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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XX

Number 7

The Adventures of Gaucelm

--I. M. Ramsdell

Lunaria

--Stanley Weinbaum

A Cup of Coffee

--Walter K. Schwinn

April, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XX | Madison, April, 1921 | Number 7

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$500 A YEAR. There is at present before the Legislature a bill intended to raise the tuition fee at Wisconsin to $500 a year for students from outside the state. This is probably the quickest and most effective way that could be devised to eliminate Wisconsin from the list of America's greatest universities. It is argued that the state should not be expected to spend money to educate students from other states. Are we so provincial that we must cavil jealously with our neighbors over who is to bear the expense of education, when that education will affect us as well as them? Wisconsin is a part of the United States, and if she is able to maintain a great university, she should be proud of the homage which is paid that university by the whole country and not stop to quibble over the cost.

If we must reduce the size of the University for economic reasons, why not do so by judicious elimination of those who are unfit to carry on the work, rather than by a wholesale discrimination against those, no matter what their merit, who happen to live outside the state? For a discrimination it will be, and an effective discrimination. Five hundred dollars a year would be prohibitive for most of the out-of-state students at present in the University and would discourage most of those who plan to come in the future. Let us prune in the right place, if prune we must, and raise the entrance requirements, or set a limit on the enrollment, regardless of the residence of students or prospective students. We have too much dead wood here now. Let us select it and cast it out, but let us not blindly chop down a great tree because there is a caterpillar on the topmost twig.

FOR CONTRIBUTORS ONLY. Consider the word "c r a s y." Spelled with a capital letter, it might be a Hungarian surname; it might be an example of simplified spelling. It might be, we say, but it isn't. To the discerning editor who meets it in a manuscript it is immediately plain that "crasy" represents nothing more esoteric than a slip of the typewriter; "crazy" is the word. The point which we are making is that the editor must be discerning, nay, omniscient, perspicacious, and possessed of unearthly powers to read even the neatest of the manuscripts that are submitted to him.

One learns to pity the lot of the theme-reading instructor when one has almost daily to puzzle through pages and pages covered with marks that by the arrangement of them look like verse and by all standards of handwriting should be cuneiforms liberally interspersed with Chinese characters. Needless to say, contributions that are written carelessly are at a disadvantage; the reader stumbles over illegible words, stops to scrutinize a strange creature in the midst of a sentence, and when he is through he has nothing but a sense of having staggered over heaps of disjointed words. Poetical contributions that give this impression can hardly be regarded seriously.

As for prose manuscript: It is no uncommon thing for a member of the editorial staff to be compelled to typewrite a whole story. We may say that the prose is usually typewritten, but that is all. To judge from appearances, it is customary for undergraduate authors at Wisconsin to wear boxing-gloves when they

type their manuscripts. Punctuation is neglected as nonchalantly as though the voice of the puissant Woolley had never been heard in the land; spelling is a matter of striking approximately the right key on the typewriter.

Submitting slovenly manuscripts is bad business; it causes the editorial staff to swear and sometimes to laugh; it diminishes the value of contributions, and, which is most important, it breeds habits which, if you intend to write in the future, will inevitably stand in the way of your success. There is only one test of your work. If it appears that you know nothing of punctuation or spelling, which are, after all, rather important in writing, any editor to whom you submit your work will be unfavorably impressed. You may say to him, "Oh, I can do better than that if I take the trouble." Whereupon he will probably do one of two things: Courteously invite you to go home and take a little trouble or suggest that you make your living with a pick-axe, undisturbed by rules of usage.

ASSIMILATION. One of the most regrettable effects of the over-population of the university is that we have ceased assimilating. We no longer set up a type as an ideal and mold those who come here after that type. In a sense, of course, we do. We teach Freshmen to part their hair in the middle—those Freshmen who are susceptible—and to tone down the colour of their neckties, but that is not enough. We should influence their minds and their manners in the same way, so that when a man is graduated from the University he will have put behind him puerility of thought and laxity of manners. We do not succeed in doing this. Some few there are who recognize the ideal toward which the college man should strive, even in its present state of obfuscation, but untold numbers spend four years at the university without ever sensing the real object of a college education, which is, broadly speaking, to live according to the highest code of conduct and to reflect in one's life the knowledge which a college education is generally supposed to impart.

Perhaps it is impossible to do this in the great modern university with its enormous variations of type, but it would add greatly to the value of education if the college man were made to recognize the debt which he owes to his position.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

HORACE V. GREGORY

A poor, damned poet wandered down
The dark, misshapened streets of Hell;
And from his neck there hung a bell
That clanged. A rusty iron crown

Sat twisted like a thrice born curse,
In grave disorder on his head.
His eyes had seen the wakened dead,
Had seen love riding in a hearse.

His crooked fingers, black and long,
Played with the eager haste of fire
Upon a broken, stringless lyre
In measure to a voiceless song.

The Adventures of Gaucelm

I. M. RAMSDELL

Chapter I

Wherein Gaucelm Meeteth a Conscientious Hangman.

"It grieves us that you leave, Gaucelm," said Friar Edmund.

"Ah yes," said Friar Jerd.

"Alas," said the good Abbot.

"But yet, my good friends, I must see something of the world," replied Gaucelm," and mayhap I shall soon again be among you."

"Quite so," sighed Friar Edmund.

"Indeed 'tis true," sighed Friar Jerd.

"To be sure," sighed the good Abbot, so long and so deeply that Gaucelm could smell the good spiced wine on his breath. The Friars had a goodly cellar as was the custom in those olden days.

Then Gaucelm cast down his eyes, and, being a courteous soul, sighed also.

"Surely I shall have much to tell the world of the kindness of the Friars of Raimbaut," he said.

"And forget not the cellars," cried the Abbot, "the like of which are not to be found in the kingdom."

"Ah yes, the quality is unequalled," said Friar Edmund.

"And the capacity," said Friar Jerd.

"Indeed," said Gaucelm, "here the cellars and the good Friars stand unexcelled. Have surety that their fame shall be spread."

The good Abbot beamed benignantly.

"You are a good youth, Gaucelm," said he, "therefore at this, your parting, accept these little gifts. Here is a book of writings containing various matters such as the Holy Pope deems it good that we should know, also, there are certain godly poems therein composed by the devout Abbot Aloysius of Lindesfarne."

Gaucelm hung the book upon his belt by its chain and thanked the good Abbot.

"Hold awhile, youth," said the Abbot, "here is more," and he gave Gaucelm some parchment.

"Here are three pardons containing your name," said he, "all sent forth by the Holy Pope of Rome. When you sin, write the name of your offense in the open space and you are freely forgiven. You are a fine youth and thus may you win to heaven. They are yours, my boy, given *gratis*. Take them, and spare yourself hell-pains."

Gaucelm was overcome with gratitude at the cheapness of the salvation offered him and he thanked the kindly Abbot with tears in his eyes.

"'Tis nothing," said the Abbot, "we gained six of them from a pardoner for a night's lodging—they were all he had. Give naught to a pardoner, Gaucelm, they are the leeches that suck the blood of our Holy Mother Church, but take from them all that you may. Moreover we shall sell the other three at twofold, thus losing little. Now be on your way, lad, it is time for our vespers."

"And the evening wine," said Friar Jerd.

"Yes, yes," said Friar Edmund.

"To be sure," said the good Abbott, "let us hasten within."

So Gaucelm put his pardons within his doublet and set out to see the world. As he trudged toward the town he was at a loss as to what sin to commit first. He could not decide how to use his pardons to the most advantage, so he took his book which dangled at his thigh and read aloud.

"In Ethiopia is found basilisk, cockatrice, and phoenix" he read, "in certain parts of Greece, the centaur, and in the adjoining seas, mermaiden.—The unicorn is a beast akin to the horse—"

"Give you good even, sir," said a voice.

Gaucelm started and looked up. Before him was a maiden. He blushed and cast down his eyes, for the good Abbot had told him much of the evils with which women beset godly men. Had not Adam lost Paradise thus?

"Give you good even," said he.

"Where are you from and where do you go?" asked the maiden.

"I come from the Abbey of Raimbaut and go to see the world," replied Gaucelm.

"Oh," said the maiden, laughing and scratching her bare foot, at which Gaucelm glanced, not without pleasure.

"Then go first to Pilsbury. It is a fête day."

Gaucelm did not answer but continued to gaze at the bare feet. He wondered if he was sinning—was it so, he made a mental decision to set aside one of his pardons for gazing at bare feet and ankles—it was indeed pleasant. There *was* much enjoyment in sinning.

The girl laughed.

"Youths from the Abbey are strange," she said,, "but you are comely; kiss me and be on your way."

Gaucelm kissed her and was determined to set by

another pardon. There was now only one, but was the sin not worth the price? He watched her disappear up the road. Truly the world was a happy, wicked place. Then he opened his book and resumed his reading.

"The dolphin is of all beasts, the most tenderhearted. Elephants worship the sun—Pliny sayeth that of lightning there are eleven kinds. Clap the hands when it lightens. There are four elements; earth, air, fire, water. To each of these pertaineth a spirit, to the earth, gnome; to the air, sylph; to the fire, salamander, which layeth eggs; to the water, ondine. By long and great study a scholar may at last perceive sylph or salamander. Such an one rises to strange wisdom . . . Some say the earth is round, but Holy Church denieth it, therefore it is flat. Aristotle hath said—"

Gaucelm heard shouts and cries, and looking ahead of him he saw that he was about to come into a town. He dropped his book to his side and advanced lightly. Here, the maiden had said, he would find life. It was indeed a fête day. Many people were about, buying, begging, stealing and going to church, as was the custom. Wine was cheap and women plentiful.

Gaucelm went down to the gate and entered a narrow, crowded street wherein high, old, ruinous houses towered, scarce letting in the sun. Ever and anon arose the cries of pedlars, beggars, and mountebanks. Here in a corner a travelling actor stood upon his head, crying amain to passersby that they might toss pennies into his tin cup. His countenance was very red as the blood coursed downwardly to his face. Gaucelm watched him curiously. He had been told that such as these went often mad—too much blood in the head unseated the thoughts and they became speedily unwitted.

A pedlar, small, with little shifty eyes, brushed Gaucelm, crying his wares in a harsh, nasal voice. Gaucelm turned to consider the man and his goods.

"Who'll buy?" called the pedlar, "Here are your fine pennyworths."

His little, shifty eyes roved about Gaucelm's person, seeking the bulge of a hidden purse. Gaucelm shook his head.

"No money?" asked the pedlar. "Eye of God, how this sickness spreads."

The moving crowd pushed them toward a tent, erected in the shadow of a house. Gaucelm retreated farther watching the pedlar the while as he strove to defend his precious tray from the jostling of the multitude. Then he beheld a curious thing.

A long lean hand protruded through a slit in the tent hovered a moment, then seized a golden bracelet from the tray and drew back quickly.

The pedlar shrieked.

A tattered blue figure emerged from the tent-door and hied him swiftly down the street.

"Stop him!" cried the pedlar, "Stop him! Stop the bracelet! Stop him! Hang him! Get the bracelet!"

The thief raced on, his blue tatters flashing here and there in the crowd as he darted this way and that, eluding the clutching hands and swinging cudgels of the righteous. The whole street took up the hue and cry; necks were craned, the acrobat stood upon his feet, fat burghers peered curiously from high windows.

The figure in blue moved slower, he was tiring—his dodging became less skillful. A yeoman in green leather thrust out a bow-stave and down he went with the yeoman upon his back before he could recover. He struggled a bit and then lay still, panting for breath. The pursuers closed around with a shout of delight.

Gaucelm hastened toward the crowd at the heels of the pedlar. They pushed toward the center, the latter crying shrilly:

"Hang him! Give me my bracelet! My golden bracelet made in Broomleigh by the Paynim goldsmith! Gold as ever was! Hang him!"

The yeoman in green sat stolidly upon the back of his prisoner. He made as if he did not hear the pedlar. The crowd jeered. The thief had been caught for the catching's sake, not for a swindling vender of jewelry who might sell one a bauble and lift one's purse together.

"Close thy pate, pack-aback! Still thy chatter lest we still it for thee!"

The remarks had an ominous sound, and the little, shifty eyes of the travelling jeweller sought a haven. He clutched his tray closer, to retreat.

But a new figure drew all eyes. A huge person in red doublet and hose pushed roughly into the circle.

"Thumb of St. Lazarus, what is all this turmoil?" he cried, gazing about him belligerently.

"This must be a great one," thought Gaucelm, "and yet he has the same look as Friar Bartholomew, the butcher—his great arms and hands, yes, even to a purple nose."

"Who is this person?" he whispered to his neighbor.

"Adolpho, the hangman, and in a fine rage," was his whispered answer.

"Mother of God! Dumb ones!" cried Adolpho. "Will no one answer me?"

Gaucelm spoke, pointing to the pedlar.

"Yonder goodman had a bracelet of gold taken from among his wares."

"Where is the offender?" asked Adolpho.

"Under him in green," said Gaucelm, pointing.

Adolpho turned in that direction and roared.

"Who is hangman here? By whose right, churl, do you mistreat a prisoner belonging to me, Adolpho, hangman to his excellency, the Mayor?"

The yeoman arose and retired sheepishly into the crowd. Adolpho raised the thief from the ground and tenderly brushed the dust from his tattered garments. Then he looked to the crowd.

"Disperse, ye!" he cried, with a baleful look that sent many on their way.

The pedlar, however, seeing no further danger stood by the hangman and his prisoner thinking the while of his bracelet. Gaucelm also, knowing little of the breed of hangmen, and therefore fearing them not, remained to learn something of their habits. Adolpho turned again to his prisoner.

"What a fine young man," he said, patting the puny little thief upon the back.

The thief said nothing, but gazed about him like a frightened beast seeking some refuge. Adolpho noticed this look and he gripped him the firmer.

"Ah no, my young friend," he said. "Think you that gallows meat slips so easily from Adolpho's fingers? Four score and five men have I hanged and nary a prisoner lost."

He fastened a leading string about the prisoner's neck.

"You must surely hang," he went on, "It is a fête day. One must have wine at a wedding and one must have a hanging upon a fête day. Marry, you need not wince, it is soon over. You'll never feel it. Let me see—" he looked the prisoner over carefully—"weight nine stone, perchance ten—a five foot drop and it's over at once—tight about the windpipe, but who'll notice that? Four score and five men have I hanged and nary a complaint."

The thief groaned piteously, so that Gaucelm was deeply moved. He touched Adolpho upon the shoulder.

"Is it certain he shall hang?" he asked.

"Holy Mother Church!" cried Adolpho. "It is a fête day. One must have a hanging upon a fête day. Assuredly he shall hang. I have sought all day for gallows meat—here it is. Certes he shall hang."

Then he addressed his captive further.

"Cease thy snivelling," he said. "Why should you weep? It is an honor that you come upon. You shall hang from as fine a gallows-tree as ever graced Pilsbury market. And upon a fête day. Now come."

The pedlar had meanwhile regained his courage and now he clamoured for his bracelet, made in Broomleigh by the Paynim goldsmith. Adolpho glowered at him.

"Begone," he said, "you shall have it by due process of the law."

"He no longer has it," Gaucelm pointed out. "Perchance it slipped from his fingers and rolled under foot."

But search was fruitless. The pedlar tore his hair and swore in French, English, and the dialect of the northern counties. Gaucelm again addressed Adolpho.

"There is now no evidence of this man's guilt," said he, pointing to the thief, "You durst not hang him."

"Blood of Christ!" swore Adolpho, "Is it not a fête day? There must be a hanging and here is good gallows-meat. Such hell-froth is well rid of. You are an impertinent fellow."

"But he has not the bracelet," Gaucelm insisted, "There is no proof! How can it be the law to hang such an one?"

Adolpho was puzzled. He rubbed his bulbous purple nose thoughtfully.

"It is a fête day," he insisted, "there must surely be a hanging. An there is none, then would the Mayor whip me from the gates. The good wife and the children would starve—would you take the bread from their mouths?"

Gaucelm could not answer this. He fingered his little book, but there was naught within touching hangings. Adolpho observed this.

"By your little book you are a poet," he said, "and poets know little of such matters as hangings."

"I am not a poet," said Gaucelm, "Though there are certain poems written in my book."

"But you are no youth from the town," said Adolpho, "your tongue wags Abbeywise. Perhaps your little book contains the Hangman's Hymn?"

"Nay," said Gaucelm, "the good Abbot Aloysius of Lindesfarne wrote not of your gentle profession."

"'Tis a gross oversight," said Adolpho, "but listen now and learn." He cleared his throat and sang a sprightly stave, thus:

"Some men are swung to Kingdom Come,
Ho! Every neck-stretched fellow.
And since they're sped, all stark and dead,
They're roasting now in Hell-O.
Swing 'em up-O
Pull 'em up-O
They're roasting down in Hell-O."

Gaucelm was much pleased and bade Adolpho continue.

"The chains of rust wherein they're trussed,
Clink-clank, a ghastly echo,
Eyes side by side, sightless and wide,
For little birds to peck-O.
Swing 'em up-O
Pull 'em up-O
For little birds to peck-O."

The pedlar interrupted with a cry, and as Gaucelm looked the thief made off down the street, his broken leading cord flying. Adolpho pursued, but in vain. He returned in great anger, swearing strange oaths.

"Fool, fool, fool!" shrieked the pedlar. "Idiot, knave, dunderhead! He is gone, the golden bracelet is gone!"

"God's Blood, what will the Mayor have to say at this?" said Adolpho. "Surely, I shall be whipped from the gates. What will the goodwife do and the children?" and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Damn the Mayor, may his fat carcass roast ten thousand years!" shrieked the pedlar, who had lost all fear with the loss of his bracelet.

"Beard of St. Peter! Who is it dares to curse the Mayor?" cried Adolpho, turning about. "You shall surely hang. To day is a fete day, and there must be a hanging. Come along."

And so the poor pedlar was led screaming away.

The setting sun gilded the gallows. The crowd cheered. The pursy Mayor sat in his window above the market place beaming upon his good people.

"Truly, it is a noble evening for a hanging," he sighed.

"It is nicely done," said his daughter at his side. "Adolpho has accomplished well; the rogue has kicked for full three minutes. Give him a butt of good spiced wine, father, for this day's work."

There were more cheers. Adolpho bowed toward the Mayor's window and then to the multitude. The pedlar kicked no more, but swung in the breeze at the end of the hempen rope. The sun made of him a long, grotesque shadow across the market-place.

Gaucelm watched awhile.

"Truly, the world is strange," he mused, and then sought him a quiet place to look further in his book.

(To be continued)

Lunaria

STANLEY WEINBAUM

I

There flashed a momentary light
  Of honey-hued mellifluence,
As through the cloud-swept purple height
  The amber moon's magnificence
Streamed for an instant, garish, bright,
  On gray and gloomy battlements.

The turgid waters washed around
  The shifting bow of our canoe,
A pall of graying flood did bound
  Our lonely world. The south wind blew
And blew and blew with mournful sound,
  And drove us toward that towered view.

And somber, still, the great pile lay
  In shade or lunar brilliancy,
While wolfish clouds swept o'er in play,
  Like creatures of insanity.—
A place to jest about by day,
  By night a haunted mystery.

A universe of wave our world,
  Ourselves the two inhabitants;
Our home a frail canoe that whirled
  Between the waves in sprightly dance;
And still the south wind blew and hurled
  Us on, our guides, the wind and Chance.

About our craft shades came to creep,
  As cloud- and moon-born spirits roam
The dust-gray lake. It seemed so deep
  Beneath our fragile canvas home,—
The very waters seemed to weep
  Great tears of spray—wild sighs of foam.

Low o'er our heads we saw them soar,
  Great, gaunt, gray clouds made mad with fear,
When suddenly the moon once more
  Struck down between them, argent clear,
And there ahead we saw the shore,
  For we had drifted very near.

And masked and silent lay the pile,
  Save where a pale and feeble streak
From one high window gleamed the while
  Some moon-bound soul was struggling, weak
With pain as sharp as chamomile,
  And once we heard a ghastly shriek.

A sinister and somber scene
  Of sullen stone and writhing tree;
And fearful forms and epicene
  Crept through the shadows silently;
'Mid horrid thoughts of things venene,
  We drifted toward insanity.

II

Our Mistress Moon is gay tonight—
  She peeps at us through rings of cloud;
She calls us, carefree, dazzling, bright,
  She makes her subjects shriek aloud,
And now and then she shields her light
  With graying mists, as with a shroud.

She calls us like some gay coquette
  Who holds a plumed fan in her hand,
Whose hair is midnight-hued as jet,
  Whose face is smiling, fair, and bland—
About to turn a pirouette,
  Or tread a stately saraband.

She spreads her gray-plumed fan before
  Her silver, bright, alluring face,
And half-concealing, shows the more
  Her piquantly inviting grace,
That men may gather to implore
  A dreamy waltz, a grave cinque-pace.

Ah, she is strong, our Mistress Moon,
  And sweet and cruel as elemi;
She comes to us a gay triune
  And multiplies herself by three—
In window, sky, and black lagoon,
  She glows, a haunting trinity.

She wavers in the quivering lake,
  And moves in a voluptuous dance;
Her selves in sky and window shake
  Their heads, and stare at her, askance
That their third self should merry make
  With passing waves in dalliance.

Ye whom the moon hath never called
  Know not the reason why we weep,
Nor why we face the dusk appalled,
  And fear the shadow-shapes that creep,
For ye who are not moon-enthralled,
  When the hot night has come, can sleep.

Ye know not what it is to beat
  At airy bonds that bind you tight
In tenuous threads. The fever heat,
  Ye know it not—The futile fright—
O God! our days may not be sweet;
  At least they shall not be as night.

Ye do not hear the night-things groan
  In dreadful impotent despair,
Ye do not hear the mournful tune
  Of pale and ghoulish shapes of air,
Nor do ye fall into a swoon
  At phantasms that are not there.

O gaunt, gray cloud—O pallid ghost—
  O ghastly glaring eyes of pain—
O dreadful dreams in horrid host—
  Why do ye slay our souls in vain,
That we must live already lost,
  And doubly-dead, must die again?

III

Fleeing from all these shapes of fright,
  We left that haunted shore behind,
And lo! the night was empty night,
  The wind was only wind that whined;
The moon was but the satellite,
  That downward to the west inclined.

And dawn was near. A silver beam
  Of light suffused a heavenly bay
Of cloudy isles. A great trireme
  With hulk of darkness, sails of gray,
Moved silently athwart the stream,
  And seemed the bearer of the day.

The Jest of Jests

(A Play in Two Scenes)

by

JAMES WARD GILMAN

Characters:

Morris Reinhart, an insurance salesman. Fat, hustling, loud, and disagreeable.

Fay Reinhart, his wife, a misunderstood woman who has found her soul-mate and indulges herself in the sensual enjoyments made possible by the artificial civilization of a large city.

Mickey McFadden, her soul-mate, a joyous, carefree soul, who lives for and in the present.

An Angel.

Scene One.

A bedroom in a downtown hotel. There are two doors and a large window. The shade is drawn at the window and both doors are tightly shut. Mrs. Reinhart in beautifully delicate negligeé sits on the side of the bed smoking a cigarette. She hums to herself and flicks the ashes gracefully on the carpet, where she rubs them in with the dainty toe of her slender slipper. Mickey is mixing a cocktail on the dresser. He seems a little doubtful of the concoction, but is, nevertheless, interested in it. He is in smoking jacket and the trousers of his evening clothes.

Mickey

I hope this infernal stuff will be good, but with nothing but ice-water to cool it, I have me doubts.

Fay

Oh, never mind if it isn't. We won't need any stimulants. This isn't going to be a rough party, you know.

Mickey

It may be rougher than you expect if your husband gets wise. And it's exhilarated I have to be to forget his awful insinuations at our last meeting. An adorable man, and so tactful! He talked of nothing but murder when we met. And it's me he's going to murder.

Fay

Pooh, don't mind him. I never did.

Mickey

And it may be the death of us both. (*He has finished his mixture, and pours forth a greenish solution into a couple of glasses. He empties one and smiles.*) Sure and it's the real stuff all right, if there aint some wood alcohol in it. And what's the odds if there is? We're likely to see heaven before morning anyway with your husband on our trail. (*He passes a glass to Fay and pours another for himself.*)

Fay

Thanks. Here's to heaven, old dear. May we be a long way from it.

Mickey

You said it, Fay. Let's hope we're never farther from it than to-night—there's a place you know—

Fay

Oh, hush up, will you. Come kiss me.

Mickey

Sure I will. (*He sets his glass on the dresser and approaches her.*) And that will be heaven itself.

(*A loud knock is heard on the door opposite the window. It is repeated, and Mickey goes and opens it a little. It is forced by a short man who plunges in. He is very angry and very hot. He snorts and puffs and looks around. Mickey looks downcast, and Fay shrieks.*)

Fay

My husband! Save me, Mickey!

Morris

Huh, so I caught you this time, did I? Well, this will be the last time. I'll be a fool to you two no longer.

(*He closes the door with his shoulder and pulls a gun from his pocket.*)

Mickey

(*Recoiling toward the door at the side*) Be careful of that thing: it may be loaded.

Morris

I know damned well it's loaded. And it's going to go off in a minute. (*To Mickey*) You stand still. You've been making sport of me long enough. I'm going to end it all right here. See? I'm going to send you to hell in just two seconds. Understand?

Fay

My God!

Mickey

Sure, Mr. Reinhart, you're only joking. You wouldn't—

Morris

Well, sir, if it's a joke, it's on you, for you're as good as dead.

(*He aims at Mickey and fires. Mickey falls dead. Fay shudders and puts her hands to her face. Morris turns quickly and shoots her, too. The sound of the shots apparently frightens him. He looks at the two bodies and trembles.*)

Morris

God! What have I done? Oh, oh, this is worse than before. (*He hesitates. There is a knock on the door. He turns around and listens. The murmur of voices can be heard without. There is the sound of someone fitting a key in the lock.*)

Morris

They're after me already. But they won't get me. No sir. I won't hang for 'em. I'll kill myself first. (*He mutters a prayer, puts the gun to his temple, and pulls the trigger. The door is opened by the house detective, who looks around and then slams the door behind him. He examines the bodies.*)

House Detective

Ho, hum, another eternal triangle ruined.

Quick Curtain

Scene Two

Heaven: The setting is very uncertain. It might be any place on earth, or a composite of everywhere on earth. There are bushes and trees and rivers in the distance with large skyscrapers and graceful domes in the background. Apparently heaven is a hodge-podge of everything in the world. There is even a public house in sight, though the American bar is now labelled "Soft Drinks." Fay enters from left and looks around.

Fay

Huh, so this is heaven? Well, it looks just like New York to me. I don't seem much hurt from Morris's gun. I wonder if I was dreaming?

(*Enter an Angel with white robes and a harp.*)

Fay

Well, this must be heaven. Those flowing robes are all out of style in New York.

Angel

How dye do.

Fay

Quite well, thank you. Is this heaven?

Angel

Yes, indeed.

Fay

Well, it looks a lot like New York, don't it? I always thought New York was about as near heaven as they could get on earth.

Angel

To you it looks like New York, for heaven is like the place you liked best on earth.

Fay

I see—but what about you—didn't you like any place on earth?

Angel

Oh, yes, but I liked the stage best, and I always played the part of little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and I liked the scene where I became an angel best of all, so when I came to heaven they thought I'd be a useful part of the machinery here, for most people like you expect to find heaven inhabited by such as I am. I am employed in character to explain heaven to strangers.

Fay

Oh, how wonderful. I do wish Mickey were here.

Angel

Well, he will be as soon as he dies. Everybody comes to heaven. There is no other place. That's all a fake. Get's the preachers a living, and makes men like Billy Sunday rich. All a frame-up, I assure you. But isn't this your friend coming now?

Fay

Sure enough. Oh, Mickey, isn't this wonderful?

Mickey

Where am I? Why—hello, Fay.

Fay

You're in heaven with me. Isn't that glorious?

Mickey

Heaven! Hell! This is Ireland. And from the looks of things I believe they've got Home Rule.

Fay

Why, no, it isn't. It's New York.

Mickey

Have it your own way. I never argue with a woman.

Fay

That's what makes you so adorable, Mickey.

Mickey

Is it? Well, we'll have to leave it to your friend here. Is this Ireland or New York?

Angel

It's both. The lady will explain it to you. I must hurry off. There are a lot of new arrivals today. These wars on earth keep me awfully busy. (*Exit Angel.*)

Fay

Kiss me, Mickey.

Mickey

Faith, and how can I when you're in New York and I'm on the "Ould Sod?"

Fay

Stop joking and kiss me.

(*Mickey embraces her. They whisper together and disappear at the back of the stage. Morris enters puffing and hot. He mops his brow and runs his finger along the inside of his collar.*)

Morris

What's this? What's this? Coney Island, bless my soul. I never expected heaven to be half as nice as this. Huh, think of me in heaven and those two down below roasting by now, likely. Well, now this is charming. And if that ain't a bar room over there. Now that's fine. I'm certainly thirsty and hot. I hope the beer is good. Well, well, well, that was a good job I did, all right.

(*He crosses stage and exits. Angel enters flustered and hurried.*)

Angel

I thought I saw a stranger here. A little fat man. Wonder where he went. But he isn't here now, and I've got a thousand others to attend to this morning. I'll come back later. Maybe he'll be hanging around then. I simply can't attend to all of these people at once. They are so stupid some of them—they simply won't believe what I tell 'em. They take so much time I can't get around to all of them. It's beyond angelic power.

(*Exit Angel. Mickey and Fay come strolling back, arm in arm.*)

Fay

I wonder where Morris is now?

Mickey

In jail most likely. That's what they do to fellows like him who kill their wives.

Fay

Oh, isn't is just too funny to think of him in jail for making us so happy up here. Isn't it the best joke?

Mickey

Uh huh. And it was on us he said the joke would be.

(*Morris enters wiping his mouth.*)

Morris

My God! What? YOU HERE?

Fay

Morris!

Mickey

How'd you get out of jail so soon?

Morris

Huh, I never was in jail. But by God, this heaven is all a joke.

Mickey

That's what I tried to tell you down on earth, but you said the joke was on me. I think you were wrong Morris, for you remember the good book says very plainly that there is no marriage in heaven.

(*Morris snorts. Mickey embraces Fay and winks slyly at Morris over her shoulder.*)

Quick Curtain

Quiz Section

HELEN POUDER

I

The knife, which was the only animated object one could see in the mirror, (too small ever to show all of anything) descended upon the pie with the air of a knife that had been made expressly to carry pie gracefully towards its destination. It was a handsome knife, of silver, with three Greek letters engraved on the handle, and it was used to lying with two silver spoons, also Greek lettered, at the right of a dinner plate. The pie-tin with which it was now associated, appeared in the mirror only as the segment of a presumably large circle, burnt around the edges. Both had been, without doubt, secretly conveyed from the kitchen, probably about midnight, and had furnished a refreshing repast after study and the adventure of obtaining it. So far, there was nothing very unusual in the juxtaposition of pie-tin and knife, or in their presence in the bed room. It happened often.

The pie-tin slipped a little, the uplifted knife wavered and dropped its burden. An impatient exclamation proceeded from the disappointed consumer. She viewed the remains of the pastry with satiated eye. It was disgusting. More than that, it was absurd. The unfairness of a University which could allow such things overwhelmed her. It could force her to a breakfast of left-over apricot pie, which she was eating like a pig, and it did. It could take away her nine o'clock quiz-section, for which she rose with the utmost reluctance, but which began her day in a sane, respectable manner, and substitute a one-thirty, which gave her no earthly reason for existing before lunch-time. It had done so. Of course she had been late for breakfast; she would be, probably, every Friday morning. She had been watching her own movements (or rather, the visible results of them) in the mirror with a forlorn sense of loneliness. She was the only girl in the house, and the sunshine poured over her scattered garments, her room mate's unmade bed, and the untidy pie-tin.

There was work to do, of course; she ought to know the lesson for that one-thirty perfectly; there was no excuse for not knowing it. A new instructor, new impressions to be made, a good beginning at the fourth week of the semester (and a decent past record) ought to lead to an "Ex" in the course. *He* would probably make an "Ex." Again, her distaste for existence arose, and nauseated her. She half-curled herself up on the bed and tried, unsuccessfully, to pretend she wasn't there. It was unfair. It was ridiculous. Never, save in a crowded lecture room, half the room's length away, would she see him again. The persistence of the earth in whirling dutifully upon its axis seemed to her utterly futile. There could never, though she should meet him accidentally a hundred times, be another intimacy like the one the University had broken up. She could never, from her advantageous position one row behind him and two chairs to the left, contemplate again that profile that a god might envy, the broodingly half-shut eyes, and—what no Greek ever had,—sleek, straight black hair which after an almost (but not quite) negligible part, swept back unbrokenly until, in the back, it reached the line of his ears. (Beautifully set ears!) She had watched the restless movements of his broad shoulders in their cramped space, and had pitied the authority who arranged the seats with no imagination for the heroic build. That *he* should have to sit there! But, magnificently, he did. It was wonderful that he sat there, in her quiz-section, interested in the same work, having read, before he came, the very books that she herself had pored over. She had dared (she could not understand, when she thought of it, calmly, how she *had* dared) to dream of more wonderful things. That he should, some day, sit next to her. That he should speak. That they should be talking when the bell rang, and then, quite naturally, walk down the hill together. She had blushed at that, and later, when she had caught herself wondering how his fraternity pin would look under hers, she was covered with confusion. Now, settled in a despairing heap on her bed, she burned faintly at the memory. Then she rose, and dressed herself with accustomed care. It was possible, she thought, that worth-while people might congregate for quiz at one-thirty. But she did not know that she thought it.

II

Having nothing in the world to do but to go to her one-thirty class, she was, of course, late. She slipped, breathlessly, into the first vacant seat, and busied herself with her note book, without rasing her eyes. A queer enjoyment of the novelty of the situation was coming over her. She was excited, but knew not why, and her resentment at having had to change classes and

leave the contemplation of him was fading. It was impossible, but it was true. She did not realize it herself. Only, she focused her eyes upon her reading glasses, propped up on her note-book, and surveyed herself in the very useful reflection she found there. After that, she was ready to look up.

The man who was sitting next to her began his recitation. She raised her eyes. She looked up slowly, certain of what she was about to behold, yet saying to herself, "This is imposisble. It can't be real. It is too silly." And as she recognized fully that same dreamed-of profile silhoutted against the glare of the window, she felt that strange impact of the true and the incredible which always dazed her. Not a moment ago, and he had been lost to her forever. Not half a moment ago, (she would have added, had she been frank with herself) she had been ready for his successor. She was lost in amazement.

"You were changed to this one too?" He turned toward her and smiled down, "That's fine!"

She gasped. His eyes were set too close together.

III

They knew no one else in the newly formed section, it seemed. He walked out of the room with her and down to the first floor quite naturally.

"If you will wait until I get my coat—" he suggested, and disappeared into the cloak-room. She waited, miserable, and angry at herself for being miserable. Two hours before, this had been a felicity never to be truly experienced. She did not understand it. Nevertheless, it was so. He came out, buckling the belt of his overcoat, and joined her.

The overcoat was a very prince of overcoats. It was made of the finest woolen stuff, of a dark greenish mixture, subdued, but rich, and it boasted a collar of fur, fine enough to please the most fastidious girl. An overcoat not to be mistaken or duplicated among a thousand! And she knew that it belonged to another man. She scorned his childishness. He was conceited. He was ridiculous.

They walked down the hill together, and she turned sharply at the first side street. He turned also. She knit her brows and glared at the sidewalk. He talked on, and she heard him not. What he was saying made no difference to her at all. He was enjoying himself, and she hated him.

"I live here," she said abruptly, nodding her head toward her sorority house. "Good-by."

He asked her, at that point, whether she was busy for the week end, and she said she was, so quickly that the truth of her statement was open to question. He was sorry, and would be looking for her at quiz-section next week.

She said firmly, "'I shall not be in the one-thirty class any longer." Then she walked into the house.

Astonishing creature! She marveled at herself. She was ashamed of herself, and furiously angry. The University had caused the whole thing, and she had submitted. It had been maliciously evil in its management of her affairs. Very well. She was not going to be reminded of her folly. It was outrageous to suppose that she would ever enter that particular class again. The only alternative was an early hour on Saturday morning. Hateful! But so it must be. She wondered who would be in the class——.

SONNET

MARY W. RUFFNER

Ah, ne'er before was lovelier night than this
Nor did these moonbeams with more softness slide
Within one's weary soul, more gently glide
To its dark nooks and crannies, cool to bliss
The fev'rish walls of day, and with a kiss
As soft and sweet as thine, love, blow aside
The tiny heaps of dust that sometimes bide
There in a disarray, uncouth, amiss.

And thou, dear, in the silver moonlight set,
Wert never framed so fair, who art so fair
That moonlight's self its paleness doth regret.
Ah! with the west-wind playing in thine hair,
More dangerous rival, Moon hath never met;
Both wind and I, so well we love thee, there.

Alcaics

Horace, Ode I, xxiv.

STERLING TRACY

No bounds can hold my sorrowing soul that grieves
For loss of thee, Quintilius, dear to me.
O tragic Muse, inspired of heaven,
Sound from thine harp-strings a mournful measure.

Unending sleep now holds him in cold embrace.
O Virtue! Honor! Faith incorruptible!
I summon you in solemn witness,
Where can ye hope to behold his compeer?

Of all who wept none wept more bitterly
Than thou, dear Virgil, thou who didst love him so.
Forego thy prayers—the gods are heedless;
Vain is thy trust; thy devotion fruitless.

E'en though thou strike the lyre with alluring note
That vies with Thracian Orpheus to sway the wood,
Still unsubstantial moves the spirit
On to the realms of unyielding Pluto.

Where fast are barred the portals of destiny
Which ne'er have oped in answer to mortal prayer.
'Tis hard; but Patience lighteneth all things
Wrought by th' inflexible hand of Fortune.

Garden Fancy

MARGARET EMMERLING

Soft fingers stroked the petals of a blossom.

"Do not ask me to come with thee, but hear me speak. I know it is May in thy heart—warm touch of blue-bells and green sunlight upon the shiny grass—May for thee. But in me there is none of that. Swift pain is in my heart."

Strong hands moved closer, pleading.

"Marylin, Marylin! Put such things away from thee, and hear the high urge of the wind and the shout of birds in the morning. Let us go with them, Marylin, you and I."

Straight little paths of crimson brick marched through the garden. Pale spots of blue and pink nodded from border beds, and sunlight came in flickering patches into the arbor where the lady sat, and her lover bent over her small body.

"It is a triumphant spring, my Marylin. Come thou with me and we shall ride singing into the face of it."

A shadow moved over her face, and her hands stirred lightly, as though it had touched them, too. She spoke softly.

"It is passing strange, but I cannot feel that thou art with me; the touch of thy shoulder is cold and distant, thy voice is as the voice of the children in school, mechanically reciting great nothings. A moment ago, I knew there was spring. Now even that has left me. I do not understand."

Eagerly the man drew closer.

"The fretting and prattle of thy ladies hath wearied thee, my sweet; thy darling head is dull with stupid talk. Leave them, Marylin, leave them with me. We shall go to new, flaming cities, rich and untried. Let me, who am thy lover, take thee there to love thee."

But the long grey eyes of the lady were looking into far spaces. Slowly again she tried to speak.

"Days and nights it hath been thus, dear friend.

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It is a terrible vision which frightens me beyond speech, but I can not escape. It is—it is a sort of gulf of pain—unreasoning, blind. Only the vivid pain."

Straight stood the strong man, in anger.

"Who is it hath done this thing to thee? Who hath caused thee to weep? Pale, wee flowret, what harsh winds are blowing thee now?"

"It is really nothing. No one can understand. Only that when at evening I think of thee—my mind is not there. I seem to lose—and then suddenly sweeping, there comes a wide swift rush of greyness—like long soft curtains, hanging—from Heaven. They hide—something, which I can not reach. Always it hath been like this. Then, after I have waited, shuddering, lo, with a slashing like lightning, the curtains are torn in the middle—and—oh!"

White hands darted up, covering her face. The man's voice was tight.

"And behind the curtain, Marylin?"

"Oh, I would I had never tried to tell it thee. It came again, so sharp, so full of anguish. But it seemed as though I must have told thee, for the dull sense of disaster stirring these many days, is eating away my heart. I cannot think of any other thing."

"But I am with thee, so close to thee, Marylin."

"Ah, thou art with me. But it is thought of thee—thought of thee—Ripping through the pale curtains comes a flashing, starry knife! A fine, silver, plunging thing! Infinitely sharp. Oh, the pain; the pain to look at it."

Her voice died slowly. Bewildered the man stood.

"Strange, wandering dreams visit thee—"

Seeing her sadness, he kneeled down beside her and tenderly kissd her hands; and after that he kissed her lips, and, very lightly, the thin blue lids of her eyes. But she freed herself.

"Nothing is real. Not even the touch of thy lips on mine, nor the soft green lustre of new leaves, growing, nor fragrance of anemones. Only the pain that came. That will not go. I cannot have thee near to me, because it is too sharp and fierce. I think I will leave this garden, and walk to the river now, for it runs smoothly and cool, knowing no sorrow such as mine. Perhaps it could wash it away."

The man made a movement to stop her, but there was such a stillness about her that he could only follow hungrily with his eyes. At the last, she turned to look at him, and suddenly there was a wave of deadly terror in her face. She caught her breath, spread out her hand on her breast, and turning swiftly, fled from the arbor.

Jim

KATHERINE ROCKWELL

He loaned me his Eversharp pencil one day and I lost it. I bewailed my carelessness to Marion and she reproached me thus:

"And some girl probably gave it to him."

"How do you know?" said I, half curious and half apprehensive.

"Oh Jim is the kind of boy girls do give Eversharps to."

Yes, I realized, he was just that. I suppose in the olden days it would have been a crimson sleeve or a golden chain that a fair lady might have hung about his neck but in these utilitarian days the favor has become an Eversharp pencil. Not that an Eversharp is without sentiment. Oh no, indeed, slim and long and cool with, perhaps, an initial engraved near the top, it can gracefully recall the fair giver. But still there is always its practicality to relieve a too persistent grace. Yes, I reiterate, Jim is the kind of boy to whom a girl would give an Eversharp. Do not misunderstand me. Jim is not, to use the vernacular, a "lady-killer"; nothing so heavy as that, and besides one would never give a "lady-killer" an Eversharp. Jim's is a quiet charm that by its very restraint carries more appeal than the swashbuckling methods of the aforementioned type of gentleman. Not consciously does he set about to win favor, but still one feels that if he wanted to he could make anyone like him. For men, too, find in him the likeableness that makes girls call him so "nice." The graceful qualities of a Stevenson and a Lafcadio Hearn are his. But in spite of his winning charm there is an aloofness or a lack of the hail-fellow-well-met expression of geniality that keeps him apart from his fellow men. It is almost a coldness, an inability to break through an artificial but strong reserve built up by an innate shyness. The pagan in Jim is deep within if it is there. Perhaps it is this baffling coldness coupled with the apparent charm that his eyes bespeak that makes the girls wonder about him, almost care for him, stop, and then give him Eversharp pencils because they do not dare give him more. They hope he will find the grace in the pencil as well as the lead—and he will.

Marion came into the room.

"Did you find Jim's pencil?" she queried.

"No," said I. "Do you think I had better get him another?"

"Don't be typical," she said.

But I was.

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Return of the Fairies

MAVIS MCINTOSH

Wise men said that they had gone
Never to return
In the early, opal dawn.
Though the heart might yearn
For the beat of tiny wings,
Glint of gossamer—
Wise men banish foolish things,
Fairies never were.

Fay and Sprite
In the night
Dancing where the moon shone bright!
Elf and Pixie, who but you
Jeweled the spider's web with dew?

I saw a wee child in a dell
On a summer day
Look in every flower bell
For a hidden fay.
Wise men, Wise men, come and see
Gleaming fairy wings
Where a child ecstatically
Hunts for foolish things!

Fay and Sprite
In the night
Dancing where the moon shone bright!
Elf and Pixie, who but you
Jeweled the spider's web with dew?

A Cup of Coffee

WALTER K. SCHWINN

The stranger stood in the center of the tracks and watched the red spots of light sink slowly out of sight. As the last of the train disappeared into the dark, he turned about and swore softly. It was cold, bitter cold, and a strong wind blew in from the lake beside the right-of-way; the snow, which had threatened all day, was now stinging his face and whipping through his thin coat. The stranger stood for a moment, indecisive; then he pulled his cap further over his head, and with his head bowed, started back towards the lights of the town, far down the track. Lucky for him it was so near; otherwise he'd have been forced to cut across the frozen fields for a barn or haystack, and Lord knows they weren't easy to find. Maybe the station agent would let him sleep by the stove all night, while the night telegraph operator, at his tiny bay window, clicked at dispatches and changed the switches for the morning mail. It should be along in a couple of hours now, or was it earlier in the night than he had supposed? Oh, well, it didn't make much difference, just so he could keep warm until he could catch another ride out in the morning.

The stranger trudged along for a half hour or more, with the cold tingling at his ears, at his finger tips, and at his toes, which now and then poked through the hole in his shoes, and scratched at the cinders on the track. Lord, how far off was the station, anyhow? Oh, not so much further; he had passed the first semaphore, and the little building was only a few rods distant. What a relief it would be to reach out towards the red glow of the coals in the stove, and let the radiant heat seep through and through until the head nodded and one drowsed off into a semi-stupor! The stranger put down his head into the stiff wind, and ran straight for the small red building. Now he was opposite it, now at the door. With numb fingers he felt for the cold knob, and gave it a quick turn. The catch scraped, but the door did not open. He stood puzzled for a moment, gave the door a sudden jerk, and then, with sinking heart, looked toward the bay window, where the telegraph key was wont to click off the night messages, where the green shaded light threw dark shadows into the corners, and where a red coal fire glowed. All now was dark, and the only sound came from the rattling of a loose window, shaken by the wind.

The snow was coming faster and faster; it swirled and drifted in the wind like dry sand, and crunched as grittily under foot. The stranger stamped his numbed foot, and looked about him for shelter. An empty baggage truck, drifted with white piles of snow; a row of milk cans. In the other direction lay the town; a white glow against the dark sky. A string of arc lights, swinging in the wind, led down the hill, and up again into the center of the town. The stranger groaned, but pulled up his collar, thrust his hands deeper in his pockets, and, setting his face to the blast, started again. It seemed miles up to the tiny main street of the village, with its short blocks of dark, lifeless stores. There was a row of street lamps for a block or two, but only three of them were lighted; under their brilliance, the street stretched

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white and smooth, untracked, save where the stranger's feet had made deep prints. There seemed to be no life, no light anywhere in the staring row of store windows. Across the street, there was a tiny spot of light in the bank, where a single globe hung before the combination of the vault. Next to the bank, the street light faintly lit the window of the dry-goods store, with its bolts and ribbons; and still further down could be seen the blank and heavy doors of a garage. The stranger shivered in a doorway. Lord, a man can't freeze within sight of light and warmth. Someone must be up. He couldn't be alone in this town. Someone—the stranger pushed on to the corner, and looked up and down the cross street. Up over the hill were rows of tiny white houses, with sighing evergreens in the yards, and snow piling about the fences; and the other way, a few shops, a shed, and—was that a light? The stranger quickened his step. It was a light, and in a house close to the street. The stranger drew closer, and through the swirling snow saw that it was a "dog-wagon", one of those all-night refuges, where one may eat and drink, or, if one is down and out, just warm up. The stranger's pulse quickened. He crept past the frosted windows, up to the closed door. He put his hand to the knob, hesitated for a moment, and then boldly pushed his way in.

The heavy heat of the place, the odor of onion and fried grease, made him a bit faint for a moment. Then he kicked the door shut behind him, and fell onto a stool near the counter against the wall.

"Good evenin'. Glad to see ya. Lord, I thought everyone in Traynour was in bed by this time." A heavy, pink-faced man, with a white apron wrapped about his middle, came out from behind the grease and steam of the little stove, and leaned heavily against the counter. The stranger did not answer, save for a sigh, and continued to absorb the comforting heat of the small room.

The proprietor looked at the stranger quizzically.

"Don't ya want sump'n to eat?"

The stranger smiled weakly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm pretty flat broke just now."

The proprietor straightened up and wrinkled his eyes.

"Where'd ya come from? Been far tonight?"

The stranger sat up a little straighter. The dullness seemed to leave him.

"Yes, I walked in from up the line a ways. I was put off the night freight. It's damned cold."

"Well, I guess. It's colder tonight than it's been since Christmas. I guess this snow will kinda slow up travel; was it very deep?—But say, you need some coffee, and how about a dog?"

The stranger smiled gratefully, while the proprietor turned to the stove. In a moment the tiny room was filled with hissing steam and the odor of onions became more noticeable. The stranger seemed to relapse into a stupor, and sat staring into the stove. Back of him the proprietor hummed a tune. The warmth, the light, the companionship, all was comforting.

"Come and get it!" The proprietor slammed the heavy pieces of china on the counter, and leaned over it, smiling happily as the stranger went at his food in a hearty fashion. Not many customers had enjoyed their suppers so much.

For several minutes there was no sound in the little room save the cracking of the fire, and the hiss of the snow against the window pane. Then with a sigh of satisfaction the stranger set down his cup, and wiped his mouth on a paper napkin.

"That was good. I wish I could pay you for it."

"Ho, that's all right. I can afford to do this for some fellows who are under for a bit. If I can help ya out, I'll do it. That's what I say."

"That's right."

The proprietor smiled expansively, leaned back against the counter, and beamed his approval. This was one of his favorite topics.

"Yes," he continued, "I want to help you fellows out,—all fellows if I can. That's the reason I keep open all night; someone's bound to come in and want sump'n to eat. I don't make any money on this kind of trade, either; I could close up at twelve and be richer. But I wouldn't do it."

The stranger stirred his coffee thoughtfully.

"You mean," he asked, "You mean you wouldn't be doing this every night unless you were interested in men like me? Wouldn't you ever do it to—well, just to please yourself a little?"

"Please myself?" The proprietor laughed gruffly. "Say, don't you think I'd rather be in bed than waitin' on you? Huh? Say, you bet I would. Only—only of course I wouldn't do it."

The stranger continued to stir his spoon in the now empty cup. There was a short silence. Then the stranger spoke again.

"Say, I warrant that you get a good deal of satisfaction out of this, don't you?"

The proprietor frowned heavily. He couldn't quite follow, and the question irritated him.

"I mean," the stranger went on, "that you wouldn't be staying up here all night unless it pleased you a good deal, now, would you?"

"Say," burst out the proprietor, "I ain't in this work for my health I tell ya, young feller. An' what's more, I feed you bums because I want to, see, and for no other reason at all."

"That's exactly what I mean, too. That is, if you weren't getting some personal satisfaction out of this all night job, you wouldn't keep at it. You're doing it because you're selfish—"

"Selfish? Say, do you think it's stingy for me to sit around here 'till three in the morning to cook you a dog? Huh? Is it?"

The proprietor leaned far over the counter. His eyes blazed, but the stranger did not stir.

"Oh, of course I don't mean that you're the only one. We're all that way, every one of us. We don't do things for other people unless it pleases us, and makes us feel that we are quite all right. If we didn't get pleasure out of such services, we'd never do them, that's all."

The proprietor was puzzled, and a little nettled. Finally he smiled patronizingly at the stranger.

"Say, I don't believe you know what you're talking about. Ya—say, are you feelin' all right? Huh?

"Oh, I'm not sick. But don't you believe me?"

The proprietor looked dubious for a moment. Then he said firmly:

"No, I think you're clear off, on the wrong track." He reached for a towel and started wiping the counter. "Say," he asked, pausing for a moment, "Where'd all our Sunday School books, and preachers, and school marms be if we were all that way? Ain't there no good in them things?"

The stranger said nothing but waited for the proprietor to go on.

"If you say we're all selfish, ain't you goin' round with your snoot in the air, lookin' down on all the good things a feller does, an' sayin' he's selfish when he does a good thing? That ain't right, is it?"

The stranger smiled slowly.

"Oh, you mean being a cynic, sneering?"

The proprietor was nonplussed.

"Say," he ejaculated, "Where'd you get all this stuff."

"Oh, I went to school, to college for a while. Long time ago."

"Oh."

The stranger picked up the thread of the argument.

"No, that isn't being cynical. That's only beating cynicism at its own game, by admitting that all things are done selfishly and then saying it's a good thing."

"Aw, say, you can't make me believe that selfishness is a good thing. Now I know you're—"

"Just a minute. I can prove it. You say that you do things for another fellow because it satisfies you, and makes you feel good. Well, if people know you do things because you want to do those things, isn't that going to make you pretty careful of what you do? Isn't it? Of course it is, because you aren't going to let people know you're a cad; not if you can help it. And so, that way, you make yourself better. You treat your conscience better, see? And when you make yourself better you influence someone else to do better, and that helps all of us. Isn't that so?"

The proprietor had no answer, but he still frowned. The stranger waited.

"Well," finally came the answer, "it sounds good, but it's not right at the beginnin'. It's—aw, I don't know, I can't talk,—but it don't sound good."

He picked up a skillet and started scraping the bottom.

"It doesn't sound well," continued the stranger, "because only a few have the nerve to say they believe it. But it's right. That's why I say you got as much pleasure out of feeding me tonight as I did. And I'm not ungrateful, either. I'm just—well, I know what unselfishness is, that's all. I'm glad you fed me, but you're glad I came along, too, because you're getting pleasure from my gratitude, aren't you?"

The proprietor turned from the bread box where he was stacking the extra slices.

"Sure, but that ain't the reason why. I'm not selfish, and you can't tell me I am. But still—aw, I don't know."

"Well, figure it out for yourself some time; see if I'm not right." The stranger stretched lazily, got up, and walked to the frosted window. "Well, I suppose I should be going along."

The proprietor turned quickly.

"Where to? You can't catch no train out 'till mornin'. The mail comes by at five-thirty. You can sleep with me in here by the stove if ya want to. I want ya, too, but—well, don't talk no more, see. You ain't quite steady."

"Well, if it gives you any personal satisfaction, I'll stay with you," and the stranger smiled wisely at the proprietor. But the latter did not understand.

The proprietor drew out a small cot for himself, and shared his blankets with the stranger who piled into a couple of chairs, and stretched out. In a moment all the lights were out; only the red glow of the coals remained. . . .

* * *

The stranger awoke with a start. The stove was cold, and the gray light of the dawn came through the frost whitened windows. The stranger stretched; he had a terrible crick in his neck. Quickly he jumped out of the chairs and prepared to go. Then he noticed the proprietor still asleep. He was a pretty good fellow after all, and mighty decent to help a a man out. The stranger hesitated for a moment, then took a

paper bag from the counter, fished a stub of a pencil from the drawer, and scribbled a short note.

"Thanks for your coffee, etc."

He pondered. Should he say more? Quickly he decided against it, looked again at the sleeping figure, and propped the note beside the coffee urn.

Out on the street, in the gray of early morning, all was quiet and still. The snow lay in an unending smooth white stretch across the little town and into the fields beyond. Here and there a few chimneys sent forth spirals of smoke. In the bank office a single globe still burned dimly near the vault.

It must be nearly time for the mail, thought the stranger, and as he stepped out, came a long whistle and a white puff of smoke from the curve a half-mile off. The stranger set out at a dog trot towards the tracks. If he hurried, he could make it.

BLACKBERRIES

MABEL L. COOK

A sunny morn, a trim-clad maid,
A huckster peddling fruit without;
A call, a nod, fair money paid,
And busy movements round about.
And heavy silver gleaming bright,
And tinkling glass reflecting light,
Low voices answering here and there,
And dainty maids beyond compare,—
And blackberries for tea!

A sunny morn, a gladd'ning breeze,
Deep woods, a trail, dense underbrush,
Soft rifts of light among the trees
Long, naked thorns that prod and push,
And bushes laden thick with fruit,
And hidden herbs 'mid trailing root;
The soft hum of the bees above,
And robin's warbling note of love,—
And blackberries for tea!

Sappho

MARGARET EMMERLING

Gray was the temple of marble and gray the hill whereon it stood. Gray was the sea that wept below. For the rains beat upon the broken pillars, swept through their wide open spaces, lashed the cedar trees, and mingled with the waters of the ocean. No gods were there.

Moving slowly through the mists came a woman, old and gnarled like the twisted cedars, with bunches of wet, dark hair clinging about her yellow neck and falling limply upon her little shoulders. She was shrivelled like a seed in spring, and the rain hurt her.

She moved, hesitating, to the temple's lowest step; there she paused, and looking about her at the rain and the gloomy, deserted temple, shuddered. A dirge was whispered in the trees. Cowering, the woman approached a cedar tree and pressed her bony hand upon its side. Quickly she withdrew it and turned back to the temple. She glanced at the moody sea, but fled from its image.

Crafty determination shown in her deep, shadowed eyes now as she stole to the temple's edge, mounted the steps, and, shivering in the bitter, rain laden wind, entered within. Headless women of marble, shattered figures of old beauty, were there. At the broken altar she paused, kneeling. A wasted fragment of humanity, she crouched in deep supplication. But there was nothing there. Life in the temple was gone.

Later, she stole out into the rain again. She was very small and shrunken now. She looked at the terrible sea.

"The whispering secret waters shall have me at last. I am no more. The gods are fled.

"Nothing is left.

"Was I then, only seduction? My songs, torn from the deep places of my heart, flung wide among hearts of the world, they are still here.

"Then that is all, and I yield to the sea.

"Farewell, gleaming skies and sleeping fields of Greece, farewell, you young men and women of my heart, my old, old heart. Farewell."

From the rim of the hill's side the woman plunged and melted in the storm ridden waters below. And the wind in the cedars moaned a dirge for the loss of youth, and the gray rains lashed the roof and columns of the broken temple of marble.