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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVIII

Number 3

David Allen—Benefactor

The Smiling Fighter

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PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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CONTENTS

BEHOLD—the suffragists of America have started an agitation to have a woman representative at the Peace Table! and the New York Times,—faithful watch-dog ever on the scent of the terrible feminists—shakes its head ominously as to the outcome of such an agitation, and refers with a sneer to the separate peace council which may be held by the International Peace League, of which Jane Addams is the President, as a necessity in order truly to represent this congregation of women which it deems to be a class—a man-hating class.

Alas! Will the New York Times never learn? Whether the movement for a woman representative is based on the theory that woman's interests are so different from men's in the coming re-arrangement as to warrant representation, or on the theory that woman's outlook is so different as to necessitate a reception for her views, one thing is sure; and that is, that the movement finds its source fundamentally in a desire to *serve*, in a conception of *duty* rather than one of *rights*.

Over and over again one hears ardent feminists say: "If we only could get this business of obtaining the vote out of the way, there are so many important tasks awaiting us. We are expected now to make bricks without straw. We have spent so long getting the straw. The walls must be built. We must start in to make bricks." The war has brought home to women so keen a sense of responsibility that they realize that they must not shirk their share in reconstruction. What they are asking for is no longer centered about a *theory of rights;* it is founded in a desire for effective service.

We cannot here discuss the merits of this agitation. We can only say to women: Your task thus far has been but a simple one in comparison to the task that faces you. During war time, your task was to do what was laid out for you by your local Red Cross officer. From now on you will have no supervisor of your work but your own conscience and your own sense of civic duty. Your task now is to think. Are we to have a League of Nations, and on what basis? Are we to retain government ownership of railroads? What sort of tax system do you want to see established? What is going to happen to the women in the war industries? You can follow no simple book of directions in the proper weaving of these threads of human relations.

E. G.

BEFORE long, suggests one of the weekly periodicals, we shall be sick of the very sound of the word "Reconstruction." Perhaps—but that depends upon our imaginations and our vivid love of adventure.

It was by no means uncommon to find that men, no matter how much they disliked war in the abstract, confessed a certain liking for the personal adventure and a great joy at being released from the routine of civilian life.

"The routine of civilian life"—what a strange phrase from the lips of men, and young men at that. Have we been lacking in imagination that we do not recognize the great fights, the glorious battles of our daily life? Are we still so primitive that we must see swords and bayonets and hear the roaring of cannon before we recognize adventure? Is there any young person who can look out upon life and fail to see the great struggle going on against corruption and blindness? And who is so lacking in vigor and zest that he would not wish to enlist in the struggle? He must be dead indeed who can withstand its call—it is so beautiful, so terrible and complex. I say "complex" because on this battlefield, there are no well-defined trenches; it is hard to recognize one's enemy, he is so often camouflaged and so often utters the wolf's cry of "Kamerad"; it may be he is in your very midst; it may be that you yourself are divided in your allegiance. It is beautiful because you are fighting not against people but for an ideal; it is terrible because its very impersonality sometimes pits you against those you love. What are the ideals you are fighting for?—ah, but that is part of the fight itself; but this is certain—that they must be ideals of a lifetime.

Then who can hesitate or stand aside with academic aloofness, or supercilious ennui? There are so many battles to be won, and so much joy and zest in winning them, and the trenchwork is but part of the joy of struggle.

E. G.

ASIDE from any wealth of picturesque detail, the numerous volumes of letters from men in the trenches disclosed remarkably distinct types of authors. There was the mystic who found a new God—and a God very different from ours—in the trenches; there was the man who found nought but disillusionment; then, the soldier whose letters were full of hatred not only for the enemy as a whole, but who bore particular malice toward all its individual members; and finally that very human fighter who could discern with sympathy the non-satanic elements in the enemy, though neither his belief in his own ideals nor his thoroughgoing condemnation of the schemes of his enemy were thereby undermined. It is such men as he, who carried on the tradition of Lincoln, who have kept away from our doors the wolf of an eternal heritage of hatred. How many of us feared, even more than the death on the battlefields of our brothers and sons, the spiritual death of those who would return with the virus of hate irremovably injected in their hearts.

But what do we find to be the case? The cry of "revenge" seems to have died on the lips of Americans the very day peace was declared. Let there be no misunderstanding. The ideals we fought for we have not forgotten; we shall ever struggle against the wrong. But to identify evil permanently with one group in society is a blindness from which we do not suffer.

And we can say with full sincerity at this our Christmas season, "Peace on Earth, good will to men" for the thought embodies an applicable, living ideal. And by our acts we shall show that every day must be Christmas Day. We shall greet the New Year with joy and thanks and rededicate ourselves to the great quest for Truth and Justice—for a better, stronger world!

E. G.

IT IS a fact sad to contemplate that members of the University faculty who at home are surrounded by objects that appeal to the esthetic sense of beauty, will, a good many hours each day, live in their offices on the Hill with nothing to attract their eyes save a clutter of "blue books" and papers, a desk or two, a maddening telephone, and a barren window casement.

This is merely introductory to our announcement that the "Lit" has established an office in Room 121, Main Hall. There are curtains on the window, pictures on the walls, a Jerusalem cherry plant in one corner; and the telephone, as a rule, is out of sight. On the whole, it is a place to which authors can bring their manuscripts without feeling that they will be met by an official with a bleak stare and a deadly blue pencil, and in which even the "indignant subscriber" will feel his wrath oozing away.

Office hours are from 9:30 to 10:30 and 1:30 to 2:30 Tuesdays and Thursdays, and from 9:20–11:30 Mondays and Wednesdays. Everyone who is not a black-hander or a bill collector will be welcome.

President Van Hise

A DEEP, energizing force has been withdrawn from the life of the University. Our strong, kind, wise leader is no more. It is far too soon for us to appraise rightly, or even fully to realize, the loss we have sustained in the death of our President. Its bearings can be revealed only with the process of time, only fully felt in the experiences toward which we move,—not unmindful, let us hope, of that high vision and that large will to service which gave to him that is gone the power of command amongst us. And yet it is natural that we should seek to express, however imperfectly, our sense of the loss that has befallen us and should inquire among ourselves what manner of being he was for whom our society found so many noble uses and who did so much to make us what we are.

Intellectually, President Van Hise had in a high degree the power of simplification which is so often found in truly great men. His mind turned on wide poles and moved in large orbits. However dense the mass of conflicting details which tended to confuse a problem, he had the gift of resolving it into its elementary issues. Men whose minds were intent upon subtleties or intricacies near at hand were sometimes impatient with his interpretation of details; but it usually turned out that on main issues he was incorrigibly sound. This does not mean that he was superficial or indifferent to details; on the contrary, so multiform was his command of detail that he often seemed confused and was in effect most confusing to others when his mind was in the very act of working itself clear. The conclusion was usually some new sweep or some deep foundation of elemental comprehension. This was his strength in science, and it was his strength in affairs.

This bold intellectual capacity was animated by a profound moral earnestness and a spirit of deep benevolence. Here was no room for mere cleverness, triviality, ostentation, diplomacy, or personal self-seeking. Whatever mistakes were made (and what man makes no mistakes?) were mistakes of address, not of motive; there might be a failure of tact, of humour, of cunning; there could not be a mistake of purpose, because the purpose was bound to be high, unselfish, and impersonal. And this earnestness and honesty of purpose inevitably triumphed in the end. "His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."

Dr. Van Hise's achievements in science had brought him eminence and conferred lustre upon the University before he took up the work of the Presidency, fifteen years ago. And the President's security as a scholar has been a buckler of strength for the University throughout the period of his incumbency. One is tempted to see in the interests of Van Hise, the scientist, a symbol, if not a sign, of his spiritual qualities and convictions. He was a geologist, a lover and a reader of the earth; and he was a geologist of a particular kind. To him, as a student of metamorphic geology, the earth was no stolid mass of rock and inert matter as to the casual observer, but a changing, animate thing, through whose shifting veins there poured in the course of by-gone aeons, the glowing floods of iron, copper, gold. So, he saw, in the society of Man, not stolid masses of inert, static humanity, but a humanity ever changing, ever growing, ever improving, by processes slow to be sure, but calculable and capable of influence. To him, as to the poet Browning, the glory of life seems to have manifested itself not so much in its perfection at any moment, as in its energy, in its perfectibility, in its glorious processes of *becoming*. Hence his optimism, his tolerance, his sympathy with the ignorant, his patience with the dull, his confidence in the immature. Hence many of the institutions and policies which we associate with his administration of the University,—his Alma Mater and ours.

His life, too, was a growth and a becoming,—even to its latest days. And, though its end was too sudden and too soon, there is solace in the consciousness that its last acts were crowning acts of broader service to humanity and of rejoicing in the consummate victory of the good forces of the world for which he wrought.

J. F. A. PYRE.

Le Jour de La Victoire—(Savraie signification)

QUAND le maréchal Foch par sa stratégie magnifique et ses coups terribles a brisé la fameuse ligne de Hindenburg, et a fait commence le retraite qui est devenue une débâcle, un monde épuisé de sa tâche sanglante a pris haleine et a essayé de comprendre la vraie signification de cette victoire glorieuse.

Une victoire gagnée au prix de millions de morts, au prix de villes innombrables rasées, au prix de pays entiers complètement détruits, au prix de la ruine de la vie économique et sociale d'un continent—vraiment une telle victoire doit reposer sur les bases d'une cause non seulement juste mais sainte. Les causes en sont-elles justes et saintes?

Ce n'est pas seulement la restitution de l'Alsace-Lorraine à la France; la France n'aurait jamais fait cette guerre terrible seulement pour la revanche, ce n'est pas non plus pour que l'Angleterre puisse obtenir les colonies allemandes de l'Afrique, quoique le traitement accordé aux indigenes de ces colonies, particulièrement aux Herreros de l'Afrique allemande du sud-ouest ait donné assez de raison pour qu'il ne soit plus jamais permis à l'Allegagne de mettre la main sur les races assujetties. Ce n'est pas même pour sauver de l'esclavage et de l'opression sous le joug d'une grande nation des peuples comme les Serbes et les Belges. Ce seraient des causes suffisantes peut-être mais ce ne sont pas les causes fondamentales.

La véritable cause c'est une idée. Après des siècles de barbarisme le monde arrive lentement vers la lumière ou le droit des gens à la même signification parmi les nations que le droit civil parmi les individus. Après la lutte pour arriver à un tel but le monde refuse de rentrer dans la pénombre du moyen-âge—le monde se refuse à accepter la devise barbare: "La force prime le droit." Les peuples libres de monde refusent de considérer le peuple allemand comme "le bloc de granit sur lequel le bon Dieu pourra terminer l'édification de son oeuvre de civilisation du monde" quoique Guillaume II, premier apôtre de Dieu sur la terre, ait interprété de cette facon les pensées du Seigneur. Donc le monde est fatigué de cette crainte continuelle d'une nation barbare dans un monde civilisé, surtout quand cette nation se prépare toujours pour la guerre de conquête et qu'elle "s'appuie sur le bon glaive allemand pour conquérir la place au soleil qui lui revient mais qu'on ne lui cédera pas volontairement," comme dit le kronprinz, faible imitation d'un père demi-fou.

Cependant aujourd'hui quand "le jour de gloire est arrivé" et que les nations qui ont combattu pour une principe on remporté une victoire superbe, ce n'est pas assez de retourner au status quo avec des rectifications légères, Ce n'est pas assez de restaurer la Belgique, de rendre à la France l'Alsace-Lorraine, de donner à la Serbie un port de mer, et de chasser l' "unspeakable" Turc de l'Europe.

"Il faut rendre le monde sauf pour la démocratie" comme dit le Président Wilson; il faut donner aux peuples le droit d'avoir une voix dans leur gouvernement, et enfin il faut faire une paix si juste, si acceptable pour les petites aussi bien que pour les grandes nations que cette guerre aura été non seulement la plus grande guerre du monde mais aussi la *dernière* guerre du monde. C'est, nous l'espérons, la vraie signification de ce jour de victoire, le 11 novembre, 1918.

GRAHAM STEWART.

MY WISH

A hill's high slope,
Leaf-strewn 'neath bare-armed trees
The sound of water where it laps our boat,
The falling dusk,
The little whisperings
That hush the earth to sleep,
The first faint stars,
The embers of a fire,
The close companionship
Of silences and murmured words,
And far across the lake the city lights,
An island in the mystery of night.

EVE KNOWER.

David Allen—Benefactor

"WELL, SARAH, we're pretty comfortable now, aren't we, dear?" David Allen patted his wife's hand nervously, smiling a little one-sided smile, and then sat down in a chair, relaxing and stretching his legs out before him.

"Yes," responded Sarah briskly, "we're pretty comfortable. We have a great deal to be thankful for. Did you meet Milligen at the station this afternoon to see about the new hotel lease as I *told* you to?"

One leg stirred slightly in the armchair, and David answered vaguely, "I couldn't make it, I had some contracts to file—Briggs came in at four, and I couldn't—"

"*Briggs!* Why didn't you say you had business to attend to; and leave? Simpson's probably been to the station and gotten the lease. You go over the first thing in the morning and see him. I should think, by this time, David, you would realize that business must take precedence over pleasure. I have the constant worry of reminding and reminding and seeing that everything is finally done—as it should be. If a live contractor should come to this town, you would lose everything. All that saves you now is Simpson's being worse than you! You take *no* responsibility" she ended in an exasperated tone.

David Allen, according to time-honored custom made no reply, but also according to custom, he took a mental inventory of his virtues as a husband and provider. Sarah's remarks had depressed him more than usual this evening; so much that he was slightly alarmed at this weakening of his resilient powers, his sense of spiritual superiority. Usually Sarah could talk and talk until David felt the harshness of her voice in his very marrow, and his self-respect stayed with him. For Sarah, he thought, being a woman, could not understand the greater things of business. Her sense of system was fine; he gave her due credit, and her memory was excellent in helping him glide over technical details. But after all, what were details? He tried to believe that in himself lay the foundations of all the great schemes. He thought of his imagination, of the personal magnetism that he was conscious of at times. But now the idea of "Sarah's help" disturbed his complacency. Perhaps she *had* made him the most successful business man in town; perhaps she was right about Simpson's being so unspeakably stupid. And Simpson was a bachelor. Sarah had never been quite so cruel before, and in spite of himself, her ideas took root enough to make him miserable.

"I am going over to see Briggs for a while after supper," he announced a moment later in a brazen tone. Briggs was humble, of limited abilities; an hour or two with him always put David into a cheerfully boastful frame of mind. He could confide his feeling of superiority in Briggs.

"All right," said Sarah, "Call up the Hopkins House first and make an appointment with Mr. Milligen for the morning."

Briggs seemed slightly worried when David arrived at his home shortly after supper.

"Take off your coat," he said slowly. "Sit down. Have a light."

David stretched out again, and reached into his pocket for his pipe. He inhaled a few times and finally succumbed to the utter cheer and comfort, of the badly-kept room, of Briggs' hospitality, and his pleasant look of stupidity.

"I have decided," he finally announced, "that material success is nothing!" His eyes shown; he was like a flower suddenly freshened by rain and sunshine; he radiated benevolence and wisdom. "I have a good supply of worldly comforts; a *modest* supply, but as business men go, I am fortunate, very fortunate. I have one of the best homes in Beaver Lake."

"*The best,*" interpolated Briggs.

"And I have—but to get to the point, Briggs, I am not content." A sudden new thought made him look archly worried. "I am not public-spirited enough. To the town from which I have drawn my wealth, I should consecrate my wealth—*and* my interests. I love this town, Briggs, and I love the people in it. For a long time I have felt this lack of democracy in myself, at least this—incapability of expressing my democratic instincts," he finished finely. "They think me a hard soulless business man, grasping for leases and contracts, trying to gobble up smaller concerns, coldly efficient, always for business, business. Hitherto, I have been too busy to watch their development closely, but I have reached a position now where I can help them, and I would like to do my utmost."

Briggs nodded his head sympathetically, and then said, again very slowly, "It's a funny thing, Allen; you come in and say this tonight, and just an hour or so ago Sam Regan was talking to me about the board meeting they had this afternoon. He said, if a few of the *rich* townsmen would *cooperate* we could have a real city here. You know Sam; he has some new idea up his sleeve that Beaver Lake would turn into a city if we could get a canal through from Beaver to Little Chain Lake. He says we would have more trade,

and more summer visitors, and the place would build up in a flash. Then there would be a chance for all the renters, says he, 'there wouldn't be no monopoly'—mind I'm tellin' you what *he* said, David, and 'Beaver Lake would boom like Chittenden did twenty years ago when the canal went through.' "

David looked hurt. "And they *do* think I am nothing but a monopolist," he said. On the whole he fancied the people had more or less succumbed to his personality—even in hard business dealings. At church he always smiled and bowed pleasantly to everyone, and usually chatted with the vestrymen after the service or remarked to the ladies about their guild activities and the weather. Sarah always hurried him off too soon for any great display of amity among the townsmen, but Sunday mornings after church had always made him particularly happy and self-satisfied.

The pleasantly perplexed smile had changed for one of real sadness. Greater than all other passions in David was his love of the esteem of others; his desire for appreciation. Sarah left this desire sadly ungratified. She had cast him upon the world for praise, and Beaver Lake, his world, thought less of him apparently—than his wife did. He left Briggs' house more depressed than when he had arrived.

For weeks he went about, wilted, unhappy, sensitive. Sarah began to worry, and fretted more because of it, and took almost entire charge of the business. David committed atrocities of absentmindedness that made even Simpson perk up and assume a happier expression. Sarah heard Simpson inviting the music teacher for a drive after the Sunday service and her heart sank. From then on she rarely let David out of her sight; after supper she did the housework, and at night she lay awake, frightened and worried, listening to the wild incoherent mumblings of David in his sleep. David was grateful and submissive, never resisting, but Sarah feared night and day for his sanity. He went about wide-eyed, talking occasionally to himself. Once Sarah heard him say, "Eight by four cross—sixteen by fifty-nine level—appropriation, fifty thousand plus—" then he looked very unhappy, and Sarah's heart was like lead. When she asked him what his mumblings meant, he only smiled and said very hurriedly, "nothing, nothing." So day by day, she worked harder, and fretted more and prayed, and fought lest the neighbors should know of his calamity, making up fantasies about his real estate business and some property he had in Dakota that was 'simply worrying him to death.'

But one evening David came home with a strange happy light in his eyes; he walked into the house impressively, almost quivering with dignified excitement.

"Sarah," he began in his benevolent tone, and Sarah felt a wonderful relief.

"What is it now?" she asked brusquely.

"Perhaps you have heard of the idea of the town council—that a canal from Beaver to Twin would mean that this town would become a city, a city of opportunity for the many rather than the few. Trade would be stimulated, summer boarders would flock to our shores. Beaver Lake would have new life infused into it and become a living, throbbing place with opportunities for tremendous advantages. There would be a larger library, a great public meeting house—" he smiled vaguely, as though seeing himself addressing the town from the meeting house platform. He took a deep breath; the part of his speech that he somewhat dreaded was approaching, but the great flow of his eloquence carried him on, above dread; the passion for being David Allen, benefactor, had seized him, and he continued without a break.

"I have been, during the past week, making estimates as to the probable construction of such a canal. This morning I have discussed the matter with Sam Regan and other townsmen. The proposition seems a plausible one. Public spirited men feel that this town, fortunately situated on a lake which though small is very beautiful, would receive exceptional advantages by becoming a part of the chain of great lakes. Sarah," he concluded, raising himself to his full height, "I have decided in view of my fortunate position, and of what I owe to my town, to become chief stockholder in a corporation which will see to the immediate construction of this canal. Beaver Lake people will draw up the plans; Beaver Lake people will dig and construct. Civic pride will be awakened in the heart of the most sluggish Beaver Lake citizen!" He stalked slowly over to the window.

Sarah stared at him. The audacity of his planning this tremendous move without her consent or even her consideration! The suffering she had endured in consequence of it! Her relief turned to indignation, and she gazed at his back for a few moments. Then suddenly her mind regained itself, and she assumed the old feeling of responsibility.

"I presume the tolls would in time cover the cost of the canal," she commented laconically. "As you say, more people would come here, and the town would, of course, benefit. Property ought to be worth considerable more."

David smiled from his superior heights. "The *town* will become a city," he said fervently. "A city

with a real soul. For when Beaver Lake realizes that she has accomplished this engineering feat without calling in aid from the outside, she will feel pride in herself to accomplish anything." David felt the thrill of his own enterprise, something that he alone was responsible for, that Sarah had not manoeuvered and pushed.

That night as they were going to bed, Sarah suddenly looked straight at David. "David," she said, "I've been thinking about this canal of yours. Things are coming along so very nicely that it seems silly for you to tamper with something new, something you are not entirely sure of. Sam Regan's not practical, he's dreamed half his life away, and *he* suggested it. You'd better not take *any* chance, David." But David hardly heard her. He was thinking of public festivals at which *he* would preside, competitive contests at which *he* would give out the prizes. His soul was drinking the delight of satisfaction, and he was rapturously happy.

From that day David changed. He became a man about town, an organizer. In a short time he made himself the idol of the townspeople. True, they attributed most of his genius to his wife, but David, not suspecting this, was happy, and put himself heart and soul into the position of benefactor. David was elected to the school board, he was consulted about some improvements to be made on the town hall. His fair-minded judgment was sought in court decisions. As he passed from his home to his office, instead of scurrying along as usual, lest he forget Sarah's injunctions, he stopped and said trite bantering things to the girls, patted the babies on their heads, promised his wife's recipes to the mothers.

He was rather perplexed when the local laborers appeared for "jobs on the canal." For a moment he had a panicky longing for Sarah, and her calm unswerving advice. But this canal was his project; Sarah could help with the mediocre daily work that was still being carried on. She was wonderful at that, but the new work required an imagination and knowledge of human beings that Sarah did not possess. So he stiffened up and assumed an air of confidence,—his new role of public character helped him—and faced the doubtful, surly-looking group, sitting in his outer office. They were excellent material for an experiment in awakening civic pride. The majority were tramps, independent-looking fellows, willing to accept any job that looked like considerable money in a short time. David did a little arranging, sent some to report to other townsmen, talked to them stirringly of the higher aspect of the enterprise and left them, feeling rather hopeful in spite of the dirt and scorn on their faces.

"They're a rough lot," he confided to Sarah that night. "There must of necessity be much cooperation and much inspiration before they can realize any but the most sordid aspects of this canal building. Sarah, Sarah, the pitiful inequality that makes such men possible!"

"I finished your office filing today," Sarah said, "Where did you put Quimby's lease?"

And David sought out Briggs, and discoursed at length on the miserable inequalities of the present social system.

David had some difficulty with his local laborers. The gang leaders proved rather inadequate. They were hard men to inspire and their bald aggressiveness hurt David. But worst of all, he found them undependable; the local engineering experts were in despair. Whenever they turned their backs, the men either did the work all wrong or stopped working entirely, sitting in the canal bed and refreshing themselves with whiskey. David came home weak and weary at night, hardly realizing that Sarah was taking entire charge of his business, driving Simpson back into gloom and despair.

"That woman," Simpson confided angrily to the music teacher one night, "The very devil couldn't git by her, thout she'd contract him fer a piece o' property."

David was saved all of this worry, but his canal situation continued to get worse. The tramps were about ready to stop working for a while and begin spending; consequently as economic units they were worthless. One morning when everything seemed to be at a standstill, David, with a sudden fine burst of power, fired all of the tramps. This scared a little morale into the other workmen, and he filled in the vacancies with high-priced men, real workers, who left their own jobs temporarily to meet the emergency. With the arrival of the new leaders, the work sped along; and David began visiting the office again, and attending his meetings and once more extending his radiance to the townsmen.

Thanksgiving day was finally set for the formal opening of the canal. Very early in the morning David was awake, hurrying about, telephoning to make sure of the last few details, taking infinite pains with his toilet. Promptly at ten o'clock he stood, immaculate, on a slightly raised platform, ready to pull back the lever of the first lock, which was to connect Beaver —with the world! His wife stood near—on the ground, with a smile, half proud, half skeptical on her face, and a look in her eyes which said, "David, David, how could you have done all this without my aid?" And about him, lined along both sides of the canal were his beloved followers, the men and women

(Concluded on page 76)

Remnant Sale

I SAT down near the cashier of the cafeteria. I knew her. Possibly we might become amiably engaged in conversation during the course of my meal. My ticket came to twenty-seven cents, and I had six in my pocket-book. Had the jolly person with whom I was sitting by a break in her custom brought more than the exact sum which she expected to spend, perchance I could ignore the cashier. Miss Smith was thrifty, but generous and trusting. However, after removing her dishes from her tray and setting them in order on an extra paper napkin which she had filched from under the sign TAKE ONE NAPKIN ONLY, PLEASE, she opened her purse, and placed twenty-one cents upon her twenty-one cent ticket. I sighed, but not audibly, and groped for an opening with Mabel.

"Mabel is going to hold my check," I said rather loudly to Miss Smith. "At least I hope she is. I am living upon six cents until next Thursday. My pay is due then. It is federal and will come shortly afterward. Also I am going to the Symphony Monday and the Jackie Revue Tuesday."

"What will you do," asked Miss Smith, pleasantly, "about eating?"

"Oh, I shan't eat, of course," I replied, "that is, unless Mabel will hold my check." This last loudly.

"Tie strings around your stomach," suggested Miss Smith, "and hold the hunger waves in."

"Mabel," I called out courageously,—the dining-room was empty, "You have an alternative. If you won't hold my check, I shall sit here until breakfast time when I shall eat with a coming appetite."

Mabel nodded placidly, at which encouragement I relented toward myself and went back for ice-cream on my pie. Ice cream on apricot pie is not of the flesh but the spirit, and should one tie strings on the spirit to keep in the hunger waves? I say no, and Mabel did not change her expression as I walked to the ice cream counter so I imagine that she agrees with me. Still, I do not under-estimate Mabel's value to me at such a time and hope that she will be cashier in Elysium, where I expect that they will serve apricot pie with ice-cream on it, constantly,—perhaps to the exclusion of all else.

I went home shortly and found I had two dollars in Heaven that I had not counted on. I lay up all my treasures in Heaven 'where moth and rust—', which is to say that I keep my money in my Bible after an ancient fashion. I do not in this manner offer it the protection of sanctity, for I am a trusting person and would pin it on the curtain if it were convenient. But this manner of keeping it has a double advantage. I put it there that I may read my Bible oftener, and since I don't read my Bible oftener, I frequently forget to take my money with me, and thus save, for I keep no charge accounts and cannot spend what I haven't with me. Possibly I should not say that these advantages are companion advantages, since they act, each one, independently and exclusively of the other.

At any rate I was buoyed—not to the extent of an actual luncheon, but nevertheless buoyed. I virtuously guided my steps toward the cafeteria and the inhibiting presence of Miss Smith.

That was this noon.

Albeit and alas I passed Gerretsons! For one whole week Gerretsons have advertised a remnant sale, to begin on Saturday. And today is Saturday and the dandelion hills are wet, so I went into Gerretsons. Curse the Lorelei!

This was a silk remnant sale. I found besides four things I need and hence can get along without, one thousand things I want, and at least one I must have. The one is a piece of blue silk brocaded in velvet. And two dollars, less twenty-nine cents (five for the ice-cream) between me and starvation! I've had convulsions of the soul and spasms of the spirit, and all for a piece of blue silk brocade, marked down from twelve dollars a yard to four. There is, of course, not enough in the piece for any one thing. But I could lay it on a table or on a bed or on a chair or on a shelf or in a drawer. I could touch it when I was irritable and look at it when I was tired. I could evolve evening coats about it and rooms with it for *leit motif*. I could float to heaven on it. I could wrap myself in it and be in plays. I need it to beat the band and the Russians are starving and the Roumanians need sugar and all of the raw materials must be allocated into new industries and Mabel holds a ticket of mine for twenty-nine cents. I know an otherwise valueless person who once said, *ain't it damn?* It is. Aye, twice.

With my hands on my aching sides I sought the inhibiting Miss Smith.

"It is damn, my dearie," said she. "I'll give you the money for the blue brocade. I know you won't take the money, which is good, for I haven't got the money. Marry a profiteer and poison him. But do have some ice cream on your pie, my love. Don't tie the strings too tightly on your hunger waves. You've nearly a dollar and a half, and to-night you may find more treasure in Heaven."

MARION CALKINS.

Kinderei

THERE is a feeling of spring in the air to-day. I forded many rushing streams and went downtown to buy me a pair of rubbers; Jim sneezed three times; and we talked about St. Valentine's day and Jim told me about the little girl with long golden curls in the same class with him when he was eleven and to whom he sent a big red heart signed "You Know Who," that cost him three whole, long-treasured cents!

As a result, a whole flood of memories from my school days is on me. They are mellow, shiny, golden things that make a sort of "crazy patch-work," or checkered light under the clump of silvery-birches as the sun sets, with the utter darkness round about each one of them. Strange, how like a camera our minds work, taking a snapshot or flashlight of some ordinary little scene in our life, and making no record whatever of the things that passed between. And sometimes there is such a terrible flash of light that the film is blackened, "over exposed," and there seems to be nothing recorded, or only dim, phantom-like figures. But saddest it is, when the films are "under-exposed"; there is nothing that was worth remembering.

But these school-day photographs of mine are just simple, haunting, happy little things, and every once in a while I like to shake the dust off the musty old album I keep them in, look inside and muse.

I

I had a friend in the "fourth grade" who also had golden curls, but short ones, and of the pale, pale gold of corn-silk not yet ripened. She had freckles and a turned-up nose and Irish-blue eyes and her name was "Lillian." Her father was a red-haired Irishman, and her mother a New England Methodist. The half-dozen boys in the family went, therefore, to the Catholic church with their father at eight, and the half-dozen girls went to the Methodist Episcopal with their mother at ten. I used to think that the division might have been more just along the line of red hair, for three of the boys and three of the girls had inherited each a flaming crimson thatch of it; they should have gone to the father.

We were great friends, ever-lasting friends, inseparable friends, Lillian and I. I used to eat my lunch at her house (I lived a long distance from the school), and used to have presented to me, along with the six tously red-haired and six curly flaxen-haired, little Irish-Methodists, a plate of very excellent Irish bean-soup. Lillian would go home with me and have coffee and rye-bread and grape-jelly at my house after school. Our eternal friendship lasted until single seats grew scarce in our class room, and Lillian and I were put into one of a row of double seats in the front of the room, running at right angles to the other rows. I do not know how it started, but we very soon were crowding each other back and forth, looking daggers, with rigid fingers of one hand holding on to the ruler we had put down to mark off the middle while the other hand clung to our Reader, and we vainly strove to follow a stammering class-mate's progress down the page. We said hot and bitter things to each other under our breath, but sometimes, in spite of ourselves our voices grew hoarse and very audible. Then the fine-featured, dark-eyed, young girl-teacher would look at us, and for a time we were very still.

II

I do not know how long the feud lasted. But one day when my failure to know the place when called upon to read had occurred *too* often and when our whispered imprecations had been exceedingly hoarse, I stayed after school, perforce, until after four. (School "let out" at quarter of three.) I do not know whether Lillian stayed and was a witness of the shame of what followed. I do remember there were some boys whose staying was chronic, and among them was my beloved William, who met me in the hall afterward, and jeered "Cry Baby!" This, from my idol, was too much, too much. I looked on him with withering scorn in the attempt to hide the pangs in my heart. But the Great Occurrence, that which he had jeered at me for, the deep gloom and intense light that had together poured into my soul, in emotional effect far over-powered any emotion he could stir up, and I soon forgot, and forgave him.

What happened was this. The time crept on slowly, slowly toward four o'clock. I had grown very weary and my spirits sank deeper and deeper when at long intervals people were dismissed and I, tense and waiting, was again and again overlooked. Finally there were only a very few, very bad boys left (among them my William.) And Miss Nichols called me up to her. I do not remember what she said. But I still can hear every soft inflection of her voice, and feel the whole succession of tumultuous emotions that swept thru me, I can feel her young motherly arms about me, sense the dark sympathetic eyes above me, feel the wet, tear-stained skin (my tears,) of her soft

throat against my face, as I finally buried my head upon her shoulder. . . . And all the aversion and rancor that a guilty person feels before someone who is fine and whom he has wronged, left me, and a great, overwhelming passion for her filled my heart. I knew that she loved me in spite of the evil I had done, and I would gladly have died for her. The feeling of unutterable shame that made me still and very gloomy one moment, to give way to exultation and unbounding exuberance the next, transcended anything that had ever entered my life before.

Thereafter I strove with religious fervor not to give her cause for complaint and I think that I fairly succeeded. Bright moments that stand out round about, are the times when I was permitted to wash the boards, or clap the erasers, or correct her spelling papers. I do not know when Lillian's turn came, or how it affected her, or what happened to our feud; we made up at some time,—children do that easily—but all the little stars are vanished in the radiance of the sun that shone on me then.

I often walked home from school with Miss Nichols, I and others. They are very sweet memories, those of the bright spring days when we went skipping along at her side, or walking sedately with our hand in hers when it came *our* turn for that. . . . She taught me a lovely little game: you press the person's hand you are holding four times, and that means "*Do you love me?*" And the other person presses your hand three times, and that means, "*Yes I do.*" And you squeeze twice for "*How much?*" And the other person squeezes once with all her might to show. . . . I have taught that to many little folk who were dearest to me since then. I wonder will they pass it on?

I used to tell her, and write impassioned little notes, —some of which in moments of mad courage found their way to her desk,—that I loved her better than anyone else in the world. She tried to make me see that I must not say that, I could not. But in that respect I thought I knew better than she did, that it is not for us to choose whom we shall love. . . . Every morning when we were supposed to repeat the Lord's Prayer I would whisper intensely, "O God take care of Miss Nichols! O God take care of Miss Nichols!" I said it very, very fast. I think I aimed at saying it sixty times before the Lord's Prayer was ended.

Once I was allowed to ask Miss Nichols to come and see us. I was exultant. I remember that my brother ran his magic-lantern show in her honor, and I was exceeding proud. But during the course of it, something went wrong with the chimney and my brother swore (he was at the swearing age), dreadfully. I was horrified, bitterly ashamed.

One time Miss Nichols was very ill. Those were terrible weeks for many of us. At last we were permitted to go and see her for a very little while. I can still see one or two of us stealing in very softly, on tiptoe, with a few flowers held awkwardly in our hands, or a very much twisted bag of oranges. The thin, strong, fine-featured face of the girl, looked thinner than ever before, and the white skin very white against the white pillows and contrast of the soft, straight, black hair and fine brown eyes,—very white without that glow of the early spring and the bright light in the brown eyes. . . . But she came back to us finally and we were very good and happy.

Miss Nichols, just as girlish and lovable as she was when she was my teacher, is teaching a class of little Jewish boys on the East Side. She loves them and is even more enthusiastic than when she taught us, and she tells very amusing stories. She writes to me and says, "I suppose your teachers are enjoying you just as much as I did," and I feel deeply ashamed.

III

Annie Cohen was beautiful,—beautiful! bewitching! She had soft, long brown, wavy hair that tumbled all about her shoulders. Her skin was not dark, nor was it the milky-white of the "people from the North Countrees"; it was rich and creamy, with an abundance of the bloom of those roses that blow only in

(Concluded on page 78)

WOMAN AT THE WELL

She brought her flagon to the well of tears
And drew; and turned, nor faltered in her tread,
Bearing aloft the burden of the years
With lifted hand and head.

JULIA GRACE WALES.

TO A SPARROW.

Thou sparrow, bold and quarrelsomely alert,
How like us city-dwellers thou dost seem;
Thou hast no moment left to sing, to dream,
Too busy, thou, with burrowing in the dirt
Of city street and chiding thy drab mate;
Like us, thou never ceasest thy trite words
Of gossipy old tales of other birds,
With caustic tongue to sputter forth thy hate.

If thou should'st see a broad expanse of sky
Where little puffy clouds go sailing by,
Or catch the sparkle of a bright red wing
That flutters from a hedge row glistening
With dew, perhaps, thou, too, mightst learn to fly
And thy discordant throat might ope and sing.

JANET DURRIE.

A CHIPPEWA LOVE SONG

She is carefree and young.
In her laughter I hear
The lilt of the Manitowish,
Where it sings in its rush
From its source, o'er the rocks,
And echoes with eddying swish.

She is graceful and light
As the wavelets that dance
On Allequash Lake in the sun,
Or the slender pine trunk
That sways with the breeze
Where waters of Tomahawk run.

She is fearless and strong,
Neither fears she the trail
Where dark is the forest, nor can
She be frightened by wolf.
She is strong with the strength
Of muskellunge fighting with man.

I will build her a lodge
On some lake-circled isle,
Neath pine trees, the wood warriors tall.
In the spring, of my catch
I will bring her the first,
And pheasant and deer in the fall.

FRANCES E. SMITH.

PALESTINE REGAINED

Song of a Jewish Immigrant

NOTE: Last September, President Wilson declared himself in favor of Palestine as a Homeland for the Jews.

O, thou my America!
Kindest foster-mother—
Who took me to thy breasts,
When those within whose arms I lay,
Did fling me helpless 'pon the sea . . .
What song of mine can thank thee!

O thou my America!
Gentlest joyous guider—
Who smoothed my old-young brow,
And led my heart unused to play,
To follow unthonged feet in glee . . .
I bow my head before thee!

O thou my America!
Noblest freedom-giver—
Who brings my soul's Beloved,
And says, "Tis come at last your Day
Ye faithful. Go, go forth; be free . . ."
Think not I can forget thee!

E. GLUCK.

A SEA GULL ON THE CHICAGO RIVER.

A street-car with its hot and weary load
Clangs rattling o'er the dirty, crowded bridge;
Down on the river's turbid, murky green
Drift bits of sodden fruit and grimy scraps,
Remnants of yellow bags and scrolls of scum.
The sun up in the glowering, smoky sky
Woke not a single merry, rippling gleam
On that smooth stream, but just a dull, hot glare,
Defiant, sullen with the city's lust.
Then through the murky sky, a flash of white,
White wings that wheeled and soared above the lines
Of dirty scows moored to the ill-kept docks,
Then swooped until their whiteness nearly dipped
Into the lurid waters of that stream,
A gleam of brightness in the city's grime.
A shop-girl, as the street-car clatters on,
Shakes her tired head and with a sigh remarks:
"Gee, if I was a sea-gull, you can bet
I'd never spend vacations in this burg!"

ADELINE BRIGGS.

The Peace Announcement in Washington

While I am sitting in my office opposite Lafayette Square during this morning of November 7, I catch myself looking across the park at the White House several times, to discover the meaning of the air of expectancy hanging about everyone in our building and out. Something is going to happen, and it is something big. No-one can explain the instinctive feeling, yet everyone experiences it. It is good to be in the National Capital during times like this.

During luncheon hour the air grows tenser. People look at each other's faces, as if trying to discover a clue there. Each one thinks the other has an explanation. Something *is* surely going to happen . . . And then it does—

The signal for peace has been given—the long wail of the siren, announcing the end of the struggle. Factory whistles begin to screach, auto horns take up the cry. The people in the park sit tensely silent until a crowd of soldiers, with a mighty shout, jump from the grass and dance widly with each other down the walk.

A sailor hilarious with joy is holding the Washington Times over his head that all may see. Headlines in half-foot letters announce—GERMANY SURRENDERS. A hysterical soldier announces the same news standing up in an automobile holding a paper high in the air. Newsboys add to the din and confusion by scurrying about shouting, "Extra, extra; Germany surrenders!" Everyone is buying papers, while the boys are nearly forced to the ground. Insane people tear the papers from each other. The employes of the war building crowd the roofs and balconies singing *America, Over There, Star Spangled Banner, Marceillaise,* and *Keep the Home Fires Burning.* Crowds swarm. Republicans and Democrats; conservatives and radicals; hate propogandists and pro-Germans; Socialists and profiteers; all join in one mighty surge toward the White House. What else can one do?

Lucky as usual, I reach the White House in time to be forced into a good place against the iron fence. I hold on to it with hands and feet. I feel like a monkey and probably look like one, but my life and my chance of seeing things depend on my holding on. The crowd closes in and I can hardly breathe. I can see nothing but the empty porch of the White House. But the crowd is cheering and yelling and waving hands and handkerchiefs, and it seems that the President must come out and greet us.

The doors of the White House open. The servants appear, and as they separate, standing one at each side of the doors, the greatest man in the world waves his handkerchief at us. The crowd woes wild! Such a din —such a yell—for is it not he who made this peace possible?

Tenacity characterizes the crowd. A second time the President is forced to leave his meal and greet the maddened mob. And women on the roof of the White House furtively watch between the pillars. How proud they must feel to be members of that household!

The crowd does not disperse after the President disappears, and I have time to study how the different people react to this situation. I see many types, and I try to see things as they see them, and feel as they feel.

Norabelle, the fair clerk in the navy yard.

Oh, *did* you see the President? President Wilson —isn't he too adorable? And he waved his handkerchief, and I felt him waving it right at me! Oh, dear, isn't it too exiting? I wonder what the boss will say when I get back. I don't care. The war's over anyway, and isn't he too dear? Oh, my, won't Agnes feel terrible when she finds out what she's missed. Oh *did* you see how sweet he looked—such a hero.

William, the Stand-pat Republican.

Look at him standing there and waving his handkerchief. How can he smile like that when the House has just gone Republican. These people here can worship a Democrat, but out in the states they know *good* men when they see them. Ugh, these heroworshippers make me sick. I bet they'd elect Pershing President if he ran on an anarchist ticket.

David, the Socialist

These crowds of unthinking people—what work there is before us. Even the University graduates are uneducated. And we, who have had less than the grammar school, know more, and see more, than the college men. We hold the future in our hands. Out of this cheering mob of imbeciles, we will make men and women who can handle their own affairs,—who don't need to entrust them to the auocrats who forced this war upon us. Ugh, the same man who got us into this war is being cheered now because he is getting us out of it.

Art, the Cynic.

You ask when the President will come? When there are enough here to make it worth while. See, up on the roof, there is Mrs. Wilson counting heads. When there

are enough of us she will let Prexy know. Just watch. What did I tell you? Here he comes. He just finishes a course, you see, for he is wiping his mouth with his napkin. Now he waves it at us. When he finishes another course Mrs. Wilson will let him know how many there are. See, she is counting again. It's time for an other course to be finished. Sure enough, what did I tell you?

Mable, the Suffragist.

Mostly girls in the crowd, hm. Good argument. Must take that down in my note-book. Cheering like hell. Women war workers endorse the President—must have the vote. What fools these mortals be! Girls work their heads off for the war, have nothing to say about it *a* tall, and haven't the sense to organize and demand the vote. And not two months ago we stood here as pickets and were arrested for blocking the traffic. Cheering mobs don't block the traffic, oh no!

Ernest, the Radical.

When *will* people begin to think? How many people in this crowd are really thinking of what must be done now? They don't realize that everything isn't over as soon as the peace bells ring. Progress? They imagine they have made the greatest progress since the beginning of history—just by winning the war. They will lose the war yet if they don't think about the immediate future. What they care about is a wave of the handkerchief. from a great man. Do they care whether the present autocratic economic system continues of not? Do they ever apply the Russian Revolution, the German mutiny, the Austrian revolt, to this country? My God, I'll say it in those countries that have actually won this war!

But the crowd surges on to the Treasury Building, the War Building. Trucks are commandeered by the people; everyone's property belongs to anyone. Parades! Marvellous appearance of horns, flags, bunting, even brooms!

Does the crowd want to believe the Star when its headlines appear?—THE ARMISTICE HAS *NOT* BEEN SIGNED! The celebration is kept up for its own sake, I suppose. So the turmoil continues until midnight. And as I make my way home under the quiet stars I wonder about the psychology of the crowd.

GERTRUDE HAESSLER.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE WEST

(With humble apologies to Browning)

O for old Manhattan
Now "the season's" there!
For whoever takes the trouble
Sees spelled out, clear and fair,
That once again New York's to be
Regaled with high-brow symphony;
And Bisphams making quite a row
In Manhattan, now.

When Geraldine awakes anew
And Johnny's getting busy, too,
Lo! where Italia from her dizzy ledge
Leaves dawn, and scatters on the perfumed air
Vivas and garlic o'er the gallery's edge!
That's Pagliacc'! He sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
That first fine High C rapture.
And tho I sometimes feel a trifle blue,
I shall be gay when Christmas brings anew
"Dalila," tho she costs a tidy sum,
Far brighter than this gaudy Orpheum!

E. MARION PILPEL.

The Smiling Fighter

"What's the use of worrying?; it never is worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, *smile*, SMILE!"

THAT'S the song the Yank sings; the song that expresses his motto in life. He sings it during that last, long mile on an all-day hike. He shouts it in the still, chill dawn, when he is hustled to the first formation. He sings it during the day, softly to himself as he goes through his monotonous round of duties, or vociferously as he loiters with some of his fellows. He howls it out in the evening, around the scarred and worn piano in the "Y." He sings it all through his days in the training camp and under the many varying conditions thereafter: on the granite blocks of the waterfront as he waits to take ship, on the gangplank as he embarks and disembarks, behind drawn shades as he rolls through France in troop-cars, in the jumping off trenches as the zero hour nears, and in the hospital as he convalesces following his "pass to Blighty."

And he does more than mouth idle words in singing it, for he follows its teaching and grins cheerfully at all times. It's an ineradicable smile; one that endless toil, hunger, pain and danger can't even dim. And more than any other one thing, it has contributed to the defeat of the greatest curse that has ever menaced civilization. The allied peoples first realized that fact when they glimpsed the Yank as he swept through England and France on his way to stem the waves of field-gray that were surging towards Paris and a Kaiser-ruled world. The Germans first sensed the potential power of that expansive smile as they drove against, were halted by, and then fell back before a greatly-outnumbered force of laughing, singing Marines, who charged death-spewing concealed machine-gun nests as if they were contesting in a foot race, passing grim jests as the screaming bits of steel whiskered through their ranks.

I've seen the Yank in all possible situations in this country (I expect to see him soon "over there") and never have I seen him with the distinctive grin lacking.

I've seen him curled up in a muddy corner of a practice trench at Fort Sheridan, feet hidden in the oozy clay and back nestling in a constantly enlarging depression in the clay wall, while a fine, cold rain found entrances in his raincoat and was whipped stingingly into his face by a savage north wind. And he smiled there, humming softly as he puffed sporadically on a "dead" cigarette.

I've seen him as he charged out of his trench in a sham bayonet attack, dashing with a fury that was not shammed against the dummy figures in the enemy trench. There, for a few seconds, the smile gave way to a tightening of the jaw muscles and a hardening of the eyes that bespoke an impelling flame of hate, but it was back again and shining satisfaction when he ceased his savage jabs, exhausted with the work done. I've seen him as he worked to extricate artillery pieces from mines into which they had sunk, breathing harshly as he panted at the wheels, while straining mules slipped in their pawing struggles and threatened momentarily to crush him against the gun-carriage. At such moments the Yank swears. An official report would state that he used violent language, but I will accord him due honors. He swears, genuine, blood-curdling American oaths, but he grins while he curses.

There are times when the Yank discards his smile, but they are few and they are over in a twinkling. He may be sobered by some sight or awed by some happening, but, with his lightning-like ability to adapt himself to conditions, he quickly reverts to type. This is particularly true of the Yank with generations of native-born Americans behind him, though every man who passes through Ellis Island soon becomes innoculated with this spirit of immediate responsiveness. The native-born Yank is uninfluenced by centuries of stateliness and traditions; he has a perfectly natural distaste for reverence and convention; his life, like that of his country, has been too congested with momentous events to permit of his acquiring a cloak of gravity. So, always the feeling of depression and seriousness disappear in a twinkling, the impudent smile again creases the corners of his eyes, and he fares forth on whatever mission Fate holds for him with an ingrown cheerfulness guaranteed never to warp or change color.

The Yank's smile serves a multitude of purposes. It enables him, for one thing, to make a joke out of anything, and once a thing is properly labeled as a joke it fails to cause much of a stir. The Yank, promptly realizing that the Germans are no more to be feared than the boys of Teutonic extraction whom, as a schoolboy, he used to lick continually, classifies the Kaiser's prides as Fritzies, exaggerates their shortcomings, and longs for a chance to meet up with them. He gets it into his head that he alone can master a half-dozen Huns, and when he does meet them, he wades in with an arrogant grin and proceeds to prove his theory.

Theoretically the Yank is not material for a wonderful fighting machine. His grin and overdeveloped sense of humor are too much fundamental to make for rigid discipline. That's why the Yank can't stand rigidly at attention as long as can the Hun. That's why he doesn't march as stiffly and mechanically. But that's also the reason why he's a perfect fighting individual; a man who is easy to start and hard to stop. The Yank believes himself just as good as anyone else, and a little bit better, and he's always looking for a chance to prove it. His heritage of liberty has always saved him from being an unthinking cog in a great machine. He obeys orders when he realizes that it is the proper thing to do; if he were needed at a certain point on the battlefront and had neither received orders to join in the fight nor stay out of it, he would make all possible speed for that point. A division of Engineers did even more at Chateau-Thierry, for, despite orders to remain in the rear until the attacking marines had secured a foothold, they went "over the top" with the fighters and were ready for their duties the moment the "devil-dog" advance had ceased. In some armies such disobedience would have been severely dealt with; in this man's army the commanding officer realized that these disobeyers were only doing more than was expected of them and he complimented them, secure in the knowledge that they would obey implicitly when obedience meant success in their work.

It is a delicately subtile thing, this quality of independence and individualism that the Yank possesses. It is hard to express on paper, words being too blunt, but it speaks for itself in actions, which is the main thing.

The Yank's humor runs to gorgeous hyperbole fantastic exaggeration, a fact which makes it perhaps his greatest asset. To illustrate this deduction, let me quote what a strapping colored boy, who was in my company at the Y. M. C. A. barracks, said when he wanted to get a smaller pair of shoes. First let it be stated that in outfitting a company, small care is taken in seeing that each piece of equipment is a good fit. The army goes on the assumption that, if the blouse or breeches don't conform exactly to the soldier's build, they will soon take shape and the man will become accustomed to them. Moreover, getting a new fit after your uniform has been issued to you happens very seldom. But this big black boy got a laugh from the captain and a new pair of shoes when he said:

"Ah hates to make any complaints a-tall, a-tall, suh, but mah shoes am so big that when you gives the order "About face!" Ah doan have to move 'em a-tall. Mah feet turns inside 'em!"

The Yank refuses to be melodramatically serious. He's different from the rest and he wants to be known as such. Therefore he conducts himself much along the model for living laid down by the big logger up at Camp Custer, who was cornered by a nosey visitor to camp and questioned thus:

"And are you willing to lay your life on the alter of Democracy—to die for your country?"

"I am not", emphatically responded the logger. "What I'm willing to do is make some damn German die for his."

That, crudely put, is the Yank's *viewpoint.* He knows what he's fighting for, but he does not go around making speeches about it. He never thinks of himself as prospective cannonfodder and he hates to have anyone else think that way. I have known young fellows down at Camp Grant who might have come home every two or three weeks, but who stayed at camp simply because the atmosphere of home was unbearable. And that atmosphere wasn't one filled with gloom and tears, it was one in which his parents and brothers and sisters regarded him strangely, proudly, but much as one would regard Nathan Hale.

The Yank doesn't want any of this "I regret that I have only one life to give for my country" feeling. He'd put it something like this:

"I'm going to do something in France besides die."

And he would smile, but you would know he meant it.

HAROLD GILL.

REALITY

Oft life that should be real seems dim and far
I know not what its shapes and voices are
That whirl and scream and jangle without end;
For lo! from far, they blend,
Until I feel a rhythm strange and free,
As one who dreams beside a sounding sea
Doth hear beyond the confines of his sleep
Deep calling unto deep.

JULIA GRACE WALES.

Fragments

JUST WORDS.

LAST night it was long before I could let sleep overtake me. Words—mere words pursued me so hotly that sleep lagged far behind.

Today, as I sit at my desk and write, the words are my none-too-ready servants. They come at my bidding, yet slowly and grudgingly, as if they were laborers, sullen, and on the verge of a strike. I wish that last night I had been writing. The thing I might have written would have been like a great unearthly jewel, flaming the seven colors. For a host of words was all about me, urging, crowding, crying for utterance.

If I should say, "Last night I was full of splendor, I could have written a great essay," you would scarcely believe me. Where is it all fled, then. Alas, I do not know.

I have often read that the time between awakening and sleeping is the time for dreams. This has been well proved in my own experience, for many a night I have lain dozing, watching the weird procession. Blossoms, and birds, brilliant with color; blazing sunsets; wood paths and glimmering brooks; and faces—wan, distorted, smiling, or pale and beautiful. And once I dreamed of a quaint company of folk in dull ancient garb, lifting what seemed to be dead bodies from a great wagon; and many more curious pictures.

But last night the hosting of the words seemed novel. An army of words, in companies and battalions and charging ranks gave chase to me. It was as if I ran, ran, forever ran, and the words were forever upon me: strong words delicate words, glittering words and gloomy words, now a phrase round and souvrous as from a demigogue's mouth struck me a terrible blow. And they were all gloriously new, unused as the dawn, full of power. Had they but stayed with me how the world would bow down and listen! But alas, so is it with dreams. The power is gone with the night. At last I fell asleep, and awoke to the sound of a clamoring Big Ben—dumb as ever.

I only know that somewhere between waking and sleeping, between darkness and the dawn of dawns the great words live, unused and unworn. Mighty are those who can capture them and bring them forth to the light of day—happy am I to have felt their pursuit even in a feverish dream.

ELIZABETH SMITH.

IN OCTOBER she said, "Oh, if I could only hear that he is safe and well, I would be perfectly happy."

In November when peace came, and he cabled to her of his safety, she said, "If he were only here! I could be content just to see him again."

In December when he was detailed to America for instructional purposes, she *saw* him and whispered in his ear, "Darling, if we could only afford to be married—right away?"

M. E.

A. W. O. L.—?

TOP SERGEANT O'REILLY came to town, and he blew his sergeant's whistle for a taxi the moment he landed, and hurried an extra dollar to the driver because the police didn't approve. At a shoe shining parlor he got brushed and polished; and even bought a new bright blue hat cord. Then he called another taxi, this time without using the whistle, and drove straight out to Margaret's house. Margaret herself came to the door and almost fainted with surprise at seeing him.

"Patrick, Patrick," she whispered," I thought you couldn't get your furlough. You're not—absent without leave?"

"A. W. O. L—?" said Patrick gaily, "Maggie, give me *some* credit. Where's your family?" he asked stepping into the little hall.

"They're in Mayville for the day and evening," Maggie answered shyly. "But how *did* you get away, Pat?"

"Ah, Maggie," said Pat, and he smiled at her sweetly. "They said five days furlough only to get married or go to a funeral. And Maggie,—" he had the good grace to blush slightly, "I took a chance on the first, and signed up my pass for it—dearie?"

M. E.

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DAVID ALLEN—BENEFACTOR

(Continued from page 63)

to whom he had dedicated his interests, in whose behalf he had worried and fought for so many months. A lump rose in his throat as he saw them about him smiling and happy in their holiday clothes.

A whistle blew, the lever was turned, and with a tremendous rushing sound, little Beaver began pouring into the canal. A great shout arose from the canal banks, heard even above the roar of the water—"Three cheers for David Allen," they were saying, "David Allen—David Allen—Hurrah!"

For a long time they stood fascinated, watching the seething, gurgling water rush over the locks and fill the canal bed. Then they began breaking up into little groups, discussing excitedly, shouting at each other to be heard above the roar. Everyone was happy at Beaver Lake's triumph, happy in the fresh sharpness of the November air, happy at being dressed up and all ready for a Thanksgiving dinner. The mothers began strolling home first, to see about the dinners, and slowly the crowd drifted away. David stood with Sarah beside him, receiving congratulations, listening to the happy exclamations till the last group began to move. Then he and Sarah strolled home arm in arm, "I'm proud of you, David," she said, and David pressed her arm tenderly, feeling his happiness too complete to be real.

Later they sat down to dinner with Briggs and the rector and the Miller family, and David thanked the Lord fervently for his 'great goodness and many blessings.' After grace he cut into the turkey and told a pleasant, rather long, joke that he knew about turkeys, disgusting the Miller children because when he gesticulated he stopped carving, and they had the unpleasant feeling of being served last anyway. The plum pudding was being brought on, blazing on top, when little Clem Watson came running in, breathless.

"Mr. Allen," he wheezed, "Mr. All—un, you oughta see the north shore of Beaver. She's dumpin' out so fast into this here canal that there's almost nothin' left of her. If you wanta see something *really* good, don't stick around here. Come up and see the fishes bouncing around with no water to swim in." David grew white with horror. Suddenly he realized what was happening. The guests rose up and hurried out the front door, and he followed them in a daze. Outside, crowds began running to the north shore where the pretty lake was sinking fast, leaving an ugly skirting of mud and slime. Beaver Lake was losing itself in the canal; Beaver Lake amateurs had made some dreadful engineering mistake. David stopped at the canal edge, too sick with horror and shame to follow the crowd. He had a sudden impulse to run toward the fields—and never stop; and a new wave of shame passed through him. So he waited beside his canal for the citizens to return, dumbly watching Beaver Lake rush on—and on—and on—.

MILDRED EVANS.

TRAITORS

My thoughts forswear my will
And pledge their loyalty to you;
Whatever road I bid them take,
Performing there what duty must be done,
They start reluctantly,
Chafe at restraint,
And, headstrong, break all bounds and flee,
Swift-footed, on the way to you;
My spirit wearies with the unavailing task
And yields,
My eyes still follow down the page
And lose it then,
And waking from my revery,
I cannot tell of what they read,
Or of what time has passed,
Or aught, save this,—
That I have been with you.

EVE KNOWER.

KINDEREI

(Continued from page 66)

the South. She had dimples, innumerable and fine, little, pointed, gleaming white teeth. And eyes,—that child had eyes!—one moment angels', one moment devils'; black as coals and with the twinkle of a whole casket of jewels in the sunlight. Her nose was slightly Jewish, charmingly so. And Annie was an awful liar. She lied on any and all occasions, and she lied when there was no occasion. Otherwise she was absolutely normal. I do not understand it; she was not morally depraved. I know now that a great part of it was due to her wild, careening imagination, but that does not account for the furious application, the utter abandon with which she lied.

One story that Annie told me was a long, detailed account of a "ball" to which she had been, none of whose splendor was lost on either herself or me,—of how she had been spirited away from that ball, up thru a dark chimney, had been fled with across roofs, and been imprisoned in a dark room with masked men, and finally had wound up at another ball, more splendid even than the first. Then the story began all over again, only with more vim, more color, more splendour and enhancing of her own fearlessness thruout. And I believed every word of it. And I felt that I must take her home to my mother. Such astounding tales! My family could not afford to remain ignorant of them.

When Annie told a story, her twinkly black eyes became very large and solemn, the lovely, long eyelashes deepening the shadows about them. Only when she reached something amusing in her account, or very splendid, then her face would break into a thousand rippling, dimpled smiles of delight. . . . The scene of Annie telling her tales to my mother is very distinctly before me. My mother sat in the bay-window of the living room, sewing. Annie sat in a chair drawn forward, almost under the arch leading from the dining-room into the living-room. She had the wide-eyed, angelic expression on her bewitching Jewish face. She was a little bit of a thing, and almost lost in the black-walnut arm-chair; her feet reached scarcely halfway to the floor, and I can see the little black, button-shoes with the worn toes swinging in and out in the utter peace of her conscience.

My mother listened quietly, even drawing Annie out at points. I drank it all in again, astounded, adoring, at so much worldly experience. I think my mother must have understood,—and rewarded Annie with coffee and rye-bread and jelly for her great imaginative exertion.

Once when Annie had been left alone in the kitchen after a similar occasion, I returned and found her with the milk-bottle raised to her lovely, red lips. But I maintained a discreet silence before my family on that score.

IV

One time Annie and I were going to have a circus. It must have been in the same week that the yearly circus had come to town, and it had filled us with glamour and joy and wild desires, just as all circuses do all children. . . . When we got a little bigger we were going to run away and joint a real circus, but now we were going to put bonds on our fierce longings and content ourselves with a private little circus of our own. We both aspired to be bare-back riders, and we chose that rôle for ourselves, apportioning minor parts which I have forgotten to various playmates. But we were not going to tell these children until we had made some progress with our bare-back riding.

Annie said she had an uncle who had two lovely, little, white ponies, and he would lend us those for the circus. He would also lend them to us a few times to practice on. But meantime we realized that a great deal of practice was necessary. We aspired to riding standing on one foot on the horse's back. We found a bed-slat and put it across the lower rungs of the grape-arbor and practiced standing on one foot on that.

The next time Annie came she expressed some doubt as to whether her uncle would lend her both ponies. The following time she said he would give her only one. We consoled ourselves by deciding to take turns riding bare-back on that single individual. But the next occasion of our practice she was dubious about the one, and finally she said she couldn't have any at all. Without ponies I flatly refused to go on with the circus, and we abandoned our practice on the bed-slat for a game of hop-scotch.

Since then I have become a little doubtful of the existence of those ponies, and even of Annie's "Uncle."

There—that is enough of rummaging through musty scrapbooks and picture-albums. Put the book back on the shelf and let the dust gather again until some other little Jim and his Valentine-Sweetheart come blustering along on another wet spring day, and demand that it be taken down.

SYLVA MEYER.

MEMORY POEMS OF WAR AND LOVE

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE, N. Y., John Lane Co.

We are always ready for one more collection of poems. Here is a distinctive one by an English soldier now in America. Lt. Choyce is only twenty-two years old, yet he has had varied fighting experiences, having been a member of the "Leicestershire Tigers," a plucky regiment wiped out at Arras. He was in a shell hole for twenty-four hours. He was wounded and gassed and in hospitals in France and England, since which time he has been in the States. Just as present he is ill with the influenza in St. Louis.

This collection is, altho only the first production of a youthful poet, noteworthy for its variety of moods, and extensive degree of feeling. Some of the poems as, for instance, "Love Consummated" and "Arras Road," are peculiarly earnest and sincere. From the realistic depths of "No Man's Land," and "Pro Patria," (which remind us, by their crude, blunt, fascinating imagery, of the vivid war poems of Wilfred Wilson Gibson), to the heights of the lofty and dignified "Sacrifice," we can trace for ourselves something characteristic of what this man felt. All of the poems have a great appeal that is born of earnest longing incited by the tense, moving tragedies of war.

"But one boy sobs through many an English night
And pleads for courage still to play the man."

(The Boy Leader).

He knows exactly where he stands. He has no posed illusions. He faces everything with the same enlightened, humble, hopeful spirit.

"Oh yes! I used to say
That mystery lived
On the lonely desert edge;
But that was ere I found it,
Khaki-clad
In a crumpled, blood-starved heap
Where soldiers die in France."

(Mystery).

War and love, with their similar hopes and disappointments, call forth the best of courage and vision in the young crusader that he is. He has an eye for vivid imagery, and brings it into play with simple, clear expression. Here are two examples:

"If I live,
I will love again
The little flowers in a lane
Others have noticed never.
It is small—
Four yards from side to side," . . .

(My Country Lane).

"And when you search through wounded France
To find the cross that marks my rest,
I think the grass will hear you come
And tell it to my silent breast."

(Until You Pass).

Some of his lines are hauntingly eloquent—and their unforgettable appeal goes straight to our hearts.

"I know a love spot on the Arras road
That murmurs with the moan of Memory's pain.
And I should grieve my heart with stifled sobs
If I could bear to walk that road again."

(Memory).

DOROTHY E. BRIDGE.

Dec. 4, 1918.

THE saddest thing about those writers of Confessions, those portrayers of adolescence—Marie Bashkirtseffs, Mary McLanes, etc., etc.—is that they are not unusual or extraordinary but are so very much like you in their thoughts. After the first joy of finding an affinity has died down—and the joy lasts quite long—you begin hating the writer, for every time you have a thought, your mind's eye visualizes page 787 of the Confessions on the same subject; you wonder if the thought is spontaneous or only an echo of page 787 and you—well, you are always thinking of page 787s.

E. G.

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