

5, no. 3
May 1925

archiv
LIBRARY
University of Montana

The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



CONTENTS

1. *The Mountains: Poem.*
2. *Going Straight: A Story.*
3. *Garlic and Such: Essay.*
4. *My Life Lies Grand Among the Hills.*
5. *Stories. Sluice Box. Book Reviews.*

STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

MAY, 1925

Twenty-five Cents a Copy

Sixty Cents a Year

VOL. V

NO. 3

TOURISTS—Visit our tea
rooms. Home cooked meals
at Reasonable Prices.
Modern Furnished Bed-
rooms.

SPECIAL RATES TO TEACHERS

Attending Summer School
at University from June 20
to August 20.

EXCLUSIVENESS AND QUALITY ENJOYED AT

The Chimney Corner

TEA ROOMS

441 DALY AVE.

Near University

BANQUETS - LUNCHEONS
Satisfactorily Planned

Tea Room Service Every Day
from 7:30 a. m. to 12 p. m.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

The Western Montana National Bank

OF MISSOULA, MONTANA

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, APRIL 6, 1925

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$2,040,918.61
U. S. Bonds Deposited with U. S. Treasurer for Circulation	100,000.00
Real Estate	13,695.47
Furniture and Fixtures....	12,554.35
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	7,500.00
Bonds, State, County and City Warrants	427,479.93
Liberty Bonds	\$264,600.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00
Cash in Vaults and Due from Banks	881,687.93
	1,151,287.93
	<hr/>
	\$3,753,436.29

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	81,547.19
Circulation	99,200.00
Deposits	3,222,689.10

\$3,753,436.29

OFFICERS

F. T. Sterling, President; J. H. T. Ryman, Vice President; Newell Gough,
Cashier; Will H. Clark, Asst. Cashier; J. W. Sterling, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

F. T. Sterling, J. H. T. Ryman, L. O. Evans, G. A. Wolf, C. F. Kelley, W. L.
Murphy, Newell Gough.



FASHION'S SMARTEST FROCKS ARE PRINTED

FOR beauty and distinction, the ones shown here are exceptional. Such feminine grace of line! Such a tempting array of designs and colors! In chiffons and crepes, for summer days and summer dances. At \$15, perfect dears! Others up to \$37.50.

MISSOULA MERCANTILE CO.



Photo by U. S. Forest Service

A Literary Magazine

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."
—THOREAU.

(Copyright, May, 1925, by H. G. Merriam)

Published three times a year.....Subscription yearly, Sixty Cents

VOL. V. NO. 3.

MAY, 1925

BOARD OF EDITORS

The Class in Creative Writing

Lurena Black	'25	Washington J. McCormick.....	Graduate
Joseph Dunham	'25	Winifred Muckler	'26
Addison Howard	'27	Dorothy Mueller	Graduate
Fern M. Johnson	'25	Martha M. Rhodes	Special
John A. Linn	'25	E. Evan Reynolds	'26

H. G. Merriam.....Instructor

Editor in charge of this issue.....Lurena Black

Business Manager.....Eugene C. Myers, '27

Circulation Managers.....	{ Joran Birkeland, '26 Aaron Shull, '27
---------------------------	--

Through a Homesteader's Window

Five years I watched that slope
Through blizzard, rain and drouth;
And sometime I did hope
To look beyond it—south.
Until the linemen came
And dug three holes out there;
(The hill is not the same—
It used to be so bare)
They planted cross-barred poles,
Which have become, for me,
That ease for weary souls—
A Calvary.

JOHN FROHLICHER.

My Life Lies Grand Among the Hills

I'm sitting on the hill and all around
The grey of twilight whitens on the grass
Till fields become a silent moonlight sea
Holding the little brooding aspen woods
Like islands. Close below me rounded slopes
Dip into shadowed hollows; far away
The great hills, heavy wooded, lie in dreams,
And blue-lit mountains with moon-softened snows
Lift peaks immense and calm above their shoulders.
Beyond them is the sky's deep emptiness
Spreading behind the stars, where there is room,
Inviting idle thoughts to earnestness,
To swell and reach toward nobility.

And I have eager thoughts, and eager hopes,
And strange, strong longings, and I cast them all
Into the sky to center round the moon
And take grand shapes about the rough horizon
While all I do is sit and look, and look
And see the hidden stuff out of my life
And out of books and from my neighbors' lives
Take form and meaning, depth, and grandeur there,
Among the mountain valleys and the stars
About the moon. And there my meanest deeds,
Ugliest hints of thought and dullest moods
I see detached from me, placed in their place
Like worm scars in a tree. And I feel sad
With pity, but not shame. And my fine deeds,
Pure motives, and true thoughts; they are there, too,
But no more mine alone, but all the world's,
Resting so widely there upon the hills
Beyond virtue confines and all merit.
For I'm alone with hills and fields and trees,
And I can feel reality all bare
Against me. And I know as I am free
From sins, now, I am free from virtue, too.
Those mountains are, trees are, and so am I.

And now when I rise up to leave the hill
The shadows have grown deeper on the grass,
The quiet has grown stiller, and I move
Down to a sleeping world under the moon.
I pass the tranced swamps where the blades of grass
Are slender, tall, and sharp-edged in the light.
I pass the pond curved in the thick-brushed hills.
I pass the wood where through the aspen leaves
Night bends, white-armed, to touch the dark-hued rose.
And I pass through the gate into the house;
But my life still lies grand among the hills
And by the swamp, close to the violets
Over my neighbor's roof, and far away
Wherever sky is over people's heads.

ELSIE M. McDOWALL.

To Nina

Dear,
It is hard to let you go,
Hard for us who loved you so.

Nina, dear friend,
You've gone, like the years,
Leaving us with memories,
And tears—
Memories of kindly ways,
Of love,
And smiles on rainy days.
We who knew you best
Are sad
At your long rest.

Oh, it is hard to let you go—
Loving you so.

LURENA A. BLACK.

The Ego and His Own

(A trivial anecdote, quite without a moral)

OC TAVIUS McSHELDON was not a dilettante; he was a philosopher. This he himself admitted. Life held no gaudy illusions for him, yet he yearned for greater strength—more intoxicating beauty. In short, he had read Nietzsche and Max Stirner.

He seated himself languidly on a bench on the upper deck of the ferry-boat, stretched his supple limbs and yawned. Then gazing pityingly at the hoi polloi about him, he shuddered and lost himself in meditation.

Pitiable representatives, indeed, of the race whose destiny it is to sire the superman! Narrow, anxious faces engrossed in the business of making a living. Mechanical, calculating faces, busy with the sordid details of buying and selling. Hard, expressionless mouths, wrapped tightly around stinking cigars. Heavy brows, knitted in diabolical complacency over visions of unending stretches of precisely laid out streets and uniform rows of built-to-sell bungalows—nest for the hatching and brooding of more futile specimens of a beauty-hating herd. Aimless, stupid faces, in blank wonder—

At this point in McSheldon's meditations, the boat, out of her course in the fog and rough water, struck a rock, which tore a jagged hole in her bottom. The water rushed in to her boilers, which promptly exploded with great commotion, and she began to sink rapidly. The crowd stampeded to the life-preserver racks, fighting and trampling one another. At the edge of the mad swarm McSheldon noticed a young woman, slender, dark-eyed and beautiful, standing helplessly by while a snarling mass of shoe clerks and insurance salesmen fought for the coveted cork belts.

Clutched tightly under her arm was a magazine. McSheldon read the title, "Hollywood Favorites."

Giddy, and trembling at the folly he had almost contemplated, he turned away and staggered to the stern of the listing craft. There he came upon an old man of sweet and religious visage, whose hands shook as he sought to gird his senile loins with a life belt that he had dragged from beneath a seat.

With a deft and gentle movement of hand and foot, McSheldon sent the aged one sprawling and sputtering, and nonchalantly fastened the belt about his own waist. He climbed the rail, and poising there, glanced back at the grotesque spectacle of intensified natural selection.

"The future belongs to the fit," he mused. Then he dived gracefully to the swashing waves below, and with that sense of righteous exultation one always feels when one is demonstrating the soundness of one's philosophy, swam blindly and ecstatically into the jaws of a man-eating shark.

LLOYD S. THOMPSON.

The Stop-Over

IT WAS now twilight. Water slowly and monotonously dripping from the buildings hinted that winter was on the wane in the small Canadian village of Monteau. I sat behind a counter in an apothecary shop where I was serving an apprenticeship. My attention was drawn from my newspaper by the sound of sleigh bells. A cutter passed swiftly in which a man's head was barely visible above the fur robes in which he was buried. I resumed my reading. The door of the store was suddenly flung open and a woman entered—with face drawn as if in extreme pain. She stepped forward, staggered, and fell to the floor, crying, "My God! My God! My hands I have frozen them—they are frozen—help me!"

I gathered up her huddled form, carried it to the rear of the store, placed it in a chair and secured some snow. Her hands were rigid as marble and only with great difficulty did I succeed in removing their gloves. She wept unceasingly. I placed her finger tips in the basin of snow and began massaging her hands—not knowing exactly what to do in such a case. As her moaning increased in intensity, I grew fearful, realizing my inability to handle the situation so suddenly forced upon me. I rang a bell to summon the pharmacist, whose quarters were above the store. Somehow this action seemed to produce an influence over her and she became more rational and collected at once. I resumed massaging her slender hands and to my delight they were less unyielding.

"Yes, all the way from Calais—my dear little child has just died there, we buried him this morning—it was so cold," she answered amid a series of sobs.

I felt a twitching in a few fingers and became more spirited. The noise of the pharmacist descending the stairs encouraged me. I looked at her face. Poor woman! Surely at one time it had been beautiful; now it was drawn, worried, dissipated, its paleness accentuated by the intense black of her hair and delicately arched brows. Her large eyes shifted nervously and they seemed to possess an anxiety and fear in regard to the future. I cursed myself for not being able to help her more. Not only her present painful condition but her inward sorrow due to the death caused me to pity her as if she were a close friend.

She jerked as the pharmacist opened the door and again began crying as if her torture had suddenly returned with doubly painful intensity. At once he realized the seriousness of her condition and suggested that morphine would perhaps be necessary to relieve her.

"Have I ever taken it? Yes, once before—a physician in Montreal gave it. Perhaps now you are right. No, no, I do not object, do as you think best, anything for relief. My God! I can hardly stand the pain. Why, oh why did I travel today? Yet, Pierre, yes he told me himself that it was warm." As she finished speaking, I saw her look, as if instinctively, toward

the small cabinet in which the narcotics were contained. Incidentally, I remembered that when I had left her in the chair and returned with the snow she had been looking there with the same degree of anxiety.

Belanger, my employer, gave me a few directions to prepare a solution in which to sterilize a syringe, while he bared her arm. Her eyes glowered as those of a beast in the dark as she watched him dissolve the two tiny tablets. He buried the needle deep in her flesh and gradually forced the drug beneath that delicate skin. Some traders and trappers had entered the store, so I left the pharmacist and his patient alone. I waited on the men and they left. I heard my employer say, "So you have traveled all the distance from Biraque, today? Surely it is a long voyage."

"Yes, monsieur. How you have helped me. I shall have Pierre halt the horses here for the night, and I shall engage a room at the hotel. Should I become worse during the night I shall call for you—and if necesasry summon a physician. You have been very kind to me." Her spirit had become noticeably animated.

"My dear madame, we have no local physician in our humble village, but if your pain should become the least intolerable, do not hesitate to call me. I am at your service. May I help you across the street to the hotel?"

He called to me. I was told to put away the syringe and other incidental articles. The woman arose, pulled her veil about her face and drew her black cloak tightly about her waist and shoulders. Leaning on my employer's arm for support she left the store. I went about my work. I picked up a tiny white card from the floor; on it was engraved—Made-moiselle Nicha Monet—Designer. To my surprise I found six small tubes scattered promiscuously on the prescription case—all uncorked and emptied. Beyond this I saw three shiny gold coins. Surely, the proprietor, had he—yet business at that time of the year was slack. Annoyed, I went to the front of the store.

In a few moments Belanger returned and said quizzically, "Surely, Naude', could a person freeze his hands on such a day as this? It has been rather an early spring day."

Upon reflection, I considered the probabilities absurd. We stood in the front of the store, looking thru the glass-panelled doors out on the street. A cutter drew up in front of the hotel opposite us. A woman with her cloak gathered tightly about her body hastily emerged from the building and jumped alongside the driver. At once the horses started. Belanger and I watched the cutter disappear in the distance. The sound of sleigh bells grew fainter. I regarded my employer. Beneath his moustache he was smiling.

JAY McCARTHY.

Choosing

If I were to be anything but I,
When wild geese parade across the sky,
I would choose to be a little wind.

Not North Wind, who whistles up his grey
Hounds of storm, and sets them at the throat
Of a hapless world; and not East Wind,
Calling up the dawn, and folding back
Starry doors of dark; I would not be
That sad wind of the West, nor yet the South,
Blowing in the spring and in the fall
With the taste of pomegranates in her mouth.

All those mighty winds must stop to pray
At the hour of dawn, and when the robin
Carols to its grave the dying day.

Elfin winds find prayer
In a baby's hair,
Or a mother's smile,
Or in mile on mile
Of slow-moving sea, or flakes of snow.

Could I be an elfin wind, I'd blow
From the marshes where the lilies grow,
Bringing endless spring
Into stagnant hearts, and I would brush
Soft as night-moth's wing
Over sorrow-laden, aching brows;
On the trembling lips of pain I'd crush
Dewy grapes of hope;
With the fragrance from the apple boughs
In pale blossoming
I would gently bring
Dear remembering
Of old faith, old forgotten vows.

If I were to be anything but I,
When mad loon hails loon across the sky,
I would choose to be a little wind.

The Mountains

There is snow, now—
A thing of silent creeping—
And day is strange half-night . . .
And the mountains have gone, softly murmuring something . . .
And I remember pale days,
Pale as the half-night . . . and as strange and sad.

I remember times in this room
When but to glance thru an opened window
Was to be filled with an ageless crying wonder:
The grand slope of the meadows,
The green rising of the hills,
And then far-away slumbering mountains—
Dark, fearful, old—
Older than old, rusted, crumbling rock,
Those mountains . . .
But sometimes came a strange thing
And theirs was the youth of a cloudlet flying,
Sunwise flashing . . .

And such is the wisdom of mountains!
Knowing it nothing to be old,
And nothing to be young!

There is snow, now—
A silent creeping . . .

And I have walked into the mountains,
Into canyons that gave back my laughter,
And the lover-girl's laughter . . .
And at dark,
When our skin twinged to the night-wind,
Built us a great marvelous fire
And sat in quiet,
Carefully sipping at scorching coffee . . .

But when a coyote gave to the night
A wail of all the bleeding sorrow,
All the dismal, grey-eyed pain
That those slumbering mountains had ever known—
Crept close to each other
And close to the fire—
Listening—
Then hastily doused the fire
And fled (giving many excuses)
With tightly-clasping hands.

Snow, snow, snow—
A thing of silent creeping . . .

And once,
On a night of screaming chill,
I went to climb a mountain's cold, cold body
With a boy whose eyes had the ancient look of the mountains,
And whose heart the swinging dance of a laughter-child . . .
Our thighs ached
And lungs were fired with frost and heaving breath—
The long, long slope—
A wind mad and raging . . .
Then— the top!

There should have been . . . something . . .
But there was silence, only—
Quiet after the wind's frenzy,
Quiet after all frenzy—
And more mountains,
Endlessly into the night . . .

And such is the wisdom of mountains!
Knowing how great is silence,
How nothing is greater than silence!

And so they are gone, now,
And they murmured something as they went—
Something in the strange half-night . . .

D'ARCY DAHLBERG.

Garlic and Such

LAST SUMMER I met a man who astounded me with the information that he had spent the preceding three years in France and had not learned to talk French. Hoping that he might redeem himself, I asked if he liked the garlic over there. He dodged the question—but went on to state that his travels had taken him east of the Suez. The opening was obvious. I said, "Which pleased you more: the palm trees and the tinkly temple bells, or those spicy garlic smells?" He confessed that there was little or no garlic served these days in eastern caravansaries, and what little he tasted he didn't like. My duty was plain. "Tom," I said, "why don't you spend the rest of your life on a ranch in Wyoming? Travel is thrown away on you. To come from Europe with no French on your tongue and no garlic on your breath, stamps you the invincible hinterlander."

The above announces my standard of judgment. No one can bowl me over any more with a mere catalogue of the art galleries of Paris and Florence, the castles on the Rhine, the vanishing gondoliers of Venice, the Roman forum, the bay of Naples, the roulette tables of Monte Carlo. I've heard tales and thumbed over photogravures of these many a time; and besides, my relator may have been merely a Cook tourist going the rounds in record time, like a patrolman. But if he lets fall something like this, "The snails were fat in Nice this year, and in Genoa I used to run up an alley three times a week and eat about two pounds of spaghetti swimming in that native garlic sauce;"—I jump to my feet, stick out my hand and exclaim, "Man, I wish I had your money and your company, too." For I am talking to a rare spirit, one to whom old Gotrox did not bequeath that Calumet and Hecla stock in vain. I stand humbly and enviously in his presence. I listen with a mind wholly objective.

The garlic plant is the blueblood of nature's flora. "Not so," say you, "It's a mere outlaw, more dynamic than the onion, and not found in select society." "An outlaw!" I counter. "Listen to this from the Standard Dictionary: Garlic, a hardy bulbous perennial (*Allium sativum*) of the lily family, of the same genus as the onion and the leek." There you have it—of the non-toiling, non-spinning lily family, no less. An aristocratic, a royal plant. But to compare the garlic to the onion or leek, though of the same household, is to ignore the process of refinement, the right of primogeniture. What coke is to lignite, what radium is to brass tacks, is garlic to the onion or the leek.

I am forced to admit, of course, the unneighborly effect of garlic after deglutition. Giuseppi was aware of it, too—Giuseppi Tolino, the Sicilian grocer on upper Amsterdam avenue, to whose place I betook myself occasionally during my law school days in quest of pomegranates, hot chestnuts, antipasto and other delicacies of the Italian genre. Tolino inclined heavily to garlic, as I early discovered; but as he had an odd view of international relations I could stand his gestures and ejaculations at about one fishpole remove. This was when he had a little garlic, and I wish here emphatically to refute the dictum of that

ham-and-egger that there is no such thing as a little garlic! One week when Tolino had stayed away from the store entirely his wife said to me, "This is garlic-soup week for my man." As I marveled at this distinction without an appreciable difference Signora Tolino explained that while her spouse usually flavored his daily food with a *little* garlic, occasionally the impulse came over him to indulge in garlic soup, treating the "*allium sativum*" not as a flavor but as a vegetable, boiling the heaps of cloves just a little so as not to deprive them of their native pungency. However, as I like garlic—from the inside, not from the outside, my masters—this gave me a mighty idea; so I am determined some day, when I feel that society can wag along without my superintendence, to follow Tolino to the end of the rainbow and steep myself in garlic soup.

Truffles I have had a weakness for since that moment when I licked a youthful finger after my first can of "*Pate du Foie Gras*." But since that time my indulgence in truffles has been so fleeting and limited as to afford me none of that sustained, lip-smacking mastication so characteristic, judging from the experts I have met, of the search-and-seizure element in taste.

Now I had always thought that truffles in the rough were puny affairs, no bigger than marbles or hazel nuts, until I saw that interesting screen production, "A Woman of Paris." To my ultimate hour I shall recall the restaurant scene where the heroine is supped by her rich gentleman friend on champagne frappe and truffles—truffles, O Brillat Savarin!—as large as plums and served from boiling wine in a chafing dish! Operator, repeat that scene! Wake, Lucullus, from your long dream of larks' tongues and live to lunch with me!

For some day, when my overdue ship comes in, I shall charter a residence in Paris on the Rue de la Paix. Alone and in a bathrobe I shall be sitting at lunch humming the "baccanale" from a libretto of "Samson et Dalilah" at my left elbow, glancing occasionally at a copy of "La Vie Parisienne" at my right. In the center will be a score of snail shells, well burglarized, and a tureen of garlic soup *a la Tolino*, for I am lunching eclectically, not in sequent courses. I balance my nineteenth truffle on a fork, smelling its winery odor and admiring its plump tuberosity, when I hear a loud clamor at my door. My manservant, Jacques, glides in with an announcement from the concierge that the Prince of Wales, hotly pursued by the midinettes of Paris, is at the gate imploring my hospitality for an hour, or until he can shake off the crowd.

"And what shall I say, m'sieur?" asks Jacques effustively, reveling in the honor that has befallen my house.

I glance appraisingly at my plate and at the half empty bottle of "Chateau d'Arche, 1906." There are only five truffles left.

"Jacques," I respond languidly, "are there more of these in the kitchen?"

"Oh, plenty, m'sieur."

"And the snails—and the soup *a la Tolino*?" I inquire.

"Enough for a prince and fit for a king!" says Jacques.

"Well, then," I reply in whatever the French is, "tell him I ain't in."

W. J. McCORMICK.

Going Straight

A POLICEMAN carried the limp form to the curb and laid it down on the wet sidewalk. "My God! He's smiling!" the policeman ejaculated, though he affected indifference. But the awe in his eyes discounted what effect the faint grin on the round face had.

Not many minutes before I had been standing under the eaves of a subway entrance trying to avoid what drops I could of the drizzling rain. I had arrived a few minutes after ten, but as I thought Mary might also have been detained I waited.

I had no intention of eavesdropping, but before I realized it I found myself intently listening to a conversation.

"You better go straight, Hip. They'll get you sometime if you don't." It was a feminine voice, full throated and strangely hard with a crisp tone which I did not like.

"Yeah, it's easy for you to give me talk like that—you're going to have such a tough time of it, you know. Pretty soft for you, old girl."

I cautiously turned about, but they seemed oblivious of my presence. The last speaker, a youth of slight build with up-turned collar and a cap which hid all of his head and most of his face, was hungrily lighting a cigarette. The cheapness of the girl's apparel was emphasized by its gaudiness. Her face was attractive in a lip-stick, pencil, powder-puff sort of way. They, too, were utilizing what shelter the shed-like entrance afforded.

"Better beat it, Hip. Clifton oughtta be here now. He'd probably call it all off if he sees you hanging around. No use gettin' sore, Hip. We hashed that all out. You'd do the same thing."

"Who's gettin' sore? You damn women get everything an' wonder why in hell we don't feel good about it."

"Shut up! I'm through arguing with you, Hip. See you in heaven."

"Yeah—at the corner of Platinum and Gold street," he sardonically snapped as he started to shuffle off down the street, hands jammed into coat pockets, all parts of his frail body huddled together to keep the silent rain from creeping between coat collar and cap.

The girl seemed unaware of his departure and energetically began dabbing at her face with a powder-puff while she half crouched, and squinted into the slit of looking glass of a penny chewing-gum cafeteria.

A purring, chubby tired automobile, its window glasses and nickle adornments glittering, rolled to a standstill at the curb. A neatly dressed man, perhaps forty years old, stepped out of the tonneau and whisked the ejaculating and almost dancing girl into the midst of the upholstered luxury. A word to the chauffeur and the car shot around the corner, then slowed to a leisurely glide as it progressed down the street.

"Sixty-six-six sixty-six-six—an easy number for speed-bulls," I murmured to myself as the numbers on the license plate caught my eye.

Concluding Mary must have arrived on time I started along the street in the same direction the youth had gone. The rain had resolved into a mist; so I ambled.

I had gone only a block or two when the slouching figure again caught my attention. The coat collar was turned down and the cap pulled on in an almost conventional manner. His face was rather handsome except for marks from irregular living. His eye caught me observing his sullen and dejected expression and the scowl he shot at me was almost menacing. He stood before a dirty looking restaurant; he was apparently undecided which way to turn.

He started in the direction from which I had been walking, then suddenly wheeled about and struck off briskly a few feet ahead of me.

I followed him, keeping an unsuspecting distance between us, varying my pace and halting occasionally when he did abruptly as if he were not yet exactly sure which way he wished to go.

It was interesting diversion along my uninteresting way home to watch his actions. He lit a cigarette and tossed it away after one or two puffs. A peculiar combination of indecision and determination manifested itself in his halts and advances. Once on a side street he stopped and uttered coarse oaths, shrugged his shoulders, and continued his walking.

He had led me somewhat out of my way and my thoughts were for soon leaving off my sport.

The well lighted avenue we were then on swarmed with motor cars and dispersing theater crowds. I was only a few feet behind him when he stopped on the curb of a crowded corner. Within inches of him a dizzy sea of cars whirled past.

Suddenly pulling his cap down over his eyes he started as if to fight his way across the street. Plainly it was idiocy or deliberate suicide. The fight was short, if it could be called a fight. A taxi miraculously missed him, but a second later a huge grey car knocked him under the wheels of a swift moving mass of glittering glass and nickel.

The huge body of the car heaved only slightly but the chauffeur instantly realized the cause of the slight jar. Seeing a narrow lane opened before him he shot his car forward with all the power of acceleration it could command. But before it vanished I noticed six sixes on the license plate.

The cop said, "My God! He's smiling." Well, maybe he was. The crowd was too thick—I couldn't see.

JOSEPH DUNHAM.

Jumbo at Daybreak

Like a huge, fat giant
Sprawling asleep
The mountain lies.
About him, the mists,
Rising and falling,
Like the cloudy out-pourings
Of a mighty pair of lungs.
Darkness hovers over him
Like a coverlet—
Now, the first, faint stirrings
Of the dawn
Come over him;
Broad hands of light
Lift the coverlet,
Baring the expanse of side and flank
Between the swell of chest and shoulder
And the mighty bulge of hip;
He seems to stir,
And then lie back,
Basking,
In the early morning sunlight.

AUBREY HOUSTON.

Love's Sport

Unbidden, like moonlit fragrance,
Love stole timidly thru the empty corridors of my heart.
Its rose-fingered touch swept out
The aching blue of loneliness.

I surprised it there.
Amazed, delighted, gladdened, I welcomed it.

Whimsically, fantastically, it scattered flower petals
In the shadows
And then retreated, leaving them to wither.

MYRTLE CLIFFORD.

Religio Laici

A VIGOROUS scarecrow flapped a traveling bag and an umbrella in the middle of the Lincoln Highway. When hand bags and hat boxes had been pushed around to make room for him in the back seat of the Hudson, he began. "That's the longest time I ever stood in one spot without being picked up." His tone was generous. "I'm a livin' apostle of the Metropolitan Church Association on my way to see the Saints in Jersey City. I never had to wait so long for a ride," he scolded us for not picking him up sooner. "But now ye come along in answer to my prayer. I prayed all last night and this mornin' for ye and the Lord always pervides. Last month I prayed in New Castle, Indiana, for the Lord to send me five dollars and a month later I preached in the front yard of a man in Peoria who gave me the five." He squinted over his glasses at a row of weather-beaten Pennsylvania farm houses. "I carry motters in this case and sell 'em. I sold to every one of them houses."

The old fellow settled back comfortably in the cushion. He inspected the car and his traveling companions. "I suppose you're saved, ain't ye?" This was spoken casually and apparently to his whole audience. Louis drew the remark to himself. He admitted doubts. "Well, ye ought to know. I preach the second coming, divine healing, sanctification by faith, pre-destination of the spirit, fore-ordination of the elect, eternal damnation by sin, total depravity of the lost, and the transfiguration of the blest."

Squeezed between my suitcase and Lucy's hat box, Louis added evolution to the list.

"No, no, that's jist like believin' in ghosts. Ye haven't seen any ghosts today, have ye?"

The old man cackled; he had scored a point. In the silence that followed his question, his satisfaction, visibly, grew within him; it seemed to accumulate, starting down in the cracks of his shoes and climbing gradually until it filled the wrinkles of his sunburnt old face. He was gazing into the foot of space directly before his nose, and when the full smile which had been building below finally arrived he basked in his own effulgent glory. I asked him whether he believed in angels.

"Sure," he said, "I've seen 'em. I see 'em every day."

"Yes," Louis agreed, "the angels pick you up on the road, and the devils pass you by."

But the saint had had his triumph. He remained pleased, while Louis went to get water for the boiling Hudson. We had stopped somewhere before the continuous pop-stand lining the Lincoln Highway. When Louis had emptied a leaking bucket into the radiator, he offered to buy the old fellow a drink. The parson rattled off, as if from memory, "I don't drink tea, coffee, liquor, pop, milk, or postum." The fusillade stunned us. Before we could laugh, he added, "I don't drink, smoke, chew or swear. Every

time a man smokes a cigarette, he's got the consumin' fire of hell in his mouth. The word tobacco ain't exactly mentioned in the Bible, but words that stand for tobacco is."

On the road again, Lucy asked about Hell. "Oh, yes, there's a Hell. Old Mr. Russell in his 'Zion's Watch-Tower' used to say there wasn't no Hell. But ever since he stopped breathin' out there in Colorady he's believed in Hell. And old lady Eddy believes in Hell now. She's there." His eyes glinted; he rubbed his hands before the fire in which Mr. Russell and Mrs. Eddy scorched. Satisfaction surged up again. He expanded on the second coming. "Them Seventh Day Adventists are liars. They tell you just when it's going to happen; any man who does that is a liar. They can quote a lot of scripture, but so can the Devil. Our people know just where to catch 'em. We can tie 'em up in a knot." The figure pleased him. He rolled the sweet morsel under his tongue. "Yes, they can fool most people, but we can tie 'em up in a knot—tie 'em up in a knot."

He may have paused for emphasis. At least, conversation stopped for a few minutes, while the car slid along the smooth concrete road with only the hum of the engine and the faint hiss of the tire tread cutting the air. In the lull, the parson seemed to be re-charging for a new evangelical offensive. Jammed into the corner, his old knees bulging out under his dusty umbrella and traveling bag, he was quite obviously concentrating. Over the brass-rimmed spectacles which he had squeezed far down on his thin nose, his eyes were intent upon a corner of the insecure hat box at his feet. He had just begun to re-adjust his glasses and to work loose one elbow when the car swept out upon the ledge at Mountain View, Pennsylvania. Miles of sky, air, sunshine dashed up into our faces. Even the old man, for the moment, was caught from his thoughts about a heavenly paradise in the freshness of an earthly one. At Mountain View the valley swoops away from the mountain to rise against the sunny blue haze of the sky. Mild clover plots lie checkered between trim white fences, and carefully drilled potato rows run parallel furrows to the clover fields. In this valley, the late spring rains lend a melting quality to the reds and the greens of maples and larch, and the clover and alfalfa become a water-color green beside the pale yellow of wheat and rye. A stream dawdles about willow clumps and under dogwood brush to slip out sluggish and thick along smooth pasture land. The sky is a blue bowl which fits snugly over the orderly checker plots and the splotched brown and white Jerseys switching inadequate tails at the bottle flies in the soggy flooded grass. We caught a glimpse of this real loveliness before our passenger pointed to a farm house and remarked, "I preached in that front yard. The lady there thinks she's sanctified, but she isn't. I went in and I says to the old man, 'Are you saved?' and he says he was, but I could tell from the way he talked that he had the carnal mind. And the old woman said she was sanctified. But I told her she wasn't and said I could prove it to her. I said she didn't obey the Lord. 'You own three houses in this town. Jesus says, 'Give up all and follow me.' Will you

sell them houses and give the money to Christ?' 'Well, they're mortgaged,' she said. But I knew she could sell the mortgages, so that proved she wasn't sanctified."

The preacher's audience was helpless, fixed to its pews. Divine healing and the power of prayer came next. "Yes, we're working cures all the time. We can't grow arms and legs, but I used to lean over a bench as a watchmaker, and I had stomach trouble for eleven years. Then I got sanctified and was called to preach and as soon as I got on the road my stomach trouble got better. Ridin' in an automobile is good for it, too—helps to turn my food over and keep me from havin' the trouble. I pray all the time. I pray for my daughter out in Californy. My wife married another man, and they took my name away from my daughter and gave her the other man's name. They all have the carnal mind. I hardly ever pray for my wife; oh, once or twice a year maybe, when I feel like it. My daughter married a divorced man. She's hanging over hell by a thread."

Before we turned off the road which led to the saints and Jersey City, the jabbering old hypocrite confided to us that the saints owned acres of Iowa and Texas land which they traded off constantly to support their pedlar preachers. As he left us he fumbled around in his bag and picked out a little red pamphlet titled, "Damned, or the Story of Louisa," and handed it to me. It represented his parting solicitude for our welfare.

"Louisa manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life. When asked to join the church she would not turn from her gay companions and frivolous pleasures. Two or three months passed away. Louisa took a violent cold and it settled into a fever. She called for the preacher, to make a deathbed repentance. I went to her chamber. Her fever was raging, and its fires were fanned by mental suffering. The lineaments of despair were pictured deeply upon her flushed and fevered countenance. A few of her friends were standing by her bedside. As she tossed from side to side, she warned them in the most affecting terms to prepare for death while in health. She knew that she was lost and that God would not forgive her. All of her conversation was interspersed with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair.

"Late in the afternoon I called again. But her reason was gone, and in restless agony she was grappling with death. I can now see the disorder of the dying bed—the restless form—the swollen veins—the hectic burning cheek—the eyes rolling wildly around the room—and the weeping friends."

So ended the story of Louisa, but twenty cents prepaid to the "Saints in Jersey City" will bring the reader "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," "The Root of All Evil (a most horrible crime committed because of greed for money—insanity because of the terrible remorse—Hell)" "all attractively bound" and "very suitable for birthday gifts."

"Reader, be wise,

"Tis madness to defer."

Anna and Paul

ANNA was a small woman with a tendency to slenderness. Middle life had drawn attention to her peasant inheritance of thick ankles and broad, flat hips. But there was an aristocratic poise and balance to the set of her small, unwrinkled neck, and her shapely shoulders had not stooped under burdens of labor and disappointment.

She used to wear me out with her pathetic attempts to propagate a trite and limited philosophy in broken English that was a queer mixture of slang and scripture.

But one day I was thrilled to realize that here was an honest seeker after truth. The search had accumulated much that was not the truth, but Anna's attitude of treating every new idea as an enemy until it vanquished her and took her old ideas for spoils was in the nature of a truly scientific progress.

One morning she said to me, "I think today if I die when I was young I not know very much."

"Yes," I said, "It is a great thing to be able to live one's life out. One can always learn."

"Yah! Too bad not everybody know that. My husban' he think he know it all now."

Not quite sure about the truth of this opinion, I often tried to plant a bit of my doubt in Anna's subconsciousness, where it should combat early mistakes in her mental hygiene and an inferiority complex, originating, I am sure, in a confused and fallacious marital philosophy.

Anna would so have loved to think well of her husband. She brought him to see me. He was a fine, tall, dark-haired, flashing-eyed, clear-skinned, toothless fifty-year-old. I could not put away the conviction that he, too, had the inferiority complex. But what had turned into weeping self-pity, fear, emotional agony that inspired incessant nagging, and near-insanity in Anna's case, had made him a boastful, pompous, domineering, unpleasant person among his inferiors, and a dumb, shy, inefficient pseudo-vagrant among his superiors.

After one visit, Anna said, "He say you make him remember when Martha (that's our child) was a baby. And he say babies keep a woman young and it too bad we have only one."

If James Thomas could have seen the flush on her cheeks as she said things like this, and the light in her eyes that actually restored some lustre to her mouse-colored hair, I believe there would have been a second courtship. And the beauty of that would be the regeneration of James Thomas, also.

It was a long time before I found out just what Anna's husband's business was. He was in Idaho. He was in Montana. He had horses. He needed a pal. He sent her money once in awhile. He had bad luck. Maybe he froze his feet. He had indigestion because the cooking was bad. "So greasy," with a trill to the *r* and a hiss to the *s*. He missed his teeth but he had no time to

get new ones. He maybe could not get a contract. Maybe there would be work all winter. She hoped he would not come home. It cost so much to keep him. He brought so many men. They smoked and talked too much about fine jobs, fine horses, fine times.

One day I hazarded the statement that James Thomas was a lumber-jack. She replied that he had been raised to be a silversmith but that "machinery put him out."

"You think inventions come from evil spirits?" she asked me.

Another day when I said, "Did you ever hear of Paul Bunyan?" I was not surprised to be answered with a question, for it was almost impossible for Anna to give a direct answer.

"Huh?" she exclaimed. "What you know 'bout Paul Ponion?"

"Well," I replied, "I've read some stories about him. He's quite wonderful."

"Yah," she answered scornfully. "He fine man! Fine job! Like other men. He lazy. He eat and smoke and sleep. He loaf round. Then some day he get busy and do it all at once. And he never haff to work again for a long time. He finished!" Then with a sigh of self-pity, as she unwound the cord of the vacuum-cleaner, she added: "My work is never finished. That what man don't understand. Sometimes it almost make me lose my goat."

I heard her muttering to herself as she dusted and I tried again to get her to talk of Bunyan.

"Oh, yah," she said. "My husban' he tell my girl stories what they tell in the punk-house. One man he tell fine, make you see things." And she smiled a wide, ecstatic smile that made her face innocent and pathetic.

"That man," she said, "he haff great power if he use it. He fine man. His wife die in the East an' he feel so bad he can do no more work so he come to the camps an' he tell stories. He fine man if he want to be."

I held my breath, thinking a story was surely coming. But—

"You know the Kalevala?"

"Yes," I said eagerly, concealing my excitement.

"Those stories are wonderful! They are so strong in spirit. They fine to read when you are young. *They are true!*"

That was the end of the Bunyan hope. She was off on a relation of how they paid four hundred pounds to "put a cover" over the grave of Topelius. Unkindly, I interrupted with the question, "Do you think the Paul Bunyan stories are good for children?"

"Oh, they are not bad," she said. "We haff to get fun in life. Even heroes in the Kalevala make fun when they go on the way to do great things."

As I turned to go upstairs she looked out of the window at the clothes hanging without a flutter on the line, and remarked:

"The weather nice today. No wind. I guess Paul Ponion he turn over and breathe the other way. When the bear turn over in winter in my country spring comes."

The Meeting

AS THE gray light of dawn spread over the sky a skulking figure topped the brow of the hill. The rain fell in torrents; now and then a streak of lightning flashed through the sky followed by its rumbling of thunder. With every flash the groping figure stumbled and dropped to its knees. From time to time there was sound of water slapping against rocks. The wind bent the pines and cedars into fantastic ghost shapes.

The figure followed the ridge for a short distance and then, coming to an immense crotched cedar, climbed up and perched, vulture-like, peering down the mountain side, waiting.

When the full light of dawn had changed the pines from gray ghosts to grim sentinels and the black storm had subsided, the pelting rain having changed to a fine drizzle, he climbed down, going forward among the rocks. Finally, with his bent form huddled in a dark crevice he gazed with startled eyes at what was before him. Deep down at the base of black moss-covered crags was a still, black, sinister lake. Not a breath of air stirred. Not a sound but that of the incessant drizzle.

Gradually crowding out the picture before him came the memory of the dimly lit pool hall, blue with smoke. He could hear John Fleming shrieking at him, "Yuh damn Indian, take them cards out a yer sleeve." He could see John Fleming dead. The men who gathered to see the fight had picked him up and stretched him on a table. They always did that after a brawl. Then there was the sheriff; he had banged his way, cursing, to the table to take a look. Now they were scouring the hills for him. It was easy to fool sheriffs when one could walk in water. Above him a twig snapped. The sheriff? He momentarily stopped breathing; then after an interminable wait he recovered his assurance and crept out from his shelter; he began faltering to make his way down the steep sides to the lake. The rain ceased; he could make out a strip of gray beach, about twelve feet wide running for some distance along one shore. He was tired and thirsty. For almost thirty-six hours he had not slept or eaten. He was anxious to reach the sands, to feel good earth beneath him. He wanted to drink, to pour cool water on his aching face.

As he continued to lower himself a peculiar repugnant odor enveloped him. He tried to recollect what it was. It was the smell that comes after death. At this thought he missed his footing and but for his strong fingers, which grasped a plant, would have fallen on the rocks below him. That would have meant certain death, he reflected.

Finally he reached the beach. Half running and half crawling he went to the water's edge. As he was about to dip his hands in he saw through the black water the white skeleton of an animal. To his crazed mind came

the knowledge that this was "Black Lake," the death lake, in which, due to some queer twist of nature, no living thing could live. Far out on the lake he heard the mocking laugh of a loon.

It was late when Cain Andrews moved. The hot sun had traveled across the sky and burned the parched face of the semi-conscious man. His eyes opened to find a red ball on the edge of a purple castle. About him it cast deep shadows. Faces looked at him from the black rocks. Ugly faces with deep lines, they were. Across the lake the moss hung as old men's beards, gray and dead.

Nowhere was there life. The water lay still. Above him on the horizon black figures danced back and forth. He could hear the mournful wind as it hurried among the dancers. Slowly he crawled, snake-like, to the foot of the cliffs he had earlier come down. He struggled to his knees and vainly grasped for something by which he might pull himself up. With each effort his weakness grew upon him. At last, hope gone, he fell back, shrieking as he fell.

Once during the chillness of the night he heard coyotes calling to each other, and opening his eyes he made out on the horizon the form of one standing alone in the cold light of the moon, his head up. Suddenly Cain wanted to laugh.

The sun was high overhead before he again opened his eyes. It was the slapping of the water on the sand that called him back; he closed his eyes, but he could hear it creeping toward him. Soon it would cover him and he would be cool; his mouth and throat would cease to hurt and the black faces would mock him no more.

Again he opened his eyes, but the water was no nearer than before. And now all motion had ceased. It was fooling him, trying to make him think it had left. Unable to lift head or arms, he began to struggle back to the water. Half way he forgot, and ceased his journey. Later he remembered, and continued, his head pushing the sand before him.

Soon after the red sun had dropped from view, in that period of dusk when there is neither light nor darkness, Cain Andrews and the death water of Black Lake met.

LURENA BLACK.

"A Nocturne"

The night sky is a deep blue robe
 Inlaid with jewels of old ivory
 Trailed like a veil between Earth and Heaven.
 The wind whispers among the pine tops;
 The lake at the center is calm
 But near the shore ripples run a race to the beach.
 Out from the pine woods a deer
 Comes like a shadow—silent
 Save for the faint hoof-clink on stone,
 Echoing like tones of a fairy bell,
 Hiding—then lost—in the cliffs.
 The round moon illuminates the sky's blue robe.
 Along a ribbon of her light flung down to earth
 The deer draws near to the lake to drink.
 Tossing his head he looks about
 Not a sound—and then his mate
 Out of the darkness glides
 Silently to his side.
 Soft gurgling of water . . .
 Clear and calm the night.

DOROTHY AKIN.

Two Poems

I

I had a premonition of spring today,
 Today, when winter has not yet come.
 There were tingles in my finger tips
 And I could see the winter-rusted snow on river banks
 And I could see a promise-patch of brown upon the hills
 And there was delicious dripping of the eaves
 Today, when winter has not even come,
 I smelled the spring. . . .

II

Somehow I had not known that it was winter.
 Until today, I had not known how bare is snow that is much wind-
 caressed,
 I had not felt its nakedness
 I had gone hazy-eyed and I had laughed—
 But something of the barrenness of snow grown old
 Has cleared my eyes, and I have laughed again—but with a tightness
 in my throat
 I had not known that it was winter
 Until today. . . .

VIOLET E. CRAIN.

THE SLUICE BOX

I.

As I approached the street corner, the "moocher" flashed a predatory eye upon me. I stopped, hypnotized. He swooped gently to my side.

"Say Jack," he jerked his head and spoke thru the corner of his mouth. "Could you give a fellow a dime for a bit to eat?" He spoke quickly lest I should escape before he finished.

I racked my mind and pocket desperately. I had prepared for this possible occurrence for weeks, but here at the decisive moment I found myself mentally paralyzed.

"Just a moment," I said. "Let me think."

"I ain't et since yesterday morning," he added professionally.

"I know," I answered. "Just a second. Let me think."

My frantic fingers closed around a quarter. I had saved the quarter for weeks also.

"Just a dime, buddy," he begged. "You can spare a dime."

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently. "Let me think. I've got to do this thing right. What was it I was going to say?"

I was thinking furiously, futilely.

"Come on, brother. Just a dime. I'm as hungry as . . ."

Then I remembered.

"Isn't life an eating thing?" I asked epigrammatically. "Here's a quarter."

II.

Thin skies press against the barren hills as the pale light of dawn spreads. The bell on the town clock tolls five. With heavy eyelids partially lifted I see the naked tree standing guard near the hospital gate. I draw the blankets tighter around my shoulders. Through the wall at my head I hear a door softly closed and voices murmuring. Shivering I sink back into oblivion.

A streak of gray has crossed the corner of my bed. A dim person puts a thermometer between my lips. I can hear the rustle of skirts and the pat, pat of rubber-soled shoes. Now and then a metal basin rings out on the monotony.

A faint streak of pink calls my attention to the window. The sentry has vanished, leaving in his place a shapeless winter-tree. In the distance I hear a newsboy calling, "Standard er Miner, morning pa-a-per." A moment later I am eating my breakfast. A single sunbeam dances over the tray. The town clock strikes seven.

III.

John Peter

"John Peter Stuart, it's high time that you were gettin' down stairs. D'yuh hear? Three times Joe's called after yuh. You'd better get up. What made yuh so late this morning?"

"Yes, Liz. I hear. Yesterday was pay-day up the creek and some of the men from Elk-Horn came in and we had tuh tend tuh business."

"Well, seems kind'a funny to me that they'd be a-comin' down this time of month. But get up now. I'll go tend the coffee 'fore it boils over. I've had it on for two hours and I ain't a-goin' tuh keep it much longer."

"Yes, Liz."

But John Peter never stirred. He wasn't in any hurry. "Weren't no use anyhow," he reasoned, "like as not the coffee tasted like glue or some-thin', and anyhow I wasn't ready to get up."

He drew the faded patch-quilt over his head and with a sigh of satisfaction rolled to the other side of the bed. John Peter, like his name, was slow and deliberate. People always called him John Peter. "Kind of goes with his long lankiness," his cousin Anna used to say.

"Yuh know," she'd tell Lizzie Edwards before Liz had become Liz Stuart, "if that there man ever changed his mind or his shirt, why as shore as you're livin', the sun never'd rise. Sometimes, Liz, I wonder whut you can see in a man all set in his ways and so slow and silent and havin' a face full of bristles."

IV.

Wet sand . . . water tinged an opalescent jade . . . bits of bark and pearly clam shells. . . The pale hazy pink of rising dawn. . . The sudden splashy leap of a trout . . . ten thousand scintillating gems in the first clear shaft of morning sunlight . . . bare feet . . . trailing moss and a strand of seaweed . . . the cool, clean smell of the awakening woods . . . glistening pebbles through a transparent liquid mirror . . . small shelly things creeping along with their rock bound homes . . . a lone gray heron, the long-legged sentinel of the beach. . . Groock! . . . Groock! . . . a hoarse guttural friendly croak . . . idle flap of wings. . . .

Dream. . . Off through the feathery mist a Spanish galleon . . . lacy pennons . . . smooth spars . . . tar and rope . . . manned by buccaneers . . . hairy chested one-legged cut-throats . . . heavy mustachios . . . cordovan boots . . . red silk sashes . . . thick-barrelled brass pistols . . . deadly curved cutlasses. . . .

Broken spell . . . that gorgeous woodcock song . . . rare elusive bird . . . aerial gymnast . . . what ecstasy of voice!

The faint splash of a far-off paddle . . . cheery call of meadowlark in a field back of the trees.

Run . . . dive . . . splash . . . shiver . . . forty strokes out and back. . . Bacon . . . coffee . . . and flapjacks.

V.

The Lumberjack

He was a hard-looking customer, this swaggerer with the plaid shirt and staggled trousers. The spikes in his boots made grinding noises as he stepped lithely down the street, and sent tiny sparks up beneath his tread. His small black hat was pulled down as if to shade his eyes from the glare of electric signs, and his glance was a challenge to the world. His chin jutted out at a pugnacious angle; he seemed to be hunting trouble.

"Paperreevningsentinulll!" a small boy shouted.

"Here, kid"—a coin changed hands—"keep the change."

Yes, I grinned at the lumberjack.

VI.

My Dog

I love him. Perhaps it is because he looks like a real dog. All day, stiff and alert and staunch, he sits waiting for me. There is plaintiveness in his brown china eyes, and his ears are eternally, joyously cocked, like the wings on a helmet. I love him because he bears the scars of ill-treatment; both his front legs were broken by his first master, a teacher of violin, who quite unnecessarily thrust him into a pocket instead of into a kennel. The pigeon-holes in my desk were meant for kennels, and on cold nights I put him to bed with a handkerchief blanket robe and a leg o' pencil. A Boston terrier, you'd call him; he is only four inches tall sitting up like a cat.

Ah well! I suppose I love him because life means me to love little, helpless things, even in make-believe. But that's not quite all of it. My dog is a toy, certainly, bless his heart; and I think, if I should toss him aside, forgotten, it would be that I had most smugly silenced, inside of me, the gay, tinkling voice of that which remembers how to—to "believe six impossible things before breakfast."

VII.

In Sympathy With Rip

It was a Thursday evening late in February. I had caught an early train into town. I was not carrying out a well-meditated plan by so doing; in fact, my activities just precedent to boarding the train bore a certain resemblance to those of the characters in our modern cinematographic slapstick comedies, and were, if I may use the expression, quite unmotivated. For example, I had dressed in most unnecessary haste, throwing gloves and handkerchiefs this way and that, and often changing my mind at a much greater velocity than the mere physical concomitant of doffing and donning could equal. Then, too, my progress toward the station, due to the fact that the macadam road winds down a hill and, in February, is always sheathed in ice, was rather more rapid than I had really anticipated. But looking back on the whole thing, now, I can see that I must subconsciously have yielded to a subtle persuasion in the atmosphere.

Having dined, in town, I sallied forth to the street and consulted my watch. It reported still an hour before the concert. It was, as I mentioned, an evening in February, a Thursday, to be exact. To those who are

familiar with our Pittsburgh climate, I need hardly explain that the evening was raw and damp, that the drizzle had changed to snow, and that the snow changed again to a peculiarly, shall I say unesthetic—black mush, as soon as it reached the pavement. I strolled along admiring the spring fashions in the shop windows.

When I had tired of this, I boarded a Forbes street trolley and rode out to the concert hall. Both doors of the Syria Mosque were still tightly locked. I consulted my watch, and came reluctantly to the conclusion that it was running fast. To kill time, I retraced my steps down the hill and looked at an exhibition of paintings in the Carnegie gallery. I say, I looked at them. The artist belonged to a Futurist school. It was obvious, even to me, that time was already dead, or at least badly out of breath.

I returned to the Mosque, and occupied my seat during the concert. Our Leo gracefully waved his baton, and sounds issued from the orchestra. Without, as it were, defeating the very purpose of modesty by too brazenly claiming it, I may yet state, I feel, that I am no more a critic of music than of painting. I was really grateful to the young man in front who explained it all to his neighbor, saying,

“This is the music of the future! Ah!”

I reached the station in plenty of time for the 11:55, not without a struggle to hold my own with the theater crowds. It was even necessary, though repulsive, for me to leap ahead of a woman with two small children in catching the trolley. The day was, as I may have let fall already, a Thursday of the last week in February. To fill in the idle moments, I approached the newsstand and purchased a magazine. On the cover, I read: “The Saturday Evening Post, March the 2nd.” I sank onto a bench, feeling—how shall I put it—slightly discouraged.

And then my eyes sought the station clock, and clung, in sudden relief, to its vast, benign countenance. The hands pointed to twelve, midnight. Here, at last, was one stable, unchanging fact in a whirling world. The Ambridge Express was late. I resolved to fix my mind on this one reassuring present truth and ignore all else.

A voice shrilled at my elbow,

“Piper! Morning Sun!”

VIII.

“Third floor,” said the girl as she stepped into the elevator cage. No sign of recognition passed between the negro boy who ran the elevator and the girl on her way to look at the new spring hats, but before the girl’s mind came the picture of a small, dark-skinned boy in a clown suit seriously going thru strange antics. “Shine” was the only boy that grade 2B would have for a clown in the school carnival. The reason was that he turned better handsprings and flip-flops than any other boy.

“Step up, please”—a casual glance—. Did he remember a small, curly-headed girl who could jump the rope at “red-hot-pepper” speed longer than any other little girl in the 2B class?

The Frontier BOOK SHELF

The White Monkey: John Galsworthy. (Scribner, 1924.)

This most recent volume of *The Forsyte Saga* is the story of Fleur, only daughter of Soames Forsyte, "the man of property" in the Saga. Fleur, it will be remembered, was in love with young Jon Forsyte, son of "young Jolyon" and Irene, but because of the disapproval of families, for Irene had been Soames' first wife, had married a man approved by them, Michael Mont. The story of her first years of marriage is a picture of the chaotic young society set immediately after the war. The young people do not know what they want or why they are restless; it seems to them excitement, sensations that are lacking. They feverishly hunt out sensations, and having found them are still dissatisfied.

The book seems thin in material after the other volumes of the growing Forsyte Saga; one misses the Forsyte "family". In it the last of the older group of men, George, dies, leaving to Soames the ironic picture, a masterly piece of painting, *The White Monkey*, symbolically sucking oranges dry and, unsatisfied, throwing the sucked skins aside. In it Soames braves the disgrace of public humiliation, by doing the honest act, for the first failure of his business sense to act wisely.

Mr. Galsworthy certainly gives the reader a strong feeling of change in society since the days of *The Man of Property*. He offers no remedy for chaotic conditions, altho regrettably he leaves the understanding with the reader that Fleur's unrest is turned into peace by the birth of her son. He pictures; he does not preach reform. In the novel is Mr. Galsworthy's usual keen eye for types of persons and their motives for action, a grasp of situations, and clean workmanship in the telling.

H. M.

The George and the Crown: Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Dutton, 1925.)

Miss Kaye-Smith in this novel returns to the portrayal of her favorite character, the young man of the lower classes, to show his tenderness his yearnings, his blundering but good-intentioned efforts to fulfil his desires, his family and his romantic love, his natural chivalry and protection of the weak or outcast. The novel is technically more competent than *Green Apple Harvest* but humanly less interesting. Her fondness for Dan Sheather in this novel is greater, even, than her fondness for the two young men in the earlier novel, and at times threatens the integrity of her telling of the story. One feels, for example, Dan's

"Save a Cent and Make \$30,000."

An automobile manufacturer has found that clipping a cent from the cost of making any one part of his car means a saving of \$30,000 annually.

That's a small saving with a big result.

You have found that systematic buying from us has saved you considerable money.

If you would keep a record of your savings here over a period of a year you would be surprised at the big result obtained.

Edwards Co.

WILMA THEATRE

PRESENTING AT ALL TIMES

The World's Best
in

PHOTOPLAYS
VAUDEVILLE
and
ROAD SHOWS

Wilma Orchestra of Six
Lawrenson, Directing

Elaine Taylor
Organist who really plays
pictures

The COFFEE PARLOR

Welcomes All
Visitors.

Best Home Cooked Meals in
the City.

Fountain Service.

Open from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m.

SCHAEFER MUSIC CO.

Pianos—Players
Brunswick
Records
Phonographs
Radiolas
Sheet Music
Couturier Saxophones
Vega Banjos

Everything Musical Sold on
Convenient Terms

SCHAEFER MUSIC CO.

Phone 609 130 Higgins Ave.
Missoula, Montana

reasoning in situations that would tax a more experienced and thoughtful man's clear thinking to be over-subtle, in the interests of having him act rightly.

The reader is given, as in all her novels, a sense of living background of both nature and people that is fresh and true. The few chapters dealing with Dan's life on the island of Sark, off the coast of Brittany, are of idyllic beauty, and yet true. The people are less interesting than those in her later novels; the countryside is not so thoroly of the story as in *Joanna Godden*. The problem, like that in *The End of the House of Alard*, a post-war one, is simple and not inclusive. The delightful touches come in Miss Kaye-Smith's sure knowledge of the perplexed human nature of people who live close to the soil, as in old Gadgett, or who, like Dan, undergo the more fundamental of human experiences with as great distress as the more sophisticated undergo life's subtlest experiences.

H. M.

Daedalus or Science and the Future: J. B. S. Haldane. (Dutton and Company, 1924.)

Icarus or the Future of Science: Bertrand Russell. (Dutton and Company, 1924.)

In the first of these little books a distinguished bio-chemist reveals the dreams of a scientist before the Heretics of Cambridge University; in the second an equally distinguished social philosopher discloses his vision of the possible effects of scientific achievements on human happiness. All persons interested in the social aspects of scientific enquiry and its application should read these little books.

"In 50 years light will cost a fiftieth of its present price" . . . "transport and communication will be limited by the velocity of light" . . . "two persons will (in time) be able to be present to one another in 1-24 of a second."

Some 400 years in the future power will be had from huge metallic windmills. "Sugar will be as cheap as sawdust" within 100 years. Thank the chemists. All foods will be produced chemically and agriculture become a luxury. As for biology, read pages 53 following for things that cannot here be told.

But Russell. The world has been changed by science. The power to gratify human desires has been greatly increased and the conceptions of the world changed. "Science has increased man's control over nature, and might therefore be supposed likely to increase his happiness and well-being. This would be the case if men were rational, but in fact they are bundles of passions and instincts." Science has necessitated thru industrialism growth of economic organization and made its realization possible. But organization has stopped at national lines. Economic internationalism is required but seems possible only thru war and final dom-

ination of some world state, say the U. S. Haldane foresees a similar consummation. "It took man 250,000 years to transcend the hunting pack. It will not take him so long to transcend the nation." "If men's purposes are good, science is a gain," says Russell. Organized purposes have in the main been evil. Haldane argues that the tendency of applied science is to magnify injustices until they become intolerable. "The future will be no primrose path." "The prospect is hopeful if mankind can adjust its morality to its powers." What basis of such a hope does history afford?

W. P. C.

Arnold Waterlow, a Life: May Sinclair. (The Macmillan Company, 1924.)

Miss Sinclair presents to us in this novel one of the most perplexing and fascinating characters in recent literature. The hero, Arnold Waterlow, was from childhood something of a mystic. Miss Sinclair shows him from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, searching for the ultimate truth through all the suffering which the self-effacing loyalty of his love for his mother, Rosalind, and for Effie brought upon him. The "something beyond happiness" that Rosalind craved was the perfection of her art; the "something beyond happiness" came to mean to Arnold and Effie an unswerving obedience to honor, which, in the end, saved Rosalind from herself.

Arnold Waterlow is probably the author's companion-novel to *Mary Olivier*. In it, however, Miss Sinclair has created a much stronger character. She has portrayed a man who is absolutely honest, both with himself and with the world.

L. A. B.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck: May Sinclair. (Cassell, 1921.)

Mr. Waddington of Wyck—as seen through the eyes of the author, his wife, his secretary, his wife's cousin, his son, "that woman," and his country. If the novel has a fault, it lies in a too great agreement between the reflections—speaking in the mirror sense—thrown back by their several minds. I should like to live in a world peopled by intelligences possessing so uniformly a cleverly sympathetic understanding of human nature! The literary tour de force is brilliantly successful; one's delight in its cleverness outweighs a suspicion that the secondary characters have been slightly distorted for technical purposes. Also—Mr. Waddington of Wyck as he appears to himself, a point of view that leaves little to the imagination and nothing to criticise. Mr. Waddington's mental processes—as well as those of the other characters—are laid bare with a sort of consciously daring candor half way between Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. The plot is skilfully buried in the character study. Good fun.

D. M.

Notes About Contributors

Jay McCarthy is a senior in the Biology department.

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

Violent Crain, '24, is teaching English at Florence, Montana.

Joseph Dunham is a senior in English.

Washington J. McCormick is a graduate student doing special work.

Elsie McDowell, '26, and Dorothy Akin, '26, are doing major work in the English department.

Matt Pearce, '23, is teaching and working toward his master's degree at the University of Pittsburgh.

D'Arcy Dahlberg, ex '25, and John Frolicher, ex '26, did major work in English.

Lloyd Thompson, ex '23, is in newspaper work in San Francisco.

Myrtle Clifford, '23, is teaching English in the Fergus County High School.

Lurena Black, '25, and Aubrey Houston, '28, are students in the School of Journalism.

Tesla Lennstrend Rowe, '18, lives in Missoula.

Contributors to the *Sluice Box* are: John Linn, '25; Fern Marie Johnson, '25; Lurena A. Black, '25; Dorothy Mueller, graduate; John Frolicher, ex '26, and John Ryan, '28.

HOPKINS TRANSFER CO.	WE HURRY CAREFULLY	WE MOVE ANYTHING
	PHONE 38 PHONE	
	Office: FLORENCE HOTEL LOBBY	

Montana's Largest Printing Plant
is at your service



—The difference between “just printing” and Missoulia Printing is identically the same as the difference between “breaking even” and Prospering.



Let us handle your next
Printing Order

The Missoulia Publishing Co.

Missoula, Montana

We cater to special student needs.

The largest stock of fountain pens in Montana.

Loose leaf devices of every nature.

Finest lines of stationery.

We specialize in pound papers.

The
**Office Supply
Company**

“Everything for the Office”

Florence Hotel Building

MEN

You will find our store headquarters for the newest and best merchandise at the lowest possible prices.

No sale is complete until you are satisfied, for our success lies in pleasing you.

Clothes, Headwear, Haberdashery, Shoes

Everything that men wear.

YANDT & DRAGSTEDT CO.

531 Higgins Ave.

MISSOULA

MONTANA

At Last! PAGE'S

[hitherto unpublished]

PRIVATE LETTERS

to

PRESIDENT WILSON

Start in the June WORLD'S WORK

FOR THE FIRST time anywhere, Ambassador Walter H. Page's sparkling, revealing, intimate letters to Woodrow Wilson are to appear in print. The public has already paid \$1,027,350 to read Page's letters previously given out for publication—establishing a record almost without precedent in all the history of book-selling. Yet the letters now available are in many ways more remarkable, more vivacious, more likely to arouse widespread discussion. They range all the way from chatty, gossipy letters written frankly for the President's entertainment to grim, determined, fearless missives written in the London Embassy under great strain when our National honor trembled in the balance. Many were written when Page had just come home from Court functions, Governmental conferences and evenings at the Athenaeum Club or from dinner with some one of the great men of our time.

NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE

When Page wrote to his life-long friend, the President, he held nothing back. He portrayed the outstanding personalities of our time with their petty defects and peculiarities, as well as with their grand virtues. Many of the notables of our day will never seem quite the same to you again after you have read Page's letters—but you will know them better and more truly than you ever did before. We see the King, "with his big, coarse voice for so small a man," Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Colonel House, General Pershing, General Bliss, Admiral Sims, Hoover, Secretary Baker, and many American notables, the King of Denmark, ("I always think

of Hamlet," said Page), the Cabinet Ministers, (particularly Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey), Lord Northcliffe, Margot Asquith, Winston Churchill, Lord Kitchen-er, T. P. O'Connor, Lord Curzon, Rudyard Kipling, James Bryce, John Morley and an endless number of brilliant and colorful personages of both sexes from many countries—talking, joking, arguing like the very human beings they turn out to be when met face to face.

Do not miss these wonderful letters in **THE WORLD'S WORK**. Next fall they will be published in book form to sell at \$5.00.

NEXT FIVE ISSUES FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR

Tens of thousands pay 35 cents a copy for **THE WORLD'S WORK** every month. You can order the next five copies—the most notable in the 25 years of the magazine's existence—for one dollar. And you get scores of big features and hundreds of splendid illustrations in addition to the Page-Wilson Letters! Mail the coupon now.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me the next five issues of **THE WORLD'S WORK** (regular price \$1.75). An installment of the Page-Wilson Letters will appear in every one of these issues.

Name

Address

"HOT AFTERNOONS IN MONTANA"

Make

Home Washing Irksome

Send it to the

Missoula Laundry
Company

Hans Jensen

FURNITURE

STOVES

RANGES

RUGS

LINOLEUM



135 W. Main

Phone 895



*For the
Woman
Who Values
Her
Personal
Appearance*

we are fully equip-
ped to give the very
best attention to her
Skin, Hair and Nails

*Marcelling and Water
Waving Our Specialty*

MISSOULA HAIRDRESSING PARLOR
Missoula Hotel Block

COAL FUEL OIL WOOD CEMENT

LIME

PLASTER

SHOPE CEMENT BRICK

They do not fade

Phone 400

PERRY FUEL & CEMENT CO.
244 N. Higgins Ave.

BAKER & WALFORD

Call on us for
ANYTHING
ELECTRICAL



PHONE 581

Florence Hotel Block

YELLOW CAB CO.

PHONE
1100

*Lowest Rates in
the City*

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

SCHRAMM-HEBARD MEAT CO.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Poultry, Oysters

Delicatessen



PHONE 126

417 North Higgins Avenue
Missoula, Montana

Phone
500

Auto
Delivery

Track
Visitors
Given
Special
Attention

BUTTE CLEANERS

506-8 S. Higgins Ave.

Perfumes

Coty's - Houbigant's - Neolays
Fioret's

These are the leaders



Peterson Drug Company

A good place to trade

Fashion Club Cleaners

FASHION CLUB DRY CLEANING SERVICE

Where Your Clothing is Protect-
ed by the DeLaval Continuous
Clarification System



Phone 143 J. R. Nagues, Prop.
525 So. Higgins

Say it with Flowers

Our corsages are superb.
Send her one.



Garden City Floral Co.

CARAS BROTHERS

Growers of Plants and Flowers

The Montana Power Company

is a Montana Cor-
poration with thou-
sands of Montana
stockholders vital-
ly interested in the
upbuilding of the
State and the prog-
ress and prosperi-
ty of every honest
and legitimate en-
terprise.

MEET ME

— AT —

KELLY'S

**CIGAR
STORE**

Soda Fountain

Best Malted Milks in City



BILLIARDS AND POOL

Just Received Another As-
sortment of

Knit Bottom
Blouses

For Men and Women
Those Pretty
Plaids

Westerner's
MEN'S OUTFITTERS
WESTON & STERNER

Missoula Trust and Savings Bank
MISSOULA, MONTANA

Capital, \$200,000.00

OFFICERS

J. M. KEITH, President
S. J. COFFEE, Vice-President

LEONARD LARSON, Cashier
W. G. CRUSE, Assistant Cashier

4% Per Annum Paid on Time
and Savings Deposits

John R. Daily Co.

115-119 West Front St.

Phones: Retail 117-118; Wholesale 316

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish,
Poultry and Oysters

Packers of

Daco PRIDE MARK **Hams**
BACON and LARD

BRANCH:

Model Market, 309 No. Higgins
Phone 135

EAT
Herrick's
Famous
Ice Cream

Wholesale and Retail

Made in Missoula

PHONE 147

THE TOGGERY

The Young Man's Store of the
Town.



If It's New We Have It.

Walk-Over Shoes.

Wilson Bros. Shirts.

Stetson Hats



The Home of
Kuppenheimer Good Clothes



Where

Delicious
Tempting
Wholesome

Refreshments

is within easy
access.

The Blue Parrot

(Missoula's Original)

Tea House

(515 University Ave.)

Low rates for
Student Dinners, Luncheons
and Banquets.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

CARS

PARTS

SERVICE

It's Ford Sedan Time

H. O. BELL
COMPANY

South Higgins Avenue