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The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



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MARCH 1924

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ROGER BACON
1214-1294

English philosopher and man of science. Studied at Oxford and the University of Paris. Wrote the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, *Opus Tertium*, and many other treatises.



More than a million dollars a year is devoted to research by the General Electric Company in order that the giant—electricity—may be made more and more useful to mankind.

For this he was sent to prison

Roger Bacon may not have invented gunpowder, as has been claimed by some biographers of the famous Franciscan friar, but he exploded some of the outstanding errors of thirteenth century thought. Because of his advanced teachings, Bacon spent many years of his life in prison.

In an age of abstract speculation he boldly asserted the mathematical basis of all the sciences. But even mathematical calculation, he showed, must be verified by experiment, which discovers truths that speculation could never reach.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Bacon's principles are followed in every experimental investigation. The gas-filled electric lamp and the electron tube were worked out on paper, but it was experimental verification of the underlying mathematical theory that made electric illumination, radio broadcasting and X-rays what they are today.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



THE LADY: Odds my life! Are you by chance making love
to me, knave?

THE MAN: Nay: 'tis you who have made the love; I but
pour it out at your feet.

Shaw: The Dark Lady of the Sonnets

Produced by University Masquers, July, 1923.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

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MARCH, 1924

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FRONTIERS



" The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact, though that fact be his neighbor, there is an unsettled wilderness between him and Canada, between him and the setting sun, or, further still, between him and it. Let him build himself a log-house with the bark on where he is, fronting IT, and wage there an Old French war for seven or seventy years, with Indians and Rangers, or whatever else may come between him and the reality, and save his scalp if he can."

Thoreau: Concord and Merrimack Rivers.

Three Poems

By Mary Brennan Clapp



Reading Lamps

Like giant tulips in our windows growing,
The reading-lamps burst into bloom at night,
Across the lonesomeness of winter throwing
The tender magic of their colored light.

Mullein

There is nothing lovely in mullein.
It is lanky and weedy and rough.
And its yellow blossoms soon burn out
To brown, untidy snuff.

And yet it is like candles,
Each summer sets anew,
That light my memory back to days
I rode the hills with you.

The Dead Mountain

(Big Butte)

The smoke of little chimneys shall rise
Instead of the fumes that spoiled the skies,
And children a-thrill, shall catch their breath
At the fairy-tale of a mountain's death.

But all I can see from my window is
The long, low slope of a lava ridge,
And the vanishing curve of a crater bowl
Whose crumbled cone has filled its hole;
And a gully where cloudbursts have galloped down
Between streaks of lava weathered brown;
And rhyolite hummocks velvety green
By the Russian thistle that grows between.

Still this that I see from my window is
The loveliest of Nature's ironies,—
That a mountain that living menaced life,
Mocked the heavens and threatened the earth,
Dead is now giving daily birth
To something living,—the thistle rife
On its slope, and below the golden-rod,
That fast as the rocks give root to sod,
Will climb to crown the crater's tomb
With the green and gold of living bloom.

What I can see from my window is
The greatest of Nature's dynasties,—
Volcanic resurgence through frost and rain,
Firing the bare slopes with life again.

The Eleventh Hour

I HAD forgotten the exact place that this particular day occupied on the calendar when I awoke from my slumbers in a bed of soft fir boughs fifty miles southwest of Missoula. In my first glimmering of consciousness I noted the miniature frost-forest on my blankets, the glistening silver-coated trees along the north side of the deep canyon, the tinkling and splashing of the little brook less than ten feet away as it blended its song with the crackling of the campfire and Shanes' melodious voice.

Shane is my friend, and my partner on many of my week-end trips into the forest. I am very much attached to him, as he invariably insists on preparing the breakfast, thus saving me the uncomfortable minutes of a fireless dawn. As he took form in my sleep-dulled vision he had just completed the favorite verse of his favorite song—the one that relinquishes all claim to a harp or halo and demands a pinto horse with wings, and permission to ride the starry ranges while the Angel Chorus sings—when he burst into a spasm of laughter.

By this time I was awake and in answer to my query as to the cause of mirthfulness, he pointed a frying-pan of crisp bacon towards a small bird on the icy edge of the brook. I looked the little water-bird over critically and confessed that I could see no cause for levity until Shane explained that the bird was demonstrating a high order of intelligence because of the fact that it was teetering up and down on the ice in an attempt to break through. Then I laughed as heartily as he, for this teetering motion is characteristic of this particular bird, ice or no ice.

At this point the sight and the aroma of steaming breakfast were too much for even a sleepyhead like me and I tumbled out of the warm blankets. Soon we were in a friendly argument as to the mental development of a water ouzel, while the stack of steaming pancakes melted away like the frost before the autumn sun.

When the last pancake had vanished we shouldered our rifles and struck out on our prearranged routes up the mountain, each with his heart full of the hope that a buck of gigantic proportions should fall victim to his aim. As yet neither of us had recalled the date, which is so full of significance to us both.

My way led me up the mountain-side through a heavy forest of the larch-yellow pine type into a more open spot near the summit, which was carpeted with kinnikinnick and where here and there a stunted, gnarled, and twisted fir raised its head above the general level of vegetation.

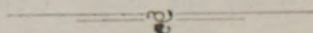
This spot seemed a likely locality for game, I sat down on a small boulder to watch and wait. As I waited I began to meditate on the society of the forest and to compare it to human society. I likened the strong, wide-girthed, sleek and contented larches and yellow pines, which held the best sites, to those who hold dominant positions in the society of men through the chance possession of riches. I compared the stunted firs at the edge of the timber-line to the pioneers, who always go ahead to prepare the new lands for habitation only to lose them to the more fastidious as soon as they are made habitable.

I had just completed the framework of my thought tower when the realization that time was heedlessly passing brought me to earth with a

lurch. I glanced at my watch and the hands registered one minute of eleven. I began to roll a cigarette. I had oceans of time to make my round and back to camp.

Just as I was about to scratch the match preparatory to lighting up my smoke a twig snapped. I glanced quickly in the direction of the sound. The most magnificent buck that I have ever seen was advancing broadside to me across the open. Stealthily I reached for my Springfield and brought it to my shoulder. Every nerve tingled as I lined up the sights. The coat of dull grey rested against the bead. A light firm pressure of the trigger and he would be mine. Quick as a flash I remembered another coat of dull grey and a bloated body fifty yards in front of a foxhole and eleven o'clock on the Eleventh of November. The monarch of the forest trotted safely to the shelter of the neighboring trees. The armistice had been signed.

ROY H. CANFIELD.



Hill Spring

Spring was on the tired hills today;
I walked through snowdrifts but they seemed, I thought,
Less certain of themselves. . . . And snow grown old
Is sad. . . . Haze draped the mountains in a way
That made them seem like jeweled caskets, wrought
By wind and rain and snow from tarnished gold.

Spring fragrances were strange and shy;
Two geese whirled northward in the sky.

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

Stagnation

At the first quick hint of spring, great power
Came melting down from snowed-in peaks;
The river jostled against retreating bounds.
But in a sullen pent-up ditch
The overflow was quiet;
Faint cloud-reflections shifted warily;
A fresh-leaved river poplar
Measured its rustling length
On still green water.
Weed-tangled sticks and rusty bits of bark
Had gathered at a dam.
Sulkily they hugged the few old boards
Between them and the river.

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

The Umbrella

TORN and disconsolate, Buck Green had tramped over the hills of San Francisco, through innumerable offices and factories and shipping yards, in search of work. Depression settled over him, and the steady downpour pitched him further into the depths of despair. The rainy season was just starting in, and he had few clothes. The loose coins in his pocket would not hold out much longer against the demands of living.

His stomach feeling like a puckered lemon, Buck stepped into a dingy restaurant and stood a moment dripping like a setter; then he slopped apologetically across the freshly mopped linoleum, marking his progress with muddy footprints, and slid softly into a chair at a table against the wall.

The gray gloom of the out-of-doors penetrated even here, and intensified Buck's depression, which was already that of the murky evening. The waitress rose from behind her barricade of smeared mustard pots with a peevish air, swung languidly up the aisle with an exaggerated hip roll, stopping to adjust her frowsy bobbed hair before the mirror over the counter, then selected his table instruments with provoking deliberation. Returning, she set them before him, never an enlivening smile warming the cool insolence of her face as she steadily chewed her gum with a rotary motion of her jaw and gazed with calm gloom over his head into the rain-soaked vista of the street.

Hungry for human words, Buck searched her face with the mute appeal of a whipped dog; then gave his order in a tone that apologized for his existence, and drained his glass of water in huge gulps, thankful for the coolness as it spread over his aching throat. The dampness of his coat soaked into his spirits. He speculated vaguely on the chances of lifting an overcoat or an umbrella. He would leave the city on the morrow and walk to the next town.

His eyes roamed idly about the room. The late diners had gone, and only an occasional luncher would drop in. The only other occupant of the room was a seedy individual at the next table, consuming lumpy mush in slushing mouthfuls.

His eyes left this spectacle in disgust, and lit on an umbrella standing against the wall between his table and the next, but closer to his than the other. It was a good umbrella, as those things go, with an ebony handle and neat folds of silk. The appearance of the umbrella belied any acquaintanceship with the mush-gulper.

Buck wondered who was the owner of the thing, and began to covet it. It fascinated him, but he withdrew his eyes guiltily when the waitress approached with his order. He applied himself to the food with inconsistent ardor. The girl went back to her calm mastication, but Buck felt that she had read his thoughts. However, the perfect blankness of her face reassured him. While his teeth devoted themselves to the food, his mind worked on the problem of that umbrella. If the object of his desire belonged to his neighbor, that would settle the question. But if the fellow went out without it, he would carelessly appropriate it, and stroll nonchalantly to the street with preoccupied abstraction.

He was eating with nauseating haste, and on account of his swollen throat, the food had to be pushed down. He began to kill time against his neighbor's departure. The fellow finished, but still sat there, eyeing the umbrella with covetous abstraction. Could it be possible that he intended to grab it? Then he noticed that the man's hat was glistening with

moisture, and his coat was wet. He had evidently entered without an umbrella, and his glances of speculation and assumption of leisure convinced Buck that he did not intend to leave without a rain-shade.

The umbrella stood closer to Buck's table than the other fellow's, and he felt a proprietary feeling toward it. The idea of that bum getting away with another person's property! Buck grew wrathful at the cool insolence of the fellow. He would rise, take the umbrella, and saunter carelessly to the counter, then turn and enjoy the disappointment on the fellow's face. He stopped. The other man was there first, and might dispute his possession of the prize. Hell, he was nervous. Perhaps he only imagined the fellow's desire to possess it.

He picked up the evening paper, but shot occasional glances over it at his neighbor, and grew impatient with the passing moments. The waitress slowly slouched out from behind her mustard pots, came over and cleared his table, then cleared that of his neighbor. Buck sighed with relief, surely now the fellow would go. But no, he seemed to be deeply interested in his paper.

Buck did not have the courage to rise and seize the umbrella, so alternately read his paper and glanced slyly at the other fellow. Clearly this was to be a trial of endurance. Well, he had plenty of patience, and time to kill. He oiled his conscience with the excuse of discovery. The neighbor grew nervous and rattled his paper. Buck grinned. He surprised the waitress eyeing them with what seemed to be a look of understanding. Was she enjoying their uneasiness? The strain was beginning to tell on Buck, too, and he looked at the clock; he discovered that he had been there an hour and a half. Would that fellow go? His nervous lingering convinced Buck that the umbrella was not his. Well, he, Buck, had just as much right to it as the other, and he meant to have it.

The two jumped nervously as the door banged noisily and a well dressed young man came in. His badged cap and shining puttees proclaimed him a taxi-driver.

"Are you ready to go, May?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied with a shifting of the gum, "wait until I get my coat." She donned a cheap coat and came out from behind the counter, slouched over to the wall, and picked up the umbrella.

The two passed out, and went down toward the pier.

Buck rose with a sickening sense of loss. His neighbor rose also, and followed him to the counter. They looked sheepishly at each other; then went through the door. There they drew their coat-collars about their throats and went out into the rain.

JOHN SHAFFER.

December

On mountain crest and slope the snow is white and deep,
No track shows there.

The trembling flares of winter noon awake no sign,
In thickets bare,

Of pulsing life and form and color's cheerful glow—
Once everywhere.

Day sees no life,—But as the timid winter sun
Slips from sight,

The moon, a chill bright bubble, idles through the sky.
In her bleak light,

Down drifted aisles walled in by groves of sombre spruce
Hares dance tonight.

JACK FROHLICHER.

Moods

- I. Come, ride to Mars!
There's a long train;
It's puffing nose is hid now in a canyon.
The freight cars rumble and the rails click summons,
Come *come*, come *come*, come *come*.
Here is a car of logs—
Quick—swing—we're going.
- II. Do words in sentences
Or planks in houses
Or time
Or puppets smiling there on strings
Mean anything?
Those things!—
Oh, those are blotted out—
—But that's a secret.
- III. Darkness.
A huge revolving disk-wheel
Shutting out all else
Turns relentlessly, deliberately slow.
Its sides are polished
And as it turns
My face is reflected
Distorted
Grotesque
Leering.
- The edge of the disk-wheel is keenly sharp.
My fingers are lacerated
As I try to stop the ceaseless revolutions.
And my face peers out at me
Distorted
Grotesque
Leering.
- IV. "Let life seek you!"—
I think the Devil laughs then.
One has desire,
And pounding blood,
Eyes clear to see.
Can these stand
Waiting?
- V. My mind
Is like a barber pole.
Thoughts endlessly twist
Out of nothing up from its base,
And endlessly crawl
Into nothing
Through its top.

Marjory

Youth passes, and youth was short for Marjory.
One day last summer I saw her,
And her face was old in the sunlight—
Marjory, old at nineteen!
In two long years we had never spoken,
And she had been married.
She lost her beauty in those two gray years
Cooking over a rusty kitchen range,
Slaving her life away for a fool,
The slack-mouthed idler she married—
All because her dying mother had made her promise.
Oh, the dead have no right to bind us,
Us, who have our young lives to live!

Yes, time was heavy upon Marjory.
In two years her shoulders drooped wearily
From carrying firewood and heavy pails of water.
In two years she gave all she had to give,
And in return she got less than nothing.

But Marjory was my friend once. I shall remember
Not Marjory married and continually tired,
But the young, fair Marjory that was.
Marjory, quivering on an old spring-board,
Then diving, and cutting the air and the water like an arrow
With her slim, athletic, young body,
Sunlight on her shining arms.
I shall remember the Marjory I loved,
Hugging her knees by the red camp fire,
Watching the sparks fly, with stars in her eyes.
I shall remember strong, graceful Marjory
Ploughing through snow up a mountain,
Laughing back at me over her straight young shoulder.
She had pink smooth cheeks and laughing lips.
I shall remember slender, wild Marjory,
A black clean form against the sunset,
Gazing out across the purple shadows of the valley
From her eyrie on a ragged rock,
With her long hair wind-flung behind her,
And her rifle couched on her arm.

I've never once told why we quarreled
Down by the shore, one stormy day two years ago,
But the deed was mine, and hers the misunderstanding.
When I went back up the hill without her,
I stopped at the top for breath, but I dared not look back.
That hill, before, had never tired me.

(continued to next page)

I saw tired Marjory last summer,
 And even as I smiled a greeting I hated her,
 Because when she married
 She robbed me of herself and her beauty,
 And she is killing herself for a grief-born promise.
 Why should she harm herself and me, who are living,
 To serve the dead, who cannot know or care?
 I hated this pale, thin, overworked woman,
 Killing the girl that used to be—
 Because fair, young Marjory,
 Slim, suncrowned Marjory,
 Was the friend
 God gave to me.

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.



Limits and Levels

I HAVE watched you in amusement and amazement. Amusement because it irritates you so to see a half-dozen chalk sticks keep their heads a half-inch above the others in the box, and amazement that you should want to shove them down to uniformity. One time you removed them all, one after the other, and then carefully put them back again—first pushing gently, but when that did not succeed, by jabs and stabs. Still each one refused to go back to the level at which it must have stood at one time. The grooves upon the container's sides, just above the even tips of the rest of the crayons, where the cover slipped in, mark the height they ought not to rise above. True, the cover is no longer there to shut them in, but the grooves should remind them. There are only five or six out of the lot that so provokingly claim superiority. The tips of most of these are pointed from use. They were once upon the slate and they may be waiting to go again. Certainly, by standing upon the packed sawdust they increase the likelihood of their going out. If you would that they should rest upon the bottom of the box all you need do is tip it to let the sawdust out.

EVELYN MURRAY.



A Turn of the Faucet

THE water tap drips. Drop follows drop at regularly spaced intervals. To the lenient there is subjective rhythm in those dead thuds, repeated as one can count endlessly from one into infinity. I hear it but I am not lenient. I hear a nerve-distracting monotony of sound. I see where days of such unchecked, despondent tears have stained the white porcelain where one by one they fell.

I feel a great temptation to catch those patiently recurring drops and see if there is real amount to them. It angers me to see this listless drip when I know that by the turn of a hand that dispassionate faucet would spout with pent-up force. It's only when the connection with the main is broken that there is no force behind. Can't faucets ever store up violence enough to compel an outlet?

EVELYN MURRAY.

Spring Again!

Spring again!
 The tang of smoke with leafy fires
 That blends with scents from steaming earth,
 A robin calling from the trees,
 The pulsing stir of joyous birth,
 Awakening of old desires.

Spring again!
 New grass beneath the mouldering leaves,
 And murky pools where bluebird skies
 In clouded beauty lie serene.
 Old men in sunlight swapping lies
 While sparrows quarrel beneath the eaves.

Spring again!
 A new enchantment in the night,
 Old dreams reborn, and in the blood
 A fever and a lassitude,
 And through the soul a surging flood
 Of beauty like a sea of light.

TESLA LENNSTREND ROWE.

*Gray*

Gray matted undergrowth, drab and straggly,
 Like life, you said,
 Stretching on and on, up the hillsides
 Or down, as you happen to look,
 Like life,—
 With sunlight gold through the firtops, sometimes,—
 Flitting—
 And shadows across the gray boughs and gray turf,
 Or tinged pale blue
 On the few last patches of sheltered snow, sometimes,—
 Flitting—
 Like life.

Gray matted undergrowth, drab and straggly!—
 I had never thought of it that way before.
 In your suit of gray, with your soft gray hat over gray eyes bravely smiling—
 Why must you think so? Why?

GRACE D. BALDWIN.

The Abbess of the Shaven Poll

FROM the doorway of the tavern of the "Fir Apple," Francois Villon regarded the stars which were quickly appearing in the gloom over Paris and was prevented from almost an inward rapture in studying the heavens only by the eager necessity of keeping a close scrutiny of the Rue de la Juiverie, so as to be quite sure that no gendarmes were in the neighborhood. The stars, on that night in 1456, seemed so imponderably remote that Villon, with his usual ardor, fancied that he, along with his unhappy bedfellows here on earth, lived within a vast and hollow sphere about which was an infinite brilliance, the stars being indiscriminate openings through which the surrounding light entered. Now, if this ambient light, he reflected, could be likened to an eternal, pitying spirit escaping through to human grossness on earth, a delightful poetic figure indeed would result. He promised himself to retain the metaphor somewhere about his artistic person in readiness for an appropriate verse.

This reverie was brief, though, and Villon came to earth of a sudden, feeling altogether too careless of the perils of his situation. To be sure, artistic abandon of this sort was all very well in its place, but one of small means and a precarious profession must take good care of himself in this hostile world. The poet decided upon a more thorough inspection of the neighborhood. . . . The "Fir Apple," of course, lay on an obscure lane, keeping as reticent a position as possible, for a tavern accustomed to clients such as Villon and those of his kidney must needs furnish an adequate retreat from the Paris police. Accordingly, Villon, leaving his dreaming in the doorway of the "Fir Apple," followed the Rue de la Juiverie up to a more frequented street, where he could better observe an unannounced approach of the guard. For the poet, with the aid of a strange accomplice, had taken three hundred crowns surreptitiously from the safe-keeping of the College de Navarre not more than an hour before. It had been an admirable stroke of thievery and the poet prided himself on the achievement; still he knew that the blustering Bellefaye, Lieutenant-Criminel of the Provost of Paris, might uncover too correct a clue. And a longitudinal death on the gibbet at Montfaucon hill was not enticing.

Villon could discover nothing suspicious on the street. It was too sultry an evening for the burghers to be about. A gentleman was handing a lady into a carriage, which presently moved slowly over the bridge in the obscure distance. Dense swarms of insects dimmed the original brilliance of a few lights here and there. And there were some stray weeds entangled at crossings; but beyond this, nothing of interest appeared the length of that dull thoroughfare. The poet, in a much bolder manner, returned to the "Fir Apple" where he had left Colin de Cayleux, Guy Taberie, and Rene de Montigny, those cut-purse companions of his.

Guy Taberie was too drunk to notice Villon; bent over a table near the tavern window, his arms sprawled in his own vomit, he was an abominable sight in his inebriate torpor; his pouched, bilious face with its flabby underlip repulsing everything save some curious and sedulous flies. Colin and Rene were in a disgruntled mood and recognized the poet with questionable respect. Plainly, they had been discussing him with some ill-favor during his absence. Their unfriendliness had developed when Villon refused to take part in a murderous adventure at Meung, one which was certain to be rich in spoils, still one which they feared to hazard lacking

Villon's favor. Besides, they suspected the quaint poet of private maneuverings, a thing they resented in their leader, as they remained unbenefited by his clandestine adroitness as a pilferer.

Rene' de Montigny, who was much shrewder than the pug-nosed Colin, was venting his surliness on poor Robin Turgis, the inn-keeper, half of whose moustache he had deftly sliced off with a bodkin. Rene' left the astonished Robin with a bizarre facial pattern to address Villon:

"When I see that rogue, that Abbess of the Shaven Poll, in breeches on a hot day, Master Villon, I know of a certain pimpled poet who is not writing verses in a garret."

Despite an unavoidable surprise at the shrewdness of Rene' de Montigny, Francois kept his composure quite well. He was aware of the implication of his companion's discontent.

"You scoundrels might as well understand at once and for all that I have certain artistic standards to uphold, robbing or no robbing, and the applying of a cutlass to a night-watchman's throat while you hold back his chin and Colin and that drunken Taberie hold his arms and legs is decidedly not in keeping with my way of thinking." For this was the precise procedure Colin had proposed to the poet. Villon, howbeit, had too vivid a conception of his own carcass, swinging and distorted by a rope, to accept such an escapade.

"But that does not explain why that devil of an Abbess was in breeches this afternoon and this being a hot day besides." This again from Rene' de Montigny, who was much shrewder than the pug-nosed Colin de Cayleux.

Francois Villon was becoming discomfited by Rene's shrewdness, because it was true that Huguette du Hamel, the Abbess who had been removed from her Abbey at Port Royal for the sake of respectability, had assisted him that very afternoon at the College de Navarre and had worn clothes unnatural to her sex.

"And when an Abbess in breeches," continued the shrewd Rene', "who has debauched her nuns in a manner unmentionable even in this tavern and a certain pimpled verse-monger get together, on a hot day—"

"Howbeit," replied Villon, "I know not the truth of that old gossip about the nuns and moreover I don't believe it and know that you are an incorrigible liar. . . . Huguette is a remarkable woman," he added, to bolster up his own faith as well as for consistency.

"That is, when she is in breeches," said the cynical Colin de Cayleux. All the light of the sneer on Colin's dark, cowering face seemed centered in the whites of his eyes; his was a menacing, unscrupulous physiognomy.

"Colin, you will never be anything more than a picklock." Villon resorted to disdain.

"Even that is better than being a partner to a trousered Abbess," said Colin, employing malevolence, his one endowment.

"Are you so very sure you saw her in trousers?"

"There is no doubt of it, old scruples," said Rene'. "She was in front of the Grosse Margot disporting herself outrageously with two sergeants of the guard while you were within getting a drink."

This was too much. Colin and Rene' were becoming more and more distasteful to Villon. They had no conception of life save highway robbery. They would always grovel in the quagmire of a low life because they lacked aspirations for anything nobler. Their aspersion on Huguette was typical of their thoughts; they could see nothing more in a woman than indulgence.

"You do not know Huguette," he said. "You do not understand her as I do."

"Well, now! She isn't your mistress, is she?"

"No. She is my friend."

"Ha! Friend, eh? Well, that is much better. . . . She has been mistress to a score of rascals worse than you already."

A noise from the front of the tavern prevented an answer from Villon. So fearful was he of an arrival of the guard that instantly he became unaware of the repellent Colin. Howbeit, he had been alarmed merely by a hunchback making his arduous way with a wheel-barrow down the dark lane. Still, he determined, it would be best for him to leave the tavern; the "Fir Apple" was too insistently referred to as a den of miscreants in the archives of the Chatelet.

And, besides, Huguette would be waiting for him now—for her share of the crowns if for no other reason. As the poet picked his way cautiously along an inconspicuous path to the Abbess' lodgings, he wondered if she was capable of less material motives. She was certainly inscrutable; yet her quaintness appealed strongly to him. Unarguably, he felt a spell in this sinister woman. Without a doubt, of course, she had a very questionable character; but, even though given to excesses of misconduct, she retained an undeniable attraction, seemed distinctly aloof from the vulgar. Perhaps he would study her more carefully tonight.

Villon took a rather circuitous path, on that sultry night in 1456, avoiding pedestrians and a newly-constructed gibbet, which he could not pass without feeling a violent terror shake his frail body. Ever since he had so unluckily been the cause of the death of Phillippe Chermoye, on that unhappy day of the Fete-Dieu, the gibbet had been a harrowing menace. Villon picked his way cautiously through the tenebrous streets of a Paris of an earlier century and of an appearance familiar to Charles VII. The night was uncomfortably warm, but the poet was oblivious of everything save a few personal and greedy thoughts. There was an obvious avidity in his manner, like the self-consciousness of one who is struck by the thought that he must make his own way in this world of knaves and fools.

Unannounced, as was his custom, Villon let himself into the Abbess' lodgings: a wide, barren room illumined by seven candles placed on a small table, and oppressively hot on that evening. A large window at the right, shutters thrown open, was ineffectual in allaying the intense warmth. Huguette, still in masculine apparel, was out of all patience with the heat, cursing her uncharitable lot with unwomanly vehemence. The Abbess was of a sleek figure. Villon immediately remarked the finesse with which she wore a man's gear. To him, her irritability and harshness only added to her alluringness; he would have this strange Abbess in no other raiment.

"Ah, Huguette," began Villon inappropriately, "you should wear those clothes always. You cannot imagine how irresistible you are, standing there in the candle light—"

"You poets!" the Abbess exclaimed. "If you were a practical man you would forget my toilette and give me half of those crowns that are keeping your own breeches terribly out of shape."

"Won't you ever forget crowns for a moment, Huguette? You know, in this workaday world, we must think about other things before dooms-days."

"And, pray, what are they?" asked Huguette. "From what I have seen of mankind, and of you especially, Francois Villon, there is nothing

more relevant to you than the frightful gallows and that trifle of filling one's belly."

The distressing heat was provoking Hugnette beyond endurance. She left the candle light impetuously, going to the open window, anxious for some relief from the night air. Outside, Paris, in its medieval listlessness, remained quite complacent, oblivious to the Abbess' feelings. This general indifference of things only augmented her uneasiness. It was unbearable to one of her temperament. With irrepressible resentment, she took her waistcoat by the collar, tore it open furiously, leaving her breast bare and white in the early moonlight. . . . The ebullition served as an anodyne to the Abbess' nerves, and she returned to the candle light and Francois Villon in a less perturbed mood.

Villon was aware of an eternal goodness in woman.

"If the world is to be saved by a woman," he muttered, holding his droll, melancholy face in the net-work of his long artistic fingers, "it will be saved by a scarlet woman."

"Of course, you do not say that it will be saved, Francois."

"Oh, yes; some one will attend to that." Villon counted the candles at his elbow and found them to be seven in number.

"A poet?" asked the Abbess of Port Royal.

"You are too hard, Hugnette."

"Like life," she replied, appallingly laconic.

"But," pleaded the poet, "if there were nothing more in life than what there really is in life, this world would be little better than a bawdry-house."

"That is the poet's dilemma."

"Yes, but the dilemma shrivels in the face of ideals and higher endeavor."

"Ideals? Why, an ideal, you must remember, Francois, is a protest against reality and consequently ineffectual in our climate. But that is the poet's curse. Poets are irretrievably illusioned. It is the one thing needful in their trade. The moment a poet is disillusioned he is a nonentity."

"Then what do you live for?" asked the poet sheepishly. Men of feeble spirit are like children in the hands of an able woman; their egoism fails them because it is commonly used only as a means of overlooking the interests of their fellows; while the strong feminine egoism puts itself, not to disregard, but to encompass, entangle, the whole life of a man. A woman's ladder is one of flesh and blood.

"What do I live for? Well, first, Francois, life consists in the alleviating of a misery; we are all taken up with the righting of an inherent error. You solace yourself with the sweetmeats of illusion. I am content only when satiated with reality."

"Oh, you are a sensualist!" This pronouncement of Villon's was half an indictment and half a despair.

"Well, at least I do not believe in the unsullied soul—any more than in the unsullied body. Out of the various things that are offered to me I select those that are beneficial and reject those that are injurious—in brief, I try to discover the noblest in life and to follow the true course by following my own inclinations."

"That is not even a good life for beasts!" protested the poet. "This pimpled flesh"—and here Villon made a gesture to indicate all his earthly possessions—"is not our own. We are agents in a likelier design than one shaped by the demented brain of an egotist."

The Abbess remained untouched, an impassive materialist. "Have you ever found yourself the agent of anything more sublime than thievery?"

"You are incorrigible," was the frail pronouncement of the despairing poet.

"I am as I am." Huguette did not try to appease Villon in his dejection. In that moment, as the poet sat brooding, surveying the Abbess in morbid meditation, the fates of both him and Huguette seemed sealed in an unescapable futility.

But, presently, he spoke with some show of fervor, as a young idealist, cornered at last by an uncharitable world, will cry out against truth in desperate rebellion.

"The devil take me!" he cried. "I'm not a flat-chested cynic. I will love. I love you, Huguette. That's it. Love is the one tangible beauty in all this misery. We will face the world together, Abbess. You with your soft lips, and your sweet breast, and full body. . . ." But conscious of Huguette's strict composure and fearing her scoff, his ardor seemed absurd. "But I guess your heart is as hardened as your breast appears with its marble whiteness," he ended in lament.

"But how can you be in love with me, Francois, when every one knows that you are infatuated with that silly Catherine de Vaucelles?"

"I have decided to give Catherine up. She is an unappreciative flirt and has driven me to despair enough. But my feeling for you, Huguette, is of a wholly different kind. I can best explain it by saying that I love you best in a man's gear. You do not appeal to me as a woman. You have risen above your sex. To me, you are an embodied spirit, a sex-Naiad, a spirit that could ennoble a man's life—if you were not so cold and distant."

"You are not the only one who has been in this condition, Francois, and I think you are making a fool of yourself, like the moths who are getting themselves burnt in these candle flames. As a poet, you are a boresome fellow, but as a thief you have some undeniable talent. Now, who could have equalled that stroke of yours tonight in taking three hundred crowns from your Alma Mater? And, by the way, you might as well give me my share of the spoils now before we forget about it."

Villon tossed a sack of crowns on the table with evident dejection. He always felt impoverished, inconsequential, in the presence of the Abbess. She was too regnal, too domineering, to be affected by the subtlest persuasion.

"Now that is what I call a proper education," said Huguette. "You learned more thievery than Latin at the College de Navarre. . . . And now you may kiss me, Francois, for that is what you have been yearning to do for the last hour."

The Abbess held up her lips to be kissed, but the melancholy poet disregarded them.

"I don't care for kisses," he said morosely. "As you know, there is ample opportunity for that sort of indulgence in Paris. If I can't have your love, Huguette, I don't want your body."

"You are in error there," replied the Abbess. "If you wish to be a poet of any excellence at all, you will have to like loose living. As much as I despise your effeminate trade, I know that your best exemplars have led subterranean lives. The celibate mind cannot conceive great poetry. You yourself will be known as a poet not because your verse was good but because your morals were bad."

"You are utterly cruel and hopeless, Huguette," lamented Villon. "You

really must be wanton, after all. The boys down at the tavern were saying that when you were Abbess of Port Royal, you sold your nuns—”

The Abbess interrupted him. “Never believe those varlets at the tavern, Francois. They are all liars, and would malign a woman’s character in a trice with their abominable talk. You, nor any of your friends, will never understand me, Francois, so do not try.”

“You are an inscrutable woman.”

For reply, the Abbess lifted a piece of burlap from the table, disclosing a human skull shockingly disfigured by the left eye-socket which was nearly twice as large as its mate.

“I am like that,” the Abbess explained; “an anomaly, a misfit in this land of types.” None of Huguette’s former truculence remained now. Her present melting mood was doubly effective because of its contrast with her usual manner.

“It is an ossified moon-calf, to be sure,” said the amazed poet. Deformities, like ugly, unmarried women, are hard to reconcile to the most dauntless philosophy.

“And if you can understand why that skull is disfigured,” said Huguette, “you can understand why I am not still Abbess of Port Royal, but, in common derision, am called the Abbess of the Shaven Poll.”

Just at this moment, howbeit, both Huguette and Villon heard something outside the door which absorbed their attention. Villon ran to the window and discerned the presence of some gendarmes below. The unfortunate poet was terrorized beyond measure. He turned to the Abbess, bewildered with fear. Silently he seemed to supplicate her to save him. Huguette, of course, was master of the situation.

“Take the rear entrance,” she directed, “and go out on the Rue de Loelle. . . . And you had better leave your crowns with me so they will not find any on you.”

Villon submitted without a protest, even though he was sure he would never see his crowns again, once they were in the Abbess’ hands.

“Now, quick,” ordered the Abbess. And the frightened poet disappeared among the shadows and arras in the rear.

The Abbess hardly had time to hide the two sacks of crowns, and arrange her waistcoat, which she had torn open so violently, before Martin Bellefaye, Lieutenant-Criminel of the Provost of Paris, opened the door of her lodgings and stepped within alertly.

“Good evening, Abbess,” he said, using the utmost urbanity of his office.

“This is rather an untimely and unexpected call for the Lord of Ferrieres to make, is it not?” asked the Abbess. Martin thought that the use of his title had a malicious design.

“Like a physician, Abbess, I am likely to be called at all hours of the night,” he replied. . . . “And I see that you are again the counterfeit of a man.”

“I have a man’s work to do, Martin.”

“Pray, what is that?”

“Living.”

“I declare, Abbess, I really thought you were going to say stealing.”

“That is a man’s work, too.”

“I must say, it is indeed,” said Bellefaye, “and that is the business of my untimely call. We have reasons to suspect Francois de Montcorbier, sometimes known as Villon, of a theft of three hundred crowns from the College de Navarre—” Bellefaye was halted in the middle of his official

drivel by some scuffling and cries below. At the window, he saw that his duties as Advocate of the Chatelet were completed for that night. Villon had been taken by his efficient cordon of guards and was whimpering in the rough hands of the gendarmes. Despair and desolation had at last fallen to the lot of the greedy poet.

The Abbess Huguette, though she knew that her accomplice was being hustled away to an unjust trial at the Chatelet, sat impassive by the seven candles, calm and secure in her own ruminations. Piteously Villon watched the window awaiting and longing for a last comforting appearance of Huguette, but the Lieutenant-Criminel of the Provost of Paris, without more ado, from his effective position above, waved the quivering wretch to prison. Still keeping an immobile composure, the Abbess remained impervious to sympathy.

"I always get my man!" said Bellefay, addressing once more the Abbess. With that terse, unabashed comment, uttered with the inimitable casualness and assurance of one of his office, the Advocate of the Chatelet closed the incident of the robbery at the College de Navarre.

"Paris has a delightful moon tonight," he hazarded after a pause, so as to begin a fresh scene with Huguette. There was too little diversion in Bellefaye's official life for him to miss an opportune evening with the Abbess of the Shaven Poll attired in masculine gear.

"You have a quick mind, Martin," said the Abbess, now without harshness or apparent interest, "to turn so suddenly from duties of office to thoughts of love."

"Love?"

"Am I not capable of being loved?"

"I declare you are, Huguette," said Bellefaye idiotically, "—even in those clothes."

"I was just thinking, Martin, that it would be better for all of us if they hang that poet this time." The Abbess spoke with a distinct solemnity, without the least touch of that truculence which had attended her earlier conversation with the poet.

"O, he will probably be pardoned because he has written some rhymed nonsense," said Bellefaye. "I don't know what they see in a poet that he should be granted more privileges than another."

"It would be all right if he were a good poet," said the Abbess, "but Villon isn't. He is a weakling, and no weakling was ever a good poet. Why, he is still complaining about killing that Priest Chermoye—whining about expiation when it was only by the sheerest chance that he killed the scoundrel, with a stray rock! Outright homicide would do his poetic soul immeasurable good. A poet, above all creatures, should believe in himself, but Villon believes in the King, his mistress, and the Trinity. Only he who carries his own cross, Martin, can write verse worth reperusal."

"I declare, Huguette," said Bellefaye, "poetry is beyond me. I think it is nothing less than madness. I am a practical man."

"As much as we despise them, Martin," the Abbess said ruefully, "the poets always triumph: on our death beds we are all poets."

"Good Lord!" cried Bellefaye, seeing the sinister skull for the first time. "Where did you get that?"

"From the earth," replied Huguette with appalling nonchalance. "It is Jehovah's own."

"And do you mean to say that that is a human skull?"

"Unquestionably," said the Abbess, strangely warmed into a glowing sadness. "This skull was a woman's once. A very unhappy woman, as you

may suppose. The Lady of the Saffron Castle, she was called. Luckily, she had a large fortune and was able to withdraw to a desolate mountain where she built her Saffron Castle—a mythically gorgeous affair. She was extremely sensitive to her deformity and allowed no one to see her in her retreat. Once before her death she spoke to a country-fellow, but then only with a bandage over her misshapen eye. She was wise enough to become a misanthrope rather than a barmaid after the fashion of most of our cripples.

"Well," the Abbess continued, "she was a woman of two worlds. With her natural eye she saw the world as we see it. But with her other eye she saw a world of her own which, she confessed, was a strange thing, a world, it seems, in which she could see around and above and through our world. She was privy to a host of mysterious and inexplicable shapes, forms that seemed to disclose the nature of our visions and yet remained incomprehensible themselves.

"Sometimes, Martin, as I sit here in the evenings, sadly alone, looking out over Paris, the Paris in which I have been a respected Abbess, the Paris in which I have murdered and caroused, ranked with the noble and run with the vulgar, I seem to see, through all my wanderings and revels, perplexing glimpses of another reality. I feel as the Lady of the Saffron Castle must have felt: the world that interests me is unknown and unsuspected by everyone save myself. . . . But perhaps it is like that with everyone and we all have worlds of our own."

The Lieutenant-Criminel of the Provost of Paris, bewildered and confused by the Abbess' reverie, was eager to arrive at a more practical tete-a-tete, one more benevolent to his capacity.

"I declare, Abbess," he said, "that is all very well, I have no doubt, but I think you are much more charming in your role of Huguette du Hamel, dressed so nicely in a man's attire. You must know that I have always admired your ability. Your strangeness, for me, gives you added beauty. You are too attractive to waste your time on empty dreaming. You were made for kisses and not for philosophy."

"Your philosophy is a meagre one or you would not wish to kiss me," replied the Abbess.

"But I am a practical man," Bellefaye protested, and he bent over Huguette and kissed her unresponsive mouth. For a moment, the Abbess displayed that complaisance of an obedient maiden, given in marriage against her wish by an unfeeling father.

"Do you always get your woman, too?" she asked sardonically.

"Come, come, Huguette," Martin pleaded; "be less like Satan. Perhaps it would be better if I blew out these candles, as the moths are getting burnt in the flames, and I don't like to see suffering—even in an insect."

Bellefaye had already quenched one of the seven candles which furnished the only light in the room, but the Abbess interfered.

"On the contrary," she said, "I like to see the moth caught in the flame—it is such a good index of our own destinies. Like the moth, Martin, a candle flame is in store for all of us. We are drawn, groping eagerly through the darkness of the earth, by a light which at last consumes us in its heat. And we must accept our fate without the feeblest protest. We are all Villons doomed to an inevitable gibbet. And that is why I like to sit here and see the moths shrivelled by the candles, because I myself am being shrivelled by a similar candle. We share a common destiny with the insect in the economy of nature."

"I declare," said Bellefaye, quite amuck in her wanderings. "I can't make head nor tail of your chatter. That is the trouble with you poets—you talk so much about life you haven't time to appreciate it. I am a practical man and avoid dreaming as much as possible."

"You are hopeless, Martin," said the Abbess; "you will go on through life hanging poets like poor Villon and will never have the glimpses of another world that the Lady of the Saffron Castle had. You will not carry your own cross. . . . Perhaps you had better put out the candles," she added in despair, "you will never see the light that is in store for you."

With childlike promptitude, Martin Bellefaye, the Lord of Ferriers en Brie, Lieutenant-Criminel of the Provost of Paris, and Advocate of the Chatelet, blew out the remaining six candles, so that the quaint skull of the Lady of the Saffron Castle became invisible in the obscurity of the room, penetrated only by the fragile light coming through the open window from the moon, drifting with a certain loneliness, an unmistakable regret, over the incorrigible Paris of Charles VII.

CARDWELL THOMPSON.

To the Vigilantes

(By a Gentleman-Adventurer)

After that what? You would know
But never in leaping go as I go
Kicking down to my death.
Ages of theory, of surmise, of guess
Will be nothing as tight grows the knot
Round my purpling neck.

You thinkers and sneerers and preachers,
You sinners and paupers and saints,
Gather and witness! But what will it gain you?
Look, but the eye cannot pierce
Nor rend the curtain
Through which I shall pass.

In a moment what? I shall laugh.
This passing is only as the bright glow
Of the leaping spark flung from vast coals,
Seething, consuming, and passing from the mass
To a certain end. To what?
Signal, you judges! Pass me through!
My right is gained and I shall die
But I shall know and knowing, smile.

RICHARD F. CRANDELL.

The Struggle

A broken whisper in the throbbing silence of the night,
A golden dust-fleck in a dazzling shaft of light,
A yellow violet choked among the weeds,
A spring breeze bearing softly floating seeds.
Truth's struggle yet with age-old lies
Seen indistinctly, even by heav'n-born eyes.

ADALOUIE McALLISTER.

Comedy

I. Making Honest Folk Laugh

Studies in comedy, curious probings into the methods and aims of comic writers, have led me to ponder on the significance of Moliere's remark, "It is a strange enterprise to make honest folk laugh." It is strange because the great comedian deliberately tries to make "honest folk" laugh at the very human frailties, faults, vices which naturally would impel the thoughtful and sympathetic to tears. We are asked to laugh at the pitiful spectacle of greed in the aged, of selfishness, deceit, hypocrisy, unfaithfulness, all ugly outcroppings of human nature. We do laugh very often, it seems to me, merely to keep from weeping. Sometimes the comic writer seems to invite a detached attitude. He observes the bewildering complexity of things and determines to smile rather than take too seriously the fearful shortcomings of men. Very often, too, the comedian aims to evoke the purely spontaneous laughter of youth and animal spirits. Again, those great devotees of the comic muse, Moliere and George Meredith, with full understanding of the ethical and social value of laughter, use it as a weapon, as a preservative, as a gift of the gods, or of Mother Earth, to keep us sweet and sane, free from unnaturalness and deceit.

For as Moliere said, "'Tis a mighty stroke at any vice to make it the laughing stock of everybody; for men will easily suffer reproof; but they can by no means endure mockery."

After all, comedy is essentially arbitrary, and it is this quality which makes it seem to me a "strange enterprise."

HELEN F. EGLESTON

II. A Vindication of Cynicism

People who disparage cynicism forget that the captious snarl of the misanthrope requires a definite amount of intelligence. A cynic is hardly ever a dull person; he always displays an undeniable shrewdness that delights. To be sure, his misfortune is his failure to bear the responsibility of his perspicacity, for he sees clearly into men and events and stands in terror of the reality he discerns. The sneer is his barrier against the severity of life.

The analogy of cynicism and the sense of humor thus becomes obvious. Both qualities are unmistakably linked with mental shrewdness. Cynicism no less than a potent sense of humor will lead one to accurate estimations of proportion in the human scene, for the cynical attitude of mind will never view a human fact as a unique thing but will always refer it to the monotony of its class. No event will recover from such an immersion unscathed. It becomes bereft of all illusion of comely appearance and stands revealed in its essential form. The remark of the commonplace people in *Faust*, "She is not the first," is the cynical appraisal of a fact of Margaret's life. The world will not treat her tragedy as a unique circumstance, as an end in itself, but, necessarily, (for society endures only by being callously cynical) will relegate it to the inevitable proportion it must assume in human animals The sense of humor does no less. It manifests itself instinctively by reducing things to a right proportion. It ridicules by revealing the disparities of proportion in the life most of us lead. If we but conducted

our lives so that they stood in sane proportion to the world we inhabit, the comic artist and the satirist would lack an occupation. It is by playing upon our pretensions and foibles that they prosper.

Plainly the cynic and the comic artist begin with the same mental equipment. Their approach is conceivably identical. Only an innate temperament determines the nature of their critical treacle. The comic spirit sees the futility of obstructing or lamenting the natural order of things. The cynic, disappointed at his discovery of how the world is run, finds no capacity in himself for anything save unmitigated spleen—he cannot accept a heartless jest with philosophical equanimity. The comic artist's endowment permits a philosophical poise. The sincerity of the two types is equally redoubtable. Chance emotional traits fix their respective attitudes. Thus you will always find the comic genius indulging in cynical moments—and the cynic lapsing into genuine comic appeals. To be sure, a man's comic spirit or his cynicism is the resultant of a chance predominance of certain emotional tendencies and is hardly a matter of fixed temper. Surely the complete man must indulge in both these devices for looking at life.

Certainly Moliere was such a one. He was never obsessed with the sense of humor. He was a man of strong prejudice. A sense of proportion did not condition his work because he was partial to virtue and right living. He ridiculed the manners of his time because he was bent upon improving them—at least, that would have been his pretention had he been summoned upon this point on Judgment Day. "'Tis a mighty stroke at any vice," he avowed, "to make it the laughing-stock of everybody; for men will easily suffer reproof, but they can by no means endure mockery. They will consent to be wicked, but not to be ridiculous." A crusader cannot escape cynical convictions. If he would reform, he must first be a bit suspicious of variety, and of the persistence of evil at the right hand of good. Moliere dealt in cynicism. It was a delight of Voltaire's, too, of course. Why, the world would be a sorry place without it! Cynicism is like human nature: it is not innately evil but is terribly susceptible to evil.

CARDWELL THOMSON

Plowing

Oh, the joy of the touch of the turning sod,
The spraying dust and the crumbling clod!
The greatest boon that life may give is not to die
while yet you live!

D'ARCY DAHLBERG.

Fog

A fresh damp coolness, fluorescent nothing,
Fills the world beyond
And leaves me in a little space of grayness.
Behind, the blackbird and the meadow-lark sing softly, joyously;
Before, the raucous horns call feverishly in many pitches
Across the bay.

PHILLIP WHITE.

Letters

Chicago.

Just returned from second performance of "Aida" with Muzio, Van Gorden, Marshall, Formichi, Lasarri and Kipmis. I am inclined to say that Grand Opera is the greatest thing in Chicago. "Aida" is magnificent but not showy. Still fresh are my memories of Alice Gentle in "Carmen," and the recent productions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." I enjoyed them thoroughly.

I join the Chicago multitude in praise of Chaliapin, but I can't feel its love for "our Mary." Mary does get around surprisingly well for a woman of her age, but I feel that she over-acts, and as for singing,—she has won her fame with something other than voice.

Last week I saw Joseph Skildkraut in "The Highway Man" and remodelled my opinion of the year in drama. "The Old Soak" and "The Fool" had almost exceeded my endurance in that line. Earlier in the year I enjoyed "Merton of the Movies," a really good satire. The "Chauve-Souris" and Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" of last year are drawing good houses and sharing radio broad-casting studios with Sothern and Marlowe, this week.

But in the morning I shall feel that opera and drama are only a small part of life here and shall force them down to where they belong. The smell of the stock-yards occupies more space than anything else. But only occasionally does it penetrate to the downtown district. The charm of the Chicago University campus is made somewhat questionable by the reminders one receives almost daily of fertilizer plants and sirloin steaks.

I haven't stopped watching faces (they are numerous) and at times Lake Michigan fails to take the place of high mountains. But I have found a freedom here that I believe is unknown to the "great spaces of the west."

JACK STONE.

Wuchang, China.

I am now content to be on the opposite side of the earth to the one where I have always lived.

Here, on the launches, we ride backwards; the restaurants have their kitchens in front, and the customers sit in the dark at the back. One might expect the traffic to go along the left side of the street, instead of the right, but in this matter, as in all else, the Chinese are firm individualists, and go straight ahead at all times, leaving each to care for himself.

For the future of China we must turn to the students, who are fond of quoting one particular slogan—"The students of today are the masters of tomorrow." Certainly the China of today does not need leaders,—there are already too many; but the Chinese republic is realizing tremendous power already. The "future masters" successfully resisted Japanese aggression in 1920, and it is entirely to her students that China owes her liberty at the present time. Today the students are satisfied to exercise their power for petty purposes, and dismiss their teachers and declare vacations in a most vigorous fashion. Two of the largest schools in Wuchang were closed in December by the students' association, and the president and registrar of one were compelled to resign. Thus the students are engaged in laboratory lessons in the exercise of power. As Bertrand Russell has intimated, the "sleeping giant" is awakening; another generation will see him fully prepared to mold the world to his wishes or to destroy it. However, we can leave prophecy to Bertrand Russell and still find ourselves occupied by the present renaissance, for renaissance it most assuredly is, in literature, art, science, industry, and commerce.

RICHARD UNDERWOOD.

Constantinople, Turkey.

It is hard sometimes to realize that I am actually on the other side of the Atlantic at the extreme end of Europe with Asia in sight. From our apartment window we look out on the Golden Horn to Stamboul, the Turkish section of Constantinople. Beyond on the left we catch a glimpse of the Sea of Marmora. The best views were in former times monopolized by the Sultans and their royal families. Now the gardens of the Seraglio have been transformed into a public park and it is possible, by obtaining special permission, to enter the palaces. The Sultan led too uncertain a life to be envied, but when you imagine him sitting cross-legged on his low divan covered with Persian rugs and soft cushions and enjoying at a glance the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, you think him, after all, a lucky man.

Stamboul today is dingy and exceedingly poor. The houses are unpainted and weather-beaten; latticed windows make them dark and exclusive looking. The streets, paved with cobble stone, are narrow and winding. Our one, two, three, turn, a, b, c, stop streets are not to be found here. Things just happen to be as they are. A big

plane tree grows in the middle of the street perhaps. Very well, let it stay. The passers-by can go around it. Grape vines grow informally over the shabby houses, sometimes extending their branches across the streets, thus forming an arbor to walk under. Cemeteries are everywhere. Slanting tombs and black cypress trees are on the busiest streets. Like the grape vine and the plane tree they happen, and Stamboul does not object.

The chief recreation is bazaaring. Everyone is always going or has just been. The Grand Bazaar was once a stable built by one of the Sultans for his thousand and one horses. The stalls have been converted into shops in which the keeper serves you tea or coffee as you prefer, while you bargain with him. Sometimes your solid silver candlestick turns out to be plated—but not always.

HELEN STREIT.

Stockholm, October, 1923.

We are desperately in love with Stockholm. Here is real beauty and quaintness, real charm and atmosphere. Paris alone possesses quite the same air—unless it be Vienna, which I don't know yet.

The Swedish premiere of "Anna Christie" is next week, and we are going to be allowed to see some of the rehearsals. We have tickets for a Swedish performance of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton". These are at the Royal Theater. We told Thiel, the stage manager of Harald Andre, of the Royal Swedish Opera, that we were crazy to see their "Samson and Delilah" or "Macbeth" or "Carmen"; to our amazement he went to the telephone and talked with Andre, who is going to do "Carmen" for us earlier than he had planned. This morning we had a special showing at the Opera House. I have dreamed of effects in the theatre but never any as lovely as those realized in the lighting with the photographed clouds whirling in projection across the cyclorama. Tomorrow we are to have a look-in at a rehearsal of the Swedish ballet.

This afternoon Olle Nordmark, a scenic artist who worked for some time at the Moscow studio, took us out to see Drottningholm, the Swedish Versailles. The theater there, built about 1766, is in perfect preservation. You can't imagine how exciting it was to go into one of those 18th century auditoriums, with the funny little side boxes, the royal thrones, and the old curtain still working. On stage, all the original decorative scenery, even to the old wave-machine and the candle-lighting apparatus, was in place. In the other rooms, a collection has been made of prints and drawings for the Comedia dell'Arte and court festivals and masques from Henri III to Louis XIV.

Copenhagen, October, 1923.

I've not recovered from Stockholm yet. It was such a wonderful place. And only Montana knows how to be so kind.

It poured all yesterday, a cold, nasty, consumptive drizzle. It didn't look like rain; but it felt like walking in a swimming pool. Today it is clear and beautiful—just one hailstorm. It's fascinating by the canals, with the crooked little seventeenth century buildings, and the funny, twisted, domed towers.

There's nothing in the theatre here. On our first night in a Danish theatre we heard "The Flying Dutchman" at the Opera. Terrible, atrocious, unmentionable. The singing was enough to convulse me with mastoiditis. And the scenery! And the production! Too near, oh, much too near, Andre's amazing work in opera. More than one thing rotten in the state.

Berlin, November 21, 1923.

I can't tell you how depressing Berlin is. I last wrote at length from Copenhagen. It had been gloomy and rainy there. But it was a fool's paradise compared to what Berlin is like. The first thing we ran into in the station was a flock of beggars. And you cannot go a foot without meeting them. That first night, with the drive from the station to the Kaiserhof, I won't soon forget. Only every other street lamp was lighted. No automobiles to be seen. The dark side streets deserted until we crossed Unter den Linden, which was jammed and crowded. And finally the Kaiserhof itself. It was rather ghastly. The "best hotel" kind of thing becomes painfully poor and run down. We went down stairs to get a little food. The dining-room was filled with quiet, desperate people, who had only beer before them. And not a sound of laughter anywhere. Not even conversation. Just a dread kind of silence. And unspeakable grimness. A sense of tragedy. We laughed for a few minutes but found ourselves rather out of order. And when we smiled at the billions of marks that an omelette and coffee cost the waiter almost wept. Before we knew it we had caught the spirit of the place and we sat silent and depressed.

The next morning was even worse. We faced the streets for the first time. During the night over three hundred cases of plundering had been reported. They were easily

explained by the streets. Unter den Linden looked like Fifth Avenue if Second Avenue suddenly decided to move there. It was jammed with underfed, underclothed people who were without work. The crowds pushed up and down without stopping. They just walked and walked and walked. And they walked without aim. Just for something to do. Beggars were at every other foot. But signs of police and soldiery were scarce. One policeman to about every three blocks. And no soldiers. Occasionally a truck with soldiers carrying guns would fly by. And everywhere desolation. Berlin today is a broken place. It is the capital of a defeated people still in the process of defeat. No settling readjustments have been made because the demands for readjustment are too frequent.

Food is prohibitively high. Meat is just now at about a dollar and a half a pound. Butter is almost a dollar. And butter and milk are only given out by special allotments. Right across the street from the private house in which we are now staying is a butter and milk store. And people have to wait outside of it sometimes as long as five hours before they can get in to buy what they want.

But in spite of all that the theatres are wide open. We have gone to over fifteen performances in the last two weeks and have only seen one half-filled house. Even Reinhardt's "Grosses Schauspielhaus" "The theatre of the five hundred" was crowded when we went there. People give their last penny for theatre tickets. Obviously they go without dinner, because in the entr'actes they all sit around the walls of the promenades and take sandwiches out of their pocket-books or vest-pockets and eat them ravenously. It is almost a city of sandwiches. The street cars, the railroads, the theatres, the art galleries, the streets are filled with sandwich-eaters.

And the theatres they give their last penny for are worth the sacrifice. Imagine any American city under similar conditions going without food to pack the theatre to see "Faust", Schiller's "Fiesco", "Peer Gynt", "Minna Von Barnhelm", Hauptmann, Shaw, Strindberg, George Kaiser, and Wedekind, or "Le Mariage de Figaro"? Or plays of similar standing in an English repertory? It just wouldn't be done. But in Berlin you have a hard time getting seats to any of them.

Opera is endless here. I don't mean only Wagner. But every night the five or six opera houses are jammed.

What interests me enormously is the Volksbuhne Theatre. It is a people's theatre with a tradition. It is owned and operated by a workingmen's theatrical society. The organization was humble enough in its origin. Sunday matinees and irregular special performances were the first efforts. But today three of the best theatres in Berlin are in its hands. The best of these is the Volksbuhne, the costliest theatre here.

German acting is as a rule bad. It has the virtue of clarity and the curse of noise. It makes the simplest thing ponderous. It is operatic. Its usual note is one of fatiguing loudness.

Munich, December, 1923.

We've been continually on the jump ever since we left Berlin. First Leipzig, where "The Robbers" was being given in a performance that must rile what's left of Schiller. Then Frankfurt for four days. Weichert is one of the best of the *regisseurs* in Germany. His career seems a typical one among German directors, and explains why German direction is infinitely superior to the direction that England or America boast of. New York has a contempt for academic training in the theatre not shared by Germany. Where the theatre is more an art than a business, and where the State covers box-office losses that training becomes both possible and necessary. The German director knows his classics before he puts them into rehearsal. He is schooled in them. He knows them both as literature and theatre. He knows their stage traditions. What he brings to them himself is what establishes him, and marks his ability. But before he is allowed to overwhelm them with a freakish individualism he has a theoretical background for his break with tradition. So Weichert, like Martin, Jessner, Hagemann, Serger, and Fehling, studied at the school of Louis Dumont in Dusseldorf before he began to direct. There he learned the fundamentals of his art.

Weisbaden, where Carl Hagemann is a very good director, and Mainz are within the Occupied Area. Darmstadt is just beyond the French Area. We were ousted from the train some four and a half miles from there at an insignificant little village. And we had to walk the rest of the way! Climbing to the "M" is child's play compared with four and a half miles across flat, muddy country, hot and uninteresting, when you're prepared to travel like a human being, and are settled down to a book. Four and a half miles with heavy overcoats, and baggage. Fortunately the bigger bags were carried in little wagons by boys who make excellent mules. But it was worth it. Pilartz is the designer at the Darmstadt State theatres, and is a man of unusual abilities.

Munich is interesting because of the joint work of Linnebach and Pasetti. Their "Hamlet" is the most completely convincing stylized Shakespeare I have seen. But every stylized production seems to get in its own way sooner or later. In "Hamlet" the

(Continued on page 26)

NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS.

Mary Brennan Clapp (wife of President C. H. Clapp) is a graduate of the University of South Dakota.

John Shaffer, '24, and Richard Crandell, '24, are students in the School of Journalism.

Roy Canfield is a student in the School of Forestry.

Evelyn Murray, '26, is studying business administration.

Violet Crain, '24; D'Arcy Dahlber, '25; Cardwell Thomson, '25; Dorothy Johnson, '26, and John Frohlicher, '26, are doing their major work in English.

Grace Baldwin, '22, is doing graduate work in English.

Anne Cromwell, '23, is teaching at St. Ignatius.

Adalouie McAllister, '22, was a student in English.

Tesla Lennstrend Rowe, '18, was a charter member of *The Frontier* editorial board.

Jack Stone, '23, is doing newspaper work in Chicago.

Richard Underwood, '23, is teaching in a college at Wuchang, China.

Helen Streit, '23, is living in Constantinople.

Philip White, '22, is studying and teaching in France.

John Mason Brown taught drama on the campus during the 1923 summer session. He is in Europe studying the production of drama there.

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LETTERS.

(Continued from Page 26)

test is always the grave diggers' scene. Jones in the Barrymore "Hamlet" used a great arch and a flight of steps with success until he reached this scene. Then he "planted Ophelia in the parlor," as Heywood Brown wrote. Linnebach and Pastetti do her an equal injustice. They carry on a little black casket (the first enclosed Ophelia I've ever seen) and hide her behind the back fence. A white-washed wall is put across the steps and platforms. And that is all!

The German theatre is the exception to the rule. It's worth ten trips to Europe a year. On the whole, the German theatre comes nearer to achieving spiritual release than any other theatre I have ever seen. The mutton and the boiled potatoes of the English stage are lacking. The stale champagne of the triangle that is forever on tap in France is fortunately missing. The pulpit babble and subway acquiescence that damns most American efforts to the scope of pleasing only those who want diversion is completely absent. The theatre is serious business in Germany. It is common ground on which everyone meets. It is not left in the hands of a chosen few to do with what they will. It is the State's property. But above all the people's. It is catholic and enterprising. Its acting alone is below par. In lighting, in scenery, in direction it is still the leader. The day of the machines is about over. Revolving stages, wagon stages, sinking stages are no longer of supreme importance. Poverty has stopped what threatened to be a complete mechanicalization of the theatre. The mechanics have become means not ends. Simplicity and earnest effort are the dominant notes. And by both an average of high achievement is reached that no other stage in Western Europe comes up to.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Bulbs

If bulbs by waiting can transform black earth to perfumed color,
And from the dark at last appear in blossoms heavenly fair,
I wonder will the little thoughts I'm keeping in my note-book
Spread into bloom when I find time to bring them out from there.

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

Spectral Moon

I woke last night and peering through the gloom,
Caught the pale, misty face of the old moon
Casting a spectral light about the room,
And heard the low sad song that night-winds croon.

JOHN SHAFFER

The Frontier BOOK SHELF

One of the members of the board of editors of **The Frontier** during 1920-1921, Lloyd S. Thompson, is parent and joint-editor of a new magazine, **Gently, Brother**, published in San Francisco. The associate editor, Pearl Hefferlin, has also been a contributor to *The Frontier*. In the first number (February), are articles or verse by Professors J. H. Underwood, S. H. Cox, and H. S. White, of our State University faculty, and verse from Mary Doerr ('22), Grace Baldwin ('23), and the editor himself. Maurice Brown, well known on our campus, contributes an article on the theater in San Francisco. Other contributors, some of them prominent figures in contemporary literature, are Michael Gold, Genevieve Taggart, George Stirling, Jerome Hopkins, Carter Jones, and the co-editor, Chester Vonier. *Gently, Brother* is "a magazine of ideas," by its own confession; by its contents its contents it justifies the description. The country needs magazines of ideas. This one should be encouraged. The subscription price is \$2.50; the address 2417 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Men Like Gods: H. G. Wells. (Macmillan, New York, 1923.) The book that brings all life within the novel's scope and deals with political, religious and social questions by illuminating conduct through and through. Because Wells believes that the novel is the logical medium through which to do the work of human reconciliation and elucidation, it is through it that he is attempting to show the success of civilization amounting ultimately in success of sympathy and understanding. Therefore he creates a Utopia. His Utopia in its beginnings had no knowledge of which our Earth has not the germs, no power that Earthlings might not use, it is the place—but for ignorance and darkness and spite and malice—that the Earth might be. We are projected as suddenly as Mr. Barnstaple is into this world three thousand years in advance of our own.

There is such power in the writing that one forgets to question the means of getting beyond the fourth dimension, straining instead toward the "Dear Dream of Hope and Loveliness" that Wells shows. Beautiful

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—L. K.

Ebony and Ivory: Llewelyn Powys. (American Library Service, New York, 1923.) This book is a collection of sketches and stories of Africa and England from the sombre pen of a modern Omar Khayyam. It is a melancholy Rubaiyat written with an undressed frankness that at times approaches a self-conscious naughtiness. The author spreads out for show a philosophy that has coagulated into a black atheism. Like the old "Tentmaker," Mr. Powys, "maddened by a fatal doom," has reached "the nothing he set out from" and finds—the cemetery. He gazes into the very bowels of that cemetery "and sees the shameful vision of mortal ignomy," annihilation. And with the defiant courage of the old Persian he tries to accept the inevitable and find in the dread of death a divine thrill that "adds a tang and relish to life." The secret of existence, he reasons, must lie in detachment. He endeavors to believe that he is detached, but one recognizes his detachment as spurious. He imagines he is resigned, but his resignation is a hopeless defiance. Throughout the sketches there is the same monotony of mood, the same undercurrent of pessimism. Wherever he is, wherever he looks, he always before him sees:

"On Ebony and Ivory the
same dark doom is writ."

The sketches are of unequal merit. Certain ones evidence an artificiality of design. *The Wryneck* is a deliberate effort to be horrible. *How It Happens* is an old story told in an old way. In *Threnody* and in *Death* the author is at his melancholic best, rises above any preconceived plan.

—J. A. L.

How to Make the Best of Life: Arnold Bennett. (Doran, 1923.) The way to make the best of life is to acknowledge all the factors of living. In asserting this, Mr. Bennett does not formulate universal laws pertaining to the relative importance of these factors. Neither does he say that certain factors make up every life. He only advises those who are spiritually inclined to acknowl-

are able to live without it); and those who are in love to acknowledge reason (unless they are able completely to silence it during their lives).

In beginning life, we should first find our temperament. Knowledge of ourselves enables us to choose work in which we may express our personalities. Such expression is our greatest source of happiness, and enables us to put the most into life. Education should first acquaint us with our physical being and environment. It then should enable us to make a living, for all life has a physical basis; then it should teach us the duties of parenthood and citizenship.

The later chapters deal with the necessity in middle life, of taking an inventory of our physical and spiritual selves. Are we living for something more durable than material attractions? Have we become so conceited that we have inclosed ourselves in moral codes which we are not willing to test? Take stock and admit that "society is as perfect as we are."

—A. C.

Plays Near and Far: Lord Dunsany. (Knickerbocker Press, 1923.) Dunsany's comment on life as revealed in these six small plays sums itself up into "Irony, irony, all is irony." He is vitally interested in individuals, but he is more interested in the inescapable irony of life. Five of the plays turn an ironic flip-flop at the final scene, leaving the reader gasping and very thoughtful. Yet there is no effort at thoughtfulness; the plays are delightfully brief and spontaneous. In spite of that, or perhaps because of it, his fundamental depth goes home—to stay. One can't get away from these people who have the world by the tail and discover when they are earnestly hanging on that that is quite what they least desire.

Besides the clear-eyed philosophy of life, the plays are economically written and, since all but one of them has been successfully produced, would unquestionably go on the stage. There is an intangible beauty in the conception of this man who can see so clearly the cruelties of life yet who can still smile. It is this quality of joyful seriousness that gives distinction to Dunsany's plays. We have many writers who are able and content to be joyous; we have many who are more than anxious to be serious, but of authors with a sense of such happy seriousness as Dunsany's we have all too few.

—V. E. C.

Damaged Souls: Gamaliel Bradford. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1923.) Some of the most notorious, enigmatic, provoking and withal fascinating characters in American history are here presented for our acquaintance. At the outset Mr. Bradford introduces us to a traitor to his country, Benedict Arnold; then to that rebel Thomas Paine, whom Roosevelt called a "filthy little atheist;" to the frivolous, high-spirited

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Aaron Burr; to John Brown, the fanatic of Pottawatomie and Harper's Ferry; John Randolph of Roanoke, who always just missed being popular and respectable; Benjamin Butler, vain and exasperating; and, finally, to the youngest member of this new fraternity, Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, manager of the greatest show on earth.

These are word portraits, "psychographs," as Mr. Bradford himself calls them, rather than biographies. Quickly the environmental background and the important events in the life of the sitter are sketched in and then the artist concentrates on the delineation of character. Herein lies the master workmanship. Out of the mass of letters, autobiographies, and testimonials the inner man is distilled. The better one has known the character previously, the more one must appreciate Mr. Bradford's success in revealing the secrets of the uniqueness and fascination of his personality. Every quotation counts. Every event noted is relevant. In the best of these essays—those on Paine, Burr, and Brown—the author forgets himself and sweeps on in a vigorous and brilliant style.

If there is any limitation felt in reading these analyses it is one that is inherent in Mr. Bradford's "psychograph" method. The human soul is a moving thing, constantly changing, growing or dwindling, or merely oscillating back and forth in response to its contacts with life, and all we ever see is the shadow it throws upon the external world. Manifestly, either a momentary picture or a composite picture of this moving shadow is not a representative portrait. Perhaps the composite portrait contains the most truth and this is the one Mr. Bradford prefers. Whatever else, his attempts are most careful and sincere and thus remarkably successful.

—O. W. H.

Riceyman Steps: Arnold Bennett. (Doran, 1923.) Of Mr. Bennett's novels this one is second in success as human realism only to *Old Wives Tale*. It is a picture not of a society or a class but of a family composed of man and wife and servant. The book-seller, a miser, and his wife, a blooming widow before marriage late in life to Riceyman, economize on food and the comforts of life disastrously; the valuable portrait of the book is of Elsie, the servant. Elsie will become a classic servant figure in fiction. The so human realism of Mr. Bennett saves us from our too likely thought about the mental and emotional poverty of the poor. Most writers are either supercilious or sentimental toward their poor; not so this writer, for he knows that they have "problems" which they think through just as truly as more fortunately placed members of society. One would stress the fact that they do think through these perplexities. And their emotional stirrings are of as much importance, often as intricate, and always humanly significant. In other words, men are men in whatever condition of life one finds them, and Mr. Bennett knows this fact. Too few

writers and readers do know that fact. Elsie has a head and a heart and she uses them—not, it is true, according to the aristocrat's Hoyle, but to as good, often as sound, effect.

—H. G. M.

The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall: Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan, London, November, 1923.) The writer's addition to the title page reads, "A New Version of an Old Story Arranged as a Play for Mummers in One Act Requiring No Theatre or Scenery." Therefore the handling is simple and severe and, probably, true to the emotion of that early time of Tristan and Iseult, not subtle at all. There is the strength of something elemental in the telling. The reader gathers the feeling that life goes on as she will, almost the pagan Anglo-Saxon fatalistic view of life, Fate goes over as she will. Mr. Hardy is in his eighty-fourth year; the play might well have been written by a man in the early thirties.

—H. G. M.

Castle Conquer: Padraic Colum. (Macmillan, 1923.) The writer's first novel; we know him first as a poet. In the novel there is the flavor of earth that so strongly savors his verse. A good story, huddled in the telling in various places and spread out in other places; but possessed of the quality of genuine people. The tale culminates in the recent troubles in Ireland. One desires more fiction from the writer.

—H. G. M.

Blind Brothers: Tate W. Peek. (Dorance, Philadelphia, 1923.) Mr. Peek was a student of the class in creative writing at this University during the year 1919-1920. He was one of the founders of this magazine, the first issue of which appeared in May, 1920, under the name, *The Montanan*. The novel, which has recently been published, is cleanly written, quickly moving popular fiction. It catches the spirit of the out-of-doors, is full of fresh air. The description of a community party given in the country schoolhouse is the finest record of life in the book—it is faithful to the spirit of such occasions, faithful to human nature, humorous, well written. In this first novel coincidence plays too large a role, also melodrama, but neither plays nearly so prominently as in most novels of the out-of-doors. There is something to be said for coincidence and melodrama in out-of-door novels, since nature does "not play the game" according to society's rules and forces the men who live closest to her into robustness and exaggeration of feeling and action. However, in Mr. Tate's second book doubtless the too obvious corners of these obtruding elements of story-telling will be rubbed off. The general theme of the book, namely, that the world needs more of the genuine sort of brotherliness and that the conception of brotherliness grows out of experience rather

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than out of either instruction or finely termed affirmation, receives concrete embodiment. The theme is handled obviously; longer experience with the novel as an art form will teach the writer to bury the theme in the people and their actions. Persons and events still live for Mr. Peek too strongly in black-and-white. There is much in this novel to offer encouragement to a young writer.

—H. G. M.

April Twilight: Willa Cather. (Knopf, 1923.) The first part of this volume is lyrics, written before 1903. In these poems there is *almost* clean rhythm, *almost* genuine lyricism; there is *almost* sudden beauty; but never any of these things *quite*. The lyrical spirit is best caught in *Fides*, *Spes*, which is a beautiful poem. The second part, written in Miss Cather's later years, has finer strength and surer workmanship. The poems are reflective and narrative, and in *Macon Prairie* there is epic solidity. The poem is masterly, and should be treasured by Americans as verse genuinely reflecting the early American spirit. In it is the same spirit that gives her novel, *My Antonia*, its power. In the later poetry there is more emotional conviction and less argument.

—H. G. M.

Hans Jensen

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SANITARY GROCERY

H. S. McCune

Phone 729

513 South Higgins Avenue
Missoula - - - Montana

Abraham Lincoln

He had faith in his fellow-men; he struggled for them—and when he died he was born again in their hearts.

Security Trust & Savings Bank

BILLINGS, MONTANA

Member Federal Reserve Bank

Phone 152 R



The New
Edison

ORVIS MUSIC HOUSE

PIANOS

Phonographs, Sewing Machines
and Musical Merchandise

115 West Cedar Street

MISSOULA

MONTANA

Better Crust

and

Harvest Bread

Pies, cakes, cream puffs, cup
cakes, doughnuts, cookies,
fancy pastry of all kinds

WE HAVE IT

Fraternities and Sororities Given
Special Attention

The Royal Bakery

531 South Higgins

Phone 415

Lockwood's Sandwich SHOP

Try our pies and sandwiches on
your next hike

We serve a special
HOT LUNCH

111 East Front Street
Next to the Rialto

MISSOULA'S NEW STORE

dealing in U. S. Army and Navy Sur-
plus Supplies is also

HEADQUARTERS

for everything in

OUTING APPARAL

FOR STUDENTS

Hiking and all outdoor sports clothing,
shoes, pacs, etc., for girls, misses and
women, also for men, young men and
youths.

Snappy styles—dependable qualities—
prices reasonable—money refunded on
all unsatisfactory purchases.

CENTRAL CLEARING HOUSE

318 NORTH 318
HIGGINS

BIG SALE

on

Radio Parts

at

Missoula Electric
Supply Co.

Down by the bridge

For Souvenirs

BOYLE'S
NOVELTY
STORE

311 N. Higgins Ave.

A Cheery Welcome

that has behind it the real desire to be of assistance is a big factor in banking. And good service is another.

The people of Missoula appreciate good banking. The facilities of The Western Montana National Bank insure the best. From the President to the office boy, the work of its organization is to apply those facilities properly, in exactly meeting the proper needs of all who call upon us.

That is why for thirty-two years patrons, old and new alike, have always been sure of a cheery welcome and the best of service here.

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

*Latest Releases
of*

**Brunswick
Records**

SOUTH SIDE PHARMACY

This End of the Bridge

Whitman's Fine Candies
Crane's Stationery
Hurd's Stationery
Waterman Fountain Pens
Parker Fountain Pens
Dunn Fountain Pens
Sonora Phonographs

Die-stamping of monograms and
crests done in our own plant on
short notice.

A good place to trade

PETERSON DRUG CO.

THREE STORES

236 N. Higgins Ave.

JAKE'S TAILOR SHOP

JACOB ABUYA

Suits Made to Your Measure

Altering, Cleaning and
Pressing Shop in
Connection

Phone
78

107 West Main St.

Willard Service Station

124 West Cedar St.

Phone 504



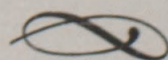
Repair and Recharge All Kinds
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Carry a Full Line of Radio "A"
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8-Hour Battery Service

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
Leonard Larson	H. P. Greenough
S. J. Coffee	

Four Per Cent Per Annum Paid on
 Savings Deposits and
 Time Deposits

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 Hams
 MARK

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

The TOGGERY

Styleplus Clothes
Walkover Shoes

The Young Men's Store of Missoula

228 HIGGINS AVE.

PHONE 371

High Grade Pianos and Player
Pianos

Brunswick Phonographs and
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Schaefer-Rehmer
Music Co.

Expert Piano Tuning

130 HIGGINS AVE.

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Shoes, Pacs
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For Men and Women



We sell only Genuine Pacs

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MEN'S OUTFITTERS
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