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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOLUME XXIII DECEMBER, 1923 NUMBER III

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CONTENTS

L' Homme Superieur

"My refuge will be far from the incessant deluge of human stupidity," said the supermundane man.

"How human you are tonight!" and his wife smiled.

—George Jones.

Idyll of Seeds

("*They Have Their Exits and Their Entrances.*")

Lost in the still hair of the pine,
My girl on a mat of leaf and stream,
With bamboo pipes to shake our tent,
And negro birds in the wood of dream.

I think the Syrinx fugue on a bough
Will fall wildly asleep some day,
And cisterns and cicidas chirr
To city women, dry-drugged now.

Imagine blood veined in their seeds,
And limbs locked in a mist of light;
And weeping on the coast of silence;
The child lifted from natal night.

(The master of the silver globes
Drew his great hair over my head)
I slept in the lakelight of His globes;
I lay one instant with the dead.

Solstice and equinox of heat
And ice, aeons of fiery life
Sag like a vapor, and I sit—
In my sad cast, designed like lead.

Earth mixes in the Goya gloom,
Folding a fog quilt on the lover.
The players' seeds return to her
After a slow cycle of doom.

Carl Rakosi.

Excerpt from Convalescence

The Rouged Cadavre

By Oscar Riegel.

'Give me not healthy, sunshine flowers,
My jars and vases hold a thousand such;
But take me to a cavern wet with death. . ."

It was in the foyer of the National Theater at Mexico City or in the Cafe Malacie along the Neapolitan Riviera (I have forgotten which) that I flicked my cigarette and asked Rose how often she had been happy.

The moon—I am positive there was a moon, because one becomes conscious of happiness or unhappiness only in moonlight—was fringing the purple trees with bright yellow and bridging the violet openings between the tree-tops with filigrees of glinting gold. My hands seemed strangely pale, and when I looked up and saw grey clouds cutting the moon I trembled. It is gay to be young and sentimental.

Rose laughed.

It was a woman's answer, exactly what I had expected, but I was nevertheless annoyed. What sensuous delight could she find in merely living? When I look at Rose I sometimes imagine that I am looking at the great spurting pulses of the past, like Cleopatra, or Louise Colet, who added glory to her profession, or Semiramis, whom her bulging eyed acolytes turned into a dove and worshipped as a diety. But it is an idle fancy, because all except Semiramis are dead.

Dead?

Rose, who had been toying with an opened vial of Coeur de Jeanette, idly drenched her courage of mauve orchids with its redolent contents. In a moment my senses danced to the mystic odor. Rose placed a cool finger on my lips.

"My dear boy," she said, "aren't we all ordinarily happy?"

"*Nulla speranza gli comforta mai*," I quoted glibly, watching another cloud pierce the soft moon. Rose had the unnatural habit of always asking the question I wanted to answer. I could always count on Rose to provoke my best *bon mots*, including even my carefully memorized verses of Italian poetry.

"I think dear Rose," I continued, clipping a handful of primrose petals and dropping them on the girl's black hair, "that we are all ordinarily unhappy. Happiness is a rare delight, and all of our activity is a striving after it. The gods wisely designed it so, for if man were ordinarily happy how shallow would be his fleeting moments of ecstacy."

"Do you refer to my kisses?' said Rose, slyly.

"Precisely, no," replied I, "because your kisses have reached a dead level of delight. There was a time when things were different. Here, paint your lips with this honey-stick and then you may kiss me."

I looked up, and saw the yielding moon pierced by three cloudy sword-ends. As they pushed through, I saw the pale stars dripping from the wound.

"See that fisherman down there," I said, (we must have been at Naples, although it might have been a peon n Mexico City). "He certainly seems fairly content. Ask him, and he will tell you he is happy because he has life, health, something of a mind, a father, a mother, enough to eat and a little education. That, my dear, is happ ness."

I must have said that last with a most profound sigh, because with an expression of anxiety Rose looked up from gilding her fingernails. Notwithstanding, I spoke again.

"He possesses many things. He is a man of property. Therefore he is happy."

Rose raised one foot meditatively. I noticed with satisfaction that her slipper was silver and gold bearing a symbolic buckle set with red jasper. I had been forced to notice on several occasions that Rose's foot was unmistakably ugly, and I had insisted upon extremely ornate slippers.

"I am afraid then," said Rose, "that happiness is the inordinate vanity of desire."

"Exactly," I applauded. "And just think of the pitiful state of such creatures as you and I. All our possessions are renounced, or forgotten. It is our common experience to feel bright coins turn to dust in our hands. We are the dispossessed, because we shudder to claim life and thus destroy it. All that is left to us is sympathy, and we eschew that because it is most melancholy."

"Then there is no hope for us?" asked Rose listlessly. She had lost interest in the conversation and was dropping Belladonna into her eyes.

I looked up again at the tortured moon and blew cigarette smoke into its face. Behind the swirling fumes the moon writhed in contorted agony.

"O, things are not really as bad as that," I admitted. "For you, for instance here is the *joie de vive*, and I confess I have fallen in love with your little refinements of life, although I expect any moment that a strong breeze will dissolve you completely. For me, my dear there is the curious pleasure of munching a ripe pear, and, of course, the moon."

"And is everything else in life bitter to you?"

"Not bitter, but tasteless."

"But suppose I conducted you, like Prester John, into a realm of fabulous delight. Suppose I led you down a voluptuous roadway paved with onyx and chryoprase and laved by blue, rippling moonlight. And suppose ravishing goddesses leaned out of casements to smile upon you, and I gave you the title to all this. Wouldn't you then be happy?"

"That, too, is impossible, because you speak of the imagination, which is without fee or title. Haven't you ever noticed in life how flowers and fruits dry in your hands? Have you never stared at people and seen the flesh of the face rot away and leave the nose hollow and the eye sockets cavernous? But what you can do Rose, is to give me one of those alligator pears, which is tangible and satisfying, or your smile, which is more pleasant but less tangible."

'Then you are fond of fruit," said she, ignoring my juggled antithesis.

Our eyes met accidentally.

"You are the basket," I said, "and I the fruit. Don't you remember the Tuscan baskets rich with pomegranates?"

"Ah, but we are too tired to go fruit-gathering," she broke in.

"My dear, the trees have already been shaken." I watched the stabbed moon sink behind a bank of livid, purple clouds.

"Very well then, if you wish. Let us gather the fruit."

"Directly," said I, reaching for a black thornberry. "But it is peculiar how strangely my mood has changed since that fascinating moon disappeared. Shan't we go somewhere to dance?"

Rose pulled a seven-pyramid tiara from her head with a gurgle of joy and her jet hair tumbled to her shoulders. Now I observed with irritation that without the coiffure she really looked much worse.

Bondage

By Hazel Farkasch

For twenty years
We shared one bed,
And I hated you.
Now you are dead.

I am not sorry—
Why should I be,
Remembering your gibes
And your cruelty?

And yet so long
Have I been dead,
Would I mind
A corpse in bed?

The Empty City Stratagem

By Chi-Chen Wang.

The Chinese drama may be roughly classified into four types: the classical drama of the Sung and Yuan dynasties, the *kun chu*, the mandarin plays, and the new drama. The classical drama originated in the Tang dynasty, outgrew its embryonic stage during the Sung dynasty, and reached its highest development during the Yuan period. Decadence set in with the Ming dynasty and continued until this classical form was almost entirely replaced by the *kun chu* and the mandarin plays by the middle of the Manchu dynasty.

The origin of the mandarin play cannot be very definitely traced out but it seems to have been introduced into China with the invasion of the Manchus. Various factors contributed to its growth in popularity, chief among which is the fact that it was written and sung in the dialect of Peking, or mandarin, and that it had the patronage of the court. The *kun chu* had its beginnings in south China where it continued to be popular until recent times. It was an earlier development than the mandarin play.

The difference between the mandarin drama and the classical drama and the *kun chu* lies not so much in their respective forms as in the language used. The classical drama was written in a highly literary style and could only be understood and enjoyed by scholars well versed in literary pursuits. Hence it was never very popular. Even in the Sung and Yuan dynasties it was the amusement of only the wealthy and the learned. On the other hand, the mandarin plays are written in the vernacular language which every one can understand. Even the singing parts, which are more or less poetical in form, are so worded that the illiterate can comprehend them when rendered on the stage. In fact, most of the mandarin plays never appear in written form until long after they have been given on the stage. They are usually adaptations of episodes in well known novels by the actors themselves and are later compiled and published by scholars interested in the drama.

"The Empty City Stratagem" is a typical example of the mandarin play. Its plot is based on an episode in the great historical novel "The Three Kingdoms" with which all Chinese are familiar. It is safe to say that more than a hundred plays are based on the various incidents in this novel. If these plays were collected and published, the result would be a dramatic representation of "The Three Kingdoms," with little or nothing left out.

Chinese stagecraft has undergone very little change since the days of Tang Ming Huang, emperor of the Tang dynasty and founder of Chinese drama, according to tradition. There is practically no attempt at realism and the production of scenery effects. A table with a curtain over it may either serve as a bed or a city wall. In short, it is all pretense, and everything is left to the imagination of the audience. During the last two decades, western influence has begun to make itself felt and the result has been the so-called new drama, which is written and staged according to occidental dramatic technic and stagecraft. This influence is also being felt on the mandarin stage, and some of the theaters in the large cities like Peking and Shanghai are using secrets of western stagecraft to give realistic touches to the mandarin plays.

The Empty City Stratagem

Enter Chukuo Liang and two harp boys. Chukuo takes the chair in front of the orchestra, which is on the back part of the stage.

CHUKUO. I lead the army across the Chi Mountains, being bent on capturing Ssuma Yi.

(*Enter messenger.*)

MESSENGER. In my hand is the map of the war region to inform the Minister of the situation at the front. (*To first harp boy*) Please tell the Mini ter that the man with the map seeks an audience with him.

HARP BOY (*To Chukuo.*) Your Excellency, the map-man wants to see you.

CHUKUO. Send him in.

HARI BOY. The Minister asks you to come in.

MESSENGER. Yes, sir. (*Turns to Chukuo and addresses him.*) My respects to the Minister.

CHUKUO. Who sent you?

MESSENGER. I am from General Wang.

CHUKUO. What is in your hand?

MESSENGER. A war map. sir.

CHUKUO. Spread it open. (*He examines the map while the messenger starts to go away.*) Wait a minute!

MESSENGER. Yes, sir.

CHUKUO. Go to Liehliucheng with all despatch and summon the venerable General Chao. Go immediately!

MESSENGER. Yes, sir.

(*Exit Messenger.*)

CHUKUO (*Apostrophizing Massu*). Ma Ssu, how insubordinate you are! When you left, I bade you over and over again to camp near the water supply, at the foot of the mountain. How dare you disobey me and camp on the top of the mountain? I am afraid that Chiehting will fall.

(*Enter scout*)

SCOUT. I beg to inform the Minister that Ma Ssu has lost Chiehting.

CHUKUO. Go for more news.

SCOUT. Yes, sir.

(*Exit Scout.*)

CHUKUO. Was it not so? Chiehting has fallen. Though Ma Ssu lost Chiehting, I am not free from blame.

(*Enter Scout.*)

SCOUT. Ssuma Yi is advancing on Hsicheng with his army.

CHUKUO. Go for more news.

SCOUT. Yes, sir.

(*Exit Scout.*)

CHUKUO. So Ssuma Yi is coming to capture Hscicheng. Ah! The late emperor told me on his death bed that Ma Ssu should not be entrusted with responsible things because he was more given to words than action. I regret that I did not heed the warning of the late emperor, and that I lost Chiehting as a result of my mistake. But my regrets are of no avail now.

(*Enter scout.*)

SCOUT. The army of Ssuma Yi is but forty *li* from Hsicheng.

CHUKUO. Go for more news.

SCOUT. Yes, sir.

(*Exit Scout.*)

CHUKUO. How fast does the army of Ssuma Yi move! How fast he comes! People say that Ssuma is a military genius; now I can see that he is really admirable and deserves high praise. But this is not a time to speculate on Ssuma's military genius. All my able generals and brave soldiers have been sent out to various places. With the enemy army beyond the walls, am I to be captured without a struggle? (*He appears to be absorbed in thought for a moment and suddenly seems to have struck upon some scheme.*) Come, harp boy. Summon the aged troops.

(*At the call of the harp boy two aged soldiers appear.*)

FIRST SOLDIER. The army of Ssuma is near.

SECOND SOLDIER. My heart trembles with fear.

BOTH. We salute the Minister.

CHUKUO. Are you some of the aged troops of Hsicheng?

SOLDIERS. Yes, sir.

CHUKUO. Open wide the four gates and sweep the street. Fear not when Ssuma's army comes. Do not dare to disobey if you value your heads.

SOLDIERS. Yes, sir.

FIRST SOLDIER (*Aside*). The Minister orders us to our death.

SECOND SOLDIER. I shall trick the sword by lack of breath.

(*Exeunt soldiers.*)

CHUKUO. Harp-boy.

HARP BOY. Yes, sir.

CHUKUO. Get my jade harp and some good wine, and follow me to the watch-tower.

HARP BOY. Yes, sir.

(*Exit harp-boy.*)

CHUKUO (*cries in theatrical fashion to the accompaniment of the orchestra.*) A–a–a–h H–e–a–v–e–n! The rise or the fall of the House of Han depends upon this empty city strategem. (*Sings.*)

Though I have fought
For many years,
Heedful I have always been.
I much regret
Using Ma Ssu
Who betrayed his trust.
I have devised
This stratagem,
But I am filled with fears.
To thy Spirit,
O dead Emperor,
I appeal for succor and aid.

(*Exit with second harp-boy. Enter four men with banners, representing an army. They are followed by Ssuma Yi and his two sons, Ssuma Shih and Ssuma Chao. They hurry over the stage and go out to indicate that they are marching toward Hsicheng. Enter Gen. Chao and four soldiers. They march over the stage and go out to indicate that they have reeceivd Chukuo Liang's orders and are on their way to the rescue.*

Continued on page 28

Paths

A GROUP OF FOUR POEMS

By Laura Sherry

I.

THE HILLS

I am content to live among the hills
And on dark nights to sense the thrill of flight.
We are an ill assorted lot
Smothered in folds of flesh and colored veils.
Each clings to each,
Feeling the welcome warmth,
We snatch at painted heavens.
Lacerated memory struggles in meshed desire.
A lonely figure sluffs the crawling mass;
Climbs the highest hill
Over the jagged cliffs
And on the peak his bleeding body stands
Stripped to a cross of flame.

II.

RETREAT

Delirious with suffering
I wandered from all paths
And stumbled here.
Hidden gardens make no protest
Nor do they urge a welcome.
Stay or go they say.
Here is the wisdom of the world
And all there is of joy.
I will mix my dust with the rotted petals
Of white trilliums
And pink trilliums.
There is no pain when flowers are born.

III.

DISCIPLES

In the hills,
On rock altars,
Flowers rise from dust
To worship the sun.
In forest cloisters
They came singing from the loam.
Through the valleys
And over the hills
Their chorus sweeps.

Men kneel in churches
Praying and chanting.
Sheathe the sceptre of mammon with lilies!
The cut veins of flowers bleed on the altars.
In forest cloisters
Flowers meditate
And send their disciples
Over hills and prairies

IV.

GHOSTS

In the path of the willows,
Under winter skies,
Memories link arms with realities—
Memories with possibilities—
Memories—realities—possibilities—
Ghosts—
The illuminated dome of the Capitol
Rubs its mystic picture in the lake.
Or was it God who wrapped it in His Spirit
And dropped it there.

A sigh dies in the wilows
A sigh
Presses against the blood-door of my heart,
Presses against the inner blood-door.
Locked in a lonely cell,
It beats and beats the door.
My body is big and strong;
My body knows that if the door gives way
The sigh will break it.

Vivisection

By Beverly Treen Masslich.

Only last Christmas it was that I burst into the smoky little room where Roger entombs himself with his heavy thoughts, and scratches them out on paper. Again I see his image, short, weasened, ugly—smoking a cigarette as though it intoxicated him, and he desired to burn it all in a moment. Roger was all alone—he always was, it seemed, and even my coming there did not arouse him. That night I kicked the door shut, walked up to his table, and beamed exultantly at him.

'Roger!" I cried. Roger was an excellent listener. He rested his head on the wall behind him, and went on with his own thoughts. "Roger, I've found her! An excellent woman, a fascinating woman to study. Roger, picture her—blond hair, unlovely features, tortured with loneliness, and lost, utterly lost to the world in her emotion. Saints in Heaven, what a find, Roger! I'm writing stories about her; I'm going to have *her* for the subject of my psychological novel! The whole human story of tragedy and fire and love are breathed in the words she speaks."

For the first time in my memory, Roger was really paying attention. "That's good—Baxter—that's good. But, ah, Baxter, don't fall in love with her!"

II

But of course I did—how could I help it? But then I know you have never met her. She was a quiet sort of woman with child-like blue eyes. Love of being alive was for her a very passion that forever battled with black despair. She would go away with me to some deserted beach and sit and comb her yellow hair in front of the flickering ripples of the lake. And then I watched her, and prided myself on the ease with which I did it. At first my stories were brilliant. They were pictures painted with word colors, deep, searching, intimate. I painted a landscape half hidden in the mist. That was her emotion, the soul of the woman. For a whole month I wrote about her, and Roger hailed me as a new voice. He printed my stuff in the "Scrawl" and urged me to write more.

At last, though, I appeared in his door empty-handed.

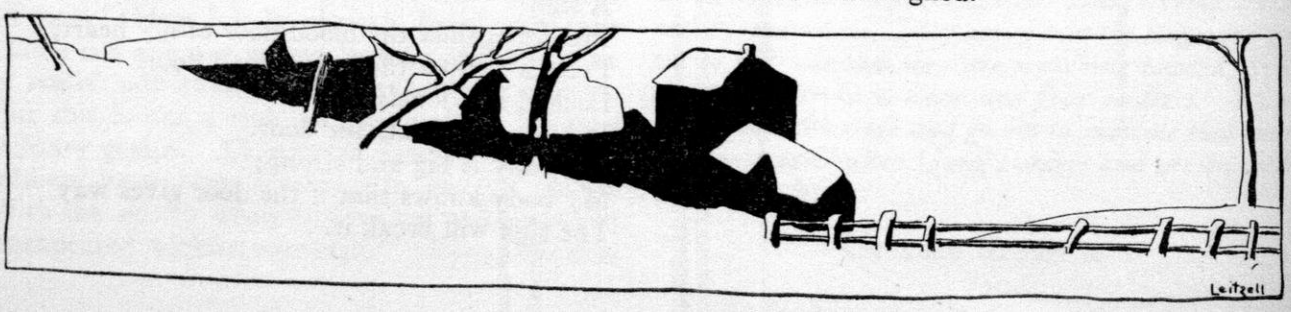
"Roger," I said, "I'm in love with that woman. She is in love with me. Roger, it's a sacrilege; I can't do it any more." Unsystematic, he only shrugged his shoulders. So after that I tried sea poems and ship poems, but Roger was never impressed with them.

III

Toward the middle of November I visited him again. Roger was reading copy and running his thick blue pencil over the pages. The January number of the "Scrawl" was coming to a troubled birth under his critical pencil. Beneath the heavy smoke, he looked like a sort of demon, by some fate in command on Judgment Day. While he held a piece of copy up, his eyes would stare away hard and dead until he had passed judgment—glory or the waste-basket. I was not uneasy. I had now ceased all my literary attempts, and *my* work, at least, was not being weighed. From time to time Roger read aloud as he happened to strike gold and I could tell by the light in his face when something was coming.

"Here, Baxter listen to this " he announced suddenly. "This is a remarkable piece of work. It's about a man with a desperate passion, a high temperament. The author dissects the man for psychological study. She has done it with singular thoroughness. Seems to be a cold-blooded woman—pokes around the man's soul and watches it burning. You'll like it, I think, Baxter, you're pretty good yourself at dissecting human beings."

I saw him smiling wickedly, but I guessed no reason for it. He read the story over to me and my throat grew dry as he read. After each paragraph he grinned at me again. When the end was reached he remarked, 'Baxter, do you know who the man in that story is?" Then he leaned back in his chair and laughed.



Whispers and Screams

John Schindler.

There was nothing in the night that might have stirred the imaginative hopes of youth. It was one of those listless, dead, moonless nights; there was no satisfaction in having it about one. Its embrace lacked that submissive feminine pressure that makes a heaven of the evening in June. But there was a wind; a mysterious hidden wind, stirring through dry leaves, whispering little rhetorical speeches with which to win Catherine. Catherine and I were not engaged. But there was the wind—and I did not know but what we might be before the evening was over. She might attempt to elude me diplomatically after the conventional preliminary manner. Yet she was, I knew, normally feminine. I began to enjoy fair hopes, as she did perhaps, of negotiating dearer relations. For a time we walked along in silence. I allowed myself anticipation.

Then, with piercing suddenness, a woman's voice went screaming into the night. Wild, hysterical, agonized—just for the briefest moment. Then all was silent—and changed.

I felt suddenly weak and shaken. The wind had stopped its whispering. My arm dropped to my side, away from her. Catherine, beside me, grew cold and tense. I felt at the time that our feelings were purely conventional sentiment, yet I knew that for the time being Catherine and I were hoplessly estranged.

We slunk back to the hotel, silently, where all was tensely still now. There we parted without a word.

There was nothing in the morning papers.

The affair refused to be thrust from my mind. Could this man, with his worried look, be concerned? Was that the woman, sitting opposite in the lobby, with the drooping eyes? She was pretty, and of that extremely femine type who are continually changing their minds upon an afterthought. I pictured to myself the doom and the circumstances leading to the scream. Vivid possibilities went winging their way through my head. I fancied a man speeding to the border. Had the affair been hidden, perhaps, by murder? Was the woman being kept silent? Or was the story to burst into flame in the evening papers?

The evening papers contained nothing. Perhaps after all it had been my imagination. I crept stealthily to my room, and the scream crept with me.

There came a knock upon my door; my answer ushered in Catherine. She was leaving, she said, on the evening train. I felt somehow small and mean before her, and she seemed too somewhat confused. Then it occurred to me, between gulps of embarrassment, that she was strikingly beautiful there in the doorway, and I remembered the previous night before the scream had killed it. It was quite possible that she was to go out of my life forever. A whisper welled up from somewhere within me until it choked and drowned the scream. Entirely upon intuition I obeyed that whisper. She struggled, rather weakly I thought, and I heard the scream of the night before. But now it was empty and meaningless and easily stilled with a few simple kisses.

The Sundering

For fifty years Abel and Sarah Jordan had shared, as man and wife, the same bed, food, sorrows, and ecstacies that constitute the cycle of life on a Massachussets farm. Children were born of them; their two lives had settled to one rythm; they were capable of communicating with each other by signs and habits, and they spoke rarely.

Abel Jordan on his death-bed, just before unconsciousness overtook him, suddenly stretched out his arm, shook hands with Sarah, and muttered embarrassedly:

"Well, good-bye Mrs. Jordan; I'm glad t'have met you."

—K. Fearing.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the students of the University of Wisconsin

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and is especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Right now there is an especial need for good free verse and humorous essays or short stories.

Mss. may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom Hall, the Union Bldg, or mailed to the editor, 14 So. Orchard St., City. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the Mss. is desired.

Vol. XXIII Madison, December 1923 Number 3

Fog Bound

1.

Ever since the first issue of the Lit appeared, and bowed, and vanished in an ominous clucking of tongues, we have been trying to analyze the moral urges that found matter so distinctly disagreeable to them in that first issue. It was strange because no later than last year we printed material very similar in detail to the recently challenged items, and aroused no adverse criticism. Why this discrepancy, then? And after much futile reflection, and after duly retreating to the ancient custom of ascribing all the blunders of the empowered to inscrutable chance and our own ill fortune, the very obvious explanation announced itself quietly. It is this:

There is art that has been assimilated by the masses of people, and art that has not. There is art that makes a traditional, well established bow, and art that makes a novel entree. Of course the "traditional" art was once quite as novel as the "new" art, but in the course of a century or so it has become assimilated, taken for granted. After the one or two masters have broken the new ground for a city, the enamoured thousands rush in and build shanties.

Now what has become daily bread (although it was once manna!) passes into the way of the meaningless, the de-vitalized, the very much taken for granted. Of such were many of the "voluptuous" poems and stories we printed last year; for example, a verse called "Yacinth," which may be remembered.

It must be understood that we are not criticizing the intrinsic merits of poetry like "Yacinth"; we merely say that such is cast in the mould of Swinburne, who, himself a great popularizer, has been more popularized than any poet of equal rank Such verse is customary, conventional in treatment—standardized. It carries no particular conviction even as the extravagant songs of the French trouveres.

Come now two or three writers in our first Lit who strike the same theme, same details, same canvass—but in an entirely different manner of procedure. They are not working with the blunted weapons of an established school, but with the sincerity of their own urges and artistic theories. Result: Such writing is—at its first introduction—vividly alive and convincing.

"This man actually *means* it!" gasp the horrified matrons.

3.

If the above seems somewhat analytical and unrebellious, we make it plain that it is only an explanation for the derogatory criticism we received, and by no means an excuse for it. Any attempt to intrude a hypothetical system of morality upon a literature is as blind and inexcusable as the medieval efforts to hamper science with morality. The instances are exactly analagous: The monks flogging the devils out of a man who used a telescope; the censorious protesting against printed analysis of natural urges. Art and science may be said to be the two great fields of abstract human endeavor; they are always found closely correlated in spirit, in a given epoch; they even aid and supplement each other. But Art, the less tangible the less obviously "useful" and convincing of the sisters, lags behind in the race for final and inevitable liberation.

The great Wisconsin Literary Magazine (under protest) will apparently not be one of those who hasten the millenium. We have a voting constituency that looks to local and state rectorships.

And as Anatole France has it: "It is very impertinent to suffer martyrdom for one's opinions."

And we shall be discriminating in whom we martyr ourselves for.

3.

But we console our se ves with the knowledge that one whose appreciation of newer art forms is explosively defensive can have only a very pale love for even the old; they are the literarily shrineless, and they shall never know splendor, neither from Homer nor Whitman.

4.

American universities, as an additional bitter consolation, if the first were not enough, have not the slightest influence upon the moulding of American literature or life. It is a just reward for their essential unvirility.

It was not so in Russia, and France, and Germany, where universities made themselves noticeable on every score. The Czar began and ended his raids upon the revolutionary forces among university students. Imagine an American Oxford, as an eternal champion of lost causes! Our most enduring achievements embrace, on the one hand a snake dance that successfully blockades traffic, and on the other a Phi Beta Kappa key.

That the least dirty collared column-a-week back in New York carries more weight in casting the future of American letters than the average hosts of professorial dignitaries, their Great American Novels (infinitely unpublished), and mighty dramas (undramatized) buried in old trunks, and with their official ignorance of a "Laus Veneris" or a "Cynara"—consoles.

5.

So true is it that universities and university teachers have nothing but the sincerest contempt of present day American writers that even those professors who, rare gems, make a vital bid for recognition in the activity of national literature, find themselves quite seriously handicapped by the stigma attached to their profession. They find themselves ignored, caricatured, ridiculed. One has only to consider the cases of Professor Sherman of Illinois, Professor Leonard of Wisconsin, or Professor Herrick of Chicago.

To quote from a University professor, whose name we do not know:

"American universities don't lead thought—they follow it." (Perhaps this is an optimistic exaggeration.)

"In Europe institutions of learning may be—indeed, they frequently are—hotbeds of radicalism; in America our colleges are merely featherbeds for conservatism to die in respectably."

6.

The Lit wonders if there is any art work being done in the university independent of our publications or the class room. We herewith inaugurate a somewhat modest move toward the introduction to our pages of sketches and drawings, mainly illustrative and a propos. But if there is on the campus anything in the way of individual effort, executed for no particular purpose, displayed to no one in particular—to bring out a Wisconsin Beardsley, of course, is our secret ambition. Artists, bring your miscellaneous sketches around and let us look them over. Say this Friday, 4:30 o'clock, third floor of the Union building.

7.

When the religions and the philosophies and the sad little witicisms that go to cover up the sadness of experience have lain their heads together, and sleep, there remains nothing save music, and perhaps one word out of the many they spoke. It is a wise word, properly ambiguous, and properly disdainful of masking itself behind sacerdotal pomp or austerity. It has even permitted itself to be used as the title for a popular song 'Tomorrow."

A high born word.

8.

No one who witnessed the outbreaks at the Strand Theatre recently, during the run of "Flaming Youth," can entertain doubts concerning the essential level-headedness and clear-sightedness of the American people. To us, when we rose to our feet with the rest of the crowd at the close of a performance, and heard the production boo'd from half a thousand throats, came a warm and humble respect for 'the masses." They were not an apathetic automatom whose thinking it would be impossible to underestimate. They had intellects of their own.

To those who did not witness "Flaming Youth," and were at a loss to account for the disturbances that attended its showing, it might be well to interject a brief summary of the film.

The heroine is a young girl who reads modern novels. She also makes a critical survey of the matrimonial alliances in her set of friends, and discovers that not one of them has been anything but a sordid failure.

Then the hero enters, who is all that cou d be asked in the way of personal integrity and a classic stolidity of feature. In fact, he has loved

the girl's mother before he loves the girl, and for all we know his faithfulness may have extended to the grandmother. At any rate, the hero and the girl meet fall in love, and the hero, very broad-mindedly, overlooks the fact that the heroine has already been kissed, though not engaged.

But the girl points to the marriages of her mother and sisters, portrays their emptiness, and says that as far as she can discern, love and marriage do not go hand in hand into eternity and that she must dispense with the latter. To which the hero replies that their marriage will be different. And the girl, cleverly enough at that, answers that so said they all at one time.

She then indulges in the pardonable whim of wishing that there were some far-off, moon-swept Happyland where people forget they can vote at elections. The hero retorts, more or less irrelevantly that only fools go there, and they never come back. At which juncture the friend who accompanied us to the theatre remarked: "Why should they come back?" and the point was not lost upon the appreciative audience.

But on and on goes the fillum, without the sturdy face of Milton Sills (the hero) who has gone to Paris to regain a lost freedom (an it were not sufficiently ironic, the hero himself is a matrimonial bankrupt), swearing he will return and marry the girl later. While the heroine goes from drink to kiss and back to drink.

Then comes one who plays a violin, wears the inevitable long hair and the equally inevitable Greenwich Village smirk. He takes the girl for a boatride, asks her to travel around the world with him, and she is weighing the matter seriously when the Previous Woman takes her aside and says "Don't!" This is enough to precipitate the inevitable scuffle; but there is variation, at least, in having the heroine swim home instead of walk home.

But Milton comes back from Paris and, persuaded by the unanswerable logic of a long-haired boatride, the heroine consents to marriage. So much for "Flaming Youth."

It will be readily seen that the film producers quite flagrantly side-stepped the crux of the argument over the central theme, marriage, which was this, in a nutshell:

She: The marriages of my friends and relatives have been failures.

He: But ours will be different.

She: But all the failures have said that.

He: ————

And it was this inability of Milton Sills to fill the blank, this substitution of a boat ride for the issues involved, we imagine, that annoyed the crowds that attended the theatre. The masses will swallow much, but when they are treated as children—they can prove, and did prove by boisterous caterwauling, that they do, sometimes, think for themselves.

And as for the charges of "immorality" brought against "Flaming Youth"—it was the immorality of an insidious attempt to degrade the intelligence of young Americans; as the audience perceived.

9.

The following interesting item was brought to our attention recently an excerpt from some literary column conducted by a campus journalist. It announces that Maurice Leseman of the University of Chicago won the National Poetry contest for university and college undergraduates, the judges being Carl Sandburg, Alice Corbin, and Bynner, and then continues in the somewhat unreasonable vein:

"One can easily understand why no Wisconsin poet was mentioned in connection with the contest if Badger poets turned in any free verse such as has appeared in the two issues of the Lit which have been published so far this year. If you want entertainment . . purchase a copy of either or both the 1923–24 Lits and read the verse-libre between the covers To get the full benefit of the humor, read the poems (?) aloud to some professor of English classics and watch his face."

Indeed, we will grant that the face of one who professes English classics would look extremely interesting undergoing such penetrative agony, but that has been ntimated elsewhere in this column.

But the point we wish to make is that the only "Badger poet," or at least the only poet connected with the Lit, who submitted a manuscript in this contest, won third place from Carl Sandburg and twelfth from the combined three judges. The poet was Carl Rakosi, whose work, we are proud to say, never fails to arouse antagonism when it is printed in the Lit. The poem was "Convalescence"—semi free verse—which had its first reading at a meeting of the "Contemporaries" last year, where it was received n morose silence by the classical e ement. Mr. Rakosi is a contributor to "Palms,' the "Liberator," "Learning," and other art magazines.

10

No doubt when Shelley rode like some Quixote aga nst the windmill of middle-class England,

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Brogans Encounter Patent Leather Boots

By Mary Elizabeth Hussong.

This was a Robin Hood day, all blue and gold like the days in the legend book. To be sure, Peter, standing in the garden, a little tyrant to the chickens, could see no forests beyond the white paling of the farm yard fence, but only stretches of cornfields. Yet it was so easy to shut one's eyes tight and conjure up green forests with gliding deer.

Peter cocked his ears. Was that—three blasts? No, only the chickens. This time he shut his eyes. A shy, little smile flickered around his mouth. So Will Scarlet was going to stea up behind—and surprise—. He turned sharply. No, only the chickens behind him, too.

Then hearing the bell at the house he ran. Once he stumbled, and as he did so he noticed his old, rusty brogans. Only the other day he had heard a woman in town—she was fat and ugly—say that the little Saunders boy must be wearing his father's shoes. How he had wanted to say something loud and terrifying to her. But oh, mortifying thought, his eyes had filled with tears.

Once, Peter stopped to admire the cool, silky sheets on the clothes line. Stared at for a minute, they took on the proportions of billowy, open-mouthed ghosts. They began to bounce toward him. He hurried.

"Peter, here's the eggs for Mrs. Dougherty. Take them now, and be careful not to break any."

The roguish, old sun began suddenly to beat down piteously on poor little Peter. The road of fine, white dust stretched on—endless. And the basket was fuller than usual!

In the sleepy afternoon the country road was deserted save for a rare farm wagon. One of the drivers hollered, "Hello, kid," and grinned horribly. Peter pretended that he didn't hear.

What was that? Oh, no! Yes! Low and mumbling and far away—thunder! Peter put the basket down with a thump. Something chipped. A sickening, hot feeling came over him. He was afraid to look. But when he did, oh, relieving sight, none were broken. The sun went under a cloud. The low rumbling began again. Peter took big steps. God must be very angry to mutter like that. God must be a terrible person, anyway. And they said he must love—oh, if he just only wouldn't howl and grumble like that.

Peter was surprised—he had been so busy with thoughts—to find himself now trudging around to the back door of the big, white house where the Daugherty's lived.

"All right, Peter. Just put the eggs down. I'll be out in a minute." He heard Mrs. Dougherty's voice in the kitchen.

A little "Hello" from around the corner of the house made him set the eggs down almost too suddenly. Before him stood a little fairy book vision of white and gold and pink. Patent leather boots, the most beautiful Peter had ever seen and a determined chin, which he didn't notice, were the only things which distinguished her from the fairy folk.

"You're the little egg boy, aren't you?"

Peter shook his head, astonished. He was of Robin's band and for all he knew this was Marion.

'Of course you are, silly. I saw the eggs.'

"Peter, here's your basket. But I think it's going to storm. Don't you want to come in and play with my little granddaughter till it clears up?"

Peter hesitated. But a loud clap of thunder hurried his decision.

And then the two found themselves alone in the big library. And all around were rows and rows of books, quite as many as the town library.

"Here are some tinker toys.' Lydia showed him a big box. "Grandfather Dougherty gave them to me. We'll build things."

Never were there such fascinating toys! They began to build a house like Grandmother Daugherty's. But when it was finished Peter awkwardly caught his foot under the porch, and that spacious veranda tumbled and brought the rest with it.

Lydia's eyes glittered furiously. "You horrid boy! You're awkward as a cow! But no wonder—your feet are so big! You wear your father's shoes, don't you? My aunt Clara said you do. Don't you wish you had pretty shoes like mine?"

A patent leather boot shot out. But Peter had somehow lost his taste for patent leather.

"You're poor, aren't you? Don't you wish you were rich?"

"No!"

'Oh, no. I'll bet you don't. My father has two cars. Did you ever ride in a car?"

Peter looked up pleading. Oh, to be home, safe from this girl! And he was ready to rush out of the room at that minute, but a far door opened and the most beautiful woman he had ever seen stood there laughing and stretching. She was wrapped in something blue and clinging and her hair was curly and sunshiny all over her head.

"Hello. This the little Saunders boy, isn't it?"

"Yessum." Peter thrilled at the recognition.

"I'm Lydia's mother."

She took down a green and silver box from the mantel and passed it. Chocolates! Dark brown, dusky pieces, squares, and oblongs, frosty pink rings, and pickaninny peppermints. In the middle lay a slice of orange surrounded by silver cylinders. Peter selected a square—not too big, just a modest size—which looked as though it might be nougat. It was good, very good, not quite so good as the line carried by Mucumbin's grocery. Lydia took the slice of orange and a silver cylinder.

The blue and gold lady curled up on the davenport. "Peter, your mother and I were school friends."

"Did you go to the old Sedly school?"

"Yes. I suppose your mother has told you about it."

"Yessum, lots of times."

"Did she ever tell you about any of her friends there?"

"Well—I remember about a boy who played football."

"Oh!" the lady's eyes wandered to a bronze frame on the mantel. The glance was not lost on Peter, and after she was gone he went over and looked at the picture.

"That's my father," Lydia volunteered. She had been most impressed by the attention her mother bestowed on the little egg boy. "He's very handsome. I look like him. He used to live in this house. My mother lived in this town before she was married."

"And went to the old Sedly school. She said she did."

"My mother was a Swanson." This last sentence pleased Lydia. It sounded most important.

"What's that?"

"Her name before she was married. The Swansons and Daughertys are the very best people. My aunt Clara told me so." Lydia was using her special phraseology.

Peter was perplexed. Only the night before he had heard his father say that Hiram Daugherty was a hard fisted old sinner.

"The Daughertys are gent'e folks." Lydia went on impressing herself.

"My father doesn't think so!"

"Pooh! Your father is a nobody."

"He isn't!"

"Your mother threw herself away on him. My mother said so!"

"No! No!"

Peter rushed out into the yard. Lydia followed and recklessly inserted her slim patent leathers in the fence rails, shrieking after him, "I'd hate to be as clumsy as some folks I know."

But Peter was already down the road The short summer storm was over and gone. But a most uncomfortable storm of thought was crowding his mind. Why was it that he couldn't be of the best people. Would he never be? Oh, if his mother had only been a Swanson! Why couldn't she have been as well as not? He was almost ashamed of her. Some day when he grew up he would build a house like Daugherty's and he would be very careful not to knock—he blushed at his awkwardness.

It must be very nice to be rich and have little Peters fetch eggs to you. Maybe when he grew up, Lydia, whose mother was a Swanson, would be poor and would come to him for aid. He would be rich and a congressman and would draw himself up grandly and say, "Madam, do you remember—" Oh, she would be sorry!

Then suddenly his little eyes followed his nose, which pointed upward. What was that? Away up in the newly washed clouds. Very faint, but every second becoming more distinct. Away up in the sky—castle like—a house! Like Daugherty's, only seven times as big and white. It was moving! Peter ran. He would follow it!

The Star Lighter

A Fantasy

By John Schindler

SCENE——

There is no special reason for laying our scene in any definite part of any particular country. This sort of a thing might happen anywhere-requiring only such commonplace conventions as stars, sunsets and an unimaginat people. But for the sake of convenience, because most of us know so little about them, let us imagine our scene to be in the Bohemian Alps.

On the left a small house; with (let us say) walls of rough timber; two gables with latticed windows; a small porch covered over with ivy whose leaves have turned a deep red. On the right, a maple, entirely bare but for a few yellow leaves. To the rear the edge of a forest.

The afternoon is unusually warm for an autumn day, but somehow unusually listless and dead. MIMI, a pale, thin girl, leans back among a few white pillows in an armchair placed for her before the porch. The STAR LIGHTER sits upon a wooden bench beneath the maple, nervously twitching his hands. He must certainly be upward of a hundred years old.

MIMI is singing. The song itself might be that of some happy Pierette, and yet each stanza trails off into a tired sadness that is picked up and thrown cynically back by a mountain echo.

(*She Sings:*)

Oh boy of my heart, let's skip in the meadow,
Baring our throats to the moon;
Let's sing like a lark
Which never can die,
Hurry for morning comes soon.
Now, lollyby, lollyby, lollyby.
(The echo moans, "Lollyby.")
Little girl of my bosom, you're wiser than I am,
Wiser than all my sex put together.
Where did you learn it?
Or perhaps you were born with it,
Lollyby, lollyby, lollyby.
(The echo mocks in a hollow laugh, "Lollyby.")
Ah youth of my soul, its all in your eye there
The things that I see,
I get even my sigh there,
But far o'er the meadow let's trippingly go.
Now, lollyby, lollyby, lollyby.
(Again the echo "Lollyby.")
Now how did this round little,
Blond little,
Quaint little head of yours
Ever quite come to find in my eye,
What I never put there
And never found there
Lollyby, lollyby, lollyby.
(The echo, "Lollyby.")

MIMI—It is hard to sing when the sun no longer sings at dawn, and the birds are ever silent, and the day will not smile as it used to.

STAR LIGHTER—Yes it is hard to sing. But we shall not have to try to sing long now. The trees are dying, and the moon has wept herself into a shadow. You and I shall go with the trees and the moon. Not long now.

MIMI—No, not long. My legs feel cold and numb tonight. This morning it was only my feet. To-morrow it will be in my chest.

STAR LIGHTER—Yes, one more night without the stars and everything will fade away. The trees, the sun and the moon, and you and I.

MIMI—Grandfather, can you persuade no one in the village to light the stars? If they only knew what was wrong with everthing, surely some one would.

STAR LIGHTER—No, I have spoken and pleaded with everyone in vain. They fight and quarrel among themselves, blaming one another for their troubles. Some preach this and some that. Some preach love without knowing what love is; others have something else. When I tell them that the stars are the cause of all their trouble, they laugh at me horribly, and say, "What need have we for stars, since we invented candles?"

If I were young again, the stars would shine tonight. But one must grow old. Nature is always wanting new, fresh men to light her stars. My breath is too short, and my muscles too weak for the hard climb. Shall we go in now, Mimi?

(*A boy has come down a path in the forest, and as he sees the two he steps behind a nearby tree, listening. He is wild eyed and thin, and his bare legs protrude from ragged trousers.*)

MIMI—Let us stay here until the sun sets. That is all there is left to us, and even that has

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ILLINI POETRY

Covici McGee

Illinois takes it on itself to break what it calls the "poetic silence of the middle western universities" in this anthology of verse written by students there between 1918 and 1923. In the preface, it speaks of the "relative dumbness" of Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Chicago, at least poetically, and sets forth that "farmers, journalists, lawyers, and business men" are "about the height of their great argument."

So the Illini have decided to sing the praises of the middle west, and this book is the concrete expression of their song. And they hope that "it may have the luck to arouse from silence our songless universities of the middle west."

It must be said at the outset that the songs are quite worth while, although here and there a discordant note breaks the harmony. But on the whole the book is quite a worthy performance.

Perhaps Lois Seyster Montross is best known among the contributors, if for no other reason than because of "Town and Gown." If "I wear a crimson cloak tonight" is not the best poem in this new book, it is hard to tell just what is. At any rate, this and an oriental concept, "Taj-Mischa," are very lovely.

Two poems by Don C. Allen, "Moonstones: A Song for Irish Faries" and "Rann for Mary Magdalene" are especially worthy of comment. It is hard to think how extremely fascinating this would have been had the Christian element been subordinated to the simple human, but that, of course, would be taking the very core out of Mr. Allen's work in this particular instance.

The daring of David V. Felts in writing other than the "moonlight" poetry of precious days gone by make such poems as "Chinese Lanterns Idly Swaying," "Spring Smiles on from Dawn till Gloaming" especially valuable. Lines like these are individual enough to make even the most jaded of poetry readers rise from lethargy:

> "Bursting buds, caressing breezes,
> Nice warm mud that softly squeezes,
> Little birds and brooks and beeses,
> Boy! Ain't Nature Grand?"

The single contribution by Francis C. Coughlin is meagre but excellent. These lines are interesting:

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A BOOK BY DJUNA BARNES

Boni and Liveright

No single tenour of feeling dominates this potpourri. The separate verses dramas, drawings and short stories deflect like gaskets in a looking glass. You will find in them the metropolitan awareness of Morand and Aragon, that nauseating contact of civilized people whose novelists aim too much at effect, Anatole France thinks, and are too anxious to show their powers. But the world ante-1900 is staid history; and the natural expression of our neurotic cities will be tight, fragmentary and straining.

Miss Barnes amuses herself with the first steps in draughtsmanship. These heads in black and white emphasize the tendencies of the sitter enough to give them point without cerebral distortion. The lines are as sure and firm as in most simple sketching. Yet I have seen sketches by Greenstein and Lachaise, like Ygdrasil in comparison, composed in solid masses, rich and deep.

There is something callow and mongrel in Miss Barnes' brooding. The short story characters lock themselves in an outhouse of agony. They torture dreary hours with indecision. They become incoherent egotists through feeling the irretrievable. It is a belly-deep revulsion, a testy irritation of terre-a-terre stench. Emma Consberg in "Oscar" asks: "I wonder what it is about the country that makes it seem so terrible." Death and disease and the protraction of mere life seem savage scabs only to the spectator. Miss Barnes looks on, and despises herself for being morose, for getting excited and impatient . . . . about what? Two stories concern puberty, with the frankness of Wedekind. The atmospheres are intense, crafty, implicit; the conversation, sudden and obsessed. Real character expression s sacrificed for aphorisms, a clear technique for the author's moods. Her acidity and terse insights remain: "The memory of growing up is worse than the fear of death."

The poetry has much more ease and gradual poise. The materials are sometimes packed, but precise in feature. When you read the long, slow rhythms of "A Song in Autumn" you will think of a Provencal melancholy. "Pastoal" a most arrests the silence of the out-door, like Verlaine's "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit." Miss Barnes in "Lullaby," can even be what, since Edna Millay, has been called the feminine. For a woman she has exceptional control and gravity.

—*C. R.*

Elegie on a Dresden China Lady

By Marya Zaturenska.

Lay down your pretty toys, your fan
Made for the blandishment of man,
The ribbands, perfume, and the light
Jewels on throat, arms, shoulders white.
There is no need to smile or please,
Time fell on colder days than these,
But none that heed you less or care,
So ittle for your powdered hair.

Love with a graceful, shining zest
Played hide and seek in your white breast
The wor!d itse!f was a swift span,
Seen through the flourish of your fan.
Passion blew over you at will,
And left you sm ling, white, and still,
Leaving your delicate tints unblurred,
Your hands, your calm soft eyes unstirred,
For Passion kneels with coy respect,
To ways so clear and circumspect,
To eyes whose smiling gaze discloses,
A life-long path of garden roses.

We who are passionate, blood-begotten,
Are grown too old, we have forgotten
Your elegant serenity,
Flowing like an untroubled sea,
We hardly know that life can hold
A brighter treasure than bright gold,
As sloping gardens where bees flock,
Through pink, carnation, hollyhock,
Wide sheltered valleys, waters, hills,
Quiet's alembic that distills
A perfume rarer to forget,
Than lilac, violet, mignonette.

Blow then, oh pleasant garden flowers,
Over this lady, let soft showers
Of falling fragrance blend and meet,
At her fading fragrant feet,
At her ittle breasts and hips,
Eyes, and curving fingertips.

Let the drowsy humming bee
Boom above her noisily,
Let a little silver bird,
Make his song above her heard,
Let the purple lavender,
Like soft garments cover her.

Time brings other beauties; Time
Holds all beauty in sweet rhyme.
Then make small poems for her sake,
Who wil to quiring mus!c wake,
When last trumpets shake the sea,
In the world's great elegy.

The Woman Scorned

By Marya Zaturenska.

You will never learn my heart,
You will never get to know me,
I will kill my pride, I will return
And ask for a kiss only.

I will be meek and quiet and gentle,
I will make your fire, and bake your bread,
But my outraged spirit will cry for revenge,
I shall do the thing that you now dread.

Oh I will make you need me so,
You will never be careless again and free!
And again and again you will come to me,
Driven by chains, I made insidiously!

The Marquis and Marquise de Talmont

Herbert D. Sapper.

The Marquise de Talmot was, as everybody knew, one of the favorites of Marie Antoinette. Coming from an old, aristocratic family, she had lived in Paris since her earliest childhood, breathing the air of the Court and of Versailles, living the way everybody lived there, easy-going, happily enjoying life as much as life can possibly be enjoyed. When she was fifteen years old, she had her first love-affair, a touching little affair, since he had been just a common little nobleman. The poor fellow, desperate over the fact that he never could marry this beautiful child, and frightened by the threats of her family, and disconsolate over the fact that he never even could live with this bewitching little creature, quite unexpectedly committed suicide; whereupon our dear little Marquise decided to die too, and really had to be watched very carefully for over a year. Later on, of course, she learned to control herself better, and never again did she take a love-affair as seriously as this her first one. She got accustomed to breaking the vows that she gave and never worried about those of her gentlemen lovers.

The little Marquise de Talmot could control herself marvelously well later on. It was she who, the day after the death of one of her lovers, whom the king had ordered to be put aside because he suspected him to be one of the principal characters in some kind of conspiracy, seemed the happiest, friendliest, and sprightliest of the whole crowd of courtiers, just to show openly that she had absolutely no part in it.

The indifference with which she received the publication of her friend's death, proved her to be innocent; she knew also how to kill all suspicion, so that many of Louis' friends began to believe that the culprit never had been her friend. Everybody knew that she was frightfully temperamental and easily moved to tears and laughter, and nobody ever would have suspected that she had so much self-control as she showed that day. Of course, nobody knew that when she was alone she suffered much, suffered with all the passion of her soul. But she was proud that she had been able to save her reputation and her honor before the court.

It was also our little Marquise and nobody else, who once, quite seriously, sent the Marquise de Calvis a challenge for a pistol duel, and she would have been quite able to fight a duel for a lover whom the Calvis had stolen from her. The duel had to be prohibited by the Pompadour, or something serious would have happened, because both the Marquises were quite wrought up over the affair.

It was also the Marquise, who, when she was but twenty years old, made the ambassador from England fall so much in love with her, that he had to be removed from Paris by force, thus severing diplomatic relations between the two countries. When he was to be taken away, he defended himself in his house on the Rue Richelieu with omes guns he had acquired somehow, and he shot with them until he had no more powder left to shoot with. When he was finally arrested, he had the Marquise's picture hanging on a golden chain around his neck. Quite a scandalous picture it was, because it showed the little Marquise dressed in nothing but a strip of royal ermine.

These are two or three of her adventures, only two or three out of two or three hundred baot all of them can be told). It will suffice to)ny that the Marquise de Talmot was one of the sest loved and least loving ladies in the Court, and that she played a part in every secret and public scandal. And she remained there not only during her younger years, during the reign of Louis XV, as most ladies of the Court did, but also when she had grown older. She lived in all possible splendour, until suddenly, in the year 1792, something which she never had noticed before, the people, came into her life.

Another detail must be added here, and that is that when she was eighteen, she was married to the Marquis de Talmot; but neither paid much attention to this fact, and they hardly knew each other, and saw each other almost only in society. During the first few weeks or months perhaps for a whole year, they sometimes had tried to get near each other, but, since their marriage had been nothing else but a business matter, arranged by the parents to join the two fortunes, and no children came, they both had gone their own way and lived apart from each other. The Marquis, a quiet gentleman, was quite offended by the life at the Court, and returned to his estates in southern France and remained there, living a leisurely life, when he did not happen to be on some field of battle, fighting for his king. The

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Interlude

By E. B.

On the rare occasions when Mrs. Lindsey wanted Ellie, she was gone.

"Ell-ee" she called.

"She isn't here, mother," called Marian Jane, worriedly.

Laura Lindsey stood looking at Marian Jane a moment before she went back into the house. She was momentarily surprised at herself, whenever she looked at Marian Jane. The child wasn't her daughter, not possibly. Wee Wee, and even Ellie, might pass for children of hers, but Marian—Laura had never in her life been as competent as the child was already.

"I do think Ellie might stay around the house, mother. Especially she needn't promise to help me weed my flower bed and then sneak off." Marian was complaining again.

But her mother did not feel equal to solving anyone's problems just then, so she went back into the house through the kitchen door, a half-laugh, half-frown disfiguring her face, calling, "Vera! Where are you, Vera?"

Oh, bother. Couldn't she have even a minute to herself? Was all her time someone else's—Laura's or Robert's or Robert's children's?

"Coming, Laura."

"Oh, there you are. I didn't mean to disturb you. Were you lying down?"

"No," said Vera aloud, and thinking, as she always did when she came into the living room, "What perfectly atrocious old stuff Laura's furniture is." Then, "Nearly teatime, isn't it?" aloud to Laura.

"Yes, but Claribelle is taking her afternoon off, and mother went down to the village with Wee-Wee. I wonder if you would just put the water on, Vera. My head—"

"Of course. Sit where you are, Laura. I'll have you some tea in a second."

Laura sank back in the chair's leather cushions (it wasn't nearly as comfortable a chair as it sounds) and closed her eyes. She was tired, very. Tea would be a blessing. Afterwards she would lie out in the swing awhile, and—not sleep, she never did in the daytime—but just lie there and look at the hedge that was shooting up so remarkably, and the red lilies along the drive—until Robert came home. Then dinner, of course. She didn't want to think about dinner now, though. There was something hot and heavy and stifling about it—not nearly so pleasant as tea.

"All right, Laura." Vera had brought her a cup, steaming. "Where are Marian Jane and Ellie?"

"Delicious," murmured Laura, sipping slowly, and pinching off small chunks from the little round cake Vera had brought in. "Marian Jane is digging weeds—or something. Ellie has run away or been kidnapped—or something."

She wished Vera wouldn't always be mentioning the children. It made her feel guilty, as though she were neglecting proper duties. But then, how could she act like a mother, when she had never even once felt like one? Oh, well, it didn't matter much, because none of them knew what she felt like, really. How astonished they would be, for instance, if she should say: "You all think you are rather clever, but really you are most awfully dull, if you think I am like the rest of you. I'm not! I'm different! As different as—as Claribelle. You think I live here, in this house—Robert Lindsey's wife. You're quite wrong. I don't live any place! I'm not 'Mrs. Robert Lindsey.' I'm—myself. Outside all this life that goes on around here."

But because it would be utterly impossible to say that, she would have to pretend to be what they thought she was, and seem interested in—where Ellie was—

"Well, you did come back." Marian Jane was looking at Ellie with distinct disapproval, only it was wasted because Ellie was looking at a little hole she was digging in the soft dirt with the tip of her shoe.

"Say, Marian Jane—did you ever hear of Fallow Cove?"

"Of course."

Ellie sighed. Marian Jane always had heard of everything and there was no use trying anything new on her. Ellie went on digging little holes in the dirt along the edge of Marian Jane's garden. Presently, though, Marian Jane softened enough to ask: "Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered Ellie, "I just wondered—"

"Ellie!"

It was Aunt Vera, of course. Ellie turned slowly around and began to walk towards the house. Aunt Vera stood at the kitchen door, surveying Ellie's torn sailor-suit and dusty face in the most annoying way, thought Ellie. And then as soon as Ellie reached the door, she drew her in, and said, just as Ellie knew she would say, "How tiresome you are, Ellie! Why can't you keep your clothes clean like Marian Jane? Go up and change right away, and soak your face. It's black."

Ellie went slowly upstairs, after she had picked up a china cup that was standing on the kitchen table. She filled it with water and dropped into it something small and wriggling from out of her pocket. Then she put the cup down on her wash stand, very carefully.

Marian Jane was still digging up weeds in her garden. Ellie could see her from her little diamond-shaped window across from the washstand. Splash, splash. The blue and white rug was getting wet. How little Marian Jane looked from upstairs.

"About as high as father's stick," she decided. Would Marian Jane tell? Most likely. She might tell Wee-Wee—only that wouldn't be safe, either. He was such a baby. "There's grandma. She wouldn't tell, perhaps."

"My goodness, child, clear to the Cove!" cried grandma, when Ellie told her that night.

"Shhhh! And, grandma, the most wonderful moss, and such beautiful shells. I'd rather you didn't tell anyone about it, though, grandma. Perhaps mother would say I couldn't go there again—father would anyway. And Marian Jane would say she didn't see anything so wonderful about it, and—you won't tell, grandma?"

"All right then, dearie. Now let's go to sleep."

The whole house was asleep. Even the garden, until a little chink of moonlight shone down on it, and Marian Jane's own flower bed, and filled the little holes Ellie's shoe had dug, and spattered the lilies along the drive with silver. Only there was no one to see it, of course, so presently a gray piece of cloud floated across the moon, and the garden went to sleep again.

Etching

Oh! That I do not burst with it!
The blue of autumn sky
And breeze
And rustling red and gold
Of maple trees!
The sun glint as it threads
A silver drop of dew
That hangs from purple lip
Of aster star
And frosted clover leaves
As cool and green
As Arctic waters are,
A poplar tree
With slender fingers stretched
To reach October sky,
Oh Beauty, do not burst my heart!
White clouds! Float softly by!

By Paula Otter.

THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE de TALMONT
Continued from page 18

Marquise was quite absorbed by the life of the Court, by her loud and happy society, by her love-affairs, and by the little intrigues. And so it happened that the Marquis and the Marquise de Talmot had passed their youth and had become old, when suddenly they met again in a place where they never would have thought of meeting —in jail.

And that happened in the following way: When the Marquis had heard some rumors concerning a revolution in Paris, he had hastened there to aid his king. He could not quite understand that that mob of plebeians, which called itself the people, could do any harm to his royal majesty, but still, he went to Paris, to be with the king if anything should happen. Our good Marquis was quite shocked at the people's audacity, and not realizing on what dangerous ground he was standing, he delivered some foolish speeches at the "Conference of Notables" which preceded the "National Conference." Thus he managed to draw the ire of the people upon his person, and he was one of the first ones who was thrown into jail when the people really became serious about making a free republic out of France. It is of no avail to describe the political happenings of that time. They can be found in hundreds of books, and they can be read, treated from every possible point of view. Well, one night the proclaimers of the new era broke into the house of the Talmots quite unceremoniously, entered the Marquis' bedroom, where he was sleeping peacefully, and woke him up by breaking every window and mirror in the room. As they were going to arrest him, the little Marquise rushed out of her room, and, throwing herself into her husband's arms, declared that she would follow him. As she insisted on being taken along, the republicans could do nothing but arrest her too, and they trotted off, quite satisfied to have gotten hold of two aristocrats instead of only one. So it happened, that the Marquis and the Marquise de Talmot were going to jail together.

It wasn't a very triumphal procession—the people's self-appointed bailiffs, rather rough and tough but still quite decent fellows with their prisoners—the poor, old, broken-hearted man and his little wife, who looked quite haggard now at night, without the help of her maid's beautifying artistry.

The two old people had been thrown into a dark cellar, and there they were sitting, next to each other, on two old chairs, embracing each other and crying together, perhaps for the first time in their married life. But soon they composed themselves, and, for the first time, really looked at each other. The Marquise quite gravely excused her appearance, and assured him that it really had been impossible to get dressed decently in the hurry. The Marquis noticed, not without a little surprise and joy, that the old, thin face of his wife looked a little bit like that of the nurse who used to take care of him during his childhood, and the Marquise, at the same time, realized that her husband looked quite a lot like Corneille, her old footman. So both discovered their real faces after the masks of their previous life had fallen, saw that they were just like other persons, not different from the rest of the world.

It really is true that the life of these poor, impeached aristocrats did not have a very rosy aspect at this time. The republicans had more important things to take care of than their prisoners. They had to establish the empire of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The only time they remembered the aristocrats, who, of course, had no conception of these new ideals, was when they led them to the guillotine to send them out out of this world where they were really no longer fitted to live. During the time they had to wait for their death, they were taken care of by some bourgeois and his friends, who watched them closely and who thought it a good deed to the new cause to treat these poor ladies and gentlemen as cruelly as possible, making life quite miserable for them.

The Marquis and his wife had fallen into the hands of a terrible ruffian who gave them nothing to eat but some bread and water, and who thought it quite clever to be constantly threatening the old people and to swear ferociously if he thought that they hadn't greeted him as cordially as they should have when he entered the dark hole. During the hurry of their arrest, both the Marquis and the Marquise had forgotten to take money with them. This was made so much the worse, when the rascal of a jailer made it quite plain to them that money would buy all kinds of nice things, and that even liberty—well, both the Marquis and the Marquise very much deplored the fact that they had absolutely no money with them.

And yet, through some stroke of luck, the Marquis had something very precious in his pocket. He was, as one must know, a collector

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THE STAR LIGHTER

Continued from page 15

faded more and more with every evening.

STAR LIGHTER—And when that has gone, people can nevermore reach the stars. For you know Mimi, that it is only on the bars of the sunset that we can reach the sky.

MIMI—Yes grandfather. (*She draws a long breath, and her golden head drops upon her breast.*) *When she fails to raise it for some moments the Star Lighter becomes alarmed.*)

STAR LIGHTER—Mimi! MIMI! (*Rises, crosses to the chair and lifts the head.*) Answer Mimi.

(*He falls upon his knees and buries his face in her lap. The sun is about to drop behind the trees. The rose-tinted clouds look cold and far away. A momentary rustle, like a last sigh, hurries through the leaves. The boy strikes into the wood.*)

Mimi, wait just a little and I shall come too. I know the way to the sky.

SCENE II

We are in the sunset. It is as though we had stepped into a dadaist painting. There are no definite shapes on the stage. Everything is a crimson glow through which flash faintly gold, violet and silver shadows. There seem to be castles, grand staircases, forests, cities, ships, even elves, dragons and gnomes; but their shapes are so indistinct and changing that we can be sure of nothing. It appears at first to be very mysterious and strange.

(*Boy enters from the left. He stares in wonder at the sunset, ans shrinks from the strange shapes.*)

BOY—How strange this is! I am afraid to go farther.

VOICE—Do not be afraid.

BOY (*Gazing about but seeing no one.*) Where —Who are you?

VOICE—"Nothing more than a voice in the air"

BOY—"I did not know the air could talk."

VOICE—"That is because you have not acquired the habit of listening."

BOY—"All these things are so very strange. What is this?"

VOICE—"You are looking at the sunset."

BOY—"The sunset? I must say I have never seen it like this before."

VOICE—"That is because you have always been seeing it from the same, same place."

BOY—"Voice, can you tell me how to climb to the stars? I wish to light them."

VOICE—"Why just jump upon a sunbeam. Any sunbeam will do. The old Star Lighter got into the habit of taking that rose tinted one over there, but they all go to the same place."

(*The Boy walks to an ordinary looking sunbeam. As he climbs the crimson fades quickly to a pink then to a grey. The vague shadows have all disappeared, and we are able to discern many hanging lamps, none of which are lit.*)

VOICE—"These are the stars. Light that larger one first. That is the evening star."

EVENING STAR—"Yes light me quickly with a piece of that star you're standing on. Goodness, but you have been a long time coming."

(*The boy breaks off a piece of the sunbeam and lights the lamp. The lamp dissolves before his eyes in haze of white smoke, and gradually assumes the shape of a woman, clothed in white, with thin transparent wings which glow with many colors like those of a dragon fly. She moves her wings slowly to produce a twinkling effect.*)

VOICE("—Now light the others."

(*The boy lights the other stars; each time a similar change takes place.*)

BOY—"But now, how shall I get back to earth?

EVENING STAR—"I shall take you down. I remain only a short time in the sky. Come, it is already time for me to go."

SCENE III

This scene is that in Scene I. The glow of the sunset is fading away behind the trees. The old Star Lighter kneels beside MIMI, his head in her lap. Suddenly a star twinkles in the west.

STAR LIGHTER—"A star! The Evening Star! Mimi! Another star! Faint Heart! Another! Mimi! The Stars."

(*Mimi stirs at the words and opens her eyes. She sees the stars coming into life, one by one, open eyed with astonishment. They watch. And a stir of soft music begins among the dead leaves.*)

MIMI—"Grandfather, look! The stars are becoming colored. Red one; violet, green; blue. Oh, they are prettier than ever. I have never seen them like that before."

STAR LIGHTER—"Mimi, colored stars are a sign that men have found a new fresher way of doing the things they have always needed."

(*All the while the stir of the air has increased. The leaves rustle as though awakening, and begin to glow golden and crimson, so that the trees are filled with a million lights. As the wind softly shakes them there is a mellow music of a thousand tuned bells. The stones in the wall begin to glow a deep blue like sapphire. The window panes are sudden-*

lv illuminated from within and become beautifully designed stained glass. The leaves begin to flutter to the ground like a snowstorm of golden lights, and each leaf as it strikes the ground begins to dance. From the village may be heard shouts of laughter amd the tramp-stomp-tramp of a folk dance.)

Enter from the wood, the Boy, now dressed in a fashion entirely novel, leading the Evening Star.

MIMI—(*Arising from her chair.*) Isn't she wonderful!?

BOY—"She is the Evening Star. Everything —Everything is going to change. The stars will be frequent visitors on earth."

MIMI—"Grandfather I can walk again! Perhaps now one can sing."

I've something to tell
That a gnat told the sun
And the sun told a bell.
But wait 'till I snuff
The candle of evening,
And call Night, the gruff
To take with your grieving.

(*From the village comes the sound of a folk dance and song:*)

Now out again, round again.
Now out again, round again.
Mind you step spritely.
What Heaven is that
In your eyes burning brightly?
Now! Once again, Round again.
Hold me more tightly.
I'll be your true lover,
And must see you nightly.

(*The dance song is drowned in a whirl of laughter.*)

CURTAIN.

BITTERNESS

Bv Marva Zaturenska.

What do you know of my heart?
Nothing—you only see
My pale white trembling lips,
Pleading for kisses—wistfully.

If you would only know the proud,
Defiant rebellion in my heart,
And the great fire tearing my fragile body!
How you would start!

A Column of Verse

BEAUTY

I have remembered beauty in the night,
A bowl of stars, upturned,
A yellow moon, full grown
A bird in sudden flight.

I have known joys and also tears
And bitter hearts that ache,
But only beauty with her lovel ness
Can make the heart break.

Florence King

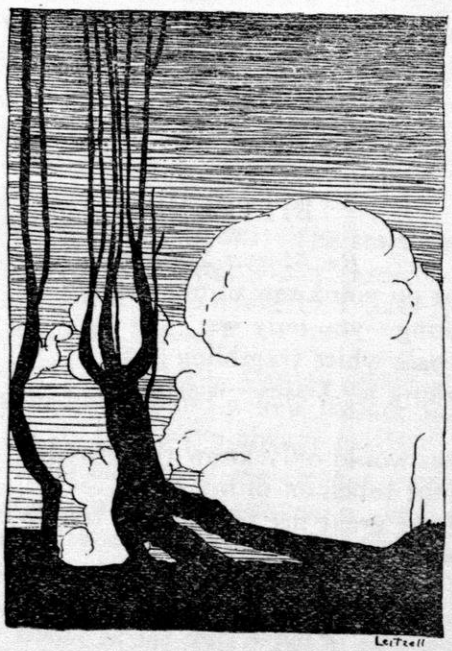
THE FLOWERS OF GLOOM

Gray light bereaved the calm all day;
Now women flute into the night.
O what are the winds and what are the waves
To the silver wake of their sexless flight?

They fold their faces in violent whorl;
Their ams shall branch in willow bloom.
No seed in the pots of day
Can vie with the flowers of gloom.

They whistle of winds and water,
And plunge of final night:
"Beyond the sandaracs of pleached moon woods,
The winds and waters flux to the end of sight."

Carl Rakosi



ILLINI POETRY

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"I cannot tell, but I may think of you,
Ah, love comes softly nonetheless, but true."

There are a number of excellent things by Lem Phillips, a southern Indiana boy who died last year. The best is the first: a rising and swelling poem called "Before Smiling."

"The Dancer," an excellent poem by the editor of the book, Bruce Weirick, a member of the Illinois faculty, concludes the volume, giving a graceful little touch to a book well composed and well edited. *J. W.*

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of old, beautiful rarities and pieces of art. In his castle he had one of the most unique collections of porcelain-figures of that time. It is too bad that the best pieces were lost during the turmoil of the revolution. Well, the Marquis was a connoisseur, not only a collector, and he was so much in love with his hobby, that even during the days of all the unrest in Paris, he had been on the lookout for rarities. And so it had happened that just the day before he was arrested, he had had the luck to find in the store of an antiquarian on the Rue Vincennes a wonderful little group. It was not large, but excellent, fine Meissen workmanship, and, as he soon saw, a product of the earliest period of porcelain manufacture. And, above all, the Marquis recognized that this little group was the counter-piece to another group which he already possessed. It was worth much money, but, of course, the antiquarian didn't know that. The only reason why he thought that he could make money on it was that it was a rather impudent, amorous group. He wanted quite a bit of money for it, but still, the Marquis thought that he had bought it quite cheaply. The Marquis had put this little group in his coat pocket and gone home. But when he had arrived home, he had found so many other things to do, that he had completely forgotten the figure and left it in his pocket. And there it was when, at night, he had to put his coat on again, and there he found it while he was meditating how to bribe the jailer without any money. It really was hard for the Marquis to part from this old piece of porcelain. If it had been only for himself, he would rather have parted from his whole estate than from this set, which luck had put into his hands. But of course, only a collector can understand that—a collector of the old type—not one of those collectors who buy all kinds of rarities for much money, but do it just to pride themselves on their collections, who buy and sell antiques and rarities as if they were cows or coals.

Only a collector of the old type, one of those to whom collecting has become more of a worship than a hobby, only one of those, can understand how hard it was for the Marquis to offer his treasure to the jailer, and, again, such a collector only can understand that it was not only gallantry and chivalry toward the Marquise that induced him to make this sacrifice. It was more; it was the beginning of a sincere, deep love for this old and ugly little woman, who was trying so hard to make life more easy for him, who shook

the bit of hay that served them as a bed, who brushed his coat with her old, bony fingers, and who tried to make him hope for a release and for better times. The Marquis himself was surprised to find something great, never before felt in his life, a deep, quiet passion, a candid happiness. A cheer and comfort came over him, when he felt the woman's head leaning against his shoulder and when she took his hands in hers and spoke to him soothingly.

And the Marquise, when she looked at the man whom she had been married to for over thirty years, almost without having noticed him before, now that she saw him there, trying to take care of her with the warmth of friendliness, how he put his arm under her head so as to make

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FOG BOUND

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he thought: ' My war will at least help the next generation."

Irony of ronies!—his "Ode to the West Wind," that oath against the ndifference and dormancy of mankind, that prayer that his new word be scattered before men far and wide—is scattered even as he wished, and will be found on every scanty book-rack n the world. The room is well-appointed; the clock ticks; the good wife sews; the good man reads the newspaper and curses the spreading fires of anarchy. Need we say the cat purrs?

There is no "next generation." Even supposing that Shelley made his brief imprint on his own times, his own small, immed ate environment, for the sake of a future Shelley, that future Shelley comes from another environment equally indifferent, sluggish, middle-class.

Look at the matter in another light, and in perhaps an even less hopeful one. Through what toilsome, costly processes must the endowed go forward before he finds his own feet beneath him, before he can select and discard from the mould of his training, or relieve himself of some of his social harness? Then such a man can say that the appointed ones of the next generation will not be encumbered so ruthlessly with prejudice and obstacle, and he will rear his own children in a manner calculated to relieve much of the burden. But his children—!

It is not his sons and daughters who are endowed, but those of another; and they must repeat the same toilsome, costly process.

There is no second generation! *K. F.*

THE EMPTY CITY STRATAGEM

Continued from page 5

A curtain is set up to indicate the city wall and the watch-tower. Two soldiers appear and sweep the streets. Enter Chukuo with two harp-boys carrying his harp and wine.)

CHUKUO (*sings*). Callow Massu.
Lost my Chiehting.
How hateful it is!
He disobeyed,
And for his failure
He shall pay with his head.

FIRST SOLDIER. Comrade. Now Ssuma Yi's army is here. Why is it that instead of repulsing him with his generals, the premier opens the four gates?

SECOND SOLDIER. I see now.

FIRST SOLDIER. What is it?

SECOND SOLSIER. The Premier has lost his mind.

CHUKUO (*overhearing the conversation*). Hold your tongues! *Sings.*)
Old soldiers,
What makes you
Chatter so profusely?

SOLDIERS. We do not like to gossip, but we cannot see why you open the gates instead of taking measures to repulse the enemy.

CHUKUO (*sings*). The affairs of state
Are not subjects
For soldiers to discuss.

SOLDIERS. Be it so. But Hsicheng is the key city to the region of Hanchung; what are we to do if Ssuma's army should come and capture the city?

CHUKUO (*sings*). From Hsicheng
To Hanchung,
Lies the country's artery.
(*Speaks.*) Listen, Soldiers!
(*Sings.*) In the City
Are concealed
A host of heavenly soldiers.

FIRST SOLDIER. Ah. comrade! No wonder the Premier is not anxious. There is a host of heavenly soldiers hidden behind the city walls!

SECOND SOLDIER. I don't believe it. I'll go and see.

FIRST SOLDIER. All right, go ahead. (*The second soldier looks about him.*) Do you see any of them?

SECOND SOLDIER. No, I can't see any of them.

FIRST SOLDIER. Perhaps you are too stupid to see them. Let me try. (*He looks around.*)

SECOND SOLDIER. Can you see them?

FIRST SOLDIER. Not a ghost, comrade.

CHUKUO. Stop your chattering, soldiers. (*Sings.*)
Be courageous, soldiers,
And each man to your post. (*He climbs on a chair behind the curtain and continues to sing.*)
To repulse Ssuma
And hold the city;
It all depends on this harp. (*He begins to play the harp.*)

SSUMA YI (*sings behind the stage.*) Chiehting is captured.
And next comes Hsicheng. (*Appears on the stage with four soldiers and his two sons and continues singing.*)
The four gates are wide open,
What can be the cause?
(*Speaks.*) The scouts report that Hsicheng is an empty city. Why is it that I find the four gates wide open? Chukuo Liang must be at his usual tactics again. But I will not fall into his traps this time. I will issue an order. (*To his men*) Officers, mark my command. (*Sings.*)
Mounted on my steed, I issue the command.
Let all the officers take heed!
If any one should dare to enter Hsicheng,
His recklessness shall cost him his life.

ALL. Yes sir.

CHUKUO (*sings*). I was formerly a man who shunned all ambition,
Of the Mount of the Lying Dragon.
To treat of Yen and Yang is like turning my hand;
I know the present and the past.
Thrice the late emperor visited Nanyang
To secure me as his prime minister.
I predicted that the empire of Han
Would be divided into three mighty kingdoms,
Like the three legs of a goblet.
I was created the Duke of Wuhsiang
And I hold the seal of the commander-in-chief.
I fought east and west and north and south;
I tranquilized the whole realm.
Emperor Wen secured the counsel of Chiang Shang,
And the House of Chou rose to a mighty empire.
But how can I, Chukuo, compare
To the ages of ancient times?
Being at ease, I sit in the watch-tower
And amuse myself with the sweet music of my harp.
(*Laughs*) Ha! ha!
But n front of me there lacks a man
Who can understand the music of my harp.

SSUMA (*sings*). Mounted on my steed, I come to reconnoitre,
On the wall s ts Chukuo Kungming
On his either side stands a harp boy,
And on the streets are aged troops.
I ought to give the officers the command
To storm and capture the city. (*His soldiers raise the war cry, bu he stops them with a gesture.*)
But I fear that I shall fall into his treacherous trap. (*To Chukuo.*)
Seek not to deceive me with your schemes,
For like chess players we are each other's equals.

CHUKUO (*sings*). Seated on the watch-tower, the mountain scenes I survey;
I hear the tumult rise without the wa ls of the city,
And see pennants and banners flying in the air.
It is ndeed the rabble of Ssuma Yi.
I sent scouts to make enquiries
And found Ssuma's army marches westward.
It was through the incompetency of Ma Ssu,
And the want of harmony amongst my lieutenants
That I lost my fortress Ch ehting.
How fortunate you were to capture three cities!
But not contented, you turn your eyes on Hsicheng.
Chukuo Liang awaits you on the city wa l,
Waiting to have a parley with you, Ssuma Yi.
In the city I have naught else for you,
Save lambs and wine, and wine and lambs,
For you and your officers and your great army.
On my either hand stands only a harp-boy;
I have neither subterfuges nor troops.
Don't hesitate and let your mind be uncertain,
But please to mount the watch-tower, Ssuma,
And listen to the strains of my harp.

SSUMA (*sings*). I am bewildered and I cannot make up my mind.
There must be soldiers hidden within the walls and behind.

SSUMA CHAO. There is a note of uncertainty in his music, father. The city must be unguarded and we ought to rush in.

SSUMA. Nay! Kungming has been most cautious all his life, and he never takes any risks. We must not fall into his trap. Officers, reverse the march and retreat forty *li*. (*Exeunt soldiers.*) Watch me point out his foiled stratagem (*To Chukuo*) Be it a guarded city or be it empty, your venerated Ssuma is not going to enter it. Farewell, farewell. (*Exeunt Ssuma and his sons. Enter the aged soldiers.*)

SOLDIERS. We beg to inform the Minister that Ssuma's army has retreated forty *li*.

CHUKUO (*in theatrical fashion.*) Ha! ha! ha! (*Exeunt soldiers. Chukuo descends from the tower and sings*)
In spite of h s talent and h s ability,
In spite of his army, Ssuma dared not enter Hsicheng.
Thus t seems, my lord and master
Is still in the good graces of Heaven.
Now let us await the return of Ma Ssu
Of whom martial law will demand justice. (*Enter Gen. Chao with four soldiers.*)

CHAO. Our homage to the Minister.

CHUKUO. Ah! venerable General. Ssuma came to capture Hsicheng but a litt e stratagem of mine caused him to retreat forty *li*. However, he will soon come back, and I depend upon you to repulse him. (*Exeunt.*) (*Enter Ssuma Yi and his train. Enter scout.*)

SCOUT. Hsicheng is an unguarded city.

SSUMA. Go for more news. (*Exit scout.*)

SSUMA CHAO. What is your wish now, father?

SSUMA. We march on to Hsicheng once more. (*Rallying cry from the men. Enter Gen. Chao with his soldiers. The men on opposite sides march toward and pass one another to signify fighting. After they have marched about the stage two or three times they fall into line on opposite sides while Gen. Chao and Ssuma Yi advance and face each other.*)

SSUMA. The oncoming general will please give his name.

CHAO. Chao Yun of Changshan.

SSUMA. Officers, retreat with all despatch! (*Exeunt Ssuma and his men with Gen. Chao and his soldiers at their heels.*)

her as comfortable and warm as possible, she felt a something, a love, come into her heart, a love which she had tasted few times before in her life, a love free from physical desire, free from all playfulness and laughter, a love that came from the depth of her soul and that proclaimed only one man.

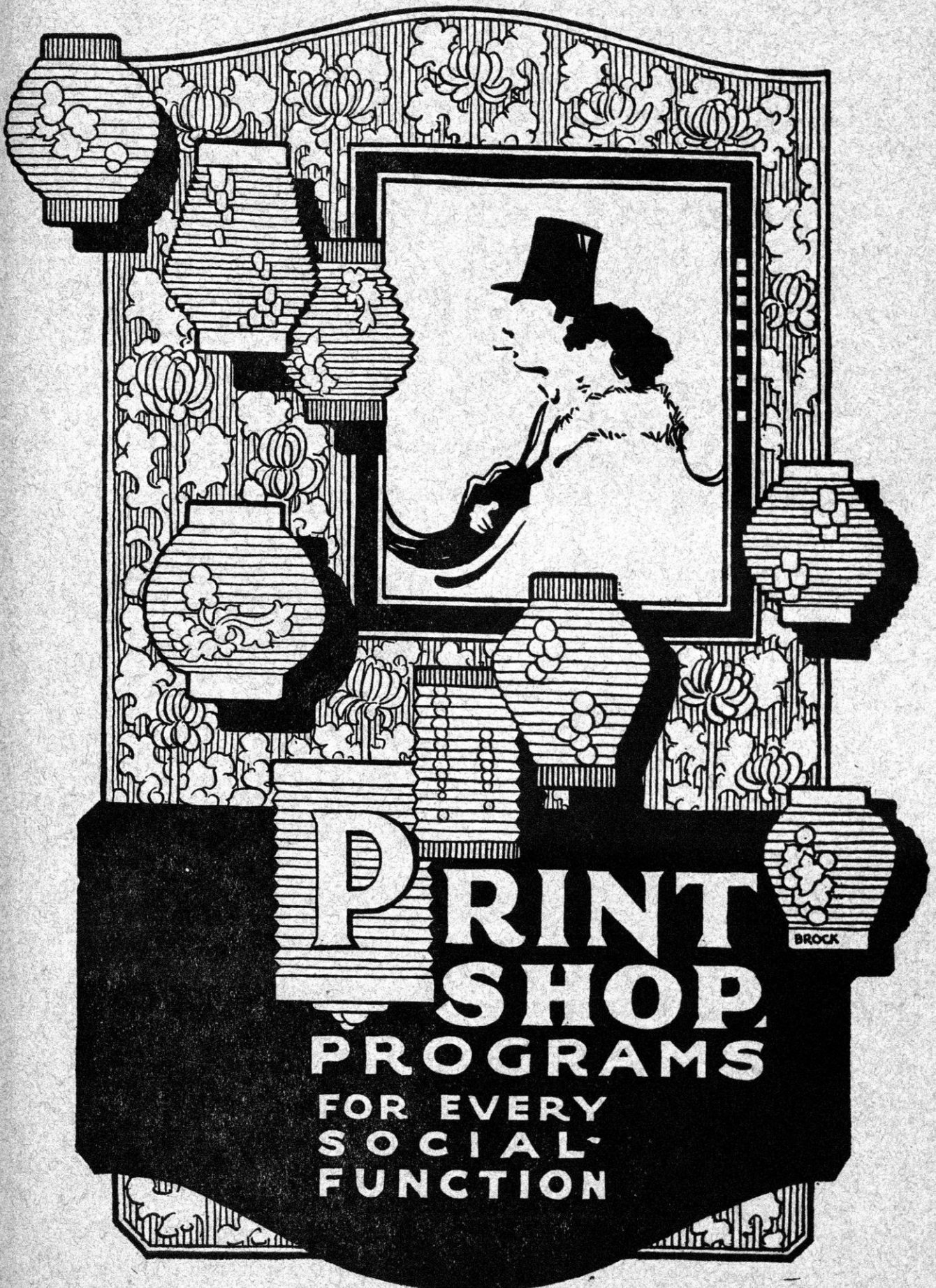
And, truly, this old married couple that had never yet had the time to really get to know each other, here, in jail, in face of death, experienced a deep happiness, a happiness that had no relation to the outside world, the happiness of sincere, glorifying love.

So it became relatively easy for the Marquis to part from the little Meissen figure. He told the Marquise of his plan, and, a little embarrassed, showed her the voluptuous group. But she was quite well accustomed to pictures of that sort, and, looking at it unaffectedly, she saw that it was of some value, and, after having heard about the counter-piece that the Marquis possessed, she tried to dissuade him from his plan to give it to the jailer, as she understood his love for such things. But then it happened that the old man told her that for her he would give all his treasures and even his life, and a beautiful declaration of love came over his lips, and she also told him that she truly loved him.

The next day it seemed to the Marquis that the jailer was not quite so coarse and discourteous as usual, and therefore he took the little figure out of his pocket and offered it to him, assuring him that it was worth quite a lot, and that he wanted only a small compensation for it, a mattress, or a bottle of wine and some white bread, or something like that, to make them more comfortable. The jailer, who, before the revolution, had been a common shoemaker and quite a peaceful bourgeois, now could not wonder enough at such an immoral group, whose like he had never seen before. He considered this only a part of the corruption of that infamous class of aristocrats who brought such toys even to jail, and, without even touching the thing, he hit the Marquis on the hand, and cried, "You pig!" And then he was quite satisfied with himself when he saw the precious porcelain fall to the ground and break into many pieces. The Marquis bent down to recover at least some fragments, but it was impossible to save it. The jailer left them, and for a long time they could hear the mass of oaths which he used to give his opinion of the rotten class of aristocrats and to praise,"la liberte et l'egalite."

Not long afterward the Marquis and the Marquise de Talmot were condemned to death by the guillotine. The old couple walked up to the scaffold hand in hand. Once more they saw the mob, which they never had known and which they never would have understood. They bent down for their last prayers like martyrs who were dying for an unknown cause.

After the head of the Marquise, who was executed first, had slowly rolled into the bag, the Marquis quickly threw himself under the hatchet, and wet his face with his wife's blood. He smiled the calm smile of those who have taken leave of the world, and who are eager to go into another world of which they expect more.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The Letter that Delighted Betty's Mother:

MOTHER DARLING:

You needn't bother to plan any shopping days when I get home on the twentieth, for I am all "set up" to have one glorious holiday. I found a shop in Madison that carries the smart frocks we seek in the city. It's a Specialty Shop---Simpson's and displays originals and copies of imports that are just great, and they are moderately priced. I've bought my holiday wardrobe and am ready for a whirl of parties.

Devotedly,
BETTY.

Your Mother will Appreciate Gloves for Christmas

And the large Christmas Display at Kessenich's will give you a showing which includes all types. We especially recomend the Ireland Cape Glove with fur cuff and Scotch wool lining at

$7.50

KESSENICH'S

First:

Go Window Shopping---in front of our windows ---they are full of suggestions.

Second:

Come in and purchase---from our large stock.

Third:

See our Christmas gifts---for friends and family.

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