent thoroughbred Hotspur, a fine but foolish fellow who in the end kills Brian against the lindhay wall. The figure of this horse with upflung head and empty saddle standing a second beside his dead master is one not to be forgotten.

—E. F.

REFLECTIONS IN MINIATURE

Trivia, by Logan Pearsall Smith; New York, Doubleday Page & Co.; \$1.25.

Bits of philosophy that flash upon one at stray moments, whimsical odds and ends of descriptive sketches of persons and personages, city and country, and discourses in miniature on life and its living—these Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith has gathered between the covers of one of the most pleasing books of the season. *Trivia* pretends to be nothing more than the off-

*The best in undergraduate written work
finds expression in*

*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Subscribe Now

*The "Lit" will be mailed or de-
livered for the remainder of
the academic year for 40 cents*

Address Subscriptions to

*The Wisconsin Literary Magazine
Madison, Wisconsin*

hand reflections of that shadowy individual, Mr. Average Man, yet the pretense is convincing in only this one respect: that Mr. Average Man will recognize in the sketches many of the moods and musings, the fancies and impressions that have crept into his average life. But the charm with which these musings have been put into words betray the craft of an artist above the petty distractions of our everyday life, yet constantly in sympathetic touch with it.

It is a question whether *Trivia* as a form of prose writing is strictly new. The volume consists of some ninety selections ranging from fifty to two hundred words in length, and dealing with subjects as remote as *Beauty* and as familiar as *Microbes*. As a prose type, it reminds one somewhat of the notebooks of Samuel Butler, or even of Hawthorne. Yet there are in the selections elements which the pieces of the older masters lack, and charms which are more than the effect of clearness and simplicity: rhythm and color and a high degree of imaginative conception. Here, for instance:

The Spider

What shall I compare it to, this fantastic thing I call my Mind? To a waste-paper basket, to a sieve choked

with sediment, or to a barrel full of floating froth and refuse?

No, what it is really most like is a spider's web, insecurely hung on leaves and twigs, quivering in every wind, and sprinkled with dewdrops and dead flies. And at its center, pondering forever the Problem of Existence, sits motionless the spider-like and uncanny Soul.

A Fancy

More than once, though, I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is good Company which will like this little Book—these Thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of soft gray matter in the bowl of my skull.

It is fragmentary essays like the foregoing that prove Mr. Smith has accomplished the aim he had in view; to make of *Trivia* a collection of many-colored ideas and fancies that go to make up the mosaic of our common thought.

—E. L. M.

Correspondence

To the Editors:

The December copy of your magazine fell into my hands quite accidentally. One of your Wisconsin boys happened to be transferred to this port and I saw him reading it.

I was extremely surprised and delighted with the contents of the "Lit." While a student at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, I was connected with the college publication there and was afforded an opportunity of studying many contemporary college journals. Your magazine, modelled as it evidently is, after one of the leading thought papers of the country, is a step in college and university undergraduate literature that I have always looked forward to.

It presents life with a directness and freedom from ambiguity and display that is positively refreshing. I like your courage and the way you go after real values.

Although my present work keeps me pretty busy, I'm mighty glad to spend a little of my time reading a magazine like yours. I wish you unbounded success in your undertaking.

HARRY A. OLIN,

Second Lieut. Ordnance Depot,
Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va.

To the Editors:

Let me congratulate you upon the admirable leading editorial in your last issue, and the great ability that distinguishes it.

Yours very truly,

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
President, New York Evening Post Co.

MISS MUNRO OBJECTS

Chicago, Dec. 15, 1917.

DEAR MR. LEONARD:

Think as you please about imagists et al., but please don't spell my name *Munro*! A good way, doubtless, but not that of the president or of

Yours very sincerely,

HARRIET MONROE,

Madison, Dec. 17, 1917

DEAR MISS MONROE:

For thus omitting the last letter of your name, my contrite apologies and a desperate peccavi. Two possible explanations occur to me. Kindly choose—and forgive! (1) In the very perpetration of my pranks I may have been so overtaken with a sense of guilt that I lost all my self-possession,—in short all my E's. Or (2) I may have been attempting a perverse application of the law "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." But to indicate that no personal affront was intended, let me wish you (and all Imagists too, God bless them!) a Merry Xmas, and let me sign my own name, for self-castigation, without the fatal letter.

WILLIAM LARRY LONARD.

The First National Bank

of Madison, Wisconsin

No. 144

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
and depository for postal savings
CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND
UNDIVIDED PROFITS

\$440,000

Interest paid on savings

4% on Certificates of Deposit
Safe Deposit Boxes
Travelers' Cheques

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

A. E. PROUDFIT, Pres.
M. E. FULLER, Vice-Pres.
FRANK G. BROWN, Vice-Pres.
M. C. CLARKE, Cashier
E. B. STEENSLAND F. W. HOYT
H. L. MOSELEY J. B. RAMSAY
M. H. SATER, Asst. Cashier

Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, WOOD
and MENDOTA
LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime
Hair and Sewer Pipe



Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin Street

Telephone No. 25

Central Wisconsin Trust Co.

MADISON

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Testamentary Trustee, Trustee under agreement, Guardian of Estates of infants or incompetents; holds and invests principal of estates of the living.

THESE ESTATES NET 5 PER CENT

OFFICERS:

L. M. Hanks, Prest.
Magnus Swenson, 1st V. Prest
John Barnes, 2d V. Prest.
F. M. Brown, Treas.
B. J. Halligan, Secy.
T. R. Hefty, Asst. Secy.

The Modern Library

Limp Croft Leather at 60c

A judiciously selected list of titles calculated to appeal to a discriminating reader.

A book of convenient pocket size, durable binding—and contents well worth reading and keeping

University Supply Association

Lake and State Streets

Kennedy Dairy Co.

Velvet Ice Cream

“IT'S ALL CREAM”

618 University Ave.

Phone 778

KODAKS

With Autographic Backs

DRUGS, STATIONERY AND MAGAZINES

SUMNER & CRAMTON

636 State Street

THE CONCERT AND OTHER STUDIES

By R. D. JAMESON

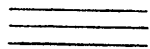
A volume of verse written by a University of Wisconsin Alumnus and published in attractive form by the "Lit."

Copies may be had for seventy-five cents by calling at the "Lit" office, room 82, North Hall, or by writing to

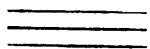
The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Madison, Wisconsin

BOOKS



SCHOOL SUPPLIES



The Co-Op
508 State Street

Joseph M. Boyd, President
Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President
R. L. Russell, 1st Vice President
Chas. O'Neill, Cashier
H. C. Jamieson, Ass't Cashier
I. E. Backus, Ass't Cashier Branch Bank

BANK OF WISCONSIN

MADISON

Capital ----- \$300,000
Surplus ----- 60,000
Additional Liabilities of Stockholders --- 300,000

Savings Department

Branch Bank Located Corner State, Broom and
West Gilman Streets

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent at Reasonable
Rates

Why do hundreds of
students go out of
their way to get

*Morgan's
Malted Milk?*

They know!

Morgan's Students' Club
State Street

Milk Cream Ice Cream

- - Sold by - -

Zilisch

Pure Milk Company

*The Dairy of Real
Quality*

Telephone 979

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy



UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.

MADISON OFFICE

301-302 Gay Building

Phone 98

W. B. Bowden, Mgr.

Frank J. Owen

Tailoring
Pressing
Repairing



Expert Service Assured

312 State St.

Phone 662

“The Concert and other Studies”

By R. D. Jameson

A volume of verse written by a University of Wisconsin Alumnus and published in attractive form by the “Lit.”

Copies may be had for seventy-five cents by calling at the “Lit” office, room 82, North Hall, or by writing to

The Wisconsin Literary
Magazine

Madison,

Wisconsin

Student Jewelry

Watches—All makes (Swiss and American).

Rings—All kinds (especially fraternity rings).

Chains and Lavalieres.

Cigarette Cases.



Repairs especially on Swiss watches.



B. Greenberg

310 State St.

Madison Bond Company

Victor H. Arnold, President

CAPITAL \$600,000

MUNICIPAL BONDS

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS

\$10, \$25, \$100, \$500, \$1000 Denominations

**Write for particulars how to invest
\$10 and \$25 in 5% tax secured
Coupon Bonds. Semi-annual interest**

201-212 Gay Building

Madison, Wisconsin