



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin magazine. Volume XIII, Number 6 March 1916

[s.l.]: The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated, March
1916

<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
MAGAZINE



MORTAR BOARD
NUMBER

**“WE CAN LIVE
without Pictures, but—
NOT SO WELL”**

McKillop Art Co.

(INCORPORATED)

527 STATE STREET

**Kodak Developing
Printing and
Enlarging**

**Pictures and
Picture Framing**

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

WOMENS' NUMBER STAFF

EDITOR—Ruth M. Boyle BUSINESS MANAGER—Marion O'Neil

Assistant Editor—Helen Jane Zillmer

Circulation Manager—Margaret Wahl

Assistant Circulation Manager—Ruth B. Glassow

Assistant Business Managers—Elsa Schmidt, Florence King

Advertising Assistants—Helen Horr

Constantine Gontier

Marjorie Hendricks

George Anundsen

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Woman at Wisconsin	Frontispiece
Curls and the Curlers—By Marjorie Kinnan	3
Our Distinguishing Trait	6
Three Years of His Life—By Esther L. Forbes	9
Europe to Us—By Maude Parker.....	14
The Swamp—By George Anundsen	16
Diegesis—H. Omec Head	18
What the Day's Work Means to Me—Zona Gale	19
The Odd Job Man—K. Bernice Stewart.....	21
Letters Which Are Never Sent—Marian L. Davies	22
The Pageant as a Source of Art in America—Ethel Theodora Rockwell	23
Awakening—Laura Mills	24
Co-operative Housekeeping at Wisconsin	25
Wisconsin Players—By One of Them.....	26
Roomers—Helen Knowlton	28
The Road of Willows—Dorothy Lewis.....	30
An American's Glance at Turgenev—By Ruth M. Boyle	34
A Letter From Mrs. Winship	37
The Land of Dreams—By Iva N. Ketcham	38

WOMAN AT WISCONSIN

A Chronology

- 1860 Thirty women were the first to gain admission to the University to the extent of attending a ten weeks' course of lectures.
- 1862 Women were admitted to the University.
- 1864 Castalia, the first women's literary society, was founded.
- 1867 By a legislative act the University was thrown open to women.
- 1869 The graduating class for the first time included women.
- 1870 An act was passed appropriating money for "a female college building."
- 1871 Ladies' Hall completed and opened.
- 1873 The courses of instruction were made the same for men and women students.
- 1875 The first sorority, Kappa Kappa Gamma, was founded at Wisconsin.
- 1889 Ladies' Hall was steam heated.
- 1896 The Regents instituted the office of the "dean of women."
- 1897 Miss Annie C. Emery took the position of the first dean of women.
- 1897 The Self Government Association was founded.
- 1904 The home economics department was begun.
- 1910 Lathrop Hall was dedicated, and named after President Lathrop, the first chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, who, strangely, did not believe in co-education.
- 1912 The first year of the Women's Page of the Daily Cardinal.
- 1912 The first women's class organization founded by the class of 1916.
- 1913 Barnard Hall was opened.
- 1915 The first co-operative house for women students, "The Mortar Board Cottage," was established.



The
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1916

NUMBER 6

CURLS AND THE CURLERS

By Marjorie Kinnan, '18

IT was a long time before the family really found out that Betty was engaged to George. From Christmas until May they had had an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong, but they had blamed it on everything but an engagement. Mother was sure that a gas-jet was leaking in some undiscoverable place. Sister Mildred flounced her short skirts, tossed her stiff little pigtail over one shoulder, and sniffed, "Mother, I shouldn't be one bit surprised if your dear offspring William had snakes in the house!" William himself probably came the nearest to guessing the truth. He had a surprising habit of tumbling

into a room unexpectedly, and his long thin legs, that usually knocked into every noise-producing object in sight, could slide over the floor without a sound, provided only you were saying something you didn't want him to hear, and thought him safely canoeing on the lake.

"Mebbe there're goin'—on's a-tween Betty 'n George," he would say tantalizingly. Then he would grin to himself, as he recalled the afternoon in the dusky front hall when George was just leaving, and the evening he had burst into the parlor to see Betty quickly separate herself from the previous oneness on the davenport, and hear her say to George, in an all-of-a-sudden

clear and distinct voice, "I think it's so funny you don't like her. She's really very nice." William was nobody's fool.

Betty herself was illusive, vague, when questioned. Boredom shadowed her eyes as she answered that George was a very decent sort, she supposed, and was there any more red silk in the house?

But when Mother came into the hall, a certain evening in May at parting time, exactly one minute too soon, the whole affair just naturally had to come out, because—oh, well, you know yourself that some people will insist upon explanations when things like that happen. Mother was surprised; in fact, very much more so than William, for instance, and the Jacksons, who lived directly across the street, (you know how sometimes you forget to pull down the shades), but at any rate she cried much less than would have been expected.

"I suppose it's all right," she said to Betty last night, as they sat on the bed in their kimonas, "George is very nice, and can take care of you, only—," she stopped and surveyed critically her eldest-born, "somehow, I can't think of a girl that looks as funny as you do when you're ready for bed, getting married, or going on a honeymoon. But that's no real reason for keeping you an old maid. Go ahead and marry him, child," and she took a dry handkerchief from the bureau drawer.

Betty looked into the mirror opposite.

"It's—it's the curlers, isn't it?" she asked despairingly, then began to cry softly.

"I may have to be an old maid yet,"

came from between sobs, "George—George—yes, I know it's the curlers!"

Now, Betty, when clothed for a day's sojourn in the public eye, and under George's cool appraisal, was a most attractive young woman, with a tendency to side-tilted large hats, and sketch effects in black and white, with a dash of red or orange at the girdle—you know the kind. She was more sensible and capable than she looked, an artist with the needle and the oven. Men liked her cautiously, her clear blue eyes, half-way pug nose, child mouth and fluffy hair; and here, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the sword of Damocles, hanging most appropriately in this case by a hair. Betty's hair was *not* fluffy, except when daytime saw it released from its steel bonds of the night, and coaxed into a curliness that deceived all except the family. It was as straight as a poker by nature, and Betty crowned with straight hair, hopelessly sparse and stringy at that, was far from the alluring being she became under the circumstances previously mentioned. As for the periods of preparation for beauty, when dusky night mantled the procedure, and Betty took her six-for-a-quarter electric curlers from their box, and used them according to the scheme of curlers! The devil himself wasn't in it when it came to the two long, stiff, upright horns that menaced one from Betty's forehead. A similar one over each ear, and an extra-perky one at the back of her head, completed a halo scarcely angelical in effect. Under this crown, of glory or otherwise, that defied the kindly boudoir cap, Betty's features took on sharp angles, her eyebrows tilted alarmingly as they followed the tightly drawn hair in the

curlers, and the expression of her whole face was the completely surprised one seen on some good-natured puppy that has just been slapped across the nozzle.

"Do you think George will still want to marry me after I've told him?" she queried between tears.

"Told him what?"

"Why, that my hair isn't curly, and that I have to put it up at night on curlers?"

"Betty, child, what nonsense you're talking. You don't need even to mention the subject to him. He's probably never given it a thought. He'll get used to the curlers. Don't say anything about them. Act as if they were a matter of course, and he will too."

"But Mother, you don't understand at all. It would be all right with most men, but George—George—," more sobs interrupted the protest.

"Well," came Mother's tart voice, "George isn't any better than any other man. I guess his nature isn't so sensitive but what he can stand seeing your hair in curlers at night. Only—you do look awfully funny."

"Mother," desperately, "don't you see? George—George thinks my hair is naturally curly—"

"Well, he can change his mind, can't he?"

"—and he said—he said—one day—that he was so thankful I had curly hair, because—because—he never in all the world, could marry a girl that put her hair up on curlers, and looked like a fright when she went to bed at night, and got up again in the morning!"

"That was your chance to break it gently. What did you say?"

"Oh, Mother, that's just it! I simply didn't have the nerve to tell him I was

one of the frights, so I—I—I said I was thankful too!"

"Well," said Mother, "you *have* done it now!"

* * * * *

II.

Some weeks later, Betty stepped up to the altar, and her face was calm, nay, triumphant. She could look marriage with George unflinchingly in the face.

"Betty," Mother had said one day, "I have it. You can put your hair up during the daytime, while George is at the office. Three or four hours a day, on those electric curlers, would make it just about right."

And Betty, glorious under orange blossoms and a halo of fluffy hair, with a wayward curl or so, became a smiling bride.

* * * * *

III.

The newly-wed apprenticeship was over. Clerks no longer smiled when Betty had patent egg-beaters and new-fangled dishpans sent to Mrs. George, with the accent on the Mrs. George had stopped addressing Betty as Tweetie. They had become enrolled under the great genus of sober American married folks. It was the second anniversary of their wedding.

George kissed Betty affectionately as he left the breakfast table. She watched him with loving eyes as he took his hat from the hall rack, and went out of the door and down the street. Leaving the table, she went up stairs, took a small box from the left hand bureau drawer, drew out five of

(Continued on page 31)

OUR DISTINGUISHING TRAIT

"What is the most outstanding characteristic of the University of Wisconsin woman?" This question was put to a number of members of the faculty representing many different departments, following varying philosophies of life, and gleaning their opinions from divergent experience, and the answers vary almost as much as the personalities of the faculty members themselves. The one thing they almost universally show does not characterize the Wisconsin woman; it is a comment on the men who make the answers. Courtesy and seriousness are evident in almost every reply,—and it must be admitted that the query, in this age of cynicism and uncertainty, gave opportunity, to those so inclined, for ill-considered witticisms and flippant sarcasm. But the replies speak for themselves.

"Open-mindedness and initiative in thought and action, together with faithful devotion to their studies and a kind and helpful spirit towards others, have always characterized the women of the University of Wisconsin. May this continue to be true in the future," says one of the closest observers of student life—Prof. Kahlenberg. That is truly a courageous statement, for the lack of openmindedness and initiative in woman is the last defense of the man who believes that a woman's sphere has definite boundaries, while man's is limitless.

But Prof. Kahlenberg is not alone in his belief that university women may truthfully plead "Not guilty" to the charge of narrowness and conservatism.

"The chief characteristics I see in University women are intellectual honesty and freedom from prejudice. While they may not be better thinkers than the men, I think they keep their mental machinery in better condition," writes Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson.

One may linger over his statement a little, too, because mental machinery is apt to be pretty well revealed in English 5 or 108!

It takes a mathematician, however, to touch one of the fundamental difficulties with a large percentage of feminine thinkers. Prof. E. B. Skinner—he of advanced calculus—expresses the belief "that the outstanding characteristic of the women of the University of Wisconsin is the desire to know facts rather than to master processes or to make generalizations. Their attitude in the recitation room, the nature of the courses they elect most freely, as well as the nature of those that they avoid," all seem to him to bear out this statement.

Prof. F. C. Sharp's reply does not contradict Mr. Skinner's but it emphasizes a different side. "Class-room conscientiousness" is his answer—quite appropriate from a student of morals and ethics. Yet a woman may be conscientious and still in her zeal for facts and details miss the main thing—the "processes" and "generalizations" which will make a mere "course" not only a means to three credits toward graduation but tissue of her life itself.

A subtle comparison of the scholarship of men and women is contained in a contribution from Prof. Friedrich

Bruns. "The question you propound is a very difficult one, all the more so since a short time ago my belief that women as a sex have certain characteristics, even as men have, was shattered. A woman of erudition and experience, learned in the ancient humanities, informed me that women can never be judged as a sex but only as individuals. Being a mere man, I bow before this verdict as I ought. If I may, however, return to my former unenlightened state, I might agree with one of my colleagues in the English department who said that 'femininity' was the most outstanding characteristic of the women of the University. I might also say that the women usually 'gravitate to the front', a phenomenon commonly observed in all mixed classes. This could be equally well explained by a desire of the men to get to the back for some reason or other. Years ago a profesosr used to comment on his 'weak back' in a class to which it was my privilege to belong."

"Rare is the woman student who has discovered the happy art of combining work and play in the same life. Some co-eds, absorbed in social life, look upon academic work as an annoying hindrance and try to use social arts to overcome it. Others, absorbed in work, entirely forget that 'all work and no play—' etc. But a few have broadened their lives sufficiently to include both activities. Those few are the outstanding among the women of the University of Wisconsin," says G. M. Hyde.

And in direct antithesis is Prof. W. I. King's analysis of the girl who studies economics. "The most outstanding characteristic of this group," re avers, "is their mental equilibrium. Very few are of the silly, sentimental

type; on the other hand, very few are of the all-business, masculine type; only an insignificant fraction are extremists of any sort. The great majority are modest in their demeanor, attentive and painstaking in their work, and still are able to do their share in a social way in a most creditable manner."

Prof. H. M. Kallen could not resist the temptation to wax alliterative on the same theme. In terms most unphilosophic he asserts: "The most outstanding characteristic of women in the University is their ability to combine scholarship with gaiety, highbrows with high heels, long memories with shirt skirts, tango with thinking and illation with everything. I suspect that these characteristics are not hereditary, but acquired. The most outstanding hereditary characteristic of the women of the University seems to be their muliebriety — a quality never found in men." It is well worth looking up two words in the dictionary to get the full meaning of that!

A very characteristic reply is that of Mr. H. A. Watt. One of his students could easily spot it as his among fifty others. "When I first came to Wisconsin, the women students of the university impressed me at once as being quite the most wide-awake and cheery and buoyant group I had ever met; and I have not changed my mind about them since. They are not afraid to attempt anything, and I have never known them to look back when once their hands were on the plow. The girl in one of my classes this past semester who insisted upon an arrangement by which she might write her mid-semester examination while she was confined to her room with a broken an-

kle, and another girl in the same class who reported for work smiling a day or two after she had broken her arm showed only a spirit which is typical. Moreover, the Wisconsin women do everything with a rush and enjoyment and cheerfulness which is refreshing. Truly they are the granddaughters of the pioneer wives who helped to build up the great Middle-West."

"How easy and how extremely polite, to hide behind Wisconsin's triumph of virtues—democracy, progressiveness, efficiency—and bestow them glibly on her daughters," reads a card from Prof. Warner Taylor. "I suppose one could do it, too, and preserve a tender conscience. But it has struck me that our women, forceful, vital—run the gamut of energetic epithets—lack an understanding of how they may best adapt their lives to their century. There is too little thought of a professional future on our campus—and on others—too much of the needs of the moment."

Perhaps the lack of serious thought for their futures which a proportion of Wisconsin women certainly show goes hand in hand with the tendency another English professor mentions. "The women of Wisconsin," thinks Prof. O. J. Campbell, "are over-social. They do not enjoy themselves enough—themselves as individuals and themselves as women. The men are a part of their world seven days a week. If the doors of the sorority houses and all other doors behind which are women could be shut resolutely on men for at least five days a week, college women would incidentally enjoy the men more and find new vistas of stimulating life with each other opening before them."

"Beauty!" Brief and biological comes this reply to our question from Prof. A. S. Pearse, and we pause doubtfully, mindful of rumors we have heard that, outside the lecture room, his sayings are not always what they seem on the surface. And when Mr. B. I. Kinne's reply comes we are convinced. "The most outstanding characteristic of the women of the University of Wisconsin is and always has been, to my mind and senses, their excruciatingly bad taste in clothes." A rather serious indictment for college women. Is there perhaps more than a grain of truth in it?

Fearlessness is the quality underscored by Prof. E. A. Ross in his analysis of Wisconsin women. "The young women of the University conduct themselves with a freedom, ease and naturalness which is never found in girls who have learned to be on their guard against the wiles and malicious gossip of men," he says.

A soldier's preference is indicated in the reply made by Lieutenant P. G. Wrightson: "It is difficult to pick out *the* most prominent characteristic of Wisconsin girls. But if hard-pressed for choice, I would say—Tact—the kind that makes the stranger feel at home, the kind that springs from a genuine womanliness, the kind that every real manly man admires above all other qualities."

"They are not like their mothers," remarks Mr. F. A. Ernst, possibly intending to be caustic. If that is true, many a girl's dearest desire has not been granted. There are few Wisconsin women who do not wish to be like their mothers in the most important things, but may they not draw conso-

lation from the fact that their mothers in most cases are not like their grandmothers?

Perhaps Prof. Carl Russell Fish comes the nearest to the truth when he says: "The outstanding characteristic of the women of the University of Wisconsin seems to be that they are so charmingly normal—that is, they are all different." Perhaps Prof. M. C. Otto was justified in evading this ques-

tion exactly as he is accustomed to evade giving his own opinions on God, man and nature, e. g., by telling a charming story about some one else. "Your request," he writes, "reminds me of a letter once said to have been received by William Jones. The letter read something like this: 'Enclosed find check. Please tell me as much as you can about the Absolute for a dollar.'"

THREE YEARS OF HIS LIFE

By Esther L. Forbes

HUN in his Einlein car was going home, ripping home, racing himself now that the "other fellows" in their machines had left him. For six hours they had been doing what they called "seeing New England." The point of the game—if it had a point—was to see who could go through the greatest number of towns in a given length of time. Although moto-police had buzzed in their wake there had been no arrests. Luck was with the law-breakers, no arrests and no accidents.

Hun was shockingly dirty, tired and absurdly happy, and he was lonely enough to want noise! so with a, "You devil-bird speak up!" he cut out the gagging muffler. The Einlein spoke up. Its din leaped thru the flat twilight. A farmer sitting at supper with his wife cursed "these rich folks' fresh kids, that had autimobiles before they had the heads to run 'em." Half a mile

beyond a motor-cyclist in plain blue uniform turned back from what had been his homeward journey, and, with exasperation took up the trail again. For two hours he had followed one, then another of the boys. It was useless. The number were smudged with oil and dust, telephoning had been time wasted, and if caught what good to arrest such utter idiots. Fathers pay fines. Dangling after these imps was no man's job—let the state hire nurse-maids. Now this challenge came—this coughing of the unmuffled motor. As a challenge he accepted it.

Hun heard him, just a faint throbbing down in the valley he had barely left. His keen, handsome face lighted up all over, as a fox-terrier's does when he knows someone will play with him. Followed eh? He licked his dust-caked lips. Something to tell the fellows tomorrow! He tried some cross-roads. Every turn was copied, so here was proof. "Gre-er-erup," his horn queried.

No answer, then the siren wailed like an insolent demon. The race was on.

"After us, old girl," he chuckled. The Einlein began to speed. Before him, on the grey road, the quivering radiance of the head-lights danced like a brave spirit showing the way to escape. To right and left the farm lands rolled away into the drab and yellow gloom. Hun was alone plunging through the quietness, Hun and his follower, the hunter he must escape.

"Come on now, you're loafing. Call it forty." The car jumped. It exhilarated him—this chase. The passion of hunting is strong enough, but not to be compared with the frenzy of eluding. The child prefers to hide rather than to find, and Hun in spite of his eighteen years was still a child. He purred bits of rag-time, as he whipped the corners, infinitely pleased with himself, the car, and the something after him. "Sist! Beat it!" The staccato panting seemed to have suddenly grown louder. The man had gained already. But forty an hour was nothing to the Einlein's power and condition.

"Do your best little Einlein. So! huh, so! your best." But the best did not out-distance the man. He hung to the trail wolfishly. Vague fears began to mix in the boy's exultation when after an hour the pursuer still pursued. An hour had carried them many miles and tired them both. The man's face had frozen into iron lines of determination—he would get what he was after. The race was beginning to tell even on Hun's callow, eighteen-year nerves, he only wanted to get away. He began to slide into a deep valley, the engine giving great cackles and loose rattlings that shook the dull air and echoed. Hun was too tired—too keyed-up to have

good judgment any longer. The echo he took for another motorcycle approaching him, another policeman. One behind, one before, so he was trapped. In that moment he learned what the hunted fox and hare suffer. His teeth bit into dusty lips.

"We'll do it yet!" he cried to the Einlein. The racer lurched to the left, and the headlights leaped before, boring long holes in the gloom of the roadside. A hidden cart-path appeared, branching from the state road. The lights showed the way to escape. It seemed the one chance. Hun took it. The path began with a mud hole, it gripped the tires like hands. For a second he stuck, not until the throttle was opened to its widest did the Einlein kick itself free. Then it burst forward frantically and struck against a tree trunk. Hun fell forward on to the wheel, the breath knocked out of him. He was in darkness for the headlights were shivered to pieces. The blinded machine still staggered on. Closer behind him came the chug of the motor-cycle. Now Hun knew by the feel that he was off the path, entirely lost. Then quietly, in front of him, out of the spotted darkness, a human form rose. Hun cried his warning too late. The machine crushed it to earth. So sudden, so murderous was the blow there was no out-cry—only the hideous jolt. The Einlein pitched forward, stopped at last. And Hun Marot got out dazed and wondering, and came back groping for the damage he had done.

"Have I hurt you?" he called to the shadows and the brush. The words seemed bitterly inadequate. "Where are you? Have I hurt you?" There was no answer and he sweated at the

thought of death. It was somewhere in the unclean, hot darkness. But the enemy had followed him even here. A pant of engine, a glitter of green and white lights stopped near him and a tall figure lurched sideways off the motor-cycle. It was a quiet sort of man, greyer and thinner than Hun thought policemen ever were. Hun met him with a brave mannishness of manner.

"I've hurt someone."

"Here?"

"Yes, and I—I can't find him." The policeman began a systematic search. Hun, sick and unnerved, did nothing, he dreaded finding the mangled body. The man knelt suddenly and flashed his pocket light. He was examining. Hun tried to speak, made no sound, then managed,—

"Is he hurt, *terribly* hurt?" The man did not answer immediately. He sat back on his heels and looked at the boy, who was tall and square, almost like a man, but was still a boy. He studied him, and considered him, then glanced at the black mound at his feet.

"He is dead." The three quiet words echoed and ring in Hun's ears. "Dead," and a hundred little voices caught up the word, trying to hammer it into Hun's unresponding brain. The policeman's voice cut through them.

"The lawyers will call this 'manslaughter', but murder it is. Murder! You've taken wicked chances before. I know that face of yours. You're Marot, aren't you, and your cronies call you 'Hun'?"

"Yes, and—and—"

"Come here and see what you have done." Hun drew back shaking,—that was the child in him.

"Then keep away! You can't look

your own cursed work in the face." His voice grew milder again.

"Get into that car, and go to the Riverfield police station and give yourself up. I'll telephone from the nearest house I can find, that you are coming and make arrangements for *this*." He nodded at the sprawling body. Hun stared, he had not comprehended a word.

"I said," began the man, then, "Wake up, wake up! Listen to me."

Hun was in the Einlein again, the shiver of the starting engine sickened him.

"Riverfield?" he murmured absently. "It isn't even in this state."

"Only eight miles from here. We covered some space. Follow the state road you left for this cart-path of yours, and you will fetch it. Any one will tell you where the police station is, and *think*, even if it is for the first time in your life, think on what you have done."

Hun was glad to get away, he did not want to see the horror. It was well to leave it behind. He could not think, but clamorous questions, persistent accusations shook him. Two miles, three miles, and he began to realize what he had done and to suffer understandingly the way a man does, but he lacked a man's strength and experience. The knowledge crushed him and he sank abjectly and hysterically. How do people look dead. Not decently dead like his great uncle in a rosewood casket, but freshly and brutally killed. At least he was going away from the thing, and he increased his speed. But he was afraid of another figure rearing before the wheels, and he broke down to eight miles an hour. If any one saw him, he argued, they would think he was afraid to face justice at Riverfield.

Escape was not only impossible but unwanted. How the thoughts kept coming, perhaps for the first time. An hour more of this solitude would, he thought, leave him crazy. There was a stiff, dull pain in his throat he would never forget.

Soon Riverfield's suburbs were begun. He reached the glittering, downtown district. Hun welcomed the lights and the traffic that interfered with his thoughts. Within two blocks they tired him. "If I could only go to bed now. I could think this out tomorrow." Mechanically he got directions from a man standing on the curb. Then there was a flight of granite steps, lighted by two orange balls on which was, "POLICE—POLICE." A plump man, very pink, sat behind a high desk. An electric fan sang behind him and the other brass-buttoned men. The air was visible with oozy coils of tobacco smoke. The plump man said—just as though he had once been a floor-walker: "What may I do for you?"

Everyone stopped talking. Hun's tired lines and somber eyes made him look years older than he really was, they made his face more in keeping with his strong, well-grown body. His voice came as from a hollow depth.

"I guess you'd better lock me up. I've just killed someone—," no one moved. "Killed some one," his frank, now blood-shot, grey eyes sought the lieutenant who was running through a pile of memorandums on his desk.

"This must be young Marot," he murmured to himself, "And yes, here we have it. There was a phone about you Marot." He held up a slip of paper level with his eyes, almost at arms-length and read majestically, "As the crime was committed in Massachusetts'

—this is Connecticut, you know—'Marot must be sent back to the scene of the accident for arrest by Massachusetts authority' So back you go."

"Go back?" Hun echoed hopelessly, and shivered, for if they had not carried IT away he would be obliged to face his handiwork.

"Can't I stay here for the night? You could put me in a cell and tomorrow morning I will—" One man laughed.

"No sir! You do as told in police stations, see?"

Hun started back to the horror from which he had fled. He was very sure that it would still be there. If the man lived near-by, the family would be there too. The family! The word cleared his vision and at that second it became his father that he had killed, his brother. The dead man's family was his. In his fever-clear imagination he saw his mother bending over the poor body, and little sister Dolly was there, and Maurice just beginning to cry. Tears blinded the sight of the road.

The valley of the catastrophe was reached, and he saw the green and white lights of the motorcycle flash through the wayside brush. He left the Einlein on the state road and came to the place where the man waited. His eyes past him and he saw the black figure, unmoved, still sprawling on the ground.

"So you are back again."

"Yes," said Hun. The man made no comment but his shrewd, questioning eyes watched the boy.

"Couldn't *he* be carried to a better place? There's a house a half mile back."

"Fact, but I couldn't carry him alone and you didn't even look at him."

"But he can't stay here all night, guess I could help. Have you found out who he is? Has his—his—family heard, do they know yet?"

"Huh-hum, we have been thinking, haven't we? Less than two hours ago we didn't care who he was, or whether he had a family or not, didn't even help find him—scared weren't we? Didn't care about him, just scared and wobbly and wanted to get away. I let you get away and I made you come back again." He paused—a long pause. "I was talking with a florist a while ago," he continued irrelevantly, "he told me how some plants he'll hold back and then do everything under heaven to make the thing bloom sudden and all over. That's what has happened to you, Hun Marot. You've led a guarded young sort of a life, and this is the thing that has come to force you forward. You are three years older than you were two hours ago." Where was he getting to with his talk of florists and years.

"I know, I know," Hun fretted, "Three years!" and he laughed because it seemed to him ten years ago that he had left the other fellows and started home in the twilight. "But now what can I do for him?"

"You can't do much for the dead that really does any good."

"Yes, for his family."

"I don't believe he had a family." Hun approached but the policeman drew himself between him and the body. "Listen! What has happened here has left its mark on you, scarred

you for life, don't I know? for *life*. Now you may go look at your corpse if you want to." They bent over it together. It was shapeless and littered with straw.

"Why!" said Hun, "he had a wooden leg."

"Huh, look at the other one." The pocket light flashed on it.

"Two wooden legs?—oh" Straw and sticks, sacking and an old coat. It was a scare-crow. Hun raised his white face without a word or ejaculation, but his grave eyes shone.

"You understand?"

"Yes, I believe I do. I understand."

"You were such a young one, you didn't know how a thing like this hurts. Once—very long ago—I killed someone, just careless-like, like this. I've thought so many times, 'If I only had known', I grew up and grew old before the trial was over." Hun grasped the hand offered him, his own hand was quivering.

"So it's all a dream, a hideous dream?"

"No, for the three years you added onto your eighteen will stay by you. And I suppose you were breaking the speed laws."

"I believe I was." The man laughed softly, and turned towards his motorcycle.

"Yes, it is a fact, but you see, certain crimes outlaw in three years, speeding is one of them. That was all done several years ago by a young chap called "Hun." I couldn't arrest you for it now. So good night, good luck, Mr. Marot."

EUROPE TO US

By Maude Louise Parker



IN the War Zone one encounters emotional experiences of a peculiar depth unequalled elsewhere.

It is not the emotion which I now remember in connection with the Spanish-American war — a lazy picture of young ladies eager for brass buttons, and of many military bands—nor is it the emotion which sweeps over an audience when a poor vaudeville performance is concluded by the appeal of the American flag, with an orchestra accompaniment of *The Star Spangled Banner*. The feelings aroused by the belligerent countries of Europe today are of a vastly different kind.

Yet emotion which is pure emotion, and cannot be turned into constructive thinking is worse than futile, for it is pernicious in its effect. So I am less concerned with the emotional reactions to the actualities of war which can only be felt on the other side of the Atlantic, than with the results of these reactions. And since the results which have to do with Europe would be of little avail now, I am particularly concerned with my new ideas in regard to our own country.

I have asked many foreigners what they think of the United States. But one day an astute Russian asked me what *I* thought of my country. This is a more difficult question. He said that he had travelled a great deal, and that though he had never visited America he had met many of my compatriots in Europe.

“Asking your pardon, I will say that they are usually divided into two classes,” he continued. “There are those fearful persons—usually men, and from your West, I believe,—who always refer to the States as ‘God’s country’ and insist that in it you have the best of everything—no matter what it is, nor how impossible it is for your country to excel in it.”

He shrugged his shoulders in true Russian fashion. “But the other kind? I think they are even worse. They always deny that America even equals Europe in anything, and are so pleased if they are taken for the English. I cannot understand such people.”

“The war will change both kinds of people” I assured him.

“Then it will have accomplished one good thing,” he said gravely.

I believe that he is right. Not because the war will correct the superficial perspectives of these people, but because for them and for the country which they represent the war will mean an adjustment of the real values which they have so crudely expressed.

* * * * *

I have seen a man shot down in the streets of London by a khaki-coated soldier whose rough hands became red with blood as he clutched at his prisoner’s throat in a vain endeavor to make the man talk; I have seen men lying dead in railway stations in Russia; I have fed starving Polish refugees; I have watched British sailors take a German of military age off the neutral passenger boat on which I sailed across

the North Sea, and lower him like a sack of potatoes into a tiny, lurching boat, filled with Christmas wreaths to decorate the man of war near by for its celebration of 'Peace on Earth.' Yet there is nothing to be done about any of these things. Europe does not want nor need our assistance. But we of America are in desperate need of one great resource, left now to us alone—that of clear thinking.

Experts tell us of our need of military defense, and wisely; economists talk pertinently of exports and imports; but back of these forces, guiding them, is the Spirit of America, and this demands for the first time, the attention of us all.

Like Topsy, America has 'just growed'. All too quickly we have attained those material comforts and enervating luxuries which ought only to have been earned in a long period of pioneering. Then we might have had a truer idea of their value. Now we have none. We have not earned our wealth by the sweat of our brow, and as a result we, a new people, have cities as big and as corrupt as any products of old, decadent, civilizations. We have an ever-increasing idle class of men and women, and many of us have either an indulgent contempt for the country and government which makes our over-ripe prosperity possible, or a blind belief that they are perfect. Both attitudes are equally destructive to growth.

If we can learn the lessons which the War has for us, we shall be the wisest of all nations. If we can execute the ideas which evolve from these mastered lessons, we shall be the strongest of all nations. Europe is doing her best to give us an object lesson—a huge, terrible, living picture of what not to be.

But beyond this, for those who can see, she is showing us the futility of certain copy book ideals which America has, or believes she has. We talk much of the sacredness of human life; it is travesty today to weep over one soldier when the number of the dead already totals in millions. We shudder at the thought of bloodshed; the people of Europe whose blood is being shed have no time to indulge in such sentimental luxury. We speak of conviction of the rights of individuals; the thousands upon thousands who form one unit of a fighting army laugh at such fallacy. Our vision of life is too small, just as our vision of patriotism is too small. We must grow, to live.

I have just read a poem by a young man who prefaces it with an apology for such depth of patriotism. Such a paradox is amusing enough, but the poem exceeds it in unconscious humor. There is a great deal of the cheaply emotional appeal, a great many references to the beauties and benefits we derive from America. And the keynote of the poem is gratefulness that we are at peace! There can be no patriotism in an attitude like this, for it sees in America only a haven of safety—of safety for the individual resident therein. It might as well be Norway, Switzerland, Holland, or any other place where there was an assurance that men would not be called upon to fight. It is like a man who hides in a cave where he feels he is safe, and then boasts loudly about his loyalty for that cave. It does not carry conviction.

There are two steps necessary today, and the biggest one means a change of attitude, so that we may consider, not
(Continued on page 39.)

THE SWAMP

Miss George Anundsen, '18



THE swamp is like that; it haunts you, compels you, calls you back after you have left it. It is yours with all its mystery and allurements, you are enamoured, enchanted and won; you trust and try to learn its secret—and then it kills you.

Once you have loved the swamp you can never forget it, and once you have felt the desire to conquer it you can never rest until you have tried success—and found your answer.

You must know the swamp in all its charming moods before you can understand its power. You must see it in the winter, snow-sealed and oh so still! The tamaracs and balsams bend their green arms beneath pointed pads of frost-filled snow that gleams like grated diamonds; they are penitent burden-bearers that seem too weary to move, and yet are clad in a great God-sent peace. The swamp is at its devotions in winter, it is the lenten time of the low places.

You must see evening fall among the tamaracs, winter evening that comes softly like a novice snuffing the candles in a great cathedral after mass. Night in the swamp is not black; it is blue, deep, vivid blue, so vivid that it seems like light not darkness, and so clear that it seems thinner and more transparent than air. It comes inch by inch, and it deepens and darkens until the snow is an indigo shadow and the tree-trunks and shrubs are shadows of a shadow.

You must smell spring as it comes

out of the south and touches the frozen swamp into life. The waters turn from ebony to silver among the tree-roots and the crisp grasses, and the snow burdens on the branches fall with a soft plop into the earthy hollows.

Little winds start in the open places and go rustling along the painted ways of the forest halls carrying with them like a banner the smell of moist thawing earth and the pungence of softening sap. The edge of things becomes green, faintly, subtly green at first—rampantly, triumphantly green later, so green that a great longing comes into your heart and your arms, and you long to gather it all close, close never to lose or forget it.

The swamp in summer hums and murmurs and is damply hot. The flowers are big and bright-hued and self-assured. They sway to the breadth of wind you cannot feel, and admire themselves in waters that seep among long fine grasses where you cannot see them.

The swamp in summer is like a Cleopatra, with kisses that are too warm and soft, with eyes that are too alluring and arms that caress too often—and yet you love it. You slip into the arms, you return the kisses, and then comes the desire to possess.

There was a builder once who saw the swamp in summer—but he was a builder and he did not feel the lure of colorfulness and the sweet breath of enchantment. He felt only the mystery of the untamed and the desire to enchain.

"Build! Build! Build!" he cried about to men, and "Yield! Yield! Yield!" he cried to the swamp, and because no answer came from the heart of the tamaracs he thought he had conquered.

Men cut a huge scar across the heart of the swamp, and at the fall of every tree trunk the sullen angry murmur of the swamp hid itself beneath the swish of falling needles.

They brought steel rails and wooden ties and great loads of yellow sand that they dumped by carloads in among the mutilated stumps, and they saw it disappear before their eyes into the depth of the ravenous earth. But they were builders and they tore down hills and buried them in the black, seeping waters of the swamp, the hungry, waiting swamp.

The dry fall came, yellowing the grasses, turning the green needles to brown and drawing back the waters from the thirst quenched roots. The broad winged marsh-birds hung for a moment over the forest, black triangles against the blue sky, and then went on to the distant lake. The crows rose in noisy indignant flocks from the plundered seed pods crying out at the fate which brought winter to disturb them.

Ice sealed the water paths, men withdrew reluctantly, and the swamp tried to heal the great wound in her breast.

Spring came back with her webs of green and her master-keys of warmth, and men came back with their rails, their ties, their clanging mallets and their puffing, officious little engines, with their pulleys and guy-ropes and their never-ending trains of sand. They thought the swamp had forgotten because the waters did not creep back

among the roots and glisten evilly in the filtered sunlight, and because the satiated ground no longer swallowed their sands.

So they toiled, planning and building and triumphing until the grade looked like a huge brown well through the greenness of the swamp.

Gleaming rails and miles of parallel ties marked the course of the conquest of builders, concrete piles and trestles of iron hidden deep in the rift of gravel held it as a vice and it stood without a tremor while huge trains thundered over it.

The swamp lay passive, dormant, cowed. The trees died slowly where the smoke of passing locomotives smothered their tops and the sand strangled their gnarled roots. Their skeletons stood for a while, grimly guarding the sanctuary of the forest heart and when they fell a sigh went through the tamaracs.

Men said they had conquered the swamp; it was an achievement to be proud of and they were justly proud as can be only those men who have worked with their minds and their hands and have succeeded.

One night the swamp spoke! It turned in its chained silence and then was dumb, but the work of man was broken. A few ties, a piece of rail or two and here and there, a rift of sand or an end of a steel girder marked the masterpiece that had been.

Spring and summer soften, fall dries, and winter seals again the swamp, and we who love it love it still, but we never seek to learn its secret and we never seek to follow its paths, but we never, never forget them.

DIEGESIS

“Where are the snows of yester year?”
The whitening locks, the flag of truth,
The seasons’ challenge of us all
Proclaiming messages of peace
To warring passions, strong in youth?

Where are the manners, staid and kind,
The heritage of ages gone,
Which marked the woman, gently raised—
Tho’ gay and giddy at sixteen
At sixty, to the manor born?

The law of change, the gift of years,
The kindly halo, silver lined—
Where is it now on street or car,
In picture show or dancing hall,
In stately church, oh, who can find?

No more can youth on youth depend,—
The shortened skirt, the striking shoe,
The outline trim, the gait demure
And golden locks or even brown,
Surmounted by a hat askew.

A sailor hat a gaudy thing
Which only youth with color bright
And face unlined, expressionless,
Could hope to win forgiveness mute:
Who sold the dyes to make this fright?

’Twas German’s skill and “Kultur” rare
Which turned the customs upside down,
Providing dyes to which we rush
When first we view the whitening hair—
And taught us how to change it brown.

—H. Omec Head.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

By Zona Gale, '95.

(By permission of the author and *The Bookman*.)



SHOULD like to say that the day's work means to me only the "joy of the job." I wish that this were true for all of us. It will be true, some centuries away, or else the race will have failed. But I do not see the joy of the job can be the whole story, yet, for any one of us.

I have a friend who says:

"Once I asked somebody that I thought ought to know, what they meant when they said 'work.' Never, not if I live till my dying day, will I forget how mixed up they got me. 'Work,' says they, 'is duty.' 'But,' I says, after a while, 'I don't believe in duty. I believe in joy.' They looked shocked to death. I could see it. But I stuck to it—and I stick to it.

"Only I know something else: That away on ahead of both duty and joy, there sits something or other that is what work is really inside. But that's beyond the A. class. And beyond the High School. And right on up into the universities. I 'most said, into the universalities."

In all of which I agree with my friend.

Evidently, she and I can make the joyful admission that we are free of the old Hebraic idea of work. But this only means that we have perhaps managed so to be born, physically or mentally, that the curse of toil is not individually upon us, as it is upon most of our fellows—a sad admission, after all, when we meant to be so joyful.

Given this supreme special privilege, and what does the day's work mean to her and to me? Not the handling of a tool to get comforts. Not work degraded by failure to recognize it. Not even the brandishing of a weapon to fight for some belief. Not, surely, the unconscious joy of the job, when most of the people of the world never know what it is to have work which is joy, and never, then, know work in the real sense. And not, of course, by any means just a game. What then?

To me the first requisite of the day's work is that it be co-operative. And the co-operators are (1) The rest of the workers and drudges of the world; and (2) all those who are not workers or drudges. And the object of the day's work, whether or not one is conscious of that object, must be one which will affect, however remotely, that whole silent company of the people.

This sense, not of *me, working*, but of *the people, working*, I believe to be the lamp to light all work.

I am always wanting so much to tell it to women, the hundreds of thousands of women, who have the skill to perform a craft or a profession, but whom our system has tied to domestic work which they do not like, or to shop or factory work under conditions which they endure. They have the attitude of heroic, individual resignation. Things, they say, are as they are, and cannot be changed. It is necessary to accept, to renounce all thought of anything else, to go through the routine, as one's

duty. This becomes life. And so long as one has the individualistic outlook, this is probably the best that one can do. One's relief then comes in looking forward to an individualistic heaven in which these things shall stop being so, and where there shall be rest and beauty and joy. First, observe, there shall be rest—eternal rest. The cessation of work, which under right conditions should be their greatest joy, becomes the greatest joy conceivable.

But the spirit of the day's work which I mean would say something else, namely: "Things are as they are, but they are changing. It is necessary for the time being to accept, but it is essential not to renounce all thought of anything else. It is essential to work for something else. *We are the people, working.*" The day's work then will never consist in resignation to this task or that routine. It will be work with one hand while the other hand is stretched out to make way for those changes which shall transform work for us all. This is the validity of trade unionism, of the woman movement, of community awakening, of all constructive solidarity. These say good-bye to all the individual resignations. These say hail to every form of social growth. And this spirit makes all the difference between the day's drudgery and the day's work.

I confess that I do not see how people go on who have the individual outlook. The amount of the brute courage of endurance which has gone into resignation is enough, discreetly applied, to make the world over. It is the apotheosis of the destructive courage of the suicide or of the soldier. When work shall be done with socially constructive courage alone, and stoop nei-

their to endurance nor to any destructive method, then the ancient Hebraic idea will begin to lift from the day's work of the world.

If I make a *credo* for the day's work, it would not be a *credo*, either, beginning *I believe*, but rather a *cognosco*, beginning as Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "*credos*" begin, with *I understand*:

I understand that my day's work is not much; but that the day's work of the race is everything.

I understand that individual relationship to spirit and to the rest of the race depends largely on the day's work of the race.

I understand that the growth of the race into its next form is largely conditioned by the day's work of the race.

I understand that as long as one man, woman, or child is missing what the day's work might be, I, too, am missing what the day's work might be.

Since a subject such as this is bound to be personal anyway, I am going to risk including a letter which came to me lately. It said:

"Could Calliope Marsh (a character in some stories of mine) tell me whether or not it is necessary to be happy?"

"Or is doing one's duty enough?"

"I have reached a place where happiness and duty seem to be as far apart as the poles, and Calliope doesn't seem to say anything to help me.

"Can you?"

I quote the letter because it is the quandary of so many, and because I believe the answer to be:

"Neither is enough."

According to this definition of the day's work: Duty is not enough. And happiness is not enough. But the sense of *the people working, the people, growing*, can be as intoxicating to the worker as any mob spirit. It is *the* mob spirit,

(Continued on page 31.)

THE ODD JOB MAN

By K. Bernice Stewart, '16.

IT was the middle of January, but there was not snow enough to cover the bare ground, and when the sun shone the slush stood in all the roads that led to the mill. The owner of the little mill walked the floor of his shabby office, and despair was written on his face. He stopped in front of the window and looked out on the clear blue of the afternoon sky.

"If it would only freeze up and snow," he thought, as he looked with disgust on the pleasant day without. "Even at this late day we could get out enough timber to tide us over till spring."

He walked to his desk and picked up a letter which lay open on it.

"It's bad enough for me to fail," went on the mill-owner, "without having to drag so many down with me. I knew I wouldn't pay any more wages till spring, but I thought I could at least hand out provisions. And now—" here he smiled hopelessly as though he were persuading himself there were nothing left to do but grin and stand it, "now I get word that there'll be no more supplies sent till I pay a few bills."

A knock at the office door interrupted these grim thoughts, and in a moment the tall spare form of Abel Wright entered. A fit of coughing overtook him before he sat down, and it was some moments before he could speak.

"I reckon this winter is gettin' the best of me, too," he began, as though he knew exactly what was in the mill-owner's mind. "The mill is goin' to lack an

odd-job man if things geep goin' this way." And again his lean frame shook violently with coughing.

"I'm sorry to see you worse, Abel, but it'll freeze up soon and get brisk. Then you'll feel better like all the rest of us will."

"No," said Abel, decisively. "Don't build any hopes on it's snowing just because it usually does in the winter. Weather and people are two things you can't depend on. They're always doing something you don't expect them to."

The mill-owner did not note the prophetic sound of Abel's words, and the odd-job man went on, "Well, boss what you goin' to do about it? These folks got to have grub, the same as anybody else. The store's gettin' barer than Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and it don't look like it's going to fill up soon either."

"I know, I know," said the mill-owner hastily, twisting the charm on his watch chain and wrinkling his brow. He was groping hopelessly about for a solution to an apparently insolvable problem.

"You can't sell the mill," continued Abel, as though he were telling the mill-owner something he didn't already know, "because she ain't worth the paper her insurance is written on, now that the lumber's all taken out."

Abel was saying much more than most odd-job men say to their employers, but the mill-owner nodded assent to everything his visitor said.

"Abel," he said, "I'm at my rope's
(Continued on page 30.)

LETTERS WHICH ARE NEVER SENT

By Marion L. Davis, '15

My dear James:

Once more you have come and gone, and I am alone. It lacks but a few minutes of twelve, and you came at eight. I thought we could exchange inconsequential trivialities, indulge in a little small talk, play a few records on the Victrola, and then I thought you would go. But you, James, thought differently.

From the very first moment you entered the door I knew there was something different about you. There was a subtle change. You were strangely silent and rather inclined to be morose. Was it possible someone had been discouraging you? Possible, but rather improbable. Yours is a nature not easily dampened, or discouraged by unkind words. I thought nothing ever affected you seriously, James, unless it were in the nature of a sharp blow from behind—say with a base-ball bat. But here, perhaps after all I had misjudged you. Perhaps you were very clever. Could it be possible that there was a vast aesthetic depth in your soul which you had kept hidden from me all these years?

I was baffled—yet immensely interested. I settled myself eagerly to an evening of your favorite pastime, to an evening talking about yourself. Your monosyllabic replies you accompanied with a sour smile. Time flew. I failed to arouse you. There was no doubt about it, your mind was elsewhere, perhaps cogitating over some great world problem from which I, *la femme*, was excluded.

At ten minutes after eleven as a last resort I asked you to sing. I knew such a request made you very happy, and I was resolved to leave no ways untried to solve the mystery of your strange behaviour. I thought I was safe, for you never sing without your music, and the night air affects your voice. Since when, James, may I ask have you taken to singing without your music? You quickly acquiesced, you stood over me, you filled your lungs, you opened your mouth to its fullest extent. I have no doubt it was very pretty, but for my part distance lends enchantment.

I have always marvelled at the remarkable volume of your slightly falsetto tenor. One by one, piece by piece, all of your repertoire followed. I could not interrupt, there was no time to interrupt. After a slight dramatic pause you hurried on to the next selection. Once I tried to divert your attention to a funny picture on the back of a magazine, but you did not even notice my timid jerk at your sleeve. James, you seemed possessed.

With great feeling and I am sure with remarkable skill you sang away the long, slow minutes. Your forte, does it not, James, lies in runs, trills and light, airy arpeggios? I thought so. You seemed so very enthusiastic, also, about holding high, high notes. Really, your enthusiasm in your voice is remarkable. Mrs. Kelly certainly is an encouraging teacher, do not deny it.

But James, what was this? You
(Continued on page 40.)

THE PAGEANT AS A SOURCE OF ART IN AMERICA

By Ethel Theodora Rockwell, '12

IT has often been said that America is not an artistic nation, that what little claim it has to things artistic reflects only the art of Europe. For the most part these accusations are true. During the hard pioneer days in the struggle to hew out a home in the forest, or in the battle against the winds and droughts of the Great American Desert, little time or thought or energy was left for the artistic. As a result the picturesque was driven pretty much out of the lives of those who had to lay the rough, heavy, solid foundation of the new republic.

Yet this element could not be entirely extinct in a people whose heritage comes from centuries of upbuilding in painting, music, architecture, sculpturing, literature, rhythmic expression and harmonious color. Americans are the descendants of every people of Europe, and they have brought with them all of their ancestors' characteristics and achievements. The hard struggle of the early days called forth those characteristics most necessary to win out in a virgin country, while others had to lie dormant, waiting to be awakened at the touch of a new necessity and a new impulse. And the pageant is the wand which is making the people conscious of their higher possibilities.

When one reflects upon the subject, he begins to realize that much of the art of Europe received its impulse first from pageantry. One has but to look at the Parthenon frieze to establish

this fact. All of the religious celebrations of the Greeks assumed the form of pageantic processions. From them the Greek sculptors and painters received their inspiration for the wonderful bits of their art that have come down to us from their temples and vases.

We find the same thing true in the remains of Egyptian and other oriental art. The Roman artists first watched the triumphal entries of heroes returning from a thousand battlefields; then they immortalized what they had seen in the sculpture upon their arches, their gateways, their temples and other great works in architecture. During the middle ages the great tapestries, such as those at Bayeaux, again reflect the pageant representations of great historic events.

The pageant has been called the art of arts for it embodies within itself and calls into play all of the other arts. Herein lies its great significance as a source of a new national art. It originates with the people themselves; they themselves develop it about their own history, their own dreams, their own aspirations; and they themselves produce it in their own natural setting. Thus everyone is given a chance for self-expression in the talent that has long been latent, longing to be called forth, yet nowhere seeing the opportunity. The result is a tremendous artistic and spiritual awakening that electrifies the participants and irradiates out to the spectators until all are bound together into one great community unit of feeling and action that is

bound to assert itself in various forms of civic betterment and art expression. A new music, a new poetry, a new bit of sculpture, a new painting, a new dance, or a new drama cannot fail to follow.

Probably Shakespeare's first introduction to the world of drama was at the time when the young Queen Bess visited Stratford and his town gave a pageant to welcome her. Who knows but that there the boy first dreamed of the plays he would some day write? Perhaps this accounts for his first dramas being chronicle plays based on the history of his own people, and for

the fact that all of his works reflect the native element.

If then, pageantry, the drama of the people, has been the foundation of the greatest art in past ages, may we not look for it to build up in America a more artistic sense that will gradually develop into a national art which is purely American because it is produced out of the lives and experiences of Americans? What an appeal such endeavor and such vivid glimpses of the past makes to the imagination of youth! And when the imagination is fired, national poetry and all national art will be born.

AWAKENING

The chill, unanswering sleep of wintry death,
 That lately laid its Titan-grasp on earth.
 Is broken by a single, silent breath—
 An unheard voice that calls the Spring to birth.

I watch the new life born with each new day,—
 I hear the sounds of waking everywhere,
 Until my own soul answers as it may,
 Spending itself in one blind, simple prayer:

Breath of the dawning, break my spirit-sleep!
 Oh, unheard Voice that charms without a word,
 Call to my soul's unfathomed slumbering deep
 Until it finds its waking, beauty-stirred!

—*Laura Mills, '16.*

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING AT WISCONSIN

The living problem at the university has been solved in part by the co-operative house furnished by the alumni of Chicago. The success of this year's experiment is evidenced by the fact that two organizations—the Madison Associated Collegiate Alumni and the women of the class of 1916—are following the lead made by the Chicago women. Funds have already been started for the new houses.

"The response has been wonderful," stated one of the A. C. A. officers in speaking of the movement. "Not only have the old members taken a pleasure in the work but the membership roll has increased. Several citizens of Madison have aided us materially." With such enthusiasm, the establishment of the A. C. A. cottage is assured.

According to the proposed plan, each group in the association is making itself responsible for one room. The contributions and pledges up to the present are: one double room by each of the following, Delta Gamma alumni, Alpha Phi chapter, and Wellesley alumni; Northwestern, a single room; and enough individual gifts have been made to furnish three additional double rooms. The dining room will be cared for by Smith College, and the living room by Bryn Mawr. There remains only the kitchen to be furnished. Each college will stamp its personality in the decorations and furnishings of its special room, and the result will be a cottage with greater individuality than any of the group.

The Blue Dragon women have met with a parallel spirit of encouragement. Senior girls have paid cheerfully their five dollars or have given

their I. O. U.'s in the same way, and half the necessary funds are certain. A group of Madison women have volunteered the funds necessary to furnish a double room and the girls are confident that a second canvass will bring the funds up to the required amount.

Reducing board to three dollars a week and rent to sixty a year are not the only advantages of the co-operative house. It has values for the university. As long as admission is based on scholarship, character and financial need, the house will aid in keeping desirable students in school and at the same time will raise the standards of university scholarship and activity by giving those students more time than they would have if they earned their board by some other method.

To the student, life in a community house means practical experience, independence, and a home. Each woman at the Mortar Board Cottage will leave school not with a vague idea that a kitchen will somehow provide meals but with a fair knowledge of how a house must be run, of buying and cooking. Instead of beginning graduate life with a debt of borrowed funds, each woman knows that by her labors she has cut her living expenses. The work at Mortar Board Cottage has been planned so that each girl does not have more than an hour a day of work and it is possible—and many of them do—to find work outside to fill financial needs.

The home feeling of the co-operative house is its most commendable feature. Most girls who work for their board lose the social pleasures and advan-

tages which come from gathering with a company of ten or twelve about a table three times a day. To the community house woman this is possible and she has, too, the privilege of entertaining guests. The parlor, dining room, kitchen, and laundry are accessible at any time of day without the danger of arousing a landlady's displeasure. At Mortar Board Cottage it has not been necessary to make any kind of rules regarding quiet hours or the use of the common portions of the house.

This greatest charm of community houses—the home and family feeling—will be kept only so long as each group of women numbers less than twenty. If a co-operative dormitory is established instead of several cottages, the work will necessarily become specialized, the spirit of unity will be lost, and satisfaction will be harder to attain. The future of the plan lies in a group of small cottages—even though a dormitory might be cheaper.

WISCONSIN PLAYERS

By One of Them



THE Wisconsin Players are completing their sixth year of work in the experimental theatre movement. In November, 1915, the dream of a modest theatre was first realized. It was then that the Playhouse of the Wisconsin Players, 455 Jefferson street, Milwaukee, was opened to the public.

In the English basement of a charming old house some of the artists of the organization decorated a tea room in the new manner, and called it the Playhouse Tea Room. The first floor of this house is devoted to the theatre, the second floor has an interesting Bookshop, reading rooms, bath and dressing rooms, and the third floor is the ballroom. In the ballroom are conducted the aesthetic dancing classes, and a portable stage is erected for the students to experiment on in dramatic work. This room is also used for lec-

tures, and the social activities of the members. The Playhouse Bookshop is open to the public. It specializes in drama, poetry, and children's books, but a line of books on sociology, history, philosophy, etc., also is carried. The Bookshop particularly wishes the confidence of the better reading public and is glad to furnish advice on books one should own, and ones suitable for children at different ages. It solicits the patronage of the reading public of the state of Wisconsin as well as Milwaukee. The Tea Room is also open to the public, and anyone visiting Milwaukee is invited to make use of it.

The aim of the Wisconsin Players is to create a home for all of the artists of the theatre in the community who wish to participate,—actors, painters, dramatists, and to develop an audience. Their effort to popularize art in the theatre should be distinguished from what is commonly called the "popular

play," whose popularity is measured purely from the amount of financial return which such a performance yields. The prices of the Wisconsin Players performances to non-members, range from twenty-five cents upward, although twenty-five cents is by far the prevailing price. Nor does the term "popular art" mean merely that the Players endeavor to provide a performance at a popular price. They are aiming at truth. They believe that truth is a desirable possession and that it should not be reserved for a few, and they are making an effort to unmask untruth masquerading as art in the theatre. The Players feel that there is a demand for honest drama and it is the desire to satisfy and enlarge this demand that stimulates the Players in their work.

In taking up the study of dramatic art, the student Players and audience have endeavored to learn first the significant features of the drama of different periods and different authors. This is accomplished by lectures and discussions lead by an authority. among such lecturers is Professor Thomas H. Dickinson of the University of Wisconsin. Following this study and discussion, illustrative plays are presented by the actors. The programs consist of the most typical plays representing the forms analyzed in the discussions.

The Players believe, too, that a dramatic organization is not fulfilling its obligations in neglecting the possibilities of the larger theatre. In order to satisfy this belief, it has been the practice and is the intention of the Players

each season to give at least one or two performances in one of the large theatres of the city of Milwaukee.

A word about the Players themselves: In accordance with the ideals of the experimental stage, the Players are practically all of them amateurs, although in fairness to some of them, it might be stated that they have done so much work with the Players organization, that they have achieved a talent comparable with many of the best professionals. By amateurs, then, is meant not alone those who are neophytes in the profession of the stage, but primarily players who work essentially for the love of the work. And as it has been stated in this article, the word "Players" as used has a decidedly broader meaning than the word "actors," for it includes actors, dancers, playwrights, electricians, stage carpenters, painters, directors,—in fact, the personnel necessary to make a production in the theatre.

During a season, in addition to the two or more large productions, at least six small presentations are given on an intimate stage scaling the methods of naturalism and intimacy to suit the stage. The annual dues in the organization amount to but \$5.00 for the Wisconsin Players are self-supporting. However, to further the development of work, money is very necessary, as without it the work is handicapped. Until the finances of the Players are in a measure comparable with the enthusiasm and ambition of its members, it will be difficult to attain the full realization of the Players' dream.

“ROOMERS”

By Helen Knowlton



I HAD to go up to the huge attic room to dust it for it was time to prepare for the new roomer. School would soon begin. It was always interesting to imagine who the gentleman would be and ever a regret that he must be staid and middle-aged to avoid broken hearts in a family of girls. The place had been unoccupied all summer so it had an inhospitable smell that drove me to the windows at once for fresh air. After opening these I walked about slowly, sticking my fingers here and there into the layers of dust. I hated this cleaning job, but each fall a fresh hope that, in spite of his years and learning, for he had to be an instructor, he would be interesting, fired me to do it decently, and so I made the shabby room clean and home-like.

My aunt always received the applicants for this room and made all the arrangements with the air of sole general and owner of the house, but I usually hovered on the outskirts and closed doors to let her know that I was within reach and could be consulted. Then she excused herself for a minute and we whispered an arrangement in the kitchen that I was to come in 'careless-like' and thus have a chance to meet and pass judgment upon the unsuspecting in the front room.

Today I finished my work hurriedly and then went to my room to dress; I intended to meet the man and I had great faith in first impressions. I would dress well and in my most grown-up

clothes; I always felt the responsibility of conveying in some delicate way that we were gentlefolk, for my aunt's perfect confidence in being understood left her not at all on her guard. I heard steps on the walk below and ran to the window to peep at him. He looked like a monk, that was surely interesting! He wore a wide, black hat and a cape-like wrap that fell in generous folds about his plump figure. I listened over the banisters: in a queer, scholarly accent with any amount of broad 'a's' and disdained 'r's' he was inquiring in precise language whether we had a room to rent and if he might see it at once. His peremptory manner was ominous. I certainly must meet this man.

But it was necessary that the meeting be more careless than usual, so I decided on a new scheme. I put on a dress that was not quite dress and not quite tea-gown, but it was perfectly proper as men never knew that it wasn't for street wear. It was becoming and it trailed about my feet adding quite two years to my appearance. I felt an added power in this gown. And then I crept downstairs and stationed myself in a reclining posture out of sight of the door, so that my aunt might lead him in unaware of my presence. I took up a book and looked weary, but my heart beat fast as they came downstairs.

Soon they were in the room with me, and my aunt and I were both looking surprised and carrying off the accident of our meeting gracefully. I was quiet

and dignified, but not shy, and I felt that surely I must be making an impression upon him. But he seemed unnecessarily hasty to get the usual conventional remarks over with and return to the business at hand. My heart hardened against him—and he wanted the room I could see. He suggested a number of changes, the addition of a book-case and a chair or two more: "Oh, they would be absolutely necessary," he said with emphatic decision.

I scowled at my aunt and shook my head, I could have jumped rope and he wouldn't have noticed what I was doing. She knew what I meant, and, though I could see that she wanted him, said she would let him know by telephone a few hours later. When he was saying good-bye I wanted to ignore him by remaining where I was and offering him only a slight bow, but a careful consideration of effects urged me to stand up to my full height and nod to him from above, knowing that then his gaze must take in either my scornful face or my trailing gown. But his absent glance seemed concentrated upon space when he nodded me a hasty good-day. My aunt showed her antagonism to my mood by treating him in

an unusually friendly way; I blushed to hear that she was actually confiding why it was necessary for us to take a roomer, and how difficult it was to get the right kind. I also blushed to hear how distinctly courteous and kindly his manner was toward her. But I vowed that he should notice *me* some day.

It seemed an age before my aunt was rid of him and had returned to me. She had a determined expression upon her face, and I remembered her weakness for scholarly appearing gentlemen. The atmosphere of the intellectual had always lured her. She said that he had made a most favorable impression upon her and that she saw no reason why he should not come to our house. His armor of scholarliness seemed to rule out all usual problems. He appeared not to have any age, so we didn't question whether he was too young. His devotion to his books would absorb his time and thought, so that he would be neither interesting to us nor we to him. I protested that he was "high and mighty," but this had no weight with my aunt. . . . And I was anxious to have him learn to know me; he had been too absurdly indifferent.

Man's happiness lieth in "I will!"
Woman's happiness lieth in "He will!"

—*Nietzsche*.

You can not do away with woman by pasting a label on her back, "This is only a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."—*Elbert Hubbard*.

THE ODD JOB MAN

(Continued from page 21.)

end. There is nothing I can do. If something doesn't happen soon I'll go insane."

The odd-job man arose to go. He looked down at the mill-owner's haggard, care-worn face pityingly.

"Never mind, boss," he said. "Things will come out all right. They always do. There's no end to most people's ropes. Why, boss, I can bet you my life that inside of two weeks folks'll be walking around this town with smil-in' faces and full stomachs."

Again did Abel's words sound prophetic, so much so that the boss wondered if his odd-job man knew of any big deal about to be made.

But Abel continued in a matter-of-fact way. "I just called around to see if you had any good plans in sight. Good-bye, boss."

The odd-job man disappeared down the road, his long, lean body stooped, and his shoulders shaking with the cough.

"That man's not long for this world," said the mill-owner as he closed his office door. "Too bad, too. He's a good soul, even if no one knows where

he hailed from or who his people are."

It was the middle of the night, and every one had forgotten the disastrously pleasant winter. Even the mill-owner was fast asleep. Suddenly a cry was heard all through the little town. "Fire! Fire! The mill's burning!" In almost no time the entire population was assembled at the burning mill, but it was too far gone to be saved. Strange as it may seem no one's face looked very troubled over the loss the town was experiencing. One or two of the care wrinkles seemed to have left the mill-owner's brow. It was only a short while before the little shack of a mill had burned to the ground and the inhabitants of the town were about to go home to resume their rest. Abel Wright had been at the fire too, but the mill-owner had not noticed him until he heard a small boy say, "Old Wright's over there, coughin' awful. I guess he's goin' to die."

The mill-owner hurried to Abel's side, and found some women working over him, vainly trying to revive him after his fit of coughing. He brightened up as his boss drew near him, but no one but the mill-owner understood when he said, "My last odd job is done, and done well."

THE ROAD OF WILLOWS

Blue sky and drifting clouds!
And the long still road of golden willow trees,
The pale sun slanting through the misty fields,
And sound of sedges rustling in the breeze.

Blue sky and bluer lake!
And waves that curl in silence on the shore:
Here is the place of wistful memories,
And haunt of dreams of things that are no more.

—Dorothy Lewis.

THE DAY'S WORK

(Continued from page 20.)

which can make every day's work the real adventure. It lets one live not only to-day, but To-morrow.

I never pass foundry or factory or mill without wishing that they all knew. And every movement toward solidarity among workers, however crookedly expressed, is a precious thing, to be fostered, because it brings on the sense of *the people, working*. For a while groups of these workers will be at one another's throats, just as individuals have been at one another's throats. But how can that trouble anybody? We are by that much nearer to the great common day's work, the sense of which some of us are sharing now.

For the special privilege of creative work is that this work is essentially social from the beginning. All creative work, if it is well done, bears some special part in the genetic growth—and not merely organically, but magically, making short cuts for the race. From this truth the creative worker cannot get away by any babble about "art for art's sake." He can't help himself. If he does his work truly, he has done a social act. He has entered into the Common Day's Work. In him, therefore, this sense of co-operation, of *the people, working*, may have its best developed expression. To him it is given most directly to play the game with zest, and to savour its joy.

Looking from the edges and the wings of all this, this is what the day's work means to me. I should not want to feel that, no matter how widely I miss playing the game, I had missed knowing the rules.

CURLS AND CURLERS

(Continued from page 5.)

the half-dozen curlers therein, and proceeded to use them according to the scheme of curlers—two in front, one over each ear, and the extra-perky one at the back. Then, with her temporarily ruined beauty she went about her household tasks.

She had given orders for the day to Susan, planned her dinner menu, gossiped over the 'phone with two of her friends, and was now dusting the library, on the first floor. She heard a step outside, and then, suddenly, the quick opening and shutting of the front door. A man was coming through the hall. The library door opened; and George walked in. Betty gave a little shriek of relief, and started towards him with outstretched hands.

"I thought it was a burglar. Has anything happened?" she said in a voice that sounded like a long-distance from New York to San Francisco.

And then—she remembered the curlers.

She put up her hands up to them to make sure that it was not a nightmare; and they were there, hornlike and uncompromising. It was too late to run. Betty buried her face, slapped-puppy expression and all, in her hands. After two years of cautious deception, she had been caught in her own net. The sword of Damocles had fallen, and in her very heart she felt the cruel point. George, trusting her and her curls implicitly, had been betrayed. For the first time he saw her as she was, one of the frights he had refused to marry under any circumstances. The storm of rage would break in a moment. She could feel his eyes, wounded, outraged, upon her in reproach. She lifted

her head to meet his gaze—and he was not looking at her at all. He was fumbling anxiously in his desk.

“You let me forget that Harrison letter after all,” he was saying, “where the deuce is it?”

Mechanically she found it and handed it to him. In an instant he was gone again, with the merest nod of thanks, and not a glance for the deceiving curlers.

“He was too angry to even look at them again,” she sobbed, and dropped into the Morris chair, on top of the plaster of Paris Romeo and Juliet she had set there for advantageous dusting.

As she picked up the fragments, she debated as to her mode of conduct for the evening, when he returned, *if* he returned, she added to herself, and became horrified at possibilities. Perhaps it would be wise to leave the curlers on, and have the whole thing out at once. She finally decided to dress her prettiest, look duly penitent, and let George broach the ghastly subject.

George returned for dinner, smiling, a huge box of roses under his arm.

“You know I haven’t forgotten that my Betty and I were married just two short years ago to-day,” he announced as he gave her the roses, and Betty was sure that the tenderness in his voice was condescension. He had such a big heart, she thought, as a stray tear fell among the flowers, and all evening she waited for him to speak on the one and only subject. He was voluble in his good-nature, and chattered on of acquaintance, business affairs, and so forth. Only once could Betty feel battle nigh. He was telling her of the new stenographer. She had curly hair, he said, and looked at Betty’s wavy locks. She shut her eyes,

gripped the arms of the chair, and waited. But his cheerful voice went on, and he was speaking next of the Harrison deal.

“Apropos of that,” he remarked, “I’m awfully sorry I scared you this morning when I breezed in to get that letter. Next time I come home unexpectedly I’ll ring the bell.”

Betty went to her rest that night a little calmer in spirit, but wondering at the ways of men.

Her wonder diminished, but did not cease, during the several months that followed. And then, one glorious day, George went up-stair on tiptoe to make his acquaintance with the latest repetition of the Eternal Miracle. It lay, very small and very pink, on Betty’s arm, and though bearing what George at once insisted a striking resemblance to its father, gave little promise of the greatness that would undoubtedly come some day. George looked at it with the reverence that is always new.

“By Jove, Betty!” he exclaimed after a cautious scrutiny, “he’s got curly hair! Look!”

Betty looked at the sparsely covered little head close beside her, and saw that what there was of hair, was without a doubt arranged in genuine ringlets.

“Just like his mother,” added George whimsically.

Betty looked her husband squarely in the eye. Maternity had given her a sudden courage.

“George!”

“Yes, dear?”

“I cannot bring up this child under deception. George—I thought you must have realized it that morning when you came home suddenly, but now I know that you were in such a

hurry that you didn't notice the curlers. George—my hair is not curly. I put it up while you are away at the office."

George was distinctly puzzled.

"Why, yes, of course," he said, "I knew that."

"What?"

"I knew that. I noticed the curlers that morning, but I knew you used them. I thought that was an understood matter."

"You thought—"

"Why, sure!"

"Then you—oh, George, you don't really mind? Even when I look such a fright in them?"

"Why, of course not. A woman with straight hair has to use them to look flossy. I've been brought up on curlers. Mother and the girls always used them."

"But George, what you said when we were first engaged, that you would never marry a girl who made herself a fright by using hair curlers—"

George chuckled.

"Your small brother William," he answered, "was a most astute youth. He informed me of the true state of your hair, let me in on the family secret as it were, and said you could be most beautifully teased along those lines. I tried to tease—and when you agreed with me as to its natural curliness,—why I thought it was all part of the family joke!"

He looked at her curiously.

"And you thought I never knew. I hope it hasn't worried you any?"

"Oh, no," replied Betty weakly, "O—oh no-o!"

"I was so used to the idea of curlers" George went on, "that I never thought to mention your using them. Here—" he took from a notebook in his vest-pocket a square piece of paper, "look at this. William told me how you and your mother had planned to spare me the agony of actually beholding the curlers on you, so he took this for me, for fear I'd miss something."

Betty took the paper in very shaky fingers. It was a snap-shot, showing her seated at her dressing-table in the period of preparation for beauty. The horns, the crown of glory, the tilted eyebrows, the slapped-puppy expression, were all there. Because of the mirror opposite her, both front and back views of her face were plainly visible. On the back of the picture was scribbled: "I took this from the fire iskafe."

George grinned in recollection.

"Every time I feel blue, I take that out and have a good laugh. It's so fierce I never dared show it to you. I knew something would happen to William if I did."

"God bless that little demon William," sighed Betty, "Hadn't we better name our youngster after him?"

"Nope," returned the proud father, "this is George Junior."

He surveyed his offspring critically.

"Wonder where the little cuss *did* get the curls?"

AN AMERICAN'S GLANCE AT TURGENEV

By Ruth Murrin Boyle



HERE is something fascinating about the Russian people — those great, patient millions slowly groping their way to a far-off splendid destiny—a people still in a crysalis, half-formed and unaware of their own powers. They have not tried to reduce life to formulae or to compass all there is or may be within the narrow limits of philosophies. They have done nothing yet as a unit. Individuals have mastered or have been overwhelmed individually; the Russians have never yet looked into the mirror of nations and beheld *Russia*. Voiceless through patient centuries, they have been thought of by the mass of more sophisticated peoples as crude, semi-brutish. No nation has been in so great need of interpreters as they.

During the last century two such interpreters have arisen—giants both: Tolstoi, who marshalled his gifts in the service of political and social and economic reform, and Turgenev, who, though he also was stirred by the same interests, was nevertheless content to labor for art alone, trusting its innate truth to force the changes necessary to make Russia a happier and greater country. The latter, with his passion for uncovering the secret life of men, with his almost infinite capacity for undertaking the motives that rule that secret life and the way it manifests itself in surface action, seems remarkably adapted for the task of expressing the curious psychology of Russia—or rather, I should say, of Russians. For

Turgenev has not written his novels with the pen of a propagandist, and in them propounds no political thesis or moral or social program. He has written of individuals, Slavs fundamentally, each a distinct personality and yet each passing racial and individual limitations and embodying immense significance as a human type.

The Slav has always been something of an enigma to “more progressive” peoples. His slow development, his long inaction—what is there back of them which we do not fathom? Power, certainly, and thoughtful power, differing from the rushing force at the center of our individual and national life, but replete with promise that eludes definition.

Turgenev has not explained the Slav, but he has brought him nearer to us. The *waiting* spirit of his countrymen, their long dumb acceptance of present fact, even their visions of a sweeter day so poignant with the reserve that the fruit of life has always a bitter core, no matter how deep the sweet may be—these attitudes which have always aroused impatient contempt on the part of their quick-judging observers—these Ivan Turgenev has presented to us in his clear, bold art, so that we accept them as characteristic, not merely of Russia but of humanity. We recognize them, not of course, as our habitual attitudes nor as our national traits, but nevertheless as part of our experience in some phase of our existence.

Over and over again, for example,

Turgenev has created a character who sees and knows and thinks, understands but cannot act. And though such passive intellectual individuals are peculiarly distasteful to Americans, who make gods of deeds, yet Turgenev's work is eagerly read in America. We worshippers of the dynamo, seeing the thinker with his useless, nay torturing vision, comprehend and even love him. Nowhere has Turgenev represented a true man of action—a fellow whose brain channels all quicken muscles. That is one extreme which this writer who seems to reach the opposite sides of human character and action so readily has not attempted. But we who glory in Rex Beach and Robert Service's Yukon jingles, read with patience and pleasure these novels without a single "virile" individual of the masculine gender. Turgenev is interested, and he teaches us to be interested, not in what people do but in what they are. He takes time enough, too, to make sure that we are completely acquainted with their conformities and their idiosyncrasies. He has adopted a length and form of tale which makes it embarrassing for us, with the limited terms at our command, to define it. "Short-story", hyphenated and distinct, is clearly impossible, yet we hesitate to use the term his translator has adopted—"novel." Henry James was fond of the same length, but his method was fundamentally different. James set his character among a number of people, and our impressions of him are gleaned only from the way his neighbors and acquaintances think of him, talk about him, or act toward him. Turgenev follows a more direct, decisive and intimate method. Then, too, instead of raising the curtain suddenly

on a dramatic situation in which the actors are practically without past or future, as is our American fashion, he fills out the blanks,—gives us the touches of biography which make the present inevitable, and adds at the last those glimpses of what happened after so faithful to reality and so heartbreaking in art. Every human event has its logical causes in the past and its consequences in the future, he reasons; and why should we not have a hint of them?

He treats the people he creates sympathetically but impersonally. That is the natural result of his philosophy both of writing and of nature. As for the first, his novel is not an affair of plot, but rather a representation of particular persons. They must be treated impersonally because once their creator has granted them certain potentialities and certain checks, he is helpless. Their future is resolved according to laws beyond a single mortal's intervention. Everything in the world, good or evil, comes to man quite independently of his deserts, in response to powerful laws the limits of which we are groping for in the dark. There is nothing for man to do but to bow his head and submit to that which rules, unknown but inexorable. What opportunity then has a writer with such a conception of individual experience to exercise a personal bias in directing or terminating the career of his characters?

His view of individual personalities verges closely upon the larger question of Turgenev's view of nature. Like most great writers of the last century, his writing is permeated with the philosophy of evolution. Every page is charged with his passionate acceptance

of change, of eternal flux. This is one reason why his work is so fascinating to the modern reader; it interprets a corner of the world which we complacently feel is far from up-to-date in terms of a conception which we ourselves have so recently accepted that we are not yet entirely adjusted to it. Turgenev has acquiesced in it without reservation. There is no rest in his art, therefore,—rest which is the heart's desire; there is nothing ultimate; there is no goal. All the intense pleasure of motion, of drift, of going madly for the game of going—this with the ache of homelessness, the humiliation of being an accident in a world not made for us, of being compelled instead of compelling—helpless as a chip swirling in a current—his art reiterates over and over again. They are sensations we ourselves have struggled with and sorrowed over ever since we discovered that the molten flow of life may not be expected ever to set in a perfect, divinely designed mold.

The Slavs have always been dominated by a spiritual tone akin to this. Perfection might come; but lack of their lip creeds, far back of their limited knowledge, the Slavs were skeptical. Individually some of them have thought much and seen visions; but they have not acted. Their failure to act comes back to the one primal cause: they have not had faith; they have not been able to convince themselves of the possibility of perfection. They were skeptical. The *brevity* of everything, good or evil, is stamped upon their consciousness. Beauty, truth, love they

idolize, but they do not think of them as ultimate. They say in their hearts: All passes.

No wonder the writing of Turgenev, echoing as it does Russian thinking, is characterized by a deep and pervasive tone of melancholy. The bitterest of degradations is but brief, and briefer still the highest bliss. What is there in living but a succession of inanities, a perpetual experience of anti-climax. Youth passes to disagreeable old age; love gives way to indifference or cynicism; sorrow to self-deceptive feigning. It is a terrible world—terrible mainly because nothing in it is worthy of terrifying; everything is petty and useless. Take love, about which the center of the universe seems by right to turn. Sacred or profane—the two are quite sharply defined in Turgenev's mind—it is the same. Gemma weds an American store-keeper and is happy in petty domesticity; Zinaida makes a good match minus love; Evlampia becomes the tyrant of an obscure nunnery.

The pessimism of it does not overwhelm Turgenev, however. He does not carry his philosophy to destruction. He records life as he sees it, viewing with sympathy the ardor, the striving, the hurry of humanity at high tide, and its inevitable failure to reach the mark. He notes with grave and kindly irony, youth which is the best of life, though most of it is pain. After all, life may be a petty, an inane, and uninteresting process viewed by infinity; but it is tremendous. It is all we know.

A LETTER FROM MRS. WINSHIP

[In keeping with her perennial interest in the University, Mrs. Amy Winship, now eighty-four years old, has contributed the letter here printed. As a student at Wisconsin in 1912-1913 she had the distinction of being "the oldest junior in the world." When one recalls that she heard five of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates, that she knew Lincoln personally, and that she experienced the things which we learn from texts, it is as if time were annihilated. We repeat a story told of her as indicative of her spirit. When asked by a university girl if she wasn't glad because of the holiday the next day and because there would be no lectures, she replied, "I am not! I don't want to lose a single day. I haven't much time left to learn. You are young and you have."—EDITOR.]

Fisk University,
Nashville, Tenn.,
February 12, 1916.

Dear Editor:

Your kind letter reached me here where I came expecting to make a brief visit, but I was so impressed by Fisk that I decided to give at least a month's time to it.

This is the Negro University made famous by the Jubilee Singers. It has just completed fifty years of splendid service to the Negro race and to the nation. I am delightfully domiciled in Jubilee Hall, the hundred thousand dollar woman's dormitory erected by the Jubilee Singers. It is one of the finest buildings of the kind which I have seen in the numberless universities which I have visited.

The colored students of Fisk constitute the most impressive body of students which I have met, realizing, as I do as I look at their faces, that only half a century has passed since their grandfathers were violating the law of the land if they even attempted to learn to read. Out of these five hundred students, nearly two hundred are college students, working in science, mathematics, languages, sociology, home economics, with an enthusiasm and a thoroughness not believable by those

who have not visited Fisk. It is not surprising that the notables of the land who visit Nashville generally insist upon coming to Fisk. Scarcely a week passes without some important visitor or body of visitors. The first attraction is, of course, the Jubilee music, a music whose study is not surpassed, if indeed it be equalled by any other music in the land.

I soon discovered another phase of the situation here worthy of comment, and that is the intense enthusiasm, amounting to absorption, upon the part of the President, Dean, and teachers in their work. Salaries are almost forgotten. Hours are none too many, if only the object of their endeavors can be realized. They know that a great responsibility as well as opportunity is theirs, and they dare not do less than their best. They know, too, that the funds to support the University and to pay their meagre salaries must come in large part from the philanthropic public, since the University has only a small endowment. So they labor on, trusting to Providence that they will be cared for as they shall need.

As I attend the classes, taught by both white and colored teachers, I am continually impressed by the quality

of the teaching and the response of the students. It is almost surprising even to an old abolitionist like myself to find colored men teaching even the sciences in such splendid wise.

You asked me to write about Lincoln. I must postpone that for a little while, but I think I am telling you even now of the continuing achievement of my old friend Abraham Lincoln. If he were still here he would be interested beyond measure in Fisk University,

and advocating its interests. For he would believe, as I do, that the education that Fish is giving the colored people is the real solution of the Negro problem because it is the process by which the emancipation of the minds and souls of the race is made possible. Would he were here to tell the nation what they might do to multiply this splendid work!

Very truly yours,
Amy D. Winship.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

What hills, and vales and spires, are those
That rise above the purple plain,
Where golden skies and low-hung cloud
Can never fade or mist with rain?
What land so steeped in hazy light
That fairer with each sunset grows—
A paradise, so near, so far,
All flushed with tints of pearl and rose?

There, music thrills the scented air,
And fruits hang ripe in gardens old;
There, wondrous blossoms wave and bloom
Yet wither not in death nor cold.
A shimmering stream with tiny waves
Flows ever toward a sunlit sea;
And wafted on by yearning prayers
The glowing ship of Hope sails free.

Upon its prow a maiden kneels,
The love-wreath in her fairy hand,
And smiles a dim, sweet smile that bids
All men to seek her mystic land.
Her eyes are like the sun-kissed sea,
With lights half-veiled as though asleep;
Her tender voice calls sweet and low
And fills the soul with rapture deep.

But, far away those blue hills shine
Where faint the long lost rainbow gleams;
All men may seek, but few shall find
The far-off, golden land of dreams.

—Iva N. Ketcham, '17

EUROPE TO US

(Continued from page 15.)

merely the benefits which we may find in our country, but the benefits which we may confer upon the country which has already soiled us by its bounty. There is something of greater importance than living up to our ideals. First of all, it would be well for us to mould those ideals. According to tradition, we have them. But what are they? Suppose that each of us were asked, "For what ideals does the United States stand?" And suppose that one who analyzed keenly stood by to hear our diverse answers. Would he not conclude that before we went too far in our carrying out, and living up to ideals, it would be best to have them clearly in the minds of us all? Perhaps not so much in our minds, as in our hearts. We are a self-conscious people—we are a little ashamed of talking much about our hearts in a definite way. It is easier to sneer and to burlesque, and to have superficial emotions. But if we do pretend to gratitude, let us be grateful, not that our own unimportant blood is coursing through our veins rather than covering a battlefield, but that we may work for our country. That we may build her, may create ideals for her, may give our share. That we may express the highest kind of patriotism and individualism, by considering what we may contribute to the country, and by forfeiting our individualism to the unit. A wonderful chance is ours, if we will but take it.

Contentment is prophylactic. Has any woman who knew she was well-dressed ever caught a cold?

—Nietzsche.

Thompson's Orchestra

LETTERS WHICH ARE NEVER
SENT

(Continued from page 22.)

stopped abruptly on a high note. Ah, James, such an unpardonable break of technique! Were you ill? It was very evident you were ill. You groaned faintly where you stood, looking wildly at the doors and windows. When I suggested an ambulance, you muttered under your breath, searching frantically for your hat. You said your stomach was upset from too many pancakes at the Saratoga Cafe for supper. You left quickly. Ah, dear friend, there is nothing aesthetic about pancakes at the Saratoga Cafe for supper.

Well, good-bye James, I have decided to disappear. If necessary I shall go disguised as the milk man or the egg woman. I can't stand the strain of life in Clano. In three months but two events have taken place. Last May the men started painting their barns, and the girls their faces. The latter extreme measure due to the terrific competition for the men, in other words for you, dear friend. Some of the girls rave about your looks, Brother says you have excellent business prospects, and Mother thinks you will make a Good Provider. Everyone agrees that

TELEPHONE 6631

STEVE RIBANSKY

Ladies' Tailor

227 STATE STREET

Madison, Wis.

Endres & Conlin
A Shop of Quality for Men

Hats Caps, Suits Overcoats,
made to Order

Cor. University Ave. and Park St.

H. E. OLSON

Cigars, Cigarettes and
Malted Milks

ICE CREAM

712½ University Avenue

We are now showing
a complete line of

Spring Goods

with the newest patterns
and shades

H. C. MYERS, State at Francis

The Toggery Shop

CLOTHES

FOR UNIVERSITY MEN

1347 University Avenue

you are the most eligible young man in Clano under forty.

Well, good-bye, James. I know your indisposition will pass quickly. Tomorrow night will find you by your old post at the Movies watching both exits and entrances. But tomorrow night I—ah, James, how infinitely sweet is solitude.

Angela.

Woman is the only thing extant—if Genesis be believed—that was not evolved from a solid slug of nothing. That I presume is why she amounts to something. *Nothing* was good enough raw material of which to make the father of mankind; but when the Almighty came to create our common mother he required something more substantial than a hole in the atmosphere.—*Brann.*

To college, to college, to be a co-ed, Home again, home again, soon to be wed.—*1896 Badger.*

I wish I had held more conversations with women. For then they would have informed me of many things I should never have heard of men.—*Napoleon.*

S. & S. Tailoring Co.

*Tailors and Gents'
Furnishings*

Telephone 481.

710 University Avenue

Chocolate Shop

Wisconsin Chocolates

40 cents the pound.

528 State Street.

Madison.

Shamrock Lunch Room

*Regular Dinners
and Short Orders*

312 State Street.

Madison.

THURINGER-GARBUTT CO.

430 State Street.

Fancy Dry Goods, Novelties, Ready-to-wear, etc

Where you find the Best of Everything at Reasonable Prices

I WOULDN'T BE A CO-ED

I wouldn't be a co-ed, I'll stop to tell you why,
 They miss so many of the joys that come to you and I,
 I might suggest, hap-hazard, convention is to blame,
 But so it is and pity 'tis so, for just the same,
 'Tis for this fact she's ostracized by custom's freakish whim
 And cannot join the happy throng, whose glasses to the brim,
 Are filled with MORGAN'S MALTED MILK, the drink that ever cheers,
 Dispels the gloom and fortifies us through this vale of tears.
 Poor co-ed, wistful, sad and shy, the best that you can do,
 Is seat yourself upon a fence and watch them passing through
 And tearfully bewail your lot and wish that common sense,
 Will some day place you in that throng and not upon the fence.

534 STATE

**SPRING
 ...SUITS**

Are Now in Full Swing

Order Yours while the line
 is complete

E. C. TETZLAFF

228 STATE STREET

Phone 2211

**KENNEDY
 DAIRY
 COMPANY**

**VELVET ICE
 CREAM**

To make that Luncheon a
 complete success

618 University Ave.

Phone 778

**Madison
 Leather Goods Co.
 Everything in
 Leather Goods**

416 State St.

Madison.

"THE CAKE SHOP"

330 STATE STREET

We specialize in Home-baking, Pies, Cakes
 Bread, Etc.

BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEONS SERVED

Let us fill your next order

TELEPHONE 6456

KEELEY, NECKERMAN, KESSENICH CO. Foremost Outfitting Store in the State of Wisconsin.

"Madison's Biggest Business Store"

We believe that the time to give extra values is when demand is at its height—when you need the merchandise — when our value giving policy can be most emphatically demonstrated — when a large volume of business will counter balance our price concessions.

That is the progressive merchandising method characteristic of this store and the reason why we hold these outfitting sales in the early part of the season.

All Kinds of Fashionable Outerwear for Women, Misses and Girls

Suits at \$18.00 and up to \$90.00

Coats at \$13.50 and up to \$50.00

Estates

under our charge are
bringing

5%

income to the beneficiaries

Central Wisconsin Trust Co.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

- L. M. Hanks, President
- Magnus Swenson, 1st Vice-Pres.
- John Barnes, 2nd Vice-Pres.
- F. M. Brown, Treasurer
- B. J. Halligan, Secretary
- T. R. Hefty, Ass't Secretary.

**Society Brand
Clothes**

for Fall '15

In the "College Room" is a remarkably complete showing of distinctive new ideas in clothes : : : :

For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young"

From the Society Brand shops. In these are the fine points of artistic tailoring and authentic style; in these are the newest patterns and colorings in imported materials; in these are the fullest assurance of correctness in men's clothes

\$20 to \$30

Baillie-Hedquist Co.

25 E. Main St.

"The Society Brand Store"

Students' Attention !

We restring Tennis Racks

HARDWARE—HOUSE SUPPLIES—SPORTING GOODS

H. G. KRONCKE HARDWARE COMPANY

Chas. Wehrmann & Son

TRUNKS AND LEATHER GOODS

Telephone 666

116 King Street

108 Webster Street

Come and try it
 Only a block from "U"
 Like home
 Liberal savings
 Eat with your friends
 Good food
 Everybody satisfied

Rapid service
 Everything appetizing
 Finest quality
 Efficient cooks
 Choicest cookery
 Tempting menus
 On State St.
 Reasonable prices
 You will like it.

Cafeteria Service
638 State Street

New
 Spring Suits
 New
 Spring Silk Dresses
 New
 Spring Coats

Arriving Daily at



20 EAST MIFFLIN STREET

Co-eds—

Don't forget our unequalled facilities for cleaning your
 Spring and Easter Time Garments. We can clean your
 last year's Panama Hat.

Madison's Largest Cleaning Plant

PANTORIUM COMPANY, "The House of Quality"

HIGH GLASS
DRESSMAKING

Evening Gowns, Coats
and Repairing

THE FRENCH SHOP

107 W. Mifflin Street
'Round the corner from the Square

Kelly's Pop Corn Stand

KELLY'S
RISP
ORN

For Co-eds

UNIVERSITY AND PARK PHONE 3522



Ladies—

The largest and best equipped
Exclusive Garment Shop in the
state of Wisconsin is at your
service. See our window display
of warm-weather-goods.

Student Patronage Solicited

Open A Charge Account To-Day

“The House of Fashions”

Wolf, Kubly & Hirsig

KEEN
UTTER
UTLERY

Corner State and Gilman Sts.

“EXCELSIOR”

SHOE
STORE

An “Excelsior” for every occasion

109 STATE STREET

Marinello Shop
Corset Department
 "Barclay" Corsets strictly custom
 made. Latest styles
 We sell them through our agency at
The Marinello Shop
 226 STATE ST. PHONE 79

HOCKEL -- TAILOR
 To get acquainted we will make
 \$35 and \$40 Ladies Suits for
\$25.00
The "Square" Tailor
 435 State St. Phone 3125
 Tailors that know how "it must fit." Remodel-
 ing a specialty.

SIMON BROTHERS
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries
 Special Prices to Large Consumers
 State and Gorham Streets Phones: 2040-2041-732

ALEXANDER KORNHAUSER CO.
 Present for year consideration the newest Paris, London
 and New York Fashion in
 Ladies' and Misses Wearing Apparel, Corsets, Hats,
 and Dress Accessories
 Unusual selections can be made in the Newest
 Fabrics—and lines included in Dry Goods—

For . . .
Classy
Footwear
 See . . .
BLIND & SANDER
 217 STATE STREET

WOMAN'S
EXCHANGE
 Picnic Lunches
 A Specialty
 111 STATE STREET
 PHONE 1215

Ehrman's Delicatessen

OPEN SUNDAYS

6 to 1—5 to 7

Sandwiches a Specialty



502 STATE ST.

PHONE 1591

Jensen's Boot Shop

EXCLUSIVE

HIGH GRADE

FOOTWEAR

614

STATE

Varsity Beauty Shop

415 N. PARK STREET

Ella White Courtney, Prop.

Up-to-date Methods in all branches of work

PHONE 429.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

MADISON, WISCONSIN

United States Depository

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$435,000.00

RESOURCES OVER \$3,000,000.00

Transacts a general banking business. Issues Travelers' Cheques and Letters of Credit to all parts of the world. Interest paid on savings accounts and time certificates.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent at Reasonable Rates

STEHR & WALTER

Proprietors of

Capital City Meat Market

Our new location directly across the street at 421 State gives us

THE NEATEST PLACE IN TOWN

Choice Meats, Poultry, Sausages, Etc.

Telephone 2905

HERMAN MACK

"Quality Grocer"

HOME ROASTED COFFEE



419 STATE STREET

Easter Plants and Cut Flowers

At The

Flower Shop

422 State Street

Phone 5035

BORNSTEIN

809 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Shoes of All Kinds

Something new for
Spring Wear

Repair Work by Electricity

All Work Guaranteed



VIOLETS and ORCHIDS

Floral Decorations

*Artistic Corsage Bouquets
our specialty.*

Rentschler Floral Company

Greenhouse 6th Ward Store 226 State St.
Phones 179 and 3877

Eventually You Will Go To

Olson's-"The Best"

For Your

Ice Creams, Luncheons,
Meals, Etc.

WHY NOT NOW?

Regular Dinner and Business Lunch
11 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Short Orders--all hours--7 a. m. to 8 p. m.

TRY OUR SUNDAY DINNER

We make and deliver "THE BEST" Ice Cream,
any quantity at any time.

112 Wash. Bldg. Phone 140

J. A. Buckmaster

JEWELER AND
OPTOMETRIST

All The Latest Novelties

Watch Repairing A Specialty

BAILEY FURNITURE COMPANY

412 State Street

BURDICK & MURRAY CO.

New Spring Merchandise arriving daily

Complete stock of Women's-Ready-to-Wear and Millinery.—The latest designs and colors in Silks and Dress Goods. — Also the newest importations of White Goods—Laces—Embroideries and Dress Trimmings.

Strictly high class merchandise at lowest level of prices

Our complete line of

Suits
Shirts
Hats
Gloves and
Neckwear

For Spring Wear now ready for Your Kind Inspection..

Danielson, Mueller & Simpson

" The House of First Class Clothes. "

RIPP'S

The Home
of

Good Shoes

RIPP'S

224 STATE

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

BANK OF WISCONSIN

MADISON, WISCONSIN

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

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent at Reasonable Rates

Branch Bank Located Corner State, Broom and West Gilman Streets

1353 University Avenue
Phone 1056

824 E. Johnson Street
Phone 1056

MINTZ BROS.

CLEANING, PRESSING AND REPAIRING
A SPECIALTY

Suits and Overcoats \$15 and up.

We Call and Deliver

Party and Banquet
PROGRAMS

Job Printing

Students' Supplies
Fine Stationery

See our Student's Laundry Carrier
The best postage saver



H. C. Netherwood Prtg. Co.
24 NORTH CARROLL ST.
Phone 701

Latest Models in

Spring Millinery

and

Blouses

*Millinery and Ladies'
Furnishings*

M. L. Graham
22 N. Carroll St.

Bank of the Commonwealth

Co. University Ave., Francis and Gilman Sts.

We make no charge for Students' accounts

Come in and get acquainted

Varsity Theatre

GOOD MUSIC

MUTUAL MASTER
PICTURES

Edition De Luxe

Glasgow Tailors

NO MORE **\$15** NO LESS

123 STATE STREET

HOT WAFFLES! HOT WAFFLES!

Do you know how they taste,
When eaten with butter
And syrup to waste?
Made of milk, eggs and flour
Soda, Salt, but no yeast,
They're a sumptuous dish
For an epicure's feast.

Bring Your Friends Any Evening
20c the Plate
including coffee, syrup and butter

THE
Coffee Waffle House

460 W. GILMAN STREET

PIPER BROS.

Delicious home-made
Baking Goods are now
sold and recommended
by 40 stores in Madi-
son. Ask for them



PIPER BROS.

PHONES 561 AND 1237

Marinello Shop

*Shampooing, Manicuring, Electrolysis,
Chiropody and Hair Dressing*

Marinello Preparations sold only at

MRS. W. WENGEL

226 State St.

Telephone 79

Kopper Kettle

Lunches at all
Hours

Telephone 5963.

State Street.

Student Portables

REPAIR WORK

A Specialty

J. S. Eastman

Phone 3408

511 State St.

Hinrichs Dry Goods Co.

New Spring and Summer Stock of

Ladies' Coats

Suits, Dresses

Waists and Skirts

Prices
Reasonable

3 South
Pfnckney St.

Your Card, Your Colors,
and—



—a combination to
capture a Queen

\$1.00 the pound at

WALTZINGER'S



Diamonds, Watches

Jewelry

Silverware and Novelties

in

Gold and Silver

Bunde & Upmeyer Co. Jewelers - Milwaukee

Where Quality Is As Represented

THOMAS HAGAN'S

Dairy Lunch Room

and Ice Cream Parlor

Open from 6:30 A. M., to 11:30 P. M.

207 STATE STREET

ENDRES & BUSER

Picnic Lunches

A Specialty

1337 University Avenue

FRANK'S RESTAURANT

We deliver Orders from

8:30 to 10:30 P. M.

Don't forget to call 887 when you
get hungry

Co-eds are always welcome at Frank's

Only one in
Madison,

no two alike

One Hat a week
service



Other Spring
Hats

of the latest
styles
in stock



Dorothea Gage

WANTED—A stylish matron or bachelor-girl to try on this hat. It is made from a fine grade of Swiss Milan Hemp, and is trimmed with a beautiful quality of French Moire Ribbon.

401 State Street

M. A. DUFFY

Madison, Wis.

Ladies' and Misses'
Tailor - Made Suits

Telephone 4299

Joseph F. Janicek
Exclusive Ladies' Tailor

405 State Street.

Madison.

LUETSCHER'S MUSIC STORE

MUSIC AND ALL
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

523 State Street.

Freight

Baggage

PHONE
105

MOTOR
SERVICE
DELIVERY

MURRAY S. McGOWAN,
MANAGER.

Broom and Gorham.

KEELEY'S

Old Fashioned
Chocolates

have long been the favor-
ite of the Co-eds, and so
there is nothing for the
fussers but to hike to

THE PAL

BEST Chocolate in the
world at the price--**30c**

O. C. Olson

Merchant Tailor

215 State Street.

Telephone 294

Visit

Julia B. Mohrhauser

Milliner

303 State Street.

HANAN & SON

SPRING STYLES

FOR

MEN & WOMEN

Breitenbach Bros.

25 S: Pinckney Street

Badger Pharmacy

STUDENTS'

SUPPLIES

Cor. University Ave. and N. Warren St.

Take her to . . .

WALTZINGER'S

For That Delicious

Sunday Night

Dinner

Which You Enjoy So Much

Make Your Reservations Early!



Telephones 1043 and 1557

Conklin & Sons Co.

COAL, WOOD

and MENDOTA

LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime

Hair and Sewer Pipe



Main Office: 24 East Mifflin Street

Telephone No. 25

The Fellows

who know good clothes, will
tell you about the extra good
clothes here.

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

Clothiers—Furnishers—Tailors

Victor S. Maurseth

521 State Street

JEWELER AND
OPTOMETRIST

We take Orders for
Engraved Calling Cards

--and then we went to the Studio!

DINNERS
DANCES
BANQUETS

mostly everything in the social way

BOYD & FICHTEN

CANDY SHOP

The Following Lines

will be featured by

The U. S. A.

Star Shirts Ward [London] Hats Borsalino [Italy] Hats

Merton Caps John David [New York] Tie Service

C. L. & B. Sport Coats C. L. & B. Flannel Trousers

Rockingchair Underwear B. V. D's

Luxite and Phoenix Hosiery

Browing, King & Company, Tailoring, New York

Get Acquainted With This Merchandise

ADVANCE SPRING SHOWING IN WINDOWS

Every Girl Needs A Kodak

If you would preserve some of the fun of the present you must have a KODAK.

Take pictures now of your friends and the stunts that happen every day. Then you can live it all over again as many times as you like in the days to come.—Surely you need a KODAK.

Expert
Developing
and
Printing

The Photoart House

WM. MEUER, President

Discriminating
Picture
Framing



Milk
Cream
Butter

Butter Milk
Ice Cream

Sold by

ZILISCH PURE MILK COMPANY

Visit our plant and see the workings of an up-to-date
sanitary creamery

Telephone 979

629 Washington Avenue.

CANOES

CANOES

OLD TOWN CANOES

NOW is the time to place your order for an
OLD TOWN CANOE

Call and let us quote you prices

Remember, we put them on your Co-op number

THE CO-OP

506 STATE ST.

Grand Theatre

