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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XVIII



Number 7

The Astonishing Elizabeth Dean

Non Compos Mentis?

The Blue Pencil

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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April, 1919

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Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII

Madison, April, 1919

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AT THE last meeting of our "Little Group of Serious Thinkers," namely the Lit Board, we decided quite unanimously in favor of one policy. In the matter of the League of Nations, labor troubles, strikes, and the Bolsheviki, we differ decidedly but in the matter of fashions we agree. So this editorial is to be about Spring Styles. Surely they are atrocious enough to deserve some attention. For presumably intelligent college girls, who have hopes of mounting the hill successfully, not to mention going on an occasional tramp, to wear skirts of the new width is an incongruity so bizarre as to be amusing. It is not at all a question of giving the public what it wants but rather of forcing on it what it does not want. A certain variety of style is desirable at reasonable intervals (not every season) but would that in style as in Greek art we might have variety within limit. Neither am I one of those unwilling to concede a degree of efficiency for the sake of art—but in the absence of art and the decided presence of awkwardness and grotesqueness—what to do? My suggestion is boycott such styles. It would take more

independence than to allow oneself to be a stumbling, or more likely tripping, puppet on the string of commercial greed; but perhaps the emancipation of women could begin more effectively with the feet than with the head. Who knows?

J. D.

A MONUMENT TO OUR A. E. F.

IN MOMENTS of great emotion, words are valueless as a means of expression. Likewise, it is impossible to make an adequate verbal expression of deep gratitude and genuine appreciation; consequently, a monument, in the accepted meaning of the word, to the American Expeditionary Forces, would fall far short of its purpose, and could not possibly mean all we intend it should. The men of our overseas forces have themselves erected a monument that is much more real and full of meaning than any material expression could ever be. An art gallery, a beautiful statue, a triumphal arch, a wonderful avenue; none of these could ever be an indication of our debt to them. Their monument if one of achievement, consisting of a prominent place in present and future history, the satisfaction of a job well done, and the everlasting gratitude of a thinking people. What a comparison between that monument and our contemplated pile of stones! There is no need for anything by which we may remember them; it is inconceivable that the wonderful work they have done will ever be forgotten. Abraham Lincoln's Memorial Address applies now as well as it did that day on the Gettysburg battlefield: "It is for us,—to carry on that great work which they have thus far so nobly advanced." The thing that will gratify them most is the realization that we have caught the spirit with which they fought in France, and that we intend to keep on advancing. Our work is cut out for us.

D. K.

THE conflict annually waged between the Freshman and Sophomore classes always raises a spirited protest from our friends the faculty. If one can judge from the expressed opinions of the

present classes in question, there has been no great distress caused to either side by the occasional battles which relieve the monotony of the university routine. The Sophomores object strenuously to the restriction of their privileges as aggressors, and the Freshmen content themselves with the thought of vengeance to be wrecked on the class of 1923.

The people of Madison seem rather amused than irritated by the whole business. Of course, it is annoying for a respectable landlady to be forced to gather up her skirts and defend with doubled fists the sanctity of her home, and she is justified in taking the matter up with the powers that be. On the whole, however, the chief opposition arises from the general direction of South Hall. Hazing is, indeed, a rather foolish proceeding, but within bounds it is harmless, and if those who are held sufferers from it are still happy in the thought of the future, who will deny their right to continue as such. It has seemed a farce for the judicial department of our Student Self-Government, so called, to try individual offenders among the Sophomore class when the majority of the class are equally guilty. Besides, a large part of the Freshmen toward the first of April diligently sought for trouble of a violent nature and if they succeeded in finding it, should share the blame for the quasi-deplorable results. The Court can hardly punish important and popular members of the two classes with-

out impending their position. I hardly think that they will attempt to do so. It is then manifestly unfair for them to be harsh with more insignificant culprits. In a case where hazing results in cruelty, in broken arms, or legs, or torture of any kind, we must deal with it rigorously, but as for the not ill-natured brawls in the street, and an occasional sociable lake-party, surely they are not of sufficient importance to arouse such a tumult, with resulting bad feeling, as has recently occurred.

L. W.

What to do about new styles in women's wear? It's important. One way to settle the question would be to allow certain hours for women to parade before men in the new styles. Then during other hours both sexes might pursue their several duties undistracted. This suggestion is based on no moral grounds; it has no ethical nor sociological taint. It is made purely in the interests of reconstruction efficiency.

EDITORS

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The Astonishing Elizabeth Dean

I EXPECTED Elizabeth Dean from Cleveland to visit me again, and I awaited her arrival at the station with the usual curious, mingled feeling of regret and delight and expectation. I had somewhat the same emotions I should imagine one has when one is shut up in a room with a dynamite bomb which may or may not go off; I was nervous, and yet I was interested. Elizabeth's train blew in, with what seemed to me an extra vociferation, as though it were a little conscious of the cyclonic contents it bore. I walked along, eyeing each window of the parlor car as it passed, thinking perhaps thereby to see my friend before she dismounted, when, much to my horror, I saw her little gray figure in its full, short skirt (she did not mind the fashions) leap off the train while it was still moving. By the time it had stopped, she had thrown her arms in a strangling grasp about my neck, squealing all the time with delight.

"Well, old roly-poly," she said, "Well, old, placid, old Pallal. ('Pallal' was short for Pal Alice) How is she anyhow?" And Elizabeth hugged me, then thrust me at arms length, then drew me to her again

with a force that knocked the breath out of me, until I felt like a puppet on a string. At last we started to move on. I was about to pick up her bag, when I noticed there was none.

"Let's see," she said meditating, "I must have come with one. O yes,—Guess I left it on the train." Just then the porter came towards us.

"This yours, Ma'am?" and Elizabeth took her bag with a casual nod.

"Not much in it, anyhow," she said.

When we were in the cab started for home, she turned to me. "Aren't you glad to see me, Pallal? You have hardly said a word!"

Now the truth is that I am very fond of Elizabeth, but it takes me some time to become adjusted to her violent methods, a day or so, so to speak, to become acclimated to her temperature.

"Yes, I'm *dee* lighted, my dear!" I said, "But stunned as always. You always take my breath away, figuratively speaking, as well as (gently patting my breathing apparatus), actually."

She laughed, and I must tell you about her laugh.

She opens her mouth wide, showing all of her teeth, which are very white and beautiful, and emits a hearty, Elizabethan (pardon!), Falstaffian roar which would be hoydenish were it not for its musical merry tones. I always have to laugh with her just because she laughs (though very often my New England conscience prods at me, for the girl has a most unmaidenly fashion of laughing in loud, clear tones at very quaint and questionable things if they happen to amuse her).

"Well, and *how* is John?" she demanded. "How is he? How is he,—how is he,—how is he! Tell me at *once!*"

"John is the same old brother he always was," I answered. "Rude and homely, but—"

"Nice!" she finished. "*Awfully* nice."

"Yes, John 'll pass, I suppose."

When the cab reached our home, and we got out, Elizabeth was in a pitifully excited frame of mind. She had no home; an unsympathetic stepmother, whom she rarely saw, was the only family she possessed, and most of her time was spent at school, where she taught history. You can imagine the feeling of the highly-strung, sensitive, nervous girl about to live once more, for a time, at least, in a home. Her happiness was real, and her emotions were keyed to the highest degree.

After I had paid the cabman, she ran ahead of me, tore up the steps of the house, opened the door, and throwing her arms theatrically apart shouted, "I'm here!" My mother took her into her arms, and said how greatly pleased she was to have her with us again, which proceeding, though it pleased Elizabeth immensely, embarrassed her beyond words. Then my brother John, who is very deliberate, came down from up-stairs.

"Well," he said, "who is it that is so noisy down here?" Elizabeth was at once at her ease. She chuckled, and danced around.

"Hullo, old smarty!" she said, punching him (which operation, I could see from mother's startled expression, did not coincide with her notions of how a young girl should greet a young man.)

"Hullo, D. P.! you young upstart." John answered. (D. P. stands for Discontented Poseuse, a term which John often applied to her when he thought her ideas became too high-flown). "Just as upstartish as ever, aren't you?"

"Speak for yourself." she said. "Anyhow, let it be understood from the beginning, young man, that I am a guest in this menage, and you are to treat me like one."

"Pish!" said John.

I finally succeeded in carrying Elizabeth off up to her room, where she refused to sit down, but walked

about like a nervous, excited little hen. She smoked one cigarette after another, and talked constantly. I listened without interrupting, knowing that there was an amount of information about people and events and books, accumulated since we had last seen each other, which she had to relieve herself of before either of us could be comfortable.

"I'm writing a book," she said, "Did you know it? It's name, it's *name*, my dear, (she took a pace about the room, coming to a stop dramatically before me)—is—*The City*."

"O?" said I, which when I was with her, was the best, and often the only response I could manage.

"Yes. I feel that *there* is room,—there is room, my dear, for imaginative expression. I'll trace the development of one city all through the Middle Ages, and so on down to the great industrial period of today—Great?" she said, arching her eyebrows. "I'm intending to work lots on it this vacation in your dear, lovely, quiet home, Pallal." Then suddenly her mood changed. She dashed at me, sitting in some trepidation on the edge of her bed, and plopped herself close beside me. "Awful crowded, isn't it?" she giggled—"O, Pallal, I've got the niftiest, grandest, most gorgeous new hat!—O, Lala! Wait till you see it. Only eight dollars! *What* do you know about it? And in these times, too. A bargain! Perfect bargain!"

"Well, Elizabeth," I suggested mildly, "It's almost dinner time. If you intend to be ready—" She jumped up, dumped her clothes out of her bag, and began immediately to undress. I left her still talking to anyone who might happen to be within hearing range.

"Yes, I'll be ready—one minute—Lightning isn't in it. Lightning—"

I went down stairs, sank into a chair, and thought, "Well, she's here. *Whew!*" I realized anew that I had to keep my eyes open and smooth down any ripples which might appear in the conversations between my family and Elizabeth. My old-fashioned mother, I knew, never could get used to her; and John was always telling the girl exactly what he thought about her, and her ideas, a thing which I very rarely dared to do. I usually let her run on until she was quite ready to stop, and all was forever well between us. But such were not John's tactics. Sure enough, the very first evening the waters were ruffled.

Dinner was ready, and Elizabeth came tripping down the stairs with a clean blouse on, her hair slicked back, and her face shining after its bath. (She always scorned powdering her nose).

"OOO—eee! See the nicy, nicy, white tablecloth!" she exclaimed, caressing it lightly.

John helped her with her chair. "Don't we have 'em in Cleveland?" he wondered.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but not like this."

The conversation went on as peacefully, as quietly as a June day, and I was just about to sit back relaxed, until the dessert arrived, when Elizabeth began to air her views about Russia.

"Russia," she said, "is a thrilling, grand, glorious nation."

"Yes?" said John, who followed the papers and periodicals regularly, and really knew as much as the average person could know about the country.

"Yes, I believe in her absolutely," continued Elizabeth. "She is unconscious, free,—ignorant perhaps, but she has the *will* to do well!"

"I think so, too," said John. That slight encouragement set her off like a fire-cracker. She warmed to her subject.

"Russia is like a child that is lost in the streets. She wants to return home, but she can't—she tries every possible way, and wanders and wanders and wanders, only to get further lost in the maze. But in her rests the *secret of the world*."

"O?" said John.

"Yes!" impressively. "I believe she has the key to the new world, and the new government, and the new way of thinking."

"The new way of thinking?" asked John, and I could see the cloud gathering in the distance.

"Yes. And the important thing about it is," (here she looked around the table to get the attention of all of us)—"that she is young. Youth!—It is youth we have to look to for the future of the world."

No one said anything. I asked conversationally if she wouldn't like to see "Doug" Fairbanks at the movie after dinner. She brushed my question aside and continued:

"Youth, youth! It is youth that has the will, and the energy, and the ideals."

"But," said John, "youth has not the experience."

"Experience, pooh!" replied Elizabeth.

"What good is experience? I tell you youth has the secret. It is the man or woman from eighteen to, say—about twenty-nine, who has the secret of world salvation."

"Do you mean to say," said John heatedly, "any person from thirty on is—"

"Well, perhaps not thirty," said Elizabeth, considering deeply, "But after a person is fifty, he is practically no good, because—"

"Buncome!" was John's simple response. "Never heard of such rot. Now you really are a D. P. Just talking."

I looked at Elizabeth. She was plainly hurt, and

angered. She had worked herself up in the way I had often seen, and had arrived at the pitch of really believing in her own sincerity. At that moment she was convinced that, for all practical purposes, a person over fifty was of no use. It is hard to tell, when she has wound herself up to such a state, when her honest beliefs end, and when the excitement and imagination of believing begin to take hold, and carry her beyond her true conviction.

After dinner we went up into her room where she drank her coffee, and had her cigarette.

"John," she said, "is a rude sort of person, Pallal. Why don't you teach him? You'd have some influence. Can't you do anything with him? If you really want to know, I think you are too lenient with your brother. Be strict with him—have some backbone! But he hasn't a very deep sort of mind, so I suppose you can't do much."

"No," I said soothingly, "John isn't very deep, and sometimes he is awfully abrupt." And then I changed the subject. At bed-time, she seemed quite affable and quieted. I tucked her in, and then went down to John.

"John," I said, "Do be more careful about what you say! The girl is so horribly high-strung and nervous."

"Golly! I know she is visiting us, and everything like that," said John, "but when she begins talking in that cock-sure, learned way about things she knows nothing of,—fresh little thing,—I can't stand it! Why, *think*, Alice, of striking off everybody from life just when he as begun really to know what is what!—'From eighteen to twenty-nine', she said. So good of her to make it twenty-nine!" he spat out sarcastically.

"Yes, I know, but John—"

"Well, can't you do something with her? You are her best friend, and ought to have a *little* influence. I should think; if you only weren't so lenient with her! You just let her run all over you. She is bright, and all that, but she isn't very deep. And she's so damned spoiled!"

"Never mind, John. Don't take her too seriously. Let's go to bed."

A week went by with no more trouble. John and she and I picnicked, and tramped, and danced, and went to the movies together; and if for some reason I could not play with Elizabeth, John and she went off without me. And quite often it happened so.

Then, one day, when I was studying in my room late in the afternoon, Elizabeth entered after a long tramp into the country with John. She lit her eternal cigarette, and stretched herself out on my bed. Nothing was said for a long while, and as it was such an unusual thing for her to be silent, I looked up ques-

tioningly. She lay relaxed, and there was a subdued expression on her face. All at once she sat up.

"Pallal, I want you to speak frankly to me—"

"Yes?" I questioned, wondering, as I always did with her, what was coming next.

"I want you to tell me what you truly think of your brother, John."

"O, well," I said, "you know—I—"

"I mean, Al, try to think of him impersonally, as one outside your family, as if you were sizing him up, never having seen him before. Impersonally, you understand."

"Why," I said, (and what a dull innocent I was then, as I look back!) "he is quiet, sort of slow, and homely. I never will get used to his hair, even though he is my brother. But he can't help it, poor old fellow. You know when he was a little boy—"

"Yes, but Al," she interrupted seriously, "don't you feel that there is something awfully unusual about him?—I mean, don't you know, he's not like everyone."

"John?" I asked surprised. "Why, he seems to me a most normal sort of person; grouchy sometimes, lazy often—"

"But that's just it," she said, "Do you mind if I give you some honest advice?"

"Not at all. Go ahead!"

"I don't mean to butt in, or anything," she continued, "but I sometimes think you don't understand your brother, Pallal; don't appreciate him. I think you ought to be a little more lenient toward him. He hasn't a shallow type of mind. It is deep, and deep minds have terrible subtleties and intricacies which you have to deal gently with. Don't you see?"

"I never thought of John in that light especially, Elizabeth."

"I know," she said, "but Pallal, you must now. Be kind to him, and let him have a free rope."

"It is true," I said, "sometimes I scold him, and am a little harsh, but," pleasantly agreeing as usual with her, and with the ardent desire of getting rid of her so that I could return to my work,—"I'll be easier with him from now on. You watch."

After which conversation Elizabeth arose and left the room, closing the door behind her, and I, all unsuspecting, started my reading again. I had turned over three pages of my book when I heard John's voice outside my door.

"C'n I come in?" he asked.

"Yes," I was about to say, "but hurry up with your business" when I recalled my promise to Elizabeth, and changed it to, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"O, just a little something." He came in, and strode around while I continued my reading. I looked

up; and he seemed embarrassed, continued walking about until he made me decidedly nervous.

"For heaven's sake sit!" I exclaimed in a crotchety voice. He gave a start, then sat on the bed.

"That a new sunset picture over your bureau?" he asked,—"Pretty."

"New? No! you booby, you've seen that for years and years. What's the matter with you?"

"Well, I tell you, Alice, seriously, I want to ask you a question."

"All right. What is it?"

"Well, I want to ask you," he said, "just impersonally, you understand, as if she weren't your best friend, as if you'd never seen her before, what you think of Elizabeth Dean?"

"Eh?"

"You know, look at the girl as an outsider, and tell me what you think of her. Don't you think there is something awfully unusual about her? There aren't many girls like her, are there?"

By this time I was aroused, "Well," I said cautiously, "Elizabeth is all right in her way, now you ask me, but—"

He interrupted. "That's just it, Alice. You know how you and I always speak frankly with each other—I don't think you understand her, appreciate her. And I wish you'd be more lenient with Elizabeth. She is a temperamental sort of a girl, and you ought to be kinder, I think. It's hard for practical people like you and me to understand her. But you have to go carefully, Alice. And I wish you would try to give in to her a little more."

"O!" I said round-eyed, staring at him. He became discomfited, and after a brief "That's all," left the room, while I sat dazed, an idea working its way into my slow brain.

* * *

That was two years ago. Today Elizabeth came into the house where my mother and I were sitting, in her old, whirlwind-volcanic style, and waltzed around the room, smoking a cigarette. "Do you know," she said, "I've the most *exquisite, paralyzing* and beautiful idea for our new dining room! It's not to be like everyone's dining-room. It's to be of a pastel shade, and then it's to have a border at the top, a sort of frieze of kodak pictures of the city. Won't that be *wonderful*, mother?" she said, going over to her. And mother looked bewildered, and a little frightened as she always is and always will be when Elizabeth is near.

"You see," continued Elizabeth without waiting for a response, and working herself up to the usual climax, "I'll try to make it appropriate. I'll study it out very carefully. I'll put a view of the lake over the

cupboard that has my glass tumblers in it; and a picture of the university woods over the fire-place; and—"

At that moment John came in, the same old John, slow and homely and practical, "but—nice". He had listened to her for a while. Then "Buncombe!" he said, and laughed.

Elizabeth turned, her sentence half-finished, and looked at him surprised, for a moment. Then she danced over to him.

"Hello! Old smarty," she said punching him. "You've got my number, haven't you?"

I remonstrated politely with my brother, saying, "That's quite a pretty idea for a dining-room, John," whereupon she turned toward me angrily, defiantly.

"A pretty idea!" she said. "A pretty idea!—*Nothing!* Of course it's all buncombe!"

And all that I could find to say was, "Oh!"

ALICE VAN HISE.

THE NOTE

I pledged my love just yesterday,
My second love.
It stilled my fears and softly lay
Like dew on sun-burned fields, to stay
The root-deep fire
Within my heart,
Born of an old desire.

Oh, I was calm, like fallen leaves
In the wet dawn, after a gale;
I breathed pure air, fresh, moist and sweet,
And called my peace complete . . .
Such webs time weaves.

To-day! Oh, fair, first love, why come
To mock again?
With quickened images and smiles
And beckonings and luring wiles,
First love, why—why
All in a note
Restore what Time made die?

But I am glad like buds that live
In blossom-time at dawn;
A world so fair I knew and loved before
And thought it dead . . . I ask no more
Save—second Love, forgive!

FRANCES E. HOLMBURG.

EPHEMERA

My heart
Is fluttering on
My lips to make a song;
But when I try to pinion it—
'Tis gone. . . .

JANET DURRIE.

Non Compos Mentis?

UGH-H-H! how they chatter, these insane people—vacant, meaningless syllables until it seems as though I, too, must go mad. But when they are quiet, that is even more horrible, for the stillness of the insane is worse than the stillness of the dead. It is their eyes that will, I think, make me lose my reason. In those eyes I can see the insane souls of them—distorted, uncanny, horrible things that make me want to run away, to hide, to scream, but I cannot, I can only look at them and wonder when I, too, shall become insane and chatter and stare.

I used to cry out that I did not belong here, that I was not one of these, but I have long since ceased to do that—it was no use—they would only look at me in a pitying way. I used to boil with hot anger at those pitying looks, but I do not do that any more. They think that I am insane and I know that I shall never be able to convince them that I am not, indeed, soon that will not be necessary.

It was the Professor who had them bring me here, I know that. It was the Professor who thought I was insane—no one else thought that, they only thought that I was queer. The Professor is a great man and a wise man, but he makes mistakes. He made a mistake with my life. I know I was not insane, I was only queer—about cats. When I first came here, I used to wish I could kill the Professor because he penned me up with these living dead, I, who was as right in my mind as he is—except for cats. But now I no longer care, for the Professor nor for my wrecked life—there are no cats in this place, at any rate.

I cannot remember when I was not possessed with this horrible fear of cats. Always it has hung over me; it is this that made me queer and that finally brought me here—among the insane. Always, I say, this fear has been a part of me. I was born with it, I believe—a gruesome heritage to start a life with! My mother told me that when I was a tiny thing, a cat came into the room where I was. I grew rigid with fright, she said, and lay there in her arms stiff, staring at the beast. My mother, thinking it was only a baby's fear of some strange, new sight, tried to make me used to the cat. I only grew more terrified until I really frightened her, and she had to keep all cats away from me.

Perhaps if I had never seen another cat, I might not have become queer; perhaps my life would not have grown distorted and unhappy and obsessed by

this horrible fear. But that was not to be, there were always cats in my life—until I came here, and here there is no need of cats to make me insane. Burned on my memory like some fearful, protracted nightmare, is my childhood: my whole life is vivid to me with the vividness that can only come from terror.

Little girls and boys soon learned about me—they did not understand my fear, they could not, of course—and they used to tease me by putting cats in my way wherever I went. I was never free from that awful haunting fear—my existence was torture. It is no wonder that I became queer.

There was the day when I was asleep outdoors in the hammock; that was when I still played outdoors. It was some little boy, I think, who threw a black kitten on me. Never shall I forget—I woke up with this horrible, squirming black thing all over me. I could not move, I could not even cry out for help. My silence probably disappointed the little boy, for he ran off and left me there alone. How long I lay there with that black monster on me, I do not know. I knew nothing except this terrible realization of my fear. Even when the thing left me, I could not get up. Never shall I forget that day.

From then on, I shunned all playmates. I never played out-of-doors, but went straight from school into the house and stayed there until my mother made me go to school again. But I was not alone, even then. Little boys would leave a cat on the school steps when I came out, and laugh to see me cringe back into the building in mortal terror. Many were the torturing hours I spent in the school house waiting for the cat to go away so that I might go home. When I dared to make my way home, I often found a cat tied to the front porch. Then I would walk and walk and walk until someone found the cat and let it loose.

Often, too, I would find a group of boys and girls waiting to walk to school with me. They would laugh and talk and treat me like one of them until I would be almost happy again. Then one of them would walk up close to me with a smile, and put on my shoulder a cat that he had been hiding. Always I stood stiff and still and could not run nor cry out—but they would stand and laugh and jeer at me and then run away and leave me.

My mother used to scold me at first, for not playing with the other children. They would not tease me, she said, if I would get over my silly feeling about cats. I knew I could never do that, it was something stronger than I. But she did not understand, and I

could only tell her that I could not help it, and then she would laugh at me and call me a baby. When I came home late, she used to whip me; she would whip me, too, when I would not start for school until after all the others had gone. I think I angered her and frightened her, too. She could not understand me, so she scolded and whipped me, to make me like other children.

For her, I did not care so much, but my father's contempt for me increased the torture of my life. I loved my father—he was a big, strong, handsome man—but he did not want me near him. He used to watch me and then ask my mother bitterly why a child of his should be such a freak. The tone he used when he spoke of me was more than I could bear, and I avoided him as he avoided me. Perhaps if my parents had been different—but it does not matter now.

I went to high school—I do not know whether that was worse or better. They did not tease me, nor wait for me after school with cats hidden behind them—they let me alone, only giving me queer looks when they passed me and giggling and nudging each other about me. I used to wonder if it would not be a relief for them to tease me instead of leaving me so miserably alone.

Yes, I was queer then, and I knew I was, but it was they who made me so. I did not have a single friend; my mother and father seemed ashamed of me and I always stayed in my room when I was at home. Sometimes a new girl would come to school and would talk with me. Then I would begin to hope that I might have a friend, but the others would tell her about me and the next time I saw her, she would look away. I wanted to cry out to them all that I was not really queer, that it was they who were making me so, but I could not, for I knew I was queer. And always there hung over me that horrible dread of cats—

Then my parents sent me away to a big university. I had always been a good student, there never was anything else for me to do except study—so they sent me away. I think they were glad to get rid of me because I was queer. The new life was the same as the old. I had hoped that perhaps—but it was no use. People soon discovered that I was queer and let me alone. I even told them that I was queer—I do not know why I did that; perhaps it was because I liked to watch their faces when I told them. So I was alone, and always in my mind was the fear of cats—and the knowledge that I was queer.

Then I met the Professor. He was a great man who had made a life work of studying people who were queer, like me. I do not think he ever cured them, he only studied them and wrote books about them. But he was a great man. He heard about me

and one day he stopped me and asked if I would talk to him. It was the first time that anyone had ever asked to talk to me. I knew that he wanted to know me only because I was queer, but I did not care. I had several talks with the Professor. He was interested in me, the first one I had ever known who was, so I talked to him. I told him why I was queer, I told him of my tortured childhood, of the boys who teased me, and of my parents. I talked to him as I had talked to no one before in my whole life. He seemed to understand and he did not think me queer. He asked me many questions and put all that I told him in a little notebook.

One day he said he wanted to try an experiment on me. I said that he might, for I trusted the Professor. He brought out—a cat. I felt myself grow stiff and rigid as I stared at the fearful thing. I could not move, I could not cry out to the Professor to take it away, I could only sit there looking into those awful eyes. Then the Professor came nearer to me with the cat, and something within me seemed to burst. I shrieked, I screamed, I stamped and raved like a mad person. And when at last the cat was gone, I trembled so that I could not stand. I saw the Professor writing in his notebook.

After that I would not go near him. Then they came one day and brought me here with these insane. It was the Professor who did it, who told them I was insane. He is a great man and has written many books, but he made a mistake with me. He does not know that I was only queer. But no one will ever know his mistake, for one cannot live long here without becoming mad.

My father and my mother, I suppose, are glad to get rid of me. As for the Professor—he will probably write a book about me and become more famous, while I—but it does not matter, and there are no cats here.

* * *

Ugh-h-h! how they chatter, these insane.

HARRIETT M. SMITH.

TEMPLE WORSHIP

Smoke ascending slowly,
Misty, dull, and dim;
Tarnished golden idols,
Columns gray and slim;
Warm and passion laden
Soft blue incense veil;
From the altar-horns of Baal.
Black blood dripping, in the dusk.

MARION PENNELL CROSBY.

The Blue Pencil

(The following are selected from *The Blue Pencil*—a magazine edited in the Army of Occupation by Dudley C. Brooks, former student of this university.)

THOUGHTS UPON ENTERING A CAFE AT AVOCOURT

Where should it be? Somewhere about midway
Between this marsh and yonder ragged hill;
Let's search a bit, perchance it lies here still.
Well, here's a door, the house has gone astray,
And these, no doubt, were bottles in their day;
But wine and women, men and mugs, are nil,
And all is dead, it seems, that they could kill;
Yet immortality's in this cafe.
That they have broken, they shall build anew,
And soldiers home from war shall fill the room.
And tales, with wine, shall freely flow again,
And vines shall grow where once the death shell flew.
But shall I e'en come back mid summer's bloom
With what strange thoughts I'd pass this old door then.
—*The Hermit.*

INTERVALS

Rhymes—
When nothing else will suit the mood,
Among us it is understood
That doggeral will do betimes
To break the prosy interlude
With rhymes.
With chimes
That catch each other on the wing
Dance on from line to line and sing
Quite careless of poetic crimes,
Or solemn sense or anything.
But chimes.
For dimes
Or dollars, or the business way
Of punch and push pass by today;
They'll have to wait for graver times—
What care we when this mood holds sway
For dimes?

LIGHTHOUSES

There was a young fellow named Samp,
The hardest boiled kid in the camp,
Jack Johnson got rough
With this bad Dodegville tough
And for that he displays a bum lamp!

GUARD

Weariness, waiting
For the hour of rest to come;
Wide-eyed watchfulness—
Men slipped through the lines last night—
Eternities . . . Ah! Relief!

A LA MODE

Ere the night is well departed
And the sun shines,
I must get the breakfast started
Well betimes.
I'd like to serve real Java, cantelope, and Cream of Wheat,
Or flap jacks light as snowflakes—maple syrup as a treat;
I wish I had bacon—
Or buttered toast,
For when I ring the breakfast bell, I hear the fellows roast:
"Ricey, ricey, ricey, chop-stick Chink Chinese,
Oley, oley, oley,—oily axle grease,
Coffee, coffee, coffee, never known to please!"
Triple troubles all the morning,
How they multiply!
Wet wood any fire scorning—
Meat won't fry.
I'd like to requisition for some pork-chops, lamb or veal;
If we could have roast chicken once, how happy I would feel!
Mashed-up spuds with cream
And dairy butter in,
For when I swing the dinner bell, the fellows shout like sin:
"Beefy, beefy, beefy, bitten from the bull,
Sticky, sticky syrup, for a candy pull,
Greasy, greasy gravy helps to fill you full!"
K. P.'s any time will say it—
"We do the work."
But my clothes and hands betray it
Do I shirk?
I'd like a rabbit supper once, or maybe champagne ham,
With apple-pie and ice-cream, or jelly-roll of jam;
Give them all some cheese
With a glass of beer,
For when I clang the supper bell, this is what I hear:
"Toe, tee, toe, tomatoes, freshly from the vine,
Ha, ha, ha, the gravy, same as when we dine!
Poe, pee, poe potatoes, dug up from a mine!"
—*Le Voyageur.*

OVER THE HILL

Over the hill the guns are booming,
Over the hill the battle's begun—
Here in the quiet the flowers are blooming
Under the sun.
Over the hill the trucks go rumbling;
Back come the stricken, over the hill—
Ambulance, litters, some proudly stumbling
Unbeaten still.
Prostrate fallen, one stops his stern massing
Of strength against death, smiling still,
Makes swift journey home, his last passing
Over the hill.

—*The Hermit.*

Marie

THEY found Marie in the slums, amid surroundings "conducive to moral degradation", Miss Clintock told me. "The child had no chance for spiritual development," she continued. Her history was a varied one. After bringing his family to America from Italy, her father had been killed in an accident. She, with one other sister, was sent to a girls' home. Later a group of Italians had taken her from the home and installed her as housekeeper; they were queer-looking men of ill-defined occupations. Marie was fifteen years old when Miss Clintock found her, and at first she wept passionately at leaving her Italian friends; the squalid surroundings had taken a great hold on her and even the thought of no more ill treatment made her lonely. But the court insisted; other girls in that neighborhood had given them trouble; they would use preventive measures with Marie—particularly when Miss Clintock so kindly took the responsibility off their hands. Marie was removed to the Y. W. C. A. of which Miss Clintock was social director. The authorities gave the girl a clean little room on the sixth floor, with refreshing white plaster walls, and a neat wash stand against one side, bearing a white pitcher and bowl. The cot had a smooth white cover, as had also the bureau. There was a straight-backed chair and a stool. Over the bed was a cheap print of Christ at the age of twelve years, and nailed to the door were the directions and rules of the Y. W. C. A. and the nearest way to the fire escape.

I had a room two doors up the hall, and I heard Marie crying the first night after Miss Clintock had left her, so I went in to comfort her. I took in a few magazine pictures for the white walls and asked if I could help her unpack her things. But she didn't have many "things" to unpack; she wore a very dirty dress of grey stuff, with holes in the sleeves, but even in the dirty dress, her eyes wet from crying, she was beautiful. Her hair lay in damp dark ringlets about her face, and she looked at me pitifully. After a short time I left her and went to bed. She had hardly spoken to me, and I had referred continually to subjects that made her feel badly. After nine hours of hard work, I was incapable of playing the loving Christian tactfully.

The next day I did not see her, but the day after, when I returned from work, she took me up on the elevator. Miss Clintock had chosen this easily watched-over job for her. Marie smiled at me as though I were an old acquaintance.

"You got a letter?" she asked laughing, and as I opened it—"From your beau?"

"From my mother," I answered, hating to disillu-

sion her. Then I added, "What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Oh,——" We were at my floor and as there were no other calls she leaned against the door idly, "I went to Kimball's with Miss Clintock and bought this dress." She pressed down the skirt of her brown cotton dress. "We bought other things," she added vaguely. "I went to prayer meeting." She made an impulsive little gesture with her hands and her eyes twinkled, "and sat by the lady with the black dress and the black bonnet and the face like this." She made a grimace turning her head mischievously to one side. Then the bell rang; we were both sorry. She was a fascinating child; every emotion flitted across her face as it came to her, and her eyes were full of joy and passion.

"I wonder how she will like the life here," I thought dubiously. I suspected Miss Clintock of having a passion for doing this sort of thing—removing people from their natural surroundings for the sake of moral uplift. She was a dried-up little spinster, constantly trying to prove to herself that the purely spiritual life was the only satisfying one. Thus her human life had gradually repressed itself into that of the spirit; during moments of spiritual fervor she was vastly charitable, needing usually, to receive the passion of her soul, a definite object. Occasionally she had vague doubts; she had to admit that her life theory gave her an incomplete peace; at such times she doubly reassured herself by teaching it to others. She should have been a nun, and not had the constant hurt of a happy physical world before her. Marie had been the object of her latest spiritual passion; Miss Clintock's ardor had won over the girl's quickly-inspired love. But I feared for her when Miss Clintock's passion should be spent and the little social director would settle quietly down to her life of bills and accounts again. Then Marie would be disillusioned. With Miss Clintock's interest gone, she would have nothing to lean on. But it was the end of another weary day, and I soon forgot Marie.

I saw her only at the close of each day, when I rode up on the elevator, but after a short time I began to notice a depressing lack of spontaneity in her. I wondered if the aristocracies of shop girls and factory workers were proving hard on her. She told me one night that Miss Clintock never came to see her any more. I noticed that the little woman in passing smiled only her impersonal smile, the one that had become part of her face. I hated her benevolent effortless smile; it comes back to me sometimes in my dreams, and cowers over my face. That night I went to

Marie's room at eight o'clock when she was "off duty". She was lying on the bed sobbing, and I took her into my arms.

"I hate it so much here, Bianca,"—she called me that for some unknown reason. "Everybody is so busy. The girls do not like me. Miss Clintock comes to see only that my bed is made well—that my bureau drawers are just so. Oh, I would like to be dead. Oh, I would like to be *dead!* Why did Miss Clintock take me away. I danced with Joe in the night. There were people about, people all of the time and they laughed and said jokes to me. I liked to work hard for them when they smiled. Sometimes Mother Romanda beat me when I made the bread wrong, but then I could run far off; when I came back, she smiled. Here there is no happiness—only every day I must stay shut in this little place, up and down, and at night I cannot dance with Joe. He does not come here. None of them that I was with come here—Anna, Rosa, none of them. Oh, Bianca, I want to dance and sing and fly away from this old elevator, and this dark, dark hall and this little white coop where I am so lonely."

"Don't you like it here where you can have nice new clothes and good food and where everything is so lovely and *clean?*" I asked lamely.

"No, no, no," she wailed. "I want people. When I hear the little skinny deaconess woman sing, every night at the prayer meeting, I want to shriek, and the lady who plays the piano goes so slow—so slow. At the parties it is more slow music and games—baby games, like the children play in the alleys. The girls have tired faces and Miss Clintock is tired. I am so shut in I cannot breathe. Oh, they try to kill me, Bianca!" She had worked herself into quite a passion and I tried to quiet her. Soon she looked at me and smiled. "But I cannot run away," she said sweetly. "Something says it is good—but so lonely, so lonely Bianca," she lowered her head and spoke softly. "Most of the girls have—beaus." She flushed. "They talk about them on the elevator and sometimes they meet them at night to dance, Bianca." Her face brightened. "Will you go to a dance with me? There I will meet one. I know," she added confidentially—"There are many of them there."

I wanted to amuse her, to do anything for her—to take her to a dance hall if necessary, but I was too tired. I couldn't go that night; my body was numb, because I had stood up all day at my work and I felt that I should fall over if I tried the least physical exercise. But I promised that I would go soon with her.

The next noon my sister wired that she was coming to visit me. I was delighted and for several days I thought of nothing in my spare hours but entertaining Emily. When I was on the elevator Marie's troubles

came back to me, but she had a delicate shy way of not speaking to me when I was with my sister. She seemed much happier and I hoped that she had become resigned to the dullness of her life. Emily stayed for a week. The day after she left Marie whispered to me as I stepped off the crowded elevator, "Bianca, I have found him!"

I was delighted at first; then I had a strange dread and I decided to visit her.

But she came to me first, flew in at the door and threw her arms about my neck. "He is so wonderful," she exclaimed, "so wonderful! I told Miss Clintock a story." She smiled petulantly. "I said, I am going to *this* movie—then I went to the great dance hall where they have the streamers and the flowers and all of the lights and music. And I felt so good—no lonesomeness. Then this man comes to me and says, 'Do you want to dance?' So I dance with him, Bianca. It is just like heaven, and he says to me, 'You dance so *fine*—girlie?'" She looked at me and laughed. "He likes me," she continued. "He says I must call him Al. Then we went out to drink—not wine," she added coyly. "Only lemonade. He is so good, with beautiful yellow hair." As she told me of her fun it seemed harmless enough, but I thought that I should warn her. I told her of all the snares and pitfalls I knew of, feeling like a cruel monster who gobbles up all the joy and puts nothing pleasant in its place. But she listened, thoughtfully, it seemed to me. I talked and talked, almost extracting a promise from her not to see him again, unless I should be with her. Then, apropos of nothing, she suddenly exclaimed, "And he smiles so nice!" My lecture all wasted! When I exhorted her she smiled irresistibly and wound her soft little hands about my neck; she was like a little kitten, and I was in a quandry. It seemed rank cruelty to tell Miss Clintock; perhaps the youngster had been reared with an inherent good sense that protects some of the girls of her class from harm. Yet I was worried, and the next night when I found that she had slipped away again, I was more worried. I decided that if necessary I would chaperone her at her parties; her sweet childishness had made me feel responsible for her and I was unhappy, until I heard her coming down the corridor that night.

She crept into my room. "Oh, my poor tired Bianca," she whispered, then she danced about in an ecstasy, but when I questioned her, she would not answer me but only smile. Finally, "He loves me," she whispered, "Not how most of them love," she added wisely. "Not like Joe—he *really* loves me, and oh Bianca, it is so wonderful. It makes me so happy, right here." She pressed her bosom, and her eyes were tender.

But something in me doubted, and I decided to

chaperone her the next night. She eluded me, slipped by my door quietly, and again I felt strangely nervous. I decided to tell one of the younger, more sympathetic directors, to see what we could do. Marie's lover never appeared where I could see him. She kept him, like a lovely dream, veiled in mystery, and she spoke of him as though he were a god. Her love made her more beautiful; it seemed to hasten her maturity. At times she was calmly thoughtful, at others madly excited. The next night I hadn't the courage to tell the director; I reasoned, "Perhaps Marie has found an unusual man, a man, who like herself is lonely and in need of a sympathetic friend. Perhaps he really loves her, and I would be ruining her life by interfering. She is only fifteen," I argued, "but she has the common sense of a much older girl; her life in and about the slums has developed a mature acuteness in her. Apparently something of the spirit has been awakened in her by Miss Clintock's earnest efforts, perhaps only emotionally awakened; but she admitted it when she said that she could not run away." I let the matter slide by that night.

The next night she came to me at twelve o'clock, weeping. Then suddenly she laughed madly and threw herself on my bed. "I love him, Bianca," she said, "but I am afraid." A cold fear seized me and I cursed the careless half-cowardly instinct in me that had let me leave the child for a moment unguarded. She did not talk much; her whole spirit seemed crushed and she lay in my arms limp and shaking. All night she stayed with me, clinging to me—when she fell asleep she muttered incoherent sounds, and twitched violently. I felt like a criminal. If I had only told Miss Clintock; if I had *made* her take me to the dances; if I had not neglected her when my sister visited me; a thousand maddening and useless "ifs" came into my head and formed a wearying never-ending circle through the whole night.

I went to work the next day as usual, and dragged through the morning. But in the afternoon I could not stand it any longer; I dropped down and the foreman helped me into the rest-room, exhorting me all of

the way. "You women make me sick," he said. "Dance all night, then expect to work the next day. If you want to dance for a living, dance; don't expect to do hard work. You're dead tired, that's all that's the matter with you—" Then having said his say, he softened and told me to lie down; he would see that I got home all right. He was not entirely right; I was in a desperately nervous condition—a fever developed and after a few weeks in the hospital, I was taken home by Emily.

It was a relief to be at home; everything was comforting and restful. I was shielded from the disagreeable things of life. When I asked of Marie, they told me that she was all right; in the soft convincing tone that is used with a sick person; the mere tone soothed me, and I forgot Marie in the absolute abandon of recovering. As soon as I was well however, I wrote to Miss Clintock, asking her about the girl.

She wrote me a very spiritual letter, telling of the limitations of human effort, of the necessity of absolute faith—on and on, she spread her dogma for page after page. She told of the latest Y. W. C. A. party where the girls played guessing games and danced with one another, "having a very merry time". Then she came to Marie.

"I sometimes wonder," she wrote, "if the other girls were kind to Marie. If they had been I think she would not have found it necessary to seek amusement of an exciting nature outside of her home." She went on explaining the efficiency of their entertainment, the efficiency of any wholesome entertainment, and in the end told me that Marie was well, that the man, who though he had been a mere trifle, was not criminal by nature, had been forced by her efforts in conjunction with the law to marry Marie. Apparently Marie had been deserted by Miss Clintock at this stage; that was the end of her. Some day I mean to hunt her out and see if she has completed the cycle and returned to surroundings "conducive to moral degradation"—if so—well, at any rate, I can see that her husband doesn't beat her.

MILDRED EVANS.

THE GREATER LOSS

Some weep for those who went away,
Who gave their lives to halt the foe.
But I—my heart is sodden, gray,
For one who never thought to go.

FLORENCE SEDER.

REPLY

Prince-like you questioned not but took my all;
I would give more.
So little I asked you scorned me for a beggar,
And shut the door.

ELSIE GLUCK.

Jim

Characters: The Mother (Jim's wife), The Child, Anne.

The curtain rises on a room in a tenement, combination kitchen, living room and dining room, clean but dingy and old. The Mother, a tall, gaunt woman, is bending over the kitchen stove. There is a knock at the door. She does not hear. A child's voice calls out "Mamma, someone . . ." and a little girl is discovered getting up from the floor.

Mother: You're hearin' things again. (*The knock is repeated.*) The mother turns around. She is a woman of about forty, the bitter lines of whose face are accentuated by the vicious tightness with which her hair is drawn back from it. Her eyes are black and burning. This time she says, brusquely, Come in.

The door opens and Anne stands in the doorway, a young attractive woman in the twenties. The Mother looks at her, not unkindly, but does not welcome her in.

Anne: You don't know me, but if you don't mind, I'd like to come in and speak to you.

Mother, (*brusquely*) Sit down. Just a minute till I lower the gas.

Child: Who are you lady? (*Her mother sharply turns on her and she asks again reproachfully*) Why did you come here? (*Her mother's face asks the same question*)

The mother turns back again to the stove for a second and when she turns to Anne it is to find her gazing about the room.

Mother (*With a touch of hostility*): Well?

Anne: Your husband—

Mother (*with seeming carelessness*): Drunk again, I suppose. Perhaps you're the lady from the settlement to give me advice about it.

Anne: No, to ask it.

The child meanwhile has been attracted by Anne's look and approaches it only to be caught by her mother's eyes.

Mother: Put it down and get out.

Anne: Oh please, I don't mind.

Mother opens the door and child goes out.

Mother (*not rudely but fiercely*): Now what's all this about. Advice from me about Jim. What have you to do with him or me?

Anne: You guessed right when you said I was from the settlement.

Mother: Well, I haven't any business with the settle-

ment. And neither has Jim. What do you want to know about him?

Anne: Oh, please—your husband isn't drunk. (*Mother stares*) (*Anne fervently goes on*) And he won't ever get drunk again.

Mother: What's that to you. Tell me, what's that to you (*and before she gives Anne a chance to answer, she goes on*) Not get drunk again. You tell me that. Jim, who when I try to give it to him for drinkin' puts on his hat and goes out. Not him. (*Bitterly*) Why shouldn't he drink? It's all he gets out of things, I guess. And he gives me enough to live on. He's always made enough—with that mind of his. There ain't nothin' to keep him home, and he's never nasty.

Anne: Oh, but there is all the reason in the world. And he is trying, he is.

Mother: I don't care any more if he is or not. No, don't look that way. I don't care. My father drank himself to death—so did Jim's. Look at my face and tell me if it ever did me any good that I never touched a drop. Jim never did either till—till we married. We both was too good for our families. I went to church and I didn't just confess. I prayed and lived like I prayed, kept straight, never had anythin' to do with a fella who drank. Jim didn't, had too many plans for makin' over the world. And we married. What good did it do us. Oh, I'd drink myself dead now if I didn't hate the stuff like poison. Can't believe in God any more. got no religion—Jim's got no plans.

Anne: Oh, but he has, and he mustn't drink. I tell you there is something left in him and there is use. He mustn't, he mustn't think there isn't.

Something in her face makes the mother start.

Mother: And what's that to you, I'd like to know. Tell me, tell me, just settlement? (*Silence*) So that's it. What right have you to come between man and wife?

Anne: You said you didn't care.

Mother: So that's your plan. And you have the face to come up here. You, a fine settlement lady with all your plans comin' here. What right have you to him, I'd like to know. Oh, you're pretty and young, and you've clothes and education—all the things he likes. But he can't throw me over like that for you. That was his child as went out of the door. Where's yours? Or maybe you have one. How do I know? Your clothes don't make you better than—

Get out of here, get out.

(*Anne who at first lost control of herself, regains self-mastery as the other becomes more and more heated*).

Anne: Listen, Jim's wife. Listen to me. You're Jim's wife and I'm the woman he—I'm the woman who cares about him. You know, better than ever I could tell you, that I'm not a street woman. I want to talk to you frankly about it—as one human being to another. I'm not Jim's mistress. And I'm not so highborn but that I want to be his wife. And I want you to help me. You will, won't you?

Listen to me. You know it isn't my looks he cares for. Or even my education. You have more brains than I—and you probably had more looks. And you are stronger than I, oh very much stronger. You're stronger than Jim, too strong for Jim. He can't stand up against your not believing in him. I am not blaming you for giving up hope. But I believe in him and I want you to let me try. Don't you think it will be better for you, that you haven't him and your blasted hopes to look at. You're too big a woman to be jealous—you said you didn't care—and you're too big to go on like this. You and Jim just kill each other. Please don't be insulted if I say that you and the little girl will be taken care of. Please let me try.

The mother who has been listening first with suspicion, then surprise, and who has finally broken down, laughs out at the last.

Anne: Why did you laugh.

Mother: I wonder if he's worth it. Oh don't look so shocked. I cared for him, too. I had hopes. I haven't any. Maybe you're right. And I was a fool to talk about comin' between him and me. There ain't nothing to come between. Nothing except Millie—and she don't love her father. Go ahead. But you're crazy—you and Jim—

Anne: Oh, but you can't know about Jim's—

Voices are heard from downstairs—a man's and a woman's. The door is flung open and the child runs in.

Child: Pa, he's drunk.

Anne starts. Both women are silent. Anne is again helpless and dumbfounded. Then the voices become more distinct. They are the voices of drunken persons quarrelling.

Mother: Oh, it's a joke—life is. You and me dividin' him up here, and him down there with another woman—drunk. How long is it you seen him? Maybe today. But never mind, if it's any comfort to ye, I can say he's never been with her likes before.

Child is crying in the corner. Someone comes up the stairs—the woman evidently. The room is absolutely silent and her words are distinct.
"C'mon. I ain't afraid. An' you're goin' to pay me. D'ye hear?"

The man is heard climbing the stairs.

Mother (*determinedly*): Don't get frightened. They ain't going to come in here if I got anything to say about. And don't give up hopin' so soon.

Opens the door. The child who has been crouching in a corner runs up to her in fright. Silence for a moment. Then a dully heavy thud is heard. Child cries out and then silence again. Then the street woman's voice,

"Aw, get up. Ye ain't hurt. Get up. Get up, get up." (*Silence. Then a woman's scream.*) "Oh, Christ, he's croaked, he's dead"

Anne's face is buried in her hands. The screams continue horribly for a second and then cease.

Child (*whimpering*): Ma, ma.

Mother (*starting downstairs*): Never mind, you don't need to be scared—any more.

ELSIE GLUCK.

HER PICTURE

I hold your picture in my heart,
Although you never gave it me.
'Tis painted with a matchless art,
Your picture deep within my heart;
And so when I must needs depart,
And lie between us land and sea,
I'll hold your picture in my heart,
Although you never gave it me.

LEON WILLIAMS.

Individuality and Style

are found in our new summer Suits, Capes, Wraps, Dresses, Blouses, Silk Underwear, Negligee and Accessories,

Conveniently displayed for your attention.

Simpson's

"Things That are 'Different' in Women's Apparel."

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Some Thoughts on Explanation

FROM the moment we arise to the moment we retire in curl-papered weariness we are explaining or being explained to. We collide with someone upon the street;—explanation. We have not prepared our lesson;—explanation. The professor feels that for the good of our souls we must needs understand the law of idea—motor action;—more explanation. We are late to dinner;—explanation again! We have made an art of it, and professors, diplomats, and social lions of those who do it well. There is so much of it that half the time we don't hear it and half of the rest of the time we don't believe it, but it goes on and on. We have developed styles of explanation to suit different occasions and temperaments. Some people are born especially gifted for it. Of such is the college youth who wrote home in explanation of not writing oftener: "You see, father, when there's a lot going on, I have no time to write, and when there's nothing going on I have nothing to say. You see how it is, father,—and, mother, you get father to explain it to you."

But the acknowledged masters of explanation are the professors. They do it in streams, by the year, and no one dares say them nay.

There is the facetious explainer. He is usually a cynical and disillusioned professor whose very tread seems to say "I am very old and very wise, and I have flunked thousands and thousands and thousands—." In connection with gravitation he makes sarcastic references to the weary, nodding heads in his audience,

and adhesion is always associated with the powder on feminine noses.

Then there is the conscientious explainer. He is deeply in earnest. In his resolute countenance is written "I know you haven't had any training; I know you are utterly dense. But I am going to make this point so plain and hammer it so hard that you've got to get it. Ahem! There are three points in my argument,—first, second, third—got that?"

Let me spare my reader a picture of the methods of the muddy explainer. Suffice it to say that he can take up the simplest point and produce a mystification so dense and so hopeless that college life seems utterly vain and one begins to consider domesticity as a fitter field for one's feeble faculties.

The voluble explanation is not popular with the learned, but is associated with clothes-lines and back fences. It can be heard on any wash-day between Mrs. Grady and Mrs. O'Flaherty. To secure the proper effect, the hands should be on the hips, except at moments of especial importance, when they are used for punctuation. The explanation always begins "Well, you see it was this way." It is generously interspersed with "Well, well's!" and "Did he now's?" and may last anywhere from half an hour to all morning, according to the state of the weather and the urgency of the washing.

But the queen of explanations, reigning over all in primeval brevity and conclusiveness, is that classic explanation "Just because."

E. MARIAN PILPEL.

THE FIRE WORSHIPER

The flames dart upward, fiery streaks of light,
That flash a fitful moment in the dark
And then are lost, leaving a single spark
Of flowing ash to float into the night.

New flames break forth and mount up to their height
And sink again, and in the fire-lit arc
Laid round the blaze the birch trees' shining bark
Against the wood behind stands weirdly white.

The ever shifting shadows catch my eye,
I am forever restless and afraid.
The very stones that round about me lie
Seem from their place to move without my aid.
I am a pagan then, not knowing why
I worship thus the fire that I have made.

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MORALE

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The City of Dead Books

THIS is the city of dead books. Musty are its streets. Quaint are its ways. Quainter still its people. Here it is ever dusk.

All books are gathered here. Hobbling little men in grey plush coats sit guard over the stacks. They do not talk but pile their books higher and higher. Sometimes the teetering piles topple down. But a group of little grey men rush in and build the pile up to a shaky structure as before. The pale yellow lights of the city become calm again. The dust settles. This is the city of dead books.

* * *

Let me tell you of my friend Cordon—Cordon the writer—Cordon the well-beloved—Cordon the happy.

He lived in a little blue house in the country. Mind—I said *he* lived in the country, for it is about him that this tale has to do.

Cordon wrote books, cultivated tulips, and made friends. I do not know which of the three interested him the most. Perhaps it was—but after all that would be mere guess work.

One day it was whispered that Cordon would publish a new book. At first Dame rumor did not catch the name of the work. Perhaps Cordon purposely withheld the title. Upon this subject I cannot enlighten you.

Sufficient it is to tell you that we waited a long time before we heard from Cordon's own lips what his work was.

Believe me or not, but this was the title of Cordon's new book: "There is No God In Heaven."

Now Cordon was a rich man. He had one hundred thousand copies of his book struck off at his printer's. One had to be rich to do such a thing. But Cordon was confident, too.

He ordered his books, had them sent to the book-stalls, set his price, and then waited for them to sell.

But Cordon reckoned without the God in his title. Not a single book of the lot did the booksellers sell. Cordon did not become impatient. "Wait until the press reviews appear," he smiled.

This part of the tale is really sad. The reviews did appear. But what terrible reviews. Humiliating destructive rebukes all of them.

"You cannot have read my book carefully," retorted Cordon to them in an open letter.

"Fool," flashed back his critics, "We have read the title. That is enough."

Three months passed. Six months slipped by. The one hundred thousand were still intact.

Did I read the book? You could not have expected me to do that. Public opinion, and then the very title itself—

That is all there really is to the story—at the end of the first year the books were withdrawn from the book stalls. No one knows where Cordon took them. No one knows where Cordon went himself. His blue house in the country is deserted. His tulips have died. And that you may see for yourself.

* * *

This is the city of dead books. The musty city of crushed dreams. See that huge pile of books that are tottering. They are the books of Cordon. The little grey man who is piling them high again? That is Cordon. The dust has settled again. This is the city of dead books.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

FOR DEAN ROE

I lay in bed one morning
As happy as can be,
And then without a warning
Came the catastrophe.
'Twas a communication
Upon the silver plate;
There was no explanation,
It merely named a date:
See me,
Room 3,
South Hall.

Swift, swift the days were flying,
Each hour with joy was fraught;
And in my mind was flying
Not one unpleasant thought.
No microphone was needed
To hear my spirits drop.
The mandate must be heeded
Though Time and Tides may stop:
Please Call,
South Hall,
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THE SONG OF THE ALSO-RAN

Out of the blinding dust of defeat—
 Have you tasted it, fellow man?—
 I lift a smile to the friends I greet
 With this song of the Also-ran.

Oh, the world has a cheer that rings to the sky
 For the fellows who win their bets,
 But it shrugs its shoulders when we pass by,
 And sneers—or merely forgets.

Well, what of that? We thought we were right;
 We never wavered or winced;
 Our sword was the power of Justice, not Might.
 But the world still stands unconvinced.

So the other fellows have won the prize?
 And our struggle was all in vain?
 I laugh as I brush the dust from my eyes,
 And I strip for the race again!

FLORENCE SEDER.

The Cycle of a Million Loves

Persons

Edgar

Ione

Scene

Evening at Picnic Point.

Edgar: I have been thinking, Ione.

Ione: Oh, Edgar!

Edgar: Of the practical people who think that a love like ours is a rainbow soap-bubble, nothing more.

Ione: How silly! It is as lasting as the eternal hills, as strong as—as—well, as steel.

Edgar: More than that, dear. Poor fools! *They* don't understand. *They* can't grasp the truth that palaeontology teaches. But I know! Consider! Since life first formed in the azoic ooze we have known and loved each other. Ages slipped into eons, catastrophe followed catastrophe, and we lost each other only to meet again in a new shape, with a new love.

Ione: How romantic!

Edgar: It is true. Eons ago, when earth was in its first travail, there came to the light of day two infinitesimal creatures called eozoa. And one was I, and the other was you, darling.

Ione: And we loved each other even then?

Edgar: Could it be otherwise?

Ione: How strange. How wonderful. My own eozoon!

Edgar: So it began, away down in the depths of

the earth, now covered over and over again by chalk and rock. But the spark of life survived. We grew; we changed form again and again; we became strange fish in the silurian floods. In the Chinese sea we swam together, courting in the arches of green seaweed. I was an asterolepis, clad in armor from snout to dorsal fin, and armed like a French dragoon with strong helmet and short cuirass. And I fought for your love. My rival, the onchus, swam fast, but I swam faster. I saw the green of his cowardly eyes like moist sulphur through the network of weeds. I charged. His defensive spine shivered into splinters on my thick scales. In another moment the water turned to red ink with his life blood.

Ione: How brave you were! And one of those mean onchuses, too!

Edgar: It was nothing. Again ages passed. We became half land, half water animals. I was an ichthyosaurus and you were my mate. Patagonia, our home, was green with towering forests, and on warm days we swam in from the oily sea and wallowed in the hot mud on the shore, lazily watching the flying reptiles. Again the years rolled by. Now we lived entirely on dry land in the Pampean regions. We were monstrous dinosauria. Again I fought for your love, with one of our own kind. How clearly it comes back to me! The great hills rumble with the thud of our bodies. The trees snap like matchwood. There is a

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turbulent upheaval of water as my rival falls from the highest hill into the black ocean, ripped to the bone in a dozen places. I fly to your arms.

Ione: Good! Good! You are the only dinosaurian I love.

Edgar: There came and went new lives, new catastrophes. The earth greened again with growing things, but they were small as we see them today, and among them we wandered, quadrumana now man-monkeys. In the tops of the tallest trees we built our home, swaying with the hot wind from the furnace door of the south. When the red moon hung low in the heaven we sat and thought, pondering the strangeness of things, as man-monkeys will.

Ione: Just as we are doing now.

Edgar: Thousands of years passed. Our love lived on and on. We became man and woman, with the power of speech and reason. I lived in the caves of Siberia. On a day when the green moss first began to peep out of the snow, love drew me to you again. In the night I came upon the cave of your clan. I claimed you by right of strength. I ran with you through the melting snow, on and on, until I gained my home and held you, fainting, in my arms.

Ione: Edgar, how strong you are!

Edgar: There came again many deaths and many reincarnations, until I found you as I found you three days ago, my own lovely Ione—born again!

Ione: How romantic it is! And you knew me at once?

Edgar: How could I fail to know you? Divine inspiration—biological affinity, call it what you will. And the cycle of a million loves is not yet complete. But the force which drew us together in the remote past

will bring us together again in all the eons of the future. Our love will live forever.

Ione: Forever and ever? Isn't it grand!

Edgar: Through all infinity and beyond. It will gain strength through all the ages that stretch before us. It will—you have dropped something out of your pocket, dearest.

Ione: Oh, it's only a letter.

Edgar: A letter! Let me see.

Ione: No, no! It's only a—only a—"

Edgar: I demand it. We are mates. You can have nothing to conceal.

Ione: I can't show it to you. Please Edgar—

Edgar: Ha! Then it can only be—I bet it's that engineer fellow!

Ione: Edgar, I swear—

Edgar: Don't waste your breath on me. Good Lord! Have I erred through all these eternities! You are not my protozoan!

Ione: Edgar!

Edgar: *You* are not my asterolepis; not my ichthyosaurus!

Ione: I am! I swear I am!

Edgar: *Not* my dinosaura! A million divorce courts can't undo the evil. Oh, fate, fate!

Ione: Listen, dear—

Edgar: Bah! Goodbye.

Ione: Edgar! Come back! . . . come back! . . . Gone! Oh, how wretched I am! But how *could* I let him read it? He spoke so nobly, said such nice things—like a book. And it's only a letter from auntie, and all she writes is a recipe for chilblains. Darn auntie anyhow!

E. L. M.

The Book Shop

CURRENTS AND EDDIES IN THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC GENERATION. By Frederick E. Pierce, Ph. D. Yale University Press, \$3.00.

"If literary history is exclusively the interpretation of great literature, it should confine itself to masters and masterpieces. But if it be also a lesson from past ages for our own, it must interpret those minor figures who, more than the giants, because they are more numerous and pliant, form the thought currents of the day". Again, "'Poets,' wrote Shelley, 'The best of them, are a very cameleonic race; they take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass.' Byron must have believed the same when he wrote:

And as the soil is, so the heart of man."

Hence Dr. Pierce makes no attempt at an appreciation of the works of the great figures in the romantic generation, but rather gives a detailed account of their background, of the

groups formed by these men, and of the smaller figures who, according to his theory, had such a formative influence upon the greater.

From the French Revolution down to the rise of Tennyson the various literary groups are traced. The mutual influence of the numerous minor as well as major writers upon each other is discussed and emphasized. The author realizes that the magic qualities of the poets and prose writers of this period has already been ably portrayed by many eminent critics; and therefore he is willing to devote his energy to showing whence this magic came. He does not insist that environment is the total basis for great work, but that it has its place and should be recognized.

The value of such a book as this to the average student cannot be over-emphasized. Here we can learn of those men and women "whom it is better to read about than to read." And to those of us who do not have time to get back to the source this book is a real help. But this is not all. Dr.

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Pierce is not only a critic, but also a keen observer of the tastes and impulses of men. He shows the shifting tastes of the age of which he writes, and this leads him on to the consideration of the lasting effects of the "Romantic Generation."

"Aside from the survival of individual poets and poems, how much of the romantic generation itself is going to survive, of its thought, of its attitude toward life? To our scientific, systematized age much of that solitary, introspective dreaming seems remote enough; and many of those early theories are considered as exploded. Yet before hasty generalizations are made, two facts must be remembered. By the law of action and reaction we have rebounded from the early nineteenth-century point of view, and tend to hold certain aspects of it more visionary than they may seem to our grandchildren. * * * Equally important is another consideration that is too often overlooked; namely, that many theories of the past have a deep emotional truth under a thin veil of literal inaccuracy. * * * A rightness of emotional feeling, however obscured by superficialities, lay underneath the love of retirement, of individualism, of subjective thought. Our own age has gone to the opposite extreme, and has produced—German *Kultur*. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

J. W. G.

WILD YOUTH—AND ANOTHER. By Sir Gilbert Parker—Lippincott, \$1.50.

For lovers of excitement and adventure Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, *Wild Youth*, will have a definite appeal. It is filled with action; even the author's style gives one a feeling of rapidity. In a single page he characterizes half a dozen people—superficially perhaps, but hitting upon a few typical interesting things about them as he speeds on with his tale.

The burly old man, "prophet-bearded, huge, swarthy-faced Joe Mazarine," with the characteristics of an ape, comes to Askatoon with his delicate lovely "girl-wife," and startles the townsmen by his repulsive appearance and the coincidence of his possessing a charming young girl as a wife. He keeps her assiduously at home, jealously guarding her, but he does not prevent the Young Doctor from seeing her, when she falls unexpectedly ill at one time during her husband's absence. Later Orlando Guise, the giggling young rancher, light-hearted, a real man in spite of his theatrical "get-up", catches a glimpse of her as he is dealing in cattle with Joel Nazarine. There is a bond of sympathy in the glance which they exchange; he awakens the young girl to a realization that there is joy in the world for her because of her youth. Incidents pile themselves one upon the other until the end of the book—where there are additional startling revelations.

The story gives the impression of having been hastily put together; the author evinces something of a "knack" for producing this sort of popular novel; and his conformation, perhaps totally unconscious, to a definite system, takes away much freshness and charm which might have been produced had he taken more care in the writing.

M. E.

THE VILLAGE WIFE'S LAMENT. By Maurice Hewlett—Putnam, \$1.25.

In this small volume of verse Maurice Hewlett expresses his convictions about aggressive war (as he states in the note at the end of the poem) by means of the Village Wife.

The story of the wife is told simply, her naive love for the shepherd, her marriage, and the final tragedy that took from her both husband and child and made her cry out to the powers that permit war:

O What is this you've done to me,
Or what have I done,
That care should be our fair roof-tree,
And I all alone?
'Tis worse than widow I become,
More than desolate,
To face a worse than empty home
Without child or mate.

Her thought is rather elevated for that of the simple peasant, but the author attempts to eliminate this criticism by saying in the note—"I have put into the mouth of my Village Wife thoughts which she may never have formulated, but which, I am very sure, lie in her heart, too deep for any utterance but that of tears."

The serene happy life of the peasants makes one think of the country people of Gray and Burns—Maurice Hewlett, like these earlier authors, considers the country an ideal place where the people exist in goodness and simplicity—stirred to deep emotion only by the intrusion of hostile outside forces, thinking only of evil when it is forced upon them.

Occasionally the woman's philosophizing is very expressive, particularly when she talks to the mothers, of the sons they are to send to war:

This high-flusht lad whom she has known
Since as a new-born child
He lay as soft as thistle-down,
Or like an angel smil'd;
Whom she has seen, a sturdy imp
Tumble bare-breecht at play,
Or nurst to health when, quiet and limp,
Short-breath'd and flusht he lay:

Or shockhead boy, aburst with joy,
Or gawky, ill-at-ease,
All hot and coy, a hobbledehoy
With laces round his knees—
But hers, her own, with eyes that trust
Hers for his better part—
Ah, tiger-lust of War that thrust
A hand to snatch that heart!

But in the end the Village Wife realizing the aim of War is reconciled:

If kings are so, then let all go—
Let my dear love cast down
His lovely life, so we lay low
The last to wear a crown.
I'll look upon the steadfast stars,
Patient and true and wise,
And read in them the end of wars,
As in my dead love's eyes.

M. E.

THE PATH ON THE RAINBOW: The Book of Indian Poems, by Geo. W. Cronyn. New York, Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.

Translating is always a difficult task, and when the two languages have as little in common as have English and the tongue of the American Indians, then it would seem to pre-

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sent unsurmountable obstacles. The more so when we remember that the songs of the Indians depended so largely upon sound and rhythm for their effect, and that they often continue to sing them long after the words have become obsolete and meaningless. In Mr. Cronyn's collection this task has been quite successfully handled by some translators, less so by others. The work which stands out as the most successful in retaining the monotonous chanting rhythm of the Indians without sacrificing any beauty of content is that of Natalie Curtis Burlin. She has treated her subject with the dignity and simplicity which it deserves. The Navajo chants, which on account of the continuing repetition are unusually difficult, she has done especially well.

The striking feature of a large part of the contents of this volume is its similarity to the product of our modern verse librists. However, this is not so much the fault of the Indians as that of the translators who, finding the simpler poems similar in content and style to those of our literary mountebanks, gave them the grotesque and arbitrary arrangement so popular at present. Many, it must be admitted, deserve no better; they are nothing but simple and trite sentiments somewhat cleverly arranged:

I Have Found My Lover

"Oh
I am thinking
Oh
I am thinking
I have found
my lover
Oh
I think it is so."

and:

He Is Gone

"I might grieve
I am sad
that he has gone
my lover."

But some it is unfair to misrepresent so grossly. The most beautiful songs in the collection are those of the Southwest, of the Incas, the Navajos, and the Zumi. They are mostly prayers, which we could expect since the deepest feeling of the Indians were connected with their religion. Their religion, like that of the Greeks, had many branches and was intimately connected with every phase of life. Every object, living or in-

animate, had within it a spirit, and to all these spirits the Indians prayed. Prayer was almost the only articulate expression of their deeper nature, so it is in the form of prayers and invocations that we find their finest poetry. An example is the *Prayer for Rain*:

"White floating clouds,
Clouds like the plains
Come and water the earth.
Sun embrace the earth
That she may be fruitful."

Its simplicity and clarity are effective, and significant is the fact that it is addressed to the Clouds and Sun, not to any god or spirit. In the *Song of Strangeness* is expressed the exaltation which comes through prayer:

"Singing to the gods in supplication;
Singing to the gods in supplication,
Thus my magic power is uplifted.
My power is uplifted as I sing."

But the chief value and interest of the volume have nothing to do with its literary merit. It is the first collection on an ambitious scale of the work of our aboriginal predecessors. It makes available the creative efforts of a people whom we are inclined to think of as savages, interested only in scalping, good only when dead. If it succeeds in making clear our error, if it makes us appreciate that there was something of value in the life which we drove from this continent, it will have made itself indispensable.

K. V. H.

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