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A Literary Magazine



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MAY, 1924

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HENRY CAVENDISH

1731-1810

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THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

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MAY, 1924

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OLD MINE



Once there were men here.
The pebbled dirt roof of the cellar
Juts out from under the hill.
A pile of tin cans, so rusty
As to be almost a part of the earth, by now,
Lies at the foot of the hill.
The house is gone, and the men—
God only knows where they have left their picks.
Here are only their leavings
And a gash in the earth that is almost healed.
The years and the wind and the rain
Heal everything.

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

The Barbarian

A WHITE man finds it a hard matter to conceal a good piece of news for even a few hours, but an Indian can stump the best reporter. I realized this bitterly one sultry August afternoon as I leaned back in my swivel chair, pulled my eyeshade down to my nose and chewed the blunt end of my fat green pencil. A clumsy blue-bottle fly buzzed in a circle about my head and lighted on the edge of my yellow blotting pad, where it slumped as though exhausted by the heat. The monotonous tick-tick of the Western Union clock emphasized the vacancy of the room. All the reporters were out; Gibbons, the state man, was in the composing room making up a page; even the A. P. wire was asleep for the three o'clock recess. Through the open window came the tar-like smell of melting pavement and the occasional rattle of a passing vehicle. It was evident from the scarcity of traffic that the extreme heat had driven everyone indoors and left the street deserted.

"Confound those Indians," I thought, as I leaned farther back in my chair and closed my eyes drowsily. "Those Crows are the oneriest of the onery." For the past three days there had been rumors that old Plenty-coos' wife had died, but the Indians had resisted every attempt on our part to get facts. They would neither say that she was dead or that she wasn't.

This stubbornness placed us in a predicament, as Plenty-coos was an important character—had been to the White House, had taken Marshal Foch into his tribe during the Frenchman's visit west, and so on—and if his wife were dead it meant a good news story for the A. P. as well as for us. Yes, by Jove, a cracking good story. I leaned still farther back, propped my feet on top of the desk, and pictured myself in the act of painting the scoop across the front page in a banner line: FAITHFUL SPOUSE OF RED CHIEFTAIN SUCCUMBS. No, this would be more romantic: MATE OF PLENTY-COOS' YOUTH CALLED TO FATHERS. No-o, I ought to get happy hunting-ground in somewhere—ah, this would be it: HELPMATE OF AGED CHIEF PASSES TO HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND—fine!

I could see myself writing the A. P. story. What a chance for heart-interest, and with western atmosphere, too! That's what the A. P. would dote on, western atmosphere. I would open my lead like this: "Half-way between the smooth, stark line of rimrocks and the dark shadows of Pryor mountain, the Crow Indians, once a powerful tribe of eastern Montana, laid to rest Thursday afternoon the remains of their revered queen, O-Gha-We-An, wife of the aged Plenty-coos. Before the door of the simple sandstone tomb—" and then I would go on to describe the aboriginal funeral rites with the whole tribe attending in full dress regalia. Oh yes, there ought to be an Indian dance in the story somewhere for the benefit of Boston readers. But a dance at a funeral, h'mmm, h'mmmm. I have it! That night in front of the tomb great fires would be lighted and the medicine men, beaded and bedecked with horns and feathers, and the young braves, naked to the waists, would dance in religious frenzy, and the squaws would stand on the edge of the circle chanting a melancholy dirge, all for the purpose of keeping evil spirits away from the soul, then already on its way to the happy hunting-ground.

After picturing the grief of old Plenty-coos, I would tell of how the youthful chief had met the Indian maiden and wooed her, long before the days of towns and railroads in the Yellowstone country. I must bring in how the faithful wife had slept for nights at the foot of the chief's bed in

the government hospital while he was recovering from typhoid. I must play up, too, old Plenty-coos' constant regard for her, how she had journeyed with him to Washington to see the president and how she had stood beside him at the blood initiation of Marshall Foch. What a story! The A. P. should come through with a fat check for that.

It suddenly dawned in my mind that I was counting my chickens before they were hatched. I wasn't even sure that the chief's wife was dead. "Confound those Indians anyway," I said half aloud as I mopped the perspiration off my face with my handkerchief. "Confound 'em, why don't they say something about this rumor?"

The rumor had got to town through some ranchers from the reservation, but the sum of their information was that there had been a hell of a hullabaloo over toward Pryor mountain Monday, which probably meant that the chief's wife had died. It was well known that she had been ailing for some time. The undertaker at Bridger told us over long-distance that some Crows had bought a casket Monday afternoon and had hauled it away in a spring wagon toward the reservation, refusing to say whom it was for.

So there I was that August afternoon, collarless and in shirtsleeves, boiling away in the hot sun and wishing that every Indian in the Crow tribe, Plenty-coos included, was in perdition. But they weren't. Two tall Crows had shuffled in through the door and across the room in their moccasined feet during my reverie, and now stood beside me. I came to life immediately with the prospect of "pumping" them.

They might have been twins so far as dress was concerned, the tall-crowned Stetson hats, the cerise-colored silk neckerchiefs, the dirty, blue workshirts, and the uncomfortably warm-looking blankets draped from shoulders to bottoms of black trouser-cuffs, which hung slouchily around the moccasin ankles. The two might have been twins as far as faces went, too, I thought as I looked them over. Their black eyes were set at the same angle; there was the same greasy dark skin stretched over high cheekbones, and the greasier black braids dangling beneath the Stetsons.

They stood like sentinels beside my desk, returning my scrutiny steadily. Then, apparently satisfied, the Indian nearer me turned slowly to his companion. "Con-surgh," he grunted in guttural Crow. "Lan-fa-be," replied the other with a thick grunt as he turned away. He walked to the center of the room and squatted on the floor against a small iron post which ran to the ceiling. He gathered his blanket about his shoulders, turning so that he could keep his eyes on me. It was the taller, somewhat younger man, then, with whom I had to deal. He stood erect beside the desk, his eyes fastened on mine again.

"Hello, John," I said in friendly tone (all Indians are Johns in Billings), "what can I do for you?"

"How?" the Indian replied, unconsciously raising his right hand, palm outward. "You the city editor?"

I nodded, wondering where a reservation Indian had stumbled on the term city editor. He helped himself to a chair, which he drew up to the desk. "Well," he said in clear English, "I have come to tell you of Mrs. Plenty-coos' death."

He might have offered me a cayuse pony, the tone was so even. At the mention of Mrs. Plenty-coos my chair hit the floor with a bang.

"You're just the man I'm looking for," I declared.

"Yes!" He eyed me as though he were perfectly aware that I had been looking for him for some time.

"Why yes, you are, Mr.—Mr.—"

He made no move to help me out on the name. Instead, he drew a package of Bull Durham and took a book of cigarette papers out of the dirty workshirt and calmly "rolled his own," never taking the sharp black eyes off me. I squirmed the least bit in my chair and again rubbed the perspiration from my forehead.

"Why yes, Mr.—Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, we want a story of Mrs. Plenty-coos' death. Now, if you will please tell me what you know about the matter, we'll try to do justice to her as Plenty-coos' wife. Now, first, when did she die?"

The fellow was in no hurry. He blew a few smoke rings toward the ceiling and lazily watched them until they burst. "I told you," he drawled in the same even voice, "that I had come to tell you of Mrs. Plenty-coos' death."

Of all the nerve! But then it wouldn't do to spoil the news story by losing my temper with this exasperating barbarian, who was putting me more ill at ease every moment. I tried to pass his remark off as a joke.

"Of course you did," I agreed with an artificial grin. "Go ahead and shoot; I'm listening."

"Well, that's just the point—I've come to tell you about Mrs. Plenty-coos."

If he had been any white man I know of, I'd have told *him* to go to hell; but there was something in the dreamy voice and in the keen black eyes of this Indian that kept me from hot anger and instead made me slump wretchedly down into a plane of inferiority. His greasy blanket might have been the robe of a king, such a king as Louis XIV.

"Mrs. Plenty-coos is dead, and buried," he continued. "I have written her obituary and the account of her funeral." The fellow paused for another draw on his cigarette.

"Now, look here, sir," I straightened up in my chair, "we write the news stories for this paper, and we don't allow anybody, *anybody* to tell us—"

"Mrs. Plenty-coos died Tuesday evening" (I might as well have been talking to a fence post) "and we buried her Thursday. As I said before, I have written the story. You know, you newspapermen have a knack for making a ridiculous thing out of the most serious, whether you mean to or not. I was afraid to trust it to you."

I cast my eyes down, pretending, however, that I lowered my head to blow down the open neck of my shirt for relief from the intense heat. The young Indian looked so cool and comfortable in his heavy blanket that I felt that he would be cool in almost any hot or close place.

"Mrs. Plenty-coos was a good woman. Our people all loved her and we do not want the facts of her death confused through flowery, jargon phrases. I have written the story, simply and briefly. I think you will find all the necessary information there. If you care to use this account as it is—all right."

This was no question, but I understood clearly as he paused that an answer was expected. I wasn't looking at him but I felt his black eyes upon me. What he asked was downright humiliation. We had refused it to the most prominent ministers in town, emphasizing always that we must uphold our privilege of editing the paper. The Western Union clock ticked insistently. A light wagon rattled down the street. I knew as the sound came in the window that the horses' hoofs were sinking part way into the asphalt.

There was a rustle of paper. My visitor, the barbarian, was rolling another cigarette. I knew that he would leave without a word if I did not speak immediately.

"Why, yes, we can use it. Let me have it."

He smiled for the first time as he handed me the folded paper, drawn from inside his shirt.

"You will notice in there," he said, calm as ever, "that Mrs. Plenty-coos was given a Christian burial with a Christian minister officiating, so please do not say to the Associated Press that she was laid to rest with tribal honors and rites. You will also notice that O-Gha-We-An was the second wife of Plenty-coos and that he did not woo her in the woods. He and she were married by Father Tahlman at St. Xavier mission, forty years ago, and not by a medicine man. Please do not mistake these."

He rose and replaced the chair where he had found it. Wrapping the blanket into better position for walking, he grunted a syllable in Crow. The other Indian arose from his squatting position against the iron pole and the two walked toward the door.

He paused in the doorway, the crown of his Stetson hat touching the top sill. With his characteristic calm confidence, he gestured slightly with his right hand. "There was no war-dance after the funeral," he said.

FRED GILSDORF.



"The Ice Stars Tinkle--"

The ice stars tinkle
Through the moon-cooled air
And the moon shafts clink
Against the blue-white hill.
I stand held fast
By the faint, far sounds;
My soul shouts loud
Tho my voice is still.
And way and away
At the edge of the world
A black pine holds
Its breath
In the cold.

PERSIS MATTHEWS.

"I Planted in My Garden"

I planted in my garden by the wall
Pansy plants and blue forget-me-nots—
Why did I find there (when I thought that all)
A blood-red poppy? I had not bid it grow—
And when I saw it there—it hurt me so
That first I thought I could not let it stay;
And yet, somehow, I could not weed it out—
I let it grow, till soon my garden lay
A bed of poppies, wild, of passion-hue.
Who planted that one seed there? . . . Was it you?

VICTORIA A. MOSBY.

Clod the Magician

Clod was a magician. People all said he was. In fact, they said more than that. They said that he was the greatest magician from Apexer to Depexer; and Apexer, as everyone knows, was far to the north where few men had ever been and Depexer was away down south where only one man had ever been. And in the whole length of the land, from Apexer to Depexer, Clod was the greatest magician.

The queer thing was that Clod didn't look like a magician. One might easily mistake him for a wood-cutter or a street-cleaner. He didn't walk as people usually walk—lifting one foot clear of the ground and bringing it past the other—that is, he didn't lift his feet, he dragged them. People said he sauntered. The cuffs of his trousers were turned down so that they rolled around his ankles, and became worn out in the back where his heels repeatedly trod on them. People said trousers didn't have much to do with a magician—it was the eyes. And he did have queer eyes. Very close together they were, and they gazed at opposite ends of the world at once. When anyone spoke to him he would turn sidewise, and the eye that observed the speaker would be very soft and child-like. . . . It was the great humbleness of the man, people said, that caused him to turn half away when he was spoken to.

And this is how Clod came to be known as a magician. He never told anyone that he was—it just happened. . . .

One day as Clod sauntered along the highway he mused on the deceitfulness of highways in general. They would appear like long silky threads newly spun, as one glimpsed them afar off, winding back and forth through the valley. As a matter of fact they weren't ever silky, Clod thought. Hard gravel, all of them hard gravel, all highways were hard gravel—and hot. Yes, very hot. For it was summer time and in the heat of summer Clod could never remember the chill of winter. Therefore, to Clod, all highways were hot—(and hard gravel). And as he walked his feet began to tire and grow weary. He looked for shade. . . . Goldenrods grew along the roadside, but anyone knew that goldenrods didn't give much shade. . . . And his feet grew heavier and heavier, hotter and hotter, and more tired. . . .

And then he remembered that someone had told him about putting leaves in one's shoes to cool them, when they became hot with walking. His face brightened with the thought, and he began to look for leaves. Suddenly he became very happy. He had been climbing a long hill, and as he came to the summit he saw below him a tiny stream surrounded by great trees. And he knew that where there were a stream and trees like those that he could certainly find leaves, all types of leaves. . . . The big broad ones that grow on water plants, and the little heart-shaped ones that grow on trees. Clod was very happy then. His feet became less tired. . . . He almost ran down the hillside. . . .

But at the bottom and right on the bank of the stream he stopped. It wasn't that he couldn't find any leaves, for here they were in plenty,—in fact it was the sight of the leaves that stopped him. He became aware of two perplexities. First, he didn't remember what kind of leaves he should use,—and even worse, he couldn't recall whether he should put them in his shoes to cool his feet, or in his hat to cool his head. But this last question wasn't so bad as it at first appeared. For, he reasoned, it wasn't his head

that was hot and bothering, it was his feet. They were very hot and very bothersome. And so he would put the leaves in his shoes. He was pretty sure, after all, that this was the way he had been told.

Then he came to the other problem. And here he was really puzzled. What kind of leaves should he use? . . .

"Now," he said, "let me go about this thing scientifically. Certainly there must be some means of ascertaining." And then he had a brilliant inspiration.

Now this was a well traveled highway, and many people had passed since Clod had first sat down with his difficulties by the side of the stream. Many of the people who passed wanted to stop and rest. They looked very much as though they wanted to stop, but always at the sight of Clod they would hurry on so uncouth he looked with his trousers hanging low and his eyes that were so adverse to one another.

This was his inspiration. Obviously, he logically reasoned, the efficacy of leaves in allaying pain and weariness was dependent on the proportionate qualities and quantities of the especial elements of which leaves were generally composed. Very well. His problem was to determine which of these elements and in what proportions would be most favorable for his experiments . . . Of course, he could have cooled his feet by bathing them but that would have been beside the point. His problem was with leaves. He mustn't allow himself to be carried away by side issues.

And then came his second inspiration. He would build a fire, in spite of its being a warm day, and he would burn several varieties of leaves. Then it must follow that the leaf which left the most ash must contain the most solid matter, and therefore would absorb the most heat from the body and give the most comfort; while the leaf which left the least ash would certainly contain a lot of air and water and perhaps be very uncomfortable in the shoe. He would build a fire then—but first he would gather some leaves.

People who passed observed this queer-looking man gathering leaves and they wondered why he could be doing that. A few stopped . . . He would take a leaf and hold it up to the sun, looking at it attentively, feel it . . . Certainly that was a queer thing to be doing people thought . . . More stopped . . . And then he began to build his fire. Now who could imagine a queerer thing than that—building a fire on so hot a day . . . A great many of them stopped.

"Now!" said Clod to himself, for he hadn't noticed the people crowding around. "Now!" . . . And that was a queer thing to say . . .

The leaves burned quickly. All except one. It burned slowly, gradually turning from green, to brown around the edges, to brown all over, and then to gray. Everything burned away leaving just a gray skeleton of fibres and veins. People gathered closely . . . What a queer thing . . .

Clod was a little surprised himself. The other leaves had crumpled to nothing. Some had curled up as soon as they had felt the heat. This one hadn't. And that was queer . . .

Clod lifted the leaf very delicately from the fire. "Careful" he was saying to himself, not seeing the people, "Careful!"

And then he smiled . . . This was the leaf to ease his feet! How nice to walk and his feet not hurting!

But people couldn't read Clod's thoughts, and they misinterpreted his smile. "Marvelous!" they whispered. And again: "Miraculous!" And

when Clod started to walk away the people, whom he saw for the first time made a chair of their hands and carried him off, and he never did find out how the leaf felt in his shoe. . . .

And so Clod was a magician after that. The greatest magician from Apexer to Depexer. And he went about healing people of the gout, and even hay-fever. And he became very rich . . .

But all this happened a long time ago. . . . D'ARCY DAHLBERG.



From a Train Window

Fine twigged white birches lean
Out over the river
Like carven things of ancient ivory.
They wade knee-deep in scarlet, leafless brush.

Crumbled, crumbling rainbow rocks
And yellow grass
All sliding down hill to the creek.

Tall brown rocks stand silent by the river
Forgotten of God and living things,
Except one twisted cedar, half-way up.

A furry colt who tosses his mane,
Sideways glancing, and gallops off to the hills.

Why are there circus posters
On every battered gray building
That leans before the wind, on these prairies,
Showing light through its uneven cracks?

A faded green house among the weary hills,
With blank windows and dead vines upon the walls.

Bright yellow, misty weeds
Upjutting through the snow,
And naked brown rocks, wierdly sculptured rocks,
Leering above them.

And
A slow, mauve, curling plume suspended
From the smelter tower, hanging in the mist.

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

"Perhaps--"

Perhaps there is some reason, yet untold,
Why you should haunt my dreams.
I'll never know. Bright sunlight's very cold
When ice is on the streams;
I can't forget the hours warmed to gold
By summer's lazy beams.

JOHN FROHLICHER.

Buffalo Grass

After Billy said she "trundled like a wheel-barrow," we called the new maid "Barrow," although never with any feeling but kindness.

Her real name was Mrs. Marc Dominiac, a name mother could never remember, yet always felt she spoke correctly when she said "Demoniac."

The morning Barrow appeared in answer to our advertisement, the bell rang persistently while Mr. Kilmer opened the door and Barrow explained her presence.

"I've come to work for you."

"But you must talk with Mrs. Kilmer."

The bell stopped ringing as Barrow took her hand from the electric button and grabbed her large cotton bag from the porch floor. She jerked open the screen door and strode in, and on. Billy says her stride was like that of an Indian Scout with a ten-mile stretch ahead.

Barrow evidently saw her goal across two rooms, for she advanced without faltering. She "brought up" in front of Mrs. Kilmer with a stop like that of a galloping pony that unexpectedly finds itself at the edge of a steep cliff. Here the simile ended. Barrow did not whinny. A whinny asks a question. Barrow asserted.

"I've come to work for you."

And then, as if fumbling for something more she sensed was needed, "I'm a working woman."

The buffalo-grass range that stretched unfenced, from the Missouri river to the Black Hills, knew her as one not a stranger to work. The log cabin, half hidden in cottonwoods that shaded the south line of the Dominiac homestead bore proof that she could work as men work. Then there were children, six, she said.

"What would you like to prepare for breakfast?" Barrow wanted coffee and jam, so she replied, "Muffins." Barrow was a working woman.

Strong arms flayed the batter into yeasty temper. The muffins rose as if in wrath. Barrow brought them to the table beautifully brown, some sitting up properly, some lazy upon their sides, and some, as Billy expressed it, "Wah-si-ha," which interpreted means "wrong side up."

Just as we were leaving the table Barrow brought more muffins.

"And there are still more in the oven!" she lamented.

'Twas well there were, for Barrow ate them, with jam.

Later, as she washed the four pans and the quart jam jar, she was heard muttering, "Only six muffins for three people! Dishes! Dishes! Dishes! And the muffins must be just—one—way—up! Gosh!"

After luncheon Barrow again mumbled her outraged sense of the practical, "Knife on the right! Fork on the left! Spoon for this! Spoon for that! And muffins—just one way up! Darn!"

At this inexcusable explosion, down went a cup with a fatal crash. There was a moment of silence, then a muffled, "Oh Lord!"

At last Barrow was to be alone for an afternoon. All the morning a tingling of strange new anticipation had been taking years from Time's

record of her drab life. It lent a spring to the feet more used to rough pine boards than to a quiet kitchen floor, or the still more quiet dining-room.

Now no one else was in the house. Barrow walked carefully around the blue rag rug on her own floor and looked back from the kitchen to make sure no careless foot had made it wrinkle where it lay. Both hands tried to quiet the thumping in her chest.

She paused, and Memory, in an instant, took her home and made her stand beside an old scrub-oak, and made her feel again between her hands the throbbing of an adventurous squirrel's heart. Weak-legged and half afraid, it had scrambled up a tree, returning to the nest that it had dared for the first time to leave. With action quick as sight she had caught it in her hands.

Barrow felt that now she understood the thumping of its heart. It was not all fear, and maybe all hearts beat that way, all hearts that climbed, that climbed up trees, or stairs or, like a bird's, are raised by wings that beat the air.

She crossed the dining-room and started on her great adventure, glad and yet half afraid, though not afraid of harm. Gently she pushed open the hall door. Its unexpected squeak brought from her lips a prayer that had never been called forth by the rattlers that had wriggled their way across her cabin floor. Her brown eyes opened wide. Then a flicker of a smile chased the tenseness from her every muscle, and crossing herself, she swung boldly across the hallway to the stairs.

Feet unaccustomed to a way made soft, patted each step as if trying to coax some sound from their silent padding. Once at the top of the flight she turned and, after sliding her rough palm back and forth along the polished surface, started down, letting her hand coast along the polished surface.

Purple and crimson light streamed through the stairway window and softened the stern face. Barrow paused, one hand upon the banister, one hand stretched out as if to catch the rainbow mystery. She gazed wistfully at the play of color on wall and ceiling. Then, remembering that she was a working woman, she passed slowly down the stairs. Her heart was flooded by a mystic light. The longed-for and now realized adventure was colored with the glory of the magic window.

Blind to the familiar hallway, Barrow passed, unseeing, on to the dining-room. She paused at the table dreamily running her worn finger across its waxed surface. Then with a new gentleness of motion, she spread the fresh white cover, while her lips, as if in gentle reminder, whispered, "Knife on the right; fork on the left."

It was Monday, a thoroughly domesticated, washday Monday. The sun above shone with unbroken interest on miles of evidence. A sportive breeze teased into more playful life the phantom parades that marked time on taut lines stretched, straining, above emerald lawns.

On the Kilmer's reel, white linen flapped in solitary and impersonal exclusiveness. An hour had passed since Barrow had carried in the emptied basket.

At the bottom step she paused, and dropping the basket, slid it across the floor toward the wringer. Behind her brown eyes, a new spark twinkled. Her lips parted in a whimsical smile as she pressed the electric button.

"Whoa!" The machine was silenced.

"Ge'dap!" The machine hummed industriously.

"Steady there!" Barrow straightened her shoulders, and the rythmical humming continued until there came a stacatto,

"Whoa!"

The whimsical smile returned as Barrow stepped quickly to the machine, lifted the cover, poured in some more melted soap, and turned in some boiling water. She closed the cover with exactness, pressed the button, and waited expectantly. When she raised the cover, the released suds rose higher and higher.

"Just like—just like—beaten whites!" Barrow gazed, motionless, a picture of supreme satisfaction.

"Just like—clouds,—like Heaven—upside down!"

Regretfully, she recalled that she was a "working woman." She closed the cover, but the suds oozed over on all sides, and flopped to the floor. Frantically, Barrow grabbed towel after towel to stay the overflow. Then, remembering, she pressed the button. There was silence in the basement, and Barrow was again in control.

She removed the overflowing suds, dried the edges of the machine, and pressed the cover into place, giving expression to her returned self-confidence with a, "So there!" as she sat down and listened to the obedient motor.

She could even rest and be obeyed. She was the "Foreman." Instead of the mooing of the cattle and the calls of the men driving horses she could hear—she could hear— She was the foreman of—of— Barrow slid back into the corner.

An hour had passed since Barrow had carried in the emptied clothes-basket.

Mrs. Kilmer laid down her paper and looked out to the drying yard.

"Barrow is not in the yard, and she has not hung out any more clothes."

"Are you sure she understood the machine?"

"Absolutely!"

With ill-concealed anxiety, Mr. Kilmer started to the basement.

"Do not come. She is all right, of course."

From the kitchen stairway he could see the basket standing beneath the wringer, and on the corner bench Barrow, slumped down, and grey, like wilted suds.

"Barrow! Barrow! Wake up!"

Barrow rose majestically, her eyes still closed. She stood very erect, summoning unwonted dignity. Gradually, as she looked about her, returning consciousness smote her with the realization of happy dreams undone and of exalted position departed. Her shoulders drooped and she shuffled to the machine and began wringing the clothes.

Mr. Kilmer turned suddenly and went back up-stairs.

The restless sleeper tossed and dreamed. She saw the low log cabin near the turbid stream that, crawling by, had gnawed the grey banks till its bed lay well below the baked mud flats that cracked and checkered in the sun.

She lay upon the bank to drink, but could not reach the stream. She turned a faucet on a cotton-wood, and when the water ran, it was hot and burned her hands, and steamed down to her feet. Then, though she tried, she could not stop the flow. Quickly she pulled away the pretty blue rag rug and spread it on the grey sage brush, all stiff and knotted like a wee scrub oak.

She heard the baby cry and hurried up the path. On and on she ran, her face against the wind that blew and blew until the weary grass lay down. And as she ran the cactus looked up with its arid grin to see her pushing on.

Then the wind ceased and all was still, so still that the silence made a tumult in her brain. She brushed the hair back from her face. She felt a pillow underneath her head, and, reaching up, she found her light. The room was flooded with a painful glare. Her blue rug lay there by the bed; and she remembered all, and lying down fell back to sleep.

She knew she dreamed. She knew there was no beating rain, no biting sleet, and yet—, there were the cattle with their tails turned toward the storm, their heads dropped low to miss its force. No sleet? Then why the heifers lying stiff upon the ground?

She would not sleep! At least she could sit up and plan. And plan—for what?

Awake, she dreamed of those at home. Over the buffalo-grass they soon would ride for miles and miles to drive the range stock home. They soon would search the badlands where each fall they rode among the cragged towers and rain-carved castles, and the flat-topped mounds of grey and green and red.

And nearer home, the rolling stretch of curly grass would promise food for months when snow would drive its level way, tireless, to where slight shelter made it pile and rest.

Then spring would come, and tiny flowers make the hills lovely with their yellow stars, and myriads of pasque flowers spread great purple patches through the grass.

They'd hear the wild geese call that they were flying north, and through the night, and mingled with their dreams, would hear the "Cr-rew!" "Cr-rew!" of the cranes.

The wabbling of the long-legged colts would make the children laugh, and every morning some one would come in to tell of a new calf or of a roll of kittens in the hay, or of a nest where he had found a dozen eggs.

The mares would idly lead their colts about the hay, excused from labor, and the cows would moo and call their calves and then lie down and chew.

But in the house a slender girl must do a mother's work. She hungered for bright hours out in the balmy air. She longed to wander through the purple flowers. How could she play when soon her father and four boys would come in hungry from the fresh out-doors? And then—there was the baby brother in his high-chair by the door.

The mother longed to take the slender girl and baby in her two strong arms. And yet—she had not wronged them utterly; there would not be another babe to care for in the house that spring.

Ready, yet doubtful still—wavering, she had turned back. From the door-way, she had looked in toward the table where the daughter sat with the babe on her lap. Silent, she had moved till she pressed to her side the daughter's drooped head.

Silent the daughter remained, not looking up. Slowly she traced the plump fingers of the little one's hand as it lay. Neither had said what she felt. Neither one knew. Yet they both understood, understood this, that the fight had been made. Why fight it all out again? Knowing both felt this she had kissed the brave forehead and had patted the little one's hand, and had gone.

Then as before, the daughter had held down the little hand and had traced as before.

"I'm going home."

"Why Barrow. Have we done something that has made you wish to go?"

"He's gone—to hunt more winter range,—and I am going home."

The afternoon sun sent a slanting band of light, window-wide and glowing, across the room to the blue-and-white rug. Barrow moved the rug to a shady corner of her room, and passed over to the rocker by her window. From under its cushion she drew a folded piece of wrapping paper and placed it carefully in her apron pocket. Quietly, she closed the window. Her eager hand sought something beneath the mending in her basket, and finding what it sought, stood matched pieces of red glass, edge to edge, against the window pane.

There was a quick indrawn breath, then, cautiously, lest some movement jar the square of crimson light, Barrow slipped into the cushioned rocker. With tender deliberation she opened the folded paper and spread it on one upturned palm that rested on her lap.

There was a soft sniffing at the unlatched door. Billy's hound pushed it open and sauntered deliberately in and across the room. Confident of welcome, he rested his long nose upon the chair-arm and looked entreaty into Barrow's eyes. With unaccustomed heedlessness of the dog's presence, Barrow gazed toward her lap where between her broad palms she pressed the scrap of paper. On it was traced the outline of a baby's hand.

Patiently the dog waited for the usual greeting. At last Barrow patted his silky head. Brown eyes looked deep into brown. And mingled in both were greys, such greys as come before the dawn, and blues, such blues as hide behind dark pines. And far beneath their twilight-mystery, there lurked silent begging, as for something hungered for, yet never realized, there burned the record of past hurt, unmerited.

WINIFRED MUCKLER.



Roanoke of the Prairie

HOW many abandoned places there are throughout the dry-land country! The shacks, with their bleached-out surfaces and broken window panes, remind me of skulls. And in every one of these old shacks there is a story—a story of love and hope and fear and anguish and despair. Lovers have lain snug in their bed, locked in each other's arms—unmindful of the blizzard outside. A prairie wife has sung above the clatter of her dishes as she thought of the mallard's nest along the meadow brook. A baby has cooed from his clothes basket cradle. The welcome *Whoa* of the young overalled farmer has made the hearts of both horses and home-folks beat faster. There have been ugly silences at supper-time the afternoon the hail hit the wheat. There have been curses in the barnlot as the banker and the farmer talked over notes and mortgages. And there was one bitter day when a long grey box was shoved through the window of the upstairs room, and Freddy's concern with double-discing and summer-fallowing was at an end. All the emotions and passions of the world have been here, in these old shacks, and only their wraiths are left behind.

E. E. ERICSON.

A Definition of the Indefinable

A Review of "Art" by Clive Bell

"USELESS as the occupation of the critic may be, it is probably honest, and, after all, is it more useless than all other occupations, save only those of creating art, producing food, drink, and tobacco, and bearing beautiful children?"

Because of characteristics of Clive Bell revealed in that quotation his critical work on art is anything but useless. Only the fewest books have ever given so fresh a contribution to my thought. Seldom do I have so much pure fun in reading any book. Again and again the perfect utterance of a new-born yet full-grown whimsical perception filled me with absolute delight. And that, according to Clive Bell, is another way of declaring that for me, at any rate, the criticism is itself artistic.

"Art" is a subtly imaginative, philosophical, learned, reservedly impassioned and fundamentally humorous exposition of the essence of art. The book is concerned with painting. In some sense it might be regarded as an introduction contemporary painting. There could scarcely be a more adequate or trustworthy preparation for enjoying the really good modern pictures within the compass of a book. But being a competent and concentrated revelation of the prime quality of the product of such artists as Cezanne, it is necessarily a great deal besides. Who should know better than I that the veriest ignoramus about pictures and painters may find in it exhilaration and gay enlightenment? Who could better judge whether the author is powerful to make use of rare historical and archeological information without bewildering the ill-informed? I confess he almost overawed me with a sense of necessary, or almost necessary, knowledge that I don't possess. But he cares mainly for the implications of his data, and without a jot of pedantry he shares with every curious reader his astute inductions. And the great thing about the book is that those inductions, while never fatuous finalities, connect with all experience and throw a searching, and a glorifying light.

One of those inductions, in a certain sense the core of the book, is so insusceptible of proof that it would seem to rigid minds a mere assumption. You couldn't maintain an institution like any that now exist on the divination that nothing matters in life but good states of mind, immediately recognizable to the honest individual as such, but not to be categorically defined. You can found a relatively happy life on that, though. And it is the taking-off place for all art.

Clive Bell finds that the most perfect of all good states of mind is esthetic contemplation. The artist, he believes, experiences that pure ecstasy in the presence of nature; but to most of us he thinks it can come only in the presence of a work of art. (From that last and what follows from it I dissent.)

His definition, then, of art, the indefinable, is "significant form". That arrangement of masses, spaces and colors which fills the beholder with an intensely agreeable emotion in no way related to his ordinary preoccupations and associations is significant. It is significant form. It is art.

When the work of the artist as a whole, not merely in parts and "on the whole," fills the sensitive observer with esthetic rapture it is artistic. That can only be achieved when the artist has experienced pure spiritual ecstasy and has had the power and the good fortune to render it completely, so to speak, in his design. Of course, according to such high conception, all artists are primitives; imitation is mere craftsmanship.

In art, certainly non-literary art, it is not the idea or the explicit suggestion that matters, not the human emotion it excites. It is the communication of the artist's ecstasy to the beholder by the fundamentally right design. And yet the artist is most likely to be free from the feebleness of mere estheticism if he has some defined objective. "For an artist to believe his art is connected with religion or politics or morals or psychology or scientific truth is well; it keeps him alive and passionate and vigorous: it keeps him out of sentimental estheticism: it keeps to hand a suitable artistic problem."

Now we are curious as to what it is that produces the creative emotion. Mr. Bell offers, with becoming checks against conclusiveness, a profound and thrilling guess. He calls it the metaphysical hypothesis. May not the excitation of the artist's extra-human emotion be induced by the ultimate reality itself? May it not be that in his sensitive contemplation of some object in and for itself—in its essence—he does actually have a fleeting emotional contact with the essential being that philosophy and much science have felt for as supporting, unifying and composing all that meets our sense? Surely that would account for the creative power of his emotion, and the mysterious delight of him who looked upon the achieved design as nothing else has done.

To one who felt his most precise cogitation in support of that hypothesis there could be no further question of the moral justification of art. But Mr. Bell remembers that it can be no more than a bold conjecture. The ethical justification of art lies, he distinctly says, in this: art produces the best state of mind he has experienced; and the only adequate criterion of value is the good state of mind.

Instantly arises the query, do we then consider what is good for all mankind? On that question Clive Bell has no discomfort. Whatever makes for exaltation of spirit is not only good in itself; it tends to finer character and so to general good.

Incidentally the artist who achieves significant form is subject to the most exacting discipline. He must devote himself completely to his art. His must be consummate concentration. He must find his freedom in committing himself entirely. What moral triumph can be more heroic?

To be sure the artist is unlikely to be a solid citizen. "To take art seriously is to be unable to take seriously the conventions and principles by which societies exist." The artist is, in his art, an aristocrat, and, in the world, an anarchist. But society needn't be alarmed at him. He will make no material interference. He will only act in subtle wise to liberate men's hearts and minds. "Genuine art and genuine religion are different manifestations of one spirit."

And so society may well exert itself to leave the artist free. "They might begin the work by disendowing art; by withdrawing doles from art schools, and confiscating the moneys misused by the Royal Academy. . . . Society can do something for itself and for art by blowing out of the museums and galleries the dust of erudition and the stale incense of hero-worship. . . . Human sensibility must be freed from . . . the oppression of culture. . . . Cultivated society, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a congeries of persons who" have "not been overwhelmed by the significance of art, but who" know "that the nicest people have a peculiar regard for it."

Society would be enriched if the discovery could be more generally made not only that art cannot be taught, but also that appreciation cannot be. Learning standards from analysis of the masterpieces of the past only paralyzes the susceptibility to beautiful form achieved with new intent. Society

"can defend originality from the hatred of the mediocre mob. They can make an end of the doctrine that the State has a right to crush unpopular opinions in the interests of public order."

And society might put itself in the frame to be raised to ecstasy, in many of its individuals, by giving all encouragement to amateur effort. "Let us dance and sing. . . . Above all, let us dance and devise dances—dancing is a very pure art, a creation of abstract form; and if we are to find in art an emotional satisfaction, it is essential that we shall become creators of form." Society might do something toward bringing to pass another age in which good art should be abundant and anonymous. They might try to save the latent artist "that is in almost every child" by taking this advice: "do not educate children to be anything or to feel anything; put them in the way of finding out what they want and what they are".

Such is the book, the definition of the indefinable. I think it comes near accomplishing that impossible aim, and is itself a work of art. For is it not the task of art to find designs which will disclose the limitless? So, at least, Clive Bell seems to think.

SIDNEY COX.



Loneliness

A dull gray fog drifts down to earth and settles itself upon the town shutting out the cold and light. The air is heavy—no longer air but matter—a something that the hand can seem to feel and tear. Buildings, people, things recede into themselves—seem far away, still, and unreal. Familiar roads unwind interminably until their identities are doubted. To look ahead, like looking into tomorrow, means seeing nothing but what the imagination supplies. There is lack of sound and what is heard is deadened in its passage through such heavy medium. The colorless mist enwraps me. I feel its filmy moistness on my cheeks. I try to escape from it but am shut off from everything I know. Desperately I walk, with the ground alone a guide to direction, but the restraining presence is everywhere. When, finally, it overcomes me and, unresisted, winds itself about, I have forgotten the world that lies outside and live only in the misery of self.

EVELYN MURRAY

The Breed

Down by the Post Office there slouched a tall boy,
A dark, silm, insolent half-breed
With a floppy black hat and a loud checked shirt.
He wore perilous, high heeled boots
And he hooked his thumbs into a brass-studded belt.

I took all that in at a glance, and a half—
It would not do to stare. Then I went and bought
A stunning Spring hat
Which I will blossom with at Easter.
But how I shall wish when I wear it
That I had a loud checked shirt and
A brass-studded belt to hook my thumbs into!

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

Frontier Towns

I. DEMERSVILLE

"The end of navigation on the Flathead;"
Thirty years ago—"The coming town."
Today, a caving hole that was a cellar,
A lone false-fronted building, all askew,
A bit of rotting planking, two drab piles
And the river snaking silently along.

II. McCARTYSVILLE

Once this was the end of steel,
And winter nights of 'eighty-nine
Saw revels of adventurers
Who built the railroad through the pass.
Mountain snows were drifted deep
And told no tales. Guns often flashed;
When June had warmed the drifts away
The bodies of nine men were found.
But now—at night the pack-rats run
Across the space where once a brothel stood.

III. PHILIPSBURG

An old man lives in a little gray town
Where, in his dreams as night slips down,
Creaking ore carts laden high
And strings of dusty mules go by
And men who heard the outlands cry.
But dreams grow pale in the morning sun
And memories vanish—one by one.

JACK FROHLICHER.

If We Should Meet

I think that I could smile at you if we should meet today,
For I have seen gray clouds go pink at dawn
And I have heard the rain on roofs at night and had it lay
Smooth fingers on my cheeks. I have watched
Black trees stand grim and sad above a storm, and I have known
A calm, clean hill, clear-rimmed against the sky,
And I have loved the vivid smoke of trains; long shadows thrown
By moonlight; little creeks which scold at night.

I could smile perhaps if we should meet,
But I should pass you by with weary feet.

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

Mr. Trimble Goes Fishing

Dear friend Horace:

You will undoubtedly understand my motives in warning you about this invitation by Arthur Graves. Perhaps you would enjoy the trip to Labrador and the moose-hunting, but knowing you as I do, I can trust you with the reactions of one experience that is deeply engraved on my memory. I hope you may profit by my example. I do know you will appreciate the ludicrous position in which I was placed.

As you know, I am a gentleman, or was until the Heaths invited me on a fishing trip. They are, of course, a very jolly couple. Tom is one of the Connecticut Heaths, you know—went through Exeter and Yale and went in for the war. Did rather well, they say—awfully daring and energetic. After the war he was considered what they term in vulgar parlance, “a catch.” The ladies, I am loathe to state, were chagrined by his elusiveness. When the rascal was just about to be confirmed with myself as “a confirmed bachelor” he created considerable furore by a madcap marriage with a still more madcap cousin of mine from Washington, Connecticut, Vera Hayden. They have a little place at Coscob and run in to the city frequently—perhaps “dash” or “careen” should be the word, for their license is well-known in the court-rooms along the highways leading to Coscob.

It was on one of these runs that they swooped down upon me and led me from my untroubled life. Whatever gave them the idea is still beyond my fancies. Some insane whim or caprice, assuredly.

I can recall the day they burst in upon my tranquility. After a pleasant afternoon at the Club I had returned to my rooms. Dobson was preparing some of his excellent tea, and it was with some astonishment, therefore, that when I glanced up from a thrilling tale of hunting in Africa I beheld, not Dobson, but Tom and Vera. I arose and was about to greet them when they broke in on my speech somewhat in this manner—

“Hello, John! How’s the old bachelor today?”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Trimble,” said Vera, in her most mock-dignified manner, as she threw her crumpled motoring hat in a chair. “We’ve come with an invitation, Cousin John.”

“Going to take you out into God’s great outdoors, old man!” exclaimed Tom. (How well I remember that phrase!) “Out where you get some exercise, fresh air and good food. Want to come?”

“Are you having a house party?” I ventured. House parties are an abhorrence with me, as you know.

“No, a fishing trip!” said Tom, beaming with anticipation.

“Won’t that be splendid?” Vera asked me from where she had flounced in my most-prized Colonial chair. (The one from the Byrd house.)

I dared to say that it might be. But I erred. Never encourage these out-of-doors people in the slightest, Horace. Tom and Vera took this social pleasantry as an acceptance.

Tom immediately took on the qualities of one of those floor-walker persons. He arranged everything in a breath.

“Be ready at ten o’clock tomorrow. Just throw some old things on and chuck an extra shirt and toothbrush into a bag and we’ll call for you. Vera and I are staying in town tonight, so be ready.”

Of course I pointed out to him the absurdity of preparing for a trip under such short notice, that I was expected at the Club for a game the next

day, that I had no fishing paraphernalia or trappings or whatever they call them and that Dobson could hardly pack my luggage overnight.

They would hear none of it, they said.

"That's all right," persisted Tom. "We've plenty of fishing and camping things. Just get some good old flannel shirts, khaki pants, some comfortable shoes and a soft hat. And be sure to put in a change."

"But where are you going and by what means?" I requested.

"We'll drive out to Indian Brook. Great fishing along there. Have some good coffee and camp cooking. It'll do you the world of good to get out in this fine spring air. Sleeping out and peeping up at the stars! Fine stuff! But we'd better run along now. Let's go, Vera. Be sure and be ready, John. By-by!"

And they left.

I sat down in a chair and rang for Dobson. I believe he had been listening, for when I said that I wanted my tea very strong, he smiled broadly, for Dobson.

"And Dobson! Put some things, fishing garments, in a bag for me. I'm going out to the Indian Brook section for a trip. Just pack some flannel shirts and all that sort of thing. Use your judgment. I'll leave at ten in the morning."

You can imagine Dobson's surprise.

I am accustomed to rising at ten o'clock, having a chop and coffee and then a turn in the park. However, on that morning Dobson roused me at nine and said that Mr. and Mrs. Heath were waiting.

After a hurried repast and a struggle to discover a suitable costume for my trip, I announced to Tom and Vera that I was ready to start. Tom hurled my bag into the back of his roadster and bundled me in. Then he scrambled in and with a terrific roar and sputter, we started on our journey. As I turned around to get a glimpse of Dobson, who was standing in the vestibule smiling dubiously, I was so unfortunate as to catch a cinder or some piece of foreign matter in my eye that irritated it the rest of the day.

The ride was exhilarating. I fear that I felt too much like Louis the XVI. Although I would have preferred a Sedan of more stable qualities, Tom explained that his machine could "tear up the road." That day it exhibited none of such ferocious propensities, but maintained a speed that disarranged the region below my heart and kept that organ in the vicinity where my flannel shirt was irritating my neck. The scenery resembled somewhat the views of Portugal that I have witnessed in cinema shows. Farm houses, fields, brooks and farm animals flew by in a disordered blur. Conversation was almost an impossibility because of the roaring motor.

At noon we stopped at a small-town lunchroom "for a snack," as Tom explained. The luncheon was rather simple, but struck me as rather greasy—fried potatoes with a lard-like gravy, fried eggs and a cup of inferior coffee. During the afternoon, as we continued our precipitous flight up through Connecticut, I had a slight touch of indigestion.

Toward evening, when we had arrived at a gruesome place in the hills, Tom announced that we had found the "ideal spot." Then came the ordeal called "pitching camp." It was quite bewildering, but consisted mainly in throwing out of the car everything one could lay one's hands on to the "ideal spot" under the trees. We then strung ropes from the trees and after struggling with a maze of knotted ropes and canvas, erected two tents.

"Heigho, John! Will you chop some wood and earn your supper?" shouted Tom to me shortly afterward, in a very jovial manner.

"Surely," I answered in an attempt to enter into his mood. I advanced on the forest and I will admit that up to that moment I had never known that wood could have so much tensile strength and elusiveness. I managed to get a pile of it torn apart, however, after many grunts and tugs.

During my labors Tom and Vera had put the camp in less of a cataclysmic appearance. They soon had a fire going under a pile of rocks, fashioned in some crude Indian manner to resemble an open hearth. What a pang I got as I thought of the spacious lounge chairs in front of the cool stone fireplace at the Club, the deft serving of tasty cocktails, the thrill of an excellent hand at the tables! So much more pleasing than this barbarous "communing with nature."

After a bit my nostrils were assailed by the smell of coffee from the fire. The odor was not really half bad. What with a little supper of olives, pickles and sandwiches that Vera surprised me with I felt somewhat revived. But never have I been shifted so frequently from one uncomfortable spot to another during the course of a meal. The smoke from the fire had an almost uncanny sense of pursuit as I frantically shook the tears from my smarting eyes.

"We're not going fishing this evening, John!" gasped Tom as he swallowed an amazingly large bite of a sandwich. "We'll get settled and make an early start on them in the morning."

"Yes, I think that will be best," I agreed judiciously. (Secretly I was charmed at the idea.)

After the supper things had been removed, we rested in front of the fire. That institution knew that it could not wear me out by its obnoxiousness and had died to a mere pile of lowering embers. I availed myself of the opportunities of several blankets placed on the uneven surfaces of the ground in order to sit down and rest my nerves. The day had been rather trying.

As the shadows darkened around our little outpost, Tom suggested that we'd better be "hitting the hay," an agricultural term which he explained to me meant "to retire." I had had an ominous feeling in regard to this action, which was not at all dispelled by subsequent events. Tom had filled the interior of my tent with the limbs of trees.

"Finest bed in the world, John," he had said as he did so. "Balsam boughs! Make you feel as fit as a fiddle."

The young man has a sense of humor. I didn't perceive the depth of his remark until the following morning. He evidently meant a street musician's instrument.

My night was distasteful. Wearied from the nerve-wracking incongruities of the day, I lowered myself to the blankets spread on the pile of brush. Try as I would to attain sleep, I could not do so. Several of the limbs would gouge sore spots in my back and sides. When I moved I only discovered fresh sources of anguish. I tried sitting up, but to no avail. My back seemed as though about to break. Toward midnight I threw myself down and resolved to suffer as best I might the tortures attendant on such an occasion. It was worse than week-ending at the country homes of some of my Club friends, I assure you, Horace.

As I tossed in hideous dreams of fitfulness, I was suddenly aroused by a terrifying noise and havoc. The sides of the tent swayed and shook ominously. Something huge was trampling and breathing about the ropes. I bolted upright on the litter. Then as if a warm, wet piece of toweling had passed over my face, I felt what I supposed was an immense snake on my cheek. To be

sure, I was somewhat startled, but made a vigorous movement with both arms. My right hand came in contact with a warm, fur-covered beast. I called for Tom.

He later said that he heard a scream and found me in a faint beneath the ruins of the tent. I am convinced, however, that he was jibing at me, as he also declared he heard a noise caused by a small bell which the farmers of the region append to the necks of their cattle.

Needless to say, I spent the remainder of the night in utter misery on the jagged bed of branches. When dawn finally came, I aroused Tom and demanded in no uncertain tones that he drive me to the nearest station. He demurred at first and tried to convince me with naother of those silly platitudes anent "the rough out-of-doors life." I had had enough. I insisted forcefully, and he consented.

After a hasty breakfast in the chilling woods, we drove to the station. I made a great effort to appear as gracious as possible with my erstwhile hosts as I boarded the train, but fear that my attempt was not successful.

I have never fished, my dear Horace.

Perhaps your patience in reading this may reward you by the example. But, of course, do not let my example deter you from taking the Graves' trip! I cannot accept their invitation as I am going abroad shortly. Do let me hear from you before I go.

Sincerely,

John Pinckney Trimble.

RICHARD F. CRANDELL.

Letters

I.

Vienna, Austria.

Vienna in the theatre is frankly conservative. Its Burg Theatre, which is the State Theatre, is an excellent example of that. It is a theatre which seems to live in the near past, just as the State Theatre of Berlin looks ahead to the near future. It is a conservative theatre, experimenting to be sure with such productions as Franz Molnar's latest play, "The Red Mill," but seeming strangely ill at ease in such experimentation. The Academy Theatre, though its casts are recruited from the Burg, does better work. It can turn to Molnar and play his "The Swan" with a perfection of ensemble generally unknown to the productions at the older theatre. But Vienna is not limited to its State Theatres for dramatic entertainment. Often its most interesting work is found in privately owned theatres, theatres that are not very different from the managerial point of view from the New York theatres. The Thimigs, for example, who are the Viennese duplicates of the Guitrys, can fill the Kammerspiele nightly with their playing of Sacha Guitry's "Mon Pere Avait Raison." In other words they turn to the long run system as we know it. Thereby they break from the continental tradition, which favors repertory instead. But the other theatres that are privately owned, and which are dominated by popular actors, remain on the whole true to the European tradition. Alexander Moissi, at the Deutsches Volks Theatre, plays on the average of three times a week and generally in three different plays. When Moissi is not acting his company is and always with a varied program. Max Pallenberg, at the distant Raimund Theatre, though arrived at "stardom," has not forsaken repertory. Elsewhere post-war conditions have expelled repertory and the less expensive long run has taken the field. And with the long run the possibilities of ever-fresh experimentation have fallen.

That Vienna is conservative in the theatre comes from more than the system under which its theatres are run. It comes from an inherent something in the feeling of the people toward the theatre. After all is said and done the average of the theatre of any city is only so high as the demands its audiences make upon it. In Vienna the demand seems to be for the tried and the proven. Even there, though, the Viennese do not show a lack of

interest that permits rutted stagnation. Instead, experimentation takes a different form. Vienna turns to the old when something new is to be done. An illustration of that is the Redoutensaal, the old ball-room of Maria Theresa's palace, which has within the last three years been converted into one of the most interesting experiments in the European theatre.

Imagine turning to one of the most beautiful baroque rooms in Europe, with its grey walls worked with gilded moldings, and lighted by radiant chandeliers, as a place for experimentation for the theatre of the future! This the Viennese did, however, and with a desire to break new paths. President Vetter, then head of the State Opera, saw in this a chance for experiment. He realized that two or three principles of the new stagecraft, principles that are basic in their significance, could be applied to the old room, with its Gobelins and gilding. He wanted to achieve a complete relationship between the actor and his audience. To do this he realized that the conventions of the picture-frame stage as we know it must be done away with. President Vetter wanted to get actor and audience under one room, playing under one general lighting scheme. Furthermore he sensed this ball-room of Maria Theresa as an ideal place in which to give plays of its period as its period saw them. Vienna, the music-mad, could see its Mozart and Haydn and Pergolesi acted as they were originally acted in setting historically in accord with their period. These were his ideas. Naturally they met with opposition. Plenty of people objected to what seemed heresy in thus violating Maria Theresa's ball-room. Opposition, however, was at last conquered and on Christmas day 1921 the Redoutensaal was opened as a theatre. That the objections were unfounded was shown by the ingenuity and skill with which the room was converted into a theatre. No proscenium, enclosing and limiting the stage, was set up. Instead Oberbaurat Sebastian Heinrich, to whom the task was assigned, set about to reform the old by preserving its spirit. He designed a finely effective permanent architectural setting, whiter than the walls of the room, in order to make a center of interest, but strictly in accord with them in spirit and design. A raised platform was, of course, necessary. But Heinrich achieved what he and President Vetter were after. He flanked his walls with permanent stage walls that wound in a semi-circle to a gracefully winding double stairs at the back of the platform which led to a great door above. He did not do away with the glistening chandeliers that had lighted the fetes of Maria Theresa. Electrified, they light both stage and auditorium today. In other words, the result showed that the ball-room was left as one great room, where spectator and actor performed together with the harmony and intimacy of the drawing-room.

That was the achievement. It showed Vienna working with the old in order to get the new. Therein the spirit of conservatism had held true. The result, however, was more than a half compromise. It was a serious and wilful effort towards experiment. The first regisseur who faced the problem of setting that Redoutensaal stage was Max Reinhardt. He had fled to Vienna tired of his experiment with the Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin. He wanted new experimentation. And the task of infusing new magic into established classics fascinated him. So it was to this changed ball-room to see Reinhardt's production of "The Marriage of Figaro" that Viennese audiences went on that Christmas day of 1921.

Today the Redoutensaal is still functioning as a theatre. Now it is distinctly the property of the Staats Opera. In it Turnau can bring a classic program with Richard Strauss directing. By using screens before the permanent cream architectural walls and stage can be transformed into a fitting setting for Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne," or Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona," or Weber's "Abu Hassan." It can serve with equal felicity for a ballet program rhythmized by Haydn, and the favorite Mozart. With greater difficulty it adjusts itself to the dance evening of Mary Wigman, but because of the magic of her art one bothers little about the inappropriateness of the setting. It is distinctly a period room, above all adapted to attempts to revive period pieces in accordance with the spirit and the manner in which they were first presented. For that reason the cold green forest screens used for "Bastien and Bastienne" jar. They ought by rights conform with the Gobelins that surround the audience, reflecting their greens and their spirit. Likewise "Abu Hassan" should not be too strictly Oriental, even if suggested by screens. In costume and setting it should be more of a period affair than Turnau has seen fit to make it.

Just as the Redoutensaal is the property of the Opera for period experimentation, so the old theatre at Schonbrunn Castle belongs to the Burg Theatre. It, too, is a fine example of baroque art. Built from Fiacher von Erlach's plans, and likewise in the middle of the eighteenth century, it differs from the Redoutensaal in being designed for a theatre by original intention. There the Hapsburgs have long watched private performances. There, too, Napoleon was fond of seeing his favorite plays that Cherubini conducted in 1805. With such a tradition the theatre has become the city's property today. Unfortunately a mistake is being made by the architects who are remodelling it for the present public. Though they want to preserve its spirit, they have ruined its proportions. The old stage is being narrowed down and the auditorium enlarged at its expense for business reasons. And when the Burg

company faces experimentation at Schonbrunn it will face the difficulty of playing in a badly remodelled theatre. But in both the case of the Redoutensaal and the old theatre at Schonbrunn in different ways and in different conditions, a phase of the Viennese conservatism is seen. Vienna is finding her new theatre through her old.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

II.

Oxford, England.

The difficulties which meet one trying to describe Oxford in a few words are increased by the fact that Oxford has even a jargon of its own; the "Oxford accent" is quite as widely recognized as the "Oxford manner." Besides the accent, there are innumerable words unknown to the lexicographers, but with connotations as fine and complete as any words in the language. How is one to distinguish between an English "don" and an American "prof"? Outwardly they are the same; but there is a subtle difference which it is impossible to convey. And mere scientific definitions would give but harsh and unfeeling meanings to such terms as "scout," "prog," "rugger," "high tea," "magger," "maggerine," "roller," "togger" and the endless number of other words which the Oxonian has invented to convey his peculiar outlook on the life of his unique little world. Who, outside of Oxford, would guess that the "magger" is the master of a college, and the "maggerine" his wife? (The maggerine, by the way, is usually a strong-minded lady, totally unconscious of her high-sounding title, who dutifully invites bashful freshmen to tea on Thursday and Saturday afternoons.) And again, what would you say if someone were to drop into your rooms and say, "Well, old man, what are you doing for *ekker* these days?" If you were a true Oxonian, you would probably answer, "Oh, I take a walk before *brekker*, and do a little *rugger* when I can get off from *togger*." So, you see, an American who comes here is forced to learn Oxonese before he can begin his honor schools!

Oxford life divides itself more or less strictly into three parts: sports, social life, and study. I have named them in the order of their importance in the mind of the average youth. His attitude is expressed admirably in the words of a third-year man of my acquaintance: "A fellow should get as much enjoyment as he can out of term; the time for study is in the vacs, when there is nothing else to do."

Sport is pre-eminent; an American can have no idea of the enormous part it plays in the life of an English university. A "blue" is quite as much respected as a "first," and is an infinitely greater idol. But my impression is that there exists a very healthy attitude toward both "blues" and "firsts."

For a man to come to Oxford or Cambridge and not take up some sport is as unheard of as for a man to go to Montana and not go to classes. If one were to ask why it is so, the Englishman would say, "Because one just *does* that sort of thing;" and that is the highest law an Englishman knows. Conversely, if a thing "just isn't done," no amount of logic or common-sense argument can make it right. So the first question one is asked here is not "What are you registering in?" but "What sport are you taking up?"

The sports at Oxford are innumerable; one can do anything from rowing and football to water-polo and golf. Football is the favorite sport after rowing. It would be useless for me to go into the differences between American and Rugby football; but let me assure the doubtful that "rugger" is no ladies' game, but is quite as strenuous and exhausting as the American sort; the huskiest linesman in the all-American team would find his hands full in the match between Oxford and Cambridge. American ideas of English sport seem laughable, but no more so than the very ludicrous ideas prevalent here of our games. The average English freshman thinks Americans play football and baseball in plate armor; one, who, I must admit, was worse than most, asked me once if we covered our football armor with leather to keep it from rusting! And again, when I asked an Englishman if they play basketball here, he replied, with a fine air of disdain, "Girls do!"

But it is not so much in the number and variety of sports that Oxford is remarkable as in the spirit displayed by the men who play. There is none of our reverence for athletics as a sort of superior plane of existence to which only the lucky few can aspire. The Englishman takes his sports as a matter of course, something which simply is done, just as eating and sleeping. Furthermore—a fundamental difference—here one enters a game with the object of having a good time by "playing the game," not as so often in America, with the sole object of winning at any cost. Not that the Oxford teams do not strain every nerve to win from Cambridge, the traditional foe; but there is never any "bad blood" between the universities, and such a tangle as occurred at the Montana-Aggie game a year ago would be unthinkable here.

Perhaps the whole system of athletics would be best illustrated by an account of my first game of hockey. One day at lunch the captain of college hockey came around and asked me to play that afternoon. I objected that I had never even seen a game of hockey.

"That's all right," said he, "you'll soon catch on." So I went, thinking it was to be a practice game; you may imagine how he took my breath away by casually remarking on the way to the field that we were playing University college. My sensations were much like those of a freshman at Montana, who, never having seen a football, should suddenly find himself playing quarterback on a Montana first team against Washington. However, I was in for it, and the only thing was to stick it out. The remarkable part of it all was the tolerant attitude of our own team and of our opponents to my mistakes. During a lull in the activities at my end of the field, the man who was playing opposite me, instead of shouting at me to "get off the field," kindly tried to give me a few ideas of what I should do, and, in a very friendly and tactful way, pointed out that the best thing for me to do was to keep out of the way of my own men, until I knew the game better! After the game, true to my American habit of thought, I asked one of the team what was the score. "I don't know; what *was* it?" he replied, a bit astonished that the matter of score should have occurred to anyone.

On the whole the Englishman is more dogged and less serious at his sports than we are; but my impression is that for skill, energy, and intentness of purpose, the American far outclasses the English sportsman.

So much for sports, which constitute a full half of the Oxford life. Social life constitutes very nearly the other half. The American in Oxford constantly wonders when anyone does any work. Work is supposed to be done in the morning, but nobody rises before nine o'clock, and no don who wishes to preserve his standing with the undergraduates gives any lectures before ten. Usually a student attends a lecture or two, then reads his "Times." By the time he has finished with this, lunch is ready, and immediately after, there is a general exodus to river and playing fields; the colleges are left absolutely empty. The games are over at four-thirty, then comes tea, which lasts until five-thirty. Between tea and dinner there is a pleasant stretch which one may utilize in study, but generally doesn't. For where is the man who, full of the warmth of good tea and toasted muffins, will not take another cup (although he protests he doesn't want it), and stretch his legs before the pleasant "fire of sea-coals," and let his soul expand in conversation with his guests or his host? Let Herodotus of Blackstone or Sam Johnson wait! At seven comes dinner, and afterwards one will study; he is sure of it. But in hall someone throws a note wrapped around a piece of bread, saying that the play at the theatre is mighty good this week; so Herodotus and the rest wait again.

Tea is not a meal, nor is it a "snack" snatched between classes; it is an institution, without which England, and that quintessence of England called Oxford, would not be themselves. The usual round of food is tea, black and very strong, and invariably served with milk, hot buns, crumpets, or toast, followed by special little cakes, very enticing, and very ruinous to the digestion. But it is not so much what one eats and drinks that makes tea-time pleasant, as the conversation and good-fellowship that tea engenders. Somehow, tea in congenial company makes one forget all his troubles, end-of-term examinations, rows with deans and dons, disappointments on the playing-field—all these unpleasant things withdraw beyond the horizon, and the whole universe narrows itself to the rosy circle of fire-light before the grate; and in this cozy little heaven, all the world seems very far away, and very pleasant in the distance. Without the daily rejuvenation of tea, I don't know how the Oxonian would preserve that attitude of wise old youth on which he so plumes himself.

The college is, of course, the social unit. One has friends in the other colleges, but his companions and cronies are those with whom he rows or plays football, those who live on the same staircase, who are familiar with the little queeresses which make his college an entity and personality, with whom he compares notes on dons and tutors. The social system of Oxford is made possible by the unbelievable inefficiency, to American eyes, of the system of study. There is absolutely only one thing for which a man must study—the examinations at the end of his third or fourth year. There are no classes, and lectures are not compulsory. As a result, there are hundreds of men hanging about who never pass even the preliminary examinations. Men who would be sent down from Montana at the end of the first quarter are allowed to stay on here for two or three years without even receiving a reprimand.

There are innumerable clubs here; the student body is much more highly organized than that of an American university. But the only exclusive clubs are certain dining and sporting clubs, and these are not powerful or obtrusive enough to be dangerous to the social equilibrium. One can saunter through the streets of Oxford without being continually reminded that there are clubs and organizations to which one does not belong.

Dancing, except under special conditions, is forbidden. The proctors, or university police, raid the public dance halls periodically, and the fine for being caught there is five pounds for the first offense, twenty, I think, for the second, and one is expelled for the third. A student must be in his lodgings or college by midnight, under pain of expulsion.

—Continued on Page 33

Notes About Contributors



Dorothy Marie Johnson '26, an English major student, is at her home in Whitefish this quarter.

Persis Matthews, '24, is doing her major work in botany.

Mrs. Winifred Muckler is a special student.

John Frohlicher '26, Fred Gilsdrof '26, Victoria A. Mosby '24, Violet Crain, '24, and D'Arcy Dahlberg, '25, are doing their major work in English.

Evelyn Murray, '26, is studying business administration.

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

S. H. Cox is a professor in the English department.

E. E. Ericson, '23, is a graduate student-instructor in the University of Maryland.

John Mason Brown, who was an instructor during the summer session of 1923, is studying European production of drama. He has recently left Athens and is now in Spain. During May he will be in Paris.

Wilda Linderman, '21, is living in Ralls-pell. She was a founder of this magazine in 1920.

Burt Teats, ex-'24, is a Rhodes scholar for Montana resident at Pembroke College, Oxford University, England.

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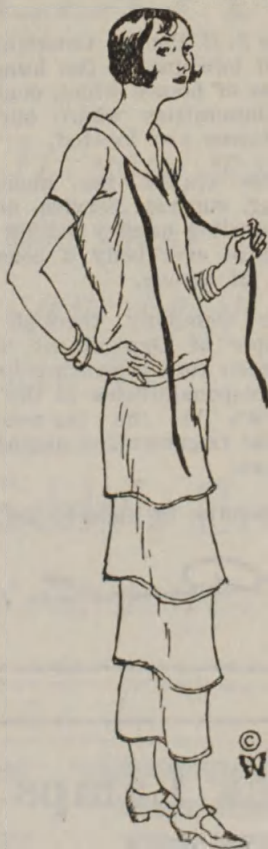
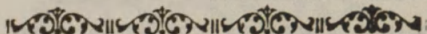
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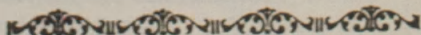
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Introducing Irony: Maxwell Bodenheim. (Boni and Liveright, 1922.) In the glorious company of rebels in all times have been numbered some whose iconoclasm has sprung less from an impersonal desire to crack the molds so that fluid truth might flow freely in accordance with its innate nature than from more personal reasons. Maxwell Bodenheim appears to be a camp-follower. In *Introducing Irony* he may or may not be aware that the source of his rebellious feelings is often clearly shown to be a painfully self-conscious recognition on the part of the author of his own spiritual indigestion. Spleen there is; is not this grounds for rebellion? Yes, but rebellion against individual disorder only. His book is interesting to those who welcome the new spirit in American poetry, chiefly because it shows the significant truth that there must always be disgruntled and self-conscious men, who, following the clear-eyed seers for fashion's sake, tend to bring discredit upon every sincere attempt at approaching the eternally simple truth.

H. S. W.

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page: Burton Hendrick. 2 vol. (Doubleday, Page and Co., 1922.)

Few people realize the difficulty of Page's position as ambassador to the Court of St. James in the years preceding the war when relations between the United States and Great Britain were strained by disputes over the Mexican and Panama toll questions, and during the difficult period of our neutrality when commercial disputes caused by the European war nearly estranged the two nations. It took courage and vision and resourcefulness on Page's part to keep the two ships of state from crashing into each other. It is fortunate that Mr. Hendrick has given us in *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* a fitting record of that service and of the man who rendered it.

But these volumes are much more than just that record. They contain vivid pictures of the English people and their government under the strain of war, and of America and its government particularly during the strain of the neutrality period. They present remarkable studies of the leaders of these governments: of Viscount Grey, of Balfour, Asquith and Lloyd George in England, of Woodrow Wilson, Colonel House, and Bryan in America.

The reader thrills in the lofty aims with which the Democratic administration begins its work only to suffer disappointment when

he sees the weakness of that administration in trying to carry out those aims in the face of the practical difficulties which arise. The strength and weaknesses of President Wilson both manifest themselves. Page and Wilson both possessed a firm faith in the efficacy of democracy and in the mission of the democratic United States to assume the moral leadership in world affairs. It is disappointing to see the two, when confronted with an actual situation, disagree on the method to be followed in realizing their vision. Page, living in the intense atmosphere of war-torn England, believed the United States should at once join the Allies and afterwards unite with England in working for those ideals which the English-speaking peoples possess in common. He had no patience with the slow man in the White House so busy with domestic problems, so far removed from the theatre of war that he didn't seem to realize that his own loved democracy was at stake. But after the United States was forced into the war and the president in his great utterances assumed the moral leadership of the Allied cause Page's faith was again renewed and he died as Wilson was becoming the great hope of the world.

These volumes show the slovenliness which has characterized our foreign service in the past and the deficiencies in the domestic half of the service particularly in the years before we entered the Great War. In contrast to this they give new insight into the increasing importance of the diplomatic service in a nation's life, into the ideals that should actuate our diplomatic relations with other countries and the methods of the ideal diplomat.

All of these revelations, and more, come from the letters themselves and not through any interpretations or conclusions on the part of the author of the volumes. Mr. Hendrick has been careful not to intrude. He merely presents the facts necessary for the clear understanding of the letters and he seems to have done this in a fair and unprejudicial manner.

Mr. Page's letters are written in a brisk, simple, informal manner. He says exactly what he wants to say, and when presenting a certain view or argument, the clearness and force with which he makes his point are remarkable.

A word must be said about the first three chapters of the work, which are more completely Mr. Hendrick's own. These three chapters contain an account of Page's life up to the year of his appointment to London and they are veritable masterpieces of condensation, particularly the one on journalism, which takes Page through his apprentice work on various newspapers, his editorship of the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The World's Work*, and his work as a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page and Company. His editorial and literary ideals as well as his publishing methods are illustrated. One of the most inspira-

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tional chapters and one most representative of Page's character is the chapter entitled "The Forgotten Man" which gives an account of Page's other great work before his ambassadorship, the leading of a movement to improve the educational system of the backward south, especially in Page's native state, North Carolina.

Taking into account both the wonderful richness of content and the workmanship of Mr. Hendrick it is doubtful if a greater work of combined life and letters has been published this century.

O. W. H.

Kangaroo: D. H. Lawrence. (Seltzer, 1923.) A beautifully written account of the struggles of a contemporary Job. *Kangaroo* is a plea for the expression of our souls and a cry against the mechanical, ant-like lives of the masses. "Like unsexed people the mass of mankind is soulless. Because to persist in resistance of the sensitive influx of the living unutterable, gradually withers the soul makes it die and leaves a human idealist and an automaton We must admit the dark unutterable God. This time not a God scribbling on tablets of stone or bronze No sermons on mounts, either. The god who is many gods to many men—the source of passion and strange motives."

Somers, an English writer, finds that he cannot go to war. As he doggedly struggles through insult and humiliation, he becomes poisoned with hatred and disgust for all mankind. Like Orestes, he is driven over the earth by the furies within him—the furies of self-expression replacing those of struggling conscience. We find him in Australia, where he meets Kangaroo, a labor leader who symbolizes Hope and Faith in Love. Somers is attracted but the furies drive him on until he meets Struthers, a cold, calculating leader who gives him no rest. His neighbor, an indifferent skeptic, gives him comfort, and yet he cannot quench the longing that pervades his soul. Isolation alone is left to quell the furies. Yet isolation in Australia is impossible. The torpid, languid Australian spirit that grasps and sucks the vitality from its victims was gaining power over Somers. Again he was repelled and driven on—this time to America.

—G. C.

Through the Wheat: Thomas Boyd. (Scribner's Sons, 1923.) Another war book. Little more than vivid evidence against a madness once thought to be righteous. One perhaps should not expect more from a soldier in the trenches. I do not recall one bit of interesting or shrewd analysis of the war period. Boyd has not the literary strength to reveal in his writing any personality or point of view. His one literary pretension seems to be an insistent and ingenious desire to give description to elaborate the simplicity of nature.

C. T.

Anna Christie: Eugene O'Neill. (Boni and Liveright 1922.) Surely there is a harsh mockery in our national letters. Eugene O'Neill has written the greatest of American dramas and still an insistent irony demands an abashed arraignment of his skill.

O'Neill's genius is undeniable but baffling. Undeniable because his mind is shrewd and interpretative and his dramatic writing powerful. Baffling because of a fear that his art may be based on a knowledge less genuine than cunning. It is a fear that he takes too much credit for the success of his insight. A "wise wisdom of the world" seems to be rampant in his genius, enervating his art.

The theme of *Anna Christie* is, bluntly, the capacity of a prostitute's appreciation of life. And O'Neill has made it America's great contribution to delight in life. The scarlet woman is not a broken, wasted thing. Out in the sea and mist, freed from man's incidental contamination, she knows herself to be "clean," as clean as you and I, as good as my mother, as much an agent in love and beauty as your sister. The dramatist has made an impassioned, glorious case, a clear indictment of social pettiness. Plainly O'Neill knows how to appraise men and women; his human gauge is unassailable.

Still that baffling fear remains as a regret and limits unqualified praise. O'Neill *knows* men and events. He interprets with accuracy. "You are not to blame," Anna says, "we are all nuts—and we just get mixed up in things." But the superior artist must not merely *know* men and events; he must be above them. The fulfillment of this demand is not very apparent in O'Neill. *Anna Christie* does not complete the tragic fact. Art is more than honesty and insight; its power lies somewhat, in the artist's sense of the grandeur and freedom and the relativity of things. O'Neill fails in a wise emphasis of these qualities. His talent does not create above the social theme. In his drama life is still the pernicious thing. And his achievement is in a clear, open-eyed, sensuous appreciation of just that. He *knows* the pernicious thing, and presents it well. That is *Anna Christie*.

C. T.

Youth and Egotry: Pio Baroja. (Knopf, New York, 1920.) This biography is the frank confession of Pio Baroja, anarchist and arch-European. In it the "Bad Man of Ityea"—not an extremely bad man, surely, but one just mildly wicked enough to be interesting—presents his ideas and ideals. The author is not a theorist, for, despite an assertive disposition, his philosophy is negative. He views life from the social aspect. To him man is inherently evil, incapable of a progressive evolution. He looks with dislike upon the past with hatred upon the present, and with distrust upon the future. Like a thorough-going anarchist he would destroy but not rebuild. His innate tendencies are

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not creative. Impatient, disillusioned, cynical, he desires change because it is his nature to change. Whatever is opposed to change he hates. For this reason, he regards music as a sedative that lulls to sleep the intelligence. "The music lover may argue, but his conceptions are entirely circumscribed by music, and have no relation either to philosophy or politics as such." Painting he looks upon with aversion, as "an art of miserable general ideas."

The book was evidently written without more than a very general plan, for the construction is fragmentary. This anarchistic quality of workmanship is also characteristic of the author's novel, *Weeds*. A despoiser of flowing rhetoric and fine poses, he apparently sets down his ideas as they occur. Too ruggedly sincere and honest to be artificial, and too fundamentally materialistic for artistry, he writes with an aggressive journalistic style. His vigorous personality protrudes from the pages. Occasionally he shows a trace of the vindictive Spaniard.

J. L.

The Secret Life: Harley Granville Barker. (Chatto and Windus 1923.) This three-act play may never be conspicuously successful in the theatre. It would make severe demands on actors and on audience. For all its values depend upon almost imperceptible nuances, upon suggestions that just avoid being vague.

At least five of the characters in the play are maximally self-conscious. All are people with nicely modulated manners who understand each other chiefly by heeding subtle implications, innuendos, and momentary slight betrayals of repressed emotion.

And the interest of the play is, for all the casual presence of two or three elements of plot that might have been worked for cuticle thrills, altogether in the question whether having intense devotion to an unattainable ideal—of love, or truth, or justice—necessarily makes for impotence; whether it is possible without merely aggravating the absurdity of life to commit oneself in action; whether, after all, one may without entire futility endeavor to realize his unattainable ideals.

Mr. Barker is artist enough to keep such an interest fused with living personalities, gradually felt by the reader as persons in spite of their being clouded by the disillusionment of realistic middle age, and rendered somewhat pale by refinement.

As all that I have said implies, *The Secret Life* has several resemblances to the novels of Henry James. And the brief but illuminating directions to actors emphasize the impression that this book stands at the point where novel and drama almost converge. It is a readable drama, courageous in spirit, wise, exquisite and genuinely playful. Perhaps it could be acted well enough to make it delightful on the stage.

S. H. C.

There is practically no way of becoming acquainted with girls or women; there are no mixed parties, none of the "firesides," "open houses," and week-end dances so well known on American campuses.

The Oxford co-ed, or "undergraduette," as she is called, is a very sad and impossible replica of her American sister. The rules of W. S. G. A. are mere child's play to the iron-bound fetters with which the poor undergraduette limps along. She is chaperoned to death. She cannot be friendly with an undergraduate without first introducing him to half a dozen stern old matrons who are more her guards than her guardians. The result is that the girl at Oxford degenerates into a mere grind, with none of the social graces, none of that freedom of companionship with the opposite sex which so distinguish the American co-ed. The girls here certainly do not have their share of the good things that Oxford has to give.

Oxford, taken as a whole, is the natural expression of England. Its great advantage over our institutions is that it is a very vital and directly influential factor in English national life. So powerful is it that it has representatives in Parliament; and once when the decision of the great debating society, the Union, was strongly opposed to the government, the prime minister felt it necessary to pay a visit in person and explain himself. I wonder when the American universities will be able to make their opinions felt at Washington, and will be no longer looked upon as mere schools full of boys and girls?

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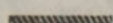
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