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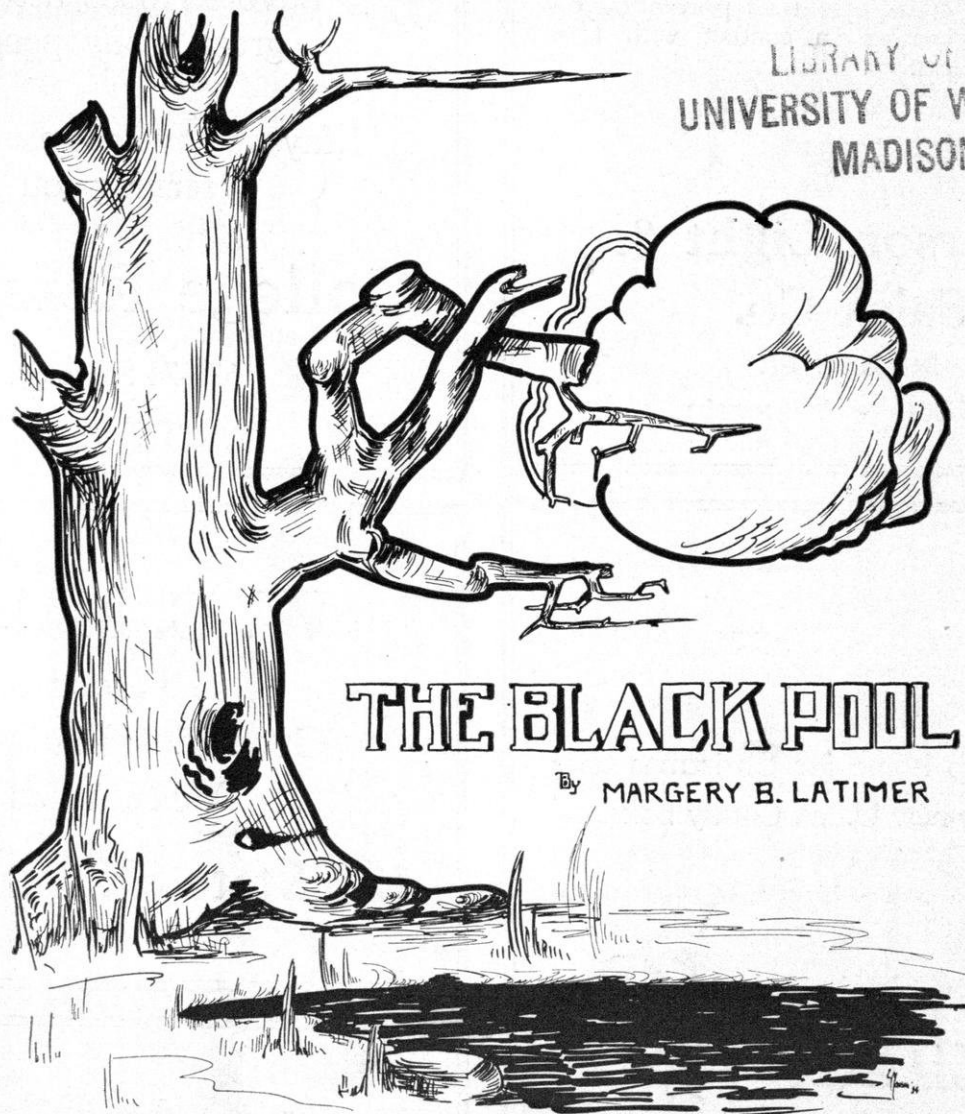
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# *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine*

Volume XXII

Number 3



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## THE BLACK POOL

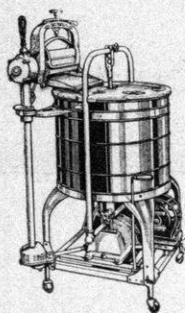
By MARGERY B. LATIMER

December, 1922

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PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XXII

MADISON, DECEMBER, 1922

Number 3

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OUR DIGNITY The delightfully modulated voice of the court clerk drones tranquilly his final phrase: “. . . against the peace and dignity of the student body of the University of Wisconsin.” The defendant has been duly arraigned.

We know that students—American students, at least,—are eminently peaceful, but the nature and extent of their dignity may be more obscure. There may even be doubts as to its existence. No one, we are happy to say, laughed outright when the phrase was read, but the weight of that fact as evidence tending to show dignity on the part of student spectators should not be overestimated. Other parts of the juridical performance were greeted with copious and flattering mirth. Besides, dignity is a positive quality, not solely a matter of inhibitions, of refraining from laughter under trying circumstances.

What is the ‘dignity of the student body’? Is it manifested by our so-called self government? By

our hobo parades? By the flatulent mouthings of our urbane politicians? We have our four major and five minor traditions; we have our Student Senate, which “controls and directs all student activities and sentiment”; we have our Student Court. But do these institutions, prominent as they are in our Y. M. C. A. Handbooks, give to the outside world an impression of dignity, or merely of prejudice, pretension, and pomposity? The question is a fair one. For if our dignity is apparent only to ourselves, it should with more appropriateness be termed self-importance.

There are occasions, such as the Varsity Welcome, and Commencement Exercises, on which the student body approaches something akin to dignity. Individually we seem to be incapable alike of giving dignified greeting to a new student and of taking dignified leave of our university; but as a herd, with proper guidance, we do both rather well. We have at least a certain mob majesty, a splendid submissiveness. Call it dignity, if you like,—the dignity of docility.

Let none do offense thereto!

F. D. C.

THE NEW VANDALS We quote from the October *Stanford Cardinal* (Stanford University, California): “*Jurgen* (by James Branch Cabell) was found ‘offensive and lewd and lascivious and indecent’ by the Philistines, and banished to limbo. The fate of the imaginary hero pursued the book, and our Elder Moralists, through the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, banished the book from the libraries of America.”

Philistines? Is this another endeavor to insult so ennobling an element in our national morality? Are the rakes once again attempting to extirpate the sanctified Puritanism which has constituted so

inseparable a portion of American life for more than three centuries? We, the descendants of austere and pious patriarchs, must we longer endure this insidious vitiation, this vulpine corruption of our heritage? The nefarious machinations of ribaldry, which threaten our innocence, are not confined to the realm of literature. Drama, painting, sculpture, these also have been perverted to the iniquitous schemes of the depraved.

But all is not yet lost: against the sea of lubricity and wickedness imperiling our decorum stands the leaky dike of our Elder Moralists, resolutely defending from maculation the Youth of America. Meanwhile the embattled cohorts of the Curbers of Vice patrol the length and breadth of our fair land, rooting out the weeds of degeneration sown by fiendish and infamous myrmidons of salacity. They wrap the garments of their purity closely about them,—a priestly throng,—and with the smell of Virtue issuing from their mouths, pass from library to library, from gallery to gallery, from museum to museum, suppressing Vice. Is it not inspiring to behold Puritanism, in all its barbaric obtrusiveness, in all its magnificent sterility, cleansing the country,—a mightier Hercules purifying the new Augean stables?

Let us join this saintly crusade. Let us, too, acquire that stern eye whose stare withers creations comparable to *Jurgen*. What matters it that the discriminating connoisseur points out excellences? Let us destroy these monstrosities; for have we not other productions whose characters are not peccable? Doubtless these same judges will recommend *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Indeed, let us go even farther in this feeble sanctity, turning from Homer—'offensive, lewd, lascivious. indecent' Homer—to *Hiawatha*. And Euripides, vile, disgusting heathen that he was,—let us take down *Orestes* from our bookshelf and replace it with *Little Men*!

The assemblies of our statesmen cannot stop the press; but a handful of anile fanatics can! Brilliant littérateurs hesitate to judge contemporary writing; but apish charlatans, unable to distinguish between acnian artistry and ordinary pornography, do not! Personal property is protected by law from the abuses of occasional rowdyism. But the world's heritage of art lies open to the Vandalism of organized bigots: irreparable damage is done to precious fragments held to be immoral; pages are ripped from priceless old tomes because sentences are adjudged salacious; from the repertories there is removed classic sculpture; canvases of rare excellence are withdrawn from the galleries; opera and drama of consummate superiority are prohibited from the stage; Olympian poetry is branded with disgrace; philosophy is attacked as menacing to the morals of our youth!

Who are these unctuous iconophobists? Who are these imbecile judges of what is virtuous and what is impure? Who are these new infallibles who proclaim to a patient and trustful world that this is 'offensive', and this is 'lewd', and this is 'lascivious', and this is 'indecent', and this, alone, is undefiled? Who are these new Vandals who dismantle the treasuries of painting, who devastate the museums of sculpture, who ravish the repositories of literature?

G. K. T.

## EDITORS

FRANK D. CRANE

MARGERY LATIMER    MARGARET EMMERLING  
LOUISE SMITH        GUY K. TALLMADGE

# A Gentleman of Long Ago

KATE PATON

Perhaps the house had once had a color. Perhaps there had been the bright days after painting, when it had shone in the sun, but that must have been many years past, because it was black now. It was black because of the smoke from the factories down the street. Its front was flat, and a wavering trail of steps led up to the door, steps that had been heavily trodden. And the street to the left and to the right was as black as the house itself.

Two men came busily down the steps one morning, and, quickly turning, strode down the street, past the factories, and away. They walked smartly, as though they felt that they did not quite belong here in this neighborhood and would be glad to get away, as though at night they would return resentfully. Joseph, the younger and more dapper, worked in a tailor's shop, and Rudolph was a lawyer's clerk. Rudolph's hatred of their street was very plain; he kicked the stones he chanced upon with vicious force. Then the two were gone.

Their mother had not come to the door to watch them go off. She had given up that habit long ago, and now she was washing the breakfast things. There was a tensity about her working today. Her eyes glared fixedly at the dim, soapy water, and she dispatched the cups and plates swiftly.

A cup fell.

"Jesus Christ!"

It came from her lips before she could think. She was afraid.

She looked at the broken cup and tossed her head.

"I guess it can stay there," she said, slowly. "I'll just leave it there."

And she turned away, back to the sink, and went on with the dishes. When they were done, she looked at the floor again, and for a moment hesitated. She ought to clean it up. But she hated it so! She hated her brown linoleum floor, and she hated the dark green walls of her kitchen. She would not sweep that brown linoleum again.

She walked out into the hall and met her face in the mirror. Its black eyes stared at her, and it seemed that loose white hair was waving . . . She passed.

It was terrible, this house. So narrow! And all the walls dark green, except in the parlor, where they were red. A deep, sheltering red that pleased Joseph. It made her shudder. She wished she could get out from under her walls, somehow. She went into the parlor.

But there she was confronted by the portrait of Johann Theodor Anspruch, her ancestor, and she could not look at him. He was an elegant and graceful person, but the faint smile that hovered over his face had made him terrible to her ever since they had come to America. She felt his disdain of her life. His fine horror.

She could not look at him now, and it made her helpless. Where was she to turn? She went to the window and stood there looking at the street with its rows of houses, all dark, and flat in front, and watched the sun trying to shine upon them. That was hopeless; it couldn't. It only cut out the shapes of the chimneys and roofs more bitterly. She turned away. She turned and met her ancestor's smile.

She wanted to kneel. It was a sudden desire. She wanted to kneel, and cross herself, and receive absolution. She wanted it more than anything else in the world, but she knew that she could not. Rudolph . . . if Rudolph should know. And, she told herself, he was right, they must let that pass, with the other things from the Fatherland. They must let it pass; and, besides, as Rudolph so often said, there was much, much, from which God needed to be absolved! Yes, that was so, she knew. They had found that out. But, she wanted to kneel more than anything else in the world.

Perhaps, if she were to go outside for a little while, it would be easier to breathe when she got back. A little walk would do her good. If she could get away from the house, and even from the street, for a little while, it would be different.

Johann Theodor Anspruch was still gazing at her. She could not go. She could see that he would never leave her, that even when her back was turned, perhaps when she was out of the house, his eyes would be fastened upon her, with their scornful reproach. He would not leave her. Ever since they had been in America, she had

trained her eyes to dart past his picture, but to-day it was impossible; they always found their way to his face. Her hands went up to cover her eyes, and she shrank against the wall, but still she could not get away from him.

"Martha, Martha." She could hear him.

"You have gone from the home of your fathers . . . you have come to this strange place. Why?"

"And you are heathen. You have let your sons blind you to the Everlasting Mercy. You are heathen."

His mild eyes masked a scorching contempt . . . a Christian patience. She ran into the kitchen, crossing herself.

With a sudden gesture, she stooped and gathered the fragments of the broken cup and threw them into the waste-basket. And she began violently to sweep the brown linoleum floor. But still she could not get away from Johann Theodor Anspruch. She remembered where that portrait had hung in Cologne; it had been at one end of the long drawing-room, above the piano.

She leaned over the broom. . . How long since her fingers had touched a piano? Ah, she could not think of that!

The old house would not leave her mind. It was close to a pleasant street, where students strolled merrily along. It was very old, and of stone, and so near to the street that the people passed by their windows, and once, when a shutter was loose—! A smile overtook her, and was gone. Ah, that was many years ago. She remembered the place above the door where the name of her husband's family was carved in the stone. It had been there two hundred years, perhaps three hundred.

And here, who knew them? They were lost people, wanderers, these three who moved in the black American street, a tailor's assistant, a lawyer's clerk, and she with her green kitchen. They were wanderers, pausing for a moment, a moment that had become seven years.

When the money had gone they had torn every knot and come to a land where wealth is not needed for position, where men grow rich very quickly. Her sons, who had been bred to become officers of the Imperial Army, would take her back when they had won what they needed, and they would begin again in the old house. She smiled as she remembered that. They had actually believed it! And now, what were her boys? Rudolph a lawyer's clerk, and Joseph . . . She was growing old. And they had always lived here with the

green walls—except, a long time ago—seven years. That house in Cologne, a long time ago.

And they were not Catholics any more; they were heathen. Agnostics, Rudolph said. Because God had been so ruthless . . . there was no God. So they no longer went to mass, even on Easter Day. She remembered the Easter mass, with everyone brightly dressed, because it was Spring, and Christ had risen.

It was Spring now, and somewhere the sun was shining. Not here, in this street, no, but beyond, somewhere. It was brightening grass and puddles and little girls' faces. She would go, she thought. She would go out there and see. The weight of her dark walls would be off her shoulders. She would get away, even from her ancestor, who smiled.

She was in the street, hurrying along. There were other people, and she wondered a little about them. But she was afraid of them, she knew them to be hostile with the hostility of ignorance. She remembered a few early encounters. Still, she would have liked to know them . . . she wondered how they would look in great anger, if any of them were ever in great anger! She passed on, hurrying; she wanted to come to the wide streets, where little boys and girls played on the grass.

A great, grey building towered before her; she saw it from a distance and unconsciously walked in its direction. A great building, spired, with a large, round window in the face of it. She walked eagerly toward it.

At its portal she paused, and, with hand raised to open, looked around her. She was frightened. She opened the door and went in, crossing herself, and walked slowly down the great aisle of the church, alone in its silence. She found her way to a little altar, at the side of one transept, and knelt under its burning tapers.

"*Ave Maria, gratia plena . . .*"

She looked up.

"*Ave Maria . . .*"

She could not go on. She could not say that again,—*full of grace!* She could not say it.

She turned and tumbled down the interminable aisle, out, and away.

And yet, when she was a young girl, she would have liked to have taken the veil. She used to dream of it at night, when she was half asleep and half awake. She might have taken the veil. She walked wearily down the street.

Bustling women in groups passed her, staring curiously at her careless, drooping figure, at her

(Continued on page 75)

# Two Sunsets

STANLEY G. WEINBAUM

I

ADAM:

I thought you'd stop ere now—up there  
At the very highest point of air;  
Surely that was your place, not this,  
Not hanging on the precipice,  
Far down, to make my shadow tall.  
And yet you have not ceased to fall  
Toward the ground. Thus far away?  
I thought perhaps your orbit lay  
Across that hill, or in the wood  
This side of it. I might have stood  
With ready arms, and eased your fall,  
And eased your warm, resplendent ball  
To the soft, scented soil, and peace.  
Yet you descend! Can you not cease?  
Shall I not reach you, then, and prop  
You with strong boughs, and make you stop  
This fatal fall? Too far! Too far!  
I can't attain to where you are  
This moment slipping by the hill  
Across the garden, falling still.  
You wane from white to fearful red—  
You're dying!

Maybe God is dead!

Yes! Surely it was his intent  
To halt you high in your ascent  
And hold you there, suspended there,  
To give a color to the air,  
To give a warmth, and shed a glow  
Upon the Garden here below,  
When Death cut short His schemes!

And I

Must now impotent watch you die!  
There's still a flush, a little red—  
A little, little light—'Tis dead!  
'Tis dead indeed behind the hill—  
Great God, Thy creature's flesh is chill—  
Nay, I forgot. He's dead.

'Tis cold!

I feel already growing old.  
I'd rather die—a sweet device  
To 'scape a cold, dark Paradise!

What's that? A light—nay, two—and more,  
More tiny lights, a hundred score,

## SOLILOQUY OF A HUNCHBACK

IRVIN M. SHAFRIN

Curios . . . . .  
 A ludicrous mélange of shapes,  
 Daemonic goblins, grinning apes,  
     And rainbow—tinted dishes;  
 Quaint, curious china bowls and vats,  
 Bland, winking Buddhas, ivory rats  
     And prehistoric fishes.

Curios . . . . .  
 Conglomerate display of toys  
 Amusing cosmic girls and boys;  
     Deformed to lure attention.  
 Each mental infant points them out,  
 But smirks at every silly shout  
     With guilty apprehension.

Curios . . . . .  
 I am of that exotic race,  
 With malformed back and apish face,  
     And queer, distorted capers;  
 Created by some ghoulish whim  
 And thrust into a corner dim,  
     The cynosure of gapers.

## PERSPECTIVE

IRVIN M. SHAFRIN

I met him on the street one day  
 In Tokio; he passed my way,  
 His oily features furtive, meek,  
 His hair unkempt; each stubby cheek  
 Expanded into one bland grin;  
 Great Nestor, what a Harlequin!  
 The shifty eyes, the senseless smirk,  
 The dirty waist that held his dirk!  
 I smiled, and caught his childish glance,  
 His witless mien of ignorance;  
 My eyes crept up each shoeless limb  
 And down again . . . I laughed at him!

He passed, and though I could not see,  
 The hapless devil laughed at *me*!

He perished with his own foul brood—  
The Angel starved for want of food!  
Well, Sun, to die's to make amends;  
Let's say at least we parted friends.

You're dying, Sun! There pales your red!  
And I'm not dead—not dead—not—

## Narrow Windows

CATHERINE DAVIS

"Quick, glance across the drive. She's immediately opposite us, now. Who is she?" Heresford clutched my arm, half turning me about to catch another glimpse of the woman who had excited his curiosity. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to speak? Lord, she's a picture. She puzzles and interests me. Her eyes and her mouth fascinate me, but I can't quite understand her chin. Man, by all that's good, who is she?"

"What have I tried to do for the past five minutes, standing here in the middle of the sidewalk, but just that? If you'll stop prodding and shaking me—people are beginning to look at us queerly—we'll walk on and I'll tell you. Her name is Barbara Janotta. Even the sound of her name excites further interest, I can see. I am not surprised, for her name usually does, in men. She has lived here in town all her life. I mean literally and actually all her life. I know she couldn't add together more than a month of nights spent outside of this place in all her thirty years of existence."

"You might be a bit more lenient, Borg, when it's a question of the girl's age." Irritation at his friend's apparent mockery and annoyance at himself for having shown undue interest in the girl led him to interrupt Heresford's story with sullen remarks. "She's not a day over twenty-three."

"In all her thirty years of existence," Borg went on, with no notice of the annoyance or the interruption, "she's lived with her mother and father except for that possible month of nights spent elsewhere. She's had more opportunities

than the average girl, yet she's no more nor no less than the girl who just passed. She's read a sufficient number of books to make her interesting, in a literary way, but she's not exactly interesting. Her acquaintance is broad enough to make her a judge of people, but she isn't quite discerning enough. She almost led Prom, when she was in school, almost made 'The Portals' her last year and—well, that's the way people speak and talk of Barbara: with 'almosts' and 'not exactlys' and 'just abouts' plentifully cast about. On sight and first acquaintance people, girls as well as men, are attracted. They expect great things from her and continue to do so for some time, before they'll admit to themselves that there's something vital, something essential, lacking; then she drifts away from them. She drifts away from everyone, sooner or later.

"But, man, her eyes! You surely can't—"

"She's had her men, too. Most of them began in desperation and undiscernment and ended in satiety and vagueness. One is always vexed with her for attracting and leaving him puzzled and disappointed, and one is always discomfited for having allowed himself to become interested. Yes, she's had her men,—Lord knows how many. She never could quite decide who she wanted. Most of them passed on and left her in her indecision and were glad of it. 'She wasn't quite what I needed and wanted,' they said, afterwards. She was almost ideal to men, but not quite. A man, to marry a woman, you know, must at least believe the woman ideal. It's requisite to him. Then she came—"

*(Continued on page 82)*

# The English and the Italian Pamela

RACHEL GIESE

My first impressions of Richardson date from the reading of one of Leslie Stephen's "Critical Essays", so delicate, yet sound, whose lucid air is admirably tempered to the sensitive but tenuous inspiration of the author of *Pamela*. Here seemed audible the very breath of that once dramatic world, reanimating its fading mysteries of outworn passion, its intricate subtleties of mood, and reconciling our modern impatience to the solemn and processional movement of a story so evidently the survival of an age whose burden of dignity was greater than we have leisure for. And further, there was imparted a sense of fine adventure, exquisite surprise as to the discovery of rich things almost forgotten. There was, too, a suggestion of mysteries revealed, of admission to the inner sanctuary where things are not felt as by the vulgar, of initiation into the secret pleasures of the amateur of rare things.

My expectations, so aroused, were exquisitely gratified when I saw the Italian version of *Pamela*. It was in Florence. The story had been dramatized in the eighteenth century by Goldoni, the most urbane of playwrights since the days of Terence. The acting had the natural grace of all Italian things. It was not so brilliant as the French, but it was more felicitous and more suave. Everything was in harmony, and the pleasure was no longer of the imagination only, building its own delights, but almost of the senses. There was a keen excitement, a conscious sinking of one's own existence in this miracle of past life. The very frippery of this other generation, the whole tale of furbelows and periwigs that has been the stock-in-trade of Grub Street romances for the last sixty years, appeared significant, and seemed the outward fashion of an inner dignity, the stage tokens of the temperate, calm and leisured glory of that antique world. Terence and Menander seemed to have written the comedy of the eighteenth century. For whatever there may be of dulness or languor in the three long volumes of the original history, was quite forgotten. Richardson's treatise on Virtue and the Art of Letter Writing had become the most sprightly of comedies, flashing with wit, and instinct with fine, intellectual humor,—with humor turned philosophy,

and feeding its rich life on the appearances of all this rounded globe, humor turned philosophy, not of the schools, but of life, and giving its genial warmth to the sceptic's tolerance. Ease, urbanity, dignity, grace . . . how can one characterize this elusive, effortless masterpiece?

When at last I came to read *Pamela* itself, it was in the expectation of rare and curious pleasures, of something finer than life, but perhaps touched with the monotony incident to perfection. But this was nonsense. The pleasure afforded by Mr. Richardson is in nowise artificial. It leaves one with a far keener sense of its intimacy and of its permanence than of its rarity. For it does not mainly lie in the fanciful reconstruction of a vanished world whose manners and morals have a more pictorial richness than our own but are essentially alien to us. It is in nowise archaeological. Nor is it the pleasure of the lotus-eater, for getting time and care in a dreaming world of shadows. We do not read *Pamela* to intercalate its long, calm spaces with our hurrying hours, but to share in its passion. Behind all its ceremonial pomp stirs and throbs a world of human emotion, and it is this that moves us. Like all great art it lives by its appeal to our common humanity.

This Richardson's one talent abundantly satisfies. For, far more than Goldoni, he was endowed with a sincere and passionate imagination. He possessed the final gift of the novelist. His creations lived and moved before him. He was not their master, but their spectator. Their destinies were no other than the constitution of their own character, and upon the free development of this whim the artist put no impediment. The heart of their mystery he could not pluck out, for it was his by divination only, and still keeps its perennial life. They are not the servants of a magic ring, at the beck and call of its chance owner. They are themselves masters and lords of time.

It was because he was endowed with this triumphant imagination (perilous as such a word may seem when applied to this timid realist) that Richardson, far more than Goldoni, was able to seize upon the central, the abiding elements in this theme. For it led him to centre his interest en-

tirely on problems of character and will, problems that have the permanence of the human heart itself and can not change with the changing age. His greatest strength and his greatest weakness he owes to the same cause; to his passionate narrowness of outlook, to his complete absorption in the moral issue. This allows him no excursion into the ephemeral, the trivial, the merely local, but it also allows the reader neither rest nor pause. For Richardson, truly, the end is the chief thing of all. It is one of the most significant triumphs of purpose in art that these interminable novels, where there is manifest no law of development whatever, should yet be the most perfect exemplars of unity in artistic creation. Richardson imposes order on his extraordinarily rich and varied material not by exclusion and subordination—he was too little preoccupied with technical problems for that—but by irradiating every extraneous incident with the light of an intensely conceived moral character. This is why *Pamela*, indubitably the most didactic of all great novels, is in no way over-burdened with the immense load of moral commonplaces. They are as natural to the subject as its laughter or its tears.

This Goldoni did not recognize. Like Lamb lying on Primrose Hill and blushing to read the story of so much passion with his sweet friend, he wished for a more temperate air. To obtain it he has sacrificed all serious dramatic effect. The plot as he has rendered it, is hopelessly artificial. The nameless Mr. B—, poor Pamela's dear master, has been metamorphosed into a Sir Charles Grandison. The action centres no longer on any dramatic struggle between his will and Pamela's, but on his hesitations between his love for her and the duties imposed on him by a conception of the prerogatives and obligations of nobility which would have seemed a little strained to an Englishman, even in the eighteenth century, and to an American, in the nineteenth, seems fantastical. A greater urbanity has been achieved by the sacrifice of serious realism. For, though the situation is charmingly spun out, it is not profoundly mov-

ing, and above all is capable of no solution. To part the reluctant lovers was an ending fit for *Titus and Berenice*, but was too cold for sentimental comedy. The god from the machine was Goldoni's easy resource. When Pamela, dressed, as in Richardson, in broad straw hat and rustic cloak, is about to set out for her native cottage, her father appears, a clumsy country man, broken by long years of labor in the fields, and confesses that he is really a banished duke. This, of course, resolves all difficulties in the plot, but does it satisfy the spectator? Further, this transference of our interest from Pamela to her lover means the unfortunate neglect of one of the most charming women in fiction. Richardson was endowed with a peculiarly feminine temperament. He is consequently far more at his ease when creating his heroines than his heroes. Rigidity is his substitute for manly strength. His women he endows with a rich emotional nature that makes them more nearly akin to Hardy's wilful creations than to the unhappy female of most eighteenth century fiction. Yet in Richardson, Pamela, for all her sweetness, does not lack strength, nor especially, a lively wit, that in one less demure might almost be called high animal spirits. As with her creator, a cheerful good-sense is the only master passion. But this good sense is as instinctive as her sensibility. Neither has he the touch of rhetoric, of argumentative self-consciousness that ends by jarring on our nerves in the otherwise so harmonious scenes of Goldoni. There the lady doth protest too much. She leaves us weary of her *virtu*.

This, however, is a very minor fault and it must be confessed that as a whole Goldoni's work is far more flawless than Richardson's. It is in regions where pure artistry, however felicitous, is inadequate, that he falls so far short of him. That he so seldom attempted to reach these was doubtless wise. He is perfect as it is. But perfection is not everything. Richardson lives for all time without it.

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## Song

WALLACE WHITE

Jest, stars! Laugh, moon!  
Your twinkling light's  
An echo of my heart;  
You cannot be  
More wild and free  
Than it, your counterpart;—  
For light's the heart, and mad the head  
Of maid who's wooed, but yet not wed.

I've foiled, I've fooled,  
In madcap chase,  
My lover in his wooing;  
The ardour he  
Professed to me  
Is cooling in pursuing;—  
For hot's the heart, and cool the head  
Of man who woos, but will not wed.

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## The Fiend Has It

MILDRED FISH

I do not want to work tonight. I *do* want to work tonight. Laziness says, "Do not". Ambition says, "Do". I am as much of a fool as Launcelot Gobbo. My ambition eggs on my conscience, and Laziness, as if he were the devil, pricks me with his tail and blows in my ear, "Read! Eat! Go to bed!" when I must write a theme.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.

They are hard at it. But the clock is on the

side of the fiend, who has set up a siege against me. Each tick is a battering ram.

Launcelot, right you are. Your speech needs little changing. "To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with ambition, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of a devil—how he pricks me,—and, to bury my head in the pillows away from ambition, I should be ruled by the fiend Laziness, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself . . . The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will go to bed, fiend; on with my night-gown at your command; I will go to bed.

# The Black Pool

MARGERY BODINE LATIMER

*A beautiful place of leaves and birds; a place of flowers and tiny paths. On a rustic bench sits Mavis, a blind girl, who is as exquisite as her surroundings. A boy, with an unhappy distortion on his cheek, stands in the background. As he comes forward, Mavis lifts her head.*

Mavis: Is it you, Colin,

Colin: Yes, Mavis.

Mavis: Come, and sit here.

Colin (*Nervously*): What have you been doing?

Mavis: Waiting for you to come.

Colin: I—I always wonder if you really want me to come.

Mavis: I like you, Colin.

Colin (*Turning away from her*): But you like everything.

Mavis: Don't you?

Colin: No.

Mavis: Don't you feel like many people, Colin? Don't you feel as though everything lies within you?

Colin: No.

Mavis: It seems as though we are all one child—feeling and growing and singing.

Colin: You understand the voices of things.

Mavis: But so do you.

Colin: There are days when I do. Then something comes and spoils it.

Mavis: What happens?

Colin: I don't know. It's like blackness.

Mavis: I don't know what that is.

Colin: You wouldn't know.

Mavis: Is it like nothing?

Colin: It comes over me . . . No, I won't tell you, Mavis.

Mavis: Black. I have heard that word before.

Colin: But you don't know it.

Mavis: No.

Colin (*Impulsively*): Mavis, no one would know that you couldn't see!

Mavis (*Putting her hands over her face*): Don't pity me. You used to be the only one who didn't. Now you're like all the others.

Colin: Mavis, don't say that!

Mavis: I do see—not the way of others—but

my own way. Colin, I know you. I know you better than I would if I saw—that other way.

Colin: I'm not always like this.

Mavis: You are always this way when you are with me.

Colin: I have other selves.

Mavis: That sounds lovely. What are they like?

Colin: Some of them are black. . . .

Mavis: I don't feel that word. O, Colin, be happy! Everyone else is.

Colin: One can't laugh always.

Mavis: Why not? Laughter is like singing, and all of us are moving through a beautiful song.

Colin: Mavis, there are things which you know nothing about. Ugly things.

Mavis: I feel everything that lives.

Colin: There are things you will never know.

Mavis: Why?

Colin: I can't tell you.

Mavis: But I want to know.

Colin: Do you know what 'ugly' means?

Mavis: I don't feel that word.

Colin: You will never feel the black things.

Mavis: How do you know there are black things?

Colin: Oh, Mavis. . . . You don't know what it is to feel as though the world is moving without you, and to have people draw away from you. Then things seem so real and so cruel. When I am with you everything seems the opposite.

Mavis: I love you for that.

Colin: Mavis. . . .

Mavis: Do the other girls you know talk to you like that?

Colin: You are the only girl I know.

Mavis: Why am I glad?

Colin (*suddenly taking her in his arms*): Oh, Mavis, I have always loved you. Even before I knew you.

Mavis (*laughing*): We have always known each other.

Colin: Your hands are so soft.

Mavis: Oh, I love everything.

Colin (*drawing away*): You don't understand.

Mavis: But aren't you everything?

**Colin:** What do you want me to say?

**Mavis:** That you love me. The words have such feelings.

**Colin:** I can't talk about it. (*He holds her close to him and puts his lips against hers.*)

(*Pardon, a boy of fifteen, shrunken in face and body, pulls himself toward the two. He has the hopeless eyes of a disillusioned man, webbed fingers, crooked limbs. He talks to himself in a murmur as he watches Mavis and Colin.*)

**Pardon** (*going close to Mavis*): I lay where the grass was sharp against my cheeks, and I watched them.

**Colin:** What are you doing here?

**Mavis:** Why, Pardon!

**Pardon:** I tell you I heard them. I was lying in the grass where it's long, and covers me, and shuts out the sky.

**Colin:** What did you hear?

**Mavis:** Don't you like the sky, Pardon?

**Pardon:** No, it's too far away. It's high—high! And I feel so small when I look up, and up. When I am in the grass the highest of them all are near my fingers.

**Mavis:** The sky feels so close to me.

**Pardon:** I like it in the night, when things have stopped talking. Then they are mine. I make them say what I want them to say. Everything is mine at night.

**Mavis:** Yours! I feel as though I belong to things more than they belong to me. (*Stopping abruptly*) I don't understand my words. Colin, what do they mean?

**Colin:** That you are beautiful.

**Mavis:** I never felt as though I belonged to things before.

**Pardon:** Ho, Mr. Colin, here comes some one you don't like!

(*Yoemans, a man good to look upon, comes down the path. He nods at Colin and goes to Mavis.*)

**Yoemans** (*taking Mavis' hand*): How do you do, Mavis? It's Yoemans.

**Mavis:** You haven't been to see me for a long time. (*Colin moves away from them.*)

**Yoemans:** I've been away.

**Mavis:** Oh, tell me about it!

**Yoemans:** A wonderful place this time. But I'm glad to be back. I like to be where I can see you, Mavis.

**Mavis:** You should be the way I am. I feel as though I am everywhere at once.

**Yoemans:** Yes, you're wonderful about it. You can play games with yourself. No one would

know you are blind. I was telling my mother just the other day that blindness. . . .

**Mavis:** Don't use that word! I am not blind. I do see!

**Yoemans:** Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you. I didn't know you were so sensitive. . . . I'm so . . .

**Mavis:** I do see.

**Yoemans:** But not the way other people do. Don't you wonder how the world looks to another person? Don't you ever wonder what's out here?

**Mavis:** No.

**Yoemans:** Would you be happy if some one told you that you could have your sight? Would you love the person who gave you your eyes?

**Mavis** (*moving about uneasily, half crying*): I don't want to be with you any more. Where is Colin? Colin!

**Colin:** I'm here, Mavis.

**Mavis:** But you aren't close. Why are you so far away? Oh, Colin, come here! (*Colin stands near Mavis. He keeps his head turned away from Yoemans.*)

**Yoemans** (*softly, so that Colin will not hear*): I didn't mean to hurt you, Mavis. You know that I wouldn't hurt you.

**Mavis:** Hurt me? I don't understand you. Who would hurt any one?

**Yoemans:** I didn't mean to hurt your feelings about not seeing.

**Mavis:** You think I'm blind. You pity me.

**Yoemans:** Please forget those things.

**Mavis:** I like to hear you tell me about countries, and oceans, and flaming birds that fly high. But they don't know me. I want some one to know me. (*Going to Colin and putting her hand on his shoulder.*) Colin, you are the only one who wants to know me.

**Colin** (*hoarsely*): Mavis . . .

**Pardon** (*rising up from the grass*): There are dead things in the pool. Black things with snake faces. But I put my face close—and it's the black pool, too.

**Mavis** (*half sobbing*): I knew that I had heard that word. Black—black . . .

**Colin:** But you don't feel it.

**Yoemans:** Why wouldn't she feel it? It's only an old black pool. Why shouldn't she know?

**Colin:** She can't know. It isn't in her.

**Pardon:** They turn their faces up to me out of the black, and their arms make swirls. (*Forming circles in the air with his deformed arms.*) It's

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## A Gentleman of Long Ago

(Continued from page 66)

dark eyes that looked so far beyond them. She felt their gaze and hated them for it. When she had first come she had met German women, but she had long since turned from them, for they were as ponderous as the brown linoleum and the green walls of her kitchen, or, one or two, like the warm, embracing red of the parlor walls. So she turned away, and there was no one. Now there was not even Mary, Mother of God.

Still, as she walked, she thought about these women, and their sons, and she wondered about the girls who would be brought to them as brides, and the little babies they would bring. She would have liked a daughter-in-law, and oh, a little grandson! But not here, in the black street. She could not bear the thought of it. Now, if she had had a little grandson in the old country, she would have taught him to play to her at twilight, when she was old and could no longer sit at the piano. And he should have read to her

“Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh’,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch . . .”

She could hear him reading it, this dream-child

Then she looked up and found herself back in the street where their house stood, where all the houses were flat in front, with wavering steps leading up to their doors. This was her home. This!

When she had shut the door behind her, she knew that the house was taking her in, body and soul. And she did not care. There was a quietness about it, a relief.

But something drew her into the parlor, and she had to stare at Johann Theodor Anspruch again. A sudden fury seized her.

“If you would go! If you would only go and leave us alone! Leave us to rot here. Oh, if you would only go.”

She turned away and leaned against the wall. This dark house was closing her in. Even her thoughts could not move, and she could only wait, though she did not know what she would be waiting for. She did not know.

Time went by as she sat and looked at the portrait, and gradually a dreadful loathing of her

gentle ancestor overcame her. If it had not been for him, she might have forgotten. She might have deadened the memories and become a part of the new house, the new street, even, she thought suddenly, of the new country. She might have found a friend. But with his delicate scorn he kept reminding her of the fineness and mellowness she had left behind; with his quaint grace he had made her hate everything here for its bluntness. He told her it was impossible to find grace here! Every day he told her that, smiling keenly. It was he, he! He had chained her to these hard thoughts of the past.

He was a thorn . . . a thorn in her flesh.

He was asking her to struggle. A dull laugh came from her throat. He was asking her to struggle against all of it with her sons. She smiled again as she thought of them, the tailor’s assistant and the lawyer’s clerk, who went to the *Turnverein* on Thursday nights. Joseph with his stamp collection. Rudolph with his morose quotations from Haeckel. Ah, it was funny. It was funny.

She started up and stood straight before the picture.

“I won’t, I say. I won’t! It’s too funny.”

She stared and stared . . .

Then, with dreadful intensity, she climbed upon a chair and took down the picture of Johann Theodor Anspruch. Gasping, and with violently trembling hands, she carried it into the kitchen and stood it upon a chair. In the dark green kitchen.

From the table drawer she drew the bread knife, a long thing with a wavy edge. She trembled because it was growing late, and she must hurry. Without a moment’s breath, she darted to the picture and began, with large, feverish strokes, to slash it from its frame. It was out. It fell to the floor.

She picked it up, and held it at arm’s length. He was still smiling with that delicate scorn . . . Furiously she rolled up the canvas and ran to the stove. She lifted an iron plate and pushed the canvas through the hole, into the flame, deep. Then, she could not cover it up. She had to watch it, watch it crumbling. She stood there, crouching over the stove, with the hot fire on her face. She could not move.

There was a rumble of people coming up the steps, and then her sons strode through the house and into the kitchen. She could not stir. There was the old gentleman, burning, at last, and he

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# Six Clocks and the Manhood of Thomas Parks

KENNETH FEARING

## I

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

—Henley.

However that may be, down from Antioch upon Chicago came Thomas Parks. In Antioch he was a known quantity in a known equation; in Chicago he thought he would be an x in a fathomless riddle, a man to play fast and loose with larger destinies. That explains, superficially, why he came; but the real reason was one of statistics. Every year, between four thousand two hundred three, and four thousand two hundred five young men, twenty-three years old, come to the big industrial centers of America from small towns and farm districts. When statistics drew four thousand two hundred and four names from her 1921 bag of Youths to the Big Cities, "Thomas Parks" was one of them, and he of that name was immediately shipped to Chicago.

Now Chicago is chaos to the eye and Bedlam to the ear, but in reality she is a big steel filing cabinet, precise and orderly to the last minutiae. The thunder of "L" trains, wagons, automobiles, the screams of whistles, newsboys, horns—the whole crashing helter-skelter affair is merely a surface bubbling, concealing a calm, brutal certainty that has its fingers on the heart of everything. If the truth must be told, it is Statistics again who reigns in Chicago. "Absurd!" you say, and mutter something about "sweeping forces of social evolution." Bah! When you are as young as I am you will know that Statistics is the One and the True, before whom none other. Year after year two hundred thousand six hundred and nineteen men wear stiff, derby hats, the Prince of Wales regardless. Why? Statistics!

And that explains why Thomas Parks found a job in Marshall, Mandell, Scott & Co.'s wholesale house, for the pay of twenty-two dollars a week. Of course, he might have gone to work for Bronson's, or even Johnson's wholesale establishment.

Thomas Parks understood, of course, that this was only temporary; he would never allow himself to be permanently submerged in the two thousand employees of Marshall, Mandell, Scott;

he intended to get a better position, in a concern where there was scope for individual effort, at the first opportunity. In fact, it is the common reflection of vast hosts of twenty-dollar a week clerks, no matter whence they come, nor how old they are, that good positions as minor executives are frequently open, and that some day they will slip into one of these rather rare nooks, and leave their countless fellows behind.

At any rate, Thomas Parks worked for Marshall, Mandell, Scott & Co. At half past six in the morning, every day except Sunday, he washed and dressed in the room he had rented, breakfasted in a near-by restaurant, caught the swarming "L" train to the loop, and punched the button on the time clock at five minutes of eight. He then sat down for five minutes—or six or seven, if the boss did not seem to be on the floor, and chatted with his fellow-workers.

There was Inge, a small Swede, forty years old, married, possessor of three children. His job was to open cases of new goods as they came in. Thomas was a stockman, and he put the boxes of new goods away in their proper bins, after Inge had loaded them on trucks. Department 15, in which they worked, handled nothing but hosiery, and there were enough socks and stockings in this department to cover all the feet in Chicago. But to get back to Inge—he had worked everywhere. He had been a streetcar conductor, a butcher, a stockman in a dozen warehouses. He had never made more than twenty-five dollars a week, and he was very pessimistic about life, once you scraped beneath the baseball news, the politics, the new murders, that composed most of his conversation.

"No. A man ain't got no chance unless he knows a trade"—only he said "trate" instead of "trade."

"You got to know a trate until you make real money."

Thomas Parks knew no trade, and his education had gone through only the second year in high school.

Inge further asserted that men in positions like theirs had no business to be married, and the older men upheld his view. There was no one in the

department who made more than twenty-four dollars a week, unless it was the boss. It was conjectured that he made around thirty.

Besides Inge, there were eleven middle-aged men—three Germans, four Americans, one Pole, two Italians, and a cockney Englishman; this last man strayed here Statistics alone knows how. These and six young Americans, of from twenty to thirty years of age, comprised the working force of the department, except three young girls in the office. About these girls many things were conjectured.

Three of the old men had worked in this one department for more than fifteen years, and Thomas pitied them from the bottom of his heart. The rest of the old men were like Inge—drifters from job to job.

And so Thomas Parks would begin the day. From eight o'clock until one he worked, or was supposed to work, steadily. Between eleven and one he looked at his watch as many as six or eight times, to see how time was progressing. For Thomas, although ambitious to progress, was not fascinated by piling up boxes, dusting them off, or moving them around. He frequently wished that the hours between eight o'clock and half past five, at which time he quit work, might be dropped out of his life, jumped over like a dreamless sleep, so that he could enjoy his three hours of pure leisure in the evening. But he had to work in order to be able to work.

At one o'clock he went out to luncheon. He usually went to one of Thompson's, as they were very quick and cheap. He would walk around the loop for fifteen or twenty minutes, then come back to the department and loaf until two o'clock.

At half past five he was free, and this was always the best part of the day. He went straight home, washed up, dined, and by eight o'clock was in his best suit, on his way to meet a friend. Many things can be done in three or four hours. He rarely stayed out later than eleven—he had to have enough sleep to carry him through a long, inevitable tomorrow—but in the hours between eight and eleven there might be a show, or a dance, or a poker game, or a little fun with the girls in certain districts on the south side—he could enjoy himself for a brief three hours. Then to bed. Such was the routine of his life.

## II

It was not until Spring crept furtively back to the grimy city that work became really oppressive

to Thomas. For six months he had existed in department 15, a sort of automaton going through rather tiresome details, of which none stood out in his mind. Each day was the same; each day would be the same.

As I have intimated, Thomas, while extremely desirous of advancement, was prone to dislike work, and this dislike had imperceptibly fastened itself tighter and tighter upon him. No matter how well he did things, his work was unnoticed; and if it was poor, he could always protest that some one else, he did not know who, was the guilty party. Gang work, such as this, had gradually crumbled whatever alertness he originally possessed into a condition not far from somnambulism. It was impossible to repeat the same little tasks ad infinitum without finally succumbing to the monotony; inertia was his taskmaster.

He loafed whenever he got the opportunity. He would sit down and read a newspaper, climb into a huge bin and go to sleep, stare out of the dusty windows, or hide in some far corner of the room and converse at great length with some one else. The whole department was divided into scores of aisles, with shelves for hosiery ranging from floor to ceiling, and it was possible to conceal one's self for brief intervals fairly effectually.

But several times the boss had caught him loafing, and what ensued each time was far from pleasant. One time he was reading a newspaper when the chief approached unobserved:

"Haven't you anything to do?" he growled, ominously.

Thomas started, turned pink, and faltered;

"Why—why—I was just—just—"

"You were just, were you? Well don't. We're paying you to work, not read newspapers."

"Yessir."

Thomas flamed inwardly whenever he thought of it; the boss he despised more than any other human being.

"The fool! The blamed pussyfoot!" (It was true—the boss was uncommonly quiet on his feet.)—"I'll tell him what I think of him one of these days," he told himself after that incident.

But he didn't, or not, at any rate, for a long while. All he could do was writhe inwardly; and when he had been caught loafing several times he conceived a lasting hatred for his boss, his work, and everything connected with department 15.

In the Spring his ugly moods became more frequent; there was a stirring in his blood that maddened him, chained as he was to the monotonous

routine in the dim electric-lighted room. He only knew that he wanted to be outside and do as he pleased for awhile.

Then one day in May came Romance. Being in the city, she was forced to don a business-like guise, but she was Romance nevertheless, though modified somewhat.

Across the street from department 15 was a Western Union Telegraph office. A manager or somebody had conceived a novel idea for advertising. In the window were placed six clocks. One of them told Chicago time; the others: Paris, London, Berlin, Tokyo, and Petrograd, respectively.

The first Thomas knew of the arrangement was when he glanced out of a window and saw a small knot of men before the telegraph office. He saw the clocks, hands pointing every which way, over the heads of the crowd, but could not read the inscriptions on them, and so at lunch hour he went over to see what was happening.

Romance works insidiously. Although Thomas was very much interested, his imagination was not immediately overwhelmed. He had vaguely known that there was six hours' difference between Chicago and Paris; and Tokyo was eleven hours behind—or ahead—and his brain did not fire with the wonder of vast space. Nevertheless, it was fascinating to see this pictorial demonstration of the fact.

During the afternoon he thought of the clocks several times; twice he looked at them, and tried to remember which showed Petrograd, which Paris, time.

During two lunch hours he came to know them by heart, without referring to their inscriptions.

Thereafter developments were rapid; but they gave no indication of how they would culminate.

Frequently he would think of the clocks, as he groped about the dusty shelves of hosiery.

"It's ten o'clock in the morning," he would say to himself. "That's six o'clock in the evening in Petrograd. I'd be on my way home from work if I were there."

Whereupon he would picture Petrograd. His cursory education gave him little material to go upon, but he imagined long crooked streets, with fur-capped, wide-pantalooned workingmen tramping over the rough cobblestones.

"What kind of houses do they live in?" he asked himself.

A deep curiosity thus stirred him, especially when he thought of Paris. He tried to picture the thronging boulevards he had read about; at two o'clock in the afternoon, just when he began a

long grind of work, these boulevards must be beginning to fill up, for in Paris it was eight o'clock. He meant to travel some day, and have a wild time in Paris. The "Moulin Rouge"—there was the place! He had seen it in a motion picture drama, and he understood there actually was such a cabaret. He was certainly going to the "Moulin Rouge." He understood that French girls were a lot more interesting and a lot better dressers than Americans. To have a French girl!

And so Spring came down on the city; a breath of her stole through the steel canyons and even fell upon the nostrils of Thomas Parks, in the far, dim corners of department 15. At such times his work became intolerable; the days stretched away before him like bleak corpses, and he felt the hopelessness of a man condemned to prison for life, while life storms by at a vast distance. But in one respect Thomas was worse off than such a prisoner, for life was before his very eyes, yet he could only make ineffectual snatches at it.

More and more did the fault-finding boss arouse his smouldering indignation. The worst of it was that when the boss called him a "damned fool" and a "liar," which was not infrequent now, he couldn't, or wouldn't, make a retort. He loathed himself for having to endure such insults, yet could not bring himself to flaring back.

But one of these days! . . . After he had returned from London and Paris he would casually drop in on department 15, and crush the boss with his easy air of superiority, and cheapen them all by his obvious elevation. And he would, he would travel, there was no question of that.

In such manner passed April. One day in May he wanted to take half a day off and go out into the country with some friends. When he went to the office to ask the boss, he was at first answered with a curt "No."

"But it's very important," he urged, "and I'll put in some extra work tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, Parks, but we can't spare you this afternoon."

"The fact is, I've practically got to go," he said, half-timidly, half-defiantly.

"Why?"

"Well, you see, the fact is, a friend of mine is coming up to Chicago, and I've got to meet her at the station."

"What time?"

"Three-thirty" he hazarded, unthinkingly.

"Well, go over at three-thirty and come back when you're through. Won't that be all right?"

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## A Gentleman of Long Ago

(Continued from page 75)

was taking everything. There would be peace now.

"Well, Mother, what have we got for supper?" said Joseph's voice.

There, that was the last morsel of him. Now it was dead, all of it. Now she could forget.

"For God's sake, what is this empty frame doing here!" That was Rudolph. She could not turn her head.

"It means that he is gone, that's all. Now we shall have peace."

---

## Sonnet

WILL WIGGINS

Last year I bought a picture for my wall,  
And hung it near the candles and the book  
With which I sit and hoard an evening through.  
The Virgin—not in Romish red and blue—  
Estranged in gray, and mewed in framing small,  
With covered breast, and feeble eyes that look  
Upon the world unwanting of its praise,  
Hung on my wall last year, and met my gaze.

Nor is she veiled now, but by her side  
Two other pictures hang, and meet my glance:  
Vermilion woman one, of ancient lance,  
Then maudlin Mary, Christ's first fallen bride.  
These three that hang upon my ageing wall,  
I bought myself, first knowing each, then all.

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## Violence

KENNETH FEARING

### I

Tip-toeing softly through the sky,  
The curved white dagger of a moon  
Hiding in straggled clouds, goes by  
To seek the perfumed couch of June.

### II

Ho, Guard!

There's murder . . .

God; too late . . .

The moon, with stealthy slink and crouch,  
A scarlet dagger dripping hate,  
Glides home to its October couch.

# Thank You, Uncle

VANGIE BLISH

It is not generally considered proper to take off one's slippers in the drawing-room. Briton stroked the brocaded morsel which his partner had slipped off; he was glad that he and Joy had got past the conventions, in little things at least. He was glad, too, that they were in a corner, and partly screened by the piano, so that when he put it back on her foot again, since that would have to happen sometime—

Then Joy smiled quickly at him, and whisked up a bit of the silver fluff that her dress was made of.

"Come on," she murmured, "Put it on me now."

But this was much too soon. His frown said it.

"It's the last dance anyway," she went on, and, even if it weren't, I want to go look at the moon."

That was a rather nice idea. Perhaps he could get her to walk down to the beach, and look at the moon there.

"Well, of course," he said, but with some reluctance, for, even for the beach it was a shame to give up that slipper, "if you are sure you've wiggled your toes enough, I will. Only I was just thinking how cute it would look in my memory book. In fact, the more I think of it—"

Somebody was calling her name. Some poor fish. Oh, Jasper.

"Hey, Joy! Somebody's coming after you. I guess it must be Uncle," the newcomer announced.

"Oh . . . my slipper! Quickly!"

"We'll just let him wait a while," said her partner.

Briton then thoughtfully regarded his trophy, shrugged his shoulders, and bent over the lady's foot. Midway he paused, slipped the shoe into his pocket, and sweeping the girl from her feet, bore her off.

"You're as light—as light as thistledown," he said, solemnly.

"Oh? That's nice."

Then they were on the porch.

"Now, look at your moon."

Joy shrugged her shoulders and looked. It was no moon, but a lean person with lines in his face

that she found herself looking at. He was playing with his cane, and he smiled a little.

"Oh. Oh, hello, Uncle," said the girl, doubtfully, and,

"Oh, I say—Good evening, Mr. Warren, good evening," Briton said, even more doubtfully. "It was the moon, you see. We came out to look at it, don't you know?"

"Good evening," replied the older man. "Yes, I know. I have been looking at it myself for some time. Well, young man, are you about through borrowing my niece?"

Joy, from the banister, where she had been deposited, interrupted with a little wail.

"Brit-ton, I'm being neglected. My toes are f-r-o-z-e-n."

Briton searched his pockets with specious ardor but failed to produce the missing shoe.

"Well, I guess somebody's been picking my pockets. Bet it was that man Jasper."

"Never mind," replied Warren. "You go in and get Joy's cloak while I make her comfortable in the car." When they were alone, he turned to his niece. "What did he do with the slipper?"

"Put it in his pocket, I suppose. He would."

"And drink champagne out of it afterwards, as they used to out of the old belles' slippers in England?"

"Dear me no. Not Briton. The idea! He'll wrap it up in a silk handkerchief, and put it in his bureau drawer. But he'll take it out every evening and say goodnight to it."

"Good Lord! How do you stand that sort of thing?"

At that moment the young man appeared in the doorway.

Once home, Joy insisted on hopping upstairs without assistance, pouting at Briton, and lifting her chin in a truly disdainful manner. It was his fault for losing her slipper. He knew that was what she was saying as well as if he had heard it. His hand fingered the stolen goods secretly. Well, it was worth even this.

On the tenth step she stumbled and lurched over toward her uncle, who caught her and gallantly helped her up the rest of the way. It would have been nicer of her, thought her younger companion,

to have lurched on him. After all, he had some rights, didn't he? He had believed so, earlier in the evening.

Joy sank like a puff of dandelion down into a chair by the fire.

"Where's aunty?" she asked, lightly.

"Gone to bed."

Briton stood around, feeling foolish. It was obvious, so ridiculously obvious, he thought, that she was forgetting all about him.

"Oh, I'm so cold," she sighed. "Why doesn't somebody get me something for my poor foot? Uncle Warren, dear, I just wish you would make me an eggnog, hm?"

Briton felt himself getting stupider and stupider. It was annoying; he was not used to feeling like this. At home, he was the eldest son, and people paid attention to him.

"Where do you keep your bedroom slippers?" he offered lamely, just in time to see the obsequious uncle arrive with a pair of small pink mules, and to see him kneel before her to slip them on the outstretched feet. But at last the older man left them, "to see what he could do about that eggnog." As the door closed upon him, Briton straightened visibly and fastened an ominous glance upon the bright bit of finery before him.

"Of course, Joy, if you prefer," he began, and there was an echo of this morning's law class in his impressive tone, "if my presence is obnoxious to you, I will go. I will leave you to your—to your relatives."

"Hm? What was that you said, dear?"

"I said—I said, if you wish to repudiate all that we have been to one another in one reckless sweep, if I am nothing to you any more, and your uncle means more, means more than I ever could, I will leave you with him."

She smiled. Then she wrinkled up her nose at him ever so slightly.

"Oh, no," she replied, sweetly. "You can stay. It doesn't matter at all. Why, you've been standing all this time; I declare I never noticed. Won't you sit down, Briton?"

Briton was not unaware of the neglectful inference, but her casual tenderness touched him. He had waited all evening to be touched, and he was a very responsive creature.

"Dear," he began, "what is it? Tell me. Something is different. What have I done?"

I guess perhaps I'm sleepy, Briton. That's it."

That was hard. Sleepy! But, besides his hurt, he was sorry for her. He felt protective. He got down on the floor beside her chair and encircled her and it with his arms.

"Poor little girl," he murmured. "She shall go to bed if she wants to, so she shall,—"

"Here's your eggnog, Joy." If Uncle Warren had knocked it was done so quietly that no one could have heard. Briton was exceedingly uncomfortable. He stumbled to his feet, but the lady detained him.

"Don't get up, Briton. I like you there."

Then Joy and her uncle began an animated conversation about horses. Both of them, it appeared, were enthusiastic riders, and they knew all there was to know about riding. Their talk had an almost professional air. This was very painful indeed to Briton. As a man he might be expected to have at least some superficial information of the subject, certainly more than that bit of a girl! But their very vocabulary was beyond him. After he had sat dumbly on the floor for a long time, he was forced to interrupt them. It had got to be more than he could bear. He rose.

"Well," he said, weakly. "I guess I better be going. Good night, Joy. Good night, Mr. Warren." And he walked wearily out.

A moment later he returned, a little silver slipper in his hand.

"Oh, I say, Joy. Must have overlooked this before. It was in my pocket all the time. I just noticed. Sorry I didn't earlier. Well, good night, folks." And he was gone.

A little silence followed.

Then Joy skipped out of her chair, and laughed, and danced up the room and down again, fluffing up her misty dress as she went.

"Oh, that was nice, nice," she cried, sinking into her companion's lap. "You've been a peach again, Uncle dearest. One more situation saved at the psychological moment. And, what is infinitely more important, you've rescued my favorite slippers."

## Narrow Windows

(Continued from page 69)

"That's all very well, but a mouth with determination such—"

"She came near going to Japan, a few years ago, with her uncle, in a party of the Consular Service. Under such circumstances she would have met the intellects of the country, gotten in with all the nabobs, besides seeing a bit of the world. The first of the three months preceding the voyage, she talked of nothing but the wonderful time she'd have, and of what she'd bring home. The second month she asked everyone if they thought she ought to go. The third ended in her 'not seeing exactly how she could make it'. She may have needed to borrow some money to have gone, but couldn't look ahead quite far enough to think of how to repay it. The girl simply works downward. She has fire and gusto enough to climb mountains—but instead slips downhill. Lord, if she'd only reverse her order, by starting on the level and ending with the fervor with which she usually begins! She can't ever quite make up her mind. She's eternally 'almost' doing things."

"Guess I'm beginning to see where she acquired that chin of hers. Don't see why someone hasn't shaken—"

"Well, one could have forgiven her the marriage and the traveling end of it if she'd gone on with her voice, one of the few I've ever enjoyed hearing—you know how far I penetrate in the musical circle. My mother called it 'a chalice of exquisite cadences'. She gave it up,—the training of it,—and disregarded it as being worthless. A gift of the angels—and she left it in the dust. She was going to study in Rome, according to her

plans, after graduation. This desire of her childhood and youth passed, because 'each year it seemed' she simply couldn't go over. A period of ecstasy at the prospect of studying in New York under some German, subsided in the time-old manner. She never went. She sings now and then. Her voice is getting scratchy. I hope—"

"But why all this outburst man, this detailed outpouring? Did I call all this upon myself? She fascinated and disturbed me. You've done no less than dissatisfy me and make me all the more eager to know her."

"That's just the point, Hereford, you succumbed like every man does when he sees her. These bits I've given you are simply an effort to save you the trouble of stumbling and righting yourself again. You'd have gone in for her hard, if I hadn't told you—you probably will yet. We men have to, in spite of the warning sign, if we've glimpsed beyond. You'll only end up where you began and probably lower. I—. She'd drag you down as Lucrezia did Andrea Del Sarto—you recall that part of Browning's—'My works are nearer heaven but I sit here . . . in this world who can do a thing, will not; and who would do it, cannot, I perceive.' It wears on you, man, this attitude of hers, or what you will, 'til you don't realize you're worn. She makes you not care. And the pity of it, and the blessing to her is that she doesn't realize she's where she is: in the slough. She doesn't intend to give up the big things. It's merely that she's satisfied with little happinesses. She's not wilful or mean in any scope. It's that she's blind to her down-stream course and you would drift blindly behind. I wanted to save you all my—. Her eyes are fascinating, aren't they?"

## ASHES

KENNETH FEARING

A cigarette burning—  
The paper curls back, and disappears,  
Revealing delicate, finely-wrought flakes and  
strands  
Of grey ashes.

Hampton's face was like that—  
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And left intact the old lines of himself—  
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## The Black Pool

(Continued from page 74)

so black and deep that it goes through the earth and back again.

*Mavis (going closer to Pardon):* I want to see the black pool.

*Colin:* Mavis!

*Mavis:* I want to see it! Pardon, will you take me there?

*Pardon:* It's thick and black and there are faces. But the grass is sharp.

*Mavis:* The pool is black! (*Looking at Colin.*) I want to know how blackness feels.

*Yeomans:* You want to see in my way?

*Mavis (tremendous excitement in her voice):* I never knew that was what I wanted.

*Pardon (rising up from the grass and stretching up his arms):* Above the pool are arms outstretched like slender trees—silver against the black.

*Mavis:* I want to see!

*Yeomans:* In my way?

*Mavis:* Yes!

*Pardon:* I will take you to the pool.

*Mavis:* I want to feel what others feel.

*Yeomans:* You will be able to see, Mavis. I can give your eyes to you.

*Mavis:* I have never had such feelings before. I feel as though it would be easy to cry. But it is lovely because I would like to cry—and then laugh—and then cry.

*Yeomans:* The world will be wonderful when you see it the way other people do.

*Mavis:* I always thought it was wonderful.

*Yeomans:* There is so much that you have never seen.

*Mavis (Turning to Colin):* You said that to me.

*Colin:* Yes.

*Mavis:* Colin, do you want to see?

*Colin:* You see more truly than any of us.

*Mavis:* But you said that I didn't see all of it.

*Colin:* Maybe we see part of it. Maybe we are the ones with half sight.

*Yeomans (Laughing):* Come on, Colin, don't be such a pessimist. You ought to get away from such morbid thoughts. You're a depressing fellow, aren't you?

*Colin:* I suppose I am.

*Mavis:* I want to see in your way, Yeomans.

*Yeomans:* You shall see!

*Pardon:* The pool is deep!

*Colin:* Yes, the pool is deep.

*Mavis:* I am going to see it.

*Yeomans:* It won't hurt you. I don't see anything in an . . .

*Mavis (Breathing quickly):* You are always talking of hurts. It frightens me. I don't know why. I want to see the things others see—I want to feel them.

*Colin:* But you see them as they are!

*Mavis:* I don't care how they really are. I only want this feeling that makes it easy to laugh or cry.

*Colin (Going to her and taking her hands in his):* Your eyes will kill you, Mavis. Things will stop talking to you.

*Mavis:* I shall be able to see you, Colin.

*Yeomans:* Yes, Colin, she will be able to see us both.

*Colin:* I am not afraid to have Mavis see me.

*Mavis:* Oh, Colin, when I see you I shall laugh, and sing, and cry.

*Colin:* Don't say that!

*Mavis:* Why? Why can't I say that?

*Colin:* It may be true.

*Yeomans:* There you go again, Colin. You're morbid.

*Pardon:* They turn their faces up to me out of the pool.

*Yeomans:* Good Heavens, Mavis, how do you stand these two!

*Mavis:* I love them.

*Yeomans:* You're going to see!

*Mavis (Trying through the strength of her voice to suppress the fright that has risen within her):* Yes, I am going to see—in your way.

*The curtain is lowered to represent the passing of several weeks.*

*Mavis comes down the path with Mrs. Crask. They sit down. Mavis looks very unhappy. There is a tone of critical discontent in her voice.*

*Mavis:* They used to let me come down here alone. Now that I can see they send some one with me. Why is that?

*Mrs. Crask:* We want to be sure that you are safe.

*Mavis:* Then when one can see one isn't safe!

*Mrs. Crask (Looking at Mavis anxiously):* Now, Mavis, you just aren't used to your sight.

*Mavis:* There isn't so much difference between your way and mine.

*Mrs. Crask:* You are going to see so much more than you ever saw before.

*Mavis:* Will I?

*Mrs. Crask:* You will be very happy.

*Mavis (Leaning forward):* When will it start?

*Mrs. Crask:* Not this minute, of course.

*Mavis (After a silence):* Oh, something uncertain hangs near me. I don't understand—anything.

*Mrs. Crask:* In a week you'll be so happy that you won't know yourself?

*Mavis:* I won't know myself?

*Mrs. Crask:* It will be a different self because you are going to be gay, now. You are going to know what happiness is.

*Mavis:* But I've always been happy until just now. (*A pause.*) There is something I want to see. I can't remember. I can't think—I can't think what it was.

*Mrs. Crask:* Never mind about it now, dear.

*Mavis:* Something happened here. I breathed quickly and I trembled. But all of it seems so unreal.

*Mrs. Crask:* Colin and Yeomans were down here with you that last day.

*Mavis:* Colin! Oh, I will be able to see him.

*Mrs. Crask:* And Yeomans.

*Mavis:* I don't like him.

*Mrs. Crask:* Why, Mavis, he's a splendid fellow.

*Mavis:* I will be happy when Colin comes. He is wonderful.

*Mrs. Crask:* Is he coming here this afternoon?

*Mavis:* Yes.

*Mrs. Crask:* Yeomans may come, too.

*Mavis:* I don't like him.

*Mrs. Crask:* He is such a handsome man.

*Mavis:* So is Colin. Colin is beautiful. I know he is. (*She leans over to pick a cluster of flowers, and draws her hand away suddenly. There is surprised pain in her face.*) Why did I start to pick them? I never used to think of killing anything. We were all together—they were a part of me. (*She covers her face quickly.*) Now that I can see your way I want to tear things up and make them mine. Before . . . (*Taking her hands away from her face and staring ahead.*) I have forgotten the way it was before. I have...

*Mrs. Crask:* Now, Mavis. . .

*Mavis:* Nothing knows me any more.

*Mrs. Crask:* Mavis!

*Mavis:* I feel as though something terrible is coming to me. I would like to get close to the earth and hold it to me so that it could never get away.

*Mrs. Crask (Putting her hand on Mavis' shoulder):* Everything will be all right.

*Mavis (Pulling herself away):* Don't touch me!

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*Mrs. Crask:* What's wrong with you?

*Mavis:* I don't belong here any more. I used to feel everything close within me. When I came down here I didn't need to touch the trees and flowers to know that they knew me. Everything was a part of me then. Now I have lost myself—nothing wants me.

*Mrs. Crask:* Mavis, don't take things so hard.

*Mavis:* Stop saying that to me! How can I help what's come over me? It didn't ask me whether I wanted it to come—but what is it? Why don't I belong here now? (*She sits down and covers her face.*) I used to move with things and laugh. I wonder how my laughter sounded. (*She tries to laugh, but the sound is a cry.*)

*Mrs. Crask:* Don't be so gloomy. Here comes Colin. He'll cheer you up. (*Mavis rises quickly and turns as if she is going to run toward him. Then she sits down and puts her hands over her eyes. Colin speaks to Mrs. Crask. She departs. Then he comes to Mavis.*)

*Colin:* I am here, Mavis.

*Mavis (putting her hands over her eyes):* O, Colin, let's pretend it's the way it used to be.

*Colin (his voice trembling):* I wish we didn't have to pretend.

*Mavis:* They keep telling me I will have to wait. . . .

*Colin:* Mavis, was it a mistake?

*Mavis:* I don't know. I have to wait. . . . Colin, I don't know what I know.

*Colin:* Do you want to see me, Mavis?

*Mavis:* Something makes me want to keep my hands like this for always.

*Colin:* Mavis!

*Mavis:* I love you so much I don't need to see you.

*Colin (he puts his arm around her):* You aren't changed.

*Mavis:* I don't know what I am. Oh, I am like nothing. I have lost—I don't know what I've lost. (*She pauses for a time. Colin breathes heavily.*) Colin, once you said to me—'one can't laugh always'. I don't see how one can ever laugh. It is hard to laugh when everything is—But I don't know how it is. I don't know why I'm talking, or what I'm saying.

*Colin:* Mavis, this isn't you.

*Mavis:* What am I trying to remember?

*Colin (his face twisted in pain):* Maybe you are trying to remember the way things used to be.

*Mavis:* It's a big thing, and when I try to think only little things come.

*Colin:* Try to be happy, Mavis.

**Mavis:** It has left me. I don't remember what it was like.

**Colin** (*trying to sound gay*): But you are going to be happy. Things will be different.

**Mavis:** When will my dancing thoughts come back? Now something cries in me. I feel as though I'm in a strange land, with sneering faces pressed close to mine. (*Colin puts his head on his arms.*) Maybe this is a dream, Colin. Maybe my selves that were so close have gone away from me. Do you think they want me to look for them?

**Colin:** It will be hard to find them now.

**Mavis:** What am I looking for? Is this what they told me I never would feel?

**Colin:** Mavis, aren't you going to look at me?

**Mavis:** My hands are over my eyes.

**Colin:** But you must look at me. (*He has lifted his head and is looking at her.*)

**Mavis:** Colin, my hands.

**Colin:** You used to say that you knew me, Mavis.

**Mavis:** I love you.

**Colin** (*huskily*): Mavis . . .

**Mavis:** Colin, I want to see you!

**Colin** (*suddenly holding her close to him*): Are you sure?

**Mavis:** Yes. . . . I don't know why. I have always known you were beautiful, Colin.

**Colin:** Try to see that part of me.

**Mavis:** My hands . . . (*Slowly she takes her hands away from her eyes. Laughter turns in her throat like a sob.*) Colin, this is so funny. I—I don't mean that it is funny . . . (*She turns toward him without looking at him.*) We say so much that we don't mean . . . (*She sees his cheek that stands out pitifully against the beauty of the place.*) Colin is beautiful! You can't be Colin. (*Shrinking from him.*) Oh, what is that thing? (*She covers her face. Colin makes several movements toward her. Mavis has put her head down on the bench. Colin puts out his fingers to touch her hair. He draws them back. Mavis' body is trembling. Yeomans enters. Colin looks at him. Then he turns and leaves the wood. Yeomans speaks to Mavis with great assurance.*)

**Yeomans:** Mavis, look at me, won't you?

**Mavis:** I never want to look at anything again.

**Yeomans:** Oh, yes, you do.

**Mavis:** No! No! Oh, what was that thing?

**Yeomans** (*Sitting down beside her*): Come now, Mavis, aren't you going to look at me?

**Mavis:** Are you the one? Wasn't the other . . .

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**Yeomans:** Of course you know me, **Mavis**.  
Look at me!

**Mavis:** You don't sound like him. The other  
. . . (*Lifting her face to his.*) Oh, you are  
the one. You are beautiful. (*Yeomans catches  
her to him.*)

**Yeomans:** I knew that you would love me.

**Mavis:** But you knew.

**Yeomans:** How could I be sure?

**Mavis:** I told you many times because I loved  
saying it. Didn't I tell you? Oh, don't you un-  
derstand anymore?

**Yeomans:** I never understood you. Blind peo-  
ple always . . .

**Mavis:** Then you aren't Colin!

**Yeomans:** Of course I'm not Colin!

**Mavis:** Where is he? Oh, Colin!

**Pardon** (*rushing in*): I was in the grass  
where it grows long near the pool. I heard him  
groan, and then he went in. It was the black pool.

**Mavis** (*her eyes growing large as she sees  
Pardon's distorted body*): Oh! Oh . . .

**Pardon:** Now his face is like the others—  
white against the black.

**Mavis:** I am going to see the black pool. (*Yeo-  
mans tries to hold her back.*) Colin . . .

**Pardon:** I will take you there. (*She follows  
Pardon, who leads the way toward the pool. Yeo-  
mans sits down on the bench. The place darkens  
until the trunks of the trees are black. After a  
time Mavis wanders in. Her face has changed.  
She is no longer young.*)

**Mavis** (*looking ahead as though she is gazing  
into the black pool*): I shall see it always.

**Pardon** (*making circles in the air*): Through  
the earth it goes—through the earth. (*Mavis  
stands as though she had not heard. Yeomans  
lifts his head for a moment. Pardon laughs.*)

## IN THE LIBRARY

MILDRED FISH

I looked up from my book of rondels

At the gray silhouette of a painter  
Against the many-paned windows.

How like are we, I thought,  
To painters standing on a ledge,

Painting the mullions of life's windows;  
Never pressing close enough to the dark glass  
To peer within.

## Six Clocks and the Manhood of Thomas Sparks

(Continued from page 78)

"No, sir. I've really got to have the whole afternoon. You see—she's—I've—"

"Oh well, I guess you're lying. If you go, we'll dock you."

"I am not." Parks flushed darkly and began to stammer. "I've got to. By God, I'll—"

"What? Quit? Listen to me, Parks. I'm not going to put up with your infernal loafing around here, forever. You're going to be looking for another job, one of these days."

This threat frightened Thomas for the time being; to be jobless was no matter for mirth, the more so because he could not get a good recommendation when he applied for another job, if he were discharged from Marshall, Mandell, Scott & Co.'s.

He did not go on the trip to the country. His friends derided him for having such a very poor job and he raged inwardly. Pride made him boast he had the best job of any of them, but he silently swore he would begin looking around for a decent situation, where a man would be treated like a gentleman, not like a dog.

Then on the first day of June came what Thomas Parks would call the climax of the whole affair. As he afterwards told it, he "gave the boss what's-what" and quit, as any real man would have done. But his own accounts were apt to be biased.

On the particular day this drama was enacted, Parks arrived at the store ten minutes late in the morning and was promptly excoriated by the boss.

"By George! When am I going to be a man and tell that two-cent, tin-horn slave-driver what I think of him?" he was asking of himself for an hour afterward.

His position was intolerable to him. A poor job, with poor pay, where men were treated like lumps of dirt. But he worked on sullenly until late in the afternoon, when he decided to go back and look out of the windows for a while. He would have the satisfaction of knowing that the Company was making no money off of *him*.

He stared at the clocks. It was ten o'clock at night in London. The cabarets, if they had any there, must now be wide open and crowded. Theatres would be in the middle of their performances, while immaculate, calm-faced gentlemen

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and exquisitely dressed women would be looking on. The rustle of fans and the low hum of conversation, the intoxicating odor of delicate perfume—he could imagine.

In Berlin it was later; there must be a different variety of activities. And in Paris, too. Imagine Paris at night, from the top of the Eiffel Tower! An overseas man had told him they served drinks on the top of it. That was a sight he most certainly would not miss; a man like himself had no business poking around a dusty warehouse like an old crab . . .

"Say, d'ye ever work, Parks?" smashed in upon his meditations. It was the boss.

"I was just—"

"That's about all you do, isn't it—'just'? Now listen to me; I've got just this to say—that if I ever catch you loafing—"

A change had come into the attitude of Thomas, and now he broke in:

"Shut up, you damn fool!" his voice was incredibly high, and quavering with wrath and horror. "I'd like to knock your block off. I'd like to—to—" he became incoherent with fear and hate. His face was a study in cornered, back-to-the-wall ferocity.

The boss was astounded.

"What?" What's that?" he roared.

Thomas attempted to be dignified and superior while he asserted his manhood, but, on the whole, failed.

"I quit, d'you understand?" He gulped, plunged again; "I quit—*now!*"

"Oh, all right." The boss merely smiled curiously.

That was the grand dénouement. Thomas rebelled and resigned.

And it would seem that here, at least, the great goddess Statistics receive an upset, for Thomas Parks had revolted against her, revolted undignifiedly, yet effectually withal.

But now that I think of the matter, Thomas is by no means the exception. There are other revolters. What about the murderers, the men who run off with their friends' wives, the women who swallow dozens of tablets of bichloride of mercury? Do they not revolt, even as Thomas, from the set, the ordered, and grooved? God knows there are enough of them!

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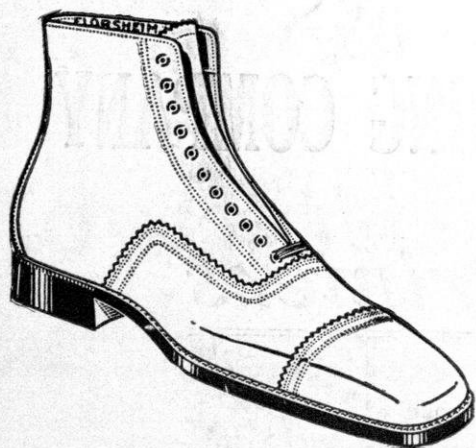
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