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*The*  
**FRONTIER**  
*A Literary Magazine*



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

NOVEMBER 1923

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*A stalker of wild game needs perfect co-ordination of mind and body. The crack of a twig that breaks underfoot, the veering breath of wind that carries the dreaded man-odor to the wet nostrils of the animal, the glimpse of a suddenly moved hand, these or any one of a hundred other mischances will send the animal crashing through the brush.*

*But there is a tense, enjoyable moment experienced when, through his own efforts and fortuitous circumstances, a stalker meets a wild animal face to face. A kodak is focused, a picture is taken. The beast, frightened, bounds away, but leaves behind it a record of this moment. The shadow of its beauty has been caught on a bit of celluloid hidden in a little black box.*

*This picture is such a record. The subject, a big blacktail doe, lives in the high mountains that are tributary to the West Fork of the Thompson river in northwestern Montana. It was on a still, clear morning in early June that a ranger, leaving his camp before sunrise, saw the deer grazing beside a small pool some distance below the trail. He left the path and crept down the slope toward her. Moving with all the stealth a stalker must possess, he drew close. The doe looked up, and the stalker halted, remaining motionless until she resumed her feeding. Inch by inch he drew nearer—moving silently through the dew-soaked undergrowth. When within thirty feet of the unsuspecting animal he stopped. He saw then that the doe was gaunt and dull of coat. From her condition—and the glances she threw toward a spruce grove not far distant—he concluded that she had a fawn hidden near by. The sunlight was dropping down the opposite slope. The doe started to move off, she changed her mind and returned to the pool. With kodak adjusted the stalker waited. Just as the sun flooded the valley with light the deer swung broadside to the man. The shutter clicked. For a long moment the doe looked at the ranger, then wheeling, she dashed away through the trees, moving in long, stiff-legged bounds.*

JACK FROHLICHER.

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# THE FRONTIER

2449-16

## A Literary Magazine

(Copyright, November, 1923, by H. G. Merriam)

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VOL. IV. NO. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1923

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### Mosaic

But when she had torn up the note  
That would have brought him back again,  
It seemed dust grated in her throat  
And made it stiff and dry . . . Then  
She saw the stamp still clinging to  
A scrap of paper, frugally took  
It off—deciding she was thru  
With love—and put it in her book.

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

### Philosophies

There is no ripe perfection to be found in life; nothing is wholly true.  
I know . . . but did you know this morning that the dawn crept down and  
turned the hills to blue?

There is no loveliness, no beauty in this life that is not somehow vain.  
Indeed . . . but did you feel the wind about your ears today, and did you smell  
the rain?

I'm tired of life, my friends aren't true; Tom said he'd never really cared for  
me.

Ah, yes . . . but do you know that late tonight a slender moon will glide into  
the sea?

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

*The Yellow Pine*

Pine tree, O Pioneer,  
I look up through your branches  
Interlocking and fragrant,  
Sturdy with cones in their vigorous leaf clumps.  
I see the deep grooves in your bark,  
The gummed sap, and the scales that peeling  
Lay bare the heart's red gold.  
I feel the pulse in your storm-braced limbs,  
I thrill to the strength and the beauty of you—  
Calm, reserved, magnificent, rugged—  
Protector and promise of forests to be!

Squirrels from your branches keep storing the kernels,  
Seedlings soft-burst through your needle-riched sod;  
And you, stretching yourself to the sun and the summits,  
Deep dark boughs and tender green ones,  
Sing out your part in the song of creation,  
Sing of the forest, the mountains,  
Sing of Montana, and God.

GRACE D. BALDWIN.

*Trail*

Blotted out by the highway in places  
But winding in between,  
Springy and pungently woodsy, suggesting  
Far thoughts that also wind.

GRACE D. BALDWIN.

*Evening*

Gold of sunset paling,  
Reflecting in my lake—  
Wistaria slopes deep-shadowed,  
Rippling into silence, into dark.

GRACE D. BALDWIN.



## *It Is Easy to Die*

THE FIRST shadows of evening were beginning to creep down the mountain as Pierre Dupon lashed the seventh pine log on his heavy wagon, in preparation for the long trip to his home, four and a half miles away in the valley. Through the bluish haze hanging over the country, he could see the smoke curling lazily upwards from his cabin. Pierre had been making one trip a day for two weeks, cutting and hauling pine logs for the store-house, now nearly complete. The winter before, owing to lack of adequate protection, the wolves had ravaged his stock of meat.

With a sigh of relief he hitched the team to the wagon and clucked to them to move. He was lucky, he thought, for snow was in the air. Winter always came fast in the Nevadas. The horses stepped off briskly; they were always glad to turn their noses homeward. The logs were so long that the ends trailed twenty feet behind on the ground. Pierre walked alongside the load, whistling and singing, preferring to walk, as the lengthening shadows brought chills to the body.

The route down the mountain was hardly more than a dim trail, and rarely used for transportation. Rocks jutted out on the sides, and some lay in the trail, making the wagon lurch perilously. Pierre urged his team a little faster, knowing he would be late, and thinking of the hot meal Mary, his young wife, would have waiting for him. Mary always had the best tasting and most palatable things he had ever eaten. She did know how to satisfy her man. Then, after supper, he thought, he would perch Henree, his two-year-old son, on his knee and tell him a story of his trapping days in Canada.

Perhaps Pierre had relaxed his attention on the road, or else the team had shied a trifle; a wheel struck a huge boulder, slewing the wagon sideways. The trailing logs whipped around with a lash. Pierre's legs were swept from under him, and he struck the ground heavily, losing consciousness.

When the chill evening air revived him, he realized a terrible pain in his left leg. Shifting his body around he noticed that the team was gone, and knew they had run away. They would run at least to the foot of the mountain, then they would take their way home more slowly the next three and a half miles. He groaned. He felt his hip; it seemed to have a grotesque shape. It was dislocated, and already beginning to swell. Attempting to rise, he fell and swooned again.

When Pierre next awoke snow was falling gently, and his body was growing numb. The pain had receded, and he thought that perhaps the hurt was not so bad as he had first thought. A move brought new agony. What was the use of trying to get up, anyway? The team would not get home until about nine o'clock, and it would be midnight before Mary could get the distant neighbors searching for him. Then, he reflected, they would not search this place, for he had told Mary that he would get the day's load from Spring Gulch, where he had already secured several loads of logs. He would not be found until spring.

Lethargy grew upon his sturdy frame. He felt comfortable; and drowsiness crept upon him. Rosy thoughts of past days, of his and Mary's plans for the future ran through his mind. They intended to send Henree away to school, and he would come back an educated man. He would be looked upon as a great man, and bring honor to his parents. Pierre smiled.

The mournful howl of a wolf disturbed Pierre; that damn old wolf needn't be so loud; he was sleepy and felt so good. His crazed brain took a new fancy; what would Mary and the boy do after he was gone?



She would have to work out, and the boy would not get sufficient care, and would grow up to be of no account. These thoughts stirred Pierre. He roused himself. Couldn't something be done? Movement awakened misery and brought hard lines into his strong young face. He tried to crawl, but found that impossible, because the other leg was so badly bruised that it pained him too much. He couldn't give up; there were Mary and the boy to think of.

Necessity livened his numbed brain. He loosened his belt, and fastened it around his left ankle and tied the loose end around a young sapling. Hitching his body around, he grasped another sapling with his arms. Those arms were sturdy as oak, but the pain would be tremendous. Could he do it? Another cry from the wolf hurried him. A convulsive pull, and something snapped. A flood of pain rushed to the ends of every nerve in him, and a blackness came again.

Some time later he awoke to find his body covered with perspiration. His clothes were beginning to freeze. Pierre rolled over on his stomach and started to crawl down the long slope.

Every move caused him to twitch with pain. The ground was rough and wore through the skin on his knees and hands. The softly falling snow cooled his racked body, and urged him on; to give up meant that Mary and the boy would be thrown upon the world.

At last the valley was reached, and he pointed his body towards the dark blur of trees where his cabin was located. Fatigue often overcame him and he would lie and rest, his body throbbing and shrieking with pain. His knees and hands were no longer sensitive. They were worn to the raw flesh, and had no feeling.

A skulking coyote came and sniffed at his crouching form. He barely had the strength to strike out at it, cuffing the brute's ears. The coyote retreated; he wasn't hungry enough to be brave.

Pierre never forgot that slow hell. A continuous progression of crawling, pain, rest, and the indomitable resolve to go on seemed to have been his whole life. Fantastic figures played before his disordered mind. Weird fantastic animals surrounded him, and tortured him as the cat plays with the mouse. Lines came on his face that never left him.

God knows how Pierre Dupon ever traversed the three and a half miles to his home. At last he was going up the lane to the house. Then he dragged his body through the gate. His dog came and sniffed unnoticed at his insensible body. Moments that were ages passed before he reached the step.

His body slumped against the door. It opened and Mary appeared with a lamp. "Mon Dieu, it's dark, Mary," he sighed. Again Pierre lapsed into unconsciousness, but the fantastic figures no longer threatened him.

JOHN SHAFFER.

### Picture

A silver splash, and a tiny canoe  
Like the single petal of the yellow chrysanthemum  
Slips from gold brown sand  
Into the water—quivering—iridescent.

RUTH CHARLES.

## The Night Trail

THE LIFE of a forester is made up of an endless chain of upset plans and surprises. This fact was impressed upon my mind for the thousandth time on the evening of July 30th last summer when old "Tab" Grider rode into camp and reported a fire in the vicinity of Marble mountain.

The moon was just beginning to show a silvery edge above the Devil's backbone as Saxton and I were enjoying a final cigarette before turning in for the night, when this bit of unwelcome news came. Our duty was clear—we must go to the fire.

We did not waste any time in discussion, for the words of that little blue book, in whose pages the forester finds his law, philosophy and religion, commanded "Go." I poured the remains of the coffee on the little campfire and Saxton reached for his saddle. Twenty minutes later we turned from the main road into a deep slit in the mountain. The darkness swallowed Saxton, who was in the lead, and soon my horse existed only to sense of touch and hearing. In the darkness trees hugged the trail and frequently my horse slowed her pace as thick, unyielding bark scraped my knees, or the damp, leafy branches of an overhanging bush brushed my face. I was afraid for a time, but the confident swinging gait of my mount soon gave me courage and I settled down in the saddle and began to enjoy the novel experience.

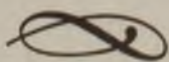
The smell of sweating horses mingled with the scent of pines, crushed ferns, fresh earth, and Saxton's cigarette gave the dew-laden night an odor that is not easily forgotten, yet is beyond description or explanation. So far as the eye could detect, nothing existed except the narrow star-dotted ribbon of sky, far over head, and an occasional spark from the iron-shod hoofs. The roar of the canyon torrent and the timid whisperings of the pine boughs soothed and sharpened my senses. The hoof beats of our horses told me of needle-carpeted or rocky trail, and the incline of the saddle gave me a sensation of climbing. A low hanging limb almost unhorsed me just as Saxton's word of warning came.

The mellow tinkle of a cowbell mingled its soft tones with the music of the night and the odor of burning wood faintly tinged the air. We knew from these signs that we were nearing the open range and our destination.

Ten minutes later we burst through the edge of the deep forest into the enchanted white night of the Marble mountain plateau. Far ahead the turrets and battlements of King's Castle gleamed and glistened as though they were chiseled from a giant crystal. The twin peaks stood on the horizon like a pair of huge white domes, and the lesser mountains lifted their rugged froth-white edges one after another like frozen breakers. The horses stood with ears pricked forward.

Behind us the forest loomed black and silent, like a giant hedge. A quarter of a mile to the west was a dim red glow.

ROY H. CANFIELD.



## After Due Consideration

"WELL, I mighta knowed that's what would happen." Sunny Jim looked southward towards the peaks of the Wolf Mountains which jutted up high and blue above the afternoon haze. His eyes followed the sudden swirls of dust along the road which led to the mountains and then slowly lifted them to survey the sky. "That's luck to you, Bill. What did you let him die for, anyway?"

"Couldn't help it, Sunny. I worked for two hours but I couldn't save him. He should'n't have been such a pig. Any fool horse that don't know any better than to get in and founder himself on oats ought to die, anyway. I'll sell old Rowdy back to you, though. He's too mean for me to manage and too lazy to earn his feed."

"Lots of good one horse would do me; he couldn't haul a load of dirt alone. Tango was the only horse I could find that would put up with Rowdy's laziness."

Sunny Jim seated himself carefully on the tongue of a weather-beaten gravel wagon and sighed regretfully. That's just what always happened when a fellow wanted to work something was always happening to stop him. Just look at the time he had spent finding Tango, and then he had to go and die. He might be able to find another horse. He would have to see Tompkins the next time he came to town and see if that big bay was for sale. After leaning forward, braced by his elbows on his knees, and thinking for a few minutes in silence, he looked up at Bill, a half-smile crinkling the corners of his eyes. "Ain't it hell, Bill?"

"I've got to go and haul some freight from the depot for Allie; I'll come over tonight and see what you've decided," said Bill as he limped away, leaving Sunny to his reflections.

Sunny studied the surrounding landscape attentively. The clouds hung low against the western sky, yellow-black and turbulent—a sure sign of a dust storm and some rain. The alfalfa in the field by the river waved slowly in the faint wind. Flies clung to the screen door of the restaurant—another sign of a storm.

For a month he had been cooking in the restaurant. It was not a strenuous job, so he sat in the shade, chewed tobacco and exchanged jokes with everybody as a pastime. Very few tourists ever stopped to eat at the dingy gray building known as the restaurant. A spreading black sign on the side of it announced in yellow letters the fact that meals, cigars, tobacco, confectionery and ice cream could be purchased inside. Sunny Jim's placid expression changed to one of disgust as he contemplated the usual short order for supper. He didn't like to cook. He had sold his team and had taken the job, because he thought it would be easier than taking care of horses. Now he decided it was nicer to sit on the load of gravel and dream while Rowdy and Tango bit viciously at each other and slowly pulled the load to its destination.

A mangy, spotted dog which had been asleep in the shade of the gravel wagon aroused himself to bark half-heartedly at a cowboy who was coming down the road. The galloping horse was sending clouds of dust in every direction, one of them catching Sunny in the face as he was arousing himself in somewhat the same manner that the dog had.

"Hey, Sunny, hop in here and fry me a couple of eggs. Get a shuffle on. I'm in a hurry. Got to get out to Little Horn and help load that train of cattle." Curley swung off his horse, left the reins dragging and jumped



up on the porch, spurs rolling and leather chaps flapping awkwardly. He leaned against the screen in order to watch Sunny's progress from the wagon to the porch.

"You old bone-head, what do you want to come around here botherin' me for? Why don't you go on out to Forty-Mile and make 'Melia give you a lunch? Ain't you got any sense? I ain't no cook." The crow's feet around his eyes crinkled deeper. He smiled, a slow one-sided smile that made his eyes dance. He slapped Curley on the shoulder and shoved him through the door. "Get in there you big long-legged lubber and set down. You don't need to think I'm goin' to hurry for you."

After looking the tables over to see which of the three was the cleanest, Curley chose the one in the corner. Even a cowboy objects to some things. "Looks like you'd try cleaning up 'round here for once. You're too lazy to live, Sunny. These tables are so stiff with dirt that they could walk, if it wasn't so hot."

A wooden partition reaching two-thirds of the way to the ceiling shut the kitchen off from the "dining-room." Through the window in the middle of this partition it was possible to see the greasy walls around the stove.

"Shut up or I'll throw you out." The stove spluttered loudly when Sunny lit it and sent up a cloud of smoke smelling rankly of kerosene. Curley could see Sunny making the preparations for frying the eggs. He fished a fly from the grease which was already in the pan with a pudgy finger and wiped it off on his overalls. After setting the pan over the flame he leaned through the window to talk to Curley until the grease got hot.

"Speer ought to get a lot of money from his cattle this year. In purty good shape, ain't they?"

"Yes, he has some fine cattle, but it will take all he can get for them to pay off what he had to borrow last year to buy hay when they were starving."

The reeking odor of burning grease, strong and repugnant, spread through the room.

"Holy smoke, guess I'd better get them aigs fried before that grease burns plumb up." The only signs of life for a few minutes were the sizzling of the frying eggs and the buzzing of the flies on the screen, attracted in larger numbers by the odor of cooking. Sunny brought in the eggs, supplemented with bread and butter and placed them crudely in front of Curley. Then he brought a cup of coffee from the ever-filled coffee pot which was always on the luke-warm range. The color and odor of the coffee suggested that it was made from the remains of many other pots of coffee.

Sunny settled himself at the table opposite Curley and propped his feet up on a chair. "Don't know of any place I could buy a cayuse to work with Rowdy, do you?"

"What's happened to Tango? Rowdy get too rough and lay him out?"

"The big bone-head went and foundered hisself. I sold them both to Bill last month and now when I want to buy them back old Tango goes and dies. Do you reckon that I could work that bay of Tompkins with Rowdy? I've got to find a horse some place."

"I think Tompkins wants to sell that bay, at least he was talking about it out to the ranch the other day. He is lazy enough if that is the kind you have to work with Rowdy. I don't think that Tompkins wants much for him, either. He will probably be glad to get him off his hands."

"Well, if you see him this afternoon tell him to stop in here the next time he's in town. You might tell him to ride in this evening. It will only



take him a little while to come in and go out again. If you want some more coffee go out and help yourself." Sunny Jim tilted his chair back and settled himself more comfortably.

"No, thank you, I don't want any more of **that** coffee!" Curley pushed back his chair hurriedly. "So long, Sunny, better come out to the round-up tomorrow. We will show you what real cooking is out there."

Sunny grunted to himself as he watched Curley go out the door. He didn't care whether he knew how to cook or not. It was only necessary for him to earn money enough to live on. He didn't especially care whether he even worked or not. He did wish sometimes that he had a good job and lots of money, so that he could have a good time. He cut off a chew of tobacco and shambled outside where he didn't have to bother about aiming at the cuspidor. Now there was Viv, he could have lots of fun with her if he had some money. She would probably like him better, too, if he had a job. Not that he wanted to get married. He was getting too old for such foolishness, but he would like to have some fun with the rest of the bunch. He wished he could get that horse to work with Rowdy. He couldn't afford to buy a new team. He loved to be around horses, but they were quite a bit of trouble to take care of. Well, anyway, there wasn't any use worrying about that right away.

He did wish he could get out to the round-up the next day, because everybody always had so much fun then. But he couldn't close up the restaurant; old John would never stand for that. He closed his eyes in order to picture the scene. The draw in the hills beyond the river would be full of small bunches of cattle, cut out from the rest to be driven down to the yards to be loaded. Some long-horned Texas steer would sometimes break loose, give a snort and tear up clouds of dust as he ran, a cowboy hot on his trail. The cook tent over among the trees would look cool beside the long line of stock cars which would be on the siding, some filled with bellying, scared cattle and others waiting to be filled. How everybody would make a wild dash for the cook tent as soon as the train was ready to pull out! The sloping stretch of sage-brush covered land above the track would be dotted with cars of the "dudes" that had come to watch the shipping. There would be a few horses tied to the fence just beside the track. These would be the ones the cowboys had lent the girls from town so that they could see the round-up, too. These town girls weren't silly like the "dudes" were.

Short, snappy footsteps broke into his dream and he opened his eyes in time to see a red-haired girl cross the street. "Hello, bone-head."

Viv whirled around and flung her head up, her green eyes flashing. "I guess you're the bone-head, Sunny Jim. If I was as lazy as you are I would go and hide myself. I thought I'd get into the post-office before you saw me."

"You know you're not mad at me," Sunny drawled out, his eyes twinkling and his lips twitching. His delight in teasing this hot-headed girl was unbounded. He knew that she couldn't stay mad at anybody for more than fifteen minutes at a time, but she got mad often. Her cutting remarks made him smile for a long time after she had disappeared from sight. Irish, just like her dad!

"I'll show you whether I'm mad or not. If you don't stop calling me a bone-head I'll slap your face for you."

"You're just pretending you're mad at me for stubbornness. Say, bone-head, you're so stubborn that if you was drowned in the river everybody would look for you to be floating upstream." Sunny Jim chuckled as he caught the last glimpse of Viv storming into the post-office. He liked her

spirit. If he was any judge nobody would ever run over her! But just see what she thought of him because he was lazy. By golly! if he could get that horse from Tompkins he would sure go to work.

"Hello there, Jim. Why don't you wake up once in a while? I met Curley up on the hill and he said you wanted to see me."

Sunny was dazed by the suddenness with which his desire was fulfilled. He gazed blankly at Tompkins making himself at home on the edge of the porch.

"Come on, wake up. What about that bay? Curley said that you were figuring on buying him."

Sunny recovered with a jerk. "Well, you old knot-head, you sure surprised me. Sure I want to buy that bay. How much do you want for him? I've got to get back to real work."

"Why, I guess I would ask about sixty-five dollars for him. That's about all he's worth. I want to get rid of him."

"That horse ain't worth no sixty-five dollars. I'll give you fifty but not a cent more."

"Well, I'll tell you, Sunny, I am not sure that I can sell him to you. Harris said last week that he might take him, but I haven't heard any more from him about it. I'll find out in a few days. If Harris won't take him you can have him for forty dollars—anything to get him off my hands."

Tompkins rose to leave.

"Now, that is hell," Sunny asserted emphatically. "A fellow gets ready to work and something just has to stop him."

"I've got to be back out to camp in half an hour. So long."

"Let me know about that horse," Sunny called after him.

"All right."

Sunny settled himself more comfortably. The air was saturated with stillness. Clouds were covering the whole sky. They were threatening and oppressive. Anyway, he had his shack and enough to eat. Nobody really cared whether he had a steady job or not. Even Tango had to spite him. Life was too short, anyway, to spend hauling dirt. He would ask Bill if he wanted to buy the gravel wagon. Harris would probably buy that bay just to keep somebody else from getting him. John could hunt for a new cook, too.

Rolling clouds of dust hid the mountains from sight and the dust along the street began to whip up. Whirlwinds were forming in the road. A few desultory drops of rain were beginning to fall. Far away thunder rolled solemnly. Sunny Jim dozed off, choked and roused himself enough to spit out his tobacco.

"I guess odd jobs will do me."

His head nodded forward and settled on his chest. He was sleeping peacefully, oblivious of the coming storm, unmoved by ambition and filled with contentment.

EDYTHE M. BENBROOKS.



## Antichrist

ON A DREARY Easter night, a sodden old man, with drunken insistence, spoke to me amid the squalidness of a reconstructed saloon: "Well, old Gallagher is going to a new bed tonight . . . . Some six, seven feet of plain earth."

If he had only winked as he said this! But he could not wink. He was cursed, like one maimed: his delicate eyes, fixed securely in shrunken skin, were left defenceless by still eyelids, and their vague, lamentable blue, attracting beyond his control, held a certain spell which made his words strangely momentous.

"Yes, he was buried this afternoon," he went on, with inebriate glibness. "He worked right up to the last: 73, and a working man all his life—worked every day. Was on the street Saturday, and was dead the next morning."

The old man's moustache was of a gray and a form that would have done well on one of a less barren niche in life; indeed, his face, in fragments, was not beyond semblance to the reputed visage of the Sire de Maletroit.

"Old Gallagher could skin any calf alive." This was thoroughly enigmatic, deceptive, and was accompanied by a chuckle, as satirically toned as Maletroit's despite its sincerity and naivete—for only a sincere, or a drunken man can exalt over a friend just dead. "Thirty years ago," he explained, "it cost Flaherty forty-six dollars, and me thirty dollars, and Monte twelve dollars, to make old Gallagher bla-a like a calf . . . . We were down in the saloon and we were bound to have Gallagher bla-a. But, no, he wouldn't bla-a; no, sir, he wouldn't bla-a. So we started in settin' him up beer, and whiskey, and then over in the old Diamond theatre when the feller singin' was right in the middle of 'Slide, Mike, Slide,' old Gallagher leans way out o' the box and goes: 'BLA-A-A.' The feller looked up at him and says, 'Damn you!' and breaks up the show. . . . .

"Moonshine; yes, moonshine got 'im. Drank every day. Always kept his head and there was no staggerin' with him. A heavy drinker—and a good drinker, Gallagher was."

The lamentable blue of those unprotected eyes still fascinated, with a stare like that of the ram which appeared so providentially to Abraham and Isaac.

"But he died right! I don't mind dyin', but, dammit, I don't care to take a life-time doin' it!"

Oh, perhaps he said he didn't "fear" dying; anyway, that would have been more in the mood of what he told me next, leaning forward with that lamentable blue which would unarm anyone: "Kid, if you will give it back, I can bring you up a book—a sorta hist'ry. It might brighten you up a bit. . . . Do you know that the Hindoos, 6,000 years ago, had a Savior born, like our Jesus Christ, of a virgin mother without intercourse with man? As for me, when I'm dead, I'm **dead!**"

The old man fascinated far more than a chancellor or an arch-bishop could have; after all, in stating the small, incontestible matters of life and death, it is the ragged dereliets like this one that give a fearful finality to philosophy. When he left me, standing there in that dingy room with its crude wall flourishes of various nudes and bacchanals wild with human weariness and disapproval, I remained not a little perplexed, as if in the ghostly presence of an ancient and insistent Antichrist. Outside, a meagre surface of snow, just fallen, recorded fresh footprints on cement and pavement; the air, purged and coldly pure, perfect, arrested one like the breath of Baal.

CARDWELL THOMSON.



## At Budapest—Impressions

**T**HERE is something indefinably but splendidly exotic about Budapest. Here East meets West with the generous currents of full-ebbed, super-abundant life. The very breath of the city spells a certain intensity of glamour, and the glow and fantasy of the Orient hover about its stately squares and sequestered corners.

All day long we have been gliding through the softly undulating river land of the Magyar plains, past ancient villages and castles, floating down the Danube into this far-away land of enchantment. And now, late at night, as we pass under the high clustered towers and palaces of Buda on the one hand and the mosque-like Parliament buildings on the opposite low-lying embankment of Pesth, and the wild Hungarian night magic enters our veins, we begin to realize that we have penetrated the land of the gypsies.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the corso, disembarking from our long river journey, we find ourselves in the midst of promenading throngs. The air is sultry and there is an odor of torrid trees and sunbaked sidewalks. We find an empty bench on the terrace—already we can hear the echoes of gypsy cymbals from a neighboring cafe on the square—the night seems to be throbbing with an inexplicable sort of languor. Crowds pass before us in a sort of dream-like review. Women, beautiful with a strangely intriguing beauty, gowned in the perfection of Parisian taste, pass by, escorted by fiercely handsome, black mustachioed officers and civilians. In the half-light the eyes of the women glitter like jewels, their voices are delightfully pitched, and the volatile, quick-measured Hungarian slips musically from their tongues. From the cafe we catch the glinting rhythms of the Czardas—on the Danube boats and fishermen's barges are passing and we hear the lapping of oars. The terraces of Pesth are ablaze with diamond lights and above the serene heights of Buda the stars are encrusted in a deep velvet sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You must go to Polaritsch," urged the ambassador-like concierge of our hotel—"It is there you will hear the best gypsy music in Budapest—"

Such advice was not to go unheeded, and, hiring a droschke of promisingly comfortable shabbiness, we ambled along through the twilight, while our driver, having confided the password "Polaritsch" to his horse, went to sleep and allowed the sagacious animal to choose his own circuitous way through the streets and thus coax a few additional thousand crowns from our pockets. Finally, however, we brought up rein before a gorgeously lit cafe on an exceedingly modern boulevard. Crowds were streaming before the terrace. Bursts of wild music met us at the door. The room was rocking with the frenzy of the czardas.

It gripped one, this fiery, abandoned rhythm of the gypsies. In our mind's eye we were out on the Magyar plains in the midst of booted men and red-shawled women, swirling in the convulsive lilt of the dance. In the midst of the breathless excitement we found seats at a corner table. Close by a group of officers and their ladies were making merry—champagne was flowing, vivid faces and eager eyes flamed with the passing delirium. The violinist leader of the band approached. Continuing to play, he leaned over and whispered a word in a woman's ear. As if by magic the czardas ceased and the violin wailed in broken staccato rhythms, the band following their leader in perfect accompaniment—the violinist



broke into a sobbing Slavonic melody and the cymbals complained of his theme, faintly echoing his strophes and sighing like the wind in the trees. And then the other instruments wound themselves about his theme with a hundred sparkling dance variations and once more the noisy, revelling cafe was swept into a sort of wave of rapt magic, an ecstasy of intensified listening. It seemed, indeed, as if this were music sent from another world to play upon one's heartstrings with tragic persuasion, breathing sadness that spoke of the still, far spaces of the globe and "old and happy far-off things," and then suddenly waking to a fierce joy of rhythm, a sort of intoxicating maelstrom of sound.

And the gypsy band were not unaware of their power. It seemed as if they became almost inebriated under the influence of the god they had invoked. They glanced at one another and at the habitués of the cafe with strangely compelling smiles and then lost themselves once more in rhapsodic improvisation, mere agents of some divine, unmeasured demon of sound.

The officers and girls sang and shouted huzzahs. In the corner a beggar woman sat weeping, and on the terrace three little gypsy boys danced and capered and made all manner of grimaces at the musicians. The cafe seethed with transfulgent life, life at a glorified ebb.

Oh, Polaritsch, breeder of flaming, song-proud memories, the echoes of your magic still sets my blood on fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Franz Joseph, the Well-Beloved's legacy, is all but forgotten and the palace on Buda's height has become a mere show place to placate the wilful curiosity of the tourist and to give a vestige of regal authority to President Horthy's occupancy.

The Hungarians are a proud race. They have suffered the Austrian yoke with protest for centuries. The World War has brought them a dearly bought freedom, but they are still rankling under the indignities of the Treaty of Versailles, which, among other infelicities, deprived Hungary of the left bank of the Danube and made it a part of Czecho-Slovakia. And the Czechs, with the arrogance born of today's importance, are determined to keep a constant reminder of this injury before Hungarian eyes. Almost at intervals of every hundred yards on the Danube bank they have planted the Czecho-Slovakian flag and at frequent points along the river front their sentinels are stationed, as if in watchful waiting against any possible incursion of their territory.

In spite of these causes of national irritation the Hungarians are optimistic as to their future. They have gathered heart from Austria's recent rapid financial recovery. With the same show of a volatile disposition they inform you that, although a year or so ago they were eating food which at present would not be offered to their cattle, time, the all-healer, has already effaced these unhappy memories. The food supply at present seems to be quite plentiful, and with the advantage of American exchange one obtains a princely meal at a price varying anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents. The currency is still in a somewhat unstable condition, and for that reason American dollars are in high demand. One obtains from twenty to thirty thousand Hungarian crowns per dollar, according to the avidity of the exchanging parties.

In passing, let it be said that mental arithmetic is one of the absolutely essential prerequisites of a visit to Austria or Hungary. In both Vienna and Budapest the taximeters are arranged according to a pre-war currency, which means that one is always obliged to multiply the given sum by fifteen hundred or seven thousand in order to find the present rate. To multiply

1.75 crowns by 1,500 while a train is waiting is a process which has its disadvantages, especially as the driver or chauffeur always has his own peculiar ideas on the subject of mental arithmetic.

At Budapest one sees few signs of actual poverty. To be sure one hears stories of losses of fortune of certain great families under the Bolshevik regime, and occasionally one sees barefooted women and children on the streets—the problem of shoes is still a vexing one throughout Central and Southeastern Europe.

Budapest in its prosperity and in its commercial and industrial activity appears surprisingly sophisticated and Occidental in aspect. One has but to glance at the shops, however, to realize complete strangeness of environment. The windows are literally wreathed in sign words of unbelievably grotesque dimensions. The Hungarian language to the uninitiated, it must be confessed, seems but a bewildering barbed-wire entanglement of impossible vowel and consonant combinations. The apparent smoothness with which the native Hungarians trip off this snarling jargon of words adds still further to the foreigner's amazement. The man on the street is usually very urbanely polite in answering questions, but unless one is equipped with some knowledge of German such inquiries are apt to be fruitless. One must especially beware of the entire race of droschke drivers in Budapest. They are frankly out for blood and will rob one if it is at all possible to do so. I remember one splendid young brigand who almost did us out of ten thousand crowns and then, disappointed of his prey, followed us about for several blocks, uttering many syllabled imprecations against our happiness, present and future.

Shopping in Budapest is also beset with especial snares for the unwary. The shop windows are full of beguiling souvenirs and "bibelots," but he who enters one of these attractive lairs is lost unless he goes to buy. Bargaining is a lost art in this city and the shopman is apt to throw a flood of language about his victim which has a completely paralyzing effect and usually ends in abject surrender to the salesman's price, even if exorbitant.

\* \* \* \* \*

As one wanders through the crowded boulevards of Pesth and saunters among the crumbling alleys of old Buda, one finds everywhere the same quickening impulse of life at an eager, joyous pace.

Here on the great Danube Bridge we pause in midchannel and sense the throbbing dynamos of the city. All is confused murmur; but on the Buda bank, from the low-arched doorway of a wine shop comes the complaining refrain of a gypsy violin. It is high noon and the city is gleaming in the intense light of an almost tropic sun. Above us, suspended in an opaque sky, the Fisher's Bastion seems to invite the low-lying river to share its illumined fantasies.

And so, gypsy-storied, regal Budapest is ever disclosing itself, proudly throwing its enchantments like Arabian Nights garments before the rapt vision of the traveler. Paris and London, Rome and Vienna, fearing the curiosity of the vulgar, have succeeded in hiding many of their brightest glories in a mantle of external paradoxes. Budapest, on the contrary, delighting in the intoxication of its own splendid beauty, has challenged the unrestrained admiration of a sense-quickened world.

LAURENCE ADLER.

*Remnants**At the Poor Farm*

The Matron.  
Plump in dark gingham.  
Dark eyes in a powderless shiny face.  
A careful expression.  
She was putting the best foot  
Forward.

Stretched full length on a narrow iron bed,  
Dark hair greying, carefully parted.  
His finely molded face smiled resolutely.  
Close set lips  
Revealed the misery  
Of a loathsome, relentless disease.  
Nature's retaliation  
For Man's abuse.

Hair cropped.  
Her dress a drab, cheerless gingham.  
A troubled forehead, indeterminate mouth,  
Fluttering eyelids—with eyes—sightless.  
Yet,  
She named the new kitten,  
Sightless as herself,  
"Napoleon."

Against a white pillow  
Bobbed hair lay straight and dark.  
Youthful complexion muddled by dissipation;  
A weak mouth;  
Ashamed, punished, deep set blue eyes.  
Young round shoulders.  
An aimless child hand whose forefinger  
Wearily punched the counterpane.  
"She's done for—  
Might as well be dead."  
And the eyes of the stern nurse were pitying.

Translucent white hair,  
A lined sweet face,  
Bent fingers.  
Grandma tugged at the cask,  
Dragged it to a pile of chips.  
Painfully she stooped,  
Her knotty fingers picked the slivers and chips one by one—  
Endlessly—  
Into the barrel.  
A weary mockery of Time's promise of rest.  
Softly the nurse:  
"Poor Gramma—she's going crazy."

ANNE CROMWELL



## The Line That Waits

IT WAS in Los Angeles, and in an hour Chaliapin was to sing. A line waited in front of the auditorium box office.

"This line waiting for standing room only!" the worried, blonde American inside opened the ticket window to announce repeatedly to newcomers. The restless, irritable double line which wound away from the window was made up mostly of Russians. Broad foreheads, inquisitive eyes with the visionary depth of dreamers, accustomed to grief and oppression without bitterness; figures stalwart and stooping; the women, for the most part, with bobbed hair, the men bearded, the Russian workers, who could afford only standing room, waited to hear their countryman sing their mother tongue.

"You Americans know not what is good," said a cheerful youth to the man beside him, with a shrug indicating the line of his fellow Russians.

"It is only that Chaliapin sings in Russian, and we cannot understand him," the American retorted.

An old, old Russian whose massive impassiveness and stillness suggested a grey cliff in a desert of greyness, stood planted in the line's upper third. His dark face and rugged figure typified the suffering, oppression, the impersonal appeal, and innate dignity so characteristic of his countrymen.

"There's more reasons than one why they can't understand him," said a weasel-like Russian next the wall. An undercurrent of guttural chatter stopped dead still at this, then went wriggling about in the crowd again.

"Yes, Chaliapin used to be radical. . . . Liberal enough in those days . . . . twenty years ago, when he was just an actor in Russia. . . . He hated the Czar then . . . ."

Furtive looks were cast about, and the talk took refuge in the soft-voweled Russian.

Neither the ancient man's face, nor his position changed in the slightest.

"But he couldn't become great, and still think as he had before," one argued. "One can't be always what one used to."

"That's what he had to give up," said a thick dark girl, with needle-caloused thumb, who was holding a place for two others in the line.

The ticket window opened; the line doubled, stampeding on itself in animal eagerness. In business-like flurry five tickets were sold, then the official announced, "Tickets gone! That's all!" and slammed the window.

A cry of shrill anger and disappointment answered him, and the crowd surged back and forth in balked humiliation and suddenly-realized weariness.

"Good advertisement for the theater to have a line waiting in front of it for two hours," said the grinning American, cynically.

The old Russian, who had stood silent and impassive through all, blinked rapidly twice, drew a great work-blackened hand across his mouth; turned slowly, and walked heavily away.

PEARL HEFFERLIN.





## The Silver Locket

### I

HE RECALLED vividly the scene in the post-office when Marian had given him the locket which he now held in his hand. To the casual observer it could have appeared nothing more than a trinket, rather neatly made, but not at all extraordinary. Nothing to compel a second glance. On one side was a simple arrangement of Greek lines, and on the opposite side the words, "All the Love in the World," and her initials, "M. L."—Marian Lockwood.

Yes, the scene was still fresh in his memory, although it had been, oh—years,—does it matter how many? He had gone down to the post-office, the mail having arrived on the late afternoon train, and while waiting for it to be distributed had stood talking to her in one corner. True, the entire population of Hedges had been watching them, as many as could crowd into the tiny room, at least, but that had not mattered.

"When are you leaving, Bob?" she had asked him.

"Tonight for sure," he had answered. After that there had been a long pause.

"And you won't be back—for a long time?"

"I must make money, Marian, and how's a fellow to do it in this town? There are enough here now; they never get anywhere, just work, eat, and sleep. I don't see how they can stand it! But I'll be back in a few years."

"But do you feel sure of making money in the city? Mr. Crane wants you to work in his store, and it would be just a little while—"

"Oh, spuds, I'd deliver groceries the rest of my life and never get any farther! No, it's a dead cinch I can do better'n that in the city!" And then had followed another long pause.

"Will you always care—a lot?" she had finally asked.

"Of course I will, it could be no other way, Marian. A man never forgets—"

"Here, take this. It just came this morning, and don't ever, ever forget! And, and—good-bye." And thrusting the locket into his bewildered, outstretched hand, she had run from the building, forgetting her mail.

Someone had snickered. At the recollection he had a sudden vision of how amusing he must have appeared, standing there holding the locket, blushing perhaps. But the snickering had jerked him back to reality; a very confused reality. In a heat of perplexity he, too, had dashed through the door without his mail.

And all that seemed to be years and years ago!

He picked up a telegram from the bed on which he was sitting, and the words seemed to shout themselves from the written page: "Marian died this morning. Pneumonia. Please come." He laid the message down, and again gazed at the locket, bewilderment and confusion written on his face. Of course he could come, but why, now that it was all over?

It seemed to him, now, as he sat on the edge of the bed moodily staring out of the window, that he had been indifferently listening to a concert. And it must have been beautiful, for now that the music had ceased and the musicians and patrons departed the concert hall had grown suddenly dull and cold. Nor did he have the power to call them back again. Could he gain anything by going after them? . . . Perhaps he did not visualize the concert hall, nor the musicians and patrons, but he did feel that the song and dance were over. No, he would not go back.

It wasn't a very large room, and it faced a side alley. Directly out of

his window he could see the dull brick wall of Crantz's "New and Slightly Used Haberdashery," with the added information, "The Workingman's Friend," painted in staggered white letters upon a purple background. There were duller streaks marked grotesquely by rain-water that had dripped from the clogged drain-pipe; and there were also many green lichen stains, for the air was damp with the breath of the bay that lay just a short way off.

The bed on which the man sat was a straggling bit of furniture, as were most of the articles in the room. It was a room one might find in any lodging-house along the water-front of any coast city. The air was damp, for it had rained all the morning, and the fog still clung stickily to the ground and buildings.

Bob was foreman now of a long-shoreman gang, and made good wages. He could have "gone back" months before. Yes, he should have gone back to her long before this. He had been away for years. Now she was dead, and someone at her death-bed had asked him to come, perhaps at her request. Was it fitting that he should go after all this waiting? It is doubtful if he was conscious of all the mental reasoning occurring in his mind. There are times when the mind becomes an organism apart, and through sheer lack of guidance maintains its own equilibrium.

It was a long time before he was certain of a definite purpose. He wasn't sure that he had been searching for a fixed plan. He wouldn't go back. It was needless. No one really cared. The telegram was merely the fulfillment of a last request. And so what did it matter? There were none to tell him how he should live, and none who cared how he acted in a crisis of this sort. His dream was ended; he must make for himself a new dream. He would go away, severing all contacts with those who had known him; after that, life would work itself out.

The fog lifted for a moment, but the night slipped in to take its place.

## II

There was a little rustic bench about fifty yards back from the water's edge. A tiny stream tumbled past it, struggled for a minute across a short stretch of sand, then slid off into the silvery heaving breast of the ocean. The moon slipped from cloud to cloud, throwing the land into shifting reliefs of black and white. The air was warm with the balm of June—warmth and gentleness indescribable. Except for an occasional long-drawn sob, rising to a full-voiced climax, and then fading into a faintly heard sigh from the restive waters, there was silence—the age-old voice of pensiveness. It was a silence that seemed to lift one from the commonalty of fact and existence into silent communion with the stars.

Seated on the bench at the foot of a great shadowy tree was a young couple. When they spoke at all it was in the barest whisper. They seemed more absorbed in the utter peacefulness of things than the mere exchange of words.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if the moments like this could live on forever—without end—!"

"Oh, but they do, my dear girl, in a man's memory. That is one thing you can never destroy—the recollections of things beautiful. That, I believe, is the creed of the living—to remember!"

The two were silent again after this. His arm slipped down around her shoulders, she drew closer and relaxed, calmly happy. Presently, from somewhere in the rear of the two, came drifting the muffled strains of music, a slowly swinging waltz. The girl laughed softly.

"I wonder if they have missed us yet; if they will wonder where we have gone?"

"Let them bother. This will be our last night together for some time."

"Oh, are you leaving? I didn't know that."

"I didn't either, until this afternoon. I had been waiting in dread for it to happen, though—a European representative to visit the firm, you see."

"That will be lovely. But when will you be back to Manor-on-the-Height, Lon? It must be soon!"

"It will be soon, very soon."

Again there was silence—and the boom of the breathing water. The music could only be heard at long intervals, when the scarcely moving breeze from the vast ocean would cease altogether for a brief moment. She reached up and was fumbling with his watch-chain, pulling at it coquetishly. But suddenly growing more serious, and giving him an appealing look, she exclaimed:

"Lon, I hope our love will be as eternal as those stars up there!"

"It will be, dear!"

As though perfectly certain that her prayer would be answered even as he predicted she resumed her play with his chain. Presently she asked:

"Why do you love me?"

The man didn't answer for a strained minute. "That is a hard question to answer. I don't know just how to answer it. It's not for your physical qualities alone, and they are so many. Does anyone know why he loves another person?"

"I should think he would. But you **do**, don't you? Love me, I mean."

"Yes, of course."

At this last answer she gave his watch-chain a rather hard tug, pulling one end of it out of his pocket.

"Oh, see what I've done. Excuse me please! My, what an odd piece you have for your chain! What is it? Just a locket? There's something written on the back. I can't make it out. Where did you get it? If I may ask."

"It's just a piece of tin, it really has no meaning," and he made to put it back in his pocket.

"May I see it, please? The writing, though, I can't make it out. What does it say?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes—No, I'm just curious, is all. Don't bother. I'll put it back."

"It might make a difference—I should, though."

"How you are talking! Why should you? What is it?"

"Promise me—never mind. This is the writing: 'All the love in the world,' and 'M. L.' Marian Lockwood's initials."

"Marian Lockwood! Who was she?"

"A girl I once knew."

"And you loved **her**? Tell me!"

"I hardly know."

"You hardly—Oh, Lon, speak to me. Tell me. You loved her?" She was watching his face eagerly.

"That was so long ago. . . . How can I say!"

"Then you **don't** know for sure if you love me?"

"Oh, I do! Yes, Dear Girl!"

She sat staring at him, and under the sharpness of her eyes a strange, haunting confusion overtook him. He glanced away. He tried to talk, to tell her Marian Lockwood was dead, that it had only been youthful infatu-



ation. But he couldn't. It seemed such a useless thing to do. She was speaking, softly:

"No, Lon, I'm afraid of you. I could never be sure, you see. One ought to be sure at a time like this, don't you think? Come, let us go in now. How chilly it is. Oh, look, the moon has come out . . . . Perhaps it was just the moon, after all . . . . !" Without waiting for him she started off.

The man stood for a moment watching the water come and go with a certain rhythm; an uncertain rhythm. There was a look of bewilderment in his eyes. He turned and spoke quickly:

"Alice—"

The girl had already stepped across the tiny tumbling stream, and was ascending a trail into the night.

### III

It was a large room, and the deep shadows made it appear even larger. The shades were pulled and any faint light that might have crept in was absorbed by thick rugs and tapestries. A low light burned at a little table covered with papers.

The air was heavy with the odor of medicines. A nurse leaned over the side of an immense canopied bed, as though listening to the breathing of the quiet form that occupied it. Another nurse talked in low, earnest tones to three doctors who had gathered close to the little table. As she talked she would occasionally point to the papers, or pick them up and glance through them. There was a feeling of expectancy, and of patient waiting.

Children's voices shrill with laughter were heard very faintly. The rumble of a dray sounded far off.

The figure in the bed moved slightly: his hand moving across his breast to his neck. His limbs became tense after that. The nurse caught her breath and looked more closely at the blanched face, then moved quickly toward the group of doctors. They appeared to be waiting for her, and at her whispered words nodded knowingly.

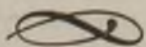
One of the trio walked to the bedside, and bent down to the lips. He pulled the covers back to straighten out the arms, and found one hand tightly clenched about a small object, as though the dying man had clutched it with his last conscious strength. With a slight wrench the fingers were pulled apart, and a tiny silver locket was disclosed. A silver trinket neatly made, but not at all extraordinary. It was nothing to compel a second glance.

The doctor removed the locket from the man's neck, where it hung by a frail chain. He examined it hastily, and found it to be worn smooth on either side.

"What is it?" asked the nurse at his elbow.

"Oh, just a piece of tin. Rather old, I fancy." Laying the locket on the service-table by the head of the bed, he pulled the sheets over the body, and glanced at his watch.

D'ARCY DAHLBERG.





## Oljolaned

MARNONK-ON-HUDSON folk took them for fixtures. Everyone knew the quaint old couple—had seen them grow from middle to old age—from hard-working, robust men to kindly white-haired men, feeders of peanuts to small boys in the summer and playfully wrathful targets for snowballs in the winter. They were always together and always had been. The oldest debaters around Sniffen's grocery or Ed Morgan's Cigar Store and Pool-room could not remember when these two hadn't been together. "Harmless—but some 'at queer," was the reply to inquiring travelers who waited for the junction train to Northmead. And the two were such as to excite inquiry. Joel's angular, brown-skinned face, wrinkled with a thousand wrinkles that multiplied as he conversed gravely with his wheezing companion, looked like one of Corot's old French fishermen. His clean-shaven face accentuated his long, hooked nose and pointed chin beneath his twinkling blue eyes. They both dressed in blue overalls that were freshly washed and mended with generous square patches. Ed was not so lithe as Joel, but seemed frail. From beneath his slouching felt hat straggled a monk's halo of fine white hair that ran down to the corrugations on his mottled neck. His square chin and chubby nose seemed in a constant state of agitation, as did his small body. A frown appeared to question the necessity of Ed's rapid procedure as they took their course past the small brick station.

Marnonk-on-Hudson folk ran the names of the two together in a mumbled fashion. Joel Frasier and Ed Van Alstyne they had been christened. First names were used in Marnonk-on-Hudson and Joel and Ed had become used to being hailed as "Jolaned" as if it were one word. But people called them "Oljolaned" when they talked about them.

Their living was a precarious thing. In the summer they mowed lawns, if you arranged with them for it. Winters found them cutting cordwood in the lot behind their little cabin on the edge of town. They had no relatives in town, but someone always asked them to Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. The stories they told of their boyhood, the old families and settlers of the town and of their life together in "Alasky," always repaid their hosts. And Joel would exclaim,

"'ll save us awashin' the dishes, Ed, and them black coats and white shirts of ourn 'll be a change for us. Got to 'pear respectable, ain't we?"

"Do mind agittin' into them togs of ourn, Joel,—but to git among them young folks and git a change o' grub won't do us no harm. Besides, it keeps us from apeekin' and aclawin' one another," Ed would grin back.

And they would "accept your kind invitation." They had looked that up in the public library on one occasion when they had been surprised with a formal invitation by Mrs. Terwilliger up on Hill street. That had become a spoken or written formula with them as the years rolled on.

People used to wonder how they ever kept house until they called on them. Then they would be surprised at the neatness and simplicity of the little two-roomed cabin. The exterior was delightful, especially in the summer time, when the logs would be covered with red-rambler roses—like a ruby on the green cloth of trees behind the shack. They had made the shack some twenty years before on their return from Alaska. The door, a huge affair of straight saplings with two cross-bars, swung easily into the big sun-splashed front room. A pine board table, three chairs (Ed had insisted on a third chair—"we might have company"), an Acorn stove over in one corner and a long cabinet in the wall opposite the stove served "Oljolaned" for their simple needs. A piece of bright blue chintz

covered the cabinet. A calendar from Sniffen's grocery and a few unframed prints of dogs and cattle were tacked on the white-washed log walls. A door on the left led off to their bedroom and one at the back of the room swung out to a shed "for awashin' and keepin' our tools" they would explain.

"Oljolaned" were comfortable in their home. In the evening, after things were tidied up, they would walk "into the village," get the "Northmead Gazette" at Ed Morgan's store and make some purchases at the "New York Store," which stayed open until nine. Sometimes they would stop for a short chat with the worthies around Morgan's store and venture their opinions with the rest. Their infrequent remarks were treated with respect as "Oljolaned" had "traveled considerable".

At home they would tilt their chairs against the wall and carefully divide the "Gazette". Then, beneath the yellow light of their gleaming, glass lamp they would peruse the recorded events of the preceding day. Occassionally they would have long discussions on the topics found in the "Gazette"—politics mainly. Sometimes they would talk of religion and God. They had some peculiar ideas about Him, not very like the popular notions at all. They had quite agreed that He was an old man.

"God wouldn't be a young person, Joel, liable to be too harum-scarum—and He's been agoin' too long, anyways," Ed would state firmly, rubbing his chin.

"Kind o' like a red-faced, roly old man," Joel agreed. "He'd be red-faced for He's been out in all kinds o' weather."

"Believe He'd be kind o' wrinkled and worried-looking too—Him havin' so much trouble keepin' us critturs astraighened out."

"Most humans don't know where to look for Him, though—'stho you'd find Him in one o' them dark, gloomy churches when the sun's all ashinin' outa doors!" would exclaim Joel indignantly.

"Bosh! Them church-folks may know how to reach Him, but you can't coax him into a church—after you go in anyways. Got to take Him in with you." Ed would yawn, and take off his vest slowly.

When Ed took off his vest it was time to go to bed. Joel would reach over and take the lamp and the two fantastic shadows would dance outside the bedroom until the light would be whiffed out and the two cots creaked as the pair "rolled in".

" 'Night, Joel."

" 'Night, Ed."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was just before Christmas one year that people living in Central Square saw Ed come striding into town, early in the morning. They wondered, but soon saw "Doc" Parker go out toward the cabin with Ed, clucking to his old mare Kitty as they went.

"Joel's probly sick." Mrs. Kelley explained to Mrs. Peasley across the alley.

And Joel was sick.

Doctor Parker found him in his cot suffering from pleuro-pneumonia. The old man whispered that he had nothing but a chest cold and chided Ed for bringing out the doctor for nothing. It was so useless. It was.

Joel died that afternoon.

The neighborhood was sorry and the "Banner" ran a beautiful story on the death of "one of our oldest and best-loved pioneers". And people were sorry for Ed,—“poor lonely old man”.

Ed didn't realize his misfortune for some time. The cabin seemed so

lonely, though. And there was no one to talk to. No one to sit in the second chair. No one to go with him to Christmas dinner this year. No one at all. Joel was gone.

Nights in the cabin were worst. Ed took to prayer. Peculiar prayers they were. His gaunt figure threw grotesque shadows on the walls as he moved restlessly in his chair and hot tears, terrible in a man—worse in an old man—would course down his wan cheeks.

"O—God—You can see how 'tis! Joel an' me's been together quite a spell now. You know we been abickerin' at times—but we sure set a store by one another. Course we been pretty comfortable and lucky with these old bodies—Joel hasn't been taken down since that rheumastism spell three years ago—and we always figured You was a pretty good friend o' ours. I ain't aimin' to go agin Your will—but You can take me to him, You can if You're a mind to—an', please God—don't let me go on here without Joel." Sobs shook his old body.

It was on Christmas morning that Doctor and Mrs. Parker drove out to the cabin to bring Ed in to dinner. He had been feeble since Joel's death and the doctor thought it best that he ride into town.

They found him in bed. He was very low and breathing rapidly. Mrs. Parker greeted him and he returned her greeting with a wan smile and turned his eyes towards Joel's empty cot. At a nod from the doctor, Mrs. Parker withdrew and closed the door to the little bedroom.

Doctor Parker came out very quietly after five minutes. His eyes were filled with tears.

"He just died," he said as he turned to his wife. "I'll say 'infirmities of old age' in my statement, Nell, but his face is beautiful and eager—as though God perhaps had granted a wish."

RICHARD FREDERICK CRANDELL.

## A Letter from London

. . . . . The theatrical season smacks of dull respectability. Shakespeare is honored; Barrie is represented by "*What Every Woman Knows*," in a fine revival; Chesterton's "*Magic*" is playing, and Shaw's "*The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*," very badly done. "*Our Betters*" is still running. Everything is good heavy stuff of ten years or more ago, done in a manner of ten years or more ago. Nothing experimental is thought of, unless a jazz revival of "*Cymbeline*" with Sybil Thorndike might pass under that name! Of course the acting, especially in the comedies, is delightful; but the direction has all the tricks of the Comedie—I mean, the "take-the-stage-center-don't-bother-to-talk-to-anyone-on-stage-but-face-your-audience-and-get-your-points-over" direction is in high and often effective vogue. The scenery is bad, but the audiences love it. Thousands of pounds go into the lighting equipment, but the results are not up to the expenditures.

Flecker's "*Hassan*," produced by Basil Dean, is a gorgeous spectacle, with a good book to make it interesting and worth while. There alone is emphasis toward the pictorial and the combined artistic forces that ought to go into the theater. There is Delius' music, Flecker's poetry, Fokine's ballet, and some very lovely scenery to make for an achievement. It is making a huge success, and will probably break "*Chu Chin Chow's*" records. Birmingham is busy with Shaw's "*Back to Methuselah*" and a Shaw festival; and the Bristol Rotary club is this winter to finance a repertory theater there.

JOHN MASON BROWN.



# The Frontier Book Shelf

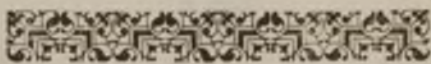
**The Interpreters:** "A. E." (Macmillan, New York, 1923.) One of the most exciting books the writer has discovered! A poet-nationalist who finds God, the Earth Spirit, through beauty; a socialist who finds the Heavenly Man through pity; a haughty world-imperialist who, through intelligence, arrives at God as power; and an anarchist who, through growth towards individual freedom, reaches for his Summum Bonum, are met in symposium. Each conceives the universe as a spiritual being. To the question how these divergent ideals are to be reconciled and made more grandly purposeful "A. E." proposes an answer. To poetic wisdom the author adds that gained from practical activity in one of the most complicated national political situations in the world—that of his own Ireland.

Speaking through the mouth of an old historian, who through a study of man's past actions has come to profound, wide wisdom concerning their spiritual significance, "A. E." undertakes to synthesize the views of the four opposed idealists. This historian says: ". . . . there is no way of bringing about the perfecting of human relations other than by the transfiguration of the individual." A growth, he says, towards individual realization of our full human stature, in which ". . . . 'there can be neither certainty nor finality in the relation of existing human groups to each other,' is the way towards the solution. 'We shall be repulsed perpetually until we have made perfect in ourselves those elements out of which both we and the universe are fashioned . . . . Therefore we ought to regard none who differ from us as enemies . . . . but rather . . . . with yearning as those who possess some power or vision from which we are shut out but which we ought to share.' There is a justice at the heart of the universe. '. . . . what is right always exercises its appropriate might.' When we have fully realized our highest spiritual beings, giving of the spirit—for we have nothing else to give—relying upon that law of justice, the Kingdom shall be. Does this help solve the problem? It is a faith at least.

—H. S. W.

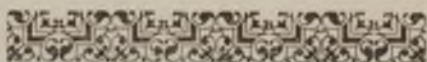
**You and I:** Philip Barry. (Brentano's, 1923.) When her son wishes to give up architecture and go into business in order to marry "Ronny," Mrs. White realizes the sacrifice her husband made for her years before. To atone for this sacrifice, she persuades him to give up business for one year, and devote himself to his painting, which he has neglected since his marriage. The resulting situations, well handled by Mr. Barry, give opportunity for good comedy.

Instead of solving the problem in his delightful play, the author leaves it more of a puzzle than ever, thus giving us a comedy of modern life made real and vital by its



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hint of the tragic. It is this power, the ability to write a "Humoreske," a laugh with a sob behind it, which shows Philip Barry to be a playwright of promise.

However, he is yet inexperienced in characterization. Nancy White and Veronica Duane are not so vigorously conceived and drawn as they could be, in comparison with the other main characters of the play. The speeches of Veronica and Roderick could frequently be interchanged,—but that is perhaps true of all modern youth.

One reason for the faulty characterization is that the keen, witty dialogue is that of Mr. Barry rather than that of the characters. But if Barry's dialogue is a dramatic weakness, it is also one of the chief charms of the play. The conversations are free, spontaneous, and full of youthful vigor.

*You and I* is considered by Mr. Hornblow, of the Theatre Magazine, one of the six best plays produced in New York last season.

—V. M.

**Verse:** Adelaide Crapsey. (Knopf, 1922.) When I came to the last page of Adelaide Crapsey's *Verse*, and read *The Immortal Residue*, it was almost with a cry. It was as though I had unconsciously pried deep into the soul of one who stood quivering before me, having given what was sacrilege to take.

The poems seem the spirit of her, compressed until the intensity pains. The emotion is the more poignant for the almost stoic reserve of her expression, of her own nature. The iridescence of her imagery is the richer for its severe setting in a verse form as reserved as she herself.

She was interested always in design, but was always transcending it in patterns so delicate as to become their own essence. She set herself severe tasks, but rose above them, even as she must have done in her physical life. She, for it seems impossible to separate her from her verse, was at once sternly Puritan and whimsically exotic,—who loved life so much that she could say:

"As it  
Were tissue of silver  
I'll wear, O fate, thy grey,  
And go mistily radiant, clad  
Like the moon."

—G. D. B.

**Robert E. Lee:** John Drinkwater. (Houghton-Bifflin, 1923.) In *Abraham Lincoln* Drinkwater portrayed the ideals and spirit of the North as embodied in the character of its great leader. *Robert E. Lee* is a companion play somewhat parallel in style and development, with the beloved general of the South as its central figure. In a succession of scenes from his life Lee's character is sketched, a character representative of the finer courage, pride and perseverance of the South.

"War is the anger of bewildered peoples in front of questions they can't answer."

With these words Lee accepted the inevitability of the struggle which threatened to rend his nation apart. Like all good Southerners, he decided to remain loyal to his state when it seceded. The issues involved in the decision are clearly revealed. The latter part of the drama shows him fighting for these issues, fighting hopelessly at the last, but fighting till the end. And in the test of defeat, Lee's character but shines the more brilliantly.

*Robert E. Lee* fails as a drama. It is primarily a character study. It lacks variety in scene, mood and language, and after the first scene drops rather than rises in interest. The reason for this lies, perhaps, in the fact that Lee's life is devoid of those dramatic turning-points which could be seized with such telling effect in the life of Lincoln. Also, the play smacks too much of the panegyric to be the healthy, vigorous portrait Lee deserves. One feels that scenes and incidents are created to praise, and artificiality creeps in.

There are good lines, however, which alone are worth the reading of the play. It is worth reading as a study of the Southern view of the issues of the Civil war, and for any interest which it may stimulate in one of America's greatest figures. And it holds one's interest more than one would expect of a play without a complicated plot, a love story, or even a villain.  
—O. W. H.

**Desolate Splendour:** Michael Sadleir. (Putnam, 1923.) Michael Sadleir conducts us to the desolate old estate of Morvane, in Gloucestershire, where he pauses to oppress us with its gloomy atmosphere and somber history before admitting us into the overstuffed splendor of its interior. The life of Morvane centers about the intrigues of Rowena Plethern to procure for her favorite son, James, the estate which her other son, Charles, has inherited through the chance that brought him into the world several hours before his twin brother—and closely involving Viola Marvell, pretty young ward of Charles.

This pictured life affects the onlooker as a Thanksgiving dinner does a hearty participant with an uncomfortable sensation of "too muchness." The author takes a slice from the old legend of the tower, Devil's Candle; from a family feud between Morvane and its neighbor, Rockarvon; from the life story of Charles and his passion for property; from the lonely life of revengeful Mrs. Plethern; from the simplicity of family life at the home of the Greys; from the ambitions of James and the story of his family and interests; from the awakening (at twenty-one) of Viola Marvell—a helping of each he garnishes with melodramatic improbabilities to load on one plate and bewilders his guest with too much plenty.

Not one of the characters—from Mrs. Plethern's grotesque maid to the sweetly sacrificing simplicity of Viola Marvell—is convincingly real. These are not people, but unusual—even ghoulish—manufactures of a

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1908	5	218,432.35
1909	7	310,062.16
1910	14	662,331.16
1911	22	1,183,279.96
1912	34	2,050,641.99
1913	48	2,636,920.97
1914	71	3,560,293.75
1915	86	4,825,072.19
1916	127	8,415,877.44
1917	177	14,880,965.22
1918	197	21,336,795.80
1919	197	28,778,230.74
1920	312	42,822,564.01
1921	312	46,641,928.20
1922	371	49,035,729.06
1923	475	?? ? ? ?

*R. D. Co.*

brain overcrowded with adjectives and phantasms. Rather than giving his figures an opportunity to act and speak naturally to reveal character, Sadleir continually steps in to list an abundance of characteristics, of motives, of ideas for each one.

The recurrence of the theme of sex lure just escapes being frequent enough to disgust rather than merely jar, as it does, with its note of crudity in an otherwise rather careful arrangement.

The freedom of an absolutely unchecked imagination, the fascination of following intrigue to its conclusion, and a supremely adequate command of language hold the interest of the story. In Great Britain the novel has been widely heralded. It is now being brought into the American market.

—C. S.

**Lost Valley:** Katherine Fullerton Gerould. (Harper, 1922.) Madge Lockerby, the girl character around whom Katherine Fullerton Gerould built *Lost Valley*, stands out as a surprisingly good and perfect individual among modern heroines. One expects the heroine of a twentieth century novel to make a failure either of her life or someone else's, and Madge does neither. Mrs. Gerould has made the girl ring true in all her experiences. Her devotion to her sister, Lola, Lockerby's Lola, the beautiful bastard with a child mind, was the underlying motive which carried Madge through a series of situations from a New England farm in a beautiful valley where the souls of men had degenerated through New York's immigrant slums to Bohemia.

The one time when Madge's experiences failed to be convincing was when she made the acquaintance of the blind Chinaman. Perhaps Madge was receptive to all new experience—perhaps a New England Lockerby could and would appreciate Chinese philosophy. But I doubt it.

Madge profited by her experiences, varied as they were, and didn't even suffer from falling in love twice. One wonders if Mrs. Gerould had consulted a modern flapper before she let Madge make the admission that she knew from her final lover's first kiss that he was the only individual whom she could really love and trust.

Mrs. Gerould is a Puritan. Madge's entire personality is a synthesis of the ideals of our rock-bound coast forefathers.

The other characters in the novel are skillfully drawn and are true to type. The Breens do not show any sentimentally human side after being loathsomely degenerate.

*Lost Valley*, Mrs. Gould's first novel, holds one's interest chiefly through the development of rather ordinary fiction characters in some original situations.

—M. A. C.

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**The End of the House of Alard:** Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Dutton, 1923.) This latest of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels has not the beauty of the flowering of either countryside or human personality that *Green Apple Har-*

vest has, nor the rich emotional comprehension and portrayal of life that *Joanna Godden* possesses; it is a much more intellectually conceived novel. It is more of a grand feat of intellectual conception and execution, and less of an artistic outpouring. The writer has grasped thoroughly a current social idea, has seen it working out in actual county families, and has established the idea soundly by swinging into a slow-moving story a family of ten, their various dependents, and their lovers. It is her most compactly written book. It will be widely proclaimed her best novel, but it is best only intellectually; emotionally either of the other two novels surpasses it. It is powerful; parts of it are beautiful; some of it is regrettably conventional; all of it comes from a thoughtful and keen mind. Readers will not forget *Fourhouses* or *Stella* or *Ben Godfrey*. There are many glorious moments in the portrayal of Peter Alard, the heir, for instance, sections 5 and 6 of the part called *Fourhouses*. In her descriptions Miss Kaye-Smith knows how as well as any novelist writing to make her beautiful pictures play characterizing roles, as in this, "When he thought of that quiet, ancient house (*Fourhouses*), with its bricked floors and wide sunny spaces, with its humming kitchen fire and salt-riddled beamwork; above all, when he thought of it as the home of loving hearts and the peace which follows daring, he (*Peter Alard*) felt unendurably the contrast of what he had made of *Starvecrow*." The novel is a magnificent piece of writing. —H. G. M.

**Black Oxen:** Gertrude Atherton. (Boni & Liveright, 1923.) Anyone who wishes to visualize the far-reaching effects of the glandular treatment advertised in our Sunday supplements has but to read *Black Oxen*. Besides the saving of nine and a half days—more or less—by so doing, one finds several thought-evokers. In an entertaining, sometimes satiric manner, Gertrude Atherton discloses the vain attempt of an Austro-American woman to regain her youthful sex attractiveness. Returning "incog" to her former New York residence she succeeds in charming and captivating the men of the young set—particularly one Clavering, some thirty years her junior. In the cosmo-setting of New York we meet the Sophisticates—a group—or at least a title appropriately coined. Somewhat different, more stable than the present Greenwich type, yet withal a Bohemian tinge, they offer one rather more than mere diversion. Hackneyed problems are covered by a bit of scarlet laquer. Nature, outwitted by science, has her final triumph when Madame Zattiany finds herself too worldly wise to be encumbered with any but a powerful, compelling diplomat husband. Her illusion of youth—love—was merely a passing of the south wind. And thus:

"The years like Great Black Oxen tread the world  
And God the herdsman goads them on behind!"  
—R. M. S.

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**Chrome Yellow:** Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus London, 1921.) There are individuals who insist that chess is great sport. Aldous Huxley selects some half dozen characters and plays chess with them in *Chrome Yellow*, entertaining the reader by ordinary stupid narrative written in fantastic terms. The characters are a vicious set entirely concerned with introspection and the satisfaction of their own desires. They are all despicable. Perhaps the most redeeming feature of the book is that young Huxley (who is a direct descendant of Thomas Huxley) seems to so enjoy his pawns for being so contemptible that he imparts some of that feeling to his reader.

Anne, the girl around whom most of the action revolves, is wholly physical and selfish. Mary is ridiculed as the serious girl attempting to swallow modern ideas. The artist is an egotist and the would-be poet is so stupid he is neither pathetic nor irritating. The host with a passion for his ancestors' history is only as bad as the tail-end of English nobility with a fad may be.

One has no right to question an author's motives. It is the writer alone who may say whether his book has a purpose or not. Results are all a reader may judge. *Chrome Yellow* as a whole sounds like an intellectual's attempt to create entertainment—regardless of much of anything—for Tired Intellectual Men, and Hearst and Zeigfeld collaborating in a drawing room could do as well.

—M. A. C.

### NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS.

Ray Canfield is a special student in the school of forestry.

John Shaffer, '24, Anne Cromwell, '24, and Richard Crandell, '24, are journalism students.

Grace Baldwin, '22, majored in art and is at present doing graduate work on the campus.

Ruth Charles, '23, is teaching in a Butte high school.

Violet Crain, '24, D'Arcy Dahlberg, '25, and Cardwell Thomson, '24, are English majors.

Pearl Hefferlin, '22, is secretary for the City Manager in Berkeley, California.

Edythe Benbrooks, '24, is a business administration major.

John Mason Brown taught drama in the 1923 summer school on this campus. He is now in Europe, studying drama and theatrical productions. From a two months' stay in London he has gone to Sweden. He will continue his journey to Russia and Germany.

Lawrence Adler, professor of piano, spent the summer in France and Hungary.

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The things a bank stands for are best determined by its record in the past.

Inviting people to avail themselves of the services of this bank, we make no promises of conferring unusual privileges; but we do stand on our established policy of giving every one who comes to us the same courteous, efficient service, and every assistance that sound banking practice will allow.

If you want assurance of the fair treatment you will receive here, ask those we have served.

CAPITAL .....	\$ 200,000
SURPLUS .....	50,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS .....	85,000
TOTAL RESOURCES .....	3,000,000

## THE WESTERN MONTANA NATIONAL BANK

AT MISSOULA

"Ask the man who banks here"

## Thomas F. Farley Company

Groceries

PHONE 54

Merchandise

PHONE 53

601 Woody Street

## KODAKS

*and*

## FILMS

Developing and Printing

JOHNSTON'S  
CANDY

WHITING'S  
STATIONERY

BRUNSWICK  
PHONOGRAPHS  
AND RECORDS

## SOUTH SIDE PHARMACY

## John R. Daily Co.

115-119 West Front St.

Phones: Retail 117-118; Wholesale 316

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish,  
Poultry and Oysters**

Packers of

**Daco PRIDE  
MARK Hams**

**BACON and LARD**

BRANCH MARKETS:

Model Market, 309 No. Higgins  
Phone 135

Montana Market, 509 So. Higgins  
Phone 331

Palace Market, 120 E. Cedar  
Phone 245

## JAKE'S TAILOR SHOP

JACOB ABUYA

Altering, Cleaning and  
Pressing Shop in  
Connection

Phone  
**78**

107 West Main St.

## Willard Service Station

123 W. Cedar St. Phone 504



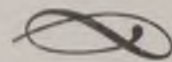
Repair and Recharge All Kinds  
of Batteries

Carry a Full Line of Radio "A"  
and "B" Batteries

Auto Electric Department in  
Connection

Parts and Service

## Mining Machinery



A. C. M. Hardware House

Main and Quartz

Butte - - - Montana



MEET ME  
— AT —  
**KELLY'S**  
**CIGAR**  
**STORE**



BILLIARDS AND POOL

"The Store of the Town for Men  
and Women"

**"Barney's"**  
**FASHION SHOP**

"If It Comes from Barney's It  
Must Be Good"

**Missoula Trust and  
Savings Bank**

MISSOULA, MONTANA

Capital and Surplus \$250,000.00

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Keith	J. R. Daily
G. T. McCullough	W. M. Bickford
R. C. Giddings	H. P. Greenough
S. J. Coffee	

Four Per Cent Per Annum Paid on  
Savings Deposits

**DOUGHNUT  
SHOP**

Try our pies and sandwiches on  
your next hike

We serve a special  
**HOT LUNCH**

111 East Front Street  
Next to the Rialto

*“Always the Newest”*

in

*Young Men's Togs*

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STRATFORD AND STYLEPLUS CLOTHING

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*The* TOGGERY

Mens' Shop

228 Higgins Ave.

Schaefer-Rehmer  
Music Co.

Pianos

Player Pianos

Brunswick Phonographs  
and Records

Sheet Music

Piano Tuning

Phone 609

SCHAEFER - REHMER MUSIC  
COMPANY

130 Higgins Ave.

Reynolds'  
Hat Shop

Formerly the "R & R"

132 N. Higgins Ave.

Do you know that our Millinery  
cannot be equalled for

Style, Quality or  
Workmanship

anywhere at our prices?