



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVII, Number 2 November 1917**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 1917

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

# *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine*

Volume XVII



Number 2

---

## The Poetry of Li Po

---By Shigeyoshi Obata

Cashed In

---

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TEN CENTS A COPY

November 1917

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

---

Here's to you Ernie Meyer  
and to your capable  
corps of co-workers

Your WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE is a  
credit to you; to the University of Wisconsin,  
and to the Democrat Printing Company.

---

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

VOLUME XVII

Madison, November, 1917

Number 2

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials .....	29
The Poetry of Li Po.....Shigeyoshi Obata	32
Cashed In .....	Bert Gill 34
Waste .....	Elsie Glueck 37
Verse .....	39
Tumbledown .....	Marjorie Kinnan
The Eyes of Youth.....V. S. Tener	
Blue Monday.....Emma England	40
Ephemera .....	Marjorie Kinnan 42
The Stylist .....	Elenore Kellogg 43
The Blue Balloon.....Janet Durrie	44
Game .....	Sylva Beyer 44
Books New and Old.....	48
A Narrative of Childhood.....E. M.	
Plays of Gods and Men.....M. K.	
A Student in Arms.....A. D.	
Pierre La Mott.....Ernest L. Meyer	52

THE whole Feise incident could be characterized by the single phrase—*it would be funny if it were not so sad*. The incident itself is so insignificant that it is hardly worth mentioning, but its consequences have made it a matter of national importance. The fact that Professor Feise's remark cannot be mentioned in public has given it a sense of mystery upon which sensational newspapers can prey.

Far be it from us to approve of Professor Feise's conduct. We may say, however, that while no gentleman would make such a remark in public, ninety-nine out of a hundred gentlemen make such and similar remarks in private, to friends, colleagues; and unless the latter be fossilized pedants or puritan skeletons, they accept them as jokes and the matter ends right there. Professor Feise's unpardonable offense is in the fact that he made this joke to a colleague who apparently had no sense of humor. This colleague reported the matter "higher up", where it was stamped as "offensive and scurrilous." The incident was then picked up by a local paper which gave it a political interpretation, and the bad joke thus became an act of political treason.

There was, however, nothing in Professor Feise's remark to imply such an interpretation. Professor

Feise's remark was but a satire on a type of men who stamp their convictions and sympathies on a button. Similar satirical remarks have been made by thousands of gentlemen who don't like the idea of buttons, pins, ribbons, penants, or any sort of tag or stamp, quite irrespective of the purpose for which these may stand. Professor Feise's remark was nothing but a joke, he himself more than anyone else realizes that for a public statement it was improper. "My remarks were not meant to give offense. As must be expected under present circumstances, a strict interpretation was given to the words which were not meant to offend or to hurt," Professor Feise said to a reporter of the Wisconsin State Journal.

Professor Feise is an Associate Professor in German Literature. He came to the University as an instructor in 1908, and his rapid promotion was the result of his meritorious service. He is one of the keenest interpreters of modern drama; he is an artist as well as a scholar; he has done a great deal toward the promotion of literary and dramatic interests among students, and extended his educational influence beyond the walls of the classroom.

As a member of the department of German in an American University he helped to spread among American students the German ideals of Democracy, which, until the beginning of the world war, were the foremost enemy of Prussian militarism and Autocracy—ideals which will eventually unite the democratic, liberty-loving people of America with the democratic liberty-loving people of Germany against their common enemies, commercialism and junkerism. In his interpretation of German life and ideals Professor Feise helped to discriminate between the German military clique and the German people, a discrimination which formed the basic principle of President Wilson's declaration of war against the German government.

As a students' literary publication, the Wisconsin Literary Magazine has felt and appreciated Professor Feise's services to the University. The Wisconsin Literary Magazine could never have been what it is without the moral support of a very limited number of

professors from various departments,—and Professor Feise is one of them. We therefore wish to express our deepest regret for the entire incident.

Professor Feise's resignation is now in the hands of the board of Regents. We sincerely hope that the members of the Board of Regents whose primary qualification for their responsible administrative position is a sound business sense, will show enough sound judgment to call a bad joke—a *bad joke*. To discourage further tendencies to such joking, and by way of suggestion that any man may wear a tag or button if he wants to, quite irrespective of Professor Feise's likes or dislikes, Professor Feise should bear punishment for his remark. While under ordinary circumstances a formal apology would be sufficient, now, in view of the present, political situation, Professor Feise should be granted a leave of absence up to the end of the semester, or even up to the end of the academic year.

The United States has always been a peace-loving nation, unprepared to meet a sudden military emergency. Our war with Germany has brought forward many problems which never confronted us before. In coping with these problems a sense of proportion is of foremost importance. We sincerely hope that the Board of Regents will show this sense of proportion in dealing with the Feise case.

**N**EXT in ungentlemanliness to the act of the man who reported Professor Feise's joke to the authorities, comes the editorial on the Feise case in the *Wisconsin State Journal* of Oct. 30. We must admit that we had expected something of this sort from the *Wisconsin State Journal*, but we must also admit that this time our expectations were by far surpassed. It was a shameless exhibition of all the vices of yellow journalism. It was a mob-stirring editorial, a call for race hatred. Writing of this sort has been used by the Russian police to incite the Poles against the Jews; by the South to incite the whites against the blacks. It was a disgraceful demonstration of disregard for the reading public of which no clean, self-respecting publication should be capable.

In the heat of battle, at the moment of hysteria which comes inevitably when a small town paper gets another chance to save its nation, to say nothing of the *World's Democracy*, singlehanded, such a savior of mankind is liable to lose its reason. This is precisely what happened to the *Wisconsin State Journal* on October 30, 1917. It magnified to the n—th degree not only the offense but also the responsibility, so that in its editorial columns Professor Feise's unfortunate joke became nothing less than an obvious plot of the University of Wisconsin to spread Prussian propaganda

in America. According to the editorial, the guileless administrators of the University, who have been asleep at the switch, have violated the trust which two and a half millions people of the State of Wisconsin have placed on them, by not checking the growth of the German Department. The growth and expansion of the Department of German in the University is obvious Prussian propaganda.

This accusation is first of all a grave insult to students and professors who have shown their loyalty and true patriotism to our country in more than one way. The moment war against Germany was declared by our government about one thousand male students (or about one-third of the total number of male students) dropped their studies to enlist in the various forms of government service. We have sent to the officers' Training Camps about three hundred students, most of whom are now acting lieutenants. Many students have enlisted with the National Guards and the Red Cross, besides the ones who were drafted as regulars. Our professors have expressed their moral support to President Wilson at a time when he was in need of it. Ever since the declaration of war they have kept the students and the American public at large informed about our political situation. Their spoken and written words spread all over the country. Many of them have entered into the various branches of regular war service. To maintain in view of above, that the University has not only been unpatriotic, but has been the seat of German propaganda is an *obvious, malicious falsehood*.

In attacking the Department of German the *Wisconsin State Journal* overlooked the fact that since our University is a Commonwealth University it represents the commonwealth; and that the expansion of our department of German is just as representative of the foreign interests of our commonwealth as the expansion of our department of Agriculture is representative of our economic interests. It overlooked the fact that we are a composite nation, and that one and a half millions of Wisconsin taxpayers, out of the two and a half millions in whose name the *Wisconsin State Journal* always likes to speak, are of German descent, so that when it comes to the selection of a foreign language, most Wisconsin students naturally prefer German to French, Hebrew, Norwegian, or Sanskrit. As a result of the war the demand for German has decreased considerably this academic year. Whether this decrease will be permanent or only temporary remains to be seen. But to curb this demand for German by force, as the *Wisconsin State Journal* indirectly suggests, would be undemocratic. It would be a direct violation of the will of the majority of the two and a half millions of taxpayers, whose mouthpiece the Wis-

consin State Journal claims to be. It would be a direct violation of the students' privilege of "selective studies".

We need not look for any more logic in an hysterical war scream. The Wisconsin State Journal would have the Board of Regents reduce the University to an incubator of soap-box-patriots. The administration and faculty of the University insist on having it what it always has been,—a seat of learning. "But we are at war with Germany", shouts the Wisconsin State Journal in ten point type. We know it; and we have made and shall continue to make our sacrifices in professors and students for the necessary destructive war work. But the University, that part of it which stays here, is not a destructive force but a constructive; it fights with the word not with the sword, and takes little heed of shrieks of hysteria.

IN THE issue of January, 1917, the Wisconsin Literary Magazine published a letter from Mr. Theodore M. Hammond, member of the Board of Regents. Mr. Hammond in a good-natured manner admonished the editors for their destructive criticism of the University. In a reply to Mr. Hammond in the same issue of the Lit, we pointed out that he had somewhat overestimated our destructive power, nevertheless, we realized the truth which underlay Mr. Hammond's caution, and it has been a strong factor in determining our editorial policy. It is in view of that admonition that we now wish to express our indignation at the attitude of one of the members of the Board of Visitors toward the University.

Mr. Richard Lloyd-Jones has not only kept up a policy of destructive criticism toward the University, but avails himself of the least opportunity to misrepresent its aims and ideals, to stain and besmirch its character in the eyes of the people of Wisconsin and of the people of America at large. Little insignificant incidents in the life of the University, such as are apt to come up in the life of any community, and which common sense and good breeding require that one pretend not to notice, Mr. Jones magnifies in the editorial columns of his Wisconsin State Journal and presents to its reading public as spectacular news. Mr. Jones does not hesitate to feed the public on such sensations at the expense of the reputation of our University.

Mr. Jones' destructive criticism has been detrimental to the University. It not only discredits the work of those who devoted their lives to it, but is often, indirectly, a hindrance to the academic and individual freedom of professors, which is the fundamental condition for their productive work.

As students of the University of Wisconsin, who have a sense of pride in our Alma Mater, we condemn

such an attitude on the part of a member of the Board of Visitors.

Whatever Mr. Jones' motives for his attitude may be, its results are bad. We hold Mr. Jones' treatment of the Feise incident has been a case of vicious exaggeration. It aimed at stirring up a feeling against Professor Feise before the matter was given a hearing before the Board of Regents. It stamped the University of Wisconsin as pro-German.

We hold that the Board of Visitors should discourage such an attitude on the part of one of its members.

—P. A. A.

WHAT is the "new poetry?" What is the *raison d'être* of the "imagist school," the "spectra school," and all the other offshoots of the *vers libre* bush? Have these new literary apostles a definite, constructive message, or are they merely cramming a novelty-seeking public with unique rubbish?

These and similar questions have been discussed so often that for each new school of verse we have forty new views, and for each new view forty new critics, so that the whole problem has become so snarled up that it approaches in hopelessness of solution the famous query "how old is Ann?" We need more light, and if we are to be prevented from chucking up the whole matter and going back to Wordsworth in desperation, we need it quickly.

On a date this month to be announced, Alfred Kreymborg will speak under the auspices of the Lit on "What Others Means To Me." Mr. Kreymborg is editor of the anthology of new verse, *Others*, and is author of *Mushrooms*. Frankly, we consider many of the selections included in the anthology so uniquely good that we would like to hear them read; and several other selections so uniquely atrocious that we would like to hear them defended. This, we hope, Mr. Kreymborg will undertake to do.

In bringing the "new verse" controversy into the light of calm and authoritative discussion, the "Lit" hopes to accomplish one primary aim. We would like to make this discussion determine our readers' attitude toward the new poetry—that is, determine whether they shall turn to it as a source of emotional stimulus and intellectual interest, or read it only in despondent moments when one wishes to commit literary hari kari and doesn't care a hang what is going to happen next.

—E. L. M.

#### EDITORS

PHILIP A. ADLER  
MARJORIE KINNAN

AGNES DURRIE  
ERNEST L. MEYER

# The Poetry of Li Po

AT THE early dawn of Medieval Europe China had reached the noontide of her civilization. Indeed, three hundred years of the Tan dynasty beginning with the 7th century mark the most brilliant period of culture and refinement unsurpassed in all the annals of the Middle Kingdom. And the greatest of all the artistic attainments of the Chinese during this period was in literature, and particularly in poetry. There were no dramatists; no romancers; but only poets—and poets there were galore.

"In this age," remarks a native critic, "whoever was a man, was a poet." And this is not satire. "The Anthology of Tan Dynasty" consists of nine hundred books and contains more than forty-eight thousand and nine hundred poems, by no less than two thousand and three hundred poets. Moreover, since this collection was compiled as late as in the eighteenth century by order of a Manchu emperor it represents only the meagre crop of the field that had undergone the reckless ravages of time for fully a thousand years. Imagine, then, the vast efflorescence of what must have been veritably a tropic jungle of poetry!

Now, one might not consider it a distinction to be counted among these poets when the list is so large; but to be picked out as the greatest of them all—as the leader of this colossal army of immortals, is certainly a singular distinction and honor. This honor falls on our poet, Li Po. He, by unanimous consent, is the greatest poet of Tan, and of China of all times. "He is the lofty peak of the Tei," proclaims his admirer, "towering above ten thousand mountains and hills of the empire; he is the sun, in whose presence million stars of heaven lose their scintillating splendor." Without attempting to describe the tempestuous career of the poet, it may be well to note the fact that Li Po was born somewhere about 700 and died in 762 A. D.—that is, he lived and wrote at the time of Cynewulf, or one hundred years before the famous Oath of Strassburg was taken—a fact as startling as it is enlightening to those who have never suspected that when the modern European languages were still in the embryonic state and on the tongues of their barbaric forefathers amid the turmoil of the Dark Age, there on the other side of the world were Li Po and his race of cultured men indulging in the art of versification and composing poems of finished form and beauty.

In offering a few specimens from Li Po, I make apology both to his deathless spirit and to the reader by frankly admitting the inadequacy of these English versions which are neither transcriptions of the forms nor literal translations of the words of the original

poems. I have entirely abandoned the Chinese metrical schemes, and have often paraphrased or omitted those obscure allusions and phraseologies of the Oriental lore; and have striven chiefly to preserve what little I could gather of the high exotic, somewhat elusive beauty there is in the hieroglyphic lines of Li Po.

*If economy in words is the first principle of poetic art, Li Po illustrates it in a masterly fashion. The following poem is originally, a quatrain, of which each line consists of only five words, or five syllables, all Chinese words being monosyllabic.*

## NOCTURNE

Blue water . . . . a clear moon . . . .  
In the moonlight the white herons are flying . . . .  
Listen! Do you hear the girls who gather water chestnuts?  
They are going home in the night, singing.

## TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND

Blue mountains lie beyond the north wall;  
Round the city's eastern side flows the white water.  
Here we part, friend, once forever.  
You go ten thousand miles, drifting away  
Like an unrooted water-grass.  
Oh, the floating clouds and the thoughts of a wanderer!  
Oh, the sunset and the longing of an old friend!  
We ride away from each other, waving our hands,  
While our horses neigh softly, softly . . . .

## TO HIS WIFE ON HIS DEPARTURE

Gold on the staircases, and like the Kingfisher's wings  
Sparkle the towers, of the house where I shall be.  
But the thought of you, my dear, who will stand alone  
By the ancient gate and weep,  
Will make me sit awake at night by the lonely lamplight,  
And watch the dying moon of dawn.  
And all my tears shall flow as I journey on to the west.

## ON HEARING THE FLUTE

A wandering exile, I came away to Long Beach;  
I gazed toward home, beyond the horizon,  
Toward the city of Chang Au,  
I heard someone in the Yellow Crane House,  
Playing on the sweet bamboo flute . . . .  
The Tune of "the Falling Plum Flowers" . . . .  
It was May in the water-side city.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS

Naked I lie in the green forest of summer . . . .  
Too lazy to wave my white feathered fan,  
I hang my cap on a crag,  
And bare my head to the wind that comes,  
Blowing through the pine trees.

## THE SOLITUDE OF NIGHT

It was at a wine party—  
 I lay in a drowse, knowing it not;  
 The blown flowers fell and filled my lap.  
 When I arose, still drunken,  
 The birds had all gone to their nests,  
 And there remained but few of my comrades . . .  
 I went along the river alone in the moonlight.

## AWAKENING ON A SPRING EVENING

Life is an immense dream. Why toil?  
 Let me drowse with wine all day long. . .  
 Awakening, I gaze upon the garden trees,  
 And—hark!—a bird is singing among the flowers.  
 Pray, what season may this be?  
 Ah, the songster's a mango-bird, singing to the passing wind.  
 Already the spring is going.  
 I muse, and muse myself to sadness.  
 Once more I pour my wine, and singing aloud,  
 Await the bright moonrise.  
 My song is ended—  
 What troubled my soul the moment past?  
 I remember not.

Wen Su

*Emperor Wen-su with his favorite queen, Yan Kue Fei, held a great feast in the imperial garden, where the gorgeous tree-peonies were in full bloom. Li Po was summoned to compose poems for the happy occasion. The poet, when brought to the imperial presence, was found too drunk for the task; and they poured cold water on his face, whereupon he gained the control of his genius and wrote some of his most impassioned songs, of which here are two in praise of the voluptuous beauty of Yan Kue Fei. The Mountain of Many Jewels is the abode of the fairy queen, Se Wang Mo; The Palace of Crystal is another such fabled home of beautiful spirits.*

## QUEEN YAN KUE FEI

## I

The glory of trailing clouds is in her garments,  
 And the radiance of a flower on her face.  
 O heavenly apparition, found only far above  
 On the top of the Mountain of Many Jewels,  
 Or in the fairy Palace of Crystal when the moon is up!  
 Yet I see her here in the earth's garden—  
 The spring wind softly sweeps the balustrade,  
 And the dewdrops glisten thickly . . .

## II

O radiant flower and flowery Queen, rejoicing  
 And the Emperor watching them ever with a smile!  
 She stands, leaning against the balustrade  
 Of Ching Hon Ting—the Pavilion of Spices—  
 Vanquished are the endless longings of love  
 Borne on the wind of spring  
 Borne into the heart on the wind of spring.

*Lady Chin was queen to Emperor Wu-te, of Han, but she lost his favor and was left in the neglectful solitude of the Long Gate Palace to pine alone. Later, "the Sorrow of the Long Gate" became a stock phrase in the imperial harem of China, and also furnished a theme to many a poet, including Li Po.*

## THE SORROW OF THE LONG GATE

## I

The Northern Dipper has turned round in the sky,  
 And now hangs over the West Tower.  
 At the Golden House there are none  
 Save the fireflies sailing the gloom.  
 Let not the moonlight fall  
 Into the Palace of Long Gate  
 And deepen still more the sorrow of one in the secret bower!

## II

The glad spring goes unattended  
 At the laurel bower where sorrow is long;  
 But on the four walls of gold  
 The autumn dust clings like grief;  
 And night holds the bright mirror up the emerald sky  
 For the lonely one in the Palace of Long Gate.

## A WIFE'S LETTER

I would play, plucking flowers by the gate;  
 My hair scarce covered my forehead, then.  
 You would come, riding on your bamboo horse;  
 And loiter about the bench with green plums for toys.  
 So we both dwelt in Chang Kang Town,  
 We were two children, suspecting nothing.

At fourteen I became your wife,  
 And so bashful that I could never bare my face to you,  
 But turned my head timidly toward the dark wall;  
 You would call me ever so many times,  
 And I could not reply once.

At fifteen I was able for the first time to compose my eyebrows,  
 And beg you to love till we were dust and ashes.  
 You always kept the faith of Wei-sheng,  
 Who waited under the bridge, faithful unto death.  
 So I never knew I was to climb the Wan Foo Hill  
 And wait for you these many days.

I am sixteen now, and you are gone on a long journey,  
 Traveling beyond the Khei Tang Gorge  
 Where the giant rocks heap up the swift river  
 And the rapids are passable only in May.  
 Did you hear the monkeys wailing up on the skyey height of  
 the crags?

Do you know your foot-marks by our gate are no longer new,  
 But each and everyone is filled with green mosses?

The mosses are too deep for me to sweep away;  
 And already in the autumn wind dry leaves are falling fast;  
 The yellow butterflies of October,  
 Flutter in the grass of the west garden—  
 My heart aches at seeing them . . .  
 I sit sorrowing alone, and alas!  
 The vermilion of my face is fading.



*Finally we come to one of the most admired and most difficult poems of Li Po, certain portions being vague as they are beautiful. The Chinese critics say that this was written at the time of the Ang Luh Shang uprising, when the emperor fled to the western province of Shuh, to which course Li Po was opposed; but being in no position to declare his opinion openly, he voiced it thus in verse covertly. The poet hints at the double dangers for the emperor in leaving his capitol city to the mutineers who are tigers and serpents, as well as in trusting himself in the hands of the strangers of Shuh, who might prove wolves and leopards, while for the most part he dwells on the difficulty of the journey by the Road to Shuh, the description of which is remarkably vivid and forceful.*

### THE STEEP ROAD TO SHUH

Alas! how precipitous!—alas, how high!  
The road to Shuh is more difficult to climb than to climb the steep blue heaven,  
In the remotest time—yea, forty-eight milleniums ago—that land was founded.  
Yet from the wall of the Middle Kingdom runs no highway thither—no highway linking human dwellings;  
Only a lone precipitous path—the bird way—was built, leading westward toward the evening star,  
And trailing across the foreheads of the Go Mei mountains.  
And how many strong men died in the building of it!  
The earth sunk and the mountains crumbled.  
At last there was a road of many ladders and bridges hooked together in the air.  
Lo, the road mark high above where the six dragons circle the sun!  
Lo, the stream far below that, winding forth and winding back, breaks into foam!  
The yellow cranes could not fly over these mountain-tops;  
And the monkies wail, unable to leap over these gorges.  
How the green mud-path turns round and round!—there are nine turns to each hundred steps.  
The traveler must climb into the very realm of stars, and gasp for breath;  
Then, draw a long sigh, his hands on his breast.

Oh, why go you west, I pray. And when will you return?  
I fear for you. You cannot clamber over these jutting rocks.  
You shall see nothing by day but the birds, plaining bitterly on the aged trees, the female following the male in their flight;  
You shall hear no voice but the cuckoos, calling in the moonlight by night, calling mournfully in the desolate mountains.

The Road to Shuh is more difficult to climb than to climb the steep blue heaven.

A mere story of it makes the youth's red face grow pale.

The lofty peaks shoot up cloudward in rows. If one foot higher, they would touch the heaven.

The dead pine trees cling to the cliff, hanging headmost over the abyss.

The sparkling cascades and the spurting torrents vie with one another to make the bellowing din.

Anon, a giant boulder tumbles from the crag-head; a thousand mountain walls resound like thunder.

Oh, wayfarers from afar, why do you come hither on this direful road?

The gate of Shuh stand firm on its frightful height.

One man defending it, a thousand men could not break it open.

And the keepers of the gate are not of your kin.

They might turn, I fear, to wolves and leopards.

Fleeing at morn before the savage tigers,

Fleeing at eve before the huge serpents,

Men are killed and cut up like hemp,

While the beasts whet their fangs and sip the blood.

Though many pleasures there may be in the Brocade City of Shuh,

It were better for you to come home quickly.

The Road to Shuh is more difficult to climb than to climb the steep blue heaven,

I shrug my shoulders and heave a long sigh—gazing into the west.

—SHIGEYOSHI OBATA.

## Cashed In

SLEEP, I tell you, is a saporific. That means the more you sleep, the more you want to sleep. Thinka all the hours you waste in sleeping; you're not satisfied with being dead after you've croaked, but you play dead damn near half your life. The only really good thing about sleep is the pleasant feeling that comes just before you drop off—Hey, Tony! Careful with that box of jars—and its mate that comes just before you're quite awake. That means that more than half your sleep is just habit. Thomas Edison sleeps only four hours. Lookit him. All great men sleep only a little. I only get about five hours; lookit me!"

His looks were hardly an argument for anything. His pepper-and-salt pants were more pepper than salt; his old tan oxfords were broken and crooked, and showed a hole in his sock. His cap was old and greasy

and tough, and his face was dirty and unshaven. His left eye was faintly black and blue, his nose was broad and broken, his cheek-bones were high and wide apart, his temples were near together, and the back of his neck had been shaved a week ago. He wore a college sweater with the numerals 1920. His eyes were blue and hard, fighter's eyes, but his ears were large and out-standing, quitter's ears. He had a thick-lipped, moist mouth, and he used it continually. He could check pieces of freight, give orders to his gang of truckers, joke with his loader, and philosophize concerning sleep, all in a breath. He sat on a big dry-goods box in a freight car, and bossed his gang with the generous tyranny that characterizes Young America when it gets a little authority and five dollars more a month.

"Here Jim, you warped old apple-tree, lemme give

you a lift. What the hell you tryin' to do, lift the floor?" He jumped from his seat and helped Jim raise a barrel of whiskey with his truck.

"When I wuz younger, Ben, I could lift anything I could get a hand-hold on," said Jim.

Jim Cox had been a strong man. Now he was tall and thin and stooped. He was dressed as any laborer is dressed who has a laborer's wife, in neatly patched overalls and jumper, resoled shoes, and a shapeless old felt hat. He was the complete antithesis of his young boss, Ben.

As far as he could be seen, Jim was recognizable by his walk. He had a loose-jointed shamble, and he threw his right leg farther than he did his left. In his baggy blue overalls, which flapped and waved with every step, his legs resembled nothing so much as those of an elephant shuffling and wrinkling along, and seeming too flexible to support its massive body. Not that Jim's body was massive. He was thin and wiry; one of those light, stoop shouldered men that resemble stunted, misshapen trees which seem strong for their very defects. Jim was over six feet tall when he straightened up, which happened only after a heavy lift and was accompanied by a groan and a pressure of the thumbs into the small of his back. His arms were abnormally long and he had huge hands. His hands, indeed, gave one a more reliable account of him than did his face. His face expressed nothing but weakness. Watery blue eyes, a thin long nose, a receding chin, and a slit of a mouth were what one saw under his old gray hat; there was no expression. But his hands were different. They spoke and they told the story of his life. The palms were shell-like. He had worked in lumber-camps, on farms, on the docks, on construction work; he had worked everywhere that an unskilled laborer may work. Each job had inscribed its record on Jim's hands. There were white scars of knife cuts, the end of one finger had been lost in a saw-mill, a defective crow-bar had broken and left him a stiff joint, half a nail had been taken off by a dropping box. The big bones spoke of strength, and the loose wrinkled skin on the backs of his hands told of its gradual departure. Now he was trucking freight for the "C. & N. W."; rheumatism made him unfit for any labor but the plodding, steady wheeling of a truck. He was like a prize-fighter who has been at the top, but who is reduced to fighting third-rate pugilists for a living. Jim had fought all his life with Work, and Work was gradually winning the battle. This work was the central fact of his life. He had had a mother, but now she was only an incident; he had a wife, and she, also, was only an incident. Work was Jim's step-mother. Work was his virago of a wife. He endured Work because he could imagine doing nothing else.

In return he got two dollars a day on which to support a family.

To Ben Heffelberger, the checker, Jim's boss, everything was a joke, including work and himself. He laughed his way through the world in the utmost freedom; in his own words 'there weren't no strings on him.' During most of his life, his mother had been a widow; to Ben she was something like an overcoat, useful but not essential, like a sweet-heart or a sweater. She never had been able to control him. When he was sixteen, he ran away from high-school, "bummed" about the Middle West for six months, and his frantic mother finally found him fighting cheap preliminary boxing-matches in Kansas City. "Gettin' knocked out," he said, "in the middle of the second round is about the easiest way I know of gettin' ten bucks." He came back home with his mother, and started high-school again. He didn't stay with his mother long, but he stayed in high-school until, after three tries, he completed the work of the senior year. When he walked across the stage to receive his diploma, his mother wept with joy, and the woman with whom he happened at the time to be living, clapped her hands vigorously. He celebrated his twenty-first birthday by falling ill; it was a complete nervous break-down. To reward his mother for nursing him through it, he started University work (on her money, of course), and to insure his complete recovery he went to school and lived cleanly for a year. Then he found another fascinating little female fool, and plunged into an inferno of riotous living. He couldn't get enough money from his mother to gamble away, so he went to work as a freight checker. He was a most interesting human specimen. He played the piano by ear, and tried constantly to write a popular song.

Jim came into the car with an empty truck, stood while it was loaded, and wheeled it out again as monotonously as a mechanical device. While he was standing waiting, Ben talked to him about sleep. Jim had said tersely that eight hours sleep was absolutely necessary to a working man; he said no more, while Ben talked to him during their loading-up periods on the wastefulness of sleeping, finally adducing himself as an example of sleeplessness, and demanding to know why the hell eight hours sleep was needed! Then Jim made his second statement and ended the argument.

"Becuz my wife says so."

In between his jerky arguments with Jim, Ben "kidded" the other truckers and sang his latest composition. One of the kidded truckers was Tony Pappajohn.

"Pappajohn," said Ben. "Ho, Ho! Why ain't you named like a human being?"

"Those was my familee name."

"Well, it's a bum name."

"What I can do?"

"Here, I'll tell you. I got too much name. Heffel-berger, see, Heffel—berger. I'll split it fifty-fifty with you. I'll be Heffel, and you be Berger. See? Get me, Berger?"

"Sure," said the grinning Greek.

Always after that Ben insisted that he was Heffel, and that the Greek was Berger, and he talked the boss into changing the names on his pay roll.

Ben's gang moved freight for a month tranquilly. Ben owed another "sport" forty dollars, and he had to work until it was paid. It was necessary, of course, for Jim to work every day; two dollars less than usual in his check might mean a discontinuance of credit at the grocer's, and for that reason Jim was the most careful man on the job. In spite of this care, however, no other man was hurt as often as was Jim. He was stiff and slow, and his judgment of distance was poor. Almost every day he got a slight injury. In unloading rolls of wire he tore his hands, he slipped on the iron gangways and skinned his knees, he laid hold of dry-goods boxes and got slivers under his nails, and once he opened a freight-car and was knocked out by a rolling nail-keg; every day he suffered some little injury, but he never complained. Although he swore mechanically every time he was hurt he never seemed angry, and although his injury was very often caused indirectly by a fellow-workman, he never seemed to feel that anyone was to blame. He was spiritless; he took his injuries as a peddler's horse takes its beatings.

One day there was a great stir among the men; trucks were left standing while the men ran to the freight platform to see and to advise. Old Jim Cox had gone down under a barrel of paint, and his leg was broken. Ben elbowed his way through the crowd of sweating, staring, grimy draymen, laborers, and trainmen, and saw Jim. He lay on his back on the hot boards; his pale, drawn face was shaded from the July sun by his hat which Tony "Berger" held; he was conscious, he did not seem in pain; he was the only man there who was not sweating. The ambulance rushed up. The ambulance attendants asked help, and Ben and Berger tried to ease Jim's way to the ambulance. The minute they picked him up, Jim groaned and broke out into a profuse sweat; his face was wet, and little streams ran down his wrinkled, leathery neck, and disappeared under the collar of his shirt. In the effort to be as steady as a rock, Berger trembled and jerked Jim's broken leg. Jim opened his eyes, darted a wild look at him, and whispered fiercely "God damn—!" Then he fainted. It was the first time that Jim had cursed in real anger.

They took him to the hospital. Ben called on him

after Jim had been there a week. Jim was moody and his lips were locked, but he seemed grateful to Ben for the call. There was a look in his eyes as though he had something to say and couldn't think of the words. When Ben called a second time, the look had been replaced by an expression of pain, but to Ben's questions Jim and the nurse both replied that the leg was "doin' fine". To cheer him up Ben sang his latest rag-time song; he had written the words and music, and he guaranteed his song to be 'damn good'. In a nasal tone, with funny motions of his eyebrows, Ben sang:

"While strolling through the crazy-house  
One Sunday afternoon,  
I met the guy that made this song.  
He surely was a loon.  
He said, "I want to sleep,  
Give me some toast I beg.  
I love to sleep upon some toast  
For I'm a scrambled egg."

Jim did not even smile.

Ben called again about a month after the accident. Jim was slowly recovering. Ben asked him how much longer he would be there, and was told that in another month Jim could go to work. Ben asked him about his family. Jim's weak face took on a fierce, sad expression. He said:

"Olsen (the grocer) wouldn't give the woman no more credit 'n so she had to go to work. She got a job scrubbin' in the Capitol. She alwus did have a weak back, and the work didn't help it more. The two kids have ben runnin' wild 'n she's alwus worrin' about the lake. If I don't get well purty soon, the whole damn bus'ness'll go to hell, 'n when I do get well I can only work so long. Ev'ry year the rheumatiz slows me up, 'n now I'm only good fer a coupla years, 'n the kids ain't but seven and ten. What'll they do? They're like me; they ain't got no brains. Anyway they can't go to school. They'll have to labor all their lives, like I done. I ain't got nothin' fer it, 'n they won't get nothin' fer it, 'n *their* kids won't get nothin' fer it, 'n it's the same with my brother, 'n my wife's brother, 'n all of us. I betcha there's a million laborin' men that's in the same fix I'm in, 'n what in hell did it tuh me? That damn ol' paint bar'l, that's what! 'N if I don't—" Jim's voice rose, his eyes were glazed and glaring, and he trembled in every limb. The nurse came and ushered Ben out.

During the long quiet hours in bed, Jim had evidently been thinking. It was probably the first time in his life that he had had the chance to reflect. What he had said to Ben was the result of whole days of thought, and without knowing it or caring he had out-

lined an epic tragedy. A million Jim Coxes! It is too terrible; it is overwhelming. Yet there they are, a small part of the burden of woe that this old earth carries, and has carried and will carry to the end of time.

Jim got well and came back to work in Ben's gang. He could do nothing else. He was still the most cautious man on the job, but he still got a little hurt almost every day. But now there was a difference in him. Whenever he skinned his knuckles in a tight place he cursed vindictively, and kicked the box that skinned them; when a fellow workman let the crowbar slip, and a heavy dynamo fell and almost jerked Jim's shoulder out of joint, he yelled curses and showed fight, an unheard of thing. Once he lost a box from a truckload of groceries, and the load tumbled onto his heels; he gritted his teeth, and kicked to pieces a big pasteboard box of corn-meal. He tried to return an injury to whatever hurt him. He took to chewing tobacco, which he had said before he went to the hospital that he could not afford.

A week after Jim's return, Ben went up to the foreman, and said, "Say, boss, I'm tired of these old birds; I can't even enjoy kidding Berger. I need a change of air. Besides there's a skirt in Milwaukee needs me to hold her yarn while she knits. So send in fer my time, see." Ben got his "time," twenty-five dollars. After he had paid some of his debts, he had five dollars left. He decided that he didn't like the girl in Milwaukee, so he "breezed off" to Chicago. He didn't know what he was going to do; he hasn't returned yet. Before he left he said to Jim:

"I like you pretty well, Jim, so I'm going to give you some good advice; plant it in your dome, and let it grow to seed. Get away from here. Tuh hell with yer wife and kids. Beat it! The world's wide, and there ain't really no strings on yuh. A rollin' stone, you know, is worth two in the bush. Come on!"

Jim stared at him and shook hands.

Every day Jim grew thinner, tenser, more alive. His hands trembled a little and he developed a nervous habit of smoothing his eyebrows; he ran the tips of his

fingers along them slowly as though he were trying to lay in order each scraggy hair. But his eyes changed most. Instead of being watery and wavering under lazy lids, they were wide-open and set.

A week after Ben had gone, Jim was hurt. He was helping unload a carload of merchandise from Chicago. It consisted mainly of small packages of groceries and clothes from Sears, Roebuck & Co. Jim was loading his truck when suddenly a pile of the little boxes fell down around his legs. They barked his shins, and made him rage. His eyes blazed, his knees trembled, he could not speak. Outside the boss yelled for help to lift a corn-sheller into a car, and the gang ran to help him. No one noticed Jim's absence. It was near six o'clock, everyone was anxious to quit, and the corn-sheller provided at least half-an-hour's work. It was finally loaded and the gang started to close doors for the night. Jim was supposed to help Berger, so Tony went looking for him.

He was found in the car they had been working. He lay just inside the door. Broken bits of glass, little nails, thin boards, pieces of paper, clothes, and odds and ends of groceries surrounded him; Berger slipped on a box of raisins in his hurry to reach Jim. His clothes were torn and soiled, his face was black with dirt, and streaked with blood; there was a strong smell of vanilla flavoring in the car. Berger raised Jim's head, and called his name; his hands moved and Berger saw that one of them was forced into half of a broken glass jar, and that he was bleeding to death at the wrist.

"Jim!" Berger called again.

Jim's eyes half-opened; he twitched his feet. Then he shook once, like a wet dog, and lay still. Only his head moved; it rolled slowly sideways. As it rolled his expression changed. Life had drawn Jim under itself and crushed him in spite of his crazy struggles, like a monstrous machine which catches the loose end of a garment and slowly but inexorably crushes out the wearer. Jim lay dead; his face was set in a brown-tusked, tortured mask of futile hate.

—BERT GILL.

## Waste

AT EXACTLY half past seven every morning in the working year, the butler knocked at his door. At half past eight he and the Governor—if he were in town—started for the office. He usually lunched alone, except when one or two of his college friends dropped in. And then he went back again home for dinner unless Nina took it into her head to drag him off to some tea or matinee or other fool thing. And so the year went; the old man kept everyone to

his policy of hard work until the summer season, and then Frederick Updike—he bitterly quoted to himself the newspaper phrase "heir to the Updike millions"—regularly and systematically bolted and went off into the woods alone for three or four weeks.

But even that was gone now, he reflected bitterly, as he sat at his desk trying in vain to concentrate on the points of law in the case of Dunn vs. American Steel Company. He had spoiled it for himself—that girl

at Glen Rock with whom he had nearly run off—thrown up everything and gone to—what did it matter? it would have been better than this. But there was Nina, he really was fond of her—and that was a rarity in his class. Her wistfulness, her softness, her pretty tricks—he had really married her for love. But now she was like the rest—no children, nothing.

What right had he to complain, anyhow? Wasn't he glad there were no children? He knew the curse of being a rich man's son. Had he ever really tried to cut away? Those splurges in the Socialist Club at college had been only talk. He had brains enough to see through the old man's methods—what a shrewd crafty badger he was—but not courage enough to steer for himself.

His father's unmistakable knock stopped his disjointed reveries. Richard looked up at him when he entered and that feeling of admiration, well spiced with hate, came over him again. How he envied the pater, his determination, his brain, his courage, even though these were all credited to the account of an oppressive capitalism. How he hated him for the shrewdness which had made him a member of every philanthropic and "publicly minded" association in the city.

"Fired Miss Little; got a new stenographer; quick as a steel trap, and pretty, too. Interested in law. Half Miss Little's price. Of course I shall do my best to help her." Mr. Updike, senior, made this last remark in his kindest, most matter of fact tone. That "helping" note again. But it was no use pitting his will against that of his father. And to pay a girl half the wages Miss Little had received! How in Hades could they live on it?

"Try her out yourself," the old man threw at him before he left.

Two days later Richard rang for the new stenographer. She was pretty—and oh, so wholesome looking! Richard caught himself smiling after she had left and could find no reason for it. And after that he rang for her every day. She was so quick and efficient and she always left him with the feeling of hopefulness. "Opium" he told himself laughing. She reminded him a little of the wild young thing of last summer—but no, she had a quiet determination along with her enthusiasm that the other had lacked. He wanted to know more about her. He meant to ask the pater, but the pater "beat him to it," for about two weeks after Miss Young's arrival the old man related her wonders at the dinner table, with a view to showing his fine judgment in stenographers.

"An interesting young thing. Too high and mighty, too much froth, but she'll come down. Miss French tells me she's an ardent suffragist—so am I—and a Socialist. Wants to study law in order to help humanity.

She's going to evening school now. Good stunt; did it myself. I'd like to train her, though. She's good material, and after she's taken down a peg or two, she'll fit in fine. And we can fix that, too, because she's in need of the cash; glad to get anything, I guess. Frederick, my son, you see what she'll be in six months."

Frederick knew and writhed. She would be a splendid machine, used to the old man's growlings, looking up to him in conventional wonder as "a splendid man—one of the foremost thinkers in politics." She would type; perhaps later help in the preparation of cases like Dunn vs American Steel without banging the papers down as she had done the other day. She would lose that breath of the open; she'd stop humming to herself when she thought no one was around. He had a sudden feeling of desperation—he must save her. And then he laughed. What rotten melodrama! He save any one else?

"What an opportunity for her!" said Nina sweetly.

Richard got up from the table with a laugh.

The next day Miss Young announced to him that Mr. Updike, Sr., would need her for his work exclusively.

"I'm sorry" he said involuntarily.

"So am I, but I am glad of the opportunity to get to know Mr. Updike himself." Nina's words sounded strange on her lips.

Richard wondered what she meant. Was she one of those "first hand investigators?" He decided she wasn't. Did she believe in the old man? He couldn't get himself to believe that.

"You're a Socialist, aren't you?" he asked. "Tell me all about it—why you are and what you do and so on."

He had never spoken to her before except to say good morning and to give her dictation, and there seemed no occasion for the subject. He noted her look of surprise. But she answered cheerfully and frankly, "Come to our meetings—find out for yourself." And then she must have been struck with the humor of the thought, for she laughed. He told himself afterwards he did look like a spineless creature.

And so he was to lose her—his daily dose of optimism. He wondered if he could stand on his own feet now. It came to him in a flash then; she was helping him stand on his feet; he needed her and he wanted her. No, he wasn't in love with her—yet. But he wanted to be pals with her. He wondered what Nina would think of that. He wanted her to tell him about her scheme for remaking the universe—she must have one; he wanted to hear her laugh, and then

(Continued on page 46)

## LITTLE GREY TOWN OF TUMBLEDOWN

O little grey town of Tumbledown,  
 You lie by a river of great renown—  
 A river that's ever a-rolling and rumbling,  
 A river that's ever a-twisting and tumbling,  
 Rushing away to find the sea,  
 Running to kiss eternity—  
 A river that sings of storm in the hills,  
 Of wind in the pines, and the clatter of mills,  
 Singing of cities of loud-voiced renown—  
 Past the little grey village of Tumbledown.

O little grey town of Tumbledown,  
 Sleeping like poppy-dreams over the down,  
 Whence came the stillness that broods by your doors,  
 Whence came the breath of death over the moors,  
 Whence came the low, grey mist  
 Sprinkled with amethyst,  
 Veiling your tired old breast,  
 Sealing your lips with rest—  
 Whence did they come?  
 Did they come when weary Time settled down  
 In the little grey village of Tumbledown?

In the sad little town of Tumbledown  
 Weary Time halted and settled down—  
 Ivy and mosses grow over grey homes,  
 And hushed old grey gardens are teeming with  
     gnomes,  
 And phoebe-birds whimper at dawn in the trees—  
 And the golden, mad river whips past with the breeze,  
 Yearning for palaces, jesters and kings,  
 For glittering, colorful, frolicsome things—  
 Too hungry for loud life and sunlit renown  
 To pause by grey, sorrowful, old Tumbledown.

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

## THE EYES OF YOUTH.

Great cities surging to the life of iron progress,  
 Steamer lines to pirate seas, or wealth of many lands,  
 Sunset and bloodshed, and swift escape on storm-  
     wings  
 Are not the dreams of youth in the silence of the sands.

Thrilling exaltation that embraces all eternity,  
 The calm and tragic sadness of the ancient avatars,  
 Vagueness and vastness, and dark and purple mys-  
     tery—

Leave him alone, man, he's conquering the stars!

—V. S. TENER.

## Blue Monday

HE IS here on time today," groaned Kassy when she saw her husband through the glass door of her kitchen. Hopefully she looked at herself in the mirror, but she frowned at the unattractive vision. With a rough and impatient push, she succeeded in covering an ungovernable tangled tress with her tousled morning cap, and hurriedly she fastened on a large clean apron to cover the splashes of soap suds, starch and bluing all over her pretty gingham dress.

"Oh, why could not the morning have been half an hour, a quarter of an hour longer?" she sighed.

Without the least sign of perturbation, she ran through the house to the front door to meet her husband. Edgar smiled beamingly at his wife and confided to her in his manly business-like manner, that he had made seventeen dollars that morning, and that he was as hungry as a bear.

"One bear hug to prove it, Edgar," coaxed Kassy happily, as lovingly she leaned her head on his shoulder.

She skipped down to the basement for a jar of spiced peaches and a glass of his favorite jelly to supplement the meagre meal she had had so little time to prepare. Her manner was exceptionally jovial throughout the lunch hour, and she succeeded in keeping her husband from remarking about her appearance, until she gave him sliced banana for dessert.

"Did you not promise me chocolate pudding?" he said slowly and firmly. "You have been doing the washing alone this morning. No, do not interrupt to tell me you would prefer to save the dollar toward paying for our home, than to give it to the washerwoman! Why do you antagonize me, wife, when I say I do not want that sort of help from you?" He pushed the bananas from him and rose from the table adding obstinately, "besides, I do not like to find you looking so frouzy, when I get home."

Kassy's lips trembled as she reached for his hand and replied penitently, "If Mrs. Kellar had not come to talk to me when I was hanging clothes, I would have had time to change my dress, and to make the pudding, too. I want to wash, Edgar. It is no more than doing my share."

Edgar saw it was useless to argue, and kissing his young wife's white, water-soaked fingers, which clung so tenderly to his own, he took his departure. It was the first time he had left her so unmercifully. She dropped her head in the shelter of her arms on the table, and indulged in tears of self-pity. Between sobs she told herself she was not appreciated. Her husband ought to know that she did not wash for the fun of it.

Her back ached and two of her knuckles were blistered. "Frouzy", was she? Oh, how could she bear it? How could she? Her resentment for her husband's behavior vanished at the sight of his empty chair. Such mottoes as, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath," "There can be no quarrel without a first quarrel." "No one knows what a day can bring forth," flitted through her mind. Poor, dear Edgar! How disappointed he was! He had told her not to wash. He had asked for chocolate pudding. How could she disregard his wishes so! He had all the reason in the world for being vexed! It was Mrs. Kellar's fault! Why couldn't middle-aged women like Mrs. Kellar know enough to stay away on wash day? Was woman ever blessed with so patient a husband as her's? He should have reprov'd her harshly. If she could only find a clever way to let him know how just and deserved she considered his reprimand. A happy thought came to her. She knew what she would do! She would prepare a good dinner; broiled steak and mushrooms, and caramel cake. Without removing the dishes or remnants of the lunch, from the table, she sped into the kitchen. She mixed the cake; and, though her wrists ached, she stirred it vigorously, beating time with a large wooden spoon as she sang, "It takes a little rain with the sunshine."

She brushed up the house with celerity and then flew upstairs for the little pink dress he liked so well. She would clean it, sponge and press it, yes, she would even shorten it. She would comb her hair in a knot on the top of her head, the way he thought most becoming, and she would wear her string of gold beads which was his first gift to her. Surely, all these efforts to please him, would pave the way towards a happy evening.

At four o'clock, she went across the street to Mrs. Kellar's, whom she generously forgave, to ask if she had cut her skirt even at the bottom. On her return, she found the following note from her husband:

"Kassy, do not bother getting dinner for me tonight. Mr. Black is in town to install the new officers of the lodge, and we shall eat at the Park. Do not wait for me tonight as I shall be out very late. Go to bed early and get a good rest. Edgar."

Wearily, she climbed upstairs to his room and saw that he had dressed. "Don't bother-getting-dinner-for-me" when she had planned on it with so much joy and anticipation. Evidently, he had not forgiven her. In despair, she dropped to her knees and rested her head on her husband's pillow, and told it how vainly she had planned. Her beautiful caramel cake would



not be fresh tomorrow. He would not know how hard she had worked all the afternoon just to make him see how truly sorry she was, and how all she desired was just to be worthy of him, and to make him happy. Why must she suffer so, when her intentions were good? Finally, another plan occurred to her. She would not give up so easily.

"How foolish I am! I shall sit up and wait for him. I disobeyed in two things, why not in a third?"

She attended to her toilet with unusual pride and care and slipped on the little dress she had freshened in the afternoon. Lovingly she patted the gold beads before she fastened them around her throat. She laughed with unrestrained joy as she surveyed herself from all angles in the large mirror.

"Quite a change, you 'frouzy' old washerwoman," she said, shaking her finger at her reflection in the mirror. "What a joke you will play on your grandest man."

At seven-thirty she went down stairs. It was not dignity, but fear of mussing her dress that kept her from sliding down the banister. She sat down to the piano. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her entire being was in harmony with the love songs she played and sang so whole-heartedly. Hark! Were those footsteps turning into her yard? Why, they sounded like Edgar's! He was coming home to her! Coming early! She darted to the door and would have swung it open—but the bell rang! Edgar never rang the bell. She staggered into the corner and drooped against the wall.

"Oh, God", she prayed, "I cannot stand another disappointment this day."

Listlessly, she opened the door. A handsome man, hat in hand, a box of flowers under his arm, and hand outstretched in cordial greeting, stood before her. How divinely handsome and gallant! She gasped in admiration.

"Good evening, Kassy. Aren't you glad to see me? It seems ages since I saw you!"

In amazement, Kassy gave him her hand and managed to mutter, "Why, Mr. Baker, of course, I am glad; but I'm so surprised. Will you come in?"

She hung his hat on a hook in the hall and led him toward the sitting-room, but on second thought, she turned to the left, to the formal reception room.

"Some red roses for you, Kassy," he said with elegant dignity and politeness. "I remembered you always liked them."

She offered him the most comfortable chair and excused herself to get a vase. She arranged the flowers gracefully, and artistically fastened a bud to her waist. Then she sat in the middle of the settee and stretched her arms until they rested on the sides of it. She made a pretty picture and she knew it.

"How fascinating you are, Kassy, you do not get any older. You appear tonight as you did five years ago in High School days. Weren't they jolly ones? Why, I remember the first time you wore that dress."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Baker. I think I also remember. It was the evening of the declamatory contest, was it not?"

"Never mind, Kassy, you cannot fool me, you had red roses that night, too—"

"Yes," Kassy interrupted, "One of them is pressed in my leather-bound copy of Burns on the page of his song:

'O, my luve is like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June:

'O, my luve is like the melodie

That's sweetly played in tune!"

"You've told me that before. But, to prove that in this case my memory is good, please allow me to go on with my story. It was one night we went canoeing. June sixth, nineteen-hundred-seven, the night I proposed to you. You need not giggle so, Kassy. I still consider that proposal the wisest thing I ever did."

"But you do not remember how vigorously you paddled, how you splashed water all over me, how you—"

"It was funny, was it, Kassy?" he interposed solemnly.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Baker, I did not mean to hurt your feelings. By way of reparation, let me say sincerely, that I have often been sorry I did not accept you that evening." There was mischief rather than pity in Kassy's eyes, as deliberately she walked slowly to the table, and hid her face in the red roses.

Mr. Baker arose and made a few quick steps toward her, but she skipped into the sitting-room. He followed and found her seated at the piano.

"Come, sing with me, as you used to," she said, smiling complacently.

He sat on the bench beside her.

"What were you playing when I came?"

"I do not remember."

"The doxology?"

"No."

"Yankee Doodle?"

"No!"

"Give me one more guess?"

"This one since you insist." Kassy pointed to a song still open on the piano, one at which he had been looking all the time. It was, "Love me and the world is mine."

They sang it together. He turned the pages and selected song after song.

"How time flies when hearts are lightsome," Mr. Baker ventured.



"Mercy me! It is nearly ten! Nearly my bedtime. Besides, you're crowding me off the bench." She slipped away, taking refuge behind a pedestal.

"Come back, Kassy," pleaded Mr. Baker sliding over to his half of the bench. "Let's sing, 'It takes a Little Rain With the Sunshine.' We have not sung that yet."

"No, no, not tonight. Truly, I cannot. But do you know what I should like to do, Mr. Baker?"

"Run for office of mayor of this burg, maybe?" His manner was sullen and he did not look at Kassy as he spoke. He was attempting to play, "It Takes a Little Rain With the Sunshine" with the index finger of his right hand.

"I should like to kiss your bald head!"

"Kassy", he exclaimed impatiently, as he jumped to his feet in an effort to catch her, but she had pirouetted through the dining room into the kitchen. Mr. Baker was very sensitive about his bald spot.

In a few minutes Kassy appeared in dainty, lace-trimmed cap and apron and asked very demurely:

"You like caramel cake, do you not, Mr. Baker?"

"About as much as you like red roses, you little minx. I knew you'd come back."

She pushed in the little reed tea-table and spread her fanciest lunch-cloth on it. Then she brought her prettiest china, her company silver, her cut glass tumblers, and her most treasured hand-painted cake plates. Mr. Baker deftly helped her arrange the plates and silver.

"You do that so becomingly. What an adorable husband you would make, Mr. Baker!"

"A perfect brute of a one, Kassy. It is my nature to abuse a mild disposition and to quarrel with an ungracious one. There is but one woman in the world who would put up with my erratic temperament."

"Oh, no, you must not say that. Do not talk so, or you will make me spill the coffee," she blurted nervously while a profuse blush spread over her countenance.

"This cake is a dream, Kassy."

"Well, yes. A bad one, when I stop to think about it."

"Can't you be serious? What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Do you like one lump or two?"

"Two please. No one makes coffee as well as you do, dear."

"Really, Mr. Baker, it is the cream that makes it good. I went 'way over to Peterson's after it."

"It is the coffee, Kassy."

"Very well, thank you. It is the coffee and the cream."

"It is the coffee regardless of the cream."

"Perhaps you mean that you want more?" She lifted his cup. "You persistent man, you are wrong. It is not the coffee. Well made coffee does not have grounds in the bottom of the cup. Let me read your fortune in them."

"No thank you, little gypsy, another day when I have been a better man. If you could tell the future without seeing the past, I might let you examine the grounds. Today, they would tell things of which I am ashamed. Just fill the cup, Kassy, and cover them quickly."

Kassy dropped the cup and drew back in terror. "Did you, did you, kill somebody?"

"Not exactly."

"Did you steal?"

"I robbed no one so much as myself."

"I know, Mr. Baker," and accusingly Kassy lifted the pickle dish. "You have eaten all the pickles, every one. You are in love! With someone who is not half good enough for you, perhaps. You are in love and do not want me to read it. But I don't care, Mr. Baker. I have a husband---the kindest, noblest, handsomest man that lives!"

At this enthusiastic outburst, Mr. Baker lost his dignity, and gave vent to a spasm of laughter!

"Oh, oh, Mr. Baker, what is the matter? Please don't take it that way, Mr. Baker," wailed Kassy in great alarm as she stood over him with a glass of cold water. "I have forgotten all my First Aid hints."

Mr. Baker waved his large white napkin in token of surrender and between violent manifestations of mirth, he managed to say,

"Wifie, I'll give up---and if you call me---Mr. Baker---another time tonight---I'll never---"

And Kassy Baker dared to kiss her husband's bald spot---the very center of it.

—EMMA ENGLAND.

## EPHEMERA.

Sometimes at twilight I hear a little sound---and I know that An Idea is just beyond me. It flutters around, tantalizing me; sometimes whistling in the radiator, sometimes counting time with the old clock on the mantel. Once I almost saw its shape in a sudden burst of flame in the open fire---once it floated off with the steam from a dish of sweet potatoes. I steal sleuth-like all over the house---pursuing it---but when I think I have found it, it runs laughing away, and I am left clutching my brother's new pajamas---baffled. I may never find it. But I shall know that it is always there---a little whimsic, motley creature with a kiss---or perhaps---a shower bath.

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

## The Stylist

HE WAS the most immaculate figure on the campus—carefully groomed, formally polite, and with a face that expressed nothing. His features were quite blank. There was nothing in his unmarked forehead; nothing in the eyes, which were like brown marbles; nothing in the line of the nose—nothing, that is, except a statuesque line. All was unilluminated, uninterested. Only his mouth showed fastidiousness and a hint of sensuality. He had fine, soft, weak lips.

The routine of his life was fixed: classes thru the early part of the day, a period of marking papers, and then a promenade around the town square. He was usually to be met with on that square between four and six o'clock, apparently never going anywhere or doing anything, always impeccably gotten up, and almost always alone. He never took any of the seductive byways of that little town but kept to the main streets, as tho this promenade brought back the cosmopolitan cities of his youth. He was far from those cities, and he was farther still in spirit from the groups of dowdy, leisurely, good-natured men and women whom he passed without noticing.

Sometimes he went with a group of the younger professors to a little Weinstube and they lingered over beer and sandwiches, talking politics or literature with animation. And sometimes there was a stiff, graceless tea or dinner given by some professor's wife, at which he held himself aloof and watched the inanities of the other guests with ruthless cynicism.

He had a few men friends—solitary spirits like himself—but women did not like him, altho he was young. They called him a tailor's model; the fact was that they felt something strange in him. They could have forgiven him almost any respectable fault provided that his heart was "in the right place." But his heart was never in the right place. He was always taking it out, and analyzing it, and usually mocking at it.

Perhaps it was that he saw both sides of everything too mercilessly, or that he had had too much opportunity for introspection. He saw the folly and futility of things so well, and he saw the folly and futility of his own moods. He had found irony to be the surest weapon against them and gradually irony became habitual with him. He had a corrosive mind—and his emotions were like little plants that have been cut to death with a diamond.

He was in a perpetual revolt against the business of academic drudgery, but his habit of mind would not let him revolt passionately. So he flashed out in cold, brilliant, stinging sentences. His pupils did not writh, —because he was above their grasp, but they felt un-

easy. One day he broke into the reading of an anecdote to talk about democracy and education. He told the class that under the regime of the feudal aristocracy only a few had been educated, but those few had possessed a fine, intensive culture. Now, he said, the ideal is to educate everybody, and everybody is educated—a little. He did not believe in intellectual democracy. "Everybody" is not fit for education. He ended up with Renan. . . His students looked at him uncomprehendingly.

He often spoke about their inability or refusal to think for themselves. And once he talked about their theological superstitions. . .

. . . There were times when he was almost tempted to come out into the open and expose himself to the currents of living. He was lonely, in spite of his scorn for a stupid world. And he, who understood so well, knew that without human contact he would dry up spiritually and harden until he became just a shrill, bright voice like a cricket. . . But the moment after such thoughts would come his old irony. Feeling was such insensate folly! He was not one of those cynics who guard a well of intense idealistic passion somewhere beneath their armor. There was no idealism in him, and no passion. . . And yet, he could have been wonderfully tender.

One time of year unnerved him. During the fragrant, whispering nights of late spring, when couples saunter, locked together and familiar pathways stir the blood, he knew unrest. A warm insidious something gnawed at his heart; stifled voices seemed to be urging him into the folly of living passionately. On these nights he grew terrified. If he were not careful, he would become heated and ridiculous—his ironic dominion over himself would be upset—the pattern of his life disturbed.

When the danger gripped him, he gathered his group of comrades and they hurried to the Weinstube before the demon got him. He drank more than he should have these times. After he had thoroly downed the pulling voices within him, he went home, triumphant. People often saw him late at night, striding along like a young Bacchus, his hair warm and rumped, his squirrel eyes strange, his blank features flushed unpleasantly—and wearing the look of one who has killed something. . .

The day after such a victory he came to class in a vinegar cynicism. His eyes were bloodshot and his voice unsteady, but his irony was surer than ever. The stylist had conquered.

ELENORE KELLOGG.

# The Blue Balloon

SCENE—*A bed room. There are jonquils and tube roses on the dresser and table. The chairs are cushioned with yellow chintz to match the curtain draperies. An old fashioned four poster bed to right, in which lies a young girl. A late afternoon sunlight floods the room and falls upon her white face. A nurse enters softly and goes to the side of the bed.*

Nurse: Would you like anything?

Girl (weakly): Nothing, thank you.

Nurse: Some water?

Girl: No.

Nurse: If you could sleep tonight you would be better. Are you still restless?

Girl: Yes; I think it is the smell of spring after yesterday's rain. Something inside me is squirming to be set free. I have a sort of nameless yearning for an unknown goal. Do you know what I mean?

Nurse: Yes, it is the calomel which has upset you. It will be gone soon.

(The Girl smiles wanly and does not reply.)

Girl (presently): Are the crocuses out yet?

Nurse: Yes, I think so. Try and be quiet now and go to sleep. If you want me, ring.

(She goes out. There is complete silence. Through the open window comes the smell of earth, the sweet, intangible odour of April. The Girl stirs restlessly and moves toward the window.)

Girl (sighing): I wish I could go to sleep!

(From under the bed creeps Sleepiness stifling a prodigious yawn. He wears a harlequin suit of black and white checks. In his hand he carries a quantity of bright colored balloons.)

Sleepiness: Well, why don't you?

Girl: May I?

Sleepiness: Of course. (He touches the balloons). These are dreams. Which one would you like?

Girl: (excitedly) O, please, the blue one!

(From out of the open window hops Wakefulness, joyfully. He is gaudy in red and white stripes). He hums:

And we'll buy a toy balloon,  
And we'll sail up to the moon,  
In the land of cherry blossoms,  
On an April afternoon.

Sleepiness (putting his finger over his mouth) Hush! She was almost asleep.

Wakefulness: Ah, but she isn't now!

Girl: Please go away! You make so much noise. I haven't really slept for nearly a week.

(Wakefulness dances around the bed, and folding his arms arrogantly, stands before her).

Wakefulness: That is because I have been doing my duty.

Sleepiness: (yawning) Go away, Wink! Can't you see the child is sick?

Wakefulness (sings):

"Oh, I will take her by the hand

And show her nature's wonderland."

Girl: But I don't want to see nature's wonderland. I would rather go with him. I want the blue dream balloon.

Sleepiness (speaking slowly and drowsily): You want the blue balloon, for out of its sphere the dreams come dancing right into your head, and they take you off a thousand miles, and you play with the dear little dream children there. Come, child, come!

(The Girl's eyes close and she lies perfectly still.)

Wakefulness: I'll show you pain and joy and sorrow. I'll give you a heart to love. I'll lead you through city and mart and through desert and mountain. I'll show you life.

(The Girl moves uneasily, but her eyes are still closed).

Sleepiness: I will show you the ghosts of dead souls and the spirit-world. The Infinite shall be yours. I will show you Eternity!

(The blue balloon floats from Sleepiness' hand out of the open window.

Wakefulness follows it singing softly:

And we'll buy a toy balloon,  
And we'll sail up to the moon  
In the land of . . .

(His voice trails away. The Girl's lips part in a smile. She is dead).

—JANET DURRIE.

## Game

THE doctor came out of the room and walked down the softly carpeted corridor to where big Jim Ferguson stood by the window looking out over the fields and hills. Jim turned,

"Well, Doc?"

"Half hour, Jim,—it's yours."

"She knows?"

"Yes."

Jim went to his wife's rooms. He closed the door softly after him and walked with a light, careless step, hands in his pockets, to where his wife half reclined in bed.

"Hello, Kid. How you feeling?"

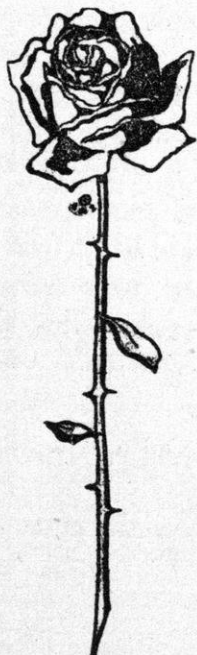
"Fine, Jim. Sit down?" She moved herself to

*"House of Fashions**and Individuality"*

## *The Shop that Caters to the College Miss*

We specialize in the wants of women's apparel exclusively. Here you will find only what fashion has approved of. Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses, Furs, Millinery, Underwear, Dress Accessories. Our prices are modest.

*We solicit Student patronage and charge accounts*  
*"On the Square"*



*We are at your service  
 with choice*

*Cut Flowers  
 Artistic  
 Corsage Work  
 and  
 Floral  
 Decorations*

*Rentschler Floral Company*

Store  
 226 STATE ST.  
 Phone 3877

Greenhouse  
 1301 WILLIAMSON ST.  
 Phone 179

## **Thanksgiving Trinkets**

Little odds and ends that will please the members of your Thanksgiving festive party. These little tokens, many of which make

### **ATTRACTIVE FAVORS**

Consist of dainty little novelties, lockets, medals, flags, fraternal emblems, book marks, rings, ornamental pieces made up in brass for the writing desk, including paper cutters, blotters, trays, etc.

You will find a variety of useful little tokens for the Thanksgiving party—just the thing, by the way, for the card party and many priced as low as \$1.00.

Come in and see these anyway and, incidentally, glance over our wonderful display of attractive Christmas gifts.

## **GAMM'S**

Only successor to W. J. Gamm

"The place where grandfather used to trade."

the side of the bed to make room. Jim stood over her, his hands dug fiercely in his pockets, without helping her. He sat down, crossed his knees and clasped his hands over them. He looked cheerfully into the 'Kid's' friendly eyes.

"Afraid, Kid?"  
"No," frankly, "just curious."  
They regarded each other smilingly.  
"What will I tell the devil for you, Jim?"  
"Tell him—tell him,"— breezily—"oh, Jane, you've always done the family honors. The moment will inspire you! Just as when old Judge Lewis came to offer his congratulations concerning that Dickinson vs. State affair. The duffer!"  
"Jim, suppose I'll meet him there?"

"Sure—he'll be perched on a stump, exhorting the scumscallions of Tartarus to come to the aid of the unprotected, robbed and murdered working-man, and at Christmas he'll be presenting the devil the Jewish bible, underlining its last three words—'get the money'."

"Cheer-up, Jim. He mayn't win the devil's partnership; Satan knows that you're still living. You've a chance."

"Maybe not, now that you'll get there ahead of me. - - - Jane, I've half a mind to go with you." He said it carelessly, but the eyes of both were full of understanding.

Jane said tenderly, "Sorry, Jim. There's the Yvonne Meyer trial coming off next month, and there will be many more Yvonne Meyers. You've got to take care of all my little boys on the farm, now. Say, Jim, you'll give 'em my love, won't you, and say 'good-bye?' I'll miss our Saturday afternoon ballgame, and the hikes with 'em. You won't give those up, will you? Its so good for them and you—"

Jim reached over and took her strong, capable hand in his big paw—

"Trust me, Kid."  
"I thought I'd tell you many things, but its no use—you know—'anyway.'"

He nodded understandingly. She lay back a few minutes a little exhausted. Then she looked at him full again.

"It's not the end."  
"No," he said positively; "how do you know?"  
"I can't say;—I feel it. There is something too big in you and something too big in me to die. And I love you too much."

His voice shook a little. "It's hard to let you go. We've done everything together.—I'll miss you."

Her eyes filled. "I know." She leaned back wearily. - - - "I will miss you." She lay for a long time with her eyes closed. Then from under her lashes she saw his face. Remorse filled her. She roused her-

self energetically, the last effort and light that marks the end. She held his two hands with hers and swung them gently.

He said, "We've got to play the game."  
"Yes,—you're the 'game kid' you remember, Jim. You'll take care of yourself, won't you? Hide that pipe from yourself—for me—when it gets to making a smoke-stack of you. Take some cough drops after a long and fiery plea,—and *don't* neglect your rubbers when it rains."  
"No, your scolding eyes would haunt me."  
They laughed lightly.  
"So-long, Jim."  
"So-long, Kid."  
He held the hands, until slowly they grew cold in his.

—SYLVA BEYER.

WASTE

(Continued from page 38)

he remembered how she had laughed when she had left the room.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed, and covered his face with his hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that when he saw her in the outer office he greeted her. But that was all; except on the night when he had gone to a great mass meeting and had seen her usher there, her eyes beaming as each new unkempt Italian or Jew or Irishman entered the hall. She had seen him and smiled encouragingly, but she was busy. And he knew in his heart that he cared not so much for Socialism himself, but for what he could get of its hopefulness—through her. He tried to tell himself it was all nonsense, but he knew it was better than the emptiness of vision he had. And another time he had gone to her "local." He had heard her defend the trusts and Mr. Updyke, Sr. They were wicked, yes, but they had brains, and foresight; what they lacked was vision. And the new generation would

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly. Yearly Subscription, Seventy-five Cents. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Madison, Wis. Publication office, Room 82, North Hall.

ADMINISTRATION

ERNEST L. MEYER, Managing Editor  
A. J. FEHRENBACH, Advertising Manager.  
LYMAN BEEMAN, Asso. Advertising Manager  
JOHN S. LINEN, Asst. Advertising Manager  
HAROLD J. BRYANT, Accountant  
JOHN S. KING, Circulation Manager

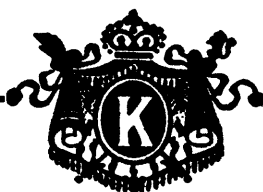
BUSINESS ASSISTANTS

MILDRED EVANS  
ELSA BARWIG

MAY CLARKE  
DOUGLAS SIMPSON



*It's That  
Something New*



**Kessenich's**

28 N. CARROLL ST.

NEAR STATE STREET

"A New Store With All New Merchandise"

*Dry Goods, Women's Apparel  
and Accessories*

*"Madame Flanders Blouses  
sold here exclusively"*

## **Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company**

Every student should carry life insurance.

You must regard your education as an asset.

That being so, isn't it good business to protect your asset?

In round figures your education represents an outlay of two thousand dollars.

For less than two and one-half per cent per year you can protect that outlay.

This agency—the only one that is maintained by any company exclusively for university men—has written more than half a million in the university district this year.

You need life insurance—you are more certain of getting it now than you are later in life and, moreover, you are getting it at less cost—you can get it in the largest preferred risk company in America—a Wisconsin company.

You are privileged to investigate this company and its contracts.  
Let me explain a Northwestern contract to you.

BILLY RICH, '10

University Agency Manager.

Commercial National Bank Building

Phone 885

**Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company**

supply that. Strange to say, Richard's heart had not fallen at that; he had caught her spirit of hope for a moment; yes, it was the new generation. But outside of those two escapades, he had seen nothing of her except as the possessor of a busy pair of hands over a typewriter.

He missed her daily visits to his office, but the very sight of her kept alive in him that inexplicable feeling that something would happen—something would change soon.

And it did. About three months later, he came in one morning to find her gone.

"What's happened to Miss Young?" he asked his father.

"Fired her—she kicked for a raise. I liked her pluck; enjoy a good fight. But she was too insistent. I told her what a splendid opportunity she had, but she didn't have sense enough to see it. I suppose I might have given it to her, but it would have been bad for the office—disorganized everything. So I fired her. She was a good stenographer, but her head was turned."

And so she was gone. What was she anyhow? Only an incident in the office. But he had cared for her. He wondered what sort of man he might have been if she—And what she might have been if she had been in his boots. Perhaps his father was right when he called her notions "youthful romantic rot, begotten of poverty, only to be smothered in success." Oh, but

he couldn't be right. There must be something of truth behind that look in her face. And he was glad she was gone—away from his father's influence.

As they sat there in his father's office, Miss French's unmistakable stage whisper cut in: "She had no training or refinement, I tell you. She said to Mr. Updike: 'You—you old hound. You want me to give that up for a job with you! When I think how you get around the public! You haven't hired my ideas, you know. I'm glad you suggested it, though. I should have gone before!' And her face! Just like one of those cheap dime novels. And I had thought she was a nice girl."

Richard smiled. Of course the old man wouldn't admit he had been worsted—for that matter, he rarely was.

"I am going back to finish that case," he announced.

And in his own office, he sat and wondered why he couldn't cut loose and say "I am going now—I should have gone before"—and go—go off with her. But who was she? Where was she? And what had she to do with him? She would go out; she wouldn't reconstruct the world, but she'd help make it a darned sight better place to live it. What was the use of it all for him? Perhaps another twenty years like this and then—and then—he would have settled into the rut.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed and covered his face with his hands.

—ELSIE GLUECK.

## Books: New and Old

### A NARRATIVE OF CHILDHOOD

In *A Country Child* (Century Co., N. Y.), Grant Showerman has given us a book of homely, boyish observation and philosophy, filled with all the sights and sounds and smells of a farming community of the middle west. Readers of Mr. Showerman's earlier volume, *A Country Chronicle*, are here given an opportunity to learn more of the history of Bug and Tip and Mary Jane, whose simple adventures form a narrative of peaceful rural life of a generation ago.

Mr. Showerman has avoided the snares which make dangerous the path of the author who attempts a story of retrospection. He neither strains youthful emotion to the point of sentimentality, nor does he affect the slang and mannerisms of style with which some authors of stories of childhood strive to make their work sound authentic. *A Country Child* rings true. Bug talks as a farmer's boy with a keen observation might be expected to talk—in simple, straightforward sentences that sometimes seem to tumble over one another, as if the boy were attempting to tell everything he knew in one breath. And the things he tells are the things he sees and hears and tastes, making of the whole a child's sense-impression of the great, strange world which surrounds him. Most of these things, taken by themselves, are trivial—just the sort of trivialities that loom large and important in the eyes of an urchin. Yet they are related with an unaffected zest that is contagious, and one

sees these commonplaces in a light that makes of them momentous occurrences. Bug's fishing expedition, his experience at the circus, his geography lessons with his father, hold one's interest as if he were undertaking the most stupendous of adventures.

This result is achieved largely through the quality of the prose, which is terse and simple without being jerky and barren. Although there is a marked absence of adjectives, the descriptions are singularly forceful. When Bug describes his sensations upon waking up in the morning, he says:

"I seem to be coming up a long, long way from somewhere out of something. I open my eyes and see the ceiling and the walls of the upstairs room. There are bars and patches of sunshine on them, and every now and then they move. I hear a flapping noise that makes me think of the curtain. Then I remember where I am. The curtain is what makes the light move."

—E. M.

### PLAYS OF GODS AND MEN

In "Plays of Gods and Men," (James W Luce Co.), we have Dunsany at his height. The only previous piece that compares with the plays of this volume is "The Gods of the Mountain." In the startling dramatist's latest collection we find his sense of the dramatic keenly developed, his rhythms perfected, his symbols powerful, and, best of all, a seemingly

Joseph M. Boyd, President  
 H. L. Russell, 1st Vice President  
 Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President  
 Chas. O'Neill, Cashier  
 H. C. Jandieson, Ass't Cashier  
 I. E. Backus, Ass't Cashier Branch Bank

## BANK OF WISCONSIN MADISON

Capital ----- \$300,000  
 Surplus ----- 60,000  
 Additional Liabilities of Stockholders --- 300,000

### Savings Department

Branch Bank Located Corner State, Broom and  
 West Gilman Streets

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent at Reasonable  
 Rates

## Athletic Goods

For all sports are here in  
 abundance

**BOXING GLOVES**

**FOOTBALLS**

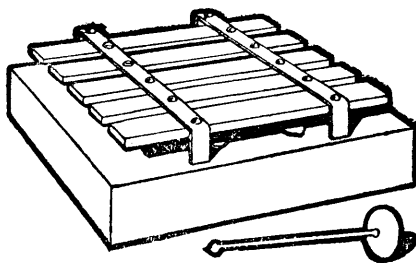
**BASKETBALLS**

And in fact all the para-  
 phernalia for every sport  
 you can think of.

Come in and give them  
 the "once over."

## THE CO-OP

Telephone 2720  
 508 State Street



## A Suggestion

It is not too early for Christmas shopping.  
 It is to your advantage to shop now, for assort-  
 ments are most complete.

Among our practical gift pieces are bud  
 vases, trays, lamps, candlesticks, bookblocks,  
 baskets, cedar chests and dinner chimes—prices  
 from 25 cents to any amount you care to in-  
 vest.

*Frautsehi Furniture*  
 219 KING ST.

## Alexander Kornhauser Company

*The Authoritative Style Store  
 of Madison*

A few of the numerous de-  
 signers whose models can be  
 seen in Madison only at this  
 store are:

Lady Duff Gordon dresses,  
 suits, blouses.

Hickson, tailored suits.

Betty Wales dresses for  
 College Girls.

Forsyth waists.



better realization of character. Many, especially his severer critics, have felt that his characters were merely types, or, more accurately, puppets run to suit the atmosphere and the plot. Agmar and Ulf stand out somewhat; Jim and Bill are memorable, though rather from the plot-novelty surrounding them than from any idiosyncrasies peculiar even to burglars. But in the "Plays of Gods and Men" are found several characters that stand alone, vital; and could play no part other than their own.

The Queen of "little fears" and later "one big fear", in "The Laughter of the Gods", stands out vividly. She is an individual whom one can never forget. Her King, who is imbued with the sense of the mysterious beauty of the orchid-laden jungle-city of Thek, is interesting, although practically the same man as the King in "The Tents of the Arabs." Both yearn to leave cities and thrones forever, to "dwell apart in a dear brown tent of our own," or to watch the sun go down over the purple orchids. The serpent-like Queen in "The Queen's Enemies" is another Lady Macbeth, although, to me, infinitely more subtle and distinctive as to method, and filled besides with the curious haunting charm of the woman of the East.

And the Toff! The Toff, who goes unflinchingly through the unspeakable "Night at an Inn"—he is a work of genius, with his keen, cryptic self-sufficiency, and his intuition—which could not foresee "the blooming god's" coming from India to England to recover his ruby eye. The "Night at an Inn" seems a literary off-shoot from "The Gods of the Mountain," but that does not spoil its effectiveness. It is, if anything, almost more impressive, for the doom stealing down on the rough Englishmen comes closer home than that descending on foreign beggars of a type not so well known to us. Green jade idols wreaking actual vengeance seem part of the atmosphere of the exotic Eastern drama; but to make a walking idol effective and chill-producing in England is consummate art—imagination become an aesthetic reality.

The collection, "Plays of Gods and Men," is worthy of representing Dunsany's power and charm of plot, climax, atmosphere, character and rhythmic style. It is his one volume that seems most sure of a fame outlasting the vogue accorded his works at present.

—M. K.

### A STUDENT IN ARMS

Donald Hankey private, N. C. O., and officer in the English army, killed Oct. 26, 1916, wrote "The Student in Arms" to show that men will gain spiritually from this war, that they will return from the war bigger than when they left home. He gives in a series of short sketches the effect of army life on the university man, on the cockney warrior, on the regular military man, on the clergy and on the average Englishman,—the bodily effect but more especially the mental effect. He shows himself an idealist and an optimist in that he believes that the effect is for the good.

It is the book of a man who has taken Christ for his ideal and has succeeded in realizing the spirit of Christ in his own life. He preaches no formal creeds; he emphasizes solely the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity and humility. Indeed he believes that the men in the army are actuated by these virtues even now. The beloved Captain is the idol of his men because of his unconscious humility; the cockney warrior is able to sacrifice his personality and put up

a brave fight without hating the Hun. He says, "The Boches is just like us, they wants to get 'ome as much as we do; but they can't 'elp theirsilves." The average Englishman goes thru a nervous struggle the first time under shell fire trying to keep up his courage, but after a fortnight as a section commander it suddenly struck him that he had forgotten to be afraid. "He had been so anxious for his section that he had never once thought of himself. With a feeling of utter astonishment he realized that he had stumbled on the very rock of courage—unselfishness."

Believing that Christianity is a way and not an explanation of life, Hankey will not satisfy men who have been plunged into philosophic despair over the whole question of war in the abstract. He will not satisfy men who want more than a practical working formula for everyday living. They may think that he preaches his Christian doctrine too insistently thru his pages but they cannot help but feel the spirit of the student and that he has won from his way of life a great vision and a great faith of which they know nothing.

Donald Hankey is a reformer as well as a preacher. He looks to a wider vision of national unity among the capitalist and labor classes after the war, "when the indignity of labor shall have been done away with." After attacking the clergy of England he suggests a mobilization of the church so that the majority of the younger clergy would be set free for combatant army service, not merely chaplain service. They would then "be able to link the doctrines of religion to the lives of men and to express them in language which no one could fail to understand." Army reform, clerical reform, hospital reform, leadership reform, all suggest themselves to his youthful, enthusiastic spirit.

Yet the sketches are not all propaganda editorials; some of them show the journalist's power of telling stories of battle in concise rapid narrative. Characters are merely suggested, but there are many pictures of trench life. We are shown Kitchener's new army in its rawness and enthusiasm, the new recruits as they come up against army discipline, and the types of leaders and privates. Finally we see the trained regiment as it marches thru the flowered meadows of France and Flanders and as it dies gloriously for the "honor of the brigade."

"A captain said a few words to his men during a halt. Some trenches had been lost. It was their brigade that had lost them. For the honor of the brigade, of the men of the new army, they must try to retake them. The men listened in silence, but their faces were set. They were content. The honor of the brigade demanded it. The Captain had said so and they trusted him. They set off again in single file. There was a cry. Someone had stopped a bullet. Don't look round, he will be looked after. It may be your turn next.

"They lay down behind a bank in a wood. Before them raged a storm. Bullets rained like hail. Shells shrieked thru the air, and burst in all directions. The storm raged without abatement. The whistle would blow, then the first platoon would advance in extended order. Half a minute later the second would go forward, followed at the same interval by the third and fourth. A man went into hysterics, a pitiable object. His neighbor regarded him with a sort of uncomprehending wonder. He was perfectly, fatuously cool. Something had stopped inside him."

—A. D.

## *Keeley-Neckerman Co*

MADISON'S BIGGEST AND BUSIEST STORE

11-17 North Pinckney Street

Phone 5000

Always ready with the largest and most  
complete stocks of

*Silks, Dress Goods, Household Linens,  
Rugs, Carpets, Draperies, Toilet Articles*

*Also the newest fashions in Women's and  
Misses' Suits, Coats, Gowns, Frocks, Blouses,  
Skirts, and all accessories of dress.*

PRICES ARE NOTABLY REASONABLE

### *Andelson Bros.*

19 W. Main Street  
"The House of Courtesy"

*The Women's and Misses'  
Ready-to-Wear Store*

The newest in Coats, Suits,  
Dresses, Blouses, Furs, Mil-  
linery, Sweaters, Under-  
wear, Corsets, Gloves, Hose,  
Etc., Etc.

*Chic Swagger Styles for  
the Co-ed*

## Milk Cream Ice Cream

- - Sold by - -

## Zilisch

Pure Milk Company

*The Dairy of Real  
Quality*

Telephone 979

## Pierre La Mott

THE POINT of an advance guard had met with the enemy's outposts. There had been a short, brisk fight in the mists of morning that clung to the field of brown stubble like a flimsy, blue veil. Then the shadowy forms of the advance guards had pressed onward into a forest of charred oaks; the mist and the blackened trunks hid them from view, and soon even the sharp staccato of their rifles dwindled away into a muffled patter and then . . . silence.

One member of the guard had been left behind, wounded. No one had seen him fall. When the mist lifted, and the sun hung a flaming ball in the gray sky, he was aroused by a sharp pain in his lungs and a thirst that seemed to shrivel his tongue. His uniform was drenched with dew and with blood. He had fallen next to a black hillock in the center of the stubble-field; the charred forest was fifty meters to his right; a small, abandoned village sixty meters to his left. A long way to the rear, in the masked pits behind the line of trenches, the guns had started their morning chant. They shook the air with a dull, monotonous throb, as if someone at a distance were unceasingly striking the low notes of a piano. The guard raised himself painfully on his elbow and listened. He brushed his hand across his eyes to dispel the shadow that seemed to float in front of them.

"Where is Pierre La Mott?"

The light wind, flapping the leaves that hung wetly from the branches of the dead trees, carried the words to his ears.

"Where is Pierre La Mott?" The question echoed in his mind and set memories stirring. "Where is he? What have they done to him? I knew him in La Charite, in the vineyards and forests of Nievre. There he worked with the reapers, and listened to the song of the evening angelus as the bell in the old gray church sang it. Then the war came. He went away. Where is Pierre?"

He looked at the bleached sky, the black, glistening tree trunks, the dreary stretch of field, as if seeking an answer. There was none; only the stirring leaves and the subdued drone of the distant cannon.

"He must be near," murmured the guard. "I will find Pierre."

He pushed himself forward on his knees, then arose unsteadily to his feet. At the motion, fresh blood poured from the wound in his side. He pressed his left hand over it, panting dryly as if he had run a great distance. He stooped again and picked up his rifle.

Bending nearly double, and dragging the gun, he walked heavily through the damp mud of the field in the direction of the village. The stock of the rifle hopped and bumped over stubble and stones, and left a wavering trail in the patches of black mud.

There were eight stone cottages with roofs blown in by shells, and bits of glass clinging to the shattered window frames. The street was cluttered with fragments of plaster and wood. There was no sign of life; no smoke curled upward from the broken chimney pots. A bedraggled gray hen blinked sleepily from her scooped-out bed in the center of the silent street.

The guard reached the first of the row of houses. The sun was now high and hot. The cannon still murmured sullenly. He stood in the roadway, listening, then lifted his head.

"Pierre!" he called. "Pierre La Mott!"

He meant it for a shout, but the words as they left his parched, swollen tongue, came in whispers. He listened again, but no answer came. The silence seemed to grow more intense, more oppressive.

"Pierre!" he whispered once more.

The gray hen clucked sleepily and fluttered her feathers.

The guard began to move onward. Suddenly he turned his head and saw, not three paces from him, a crouching, dark figure. Savage instincts, drilled into him by two years in the trenches, made him fling up his rifle. He raised it to his hips and fired. The wet hen flapped its wings and scuttled down the road, squawking shrilly. The rifle fell into the street, splashing mud over the guard's shoes.

"Jesus forgive me!" cried the guard, finding voice at last. "I have killed Pierre La Mott!"

His wound began bleeding afresh. He fell face downward, next to his rifle, and never stirred again. Twilight came. The wind went down. The low muttering of the cannon ceased, and all the world united in a majestic song of silence.

A detachment of dragoons found the body next morning. They turned it over, so that the face was exposed and the open eyes stared at the bleak sky.

"It is Pierre La Mott," said one of the dragoons.

Another filled his pipe, walked to the wall of the cottage and scratched his match not six inches from an imbedded bullet in the masonry, where, on the day before, the guard's shadow had fallen.

"Ho! The guns are singing again," he said, puffing contentedly.

—ERNEST L. MEYER.

**"We Fit the Mit"**

With Fine Dress or Walking

**Gloves**

**Homer de Pasquale '20**

Phone 797                      608 University Avenue

**H. G. KRONCKE HDW. CO.**

Wholesale Builders Hardware and Mechanics' Tools  
House Furnishings, Stoves and Ranges  
PHONE 1025

**H. E. PROUTY**

UP-TO-DATE SHOE REPAIRING  
634 STATE ST.              PHONE 5164

**Men of the University**

Follow precedent and  
make this your clothes  
home.

Why go elsewhere when  
names such as these are  
stamped on merchandise.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx  
suits & overcoats---Fownes  
Gloves---Vasser Underwear  
---Stetson & Borsalino Hats  
---Phoenix and Interwoven  
Hose---Manhattan Shirts.

*Olsen Verhusen & Co.*

By an arrangement with the editors of **The Dial** the **Wisconsin Literary Magazine** is able to make this

**LIMITED OFFER**

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine, one year	-----\$ .75
The Dial, nine months	-----2.25
Total	\$3.00

**Joint Subscription \$2.00**

The Dial is a fortnightly journal of literary criticism, discussion and information. It numbers among its contributors members of the University of Wisconsin faculty, including Professors Kallen, Otto and Thayer.

Subscriptions should be addressed to

**The Wisconsin Literary Magazine**  
Madison, Wisconsin

## Kennedy Dairy Co.

*Velvet Ice Cream*  
 "IT'S ALL CREAM"

618 University Ave.

Phone 778

—SAVE YOUR EYES—

### THE BEST LITTLE OPTICAL SHOP

Equipped with modern instruments for eye testing,  
 all the latest frames and mountings kept in stock.

**VICTOR S. MAURSETH**

Jeweler and Optometrist  
 521 STATE ST.

— SAVE YOUR EYES —

## Central Wisconsin Trust Co.

MADISON

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Testamentary  
 Trustee, Trustee under agreement, Guardian of  
 Estates of infants or incompetents; holds and in-  
 vests principal of estates of the living.

THESE ESTATES NET 5 PER CENT

OFFICERS:

L. M. Hanks, Prest.  
 Magnus Swenson, 1st V. Prest.  
 John Barnes, 2d V. Prest.  
 F. M. Brown, Treas.  
 B. J. Halligan, Secy.  
 T. R. Hefty, Asst. Secy.

E. SIMON

J. SIMON

## SIMON BROTHERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
 FRUITS AND GROCERIES

TWO STORES

TELEPHONES: 2040, 2041, 732

## The Everyman Library

How many of the 700 titles do you know?

At least it will pay you to find out what an ex-  
 cellent collection of books you can get at 50c.

We carry 1,000 volumes in stock.

**University Supply Association**

## KODAKS

With Autographic Backs

DRUGS, STATIONERY AND MAGAZINES

**SUMNER & CRAMTON**

636 State Street

**HERMAN SINGER**

THE STUDENTS'  
 BARBER SHOP

Right away next.

620 STATE ST.

## Herman Mack Quality Grocer

Fresh stock, prompt deliveries, consistent  
 prices and courteous service is the platform  
 upon which we seek to widen the scope of our  
 business.

Phone 7760 419 State St.

# GRAND THEATER

State Street

We  
Solicit  
Your Patronage

Boyd & Fichten's

Candy Shop

Packs the Candy

for France

Send it by November 15

Students (and others), visit  
our store at 24 N. Carroll St.  
and save money on your sup-  
plies.

**H. C. Netherwood Printing Co.**

PRINTING AND ENGRAVING  
PHONE 701

## The First National Bank

of Madison, Wisconsin

No. 144

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY  
and depository for postal savings  
CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS

**\$440,000**

Interest paid on savings

4% on Certificates of Deposit

Safe Deposit Boxes

Travelers' Cheques

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

A. E. PROUDFIT, Pres.

M. E. FULLER, Vice-Pres.

FRANK G. BROWN, Vice-Pres.

M. C. CLARKE, Cashier

E. B. STEENSLAND

F. W. HOYT

H. L. MOSELEY

J. B. RAMSAY

M. H. SATER, Asst. Cashier

### Points of Safety

The careful and conservative manner in which  
the affairs of this Company are always conducted,  
its large Capital and the strict supervision exercised  
over its affairs by the State Banking authorities, af-  
ford the most satisfactory assurance of safety for  
deposits.

Our officers will be pleased to have you call and  
consult them regarding our ability to be of service  
to you.

**The Savings Loan & Trust Company**

Capital and Surplus \$300,000

28 West Mifflin

Why do hundreds of  
students go out of  
their way to get

*Morgan's  
Malted Milk?*

They know!

Morgan's Students' Club  
State Street

**Baillie-Hedquist Co.**

The Neckwear House of Madison

Not Only

A

College Man's

Store

but

Madison's

Style Headquarters

Conklin & Sons  
Company

COAL, WOOD  
and MENDOTA  
LAKE ICE

Cement, Stucco, White Lime  
Hair and Sewer Pipe



Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin Street

Telephone No. 25

**"The Concert  
and other Studies"**

By R. D. Jameson

A volume of verse written by  
a University of Wisconsin Alum-  
nus and published in attractive  
form by the "Lit."

Copies may be had for sev-  
enty-five cents by calling at the  
"Lit" office, room 82, North  
Hall, or by writing to

The Wisconsin Literary  
Magazine

Madison,

Wisconsin

## Burdick & Murray Co.

### A wonderful grouping together of Fall and Winter Merchandise

The largest and most complete stocks we have ever offered.  
Ready-to-wear for Women, Misses and Children. Suits,  
Coats, Dresses, Furs, Blouses and Sweaters.

Daily arrivals of these lines enable us to offer at all times the newest  
creations from the best style centers.

Silks, Dress Materials and Trimmings are here in  
an abundance of styles. Silk hosiery to match your  
every costume.

### JUST PUBLISHED

## Wisconsin Sonnets

By Charles H. Winke

The variety of subject, excellent poetic treatment and high literary quality of these poems will make them of interest to lovers of good verse everywhere.

*"A well wrought sonnet, containing thought worthy of expression,"  
was the comment of The Literary Digest on reprinting one of them.*

The sonnets are on contemporary and miscellaneous themes, including several on Wisconsin subjects. All of them "deal with vital subjects in a big way." The book will be sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar.

**BADGER PUBLISHING COMPANY**

530 Oakland Ave.

Milwaukee, Wis.



# **Madison Bond Company**

**Victor H. Arnold, President**

---

**CAPITAL \$600,000**

---

**MUNICIPAL BONDS**

**PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS**

**\$10, \$25, \$100, \$500, \$1000 Denominations**

---

**Write for particulars how to invest  
\$10 and \$25 in 5% tax secured  
Coupon Bonds. Semi-annual interest**

**201-212 Gay Building**

**Madison, Wisconsin**