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The Wisconsin Literary

Volume XX

Magazine

Number 3



DAWN

December, 1920

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GET ACQUAINTED

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know
his cares.
When you come to understand him and the burdens
that he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's making and the
troubles in his way,
Then you find that he is different than you thought him
yesterday.
You find his thoughts are sensible and there's not so
much to blame
In the man you lightly jeered at when you only knew
his name.

You are quick to see the blemish in the distant neigh-
bor's style,
You can point to all his errors and may sneer at him
the while,
And your prejudices fatten, and your hates more vio-
lent grow,
As you talk about the failures of the man you do not
know.
But when drawn a little closer, and your hands and
shoulders touch,
You find the traits you hated really don't amount to
much.

When next you start in sneering and your phrases
turn to blame,
Learn more of him you censure than his business and
his name,
For it's likely that acquaintance would your prejudice
dispel,
And you'd really come to like him if you knew him
very well.
When you get to know a fellow and you understand
his ways,
Then his faults won't matter, for you'll find a lot of
praise.

If you are not now one of our
many friends at the university, let's
get acquainted.

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Volume XX

Madison, December, 1920

Number 3

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OUR COVER Many have been the comments and diverse the criticism, since the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE abandoned its time-honored conservatism, and displayed an illustration on the front cover. Certainly there seem to have been no doubts in anyone's mind: they either liked it or they didn't, and they waxed emphatic equally in opposite directions. The not-overwhelming majority of opinion seems to have been favorable. If a traditional dignity (only another name for custom, here) was deserted, yet the drawing was neither sentimental nor amateurish; did the novelty jar on the sensibilities of those long used to a simple display ad of the contents, yet on the other hand there was a gain in freshness and the interest in the unusual. Had we plunged from *Atlantic* austerity to the genial *Post*, at least we had escaped the feminine (and shall, spite of the Pyrotechnist's prophecy!) If, alas! we have disappointed many kind and valued friends in being less than (or shall we not rather say, different from) what they expected of us, we have gained the surprised pleasure of

many other friends equally valued and loyal. Not being oysters, we experiment boldly when the mood doth move us. (Let our good friend, the Pyrotechnist, make the most of that!) We welcome criticism, and you will note, will you not? that we have so far listened to some of it as to make this month's cover an illustration of some of the magazine's contents.

LEGENDS Our quiet little effort to make better known some of the local Wisconsin Indian legends, has inspired several contributors to send in legends which range as far afield as Mesopotamia, or thereabouts. Some of them we may give you in future numbers.

ART We were going to ask a little contribution of a million dollars for the founding of an art department in this University (which sadly needs it), but perhaps it might be as well to postpone it until the Union Memorial Drive—and Christmas!—are past. In the meantime art opportunities of interesting variety are offered, and taken by the discriminating (from Freshmen to Graduates) with encouraging enthusiasm. No one can say now with complete justice that we are merely money-grubbers (to be), backwoodsmen, or teahounds.

AND— Exams being over (for the nonce), we wish you all, ourselves included, a very Merry Christmas vacation!

D. B.

EDITORS

DUDLEY BROOKS	PAUL GANGELIN
RACHEL COMMONS	HORACE GREGORY
FRANCES DUMMER	DOROTHY SHANER
ART EDITOR—GRACE GLEERUP	

TO A POT OF ROUGE ON A FRATERNITY
HOUSE MANTELPIECE

THEODORE SCHULTZ

Among the silver cups of bowling teams,
And pipes and ash trays, pictures every sort,
Cards, fountain pens, and dusty steins, in short
That whole wide varying array that seems
On mantels ever present, here there gleams
This tiny silver pot. Demure of port,
The avatar of stranger, subtler sport,
Its out-of-placeness haunts me in my dreams.

Squat little jar of smooth and ruddy paste,
A prisoner of war you seem in here.
How would your owner blush to see your chaste
And silver outline in our firelight's cheer,
So rudely and irreverently placed
'Mongst earthen mugs, designed for holding beer.

Moon Madness

A. C. HAMILTON

BUT the style that Eve wore in the garden, that's the style that appeals to me," chanted Dixon.

It was a chilly evening, and a small knot of the range complement of "dry land sailors" was hugging the little sheet iron stove near one end of the barracks, discussing everything from the muzzle velocity of bullets to women. Wine was beyond consideration, but attempts at song were frequent. Franklin and Cody contented themselves with cigarets and a learned discussion of stud poker, while Erdman, J., the baby of the crowd, busied himself with his evening tid-bit of cheese and bread, which he burned on top of the stove and then called toast. Cottrell sat at one end of the bench and gazed steadily at a point between the toes of two mud-encrusted shoes.

"What's the matter, Cottrell—thinking about Marie?" asked Dixon.

"Marie who?" piped up Erdman, J. from the other end of the bench.

"Why—don't you know?" falsettoed Dixon.

"Do tell us," mimicked Cody.

"You guys know the Jane that the skipper takes such a fatherly interest in, don't you? Marie Venning? Teaches school at Mt. Pleasant and lives with Mrs. Demarest. Some kid, but the trouble is that she knows it. Made a boast that she could get any gob on this

range. Well, Cottrell swallowed her bait, hook, line and sinker—that's what he's mooning about now. Wondering who's dancing with her to-night, eh, Cottrell?"

Color spread from the tip of Cottrell's Roman nose to the hair behind his ears. To say that he blushed is putting it very mildly. By way of reply to Dixon's question he grunted something intelligible only to himself and promptly relapsed into silence.

"Aha!" quoth Cody, "what about that girl back in Ohio? Cottrell, you're girl-struck. Anything that wears skirts and wobbles her eyes towards you has you hooked."

"What about yourself, eh?" asked Cottrell, and then shrilling his voice he continued, "Oh you poor sailor boy. Nice boy. Come see Mrs. Demarest."

Whereupon Cody tried to appear indifferent, and failing in this, replied, "What the blankety blank could I do, you mutt? I couldn't run away from the old hen, could I? You took me down there, anyway, so what are you howling about? You wanted to see Marie and dragged me along because you didn't have the nerve to face the old lady alone. You've got a pile of nerve, you have—making a fall guy out of me, and then roasting me about it." Here Cody's disgust got the better of him and he stopped.

Cottrell made no reply; the whole group fell into

silence. Finally Dixon bestirred himself, and said, "Come on, let's sing."

Cody led off, "There was a little man, and he had—"

"Ring off, you guys," shouted Franklin, who had maintained a state of strict neutrality during the Cody-Cottrell word battle. "I have an idea."

"Listen, everybody," commanded Dixon with much waving of arms. "Listen, Weeny has an idea."

"An idea—Hooray for Weeny." Cody irreverently slapped Franklin's premature bald spot. "Spill it, Weeny, before it gets away from you."

"Shut up," growled Franklin, "and listen. I was just thinking about Cottrell's vampire, Marie. Why not get Dick Knox to give her a few lessons in heart breaking? He ought to bring her low with that smile and those tailored blues of his. What do you say, Cottrell?"

Cottrell looked up. "I don't give a darn what you do—now."

"Don't take it so hard, old man," said Dixon, in sympathetic tones. "There are other fish in the sea, you know."

"Butt out, Dick," said Franklin—then to Cottrell, "Well, what are you going to do? We don't want to fix up something and then have you spoil it all by squealing."

"I won't squeal," said Cottrell. A glimmer of a smile flickered across his woe-begone face. The thought of revenge is sweet.

"All right," said Franklin with a self-satisfied air, "here goes. Cottrell can fix up a date with Marie—"

"Like hell I will," exploded Cottrell, "I'm through, I am."

"Oh, the dear boy has the tantrums. Take him to the sick bay and give him some quinine and an argument," shrieked Cody.

"Lay off, Cody," said Dixon.

"Yes," said Franklin, "shut up and let me talk. Now be reasonable, Cottrell; you know her better than we do—and besides, you have already been out with her. And—"

"No more dates for me." Cottrell held up both hands with a prohibitory gesture.

"Listen, you mutt," entreated Franklin. "You don't have to go out with her."

Cottrell looked interested once more. "Don't have to go out with her? What's the idea of the date, then?"

"Quit asking foolish questions and I'll tell you. As I said before—you get the date. Then you can fake sickness and we'll get Knox to go in your place."

"You're darn brilliant, you are. I do all the dirty work and shoulder all the blame, and what do I get

out of it? Nothing. Oh yes, I can see myself doing it—like so much I can. And besides," added Cottrell, "supposing that Knox wouldn't go?"

"Well said, Cotty," said a pleasant voice from behind. They looked around. Knox was standing there grinning amiably.

"Where the devil did you come from?" asked Franklin.

"From my hammock," replied Knox.

Franklin turned upon Cottrell savagely. "If you wouldn't have made so much noise, he wouldn't have woke up."

"Oh, no, I—" Yawn. "I heard it all anyway," said Knox. "Damn clever scheme, I'll say—only you fellows should do your plotting out in the wilderness somewhere. Then everybody wouldn't know your business."

Nobody could find words enough to frame a decent reply. Knox lifted the stove lid and spat into the flames. He replaced the lid and turned to Cottrell. "Who is this Marie—"

"Venning?" supplied Dixon.

"This Marie Venning," went on Knox.

"Oh Cottrell has been sweet on her for some time," broke in Cody. "He met her at—"

"I didn't ask to see the morgue; I want to know who she is—how she dresses—what she looks like—understand, stupid?" said Knox.

"Heck—you know her as well as we do," said Franklin. "Don't try to act so darned innocent."

"Do I? That's just what I want to know."

"All right, Innocence, I'll tell you," said Franklin. "You remember the Jane who came by with the skipper when we were on guard duty at the ferry wharf the other day, don't you—that little blonde with the angelic face?"

"Hm, Blonde? Skipper?" mused Knox. "I believe I do remember, now."

"Believe you do, eh? I know darn well you do—you straightened up like a yardstick when you spotted the skipper's party coming, and made such a snappy salute that the skipper nearly fainted. They were still talking about it when they passed me. I heard the skipper telling another gold-braider that he was thinking of putting you down there all the time, because you made such a hit with the ladies. And Marie—"

"Shut up, will you?" said Knox good-naturedly.

Franklin paid no heed to him but went on, "Marie said, 'Oh *wasn't* he perfect? So straight—so good-looking—so lovable—'"

Knox made a dive for the offending Franklin, and the latter retreated precipitately.

"So good-looking—so lovable—Wow" shrieked Dixon.

"Oh you nice sailor boy, come let Marie kiss you," said Cody in shrill feminine tones.

Knox had collared Franklin and was bringing him back to the stove.

"Take that back, you little beggar," he said, poking his captive in the ribs.

"The dickens I will," said Franklin. "I'll swear to it on a flock of Bibles. She said, 'How lova—'" Knox unceremoniously choked off the offender's wind and the words died away to a meaningless gurgle.

"Will you be good, now?" he asked.

Franklin nodded an affirmative, and was released. "Listen, Knox," he said seriously, "What do you think of our scheme, anyway?"

"It's fine—except where I come in. What do you take me for—a masculine vampire?" asked Knox.

"You tell 'em Richard, you've seen some hard knocks," put in Erdman, suddenly coming to life.

"Aw, can the comedy," said Dixon.

"It's for the honor of the range, Knox." Cody made an heroic gesture. "She has made an open boast that she can choose our scalps as she pleases—and that nobody can resist her charms."

"Bunk," said Knox. "Just a bunch of stuff that you birds rumor around, and add to until it looks as big as an elephant. Ugh! You are a regular gang of old women! A girl like Marie Venning wouldn't do anything like—"

"Say!" interrupted Dixon, "where do you get all your information, I'd like to know? A minute ago you didn't know this girl from Adam—"

"From Eve, you mean," broke in Erdman facetiously.

"Dry up, Comical," said Cody, "and let the gentleman talk. Go ahead, Dixon."

Dixon continued, "What I think is that Knox is in the same boat with Cottrell, only—she hasn't bounced him yet."

"Hardly, Dixon, hardly," said Knox mildly.

"Be a sport, Knoxy," begged Franklin. "We're dying to see the proud beauty conquered, and we've staked our jack on you to win. Don't throw us down now."

"What do you mean, 'staked your jack on me to win?' I didn't hear you say anything about that while I was lying up there in my hammock," said Knox.

"You must have been asleep," lied Franklin solemnly. Erdman began to grin. Franklin noticed it, and promptly reached around Dixon, and thumped him in the ribs. Erdman grunted.

Cody hastened to fill the breach. "Sure," he said,

"we made a bet with barracks H that one of us would kiss her before one of that H crowd did."

"The devil you did," said Knox. Upon second thought he added, "And now you fellows have picked me for the fall guy—that is, since Cottrell has fallen down on the job. Hm! Now I see why she threw over Cottrell—I don't blame her. Well, you can count me out."

"Come, come, Knox, don't kick over our bucket of hopes like that. Remember—there's money on this thing. Either you go down there, or we'll be rolling our own for the next month," said Franklin, pulling a long face. "And besides," he went on, "you don't want the bunch thinking that you didn't have the sand to do it."

Knox stiffened slightly at the mention of *sand*. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Money or no money, that's your own lookout. I didn't drag you into this," he observed sullenly.

"I know it," agreed Franklin, "but we're counting on you to get us out."

"Count and be darned—I'm going to bed." With this remark Knox left the stove and swung up into his hammock.

"Hell." The single word echoed 'round the group.

"Wake up, Father Time," shouted Dixon, slapping Erdman on the back. "Let's sing." Erdman shook off an incipient doze and began. Dixon chimed in. One by one the rest of the group joined their voices to the swelling volume of sound and the cares of the past were all drowned in the refrain, "There's a ho—le, there's a ho—le, there's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

* * *

It was noon. Several figures in dirty dungarees sat on the barracks steps and clashed their individual mess gears in unisoned imitation of Babel. Pauses were frequent—not that the primitive harmony was unpleasing to its makers' ears, but because they were afraid that the mess call, like the famous wild flower of poesy, might be "born to blush unseen," or, in this case, unheard. After each intermission the symphony burst forth with redoubled volume, as though to make up for lost time.

During a particularly loud rendering they were rudely interrupted by a wild, inhuman yell, and the next moment Erdman, J. flung himself into their midst, closely followed by Dick Knox.

"Save me, save me," begged Erdman between pants. "Marie Venning—" As a man the step singers arose at that magic name, and formed a protecting cordon about the breathless fugitive. Knox stopped short.

"What's up?" chorused Franklin and Cody in the same breath.

"Keep your trap shut, you little ape, or I'll wring your neck," shouted Knox excitedly.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Erd; we'll take care of him," said Dixon.

"Go ahead and tell your story," encouraged Franklin.

"Beat it, Knox. Go on in and wash up for chow," said Cody. Seeing that this remark was the sentiment of the crowd, Knox allowed his belligerent manner to slip from him like a dark mantle. A rather sheepish smile took its place. He turned and went into the barracks.

As he poured some cold water into a basin he murmured, "Hot dog! Some baby! Some baby, I'll say!"

Outside Erdman was relating his story to an enthusiastic group of listeners. Knox, at his cold water and laundry soap toilet, could easily follow the trend of it from the disjointed, but shouted fragments which came in the window from time to time.

"This morning," Erdman was saying, "I was coaching next to Knoxy." Then his voice died away, rising, some moments later with, "Cracked five straight bull's eyes at standing rapid—already had a perfect score for slow fire—then pulled 96 rapid. When the skipper saw white disks come up every time, he—" Then there came something inaudible which was greeted with a laugh. Knox cocked his head attentively for several seconds, but hearing nothing further fell to washing again.

"WOW!" came Franklin's voice. And the skipper called him over and introduced him to Marie Venning, did he? Wow!"

Knox blushed in spite of the cold water and one eye full of soap. "Damn little monkey is telling everything," he muttered.

"Wait a minute till I get through," pleaded Erdman's boyish voice. "That's not the best part of it—she invited him to—" The voice trailed away again. Soon another roar of laughter and Cody's shrill, "Nice sailor boy. Come see Marie and Mrs. Demarest," told the washer that the last bean had been unceremoniously spilled forth to public gaze. He scowled uglily. Marie Venning, by inviting him to dinner at Mrs. Demarest's, had herself accomplished what the jubilant bunch outside had so unsuccessfully tried to force him to do the night before—and that so naturally and easily that Knox blushed to think how he had been gathered in.

"Why the devil do all these women have to treat gobs as if they were a part of the family?" Knox growled to himself. Well, he was in for it; whatever might happen, it was too late to back down now. And besides he wasn't at all sure that he had any desire to

back down. He began to whistle, reflecting enthusiastically, "What a wonderful woman!" Then he thought of Cody's "nice old lady" and groaned. "I'll take her to a show in Charleston," he added to himself as he wiped his hands and face. . . .

* * *

At last they were seated. As the curtain went up for the first act Dick Knox gave forth exhaustive sighs of relief. The worst was over. He had withstood, without too much loss of front, the merciless bombardment of jibes which had poured from his fellow gobs while he was dressing. Then the dinner at Mrs. Demarest's—southern hospitality—the cold sweat started out on his forehead as he remembered his intense agony upon finding the skipper there when he arrived. An evening of gold stripes, with "yes sirs" and "no sirs" for his part of the conversation had seemed to stare him in the face. But the skipper, thank heaven, had proved as good as gold of his official insignia, for after dinner he had insisted upon taking Mrs. Demarest and her spinster sister for a ride in his roadster. Sort of a queer procedure, and rather transparent, but entirely agreeable to Knox—and, incidentally, to Marie.

Throughout the entire performance Knox divided his time between dreaming and looking at Marie; the show was unimportant, the music only served the purpose of lulling his senses into repose. Several times he recalled how her eyes had shone when she had seen him for the first time that evening, resplendent in his tailored blue uniform, adorned with his newly acquired gunner's mate rating with its shining white crow and crossed cannons. Zowie! Even the skipper's eyes had sparkled. Knox felt justified in according to himself a palm of victory.

As all things earthly must end, the play finally came to a close, and Knox was rudely awakened from his roseate dreams. Leaving the theater, he and Marie followed the conventional route of after theatre couples, and wound up at the wharf in plenty of time for the last boat.

When the boat came in, they went aboard. The passenger cabin was hot and stuffy, so they climbed to the upper deck and stood by the rail, from which point of vantage they watched the other passengers come aboard.

At last the wharf bell clanged. The boat's whistle gave two short toots. The chains rattled as the slip was disengaged. The great walking beam began slowly to move up and down; the ferry boat was backing out into the harbor. Clear of the wharf piling she wheeled about slowly under the urge of one paddle wheel, and then bringing both wheels into play, headed towards the lights of Mt. Pleasant.

The water was quiet, only the swell caused by the ferry boat disturbing its shining black surface. A great greenish-white moon hung high in the heavens; in the distance the roofs of Fort Moultrie reflected its cold phosphorescent light. In the lee of Sumter lay three schooners, their spars silvered above, and edged with solemn black below, where the moonbeams failed to reach. A flotilla of submarines hovered about their supply ship.

The girl seemed a part of the chill beauty of the scene as she leaned against the deck rail and gazed out across the water. Knox watched her profile intently. A slight thrill ran up and down his spine; he shivered, certainly not from the cold, for as he was wearing his peacoat. "If not cold, what then?" he asked himself.

She turned and looked up at him. Her eyes were larger than usual; so at least he thought. She smiled and said, "What a wonderful night—a night made—" She hesitated.

For what?" he asked eagerly.

"For the gods," she answered with a low laugh. He did not reply to this and she again fell to looking horizonward where sea and star-set sky merged together in a belt of murky, moonlit haze. Knox stood beside her, his shoulder even with and almost touching her ear. He still stared intently at that golden head, lost in thought; he did not seem able to do anything else.

Suddenly it came to him! He wanted a woman! He wanted this woman! This woman! The one by his side! A flood of feeling welled up inside of him. He felt a surging impulse to seize her in his arms and kiss her—kiss her on those red lips of hers, on her forehead, her eyes, her nose, anywhere, just so he kissed her. He clenched his fists and looked away, striving for self-control. He looked at the moon, the stars, the schooners, the deck, and then at Marie. She was regarding him curiously.

"Why so solemn?" she asked.

"Nothing—just thinking," he answered.

"For a sailor," she added, "you are *very* quiet." She emphasized the *very*.

Knox made a comical grimace. "Just what do you mean?" he asked.

She arched her eyebrows and pursed her lips. She was the picture of "kissableness". The cold sweat stood out in tiny nodules upon Knox's brow. "Oh Lord," he prayed silently, "forgive me if I fall. Remember, I am only a man—and a sailor," he added as an afterthought.

Marie was speaking again. "Sailors always get so mushy," she said, "especially you gobs at the range."

"How come?" asked Knox, suddenly recovering

his mental balance at what he considered an implication upon the good character of the navy.

She stamped her foot petulantly. "Oh don't act so innocent," she exclaimed. "All a sailor seems to think a girl is good for is to kiss. When a girl tries to make life a little less monotonous for him, he thinks that she's in love with him. Then comes the mush that spoils everything."

"Ahem," said Knox, "you seem to be talking from experience—Marie."

She turned quickly and looked at him, long and hard. Her dark eyes gave no outward sign of what might be going on in the brain behind them. Knox felt ill at ease. His lips were framing an apology for his rather forward remark when he was again seized by an overwhelming desire to kiss her. The apology was lost in the ensuing struggle.

"Phew!" he said at last.

"Hot?" she inquired softly. "It feels a bit chilly to me. Let's go below—that is, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind," said Knox seriously. "I want to stay up here and talk to you. That's why I brought you up here—to talk to you," he finished in rather an aggressive tone. She appeared startled; civilization asserted itself for a moment. "Pardon me," said Knox, "I didn't mean to frighten you—guess I'm as crazy as the rest of the gobs."

"Please don't say that," she said quietly.

"Why not?" asked the man, fiercely, half to himself. "Come, it is getting chilly—let's go down."

Marie shook her head negatively. "No—let's not." There was tender note in her voice that suggested—Knox couldn't name it. He thought of that day he had stood guard at the ferry wharf at Mt. Pleasant, of the skipper's party and the salute, and of Marie Vening's reported conversation, and wondered vaguely if what Franklin had said were true.

Franklin's words rang in his ears, "So perfect—so lovable." And, damn it, he had choked Franklin for saying that. If only she would repeat it now!

Silence fell again—a soft, brooding silence which made everything look unnatural, unearthly, even. The boat itself seemed only a mad, purposeless animal, ploughing the still waters to no advantage. The schooners lying at anchor far behind, the roofs of the village now nearly at hand ahead shone, brightly reflecting the shimmering green moonbeams; the whole world seemed far away and unreal to Knox. "Damn everything," he growled. "Damn everything—and Weeny Franklin most of all for ever getting me into this scrape. Oh why doesn't she say something?" he asked himself, suddenly bringing his mind to bear upon finite things.

Marie was leaning heavily upon the rail. The

night wind, just rising, playfully tossed loose wisps of her hair about, forming a sort of greenish-gold halo around her head. Knox found himself wishing that the rail might break, or the boat lurch suddenly, or, in fact, that anything might happen to throw her overboard, so that he could have a chance to rescue her—to show her he was not of the common clay, the dross, of which other men were made. Then he remembered how cold the water must be—. He aroused himself from the lethargy which had come over him.

"Don't lean over too far—you might fall overboard," he said, putting his hand on her arm.

She turned slightly, and smiled, somewhat coldly, so Knox thought—or perhaps, well perhaps it was the moonlight that made it seem that way. One never can tell.

The ferry boat slid in between the high rows of pilings and nosed up to the slip, bumping to a stop. The chains whirred as the negro dock hands engaged the slip. The long gangway began to echo hollowly as the crowd on the lower deck left the boat. A minute or two passed. Knox bestirred himself. "Come," he said, "let's be going."

They went down the stairs to the lower deck. The passengers were all out; the deck hands were discharging the miscellaneous freightage of boxes and sacks, wheeling them up the gangway on clumsy, rattling two-wheeled trucks. Knox and the girl threaded their way among the piles of freight and at length came out at the land end of the wharf.

They walked up the street, slowly, silently. Knox took advantage of the silence to glance upward. Fleecy white clouds, wind-whipt into shreds, like carded wool, floated in the deep, shining blue of the sky. The moon rode high, and smoothly, like a great green buoy in a calm sea of blue-black, star-dotted space. The old madness came over him; he looked at Marie. "More beautiful than ever," he thought.

Again he turned his eyes towards the moon. His foot caught on something; he stumbled; vainly attempted to regain his equilibrium; fell; and saw many moons. He cursed a bit; arose and apologized hastily; and then realized that Marie Venning was laughing.

"It was *too* funny," she shrieked." Really, the

way you fell—I mean—I—" She choked with laughter.

"Ha, ha," chuckled Knox mirthlessly, "it was funny." Then to himself, "Like to have busted my damn neck—these women have a devil of a sense of humor."

Finally the girl gained control of herself and her laughter died away. "Pardon me for laughing—I couldn't help it—really I couldn't. You did such a queer jig when you went down."

Knox mumbled a contrite acceptance of the apology, and offered to do it all over again. The offer was refused with a low, warbling laugh, faintly reminiscent of the previous outburst. Mrs. Demorest's gate was reached without further accident or conversation. The moonlight filtered softly through the trees and fell in small oblique splotches upon the gate and the brick walk. As they halted a small unevenness in the walk confounded Knox's feet and threw him against Marie. In that fleeting instant he breathed the delicate scent of her hair and went wild. "Now or never," he gritted between his teeth; and clasping her firmly under the arms, as if he were resuscitating a drowning man, he drew her close and vainly sought her lips. She fought fiercely, slapping and biting, pinching and kicking, as is a woman's wont. At last she tore herself free, and fled within the gate.

"Not so fast, not so fast," exulted Knox as he vaulted the fence and overtook her within half a dozen paces. She turned at bay. For the tiniest fraction of a second Knox hesitated; then he threw discretion to the winds and closed once more upon the girl, enveloping her in his long arms. She made no resistance, but nestled close with face upturned. He kissed her wildly, passionately. They stood thus for some time; then Marie wriggled free from his embrace; ran up the steps; and disappeared within the dark shadows of the porch. The slamming of a door told Knox that she was gone.

He turned about, and revaulting the fence, started down the street. Once outside the village, upon the highroad which led to the range, he threw open his peacoat, bared his head to the cool night winds, and walked along with his face bent ever upwards to the resplendent moon.

Such are the ways of the moon-mad.

A COMPLAINT

A. C. HAMILTON

All I asked was love of woman,
Any woman passing fair.
Then I met you, learned to love you,
Learned to love you for your hair.

Blackest tresses, long and shining,
Yours was beauty past compare.
How I loved you, loved you for it;
Then you went and bobbed your hair.

THE PERSIAN LILAC

PENNELL CROSBY

A mass of cloudy purple—
 Curling feathers 'gainst the green—
 Of tiny, frightened, fearful leaves
 That scarcely dare be seen
 'Gainst the glowing purple trumpets
 Of the glorious madcap queen.

And, oh, the color! It is like the clouds
 That mourn the sun-god, dying in the West,—
 It is not blue
 But purple, flushed with rose; and the scent o' the flowers
 All radiant, wonderful!
 As though a host
 Of Dryads offered incense in their hands,
 Unto Apollo, quiring in ecstasy.

Bare Hands

FRANK GRAY

THE Doctor was speaking, "Bland, if you can give me any sufficient reason why you should not comply with my request, I will not push the matter further."

Mr. Bland sat up in his desk chair with a spasmodic jerk, "But Dr. Reece, surely you must realize that in my capacity as Superintendent of this asylum for the insane, I must consider myself bound by the rules of the institution. It is absolutely forbidden by the State authorities to dispose of any bodies from the morgue, until the Board of Health has passed on the matter."

"Yes, and they will rule against me—they have done so before. They will conduct the autopsy themselves."

"I realize, Dr. Reece, that you are doing a great work in your mental research laboratory, and I would do anything in my power to aid you, but this affair seems to lie beyond my jurisdiction. Drew died last night. His body is in the morgue, and there it must stay until I have specific orders for its disposal."

Dr. Reece leaned forward, lightly emphasizing his words with taps of his forefinger on his palm, "Bland, you're a timorous soul; you certainly have a troublesome conscience. But you have known for some time that I wanted the body of this man Drew; he was the only living specimen, so far as I know, of hypercalenture of the brain. You must also realize that my interest in the matter is purely scientific. I need this specimen in my work; and furthermore—I'm going to have it."

Mr. Bland rose and paced the office nervously. He had always felt an instinctive antipathy towards this decisive, unemotional man of science. Dr. Reece had a way of getting what he wanted by sheer dominancy of personality. At the same time, Bland disliked the idea of appearing uneasy in his presence. He turned and confronted the Doctor, stroking his chin thoughtfully. Dr. Reece was a vigorous man, slightly under middle age; his figure was lithe, and well developed, with extraordinarily long arms, and delicate, tapering fingers. His face was that of a scholar, wide brow, lean cheeks, firm, pointed chin; the salient features of his countenance were his eyes, cold-blue and dynamic, behind his glasses, and his mouth, well formed, but cast in immobile lines of self sufficiency. His sharp, somewhat quizzical gaze sent a little thrill of agitation through Superintendent Bland's pudgy figure. And Bland knew that he would not refuse the petition. Still, he must protect himself. "Dr. Reece," he said, patronizingly, "I think, after some consideration, that I will grant your request. I—"

The Doctor's impassive face relaxed into a quick smile. "Good!" he exclaimed, slapping his knee with satisfaction, and rising to his feet. "Now I have my car out here and—"

"Just a moment," interposed the Superintendent, "I said that I would grant the request, but—ah, subject to certain conditions."

"Well, what are they?" asked the Doctor impatiently.

"I must see to it that my interests are protected," went on Mr. Bland, "The body must be taken from the Asylum at night, and no one, other than you and I, must know of the removal."

"But, I'll have to bring an attendant to help me handle the box."

"That is just what you must not do," said Mr. Bland, softly, "The box is not to go, but is to be weighted with a hundred and fifty pound ballast of sand. I will give you the key to the morgue. You must come here alone, sometime late tonight, remove the body from the box, carry it out to the car, and drive away quietly; I will see to it that sand bags are placed in the box when it is carried away tomorrow morning."

Doctor Reece smiled amusedly, "Nice spooky job you have cut out for me, Bland. Coming over here at midnight for a corpse isn't any pink-tea party. Still, I've got to have the damned thing, and I'll crawl down the chimney at three in the morning, if necessary to get it. You can have your way; I will be at the hospital until late this evening, and I shall drive over here after I am through. Never fear, I'll protect you in the matter, if anything gets out."

The Superintendent delivered over the keys to the basement passage and the morgue. The two men then shook hands and the Doctor drove away. Bland watched him depart from his window. "By Jove!" he said, half aloud, "I wouldn't care for the job of carting bodies around in the late hours of the night. That fellow is made of steel."

The Doctor was a prominent figure at the hospital, as indeed, he was throughout the ranks of the medical profession. His operations were much discussed, not so much for the originality of his work, as for the fact that Dr. Reece dared attempt surgical innovations where others before him had failed; and he generally succeeded by the audacity of his purpose, and by the motivating power of his iron will. It was said of him that he would not *let* his patients die.

A story was told of him in his youth, when he was studying through his internship under the tutelage of his father, who, though well along in years, was still a skillful surgeon. Father and son were engaged one morning in a serious abdominal operation. The chances for the patient's recovery were about evenly balanced, with everything depending upon the skill and dexterity of the surgeon. The younger Reece administered the anesthetic, and then stood quietly at the head of the table while his father prepared to make the opening incision. The old surgeon advanced to

his task with the same imperturbable composure that had always characterized his work, and bent his shaggy, white head to the delicate manipulation of his knife. The operation was about half completed when suddenly the old man straightened up with a jerk and fell backwards to the stone floor, gasping desperately for breath and clutching at his heart. With barely a glance at his father's pain-racked figure, the younger Reece motioned for the nurse to attend him, and stepped quietly into his father's place to finish the operation. Not until the patient was safely out of danger did the surgeon leave the table or take his attention from the work at hand. When he finished, his father was dead. There was nothing of the dramatic about the man—he lived the ethics of his profession with natural keen efficiency.

Doctor Reece was unable to leave the hospital that night, until very late. He was detained by the case of a patient upon whom he had operated that morning, and who had taken a decided turn for the worse. The surgeon was a little weakened from the hours of work in a hot, closed room. He breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed into his car and turned its nose northward over the deserted stretches of the boulevard. The evening air was clean and cool; it gave him a new lease of vitality.

The hour was well past midnight when he pulled up the tree shadowed avenue that led into the grounds of the Asylum. Leaving his car in the shadow of a tree, he darkened the headlights, and stepped briskly across the lawn towards the door of the building. There were no lights in the windows; the whole atmosphere of the place was gloomy and foreboding. He could not resist a disagreeable sensation as he turned the key in the lock and stepped into the dark hallway. He stopped to light a cigar; the glow of the match played for an instant over his finely cut features, then lapsed into darkness. The Doctor fumbled in his pocket for an electric torch which he had brought from the car. Its light cut a bright tunnel through the enshrouding gloom, as he made his way to the stairway.

Suddenly he stopped short, and listened. A woman's voice was singing. The music was far away, but it penetrated the loneliness of the dark building with fascinating seduction. The man paused, a little enchanted by the weird, sweet melody. One of the inmates, he judged, probably a neurotic patient. The night before he had attended a concert by a famous opera soprano. The clear notes of her cultured voice still rang in his memory; he could not help contrasting the spirit of the two voices. The soprano carried the refrain of her song with calculated exactitude, every note, every inflection perfected from long practice; but

this voice—it was so very different. Sounding through the dead of the night in this way, it rang with crude feeling, warm with despairing passion, mellow with heartfelt expression. There was power in the voice of the solitary singer, and alluring inspiration, as it welled up, up—then low and soft, now, dying in a murmur.

Dr. Reece puffed at his cigar, musing half to himself, "By Gad, but that voice has charm! The truest outpouring of some soul's longing, too deranged to conceal or modulate her passion. If I could put one of these maniacs on the opera stage, and force her to sing like that, what a fortune I could make." Suddenly, he started violently, a sharp, thin scream pierced the heavy silence—and died away in the distance. "George," he grinned to himself—"That nearly faded you, old boy."

Holding the searchlight well in front of him, he descended the stairs and hurried up the corridor with quick, nervous steps. At the end of the passage, his light shone upon the face of a massive, iron studded door—the morgue. He inserted the large brass key in the lock, and swung the ponderous door slowly inward. The damp, briny air of the place struck his face with a clammy chill. He involuntarily shuddered. The place was dark save where a column of pale moonlight descended from a tiny aperture cut through the stone wall. In the center of the vault was a low ledge of stone upon which lay a long black box. As he advanced across the floor he felt the moisture sopping the thin soles of his shoes; somewhere in the corner sounded the stealthy drip-drip, of water.

He heard a rusty whine, and whirled quickly in his tracks to keep the door from swinging shut. As he did so, the electric torch flew from his hand, and rolled off into the corner. The heavy door, sweaty with moisture, slipped out of his fingers and clanged to. With an exclamation of exasperation, he bent to find his flashlight. He came upon it in the corner, where it had rolled, but the pressure on the button brought forth no light; it was broken. He flung it from him with a curse. Why must such things happen to annoy him?

He stood irresolute for a moment, wondering just how to proceed; his eye fell upon the black box, the cover of which was slightly illumined by the rift of moonlight from the window. Why not take the body out now, and then open the door, and get out of the place? Even as he advanced, he stopped short, a new terror gripping him with acute suddenness, his eyes fixed intently upon the coffin. Did the thing move, or was it some hallucination? He shook himself angrily on perceiving the tenseness which had gripped him—he was allowing himself to fall prey to childish fears. And yet—the nose of the box was certainly advancing

along the stone slab, with a movement not unlike that of a serpent.

The Doctor was not easily moved from his measured reserve; he chose rather to allow others to depend upon his poise, and despised signs of weakness in himself and in others. One would suppose that his dispassionate blue eyes could not know the influence of fear, that that man could never be jarred from his precise equanimity. But the wearing hours at the hospital had done much to unbalance his self control, and he found himself growing feverish and highstrung in the ominous shadows of the vault. The very silence was oppressive. He felt weakened in the presence of intangible forces. Vainly he sought to overbear his illusions, to bring the force of his brain power to the analysis of this mystery. Only one fact obtruded upon his unorganized consciousness—the coffin could not move of itself, there must be some propelling agency; but what?

He hesitated to approach the thing, to lay hands upon it. Finally, he summoned up courage, and stepping over to the box, set the broken flashlight firmly upright at the very end, on the edge of the stone sill. Then he resumed his place by the door. There came a low scraping sound, almost too low to be discernible—the electric torch fell with a sharp clatter to the brick floor.

The rift of moonlight had faded and the death box lay almost entirely in the shadow. Dr. Reece made a violent effort to pull himself together, to restore his shattered nerves. He reasoned vehemently with himself that he must go over there and see, or he would lose his self control. Another noise from the slab startled him into action; with tensed body, he hurled himself across the intervening space and clutched frantically at the coffin. His hands encountered no cover; it was empty; but, the cushion on the bottom was *warm*. "My God," he whispered, "My God!"

He was now conscious, painfully conscious, of another presence in the room. It seemed to him that his head must burst with the shrill tension of the strain. Poising himself on tip-toes, arms extended, head forward, he waited—for what, he knew not. Near the farthest wall he heard a soft, sliding sound, as though some heavy body were creeping slowly down the side towards the corner nearest him. Springing nimbly back to the entry way, the Doctor frenziedly searched his pockets for the door key. Then his attention was riveted by a sinister object in the suffused moonlight, near the west wall; it was a face, but what a face! The expression was livid, and contorted with animal-like ferocity, the eyeballs staring, the teeth bared, the

prehensile fingers outstretched claw-like before it. It faded as quickly as it had come.

Dr. Reece felt the thing approaching him through the gloom. A paralysing palsy of terror gripped him, his throat thickened, a cold sweat burst forth on his brow; if he could only get his hands on it, get some tangible clue as to its mortality; he did not fear a hand to hand conflict, but the impending emptiness of the space obsessed him with nameless horror.

A hand clutched his coat collar from behind. Whirling, with a spasmodic wrench, he whipped his arms loose from the sleeve, stepped away, then turned and struck with all his power at the space behind him. There was no contact with any physical being—he nearly fell to the floor with the force of his blow. A low maniacal laugh sounded behind him, and he whirled frantically to face it. Then, a crashing body met his, two arms locked about him, and he went hurtling to the stone floor. He had fallen hundreds of times like this on the football field, and he instinctively rolled over and came to his knees. Again came the onslaught, a writhing, wiry body covered his; a slender thumb felt up his cheek for the eyeball. With a terrific effort, he managed to break from the iron grasp of his opponent, and rolling half across the floor, regained his feet and poised himself for the next attack. It was not long in coming. He heard the plunging leaps across the darkness, ducked low and braced himself; a savage kick was aimed at his unprotected abdomen and two talon hands clutched again for his throat. Swerving low and to the right, he whipped a smashing punch into the body of the creature as it fell past him. A hand gripped his foot, he shook free, and leaped again to the far end of the vault.

Something snapped in his brain. He was no longer Dr. Reece, eminent physician and polished gentleman; he was transformed to something primal, something atavistic. The sheer brutality of the first two attacks had at first stunned him; it was his first encounter with such bestial cruelty. Now a blind rage burned him to the core, the fighting instinct possessed him with all its rabid fury. His breath came in low sibilant hisses, his lip curled slightly over his teeth, his muscles corded themselves into steely knots; a hysteria came over him, almost a feeling of crude joy in the passion of battle, as he crouched low, balanced his body tentatively, and advanced to the attack with the crazed desire to rend and destroy. Like panthers fighting to the death in the depths of some tropical jungle, or like wolf-bred huskies in a vicious struggle out under the lonely sky of the far north, just so the silence of the chamber was pervaded by the stealthy approach of these two man-creatures, each fired by merciless hate and by the instinct of self preservation, fighting to the finish with bare hands.

The maddened Doctor slid cautiously along the slimy wall, aware that the next attack of the creature might be fatal. His groping hand encountered a warm flank; he had just time to feel the stringy, wire-like muscles of the other's body, before it leaped away and turned with a snarl to the conflict. His hand was snatched from the side; the other had grasped his fingers in a vice-like grip, he felt a sickening crunch, as two of the weak finger joints were torn from their sockets. A giddiness possessed him; he reeled backward, delirious from the grinding pain of the broken hand; then, with the spring of a wild beast, he leaped upon the figure and bore it to the floor. Back and forth they rolled, each struggling like mad for some advantageous grip. Desperation spurred the mind of the Doctor to extraordinary cunning; he began to evolve some method of attack through his delirium of rage. Hold after hold was broken by fingers as strong as claws of steel. Hands tore at his face, the nails scratching his cheeks, his neck, yanking his hair out by handfuls. Teeth fastened upon the calf of his leg; he kicked away with slashing downward blows of his fists. If he only could get the throat—he grappled upwards, reaching his one good hand high under the chin of the thing. As his fingers touched the wind pipe, he closed tightly, with a deep feeling of satisfaction. Over and under they fought; he was dashed against the brick wall, trampled under the other's knee, beaten again and again in the face; but he did not loosen his grip on the soft flesh of the throat—he knew now that he would never let go. He noted with crude satisfaction that the struggles of his opponent were growing weaker, that its breath was coming in short, chortling gasps. Frantic fingers tore at his closed hand, but his grip was like iron. Then the wiry muscles relaxed, and he lay exhausted across a supine body.

After some minutes, Dr. Reece loosed his grasp on the other's throat and pulled up to his feet. A gripping nausea came over him, he saw gross blotches of light waving closer and closer, until he fell forward into a scarlet void.

Dr. Reece slowly regained consciousness some hours afterward. His first sensation was that of dampness, then of his prostrate position across something soft and cold. Where was he? With one hand he felt idly about for some clue to where he was; the groping fingers brushed a smooth, cold, surface. He forced open his eyes to look, it was a human face under his hand. Painfully, he rose to his feet, and looked around him. At his feet lay, what looked like a bundle of old clothes, limp, soggy, crumpled. He bent and grasped the body with his left hand, turning it over; a distorted, hair-grown face rolled into view; the face of a young man with skin darkened from

strangulation. A stream of light descended from the aperture overhead. He looked out—the sun was shining brightly; on the lawn a plump robin was struggling with a worm.

The mind of the doctor was swift to comprehend his position. The horror of the past night seemed to him like a far-away dream. As for the dead man at his feet, he had seen many bodies before, he had worked with them, they held no terror for him. He turned his attention to himself; there was dried blood on his face, his clothes hung on his body in bloody tatters, soaked and wet from the dampness of the floor; his arms were severely lacerated, as though by the claws of a wild beast; his right hand was swollen beyond recognition, and ached severely from the broken bones.

Fumbling in his pocket, he found the key to the cell, and after some effort, fitted it to the lock. Once more the iron door swung ponderously on its hinges. He turned back into the vault, picked up the limp body in his arms, and slinging it over one shoulder, commenced his faltering march up the corridor to the stairs. He stumbled slowly through the upper halls, through the archway at the end, and to the left into Mr. Bland's office.

Mr. Bland was just looking over the morning mail. He had settled his portly figure in the desk chair, and was preparing for a leisurely hour alone, before the rush of the day commenced. The inner door of his

sanctum swung open, and he looked up with some annoyance at the intrusion, then dropped his papers with a gasp. The ragged, bloody figure of a man staggered in, with a human body dangling loosely over one shoulder. He flopped the load on the floor at the Superintendent's feet, and sank wearily down on the couch at the side of the room.

Could this soggy, beast-like man be—Dr. Reece, the immaculate Dr. Reece? "Good Heavens, Doctor!" ejaculated the Superintendent, "What on earth?"—he paused and lifted the corpse at his feet. "Anton Leval" he cried, "Why, what does this mean, Doctor, this is our most dangerous patient. He has made a dozen daring efforts to escape."

"Found him in the coffin," grunted the Doctor, "Must have displaced the body and hidden there in an effort to get out of the place. We had a little scramble, he and I, and he's some fighter."

"But, Doctor, you—you are wounded," exclaimed Bland, turning to the man on the couch, "What can I do for you?"

Doctor Reece cocked open one undamaged eye, and sardonically surveyed the perturbed man, "Why, so I am," he drawled, the old icy glitter of power again in his eye. "My right hand is a little done up, so you just light a cigarette for me, and put it in my mouth. Then call a taxi, if you will; I must be at the Mercy Hospital for consultation at ten o'clock.

AFTERWARDS

DOROTHY SHANER

O, is it true that once my heart beat high
 At sound of your firm footsteps on the path,
 That ever once my quiet breast could sigh,
 Its peaceful calm be broken by your wrath?
 Did we once run to meet the dawn together,
 And hand in hand watch morning's dim stars die?
 Had we but known it would not last forever—
 That happy moments only live to die!
 Almost, the memory of those days has gone,
 Your face is slow to rise before my eyes,
 And I can share the ecstasy of song
 With him who walks with me neath autumn't skies.
 And all the hours I ever spent with you
 Are but a dream that never has been true.

Simpson's

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LULLABY

MAVIS MCINTOSH

Now softly the lavender twilight floats by,
 And the first pointed star leads the moon up the sky,
 Sweet is your breathing so close to my breast,
 Dreamless you slumber and deep be your rest!
 Sleep, little child of mine; sweet little child of mine, sleep!

The moon will hang high like a lamp in the sky,
 She will sing all night as the dreams go by.
 Hush, little one, she will weep if you stir,
 For you are as dear as the stars to her!
 Sleep, little child of mine; sweet little child of mine, sleep!

Dawn

DUDLEY BROOKS

THE cold, unfriendly light of early morning sparkled on the frosted window of the tiny room. Smaller the room seemed, and more barren than ever, with its plain, square table dominating the middle but within arm's reach of the sleeper on the cot by the wall, a tall fellow with feet nearly touching the gas stove next the sink, and curly black hair within a foot of the inner room partition; he was rolled tightly in his scanty covering. The plain, board floor of the room was immaculately scrubbed, as were the three unpainted doors (to the inner room, to the shop, to the street), but on the chair by the cot the rough clothes lay untidily in a bunch, while the dusty, stained, studio smock made a crumpled pile by itself where it had slipped from the table. A voice, weary and old, called from the inner room.

"Garvin—" The sleeper rolled over uneasily, then tried to slide more closely into the blanket.

"Garvin, boy,—” With a start the sleeper threw off the blanket, swung about, caught up his studio smock—

"Garvin—”

"Yes, Master, coming." He reached for a pair of old felt slippers.

"What time is it?"

"Oh, about—" Then the old voice cut in with a sudden vigor and resonance that made the youth turn his head sharply toward the closed door as he rose.

"Boy! Boy! I've got it! Put some clay on the stand! I tell you it's a—" The voice broke in a

sudden fit of coughing. Garvin was already in the warm inner room, and eased the choking, protesting old man back upon his pillow, then smoothed the blankets and the thick comforter. The coughing stopped; there was a moment of silence while Garvin busied himself about the chamber, putting coal into the stove, and letting down one curtain from the slanting skylight, whose lower half was buried in snow. The big, feeble old artist turned restlessly in his bed.

"Is there something you want, Master?" The name was a caress as he spoke it.

"No, it's no use." A pause. "Yes, put some clay on the stand and get me a bite to eat. It must be late with so much light outside."

"Snowed a little I guess, sir; it's very early still," responded the other. "You're surely not going to try to work today?" He protested, even while obeying, kneading hunks of wet clay over the wires on the modelling stand. There was no answer, and he stepped into the chilly outer room, closing the door. At the sink he washed his hands in the icy water till they glowed, and began the preparation of breakfast. He took it in steaming, on a big black tray and stopped inside the door with a frown of concern. Wrapped in his old blue dressing gown, with sleeves bared to his bony elbows, his legs wide apart, the old man stood by the modelling stand, his long, knotty, powerful-looking fingers playing with feverish energy about the mass of clay. A head had taken form, a shapeless arm rolled upon the wire was being smoothed into a curve of

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gracefulness, the lump had acquired character. . . . Suddenly the eager, bony fingers hesitated, stopped, began sticking on dabs here and there, and cutting them off with the knife, then, with a little pathetic cough the old man dropped the knife, stepped back, tottering, caught sight of Garvin with the tray in his hands, walked unsteadily to the bed and sat down. He ate moodily while Garvin examined the work. The cheery young voice filled the room.

"A beginning, sir; a powerful beginning. What is the idea?"

"No use, Garvin, lad. It won't come. When I get it started just so far, I see it won't come out. It'll never come out. The idea's not there boy." He coughed, and set the tray on the bedside chair. "Learn this, boy. The idea's got to be there. The idea's got to be there. Otherwise no art—no art—pretty little statues—shop's full of 'em, boy: white marble without soul." He got himself awkwardly under the covers again, and closed his eyes with sigh. Garvin began to wrap damp rags about the clay on the stand. A weary old voice came from the pillows.

"Remember, lad. You've got to have a powerful idea. You've got to think, boy. Got to live and think—hard. . . . No use, . . . It'll never come out. . . . Too old, Oh, God, *if I could*, just one more time before I die!" He broke into hard painful coughing, and lay still. When Garvin turned to remove the tray he was already asleep.

He laid the tray on the kitchen table, put some water heating and set about dressing. As he turned to get his own breakfast, a light hand tapped on the street door.

"Come in!" He called gaily, and a girl in a brown coat stepped quickly in and closed the door.

"So late?" She laughed, taking off her mittens, and piled up the dishes on the tray.

"Stop, Mary, this is no fair. You've been working all night. Besides the water's not hot yet." She dipped a finger.

"It'll do fine. Get a towel. You untidy bear, you've not made your bed yet. I can see you're going to present problems." She laughed mischievously, and began washing the scant handful of dishes.

"You don't mean you've not eaten yet yourself?" she cried.

"Right you are."

"But, Garvin—" She turned toward the little cupboard hanging above the bed.

"Now, Mary, you're going to be good for once. You know you're dead for sleep. You've done enough. Here, stop!" She had wiped her hands and was folding the blanket.

"I can only stay the weeniest minute, young sir,"

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she declaimed with mock severity, "And I want to make 'em count."

"I suppose you'll scrub the floor again the minute I'm out of sight."

"Um-m-no. Once will do for demonstration. You could scrub it now as well as I can."

"Ha, ha', quoth the tall knight," he declaimed satirically. "'Meseems you're akiddin' me, fair damsel.'"

She closed the cupboard door upon the final dish, and cocked her head on one side, lifted her eyebrows and pursed her lips tantalizingly. Garvin took fire.

"'The laborer is worthy—'", he began judicially, stepping forward. With a merry chuckle she put the table between them, but he caught her at the street door. She pressed him back with her palms on his chest, laughing a contented, breathless little laugh, and looking up into the strong, tender face above her with perfect trust in her shining eyes.

"Hush, Garvin, you'll wake the Master," she whispered. Garvin bent down, and she buried her face swiftly against his coat. He kissed the ruddy, unruly hair, and murmured,

"Mischief-maker!"

She lifted her head back, slipping her hands up to his shoulders, and her steady gray eyes looked into his own warm eyes of brown. For a long minute they gazed, then she closed her eyelids slowly as his head bent down.—A moment later she was gone, and Garvin set about his own breakfast. Half an hour later found him busy in the little art shop.

That evening Garvin had given the Master his supper, and lit the lamp for study when Mary came in. He told her the big event of the day.

"I knew they weren't artists," he explained. "But you could tell by the looks of the chauffeur in the car when they drove up, that they were rich." He described the way the pair had examined the shop and all its contents. "I guessed they were ripe for something pretty good, and I dared it. They were remarking that marble piece called *Fulfillment*; you know, above the counter." Mary nodded. "Done by his own hand, Mary. A masterpiece. I wish I could—Well, I said, regretfully, 'I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that's hardly for sale. It's the last real piece of work he has done, and it's rather—highpriced.' I thought that'd fetch him, Mary, and it nearly did, until he saw my *Perfume of Roses*. You know that silly thing of the two dancing lovers, spinning about, covered with rose petals? Well, he held this *Fulfillment*—mind you, he had it in his hand—and said, 'How much is this?' I thought, 'Might as well lose a throne as a thimble,' and answered 'Twelve hundred dollars, sir.'

Final, just like that. By George, Mary, he reached for his checkbook, and then he saw this other thing, and laid *Fulfillment* on the counter. 'By Jove, Elizabeth,' he said, 'A jolly little fancy!' And that fiend of a woman—oh, she was pretty enough!—agreed with him."

"Very reprehensible trait in a woman," murmured Mary.

"Imp!—'And this is—' he inquired. I was disgusted. 'Fifty dollars,' I said. And he took it, he took it, he took it—the blundering idiot! And left that masterpiece on the counter. Said my freak had life, verve, movement; said there was some idea to that—all that rot. I could have cried."

"Oh, you fool boy!" She seized him by the shoulders. "You big bear of an artist. You could have gotten five hundred."

"Oh, what do I care! He said there was no inspiration in the Master's work, and—"

"And in yours?" She looked up at him slyly, and he kissed her swiftly and hard.

"You know," she whispered, "how you sang while you were carving it." Garvin stepped back.

"Listen, Mary. There are years ahead of us. Maybe there are only days ahead of him. He's old and discouraged and ready to quit,—but he can't quit. He wants to make one last masterpiece before he dies, and about every day he starts something, thinks he has the big idea, and then gives it up. Can't get the idea. What can we do? Nothing, absolutely nothing. It makes me sick thinking about it. It makes me sick to hear other people say the same thing about his work that he says himself!"

"Hush, he'll hear you." Garvin shook himself, and brought his voice to a normal conversational pitch.

"Mat says you made a new song yesterday. You never told me this morning, Mary."

"It wasn't done, Garvin. It was hard getting the music right. The words are always easiest, you know."

"Are they? I can think of tunes a lot quicker. Is it done? Sing it for me."

Mary glanced at the inner door, which stood ajar. The darkness of the room beyond was lit by a red glow from the open door of the stove. Garvin reassured her.

"He's not asleep, and he won't mind. It really isn't illness Mary, so much as discouragement. He tries so hard. It's enough to kill a man listening to him and watching him try for the idea that never comes. But go on—sing it for me, dear. What is it called?"

"*Wind of Dawn*. Garvin, dear, remember all the Master's done for us—"

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"You've slaved pretty hard yourself, Boy," she said.

"Both of us, Mary. It's a hard, mad world. A man tries and tries and always sees the vision in front of him, and never gets it carved right. Sometimes one wants to shake it all off, to jump out of one's skin, so to speak—but go on and sing."

"Funny." She mused. "That's in the song too. It has been a hard climb."

"*Wind of Dawn*. I love the name. Sing, dear."

She lifted her face in the lamplight, and began on a clear rising note,

"O-o-oh!—" then broke off to ask, "Remember last Hallowe'en, Garvin?"

"Do I!" responded Garvin with fervor. "Do you suppose I'm likely to forget the morning of all mornings?" Mary smiled happily, and dropped her eyes.

"Well, Garvin, you know you wore the Master's long studio smock to the masquerade, and—where is the mask you made?" She looked about the barren little room.

"I destroyed it, for fear the Master would find it and think I was making fun of him. I'd die rather—"

"I know. It was perfect likeness. But everybody understood, Garvin; they know how we love him. I just want to remind you—"

"Why, Mary, when I took off the mask with you standing there on that stone, looking down at me like that, it was—it was—like a statue that woke up and found itself alive!"

"Silly boy!" whispered Mary, pleating the front of his smock with her fingers. Then stepping quickly back she lifted her face and sang—as clearly and sweetly as the sudden first notes of a bobolink:

"Oh, the dancing is almost over,
We unmask at the break of day—
What in your eyes do I discover?
Wait for the turn of the dance, my lover,
And steal with me swiftly away!

Oh, run with me at morning ere the masquerade is done,

*To slip out of this mockery in some still place,
Where we will watch arm in arm daybreak just begun,
And, oh, the wind of dawn will be sweet upon the face!"*

A sudden creaking came from the bed in the other

room, and Mary paused, but Garvin shook his head impatiently, and she sang on, merrily sweetly, through the second stanza. Then her voice grew richer, intenser, as the tone of the song became more grave—

"The years of our mask are an hour,

Why should we longer stay?

We have woven our rhythm with all our power,

But night droops like a withered flower—

Let us be out and away!"

Her voice, clear, full, vibrant with feeling, was a living creation in a world of sound. It *was* the world; nothing else existed.

"*Ah, go with me at morning when our Masquerade is done*

To slip out of this living death for some far place

Where shining eyes will glimpse a new dream just begun,

And, oh, the Wind of Dawn will be sweet upon the face!"

There was silence. Then Garvin exclaimed, half under his breath,

"You little wonder, you! You adorable little wonder!"

Mary wrinkled her nose at him mischievously, and opened the outer door.

"I'll be late for work, Garvin."

"I wish you'd give up night work, Mary. Will you stop by in the morning?"

"A job's a job, nowadays, dear. Of course I'll stop—Don't kiss me in the doorway, Garv—You silly bear! Goodnight." She broke away, ran down the steps, and was swiftly lost in the gloomy shadows of the winter street.

Garvin could not study. The lilt of that refrain sang through the words on the page, and Mary's face came continually between. Presently the Master called, in a clear voice, "Garvin!" and he went in.

"Garvin, will you light the hanging lamp? I—I want to read awhile." Garvin looked his surprise.

"Shan't I bring in my lamp? I can put it on the chair by the bed here. It'll be more comfortable."

"No, I'd rather have the other—if you don't mind. Is it filled?"

"Yes, surely. Of course I don't mind, Master."

"I'll blow it out, lad. Just go along to bed. You're tired."

Garvin lit the big reflector lamp which hung from the ceiling near the skylight, and dragged the arm-chair into a convenient position under it. The old artist watched him silently, without moving, till he went out, closing the door. He *was* tired, and laying

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aside the book he undressed, spread the blanket, lowered the window a few chilly inches, blew out the light and rolled himself up for the night. The last sound he was conscious of was the slight creak of a board under the Master's foot, and the shoving of a chair across the floor.

"Funny," he drowsed. "I thought I placed it right." Then he was sound asleep.

A rattling noise awoke him. It must be very late. The room was a dark refrigerator. He rolled over and saw a streak of light under the Master's door. Then the rattle came again, coal being shovelled into the stove. The stove door was shut quietly and the house was very still. Outside, faintly, many blocks away, Garvin heard a clock striking. He thought it must be midnight. One—two—silence. Amazing. He closed his eyes and lay back. Farther still an engine whistled eerily, and the distant puffing came distinctly through the winter night. Two o'clock. The Master would surely be ill. True, he had slept all day.—Perhaps he should ask—He hesitated—and was instantly asleep once more, a profound youthful slumber devoid of dreams.

He awoke slowly. The room was gray with early half-light. The house was silent. Outside he heard a milkcart rattle past, and a window shut. He rose quietly, pulled on his long smock and stuck his feet into his slippers. The room was very cold. He closed the window gently, and lit the gas. A light knock at the door made him survey himself with a startled glance. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Come in." The door opened and then was closed behind Mary. Garvin looked down at his bare ankles.

"You're dreadfully early, my Lady in Brown," he remarked apologetically over his shoulder.

"Never mind that, Garvin. I came to help about a little before I went on."

"Now listen—"

"I'm not listening." She stopped. "I quit my job, Garvin." Garvin turned abruptly away from the stove.

"Well, I'm glad you've got some sense! I hope you'll—"

"I quit to come here and help you take care of the Master. I saw Dr. McArthur on my way to work last night. Wasn't he here last Wednesday?"

"Yes—"

"You didn't tell me. You mustn't do that, Garvin. I want to know too, dear. The doctor said he could not last another week without special care. I can nurse, Garvin. You know that. And you're busy about the shop. Is he not *my* Master, too?"

"Mary, Mary—" His hands were on her shoul-

ders. They slid down her arms and grasped her mittened hands. "Oh, Mary—" He dropped her hands and turned abruptly back to the stove. Mary took off her mittens and coat and busied herself at the cupboard. For a few minutes there was silence.

"He's not awake yet?"

"I suppose not. He was up terribly late last night reading—I guess. I woke up at two o'clock and he hadn't gone to bed then." He lifted the coffee-pot from the burner.

"I'll see if he's awake." Mary tiptoed to the door and opened it softly. "Why, I don't see—" She stopped, then flung the door wide with a sharp cry, "Garvin!" Garvin was beside her in an instant, looking over her shoulder into the twilight of the Master's room. Suddenly he pushed past her and strode to the modelling stand. Beside it was the Master, on his knees, his body fallen against the side of the armchair, head tipped back, eyes staring at the half-frosted skylight above him. Garvin knelt swiftly—and rose.

"He's dead, Mary—" holding his voice steady. Mary bit her lip hard.

"Oh, Master, Master—I'm too late. I meant to do so much, and I've done—*nothing!*" She went around the stand, and knelt. "Dear Master forgive me—"

"Mary!" Mary did not move. He came to her and touched her hair. "Look, Mary." The girl lifted her head wearily, her eyes following the pointing of his finger. She stood up.

"What is it?" She questioned softly. The light in the room was growing stronger. The clay on the stand was a statue, a strange thing dimly seen in the imperfect light, yet unmistakably the likeness of the Master—twice. A youthful face, strong, eager, alive with surprised pleasure, the Master as neither of them had ever seen him; and just beneath was a mask, as if the youth had just slipped it off and looked up. His hair was blown about his head by some gay breeze, the eyes seemed—to see. It was greater than clay, as a word is greater than sound; and it was a word of gladness. Garvin and the girl leaned forward—the mask was in the shadow. He straightened up suddenly.

"It is himself, it is like the mask I made, Mary. Oh, Mary, what does it mean? He was working at this all night." He glanced up. "The lamp is burnt out."

"Look—" She grasped his arm and pointed. He made out the carved inscription, and stared down into her eyes.

"Do you see what you have done?" His voice was soft with wonder, almost with awe, at the greatness of that final gift.

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"It was the one supreme thing you could have given. He heard your song last evening, remember? DAWN. It is a strange conception—but he was satisfied."

They stood in silence together. Across the glass above and behind them a little breeze scraped a handful of hard loose snow, and suddenly all the room was aglitter with sunlight, which glinted in Mary's hair,

laid a whiter pallor upon that upturned forehead, and caught the eager lifted head of the statue with a shaft of brilliance. Mary, clinging tightly to Garvin's arm, looked down at the Master's still, white face, so splendidly serene and content.

"Oh, dear God,—*may the Wind of Dawn be sweet upon his face!*"

Calendar of the Winnebagoes

Note: Every Indian tribe has its calendar of months, or moons, differing with the traditions of every tribe. This is the calendar of the Winnebago, another tribe of Wisconsin.

January—Honch-wu-ho-no-nik, Little Bear's time.

February—Honch-wee-hutta-raw, Big Bear's time.

March—Mak-hu-e-kee-ro-kak, Raccoon running time.

April—Ho-a-do-ku-noo-nuk, Fish running time.

May—Me-cow-zhe-raw, Drying of the earth time.

June—Maw-ka-wee-raw, Digging of the earth, or planting time.

July—Maw-o-a-naw, Corn hoeing time.

August—Maw-hoch-ra-wee-daw, Corn tasseling time.

September—Wu-toch-aw-he-raw, Harvest time.

October—Ho-waw-zho-ze-raw, Elk whistling time.

November—Cha-ka-wo-ka-raw, Deer running time.

December—Cha-ka-wak-cho-raw, Deer horns' dropping time.

R. S. C.

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Fashions in Emotions

PENNEL CROSBY

It used to be fashionable in emotions to drag 'em forth on any and every occasion—to write poetry about violets, or your lady-love, or her canary-bird; to read poetry to her; and to propose, kneeling.

Now emotions are about as popular as poor relations. I guess people think they (emotions, that is) don't tend toward efficiency. At least, "silly" and "sentimental" seem always to go together. And it's really better to be silly than to be sentimental. For instance, here are some actual views on the subjects of—

Man and Woman.

"Oh, Flo, I certainly put over a good one tonight! Don't you just love to put something over on a man?"

"You tell 'em! But what did you do?"

"Well, you know, the last three times I've been out with this man, when he brought me home, he wanted to kiss me. And I've just had to argue him out of it, and that makes me awfully tired."

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"Well, this time when we came up on the porch, May and her man were there, and so I just said, 'Well, I guess I won't stop!' and in I came. And, my word, but he was flabbergasted!"

Then there is the subject of disaster. But how can you do a really good rescue story when your heroine is so obviously bored? This incident happened about nine-thirty one Sunday morning. The fire engines were clanging around outside the house, and finally one of the two girls got up and looked out of the window.

"Oh, Alice," she cried, "The fire's in this house!"

"Oh, the deuce! Why that's impossible."

"No, there's a fire on the roof."

"Oh, please be quiet and let me sleep!"

"Well, you can stay if you want to, but I'm going."

"Oh, darn it, I suppose I'd better dress for fear some firemen wander in, but I do think they could have arranged it at not quite such an impossible hour."

It is no longer fashionable to propose kneeling—quite the contrary. In fact, it is quite au fait now for the woman to do the proposing—in an airplane, say, where he can't possibly get away from her. However, in case the man does it, it sometimes happens like this—

"And say, Peg—I want to ask you something!"

"Well, say away!"

"I've been looking around at houses—and I think I could save money and we both might have a better time if you'd marry me."

"Well, Ted, old top, I've considered it too—of

course I knew you were thinking of asking me—and I think I'll be able to perhaps in about a year."

"Thanks, that's awfully good of you."

"Not at all, thanks for asking me."

"Mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all. May I have one, too? Now that we're engaged I guess it's perfectly proper."

A SONNET

MARY RUFFNER

Sometimes, when on a blue-hazed morn I stand
Before a snow-crowned mountain peak, upright;
Or view, with quiet eyes, the winter's sight
Of black-boughed trees, traced in a tangled band,
Upon a dusky, silv'ry sky jappanned;
Or gaze at star-strewn heav'ns when curtaining Night
Unveils the universe, and shuts from sight
This sordid speck called Earth, Man's grain of sand;

Then do all life's important trifles lose
Their import, mount'nous mole-hills shrink to what
They are, and circumstance's iron rod
Becomes a shadowy sceptre. I can choose
The things that live from all those that do not.
Then I am I, and face to face with God.

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What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

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Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

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