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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XIX

Number 1

Rupert Brooke--A Confession

Across the Lake

Undergraduate Enthusiasms

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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THERE is much discussion these days about educational reconstruction, and much criticism has been levelled at our American universities and colleges in this connection. Much has been said and written on the subject. The professors like to blame the student for what is wrong; the student blames the professor. The universities and colleges frankly lay the burden of all evil at the feet of the secondary schools who in return say that the institutions of higher learning must be at fault or such preparation as they afford would be adequate.

We are primarily interested in the universities, and as students we ought to be considering this question, what do we expect the university to do for us? When we have reached a decision there, before we enter the game of criticism we must determine further just how far the university can succeed in giving us what we expect. Such a task faces every conscientious student at Wisconsin, for unless he knows exactly what he expects to get, how can he know that he has not achieved what he came after? Too many of us are willing to be disappointed because we cannot absorb all the information extant in our freshman year. More of us feel discontented because the university cannot give us brains but can merely develop what we already have. We must constantly try not to blame our own short-comings on something larger than ourselves which can, therefore, afford better to bear them than we.

Nevertheless changes are bound to come in the educational world. It may be in our power to help them to be changes for the better. At best we can conscientiously try to make them so; criticism with any other point in view must be mere carping on our part and an admission that we are unworthy to be a part of the intellectual world. If there is to be a real growth in the changes that seem about to occur in education, the undergraduate must be ready to show what he needs and wants, and not only that but also he must be ready to show that what he needs and wants is what he should have. Only by serious thought can he arrive at any such state of preparedness. We are called students; hence we study. Study requires thought; Hence we are thinkers, and as such we should inevitably think about our educational needs. The great problems of the world will be waiting for us when we are ready to tackle them. Intimately now one of them confronts us. What are we going to do?

AN INTERESTING criticism of these United States came to our attention a short time ago. It was this, that there are too many educated people in the country—that is, too many people who have been through our colleges and universities who are looking for the soft swivel-chair jobs, and not enough men and women who are willing to do the drudge work which is necessary in any community. This smacks considerably of Mr. Ruskin and brings to mind "The Nature of Gothic", an essay, by the way which is worthy of hard study by every undergraduate. Aside from that, the criticism is worth our attention as it stands, for we

are a part of that class which is preparing to hold down the swivel-chairs of the country for the next generation.

It is perfectly obvious that somebody must do the "dirty work." It is obvious as well that if all are given the advantages of a college training that some must be willing to humble themselves to do what must be done in the field of manual labor. We cannot all plan perfect sewerage systems; somebody must dig the sewers. We cannot all wear jewelry, unless somebody mines the metal, purifies it, molds it, and sets the jewels. We cannot all be captains of industry; somebody must be industrious for us to captain. It may be that with our ever increasing educational systems that the time will come when the college man will not feel it beneath him to excavate the cellar of his own house. That may become a necessity. At any rate we must not forget that there is much menial labor to be performed in the world. We may hope that we shall not have to do it, but we should not consider it degrading even though we do "rate" a college degree.

JUST a word concerning the policy of *the Wisconsin Literary Magazine* may be in order in this first issue. Some years ago, it was felt by some of the students in the university that there was a place for a distinctly literary paper here. At that time no such existed. These students took it upon themselves to start a magazine which should represent the highest literary achievements of our undergraduates. How well they succeeded is demonstrated by the fact that they established what has been in the past the leading undergraduate literary magazine in the country. Whether the present staff of editors can keep up the traditions of the past remains to be seen. Needless to say they will do their best and with the hearty cooperation of the student body they cannot well fail. In the past it has been the aim of the editors to make the 'Lit' an exchange of ideas, and to encourage the embodiment of these ideas in sincere and workmanlike literary forms. This, too, shall be our aim, for its origin was in the student body and its growth was due to the vacancy which it has filled.

Old Em

TWO characters, instantly recognized by every one in Lost Hope as disguised officers of the all-mighty law, dropped off the noon local as it panted thirstily beside the water tank, and slopped gingerly off up the tracks in the spongy sand. Weary, travel-worn tourists was their rôle. But since no tourists ever stopped in Lost Hope unless there was a wreck or a bridge out ahead, their rôle might have been out of place. Yet they looked weary enough by the time they had forced themselves through the thick air and smells of the desolate, locust-eaten dump of Lost Hope to Old Em's Restaurant and Short Order House. Three drowsy, stubby cowponies stood outside, bridle reins down, stamping flies under the bare sky. The white dust they provoked clouded lazily about them, and some of it followed the two officers into the eating house.

Old Em's joint was reputed far and wide over the arid Sand Hills as a place where a man in dire need of a bracing could scorch his insides with the strongest brew ever brewed——if he had the wherewithal. Old Em was rapidly waxing richer, and the country about poorer, at the adding of time. Yet they never caught him with the goods. At every inspection he beamed his round face upon them jovially from behind his oil-cloth counter, and seemed anxious and ready to serve. He never fretted or concerned himself about the law, or anything else in particular, and never served anything stronger than coffee——to all appearances. Yet rumors persisted. And through it all, Old Em, the, cook, was a big hearted fellow, well liked and respected by everyone who knew him.

He stood leaning carelessly against the soiled counter, joking with three cowboys when the two "tourists" stooped through the door. They comforted themselves at one of the two plain tables which stood on either side. Removing their hats and dusting their city-seasoned features they exchanged glances (not lost to Old Em), and quietly requested refreshment. Black coffee and sooty ham and eggs served as well as anything. They slowly sipped and haggled——and observed. The aimless talk of Old Em was as uninteresting as the smoky walls and the sticky oil stove. Then they discovered that he also wiped his perspiring visage and the dusty plates with the same gray apron. Appetiteless they looked at each other.

A beating of hoofs, a swirl of chalky dust uncoiling at the door, a sharp halting command; in swaggered a true son of the cactus.

"Fry me a rattlesnake in lizard lard," he bawled. "And gimme a quart of coffee that'd poison a yearling bull!"

He squared on to one of the stools at the counter. A large pearl-handled six shooter glared conspicuously from a huge holster at his right. His corduroys were rather too new to have seen much usage, and the red silk on his neck hung unnaturally.

"Eastern visitor at the Y-Bar," whispered one of the cowboys to Old Em. "Some Bird!"

A gleam of understanding and deviltry flecked the cook's eyes. He glanced carelessly at the two interested and timorous men at the table. Then nodded courteously at the blustering stranger.

"Jest a moment," he said, as if it was the most ordinary of orders. "I'll go butcher." He took the frying pan and disappeared out the back door. Sure enough as he stepped back a moment later a long, beautiful, muscular coil of meat lay in the pan. Grease glistened over it. A sprinkle of flour and he placed it over the flame.

"Any special flavor," he asked, looking up carelessly.

The "wild" man's bluster was fast cooling. He scarcely repressed a smirk of disgust. But he managed to growl out: "Regular flavor." The coil of meat in the pan sizzeled and popped, and the grease began to emit large choking clouds of blue smoke. It delivered a peculiar smell: sweetish, velvety, a hint of nausea, a snaky tickle.

The three cowboys could scarcely contain themselves. Ill-repressed snickers broke from time to time. The spirit of bravado entirely gone, the new man twisted and looked through the open door over the withering plain across the tracks. A frightened look flashed across his face.

"No y'u don't!" Old Em gripped his collar. "Set still! Yer dinner's ready. Eat it." He dumped the well browned coil of meat out on a greasy plate and poured the smoking oil over it. Jammed a fork in, and jerked his patron round to it.

"Stuff yerself," he ordered shortly.

The man's eyes widened. He tried to rise. His dry lips quavered, strangely colorless. A struggling smile died on them, for the leering muzzle of Old Em's revolver stared him out of countenance. He heeded with little enthusiasm Old Em's advice to "eat hearty and down the hull quart" of the black rolly stuff he was served as coffee. But his imagination treated him cruelly. He hacked off a tiny bit, but his lips refused to perform their duty. He dropped it to the plate, livid repulsion spelled by every motion of the act. A loud, unrestrained roar burst from everyone except the two officers of the law——and the sickly victum. They were cowed, and kept a wide apprehensive margin of silence between them and these "singular" beings of a new world. Mirth was a thing apart.

Old Em jerked the coil of imitation snake (good steak) from the plate and whirled it around his more than satisfied patron's neck. An enthusiastic thrust of his sturdy left helped the man half way across the room.

"Clear out, you poor fool," he admonished, a coarse grin of derision on his round face. "Bring your mother with y'u the next time." The three doubled-up cow men at the stools hardly heard the sudden thump of his horse's feet. But it was sudden and decisive. For Old Em, the cook, was a man of emphatic character, well treated and respected by everyone who knew him.

The two "tourists" exchanged glances——raised questioning eyebrows. One kicked the other's slim shins.

"We are here for a purpose," he whispered. Two pairs of eye brows raised in mutual acknowledgement of the miserable fact.

The rails close by sang under the swift approach of a heavy cattle train. It pounded and rasped to a stop. The engine unhooked and scooted a couple of empties up the side track. A hurried looking man, square bag in hand, ran into the eating house.

"A cup of coffee and a sandwich, please," he gasped. "Just two minutes to eat." He pushed his sticky locks back from his perspiring brow and breathed strongly while Old Em poured out his order. The black coffee was served in the usual huge porcelain, handleless cup. The little travelling man gulped the hot drink from one hand and put large assessments of the sandwich out of sight from the other. His eye was ever on the red strings of cars out side.

The jerk of the engine sounded faintly up the line on the first car. It crashed louder at each car in quick succession, and popped the little caboose like the lash of a long whip. The rails creaked dismally and a lonesome bawl from some steer sounded above the grating of the wheels. The man dropped his coffee and bread, and leaped for the door. He plunged prostrate to the ground, half in, half out, his heels drumming on the board floor. The heavy coffee cup lay neatly at the base of his brain.

"Y'u we me fifteen cents, I believe," said Old Elm to him as he painfully raised to a sitting posture, the white dust filling his hair and eyes.

"Jest to remind y'u, Hurry or you'll miss your

train." Old Em was a man of decisive character, well treated and respected by everyone who knew him.

Two nervous gentlemen "tourists" dried their foreheads with white handkerchiefs. Each raised slowly a pair of questioning eyebrows. One kicked the other's sore shins.

"We are here for a purpose," he guardedly reminded. "We must act."

"Assuredly,—most decisively," the other compressed his white lips, coughed nervously and made a feignt at rising. He hesitated to look again at Old Em, but felt keenly he weight of his stare on the back of his neck. He looked out down the shimmering rails to the toy train crawling in the gray distance. Both lost forever a year of happy home life at Old Em's sudden words.

"Nothin' else?"

Two ties were rearranged. Two chairs were hesitatingly pushed back. Two peaked little men stood before the cook.

"Might we have a word with you?" the boldest ventured.

"You might," Old Em stood waiting, his brown arms crossed upon his chest. His gun was conspicious from its very invisibility.

"We came here for a purpose," said the wary sleuth timidly.

"And that purpose——?" Em raised his eyebrows.

"That purpose——," hesitated the other.

"Has been accomplished," finished Old Em. "You've had your feed. Help yourself to God's free air." He indicated the open door.

Free offers are at times greedily accepted.

Old Em, the cook, was a man of emphatic character, well treated and respected by everyone who knew him.

ROE BLACK.

FOREST WORSHIP

There the Ontanogon glides
Past dim trails where darkness hides—
Dawn gone by, we may not stay,
Here to wait the fuller day;
Our path leads through the copper gleam
Of sunrise on the winding stream,
Where, soft, beyond a shadowed turn,
Fresh-kindled altar fires burn;
While slender birches sway and nod
Obeisance to the River God,
His altar rises rich and green
Up from the quiet river's sheen;
His virgins are pale lilies—cold
And pure, with hearts of glowing gold;
Tall purple spikes reach toward the sky,
Like sacred candles flaming high—
Man never built so fair a shrine,
Nor temple held peace more divine,
Than we may feel, who daily dare
Let paddles rest, to worship there.

—RACHEL COMMONS.

CLOUDS

Flying bits of cloud
And drifting masses with tattered edges,
The wrecks of a universe, shadows.
Shadows of lost birds,
Of great lovers
Lost in a kiss.
Shadows of the sky—
You may see them
Always,
Even in New York.

—V. TENER.

Rupert Brooke—A Confession

SHAKESPEARE is the common rock on which all literary appreciation is built. After Shakespeare there is no single poet who can serve as majority's second best. It is a case of everyone choosing for himself—and what a variety of choices! For my part I have shunned the conventional Milton, the moody Byron, the contemplative Wordsworth; my choice is a no less modern nor eccentric one than Rupert Brooke.

But I am young, you say; I shall soon get over this childish enthusiasm, and when my acquaintance with the wealth of England's letters is more thoroughly rounded, then shall I foresake my unorthodox Rupert to settle down in a wiser judgment. Perhaps there is some truth in this, although I cannot see it now. For Brooke is essentially the poet of superlatives, the poet of youth. Sometimes his verse is intellectually cold, if you will; nevertheless, it was written for youth, and youth it will always charm.

You, my dear teachers, who are wont to regard youth as a sentimental pasture ground, a non-thinking adolescence during which all must be *Heartcriers*; you give out that this successor to Keats undoubtedly showed great promise of sometime attaining distinction as a poet; you even go so far as to admit that "Forever England" ranks with the best of our sonnets; but as for those early poems into which Brooke poured the "red sweet wine of youth"—upon those you vent your spleen by branding them as affectations.

Women grow old, beauty fades: What has a youth to meddle in this. Enough it is for him to woo his Phyllis in a woodland bower. Yes, but a nimble brain can woo as well as a beating heart; and, what is better, the nimble brain does not require any woodland bower or any Phyllis either. The whole world is its courting place; girlhood is its mistress. The soul that worships beauty cannot but sigh if that beauty be transient; the beauty of womankind, like the snow upon the desert's dusty face, lights a little hour or two, and then is gone. If the contemplation of a beauty lover seeks to answer the *what then* instead of the *what now*, you shout your derision:

"(What) peevish boy
Would break the bowl from which he drank in Joy?"

But in another place—"It is the intensity of perception that creates poetry." Because in your *what now* you wish "no lamp relumed in heaven," you will not hob and nob with this English boy, though he has written some of the finest sonnets in the language. I shall not extrol *The Hill* with all its dramatic reversal or *Waukiki* or the five gems which make up 1914. But I would like to mention one favorite of mine, *Menelaus and Helen*, an almost entire Iliad complete in two sonnets. Here in twenty-eight pentameters Brooke paints what would have cost Homer a book. The emotions of Atrides from the time he plunged into the rim of Troy until he "crashed through the dim luxurious bower, flaming like a god," are here pictured, each by a single brush stroke. Then comes the beautiful sestet describing the meeting:

"High sat white Helen, lonely and serene.
He had not remembered that she was so fair,
And that her neck curved down in such a way;
And he felt tired. He flung the sword away,
And kissed her feet, and knelt before her there,
The perfect Knight before the perfect Queen."

Here is pure beauty of expression; here the sheer joy *of writing* breaks through the wonderful lines and charges them with an irresistible potency.

"The perfect Knight before the perfect Queen."

Here is a subject for the brush of Abbey. But this is not all. What follows, only Rupert Brooke is capable of. The armor and the ermine are torn away; Menelaus, the knight, becomes Menelaus, the deaf husband of Helen, the scold.

"So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
And Paris slept on by Scamander side."

But, my dear teachers, you say that my poet has made a mess of the whole business. What promised to be a delightful group of sonnets has turned out to be gruesome innovation. To those who can see only gruesomeness in the innovation, as you delight to call it, it must seem gruesome indeed. However, you are old, and Brooke was young, and I am young; but more of this anon.

You, my dear teachers, who pride yourself upon your culture, who value so highly in your daily life the myriads of "sensations" which are the contradictions of "vulgarity," who have "the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good;" with this master poet of mine you surely have loved:

"White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feather, feary dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;" and all the rest.

How much these small "sensations" mean to me! How much more they mean to you! But how much less must they also mean to you; for

> "the best that *you have* known
> *Has changed*, and *withered*, and *been less*,
> At last, than comfort, or its own
> Remembrance."

So it hurts you to think of Helen as a scold; you might be scolds yourselves. But I am still in my prime. I can run with the swiftest; I can clear the bar at a good five feet; I can go on a tramp all day and then paddle a canoe all night; my skin is as smooth as marble; there are no wrinkles in my face, my thick blonde hair is the envy of my friends: I can read Rupert Brooke.

But you, my dear teachers, you must fall back on—the good Lord alone knows whom.

CHARLES L. WEIS, JR.

White Lilacs

DO YOU know, Emeline, something must be done to help Viola Orth," remarked Miss Melissa energetically as she dampened clothes on the kitchen table. Miss Emeline, thus addressed, laid down the towel she was hemming, removed her glasses, and looked up at her sister expectantly.

"How so?" she queried gently.

"Why, you know I mean in regard to John Vincent. Here that man's been keeping company with her for nearly a year, and I declare, he's too absent-minded to ever propose."

"It does seem too bad," assented her sister, "he's still quite a young man. Queer that he should be so absent-minded. And bashful too—such a combination. Mrs. Vale told me that when he starts out for the store in the morning, he always tucks a slip of paper in his hat with a list of things written on it that he has to do. She said that once last week he forgot his slip and made a regular muddle of his business that day. He had the carpenter's keg of nails delivered to Mrs. Orth, and Mrs. Orth's aluminum pie-tins to the carpenter, and he took the lawn-mower that the minister—"

"Here comes Mrs. Orth," interrupted Melissa from the window. "I see her coming up the garden walk. Step right in," she called heartily, as a knock was heard at the door.

Mrs. Orth entered, took off her little shawl, and settled her weight experimentally in the protesting old rocker beside Miss Emeline's chair.

"Your white lilacs are late this year," she began. "I noticed them when I came in the gate. They're barely budding, and this is the first week in June." Emeline looked out affectionately at the two graceful lilac bushes, one on each side of the gate.

"Yes, they are that. Still it's been a late spring; they'll be in bloom in a few days, most likely. Somehow, "she sighed a trifle, "they always make me feel just a little bit sad; Father loved them so and was so proud of them."

"Well, how are Viola and John Vincent getting along?" began Miss Melissa cheerfully. "Has anything new turned up?"

"Heavens, no," came the despondent answer. "He's been at the house on Tuesday nights and Thursday nights and Sunday nights for weeks and weeks, and never yet has he asked her *the* question." By her inflection it was evident that there was but one question of any importance which Mr. Vincent could ask.

"Maybe, if he had some encouragement—" ventured Emeline tentatively.

"Land, he's had plenty of that," sighed Mrs. Orth. "Nothing helps."

Miss Emeline pondered a moment; then her delicate old face brightened.

"I know," she cried. "We'll ask him and Viola over to supper sometime. Let's see—to-day is Tuesday; we'll have them over on Sunday, and perhaps then we could encourage him a little—just in a nice way, of course."

"Well, you might try if you want to," assented Mrs. Orth. "Although I know it won't help," she added gloomily.

"Let's see, we still have some of that home cured ham," volunteered Miss Melissa, "and I could bake those little tea-cakes, and we could have muffins, tea, fresh bread, and some peach preserves.

Mrs. Orth, who had been ruminating rather sadly, was recalled to mundane affairs again by the mention of food.

"Goodness," she exclaimed hastily looking up at the big clock and extricating herself from the embrace of the rocker, "it's nearly five. Viola will be home from the library in a few minutes; I'll have to hurry home and put the kettle on."

The sisters looked at each other thoughtfully for a moment after Mrs. Orth had gone.

"Now what *could* we do at the party to encourage Mr. Vincent?" asked Emeline. "I know," she continued, answering her own question. "Do you remem-

ber that old song that you used to sing years ago called 'The Language of the Flowers'—

'The rose so red for constancy,
The daisy fair for luck;'

and then the last part of the verse tells how the white lilac is the symbol of encouragement for the diffident lover."

"You don't mean that I should sing it for them to encourage him, do you?" gasped poor Melissa. "Are you sure that it would be proper?"

"Of course it would," replied Emeline; and as she was the older, and her decisions always final, Melissa acquiesced, although very reluctantly.

* * * *

Five o'clock Sunday evening found the two old ladies in a panicky flurry of excitement. Miss Melissa made a dozen hurried trips to the parlor to see if everything was right; and at each trip she changed the big bouquet of lilacs from the right side of the piano to the left, and back again, or brushed invisible specks of dust from the furniture; while from her vantage place behind the curtains of the sitting room windows, Miss Emeline kept watch to see if the guests were arriving.

"Here they come", she reported at length, and the sisters both went out to greet them with their charming, old-fashioned hospitality. The guests were shown into the parlor, and by dint of delicate maneuvering on Melissa's part were induced to sit on the old settee together. After giving them the old album with the family likenesses in it, the hostesses fluttered out to the kitchen to prepare the supper.

"There's a fine chance for John Vincent, if he only makes use of it", whispered Miss Melissa, "but I'm afraid he won't".

In a few minutes the dainty little supper was ready, and the guests were seated. Miss Emeline, as hostess, sat at the head of the table, her sister at the foot, while Mr. Vincent sat directly opposite Viola. Viola was twenty—a pink gingham sort of a girl—and good to look at; and Mr. Vincent looked at her quite constantly with devotion in his honest brown eyes. It was a long time since the Pendley girls had given a party of any kind, and the unwonted excitement flushed the cheeks of both, and gave them a fragile kind of beauty. Then, too, the purpose they had in view gave an added touch of exhilaration to the affair.

The little plate of tea-cakes stood in front of Mr. Vincent, and without thinking what he was doing, he ate one after another. While carrying on a conversation with Miss Melissa and Viola concerning the relative merits of knit lace and crocheted, Emeline glanced at him surreptitiously.

"That's his seventh", she thought, as she watched one cake after another disappear in rapid succession, "there won't be enough left to go around; I don't count on his eating more than four at the most".

Seeing the perturbed look on her sister's face, Melissa also began to watch the ravages wrought by Mr. Vincent.

"Eight, nine, ten", poor Emeline continued counting to herself, "there, the plate's empty". The sight of the depleted plate brought Mr. Vincent to himself with a start.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed penitently, "just see what I've done". Miss Melissa gallantly came to his rescue and declared that there were plenty of cakes in the kitchen—although she did not verify her statement by refilling the plate.

Supper over they went into the little parlor where Mr. Vincent told them of some of the amusing trials of his business caused by his absentmindedness. After an hour or more Miss Emeline, as it had been previously aranged, asked her sister if she would not sing.

"Just one song", she begged, "that one you used to sing; 'The Language of the Flowers' was the name of it, I believe". Miss Melissa blushed deprecatorily; but after Mr. Vincent and Viola had courteously urged her, she summoned all of her courage and dignity, rose and went to the piano, while her sister began to play the accompaniment. In a high trembling voice Melissa began—

"The rose so red for constancy,
The daisy fair for luck;
But the lilacs sweet, so pure and white—"

She faltered! The enormity of her conduct overwhelmed her. It was unmaidenly, she thought, why almost vulgar. She stopped, blushed crimson, and fled from the room. Her sister, after murmuring that Melissa had a headache and probably felt faint, followed her. She found her in the kitchen in tears; and it was only by dint of much urging and the application of cold water to her tear-stained eyes, that she managed to bring her back into the parlor again.

"It's been a failure", began Melissa with discouragement apparent in her voice after the guests had left and the two sisters were alone in the parlor. "I couldn't finish the song, and he'll never know that I meant it for encouragement".

"Never mind", consoled her sister, "we did our best, if anyone ever did; so it isn't our fault".

The next evening as the two sat on their front porch, they saw Mr. Vincent walking up the street.

"He's coming to call on Viola", whispered Melissa excitedly, "and it isn't his regular evening either, because this is Monday. Perhaps he's really going to—" She left her sentence unfinished, but the look on her sister's face showed that she understood.

"I wouldn't be surprised", she assented. The person under discussion came up to the house, all unaware that he was the subject of such an interesting conversation, stopped at the gate for a few minutes, praised the lilacs now in full bloom, and went on to Orths.

"What's that out on the sidewalk"? cried Emeline a moment later, "I do believe I'll go and see". She came back at once, all breathless from excitement, with a scrap of paper in her hand. "It's Mr. Vincent's slip", she exclaimed, "he must have lost it when he took off his hat. Let's see what it says.

'June Eighth—she read—
See J. Cartwright
Cancel order for wire
Pay freight bill
Order shingle nails—and with a gasp she continued
Ask Viola'.

My goodness, he's lost the slip, and he'll forget why he came to Orths".

It was indeed a portentous moment! What should they do? Never before had Miss Emeline failed her sister, and now she came bravely forward.

"It seems to me", she pondered, "that the only thing we can do is to return the slip".

Miss Melissa looked at her in astonishment.

"How could we?" she faltered. "I'd never have the courage".

"Nonsense, I'll do it. I'm the older, and I suppose I ought to. And do you know", she added, "We'll underline the last item on the paper, so he'll surely see it." Melissa hurried into the house and returned with a pencil.

"You take it, Emeline," she said, "my hand shakes so that I couldn't write". So Emeline took the pencil, nervously moistened it twice; then boldly underscored the last item.

It was decided after much debate to wait until it grew dark, and then Miss Emeline was to go over to Orths to return the paper. Miss Melissa even had a further suggestion to make.

"Pick a nice spray of lilacs for him", she said, "and when you give him the paper, explain what they mean. You know I couldn't do it yesterday".

This sounded feasible enough to Emeline, and she readily agreed to it. At nine-thirty when it was quite dark, she set out on her mission. Down at the gate the lilac bushes stood calm and fragrant in the moonlight, motionless save when a vagrant breeze stirred their branches, and they tapped gently against the gate. As Emeline approached, they seemed to sway toward her, as if each blossom in its eagerness to be picked whispered softly, "Take me, take me to bear your message".

Miss Emeline went slowly down the walk to the Orth's gate, opened it bravely enough, and approached the porch where Viola and Mr. Vincent sat. Then her courage began to fail, and she said timidly with just the suspicion of a quaver in her voice, "Excuse me, but here is your slip. And my sister sent you these lilacs, and said to tell you that in the song she started to sing last night it says that the lilacs bring anyone courage and good fortune in the affairs of the—" here she coughed delicately— "heart." She handed the astonished man the flowers and the slip. "Don't forget any of these items," she adjured him, and before he could even think to thank her, she had fled down the walk to her own home.

* * * *

"Morning, folks," called a cheery young voice.

Miss Emeline exchanged a significant glance with her sister across the breakfast table. "It's Viola. Do you suppose it's possible—" There was no need for her to finish her question; Miss Melissa, who had already left the table, nodded and called back to her from the doorway, "Maybe; let's go and see."

The two old ladies fluttered out on the porch, hurried down the walk in the June sunshine, and stopped at the gate beneath the arch of the lilacs where Viola with hands hidden behind her was waiting for them.

"I wanted you to be the first ones to see it," she said shyly. They bent over her extended hand eagerly, and she showed them a slender little circlet.

"And *he* says," she confided blushingly, "that I should tell you that from now on white lilacs are his favorite flower."

And the white lilacs overhead nodded and smiled at each other proudly; and a few of the little blossoms dropped softly down on Viola's sunny hair.

—NORMA A. PELUNEK.

A SONNET

The passing seasons bring their memories
Of other changing years, more sweet to keep,
Since now within their tender harmonies
A deeper beauty lies, with you asleep.
For always we love most what we have lost,
Nor know the fullness of our happiness,
Until, a flower seared by withering frost,
It dies, and memory knows its loveliness.
The springtime fills each silent wooded place
With dreams of other joyous springs we knew;
The song-bird brings the beauty of your face;
And thought of every friend brings thought of you.
If memory can live so, year on year,
Then, ever sleeping, shall you not be near?

—RACHEL S. COMMONS.

Across the Lake

SHE WAS only an old, old friend—a girl I had known since she was a foot high. We had grown up together, fought together, played together, and at last resolved not to live together, nor even to fall in love with each other. The night was warm and soft, almost amorous. It was May with its ideal weather. The moon was just rising over the town as we jiggled across the lake to Bernard's Park where we were to spend the evening dancing. The sky was clear, the stars shone, and the moon beamed. Marian was very pretty. Her soft grey eyes were sad to-night; her pretty mouth was tight shut and a firmness about the lips told she was not too happy. Nevertheless she was beautiful. Her brown hair, wavy and even, floated on her head. I almost made up my mind that I was mistaken: that I did love her. I even wondered a little whether she was not thinking the same thing, but that was my ego thinking. *I* knew better. That she liked me was certain, but she could never think of marrying me. She was too ambitious. I had no future before me. I might teach others to be as impractical as I. I might write silly stories for snappy magazines. I should never be rich, and money was the great thing Marian longed for.

We reached the park and checked our excess wraps with a lame youth in one corner. I was proud of Marian. She was the most beautiful girl on the floor. To dance with her was like reading poetry in a cool room amidst tapistries of purple and gold; like listening to exquisite music; like drinking sloe gin fizzes on a hot day. Her lithe, shapely body moved to the music with perfect cadence and with as little effort as an eagle soaring high in the blue heavens.

To-night, though, Marian was sad. Even the dance did not bring back her spirits, though she waltzed divinely.

"Something is wrong, Mum," I said. Tell me what it is."

She sighed. "Oh, it's nothing. Isn't the music wonderful?" I admitted it. That was enough; from then on she chattered like a witch possessed of all the powers of pleasing man. She told me gossipy bits about this girl and that. How it was reported that Tom was engaged to Mary, but she did not believe it. How Big Bill had come to the last formal inebriated. What a tacky dresser Bertha was; yet how she simply made the men wild about her. She told of a picnic on which the canoe almost tipped over because Art tried to pick a pond lily for her. I was completely bowled over by the flood. Still I was not fooled. This chatter was very well with other men, but Marian seldom talked this way to me. To-night she was too busy thinking to say those things which made our friendship dear.

Frankly, I was bored. I looked around the room for something to talk about, but the people there were ordinary. I had seen them all before at other dances. But in the corner sat the little cripple who had taken charge of our 'things.' He was unusual. His face was handsome; his eyes pathetic; his hair curly and brown. All this contrasted strangely with his misshapen body. It made me strangely sad to see him. He watched the dancers with a vague absent smile. No doubt he was wishing that he too might dance and be graceful. I spoke of him to Marian.

"Yes," she said, "He has been watching me all evening. I think he would love to dance. I hate to look at him because he must know that he can never have what he wants. He can never attract a pretty woman. He must suffer in loneliness as long as he lives. And yet—" Her voice trailed off. Again she became thoughtful and sad, while I wondered.

At the end of that dance we went out and sat on a bench under a tree. The moon which had been so brilliant as we had come across the lake was now under a cloud. The smell of a storm was in the air. The wind had risen a little; the lake was no longer calm. Still the night was pleasant under the trees. We sat there silent for some time.

Suddenly the search-light of a railway train flashed through the woods before us. A shrieking, shrill whistle broke the silence; then a fast passenger train rushed by. I sat foolishly thinking up an analogy between this train and a bluffing, bullying football star who the season before had startled us by his remarkable feats, but who now had passed into oblivion and was about to leave school, unnoticed. I discovered Marian was crying. I was distressed. The girls I usually took to dances were not accustomed to cry while I was around. In all my experience as a cavalier I had never before had a women cry in my presence. I did not know what to do. Besides Marian ought not to cry. She was just a boy to me—a good pal—nothing more. Therefore I decided that discretion being the better part of valor, I should remain silent. Still something had to be done—just what I did not know. A glass of water? No, water was for fainting people. Marian was not fainting. Finally I took her hand and squeezed it. I had to show her I was sympathetic. There was nothing more I

could do. I couldn't put my arm around and kiss the tears from her eyes as a lover might. Even had I been a lover I couldn't do it in such a public place. At last she spoke.

"Jim, that train was too much for me: it made me remember father and my home. Oh, I wish I had never come to college! What chance has the daughter of a locomotive engineer? I've bluffed and bluffed about myself until I'm so sick of telling consistent lies that I'd like to drown myself. If I had only started telling the truth about myself—but I did not know. I've said I was from a prosperous family. Father was an engineer—consulting engineer for a railroad. I've said I had money—and I've spent more than I could afford. Last night Jerry proposed to me. Jerry's father is a millionaire. I wish I could have accepted him. Oh, I don't love him, He's just a kid, but the money and the prestige! But his mother! Jim, did you ever see his mother? She's an aristocrat among aristocrats. I would never get away with her. And I must be happy a little. Jim, what can I do? I wish I were crippled and ugly, or else came from a family up in social scale. I know I'm too sensitive, but I can't help it. You see I wanted a good time. I had to make a sorority. I did it, but now I'm paying for it."

She hesitated a little to see if she was saying too much. I could not answer her; I was too much overcome by the situation. Embarrassed and confused, I had but one thought—to get Marian cheered up and back in the dance hall where, at least, she could not cry. I muttered something silly.

"Oh, of course, you aren't interested. How could you be? You're only a man. You can make money and raise yourself to a position in life equal to your ambition, if you have any. But what chance have I? You men have everything. You can pick and choose among women, among kinds of work, among everything. I wish I were a man."

"Come, now, Mum," I said. "Cheer up. You're not so bad off, you know. You've got looks and a home and friends. I know it's hard to see these moneyed women around and not be able to compete with them, but then you're not so bad off." I knew this was pretty lame, but I could not think of a thing else to say. But I added, "Cheer up, and let's dance some more. It's getting late and we won't have much time."

"All right, I'll try, but wait till I powder my face. I don't want these people to know that I've been crying. It's so silly to weep, isn't it?"

I was willing to admit it, but I did not say so. Instead I watched her daub her face with a tiny powder puff in silence. The night was no longer calm and peaceful. I noticed that a dark cloud had completely covered the moon, while the wind was becoming cold

and ominous. I trusted we could get home before the storm broke, for a storm surely was coming. Lightning flashes in the north and west told that.

There was a new color in Marian's cheek when we re-entered the hall, but her step was not so light. Her mind's perturbation hindered her feet. As she danced I noticed her eyes wandering continually to the corner of the room where the crippled youth sat. He seemed to attract her in her present mood.

"I think that check-room boy would understand my problem, Jim," she said, pathetically unhappy.

"Then you think that I do not?" I asked.

"I don't know; I hope you do. Otherwise you must think I'm an awful fool. But you know that boy must understand. He feels about dancing and girls just as I do about money and social position. Only he can't lie and get away with it. He has to face his predicament and not cheat. I tried to cheat, but my bluff was called. I am forced to admit I'm licked, for because I didn't play fair I have to reject all those things that I want. If I loved Jerry, it would be different, don't you see? Then I could be happy and disregard his parents, but without love and without respect, I'd die."

"Mum," I said, "You're all right! Now let's forget it, for this is the last dance."

She did not forget, but she did dance divinely. That was enough for me just then. On the boat we got on a shelf-like upper deck which was deserted tonight because of the threatening storm. Somehow we wanted to be alone—at least I did. For a long time we sat in silence. My thought were numerous. I wondered about all this turmoil over wealth—wondered whether it was worth while. I had given up planing to do more than earn a living. I knew I should never be able to accumulate money. I thought of my various friends who were in business struggling along cutting the throats of those who impeded their paths, fighting this man and that, now earning an advantage by tripping and strangling a competitor, now being caught in a tight place and squeezed themselves. All for money they did this. Night and day they worked for money —money for what?—I did not answer this question for Marian interrupted me.

"I can't get the face of that crippled boy out of my mind," she said. "Somehow he haunts me and makes me hate myself. I know I'm selfish, but why shouldn't I be. Everyone else is. Everything I like costs money—clothes, theater, parties, and everything. You don't know how I envy you, Jim. I've watched you sometimes at the "libe" sitting reading as happy as can be, and on all sides of you are men and women stewing over books, hot and tired, hating it all, just as I do. Why can't I too enjoy reading and things?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I guess we're built differently. But never mind, you'll find a way out somewhere. I wish I could help you find it, but I can't. Unless—" (A thought struck me—an analogy as usual; I never could think straight and directly) "unless you do just as that crippled fellow does—face the music. Show yourself as you are and make people see that you don't care who knows it, but that you realize what you are missing by not being otherwise. Maybe that would help."

"Silly Jim," answered Mum, "You never could understand anything but honest and straightforward action. Maybe someday when I'm far away from here I shall stop cheating, but just now I can't and won't. I can still have a good time, you know. And after all, that's what I want." She was spritely when she said this, but in a moment she added softly and with the slightest quaver in her voice, "Jim, you'll come and see me sometimes even if I am cheating, won't you? 'Cause sometimes I get so tired of it, and I want to be just plain Mum, daughter of a locomotive engineer, and you're the only one who I can be that with, you know."

I promised her that I'd come as often as she would let me. I rather enjoyed making that promise, too. By the time the boat landed the rain had begun and we had to hurry home. When we reached the steps of her sorority house, she leaned close to my ear and whispered, "Jim, you're the best scout in the world, and I love you, but don't get silly. I won't marry you because you'll never make enough money, and anyway you wouldn't let me cheat any more, and sometimes I like to cheat." JAMES W. GILMAN.

SAME OLD DUB

In the sweet hours of the morning
When you lie your bed adorning,
And you dream that you're a bloated millionaire,
And you've got a gold-trimmed valet,
(Or whatever it is they call it)
And your life is free from every kind of care.
Your pocket's lined with money,
Life is sweet as milk and honey,
And you say, "This world's a good place after all";
Then your old Big Ben commences
To recall you to your senses:
Aint it fierce to know it wasn't real at all?
It's enough to make the best of angles aroarin' raving' sore
To know you're just the same old dub you were the day before.

H. STEEHOLM.

The Horrors of Prohibition

I PICKED up a little pamphlet to-day entitled "Little Walks About Madison" and read this sentence. "In front of the old red brick tavern a halt may be made for a drink at the Gorham spring, on the left side of the road." Horrors! Think of stopping at a tavern to get a drink from a spring. The thought in itself is revolting! But when one thinks of the tradition of days of red-blooded drinkers who considered a man sober until he could no longer stand up, it becomes pathetic.

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and head go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

There is real virile philosophy in that song which can never again enter our language as long as prohibition prevails. From Anacreon to the present day the drinking song has filled the heart with the same warm flow of blood as the liquor it sang. Now no longer can we sing the joys of the flowing bowl, but must be content with insipid love ditties which can never carry with flood of contemplated joy of the old roaring tavern songs. What are we going to do with Burns and all the rest of them who enjoyed a fowl and a cold bottle from which flowed the rimes of immortality. Shall we consign them to the scrap heap?

But that is not all. Think of the trouble prohibition will bring to philosophy, for there is no metaphysical medium equal to that of a bottle of port.

"Ale, man! ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think.
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways with man"

What morality may gain, metaphysics must lose; what asceticism aquires, fellowship suffers, for who can

become confidential over a lemonade? Admitted that fewer men will beat their wives; also fewer will be able to tolerate their ugly, fat, nagging mates without the glow of goodnature afforded by a glass of old wine. Think of the sublime confidence which liquor affords to men in making them seriously capable of arguing whether nothing is 'othing' or 'othing' nothing. The old Goths understood the virility afforded by the bottle, for in considering matters of great importance to the state their inevitable rule was that each thing must be considered twice—once while the council was sober, and once when drunk. They considered it sober so that they might not be difficient in formality; drunk lest they should lack vigor. Sober, they were discreet and formal; drunk they had the confidence and self-reliance of gods.

The insipidity of what is to come from prohibition is gruesome to think of, for when a man is forty he needs a stimulus to make him indiscreet. Youth alone contains the buoyancy to carry it into the realm of the ideal. Must we then discard all men who have passed from the years of poetic yearning toward God because we cannot furnish them with artificial ambition. Alas, it would seem so. Better they should sing with the good Bishop of the sixteenth century

"Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old,"

than sit smugly by the fireside and bewail the passing of the old and the coming of the new which cannot be half so good.

JAMES W. GILMAN.

YOUR SONG

Your Song, once lost to me, I've found again—
Naught seemed to matter in the world so long
As I proved worthy to regain
Your Song.

But when you sing two feelings seem to throng
My heart: the one of joy, the one of pain—
They cannot both be right, nor both be wrong;
And yet, if hopelessly my hopes are vain,
I pray my heart remain so pure and strong
That it prove worthy to retain
Your Song.

H. S.

RESIDUUM

AS A scientist I have for a long time been intensely interested in that substance well known to the scientific world as residuum. I have tried many experiments to determine exactly what its component parts are and also to determine an exact process for obtaining it. I was attracted to this bit of research early in my course in general chemistry. One day while performing an intricate experiment in which, after I had completed all the operations, I had something left in my test tube, I inquired of the instructor what it was (there was nothing in my laboratory manual about it). He answered readily, "Oh, that's just residuum". Frankly, I was perplexed. I looked through the list of elements in the beginning of the book, but residuum was not there. I studied the higher texts on chemistry but could find nothing on the subject. I knew then that I had discovered something—a problem to which I might devote my life. I should be famous when in time to come I should have discovered the properties of this elusive thing and invented a commercial use for it.

I immediately repeated my experiment, but for some reason there was nothing left in my test tube this time. I asked my instructor about this. He said that before when I had performed it, there had been some "extraneous matter" present. I saw, then, that the problem I was to solve was not a simple one: it would require deep thought and hard, thorough research. I applied myself to chemistry with a zeal that brought me an "ex" but no residuum. Never in the course of that whole year did I again find it in my test tubes. I was disappointed and turned away from chemistry in despair. Still I did not give up hopes of some day finding what residuum was.

For years I allowed the problem to ferment in my mind. At last this very summer I had it again called to my attention as I was inspecting a pea cannery in Sun Prairie. I had passed through the entire plant and was going out the rear door when I noticed on one side a pile of refuse. Being naturally inquisitive, I asked what that was. "Oh," said my companion, "that's just residuum. We sell it to the farmers for fertilizer." Here was my problem again. I had no time to inquire further into the matter: (my train was leaving in twenty minutes), but I detemined as soon as summer school was over to go back to Sun Prairie and see if I could not find the solution to my problem there. Apparently residuum had a commercial use which would make any discovery of mine valuable. I hurried off to my train with my mind in a turmoil.

But alas! I was soon to learn that some one had made the great discovery before I had. In a most unexpected place I learned that I had been beaten in my race for scientific glory. My instructor in Advanced

Composition had solved the problem while I was stumbling around in the dark. The solution is so simple that I hate to admit that I am beaten. Nevertheless it is true, Mr. Taylor has accomplished what I had spent years in dreaming of. Had I but absented myself from class yesterday, I should not yet know of my ignominous fate. Of course in time I should have learned, for I suspect that my professor will very soon publish a book on the subject and give his discovery to the world. While I,—I shall have to find another problem to make my life worthy.

I do not wish to take away from the glory of this great man's discovery, for to him the world owes a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. Still I must impart the secret. I am ashamed that I did not find it, but that is neither here nor there. The great solution is this; I give it in my professor's own words, "Connotation minus denotation leaves RESIDUUM." There in a nut-shell is the answer which I have sought for for many years. I bow before my master, as all the world must. But I am proud to be permitted to be the first to put it into print. "Connotation minus denotation leaves Residuum." I am amazed.

ORIN O. STEELE.

MOONS AND MAIDS

Sometimes I lie awake at night,
  And through the open porch I see
The moon sail on in pale-bright light—
  A-smiling down on me;
And sort o' playin' hide and seek
Behind the clouds that brush her cheek.

When safe behind a cloud she sinks
  I'm sure she shuts one eye and winks—
Such is the way, as I've observed,
  Of Everymaid with Everyman—
That when she thinks she has disturbed
  His heart's content, behind her fan
She hides
  And smiles
    And thinks it fun
To find him such a Simpleton.

"Ah, fickle moon." I then exclaim,
  "I'll beat you at your little game."
And deep I dive in dream-draped lands,
  Of Moons.....
    And fickle Maids.....
      and fans.....

H. STEEHOLM.

The Mood of the Languid

PETOIR has a jolly wife. Perhaps you say she is plump. However, to me that is nothing. She is jolly—that is enough. Petoir is now past middle age. He smokes a long briar pipe, looks kindly, and loves his wife, while I—but no matter.

* * * *

It must have been all of thirty years ago when I was young and gay, and Petoir was younger and gayer still. We were perfectly happy then. We were very close to one another. We lived a full life.

I remember well a hot summer evening when we sat watching the crowds mix before the swinging screen doors of a little Italian restaurant in which we were eating.

"Pety, you are so damnably happy," I complained, "Frown at me, you fool, or I'll—"

Petoir pushed his hands deep into his pockets, slouched in his chair, and then laughed.

"My dear fellow. Tell me her name," he pleaded, "Is she as plump as Polly?"

Now truly, what could one do with such a person? He would not talk in a serious strain. Our evenings were always spent in this manner, chatting about Petoir's work, about my idleness, and perhaps about Polly's plumpness. Well, as I said we two were happy together.

We were happy until I discovered my wretched mood. Then I ceased to be happy. I do not think that it interfered greatly with Petoir's happiness. Petoir would never let anything so insignificant as a mood interfere with his rosy outlook on life. However, I was somewhat disturbed, and for some reason or other I tried to get just the least bit of sympathy from Pety this hot summer evening.

"Pety," I explained, "I had a wonderful feeling a while back. A feeling which most men would go through the fires of a Hindu Hell to feel again—."

Pety sighed. He really was not as indifferent as he pretended to be. He affected a blasé countenance naturally. He wouldn't have been Pety if he had not, I used to think.

"It is a feeling in which the mind utterly disregards the outside world— When it overtakes you, you cannot move—you do not want to move. Even a god

could not experience a more wonderful mood than the one I have been in. I conquered worlds, leveled them in ruin, and rebuilt them as they should be built, all in the brief time of that single mood. Where did I first experience it? Who was with me? I forget—but no matter, is it? I have waited a whole month for its return. But it seems that it will never come. My fortune for that mood again."

"H'm," said Petey, "I thought you were still in it, the way you carry on. Let's stroll along down to Mamma Buttons, and have a smoke. The air will do you good. Now don't.....You know that I was only joking....."

You do not know how provoking this Petoir could be. It took me a week to make him understand my mood. Then it took me another week to explain how urgent it was to get into that mood again.

"But, by the nine great Gods of Egypt," he grumbled, "I see what you mean. It is a very fine mood. It is an unusual mood. In fact I might say an astonishing mood. But why worry about it now? It's gone. Why waste time trying to get it back again? Why?"

"Why did De Quincey crave for opium and Petrarch for Laura?" I flashed, "I must have it."

I explained to him exactly how I had first experienced this mood. He began to take me seriously....

"There is only one place in the world for your languid mood", he said to me one day, "Go to Italy. Go to Southern Italy, where the sky is blue and the towns are old and crumbling."

I went to Italy.

Ah, Italy is a wonderful place. You will agree with me in that. For the curious there are ruins. For those of ill health there are the pure air and the gentle breezes. For those in love there are still nights and dimly lit gardens.

I waited six months for my languid mood to overtake me again. I subjected myself to every possible situation which I thought would bring me nearer to the sensation I desired. I went to the opera, visited the Vatican, stood uncovered on the spot where Caesar was murdered, sat in the wine shops of Pompeii, and—I really should not admit this,—made love to Italian women. Then I grew sick of it all, and cabled Petoir that I was going south to Morocco.

It seemed that all of Morocco was possessed with a languid mood, save me. The hot dry air had little effect upon me except to make me swear and smoke strong cigars to keep off the monstrous gadflies. Sometimes when I was very tired, and when the world seemed useless, I would sigh and say to myself, "Man, you have been a fool. There is no languid mood to be found in these waste worlds."

Then it seemed that God would humor me, and give

me just a very, very little taste of the mood again, and then I would waver, and go on hoping.

Petoir seemed to be a great help to me. He was untiring in searching for new routes and older cities and quainter people. He and Polly were married now. Sometimes I wondered why other people could be so happy without striving for an eccentric mood.

I spent two years in India. I was moving constantly. Sometimes I thought that I should almost realize my mood. Indian string music has a mysteriously marvelous way of creating emotions. Then a wave of Indian fever carrying all before it would frighten me off again into some other weirder and less frequented place.

One day in Northern India, I met a very old, shaky man. He seemed very contented. I asked *him* why *he* was so happy.

"For forty years I have been fleeing from the summer," he explained, "I love the autumn. Autumn is the dying world, you know. Summer terrifies me; it is all life. It is forever blooming. Then I found this place where it seemed to be autumn the year around. It has been a long time," he stopped a moment, "My parents were English, but I was born in India", He laughed harshly now, "I was born in that little house up on the hill."

* * * *

I left for home on the next boat. I had not seen Petoir for something like ten years. I realized how old I had become in that time. I realized how futile had been my search.

Perhaps you think it strange that I tell you what follows. But there is no way out. Petoir was the same Petoir, a little greyer perhaps, but a very happy Petoir still. There was a twinkle in his eye now that I had not seen before. Shall I say a twinkle of security?

As I entered Petoir's sitting room, Polly came forward to meet me.

Now this is the strange thing about that affair twenty years ago. I, tired, worn with ten years of wasted effort, and with a sad heart, placed my hand in that of Polly's. It was then that my mood came back again, relaxing me, easing me, and rewarding me for those ten years.

"You look tired, old top," said Petoir.
I dropped Polly's hand.
The mood seemed to leave me.
"I *am* tired," I answered simply.

* * * *

Well, that was twenty years. I live with Polly and Petoir now. We are getting old very fast. But Petoir still smokes his long briar pipe complacently, looks kindly, and loves his wife, while I—but no matter.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

SECOND SERIES OF A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

Ed. By Prof. GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, Houghton Mifflin Co.

IT HAS been said that the poets of this war are among the obscure and the unknown; those from whom nothing remarkable was expected and whose reactions were, therefore, not anticipated by the public. The poets of fame have for the most part not produced the poems of wisest appeal. Their conceptions of death, of the vastness of the war, of the great numbing impersonality are the conceptions with which everyone has become increasingly familiar since the first war poems and the first war articles. There are, of course, many exceptions, but this "Second Series of a Treasury of War Poetry" almost invariably proves that the less conspicuous man has written the more unusual poem.

Instinctively after the war we seek a rest from the poems most reeking with blood: those most vividly depicting the realism and horror. This period of reaction from all things war-like is a hard one in which to judge an anthology of war poetry, for the inclination is to favor the least war-like. Still real poetry should have a universality of appeal which these seem often to lack. So many "war sentiments" have become trite that the appeal has vanished from poems like the following:

"There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one."

The poems are of the widest range; they are classed under a variety of headings, among them, "France", "England", "The Wounded", "The Fallen", "Women and the War". Something somewhere should have its appeal to every lover of verse.

"Before Ginchy" by E. Armine Wodehouse tells vividly of the terrible numbness that comes over the soldier,

"That strange blunting of the heart:
They know the workings of that devil's-art,
Which drains a man's soul dry,
And kills out sensibility!"

Then near this one, "Pierrot Goes to War"—

"In the sheltered garden, pale beneath the moon,
(Drenched with swaying fragrance, redolent with June!)
There, among the shadows, some one lingers yet—
Pierrot, the lover, parts from Pierette.
Bugles, bugles, bugles, blaring down the wind
Sound the flaming challenge—*leave your dreams behind!*"

There have been many verses written about the man who fears fear, particularly when that man is a soldier, but "The Recruit" seems more real than many such. Here the man of sensibilities who is far from sure of himself leaves for the wars.

"His mother bids him go without a tear;
His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay,
'No coward have I loved,' her clear eyes say—
The band blares out and all the townsfolk cheer.

Yet in his heart he thinks: I am afraid!
I am afraid of fear—how can I tell
If in the ordeal 't will go ill or well?
How can man tell how bravely man is made?

Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,
Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled,
Thinking: 'I shot a rabbit in a field
And sickened at its blood upon my hand.'

The sky is blue and little winds blow free,
He catches up his comrades' marching-song;
Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along—
('How ghastly a *red* bayonet must be!')

How the folk stare! His comrade on the right
Whispers a joke—is gay and debonair,
Sure of himself and quite at odds with care;—
But does he, too, turn restlessly at night?

From each familiar scene his inner eye
Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn;
For in that struggle must his soul be born,
To look upon itself and live—or die!"

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

In all, the volume seems to be an adequate supplement to the first series of "A Treasury of War Poetry" and should be welcomed by all who desire to have brought together the best that has been written by poets about the war. M. C. E.

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