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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

The Issues in the National Campaign

By J. F. Harris

The Lewis Prize Theme

By George C. Johnson

Mirror, Mirror, Tell Me True

The American Language

By Leo John

Waiting--By Edward Meschi

Four Autumn Songs--By Marya Zaturenska

Vol. XXIV, No. 1

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOL. XXIV

NOVEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 1

JOHN F. WEIMER, *Editor*

HARLAND F. GILBERT, *Bus. Mgr.*

Editorial Board

MARY ELIZABETH HUSSONG, GEORGE C. JOHNSON, HELEN J. BALDAUF

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is published during the scholastic year by students of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The editors will be glad to receive contributions of short stories, essays, verse, sketches, one or two-act plays—anything—and are especially anxious to bring out new campus writers. Manuscripts may be dropped in the boxes on the third floor of Bascom hall, the Union Building, or mailed to the editors, 752 Langdon street, Madison. Manuscripts must be typewritten, and a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed if the return of the manuscript is desired.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the
University of Wisconsin

Vol. XXIV

November, 1924

Number 1

Editorial

FOR the twenty-fourth time a group of editors have rushed madly around the third floor of the Union Building to get out a first issue of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine. And for the twenty-fourth time the editor has found before him the overwhelming task of writing the first editorial. Both matters are rendered comparatively simple by recourse to old files to see how the other fellow has done the task before. But both staff and editor refuse to follow that method since they are determined to put out a magazine that will be successful. And that is a feat which their forebears have been unable to achieve. The past has been brushed aside peremptorily, and the present incumbents to the editorial sanctum propose to mould from fresh material a Lit that will assume on the campus of the great University of Wisconsin the place rightly due to an endeavor of its kind.

There will be stories and poetry by students as heretofore—as good in quality and as varied in appeal as we can obtain. We shall try to inveigle the faculty into print on as many occasions as we can, partly because articles by faculty members give us something to talk about in our advertising partly be-

cause we think our readers are interested in such articles, and partly because we suspect that the faculty will enjoy seeing their names and brain children in print as much as we. Then there will be articles, stories, and poetry by nationally known writers, friends of the Lit, such as Zona Gale, Honore Willsie, Ring Lardner, etc. That for content. All in all we want to put out the kind of magazine our readers want to read, and all our efforts will be pointed in that direction.

The few words printed above comprise our plans for the year's work. We want help in carrying out our ambitions, and are anxious for manuscripts of every kind and description—short stories, essays, and poetry; above all we want humor—not jokes, for there we infringe on the property rights of our great contemporary, the Wisconsin Octopus—but writing of comparative length which may inspire a stray laugh here and there among our serious minded student body. Above all we want good writing—the very best that is being done here, for that is the principle reason for our existence. These things we solicit earnestly and sincerely, and await with anxious anticipation the garnering of our fall crop of manuscripts.

A word about the editors may not here be amiss. Frankly, we have good times in our two by four office on the third floor rear of the Union Building, talking, scolding, arguing, and bringing under our scrutiny the most learned professors and the most insignificant freshman girls on the hill, condemning the first for their frightful examinations in English, History, Mathematics, or Animal Husbandry, and the last for wearing the green headgear of their male contemporaries. Sometimes we talk literature, sometimes art, sometimes religion. On the rare occasions when we don't talk we look out over the lake to the distant horizon, dreaming bittersweet nothings. And always we have cigarettes and chocolates around. All of which is just our poor way of telling you that if you like these things to come around and see us, join us, talk with us, any time you haven't anything else to do.

So we take the helm, serious in our purpose to provide a forum for literature as it is being produced at Wisconsin, and yet determined to have a little fun out of it. That is the spirit in which we offer you our work, and we hope that you will take it so.

The Issues in the National Campaign

A Professor of Political Science Surveys the Presidential Field

By JOSEPH PRATT HARRIS

EVERYONE will agree that the political campaigns of this country contain more unadulterated bunk than can be found in any other feature of our national life. This is a commonplace in conversation. It is even agreed upon by most of the candidates for high office. General Dawes in particular has wielded his fiery tongue in denunciation of political bunk. Coolidge, LaFollette, Davis, Wheeler, and "Brother Charlie" have all at one time or another cried from the high places that this is a time for truth, for the facts, for plain speaking. This does not mean that these gentlemen, or anyone of them, have laid aside the venerable and hoary custom of dealing out political bunk. The very professions of truth, facts, and plain-speaking themselves are a part of the political game and have not been invented in this campaign. These professions only serve to put the ordinary citizen, especially if he is a partisan reading or listening to the standard bearer of his own party, in a more creditable mood.

The truth is that there is an incredible amount of humbuggery in every campaign. The ordinary citizen realizes this, but he can recognize it only when it comes from the other side. He is stone blind when it comes to seeing the humbuggery of his own party or his own candidate. The politician and the candidate everywhere will agree privately that elections cannot be won without deception, exaggeration, intimidations, and appeal to fear, pride, prejudice and fancy. Only the demagogue will deny this, and he, the greatest swindle of them all, cannot be frank even with himself.

Barnum, the great showman, once said that the American people like to be humbugged. Whether this is true in general at the present time, or has ever been generally true, I cannot say, but it is unqualifiedly true in politics. The campaign literature in this country is about on a par in truthfulness and intellectual appeal with patent medicine advertisements. Patent medicine adver-

tisers make the appeal which will sell the greatest quantity of their goods, and politicians indulge in the kind of plea which will win the greatest number of votes. Political bunk is not injected into campaigns because of the wilfulness or erring ways of candidates and politicians; it is used because the people demand it. It is a curious phenomenon that the hard-headed, practical, intelligent farmer or business man who runs his own affairs upon quite a rational basis, with discriminating regard for the facts, will decide political questions and between candidates upon all sorts of irrational, extravagant, false, or even intimidating appeals. Any business man who selected his employees upon the same basis as the people select their public officers would go on the rocks in jig time.

The present national campaign is no exception to the rule. Once more the "outs" find the country on the very brink of disaster (it has been tottering upon that brink every four years for over a century). The "ins", on the other hand, in the voice of their standard bearer, find that the American government and constitution, while not absolutely perfect, are the most perfect which the world has ever seen, and approach the unattainable ideal of perfection as closely as human nature and human wit will permit. The American voter is inordinately fond of superlatives. He will brook no compromise as between dire disaster and supreme satisfaction with the existing order.

The "one dominant, all embracing issue in this campaign", says Senator LaFollette, "is to break the combined power of the private monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people. This power controls every important branch of industry—mining, manufacturing, and transportation. It controls markets and credits and dictates the price of every product necessary to feed, clothe, warm and shelter the human family. To control that which sustains life is to control

life itself. This is economic slavery. Free government cannot long exist side by side with economic despotism."

For the Democrats the supreme issue in the campaign is corruption. "Never before in our history has the government been so tainted by corruption, and never has an administration so utterly failed," reads the Democratic platform. "The nation has been appalled by the revelations of political depravity which have characterized the conduct of public affairs". Mr. Davis said in his acceptance speech: "The allied forces of greed, and dishonesty, of self-seeking and partisanship, of prejudice and ignorance, threaten today as they have rarely done before the perpetuity of our national ideals, traditions, and institutions.-----The supreme need of the hour is to bring back to the people confidence in their government."

The Republicans point in detail and in general to the record of the party. "Today industry and commerce are active; public and private credit sound. We have made peace.----- (But) Time has been too short for the correction of all the ills we received as a heritage from the last Democratic Administration, but the notable accomplishments under the Republican rule warrant us in appealing to the country with entire confidence." Mr. Coolidge in a recent speech said: "The American people have faith in themselves. It is justified by their history. They have faith in their government. It is justified by its works. They know it is neither corrupt nor inefficient".

Reduced to the simplest terms, what the three parties are saying to the voters is:

Republican. "We have done well enough to deserve re-election. The country is prosperous, and if it is not, then it is because of the evils of the Wilson administration, which we have not yet had enough time to remedy. Prosperity, the preservation of our form of government, and the protection of private rights require our re-election."

Democratic. "The Republicans have

been guilty of corruption, waste, and inefficiency. Elect us to clean house."

Progressive. "Elect us to drive out plutocracy and monopoly which control our political and economic life and enslave the people".

Mr. Coolidge says: "Under our institutions success is the rule and failure the exception." "Our government seeks -----to promote the financial welfare of all the different groups that form our great economic structure." "But after all success must depend upon individual effort."

Senator LaFollette, on the other hand, finds that "in a land of untold wealth, dedicated to the principle of equal opportunity for all, special privilege to none, life has become a desperate struggle for the average man and woman."

Mr. Davis does not express himself specifically upon the point as to whether the average man is well off, but his general attitude probably would be that the system is all right, but that legislation by the Republicans for the benefit of certain classes, specifically the tariff, has made it more difficult for certain groups to make a living.

The foregoing pictures in a way the basic philosophy behind the candidacies of the three candidates. The issues, the stand of the various candidates upon particular questions of public policy is another matter. In almost every campaign there is considerable struggle by the candidates to find the issues. Various public questions are taken up in an attempt to find something with a broad appeal. In most presidential campaigns there is no real division by the major parties on question of public policy. There is always a difference of degree upon quite a number of public questions, but seldom is there a clear cut issue upon which the parties take opposite sides. The voter is usually called upon to decide between the two parties upon the personalities of the candidates, the general records of the parties, and the stand of the parties, upon a number of issues, differing ordinarily only in emphasis or degree. For the Republicans one of the principal issues of the campaign is economy and tax reduction. They point with pride to the reduction of the annual national budget during the last four years of over two billion dollars, the setting up of

the budget system, and the reduction of the income tax rates, and promise even further progress along these lines. It is a good record and one of the greatest factors in the campaign. The Democrats and the Progressives both promise further tax reductions, and denounce the Republicans for the Mellon tax bill which the administration tried to push through Congress. LaFollette charges Coolidge with saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole, with economizing when it comes to the soldiers' bonus or the wages of postal employees, while private interests gulp up the national resources in oil, and millions are wasted in the Veterans' Bureau.

An Autumn Garland

By MARYA ZATWRENSKA

*The pool is choked with leaves, it cannot sing,
Autumn has chilled it with foreboding fear;
It cannot run, it waits another year,
Remembering the light promise of the Spring!*

*So with my heart, it is a fountain sealed,
A pool where dead leaves fall to rot and die,
A bell whose last sweet notes of icy have pealed,
A dial forgotten by the years that fly.*

*So chill and cold my heart, I think no May
Can bring back its lost fragrance, or recall
Light thinking, pleasant laughter, and glad play—
A kiss that passion gathered and let fall.
This is Time's bitter season, when love weaves
A frail remembrance of dead autumn leaves.*

In foreign relations there is a fairly definite cleavage. The Republicans still stand for remaining out of the League of Nations, but profess a greater willingness to enter into any other sort of "helpful" relations with foreign powers, and strongly emphasize the fact that we have entered into no less than forty-seven different treaties with other countries during the last four years. Coolidge in his acceptance speech spoke of the "alarming" condition in 1921 when we had no diplomatic relations with Russia, Turkey, Greece, Columbia,

and Mexico. All of which has been changed, except in the case of Russia. But the Republicans are no longer unalterably opposed to the League. Coolidge has given up the doctrine of isolation, and Secretary Hughes, while not supporting the League, insists that entrance may be effected through his party much more readily than through the Democratic party. It is an open bid for votes from the friend of the League.

The Democrats favor the League, but propose a referendum by the people first, and have not strongly pressed the issue. LaFollette opposes the league and is afraid that the Democratic referendum is unconstitutional, (oblivious of the fact that he also proposes a similar referendum). LaFollette has taken a definite stand upon foreign relations in opposition to armaments, conscription, and protecting investments abroad, and proposes referendums upon war and peace.

The principal issue for the Democrats early in the campaign has been corruption in government, but the issue has not stuck and is not emphasized to any great extent at the present time. LaFollette has also stressed the recent scandals in the national government, but this is regarded as a minor issue beside the dominant issue of plutocracy. The Republicans everywhere have taken the stand that crime is personal and the party cannot be held responsible for the malfeasance of its high office holders, promising that crime where it appears shall be prosecuted in the courts and the individuals punished. The leader of the party advocates the doctrine of party responsibility and then turns around and washes the hands of the party of any blame for the acts of its high officers. The Democrats roundly denounce Republican corruption, but forget all about Democratic corruption under Wilson's administration.

The issue which has received widest attention toward the close of the campaign is the proposal of the Progressives that a constitutional amendment giving Congress the power to reenact a law held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court and thereby make it valid, should be submitted to the people. The Democrats oppose the proposed amendment, but not vigorously. The Republicans have raised a perfect bugaboo over

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Mulany '08 and Thatcher '93

The Story of The Wisconsin-Iowa Game on November 2, 1907.

By GEORGE M. SHEETS '08

IT was one of those times when the glorious old Cardinal had faded to a pale pink. We were to play Iowa a football game at Iowa City. There was a lot of Boost-for-Old-Wisconsin talk, editorials in the Cardinal and Lit and sphinx, talk on the campus and in those places where students, as well as other human beings, were wont to congregate and regard the beautiful mahogany and cut glass with an air of proprietorship.

John Mulany, my ideal of a Wisconsin student, and an idealist of the finest type, was one of the leaders in enthusing the student body. John was always out to football practice. Whenever I went to Camp Randall, "Mu," as we used to call him, was there, tramping around in the rain, standing in the mud, applauding the good plays and forgetting the bad. And whenever I missed practice, John told me that night at the "Libe" or the next day in some English class, how the new forward pass was working, or how fast the gang went down under punts.

Well, a few days before the game, we were talking over lack of student support in athletics. "Mu" deplored it. He almost wept over it. He wrote a few paragraphs of a burning editorial on this glaring weakness of the student. Then he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"That isn't the way to back the team, lambasting others. The only thing to do is to go with the team to Iowa City, root for them, help them win. They can't win with no backing at all. No one is going. We must go."

And so we went to Iowa City, John Mulany and the writer. Arriving there, we went to a hotel with the team, and in the lobby met James L. Thatcher, a former mathematics professor of mine at Davenport, Ia., High School and the man really responsible for my selecting Wisconsin for a college.

"Jimmie Thatcher" we always called him. He was a little fellow, about five

feet in height, prominent of feature, sharp of tongue and decisive of action, but above everything else a Wisconsin enthusiast. Jimmy had gone to school in the days when the Cardinal mopped up the earth and had come to Iowa City to see an old fashioned Roman show, one where the innocents were slaughtered and much blood was spilled. He was taken aback when we told him that the varsity would be lucky to win.

"Over Iowa?" asked Jimmy in amazement.

"Yes, over Iowa," we sighed in answer.

Exile

On every side the mountains rise,
White spectres 'gainst the mid-
night skies,
The waning moon is deathly pale,
Deep are the shadows in the vale.

Deep is the fear within my breast,
Longing unknown and vague un-
rest,
I yearn for those I left behind,
Or at least a glance at one of my
kind.

I fear these mountains calm and
still
With icy peaks and bosoms chill—
My soul takes wings and travels
far
To the land of men where the
cities are.

But vain are my fancies; hope is
vain;
I'll never gaze on man again,
Nothing remains but memory
faces,
Rocks and stones and desolate
places. L. L. Schoonover.

But the despondency was momentary. Mulany '08 got to telling Thatcher '93 how Bidy Rogers went down under punts, of the team's fighting spirit, of the men's determination, and soon they

had cooked up a new enthusiasm.

There were six or seven traveling men around the hotel as I remember, and "Jimmy" took them out and oiled them up. Mulany never indulged but he taught them the varsity locomotive, for it had not been invented as far back as '93, it seems, together with some other yells of the '07 vintage.

We walked out to Iowa Field, the same field where last year I saw Michigan outfluke Iowa, and took seats in the east stands.

Iowa came on the field, a bunch of huskies that made our Badgers look like high school boys. The Iowa team was passing the ball all over the field, hurling it 40 yards, and cutting capers in great style. Things looked bad. But Mulany and Thatcher '93 and the well oiled traveling men were in fine fighting trim and we volleyed and thundered the Wisconsin locomotive and sang the Varsity Toast until the Iowa students and retired farmers gazed across the field in wonder.

Right from the beginning of play Iowa showed to be the stronger of the two teams. The Wisconsin eleven was not going at top form, in addition. It wasn't long, as I remember it, until Iowa had put over a touchdown. We implored "Hold 'em" in vain. It couldn't be done. But Iowa failed to kick goal.

When the half ended it looked as if Iowa had won. But Mulany '08 and Thatcher '93 decided otherwise. They led that little band of corpulent traveling men out onto the field, snaked dandced in front of the Old Gold bleachers as if it were New Haven, tossed their hats over the cross bars of the goal posts, gave the Wisconsin yell and sang the Varsity Toast. The wonderful old hymn had a touch of "Sweet Adeline" in it, I fear, but it was a high note in idealistic patriotism for all that.

When the team trotted out on the field for the last half the little rooting

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Waiting

A Short Story By The New Zona Gale Scholar

EDWARD' D. MESCH

A BRIGHT winter's day in December....The ground was covered with a light layer of snow which seemed to become thinner as the bright sun smiled over it. It was one of those days that make life seem a hopeful thing; that create within us the feeling that we have got to smile at everything. On such a day Bobby Stanley ran to the window and pressed his forehead against the cold glass. Perhaps these bright days make even some of the miserable smile. But how weak their smiles seem, and how they fade when compared with the great smiling world. Their smiles seem to have an unearthly happiness, and yet they seem to tell one that they have lost hope in ever becoming one of the smiles that help to make the great smiling world.

As Bobby sat near the window, his forehead still pressed against the cold glass, no smile lighted his face. His face had a miserable expression as he looked out toward the gate. Bobby was small boy not yet nine. The mass of wavy blond hair that covered his round head seemed to have as much brightness as the smiling sun. Two faint red spots were visible on the cheeks of his white face. The light from his large blue eyes gave his face an altogether alert expression. He seemed the picture of brightness, but if one came near, one would see that this little boy was miserable. To him there seemed to be no smiling sun or cold melting snow. There was only that which he was looking at with hard serious determination.....

Bobby was looking at a tall, well-built man, and a woman of about the man's height, going out of the gate. The man stopped as he closed the gate and waved to Bobby. But Bobby did not heed his waving. He remained staring at them as if saw something interesting about them. The man was Bobby's father, and the woman was "the former organist at the Baptist church" (that was the way the people of the town alluded to her without mentioning her name); but she was now Mr. Stanley's

bride. Bobby's mother had been dead for a year. Mr. Stanley and this woman had been married that day and were now leaving to go on their honeymoon. Bobby had loved his father, as he used to say, "next to mother," but now he hated his father for bringing home this woman and having the audacity to say that she was his new mother. Bobby had told his father in the woman's presence that he wanted no new mother. He had felt like punching his father and this new mother when they began to laugh at his exclamation, but instead of punching them he had run away to cry and wish that he were big.

Now as his father and the new mother left the gate, he said slowly, "I don't want no new mother. I want my own mother. I hate the new mother and hate my daddy, too! He felt all the contempt that a small boy is capable of feeling. He craved to utter some words that would express what he felt, but none came to him. He felt happy to think that his father and his bride would be gone for two weeks on their honeymoon. He found consolation in this thought because something made him feel that before they returned he would be saved from this new mother. He did not in the least know what it was, but it seemed to beat like his heart inside of him.

Some one laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. He looked around at Bertha and caught her heavy, man-like hand in his small fingers. Bertha was maid, cook, and a sort of "governess" to Bobby in Mr. Stanley's household. She was a fat, short woman with a pair of small brown eyes that seemed lost in her fleshy dark face. She had been with Mr. Stanley's parents until they died. After they had died, she came to Mr. Stanley's home "on his request" as she used to relate. She greatly prided herself for being in the Stanley family fifteen years. Bertha never said she was "with" the Stanley family; that sounded too unfamiliar to her. The ladies of the town whenever they met in groups and dis-

cussed local things said that Bertha suffered more over Mrs. Stanley's death than Mr. Stanley. But Bertha was one of those good souls who grieve easily and forget quickly. Indeed, now that Mr. Stanley had married again, she declared that his new wife was better than his first.

"Any way," she would say, "the dead's dead, and we hafta make ourselves agreeable to those that be livin'. The dead don't harm no one, but the livin' can make it mighty warm for you if you don't treat 'em right." That was Bertha's way of looking at it. As she would carefully explain to every one, she meant to be agreeable to those who she hoped would be agreeable to her.

Bobby wondered as he held her hand if she hated the new mother as much as he did; but he had not to wonder long, for Bertha presently asked him in her rough voice, "How do you like your new mother, Bobby?"

Bobby looked at her a moment. He hated the way she had said "your new mother," for he thought the way she said it implied that she liked the new mother. As his eyes filled with tears, he said excitedly, "She ain't my new mother! I hate her! And don't you call her my new mother, 'cause she ain't!"

"My! My! What a hot tempered boy you are! Just like your mother used to be when things went wrong," Bertha exclaimed, throwing her hands above her head and looking as if something terrible had happened. As she seemed to regain a calm expression, she went on, "Your new mother is a perfect 'lady. Why she used to play the organ at the Baptist Church! I'm sure nothin' but a good lady would play the organ in church. Your mother would have spanked you for sayin' that you hated such a nice lady that ain't done nothin' to you."

"No she wouldn't either," Bobby said. Well, well. What has this lady done to you that you should hate her so?" Bertha asked him sympathetically.

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Mirror, Mirror, Tell Me True

Wherein Contributors Write Wisconsin's Novel of Contemporary College Life

I.

Scene: *Women's Dressing Room at Lathrop*

Characters: *Just any of the co-eds*

Time: *Before the Dance*

"HOW'D ya like him?", anxiously inquired one of the sisters of another, for whom she had acquired a "blind".

"Sure thing he'd never take over a couple prizes at a beauty show; but here's hoping he can amble a bit on a dance floor," optimistically retorted the one addressed.

"Don't think for a minute you aren't pretty lucky; I wouldn't get too snooty, 'cause the lad's got a cute line, his father's the high monkey-monk of some do-funny, and his frat always gives cute favors".

Here the list of prerequisites for a college boy is interrupted for a general survey and review of the outfits of the latest arrivals. "How does she do it? that mess again; and she gets by with it". These were typical judgments.

The door opens rather falteringly and a little freshman whose skirts aren't quite so short, whose lips aren't quite so red, and whose manner is not quite so self-possessed, gently inserts herself into the group before the mirror. Her name might be Mary Jones, for all the difference it makes.

Her eyes anxiously scan the faces for a familiar countenance as she wonderingly listens to the rapid flow of college jargon.

She, in turn, is subjected to a hasty scrutiny, that feminine tabulation which is so quick yet so potent; no pledge pin is discovered, so she is dismissed without further thought.

The stranger listens closely and looks intently. As the more sophisticated ones slowly drift out, and she is left for a minute alone, she hastily applies a bit more red to her cheeks, bit her lips fiercely, and attempts to drift languidly out, as she has seen those others do.

Sauntering off down the hall, a faintly bored voice drifts back, "Lord, I suppose the usual mob will be here tonight".

It takes such a short time, for Mary Jones to become a real college girl.

C. J. W.

II.

COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY THREE YEARS AFTER

1.

I WAS Georgia, a campus Phi Beta Laugher at, ignored by the coeds on the hill

For my skinned back hair, pale cheeks, and short-sighted eyes.

Twice I wrote the prize essay in English,

And received my diploma before I could vote.

I know Descartes, Kant, and Horace by heart.

I read Schopenhauer with rapture

While those around me skim the Red Book.

When I graduated I had

One hundred and fifty superfluous grade points.

I wrote my thesis on Sappho

And received honors for that.

After graduation I was offered a position

As Greek instructor in a woman's college.

I am fulfilling that now.

But oh, the only thing I ever really wanted

Was a Butterfly pose.

2.

THE CHEER LEADER

As cheer leader, I stood for hours

Before ten thousand people

Teasing them to open up their lungs.

I wore a red sweater and white trousers

And talked through a big horn.

I danced before them like a banner.

I turned somersaults,

And told them when to cheer.

It was I who taught them to yell

For the other team.

I was the pep of the crowd.

They flunked me out my last year

And I became an auctioneer.

But I had had good training.

I am successful.

3.

THE PHYSICAL ED

I was a Phi Ed and had the most terrible muscles

And an eye that never faltered.

I was a sharp-shooter woman

The hit-from-the-shoulder kind.

I made four teams, turned somersault dives

And hiked twenty miles—easy.

I wore mannish clothes and flat-soled shoes.

"Bill" they called me around the gym.

Everybody knew when I won the tennis championship,

And broke the half mile record in track.

But oh, nobody, least of all

The one for whom they were intended,

Ever dreamed of my little secret book of sonnets.

4.

THE CO-ED

In college I was the glass of fashion

The observed of all observers.

You'd never believe I came from a little town in Iowa,

You saw me as a perfectly formed piece of art.

People told me I looked like Gloria Swanson.

To know a little bit of everything

And nothing very well

To have your name always on the society page

As spending the week-end in Milwaukee

Or attending a formal at Beloit

(I was forever going some place while I was in school).

Is to know college the way I knew it.

When I quit at the end of my Sophomore year,

I married Ralph Chase who had graduated

And was making a big salary

As an electrical engineer.

But, oh, I wish I'd finished college

I nearly had enough pins

To make a shoulder strap.

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Three Chinese Sketches

By CHENG YU SUN

I.

THE LONEY CHAPEL

The lonely chapel rested on the side of a country road near the city of Nanking, tired and weak, like a tottering matron, after many long and wearisome journeys of life. Upon the ruinous walls and roof, the sun, still loitering in the west, shone forth her last ray of gold, urging the chapel to hope and live; but its only answer was its mournful silence.

The chapel seemed to have not been visited for centuries, except by the occasional wandering of sheep and cows. The walls which surrounded the chapel and its yard had all fallen into heaps of mud; the stonepaved yard was overgrown with weeds, which shot up through all the joints between the rectangular-shaped stone blocks, with a remarkable sense of order. In the little facade, four columns of white marble, all sculptured with figures of dragon and fire, had, after the constant biting of rain and winds, changed into a light yellow color, while they leaned against each other, like four drunken persons, on their trembling legs. The interior of the chapel was dim; a worm-eaten altar, covered with cobwebs, might be seen in the center. On the ground the feathers of sparrows and pigeons were scattered like withered leaves, while the foot-prints of rats and foxes, like many five-petaled blossoms, dotted the thick dust, here and there.

Silently, the sun dropped in the west. The black crows began to call and gather in their nests. As it grew darker inside the chapel, a swarm of bats darted out and whirled themselves to and fro, fearful, uncanny, and grotesque, like the flying passions of some rustic philosopher.

Then the winds blew, the weeds rustled, the locusts jumped and creaked, and the pigeons hidden somewhere near the chapel, cooed in a distressed tone. But the chapel—probably the shrine of some ancient deity, or the fading symbol of some heroic, self-sacrificing act,

or the secret memorial built by some prince of old for his beloved then all together forgotten—remained silent.

II.

A SILENT NIGHT

The day is gone; its shouting and roaring are ended; the tiny lotus pond,

Poverty

It wraps its serpent grip around
my life,
It winds round me as strong as
death is strong;
It chokes, it stifles, it leaves no
moment free;
My youth, my soul is crushed
within its grasp.
No day goes by but with its pres-
ence felt—
It brings defeats and scars burn
deep within.
I cry aloud! The world looks on
with hard, hard eyes—
For oh! it does not understand.
Nora Van Nein.

like a sleeping fairy, is wrapped up in the silence of the moon-light. Yet, to the ears of Nature lovers or some solitary poet who understands the true meaning and charms of silent nights, it is only a seeming silence, in which a new piece of Nature's music is being played. There are the gentle breezes, whispering and sighing among the lotus blossoms, like some lonely maiden, and moaning and brooding among the pine trees around the pond, like some melancholic swain. There is the rippling of water, the dropping of the dew, and the rustling of the lotus leaves like the dainty frocks of ladies. Here and there, on the surface of the pond, the fish kiss the water in a crisp, smacking sound; among the grass, the crickets titter and twitter in a rhythmic tone, singing their songs of love. Occasionally some of the young members in the families of the magpies and ravens break forth gigg-

ing and tattling in their nests while their parents groan and murmur caressing words to make them sleep again. All these sounds are very low, though soothingly sweet. And it is a silent night.

III.

LATE SPRING IN A CHINESE GARDEN

O what a melancholy tone, what a woeful luxury of Spring, what a soulful expression of sweet sorrow there is in this lonely, secluded Chinese garden! See the red loft, glimmering among the green willows, shyly mirroring itself in the lotus pond. See the lonesome beauty sitting behind the screen of pearls, in the round window like the full moon. See her hands trembling, her lips quivering, her eyes beaming with tears, not telling whom she hates. Hear the winds moaning, the plantains rattling, the bamboos rustling, the silver bells jingling on the edges of the yellow roof. See the ferns growing near to the marble steps, the pear blossoms falling and covering the pebble-paved walks like snow, and the gates all closed against the solitary garden. See the roses, red and white, blooming on the fence, with bees buzzing and hovering, and butterflies fluttering and fluttering, but all forlorn; smell their intense scent, mingling with that of the orchids, all silently balmy. Hear the little brook sobbing and murmuring, wearily flowing around the quiet Tingtze, and wearily passing under the slender bridge. See the willows dancing and flirting with the departing Spring, hoping to detain her, but it vain. Hear the sighing of leaves, the wailing of birds, because she will not stay; hear those pitiful orioles crying after her, and trying to call her back with their shrill voices. See those compassionate swallows picking up the fallen blossoms, and trying to restore them to the bare twigs; see them toiling busily with those sharp scissors they carry behind their backs; and shooting themselves like shuttles among the fine threads of the weeping willows, trying

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A Sketch of Life in Kvillsfors, Sweden

The Lewis Prize Theme, 1923-24

By GEORGE C. JOHNSON

By the River Eman, where the broad Kvillsfors Road joins the national highway at King's Bridge, lies a small community of farmer folk whose slow, provincial life repeats itself day in and day out, year after year. As one stands upon the high hill above the bridge and looks abroad at noon of a clear summer day, the land below presents a view streams standing out against the greenery of the dark woods and the flowing of rolling hills and valleys, with the sinuous courses of the sunflecked fields of grain and meadowland. Here and there upon the hills are perched the peasants' cottages and heavy barns, about which range the lots of grain and vegetables; and on the slopes lie the grazing lands, where droves of gray forms drift about. As one looks beyond, to the north, above the forest wall rise the roofs of Kvillsfors; and to the west the thin, white spire of the church at Garda.

When the sun rises upon the River Eman, he finds the Kvillsfors Road wrapped in mist through which the carts of vegetables and dairy produce move in slow, silent procession to the market. When the mists are gone, he will behold low, bent figures hoeing in potatoe rows, and he will see the herded cattle driven by barefooted urchins to the pastures in the woods; in each cottage he will find a buxom matron and her strong-armed daughter busily at work by the oven door. Upward in his course goes the sun, and below him, from task to task, goes the humble life which he saw yesterday and will see again tomorrow.

These simple folk are born to work; it is no choice of theirs, but the command of a stubborn, stony soil. In his boyhood, in his youth, in manhood, and in age; through courtship, marriage, birth, and death, the native is the laborer, the tiller of the soil. There is Per Henning, who has lived alone these many years tending his sheep and his chickens and trudging beside his high-piled cart on chilly mornings along

the way to Kvillsfors, where Fru Anderson's boy, Goran, peddles his wares for him in the market, while Per himself stumps back to his three acres of potato-land. Per does not go to church; on Sundays he is mending harness, shearing sheep, or tramping in his wood-lot in search of another birch tree for the Garda cabinet-makers, who will perhaps pay him two or three crowns for the log and maybe ten or fifteen ore for the branches; he plans to buy an American plow like the one he saw in Kvillsfors last month. Then there is little Johan Augustus, the youngest and only disabled member of a family of eight giant sons. Johan cannot work; he must hobble about with braces on his feet which cost his father a pretty sum for renewal every three months. "What a pity", the neighbors say, "that Fru Soderman should bear a weakling son when the others are so big and strong. It will be hard on the father when the other boys are gone. No one then to help him with the hay and potatoes. It's too bad—too bad." Every morning at sun-up Johan stands at the foot of the hill to feel the dust upon his face when Peter Almen drives his father's cows to the woods across the bridge. It is too bad that Johan cannot work.

The rural code does not countenance inordinate ambition. As their fathers tilled the tiny farms or swung the smithy sledge, so must these people and their children do, unless they go to sea or settle in America, where there is wealth. Imagine the excitement in the farmhouses when Rudolph Hedelberg announced that he was going to try for the *Studenten* at Goteborg. He was going to get an education, he was. His mother cried and his father was silent when Rudolph's uncle came to take him to the city. Then the country tongues began to wag. Did you mark, when he was a boy, how he used to go muttering to himself or reading from some fool book or other while driving out the cows? Do you remember the time he

beat Herman Ackerman the day he took his copy book, which was full of verses? Such a temper speaks ill for the boy. Too bad; he should be working with his father, now it's potato-digging time. Do you mind how fine a boy his brother was? A clever fellow, with a head on his shoulders. He went to America. He has a family now and is working in a mill, getting five dollars a day—that's about fifteen crowns. He, was a sensible, hard working chap. Then you remember Axel Hedman who went to sea when he was sixteen. He's seen the world by this time. Of course, his father can't have his help in the fields; but see what good he does himself, meeting men, and seeing places. Now that's something; how much better than running off to school to fill one's head with high-flown ideas; that's for aristocrats and city-folk, not for simple farmers. You can't make a lord out of a farmer's boy. But, so the world goes.

These Kvillsfors farmers live in calm placidity, going on from day to day unharried by the goad of rabid discontent. Consider the case of Hjalmar, who lost his sweetheart, Selma, to Simon Torben, who was master of an estate near Garda. Hjalmar was a better man than Simon; he could plow a straighter furrow; he could swing a better axe; he had an arm that no man could put down; he had out-scholared Simon in the grades; but now, since Simon had come into an inheritance, and he had set to work on his father's sterile land, Selma found him uninteresting. That was the injustice of it. Simon had a richer farm, it is true, a bigger house, a servant; but no more. Measured man to man he was far from Hjalmar's equal, and the knowledge of it stung him to the quick. That was why he let go his work on the farm and began declaiming on the unfairness of distinction according to the possession of worldly goods. He would bare his heavy arm and raise it high, crying, "Pull it down! Pull it down! I tell you I'm a better man! Pull it down, I say!" But the villagers only shook their heads

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White Ankles

By CHENG YU SUN

WE had been waiting for more than half an hour on the platform of the Hong Chow station for the train which seemed never to appear. My two brothers and I were returning from a trip to the West Lake, the most renowned lake in China both for its natural beauty and its temples, shrines, and tombs of those unfortunate women of old, whose life accounts had been the source of many sympathetic tears among posterity. My friend, Mr. Wang, who was staying at his grand-father's and who had shown us the various celebrated spots of the lake, was then with us at the station to see us off.

It was a gloomy morning in July. The sun, veiled by the gray clouds sailing northward, sent down its cheerless glow upon the little station in an indistinguishable hue of whiteness. People were sitting leisurely on the benches and on the stone pavement of the platform, smoking and murmuring, like the strengthless hum of cold-stricken bees. We remained standing all the time, the prolonged leave-taking pained us inexpressibly.

Under the circumstances, we spoke little. Since we were all strangers in that city, we found some interest in watching and hearing those Southern people at the station. Gradually our attention, as well as that of many others, was attracted to one of the many persons who were moving about on the platform. She was a pale and slender girl, with a pair of dark, sparkling eyes. She was thinly dressed, in spite of the chilliness of the morning, in a short gown made of white cloth, two or three buttons being carelessly loosened under her chin. Her skirt was white, too, and short, about six inches below her knees. As she walked from one place to another on the platform, her thin cotton stockings (short as men's socks) slipped down to her heels, exposing her bare ankles, which were, to quote Li Po, the Chinese poet's words,

"as white as the autumnal frost."

"There must be something wrong with her," said my friend to me, as the girl passed us a fourth time. Indeed the girl was quite uncommon, and, I should say, almost unearthly. She seemed to be pained by her extreme sensitiveness; yet she was not aware of the fact that many people were watching her. She smiled at every body, like a child, without any logical reason. Her eyes were bright; yet from their depth came a hidden light of mingled hope and agony. Several times her eyes met mine; I turned my sight away instantly.

An old woman about fifty, with a meager, halfstarved, pain-stricken face, followed the girl in an imploring and helpless manner. Once or twice she tried to keep the girl still, but she always broke off, with a gentle wretch. The girl seemed to be troubled by the disappearance of the train, as her eyes now and then were directed toward the track. At times, she stopped and pulled up her black stockings, which soon slid down to her heels again as she resumed her restless stroll. And she smiled and smiled, mysteriously, to herself.

People who felt curious about the girl began to gather around the old woman and question her. Our old porter, who had been sitting near us on the edge of the platform, and who had been enjoying his bamboo pipe meditatively for a considerable time, now looked up at us and answered our questions. "Why, she is crazy,—" he began; his dry voice came to us like the distant tolling of a broken bell. From his distorted recounting of the story which was at times interrupted by his coughing, and from his Southern dialect with which we were not quite familiar, we understood, not without difficulty, that the girl had been a seamstress who was living with her mother (the old woman whom we saw), maintaining their lives, honorably though meagrely, through the toil of their fingers. Some tourists from Shanghai had visited Hong Chow and seen

her. His honey words and his sworn promises betrayed the innocent girl, as well as his apparent wealth, which fooled her mother. He stayed there, for a whole summer; then went away, with a fair promise on his lips, which he never fulfilled. "It was two years ago," said the old porter, with deep emotions, "and she has been crazy since. Every day she comes to meet the train with her mother—who cannot keep her at home—and goes back quietly. But she seems to be much agitated this morning—".

A whistle was heard in the station. The train came. We busied ourselves for five minutes to get aboard. After we had set down our little baggage, we bade farewell to Wang. In the confusion of noises and people, I got a glimpse of that unhappy girl hustling among the crowd on the platform, her face flushed with excited expectation, her eyes flashing with a wild light of hungry search. She was calling,—I saw her lips quivering—but she was soon lost from my sight, in the tumultuous crowd.

Another whistle was heard again, and the train wheeled forth. Suddenly a shrill laugh, followed by a sharp outcry, rose outside my window. Men cried: "Help!", "Stop!" The whistle of the station master shrieked at its highest pitch. The train stopped as quick as it could, giving several violent jerks and a series of metallic crackings, between each joint. We thrust our heads out of the windows and saw a swarm of people heaped at the rear coupling of my car. My friend, Wang, who had been standing on the platform, ran to my window and pointed his finger to the crowd. "The girl!—" he gasped. "The girl!—"

The policemen on the platform pressed the crowd aside, with difficulty. Then I saw the tragic spot. Where was the girl? There was only a bundle of blood and mud! The old woman, bathing her-

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*Being one of those people who are always
tumbling off the second story, the author
suggests a club of*

Window Fallers

By MARION SMITH

ONE of my pleasantest memories is that of falling out of a second-story window. Regardless of the fact that my mother says that I was too young—only three years old—to remember the event, I know that I do remember it; not in a stereotype fashion, but in a kaleidoscopic like way.

Sedate old Mrs. Miner says, "Well do I remember the morning when your big brother took the screen out of his window, and climbed down the ladder to go fishing at five o'clock, and left that open window for you to fall out of, way down, twenty feet, right into the lily bed. You stood up as dainty as could be, and said so sweetly. 'Little Mary Ann has mussed her pretty, clean dress'". Then I see myself a well-poised, orderly little miss, conducting herself a la prunes and prisms, standing in a bed of lilies, smoothing out her clean white frock.

Often when good natured Mrs. Brown sees me, she says, "Well, here's that cute little girl who tumbled headlong out of that open window, and landed plump in a puddle of mud. I remember how you rolled over and said, grinning, 'I fell in de mudge?'" Then I see myself in blue-checked rompers, jolly and sensible,

my cheeks and fists smeared with mud.

Old Mr. Dean, no saint in his halcyon days they say, laughs and says, "Well, if here ain't Mary Ann that fell out of a second-storey window, and landed on a pile of stones. Ha! Ha! Many's the laugh I've had, thinking how you jumped up with a twinkle in your eye, and said, 'Gol darn those rocks!'" Then I am quite pleased to think myself as a good deal of a young devil. So my window-falling experience gathers association and richness as the years glide on.

Often when I meet a kindred spirit, I find that he has fallen out of a second-storey window, and treasures the experience fondly. We compare notes in great detail, and find ourselves linked together by an unmistakable bond. Only once in my varied experience with window-fallers, have I discovered a person, I call her person, she seemed so icily cold to me—who was ashamed of her fall. This person said, "Yes, I fell out of a window when I was a child, but I never told anybody about it. You see my mother thought it looked as though she were careless to let me do such a thing, and I think she was right". That remark showed how benighted they were. The rest of us always felt we

were a superior class—the-survival-of-the-fittest variety. When a cousin of mine fell out of a window, the ability runs in the family—he was entirely uninjured; but his mother was so panic-stricken that she jumped out after him in an effort to save him. She relates the incident quite unabashed. Why not? She can fall out of a window intentionally and still survive. One of my most accomplished friends fell four storeys onto a horse's back, broke the animal's back, but remained intact with scarcely a quickening of the pulse. A more up-to-date case is the one of a young woman, recently recorded in the New York Times, who fell several storeys through the top of an automobile, and landed uninjured upon its cushions. I have a craving to meet her.

The fellow-feeling is so strong between us fallers that I am thinking of founding a window-falling club. I always said that the surest way to belong to a club was to be the founder. In the whole gamut of clubs to which I have belonged, from a gourmandizing and a nonsense club to a literary and an earnest thinker club, I feel certain that I shall enjoy the window-falling club most.

*A Story That Tells What May Happen to
Anyone on a Sunday Night Dinner Date*

"The American Language"

By LEO JOHN

PAUL Barker was one of the many who insist that one might as well not eat if one cannot smoke afterward. And he was saying so to Ruth Caldwell as he beckoned to a waitress standing at a buffet nearby. The waitress, after the manner of her kind, remained placidly unperturbed by the beckoning. She stared soulfully into space, thinking no doubt, of how tired she was of correcting the variorum her customers had unconsciously composed that day in their sheepish renditions of "Filet Mignon." She thought she would certainly scream if one more fat and self-contented matron pronounced the first part of the term as if it rhymed with the trade name of a popular brand of safety razor. And she was sure she would run from the room if another tired business man pointed out the words on the menu card with his fat fore-finger, saying, "Lets have the French, sister." She had thought Paul's stunt of writing his order on a little slip of paper a clever one. He did not have to speak then. Yet she was sure that Paul's method was just another confession, closely allied to others she had been hearing all day, that he was abashed by the foreign description of food he really liked. Suddenly she awoke from her reverie, for Paul's beckonings were becoming violent. The psychological insight of a waitress made

her realize that he was just 55 seconds this side of making a complaint to the head waiter. She made her way to the table.

"Cigarettes, please."

"Cigarettes, sir? What kind shall I bring sir?"

Paul hesitated. To Ruth the hesitation meant the confirming of an impression which had been forcing itself upon her consciousness all evening—Paul was dumb; he couldn't even remember the kind of cigarettes he used. But the waitress went her one better. She analyzed Paul's hesitancy as natural in one who habitually smokes Camels or Strikes and who suddenly finds himself in a place which demands Melachrinos or Egytian Dieties. Even Paul realized that the situation was awkward, and, as usual in many similar circumstances, set about to remedy it in the most indirect method possible.

"What shall it be?" he asked, turning toward Ruth, smiling the smile a man instinctively smiles at his best girl.

The best girl in this case arose to the situation beautifully.

"Something in a pretty box, Paul—red, perhaps."

A combination of gleaming eye and broad smile signified that Paul had reached a decision.

"Right again, Ruthie," he said. "That 'red' fixed it."

And then turning to the waitress who was smiling a cast-iron smile to disguise a blast furnace disposition, he added, "Make it Pall Malls."

He pronounced the word as Americans do, making a broad "A" the conspicuous part of his articulation. Immediately he sensed that something was wrong. He knew there was when he looked at Ruth's face.

"You're another stubborn American, aren't you?" she asked.

She looked directly at him, trying desperately to disguise the sarcastic smile which forced itself on her face. She was sorry immediately, and tried to repair the damage she had done by laughing. The insincerity of the laugh made her shudder.

"Meaning which?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing!"

Again she laughed. But Paul was not to be laughed off.

"That doesn't get by," he insisted. "You're always saying things like that, and this time you're going to explain. Guess you think I'm just plain dumb, anyway."

"Of course I don't Paul. You're making a mountain out of a molehill. What I meant was the way you pronounced 'Pall Mall'. You egg, you're so conceited you think it ought to rhyme with your name. The 'a' is short, like this, 'Pell Mell.'"

"Trying to kid me?" he inquired.

"No, why should I? That's another thing—you never believe me when I tell you things. Now, I've been over, and when I tell you that the "a" in Pall Mall is short, why don't you give me the benefit of the doubt at any rate?"

"You win. Let it be Pall Mall—but it sounds French to me, and I know Pall Mall is a funny street or something in London."

The waitress brought the cigarettes, and threw them down on the table. Ruth smiled, but not so Paul. Instead he began cutting the stamp which sealed the box with his finger nail. Then he offered the box to Ruth, who declined with the customary, "Oh, not here. Now in Europe—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Paul, "let me finish—in Europe people are so broad-minded, but Americans are so dumb."

"Have a heart, Paul. Don't rub it in. You know I didn't mean anything."

This time it was Paul's chance at the sarcastic smile and he made the most of it. Gradually the sense of an estrangement seeped through their consciousness. The rest of the evening was exacting. They were both angry, both hurt. Each realized they had quarreled over nothing. Each was too stubborn to take the necessary first steps toward reconciliation. When they parted at her door, she was playing the woman's game furiously.

"Paul", she said, "remember your're coming to our house dance Friday."

"Yeh—informal?"

He tried to say more, but only angry, mean things formed themselves on his lips; he bit them back. Finally Ruth made the necessary break.

"Paul Barker, you're absolutely horrid! To let a little thing like that spoil a perfectly good evening! Why I myself would make any concession to this so called American language rather than have a quarrel with you."

Her voice became uncertain, wavered, and finally broke. And Paul, being a man, was beaten right there.

"Here, here—wait a minute; don't start the waterworks stuff. Of course I don't give a dam about the way the funny English or Americans pronounce any funny word in the dictionary if it means all this fuss."

Then he kissed her—mechanically. He didn't get a thrill out of it, nor was she fooled. But they said goodnight, and he went home, where he found a smut session going on in the room next to his. Automatically he drifted toward it. Greetings were shouted at him, and a box of cigarettes were shoved under his nose. They were Pall Malls. He turned and almost ran from the room into his own. Here he got undressed and picked up a magazine. On the inside cover he was greeted by a brilliant red Pall Mall advertisement.

"Great Gods!" he shouted. "Pursued even in my own lair. Pell Mells and Pall Malls. What's the use?"

He flung himself down on the bed and went to sleep. The next noon he telephoned to Ruth.

"I called about our date Friday", he started.

"Yes", came back expectantly.

"Well, I—I can't keep it."

"You're going out of town—I believe that is customary on occasions like this?"

Immediately he caught her mood.

"No," he replied, "I'm staying home to study the American language."

A sharp click in his ears told him what had happened at the other end of the line.

White Ankles

(Continued from Page 10)

self in her daughter's blood, struck the ground with her head in wild agony. Her mouth was wide open, but no sound came forth. In each of her hands, she held and waved something in the air, something that was black, white and red.

"—And what's that?" I asked my friend, who could see better than I.

"The white ankles! Aye-ya—the white ankles!"

Patronize--

Lit Advertisers

In The
December Lit

The Walter Reed Memorial
Prize Poem

By Marya Zaturenska

Four Autumn Songs

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

Now autumn's bronzed battallions
greet the air,
Once more in regiments as winged
as birds
The swift and tragic leaves to the
winds blare,
Fall' die—without the rhetoric of
words.
So once more all my longing for
you flies
Valiantly to a world grown old in
brooding,
But bright in the red leaves, soft
with the grey skies
Your remembered face tarnished
by absence—sighs.

Dear, loved and lovely, cool and
beautiful
Now is your season come! your
season come!

When the tree's blazing candles
strike me dumb,
And poetry stands as wistful as a
fool.
Now all my pain congealed in gold
and red,
Bright icicles of memories, finds
a peace
A cool lake-bordered quiet, but
no release.

Oh how to slake this thirst, this
aching thirst
O endless longing for one far
away!
Is there no water ready for my
hand
Here where each tree shines like
a burning brand?

Oh in this season, I had known
him first,
The cold grey eyes, the warm and
wondering mouth
The mind like a bright swallow
flying south.

Hunger writhes in me like a gnaw-
ing worm,
Hungering for words, for words
to sing of you,
My lips make cold grey sounds
amidst the dew.
Far! far! is the one face I long for
now.
Bright apples children gather
from the bough.
The expectant leaves waiting the
final breeze,
My life is ripe for you, as they
for these!

Three Chinese Sketches

(Continued from Page 8)

to weave them into a wonderful fabric
—to charm and captivate the fleeing
Spring, whose flowery apparel has been
torn and scattered, to her greatest sor-
row and unspeakable woe.—You see, you
hear, you smell, you touch, and you
feel—how this garden blooms and
withers; how it sleeps and wakes; how
it is so lonely, yet so sweet; how so
sad, yet so beautiful!

By PAUL OTTEN

Aw gwan—don't be afraid,
That's him right there,
The big white one
Wot's standing on one leg!
Sure! That's wot brings 'em Joe!
Cross my heart an' hope to die!
'Cause mother tol' me so!

A Sketch of Life in Kvillafors Sweden

(Continued from Page 9)

and said, "Too bad; he should be work-
ing on the farm; it's running into weeds.
He's jealous, poor fellow. And what
does he want with Simon Torben, who's
so much above him?" Hjalmar finally
gave up his haranguing and went back
to his land, but he could never forget
that he was a better man than Simon,
though his neighbors could not under-
stand. He must till the land his father
had tilled and root himself in the soil,
becoming like the others.

These people live cut off from the
world. To them other people in other
lands are but a hearsay, a sailor's story,
a printed page. They feel the whirl of
the outer world at times during their
tranquil lives, but it is not a vital force.
They read of it in old Goteborg news-
papers; they send their sons and daugh-
ters into it; but still Smaland is a big-
ger, more potent and interesting world
to them. When Eric Osterman returned

from America, there was at first noth-
ing in his stories that impressed the old
folks. The descriptions of rumb-
ing factories and great railway stations
found no imaginative reactions in their
minds, but when he told of Minnesota's
farms, Dakota's wheat fields, and of
the Swedish settlements there, they sat
up in surprise. So America had a coun-
try just like Smaland! Well! Do they
all speak Swedish, or must they learn
English at once? No, he told them,
they speak Swedish very much. Only
the American-born children speak En-
glish; they learn it in the schools. How
interesting! Swedish colonies in Amer-
ica! Well!

At Garda stands the church, a small
white frame building around which
crowds a grove of birches that in sum-
mer stand like weeping women and in
winter like leering jailors over the grave
mounds. Here, on summer Sunday
mornings, come the more prosperous
folk, some afoot and a few in carriages.
After service, comes the gossip-time.

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Waiting

(Continued from Page 6)

"She didn't do nothing, but I don't want her to be my new mother. I don't like her," Bobby answered, trying to show his feeling by making all sorts of movements with his hands and head.

"If she didn't do nothin' to you, then you can't be right hatin' her."

"I hate her! I hate her!" Bobby protested.

"Well, if you're gonna be a bad boy like that, I'll hafta tell your mother. You wouldn't want your mother to know you're a bad boy, wouldcha?"

"No," Bobby answered after a little hesitation. Then he said a little spitefully, "But you can't tell my mother 'cause my father said when they put my mother in the hole that no one would ever see her again."

"Your father was only foolin' you when he said that. I can see your mother every night."

"You can?" Bobby asked. His face glowed with an anxious expression---- His heart seemed to say: "If only that be true!"

Bertha was not a mind reader, but she was intelligent enough to see that the boy was eager to hear anything concerning his mother. She had often told Bobby absurd stories in order to make him be good, and she saw no reason why she should not tell him one about seeing his mother. There was hope here for her. If she told him a good story about seeing his mother, he would at least be good until his father returned for fear that she would tell his mother that he was a bad boy. She knew how this little boy dreaded to have his mother told that he was bad. Could she make him believe that she could see his mother? She knew she could make him believe it because she remembered how he had believed the other absurd stories. She hated to have Bobby on her hands when he was stubborn. As she would tell the neighbors, "I rather pick blackberries all day" (And how Bertha did hate to pick blackberries!) "than to be with that child two minutes when he's stubborn. My, he sets you crazy!" She thought for a moment of what she would say. She knew that if she impressed him in the least degree, he would concede to anything. And slowly an incredible little scene began to form in her mind, and

quite innocently she told it to this little boy who not only heard it but felt it deeply.

"Yes, I can see your mother every night," Bertha began saying.

"But my daddy said no one could," Bobby interrupted.

"I told you your daddy was foolin' you 'cause he didn't wantcha to know."

"Where do you see my mother? Why don't she come here?"

"She don't go nowheres. If I want to see her, I hafta go to her house."

Bobby was puzzled. He had often visited his mother's grave with his father, and his father had told him each time that no one would ever see his mother again. Now Bertha was saying that she could see his mother. He thought that his father had lied to him because he wanted to believe Bertha.

"Where's her house?" Bobby asked. He did not know of his mother having any other house but the one he was in.

"In the cemetery. Do you know the hole they put your mother in?---- Well, that's her house.

"But they put all the ground on top of her! How does she come out?"

"Did you see the big white stone on top of the earth they covered your mother with? Well, that's where she comes out from. There's a door in that stone. When I want to see her, I go to the cemetery after midnight, because she won't come out before, and I knock on the stone like people knock on doors, and your mother opens the door and comes out. We talk until it gets light; then she goes back in the house and locks the door because people who live in the cemetery don't like light." Bertha said all this in a low, rough voice.

Bobby was impressed. He did not ask Bertha any questions that would tend to make her picture weak because he believed it all. This was the picture he longed for, and now that it was painted for him, he hid it in his heart. He could see his mother! She would save him from the new mother. He felt sure she would, and a smile lighted his face as he thought how good it was.

"Can any one go to see my mother?" he asked Bertha with a doubtful look on his face. He was afraid the answer would be "no."

"Sure. Any one who goes there after midnight and knocks on the stone."

It was getting dark and beginning to snow. Bertha looked at the clock,

and left the room to get dinner ready. Bobby pressed his forehead against the cold glass of the window. This time he did not rest his eyes on any object, but permitted them to roam from one thing to another. Some of the trees had white marks where the snow clung. The sun had not melted all the snow on the ground. But Bobby was not thinking of the snow. He did not seem to notice it. He was thinking of his mother. He could see her! That was what his heart was feeling. Wouldn't she help him and take him with her? He felt sure she would. As he was about to say something, Bertha entered the room. Why hadn't she stayed away a little longer! But he liked Bertha now for what she had told him.

"Come, Bobby, we must eat dinner now."

"Is it midnight yet?" Bobby's mind was far off.

"Midnight? What are you thinkin' about? Do we eat dinner at midnight?" Bertha had already forgotten what she had told him, and could not conceive why he was thinking of midnight.

"No," Bobby answered. "When will it be midnight?"

"When you're asleep. Come, let us eat dinner."

They went into the dining room which was to the right of the one they had left. It was an oblong shaped room with three windows and a low ceiling. The walls were covered with a heavy blue wallpaper that gave an agreeable effect to one's eyes as the light fell against it Bobby sat down at the small table facing Bertha. His eyes rested on the vase in the center of the table. He looked pleadingly at the white carnations it contained, as if to say that they were his only companions. His mind wandered far from the food on the table.

Bertha noticed that he was not eating. "Why don't you eat?"

"I ain't hungry."

"Are you sick?"

"No," he answered and began putting bits of food in his mouth so that Bertha would stop asking him questions and spoiling his thoughts. Midnight----- Midnight. That word was running around in his head. When would it be midnight?

As she began clearing the table, Bertha's large arm struck the vase almost upsetting it. "My," she said excitedly,

"I wouldn't want to break that vase for the world! It was your mother's vase and your father is very fond of it. Your mother loved white carnations more'n any other flower."

Bobby paid attention to what she had said. His mother loved white carnations. Wouldn't she like these white carnations if some one brought them to her at midnight? Bobby left the room and went to sit in the chair by the window where he had sat while he watched his father go out of the gate.

It was still snowing. Everything looked white---- And the whiteness seemed like the sky, never ending nor beginning.

Bobby did not go to sleep that night. He sat in his bedroom waiting for midnight. It was true that he did not know when it would be midnight, but he waited thinking that it would announce its arrival. Sometimes as he was about to go to sleep, the wind would rattle the windows, and that would awaken him. At such times he would rub his eyes, shake himself and say, "Don't go to sleep. Wait till midnight." Midnight became a sacred hour to him. He felt that he had to be careful as it approached, for he feared that he would scare it away.

He sat still for some hours doing every thing he could think of in order to keep awake. Then he became impatient and started to walk around the room quietly. He dared not make the least noise, for he knew how easily Bertha was awakened. He wondered if midnight would stay away because he wanted it to come. He suddenly stopped walking and decided without any reason that it was midnight now. He opened the door. From Bertha's room which was next to his he could hear the sound of snoring, and this was a relief to him. He went down the stairs. In the darkness he felt his way to the dining room table. His hand searched for the vase containing the white carnations. He took the carnations out of it and put back the empty vase. Then he made his way to the front door and unlocked it.

It was a bitterly cold, clear, white winter night. One could see for a great distance. The snow seemed to act as a substitute for the missing moon. It had stopped snowing. Everything was white, except the trunks of the large trees whose blackness harmonized with

the whiteness that surrounded them. Somewhere down the road a faint light came from a window. There was not a sound, a quietness broken only occasionally by the biting wind.

As Bobby closed the gate, he shivered. The white carnations were tucked carefully under his arm. He would occasionally look at them, as if he were afraid that they would be gone. The cemetery was three quarters of a mile from Bobby's house. He started to walk in the direction of the house from which the faint light came. This house was on the corner. When Bobby reached the corner, he turned to his left. A half mile down this road he came to the cemetery.

There was no fence enclosing this cemetery. It seemed to be just a wide, well-kept field. One part of it stood on a high hill, while the other on a slope and level. Yes, one wondered why they had not selected a level field for the resting place of their dead. But the people of this little town felt proud of their cemetery. They seemed to see beauty in the picture the tombstones made as they gradually sloped upward. A driveway cut in from the road somewhere near the hill.

Over the driveway there was a white arch. It stood by itself high in the air. It made one think that these people thought it essential that a hearse should pass under an arch. It did not seem to have any significance. And yet as one looked at it, it seemed to symbolize ---- It seemed like an immense mark placed over all those that lay in that field of rest.

Bobby started to walk among the tombstones.

If some one were to pass at this moment he would have rubbed his eyes. It did not seem real on this cold clear night to see a little boy walking slowly among tombstones, stopping every moment to glance around; then looking straight ahead, as if he were contemplating to go on top of the hill where the snow seemed part of the gray-blue sky. This person would have been frightened and run away if he were one that believed in apparitions; and if he were of stout heart, he would have marveled at such a picture. He would have gone on with the feeling that a cemetery had beauty; that it was not a place to fear or incite fear. Yes, even a cemetery has beauty,

a peaceful, altogether serene beauty that awakens an everlasting feeling ---- a beauty that so few discover because their minds are pregnant with fear. Common beauty may relieve, may satisfy, but it has not that power to awaken

Bobby stopped when he reached a square, high tombstone that had on top of it a statue of an angel looking upward, her arms crossed over her breast. He hesitated a moment to think, it seemed, what he should do. First he rubbed his cold little fingers over the smooth stone; then he knocked as if he were knocking at some one's door and said, "Mother, I came to bring you these carnations. Bertha said you loved them, and she said that I could see you."

There was no answer to his knock. He began to shiver as he stood by the stone without coat or hat hopefully expecting to see a door open and his mother emerge from it. For a moment it seemed that he would turn away, but his doubt lasted only a moment. There was within him something that burned---- a sort of fire that kept him warm, and that seemed to whisper words of encouragement. They were soft inarticulate words that told him his mother would come---- It was a flame of what his heart wanted.

He became impatient and knocked so hard that his knuckles began to bleed. "Mother!" he shouted as he thought that perhaps she had not heard him. "Oh, mother, why don't you come out to see me?"

This time he felt sure that she had heard him and he expected to see the door open as Bertha had told him it would. He thought he saw a crack in the stone move, but when he touched it, he found that it was solid. He pushed the stone and shouted, "Mother! Mother! Come out."

His feet became numb from the cold; his fingers had already let go of the white carnations, and they fell on the snow near his feet. Tired of standing, he sat on the snow to wait for the door to open. Perhaps it was not midnight yet he thought. He would wait. His eyes were beginning to close as a smile spread over his face, and he whispered, "Mother, won't you take me with you? Don't you want these pretty carnations? I hate the new mother."

(Continued on Page 21)

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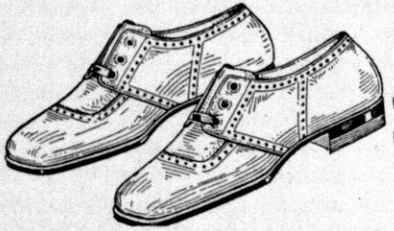
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The Issues in the Campaign

(Continued from Page 4)

the proposal. The constitution, our form of government, the Supreme Court, and all of our fundamental institutions are about to be demolished! Mr. Coolidge has declared that "the constitution is the sole source and guaranty of our national freedom." Under the LaFollette proposal "the poor and the weak would be trampled underfoot. Under such a condition life, liberty and property, and the freedom of religion, speech, and the press would have little security----- The historian would close the chapter with the comment that the people had shown they were incapable of self government and the American republic proved a failure."

The question of judicial review of legislation is an issue of the campaign; it should receive intelligent consideration. The Republicans are using the issue in a way to intimidate faint hearted voters and scare them into the Republican fold. The United States is the only great government in which the courts may declare laws unconstitutional. Other countries, England and France in particular, get along very well without the judicial review of legislation. It is not meant to argue for the proposed amendment here. That is not the point. There are sound considerations which can and should be raised both for and against the proposal. LaFollette's hands are not altogether clean in the matter, for his party is laying a smoke screen of smaller dimensions over the issue by picturing the Supreme Court as a bogey, "the actual ruler of the American people", but, in the main, the proposal has been only temperately supported by the Progressives.

Never is a national campaign brought to a close without bringing the old faithful, ever-recurring issue of the tariff. The old dame, "Mother of the trusts," is enjoying a second childhood, with brilliant prospects to be our political standby for a few centuries to come. The position of the two old parties is almost the same that it has been in previous campaigns, but the emphasis has been shifted to the effect of the tariff upon the farmer. Mr. Coolidge says that practically everything the farmer sells is protected and that "without such protection many of these farm products would be destroyed by foreign competition." On the other hand, he maintains

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that practically everything the farmer buys is on the free list. Mr. Davis maintains that protection of farm products is a delusion for the farmer, since the price of his products is generally determined by the international market, and that most of the commodities he purchases are on the protected list. Here is a disagreement over questions of fact which cannot be settled by the gentle art of reasoning or the time-honored practice of oratory. The attitude of LaFollette on the tariff is practically the same as that of Davis.

Only a comparatively small part of the political news has concerned itself with the issues of the campaign. The main political news consists in forecasts of the results, straw votes, the strength of the parties in various parts of the country. Never before was the voter's intelligence insulted so much by asking him to vote for this candidate because he is sure of being elected, or not to vote for that candidate because he has no chance. There are, of course, many deluded voters who are afraid of losing their vote by voting for a losing candidate. Nothing could be more absurd than this idea. It would be just as reasonable to ask the student body to root for Notre Dame instead of Wisconsin because the probabilities are that Notre Dame will win, and that by rooting for Wisconsin they will be on the losing side.

If voters are to vote so as always to be on the winning side, then the voter in Wisconsin is foolish to vote for Coolidge, though he believe Coolidge to be the most competent candidate and though he agree with every doctrine of the Republican party. He must vote for LaFollette to be on the winning side. The voter in Pennsylvania must vote for Collidge, under this same reasoning even though he regard LaFollette as the highest type of statesman and his election essential to the welfare of the country. The poor voter in the South would be freed from the necessity of ever giving politics a single thought, for if he wants to be on the winning side all he needs to do is to vote the Democratic ticket straight.

The Democrats have tried to gather in votes from LaFollette's ranks by reasoning that LaFollette cannot be elected; a vote for him is a vote lost; a vote for Davis is a vote against the present administration. The Republicans have argued similarly, but with more telling

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effect, against the Democrats. The Republican strategy runs as follows: Davis can't be elected; the issue is between Coolidge and LaFollette; a vote for LaFollette is a vote for radicalism. The Progressives and the Democrats have both been on the defensive, forecasting victory, maintaining that their candidates can be elected. Neither party has attempted to state the simple truth—that even a vote for a candidate who is almost sure to lose is not a lost vote. In the long run it may have much more effect than a vote cast for the winning candidate.

The Republicans are much concerned over the possibility of a deadlock in the electoral college and the consequent election in Congress, where it is possible that almost any of the candidates could be elected. The possibility that the House may deadlock and the Senate in turn elect Mr. Bryan as Vice-President, who would, in the absence of a President, become President, is another bugaboo of the campaign. Recently the theorists in the matter have reasoned

it out that the lower House in Congress would probably elect Mr. Davis, since some Republicans would prefer him to Mr. Bryan, and vote for him in the House, seeing that their own candidate could not be elected. The Republicans have accordingly let up on the Bryan danger propaganda, and are appealing for Coolidge votes in order that the election may not be deadlocked in the electoral college. This is pictured as a serious menace. The truth is that our system of electing a President is antiquated and indefensible; it should be revised. It has already resulted in the minority candidate being placed in the White House on three occasions (twice Republicans). History may be repeated in this campaign, but that is not a valid reason why any voter who desires to vote for Davis or LaFollette should switch his vote to Coolidge in order that the defects of our system may be avoided. Some good might come from a deadlock in the electoral college. We might be able at last to do away with the obsolete method of electing the President.

Mulany '08 and Thatcher '93

(Continued from Page 5)

section gave the Varsity Toast again. The teams see-sawed around in the middle of the field. The Cardinal rooting section was out-yelling the whole Iowa bleachers by this time. The team seemed to take heart and fight better.

Then, about six minutes before the final whistle, when some of the townspeople had commenced to leave, the Varsity failed to gain and Messmer dropped back for a punt. He kicked a long low one, as he usually did, the safety man fumbled it and Biddy Rogers took it to his bosom and raced over for a touchdown. How the little band of rooters howled! Iowa was as silent as a grave. Somebody, Messmer probably, kicked goal, and we were one point in the lead—6 to 5.

They lined up again for the kickoff, a dejected Hawk Eye and a jubilant Cardinal eleven, and it wasn't long before Wisconsin had the ball. And with a few very hoarse cheers behind them they

commenced a march down the field. Iowa melted away at every smash and we were going through for three, five and ten yards every down and ready to score again when the final whistle blew. Iowa had given up when a one point margin was against them. Wisconsin had fought against odds, fought from under the greater part of the game, had come from behind and won.

Back in Madison, not many days afterward, I read the wonderful tribute "Mu" had paid to Wisconsin spirit in his celebrated editorial, "T h a t c h e r '93." Most of Mulany's fellow classmates, knowing his modesty, believed that Thatcher was a fictitious character, and that "Mu" had hidden his own enthusiastic idealism under that mantel. As a matter of fact, it wasn't just that way. Jimmy Thatcher was a real Wisconsin man. He is living in California today. He would have been at the famous game whether anyone had gone from Madison or not. But John Mulany carried the torch from the campus and stood as a student shoulder to shoulder with the old grad, and undoubtedly helped to win the day. And his spirited story of the

game in which he eliminated his own participation, was one of the most inspiring pieces of writing from an undergraduate pen.

John's whole hearted love of his Alma Mater was tempered by a sanity and a native wit which raised it above the impetuosity of youthful enthusiasm. I believe he did more than any other man of our time to keep the fine old Wisconsin spirit alive. This same spirit of never-give-up, Hold 'Em Wisconsin, I found in him when I spent a day and a night with him at Waukesha two years later and when he told me the physicians had said: "Mulany, you've got tuberculosis." He was "holding 'em" on the 20-yard line then. And a few months later a letter came from his home. He had been forced to give up work. He was close to the goal then but still holding 'em, like the son of Old Wisconsin he was. The next letter was from his family. The final whistle had blown. The Game of Life was over for John Mulany.

"Hail to Thee—we sing—Hail to Thee—"

Waiting

(Continued from Page 17)

It seemed that the wind had seen, for it did not blow now as violently as before. It blew gently, as if it were aware that the little boy lay helpless in its path. The whiteness stood miserably quiet, too. It seemed that all was aware of the innocence that had come to it. Then the wind must have forgotten. It blew hard, filling the air with flying snow----

But Bobby did not mind. The smile was still on his face. It seemed to harden and resemble the smile of a face moulded of clay. He remained perfectly still. There seemed to be no life. Then he moved his hands until they held again the white carnations, and with each breath he uttered a word, "Mother ---- don't ----you---- want----these ----pretty----white ---- carnations? --Mother.

To a Disciplinarian

No one more grim—. Then why beside Her eyes do laughing wrinkles ride, Unless they come in sleep and she Quaffs ale at some dream fireside.

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Mirror, Mirror, Tell Me True

(Continued from Page 7)

5.

THE LAWYER

Do you remember when I stood
On the steps of the law building
And razed the engineers across the hill?
My family thought I was going to be
As big a lawyer as Darrow.

I wore slacks and drove a car
And joined a good fraternity.
(Oh, I was a knave of hearts).

After seven years, I graduated
With a gentleman's grade.

I loved a little coed who looked like
Gloria Swanson.

But she ran off with a fool engineer.

M. E. H.

III.

It was only yesterday when we were in the library together working on our history topics, that Jimmie did something which brought out one of his most outstanding characteristics. We had prefaced our work with a little exchange of chatter and, then, remembering the sign on the library desk requesting silence, we took great care not to make undue noise in carrying on our conversation. We adhered to the rule of silence with great precision in spite of the fact that we were tempted to laugh uproariously at a number of things.

Then we turned to our studies, when suddenly there came from behind the library desk the noise of loud conversation. Giggling accompanied the talk. Much disconcerted, we cast appealing glances in the direction of the desk. Finally the noise increased, and my companion rose. At first I was surprised to see him march straight toward the desk. Then I was amused. On arriving there Jimmie seized the silence sign with much deliberation and turned it toward the librarians. Several of them came to see what he wanted, and in answer to their queries, he merely pointed to the sign, glowered at them, disregarding the respect due their age and sex, and then returned to his seat.

The librarians were flabbergasted; they hardly knew what to make of the situation; the nerve of the man. But that nerve got him what he wanted..

E. H. S.

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IV.

"I hated German," said the student. "The nouns got my goat. And the teacher I had, why, I couldn't bluff or sling the bull a TALL. And the class,—Lord, they were a bunch of dumb bunnies for fair. Well when the final came I thought I'd pass out cold, and it did nearly knock me for a row, but I hit it for a high flunk and kidded the old hen into lettin' me by. Lord, I hated German; so I took French. B'lieve me man, that's worse yet. When I starter buckin' on those irregulars thought I'd die. Why, I could 'uv crack-ed Fraser and Squair all night long and I'd never 'uv known anything about it. Then she shot us a quiz. I just naturally looked at the paper, put my name on the blue book and walked out. Thought that would bust me out o' school but it didn't. Managed to scrape through by gettin' a mean drag with a keen looking dame who sat next to me. And you know my eyes are strong. But I couldn't go any more French. Still, I had

to have some language. Every one said Spanish was a pipe. Didn't know what I or any one else of any sense would ever want of Spanish, but they all guff-ed around about the snap teachers in the course and about how they all rode the horses. It's the latest wrinkle in languages anyway. So last week I signed up for Spanish. Lord, I hate the stuff."

E. H. S.

A Sketch Of Life In Kvillsfors

(Continued from Page 15)

Fru Helstrom has received a silken scarf from her son, who is in Japan; and there is no end of admiring it and no end of questions. How much did it cost? It must be difficult to make one. Could Axel send more if he had the money? Among the men there is talk of potatoes, plows, horses, sheep, and the American farm machinery that is advertised in the papers. But on Christ-

mas morning, when the last, fading stars reflect the whiteness of the earth in the clear of heaven, the church is full of all manner of folk, from poor Per Henning to Simon Torben. And all along the Kvillsfors Road lies a stillness calm and deep.

Such is life at Kvillsfors, Smaland, where the tranquil face of earth inspires the inhabitation to content and unambitious peace, where the ancient genius of the Viking soul takes up the inglorious and wearisome task of subduing a stubborn, barren land, where courage comes from a patient long-suffering, where the ill-spent blood of wild Poltava's field was born, and where the glory of Lutzen found the hearts to hurl upon the soldiery who were trampling Sweden's king.

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