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## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XVIII, Number 1 October 1918**

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*The Wisconsin  
Literary  
Magazine*

Volume XVIII



Number 1

A Night In Room 1313

Humoreske

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

October, 1918

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

¶The DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY has printed the Wisconsin Literary Magazine since its debut among University publications three years ago.

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVIII

Madison, October, 1918

Number 1

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ASK at least fifty per cent of the freshmen what they have come to the University for, and they will answer 'to become broad', 'to acquire a broadening education': always the word 'broad' combined in one manner or another. Some of the freshmen believe themselves; but most of them, in repeating the hackneyed, time-worn phrase, merely believe that they believe themselves or better pay no active attention to what they have said.

They encamp at the University. A few months later they 'find themselves' and each one strikes forth on his particular tangent. (Note—there are those who do not take the pains to look for themselves, but of them later.) One man spends his time at athletics. His 'hill courses' are treated with minimum respect, and he builds himself a mighty physique. One of this kind boasted once that he had 'never been inside the Libe'. But he becomes a superb athlete, and takes away from college a fine set of cups and medals. There is the too scientific maiden who stammers blushing when you discuss Mid-Victorian literature with her, who knows more of the protein in an egg than of Milton, who states accurately the specific gravity of

water and is unaware of the delights of Browning or the thrills of Shaw.

The ultra-literary man or woman frequently goes aesthetically through the world oblivious to some of the greatest sources of aesthetic delight. 'Chemistry? Dear me, no. So dry I always imagined: figures and formulas, Ugh!' Physics, too, he often abhors. In fact he ruthlessly neglects the marvels of his universe. 'They live and move and have their being' in—they have no definite idea what! There are countless other tangents; special sources of interest that fascinate and blind people so that they forget the vastness of earth's interests.

Of course in remedying this one-sidedness, don't plunge into the other extreme and become a dilettante. In fact, this specializing class of students should not be too severely criticized. They are usually earnest, hard workers, fitting themselves for their particular grooves, not becoming sympathetic enough with the grooves of others; but contented and happy in their work—and rarely knowing what they miss.

There is another class! Those who have no universal interest, no enthusiasm for 'finding themselves,' no enthusiasm for anything, in fact, save perhaps for spending father's money in the most congenial manner possible, for getting through classes in the most congenial manner possible. They don't think. It is rather distressing to think. And yet many of them step forth from college with diplomas—worth as much as any other diplomas. With a 'college education' and a smooth brow, he or she often steps into a father's business or a husband's arms. At week-end they are festive—pleasure riding, making summer-garment trips to the large cities. But they are young, and very often those who criticize most have never been put to a similar test of circumstances. You really can never tell.

I still insist, however, that all freshmen or others should be cornered and advised when they proclaim, 'I am here to become broadened'.

M. E.

**T**WO types of criticism of the aims and policies of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine have frequently come to the attention of the editors. Both, we believe, emanate from the critics' conception of what the traditional college magazine ought to be.

Firstly, it is charged that while we style our publication a "literary" magazine, its tone is not truly literary—that is, it does not conform to the critics' idea of what the word implies. They would have us offer material of a more weighty and formal type: sober essays on art and drama and literature, laying more stress on the masterpieces and achievements of the past than on tendencies and movements of the present. They have in mind the literary monthlies of the "cultural" colleges of the past. The second class of critics, on the other hand, charge that we do not accurately reflect the interests and the sympathies of the American college of today; that we ignore important phases of university life and activity. They would have us devote more of our space to campus humor, athletics, snapshots of university celebrities—in short, the melange that crowds the pages of the average college monthly of today.

In reply to both classes of critics we can only repeat what we have said before, that the Wisconsin Literary Magazine arose out of a demand for an expression of the undergraduate's reaction to the forces and movements of today, regardless of the fact that these forces may not be concerned directly with his life as a student, or deal with subjects that have a purely academic interest. We have striven to make the "Lit" an exchange of ideas, and to encourage the embodiment of these ideas in sincere and workmanlike literary forms. This has been our goal and hope.

#### EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	MILDRED EVANS
FRANCES DUMMER	MARIAN FELIX
BERTHA OCHSNER	
MICHEL STEVENS	

#### FLOUTING THE MELANCHOLY POET

**W**HO was it who said:

"The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year"?

I call him the Poet-Who-Outlaws-Joy, and I should so like to hold him fast and make him explain those dreadful words—if he dare! Melancholy? Sad? Why, autumn is the most glorious season of all! Who has not felt summer's slow, sluggish lassitude melt suddenly before the first incredibly sweet, tangy breath of fall? A call goes out over the land and all the

earth responds. There is no sadness in that answer. Nature has been waiting, waiting for just that all year. Everything has been growing and preparing for this one, great, vital summons. To the demand:

"Are you ready?" beasts and birds and fields and woods and hills and skies and seas make answer:

"Ready, quite ready!"

The squirrels regard their hoard of nuts with pardonable complacency. The birds watch proudly the young they have reared. The fields and woods and hills all stir in the keen little breeze, and murmur:

"We have grown; we have produced; we are ready for the feasting and rejoicing of the fruit time."

The keen little breeze itself has forgotten that only a short while ago, it was a lazy, faint-hearted, worthless zephyr. Now it sings with a tingling invitation to festival. The leaves hear and deck themselves, making gorgeous tapestries mantling old walls, and many-colored streamers flying from every bough. Or they go skipping, gaily tiptilting up and down the street, pausing now and then to rest, but still quivering, shimmering with life. The clouds and waves take up the cry and go scudding joyfully along to join the party. The world is keeping holiday.

"But," I hear the Poet-Who-Outlaws-Joy saying, "that is what makes it all so pitiful. The year is dying. She has painted her old cheeks and put on a false gaiety to have one last fling before the end. It is her swan song."

Prater of death and swan songs, why must a poet always be linked with melancholy and sad reverie? I, too, have the heart of a poet. I cannot give to the world like the great masters, but I am as much a dreamer as they. And since one dreams, why not dream great things? Surely the greatest are beyond misery and gloom and annihilation.

The Poet shakes his head sadly, wisely, murmuring something about my extreme youth and inexperience. He mentions the time-worn phrase that "nothing lasts, all is uncertain and fleeting."

My youth! I say there are those who have youth at ninety. I shall be such as they. And there is one thing that lasts always and forever. That is Faith. Autumn, the fruitful, is a symbol of this faith in the coming of all good things.

Look! The pageant of the seasons passes like a day which opens in moist freshness, continues through the warm, growing, working hours, and is finally rewarded with festivity in the evening before there comes again the gentle sleep. Death? Never! The winter world is vibrant with sleeping, hidden life. There will always be new dawns, new chances.

So away with thee, Poet, with thy dark looks and long, dank locks! So hail to thee, Autumn, symbol not of death, but of fulfillment, rejoicing, triumphant!

LOUISE INCALLS.

In Memoriam

---

T. E. M. Hefferan

Associate Editor of the  
Wisconsin Literary Magazine

1916-1917

Died at Chateau-Chierry Aug. 4

I stood beside a silent pool,  
 And all the wise men gathered 'round its mirrored  
 shores,  
 Gazed in its depths, and cried,  
 "How beautiful it is!"

I stood beside the selfsame pool,  
 And all the wise men gathered 'round its tortured  
 shores,  
 Gazed in its froth, and cried,  
 "How hideous it is!"  
 Below, the gasping waters writhed and jumped,  
 Steam and hail, fire, gas, and stifled smoke,  
 Danced on the struggling flood.  
 As if some subterranean geyser long in check  
 Had suddenly spouted forth its hate,  
 And ever increased in violence, until—  
 And all the wise men gathered 'round the shores,  
 I stood beside a silent pool,  
 Gazed in dismay, and cried,  
 "O, God! When? When?"

And all the stars whose beauty, on the smiling pool  
 Had been reflected and enhanced,  
 Now shone but dimly through the Hellish mist;  
 All save one, the smallest one of all,  
 Which e'er more glorious as the darkness grew,  
 Blazed in the firmament, and lighted up the pool;  
 Until, at last, with one great burst of light,  
 It broke, and in a myriad flashing darts  
 Fell toward the pool.

And all the wise men gathered 'round its caustic  
 shores,  
 Saw that the lashing waters still retained the light,  
 And writhed and leaped in iridescent arcs;  
 And all the wise men gazing there in rapturous awe,  
 Cried in a voice,  
 "How glorious it is!"

WALTER R. NEISSER.

## A Night in Room 1313

IT WAS eleven o'clock, the night before the seventh and decisive world series game. At three hotels I had failed to secure a room, and I was beginning to lose all hope of finding a lodging place for the night. It seemed that half the population of New York had in an instant been transferred to the hot, seething, downtown district of Philadelphia. The crowd, almost entirely composed of men, surged up and down the streets, and in and out of buildings in great, jostling, human currents and counter currents. There was a mad rush for every hotel and rooming house in the city. I had literally fought my way into the three nearest places, only to find in each case that I was too late—every available room had been taken. I was out in the street again, and I allowed myself to be swept along by the mob. I was not acquainted with the city, and thought I might as well go one way as another, so long as I was going away from the crowd. After perhaps half an hour I had got far enough from the center of congestion to be able to walk of my own free will again, and I began to look about for a place to spend the rest of the night. Two blocks further along the street I noticed a great, square building that towered five stories above the others near it, and it was very evidently a hotel. I hurried toward it, determined to secure a room or die in the attempt.

I had not been mistaken; the building was the Hotel Grand. I entered the crowded lobby and pushed my way toward the desk, where one of the clerks finally informed me hurriedly that the rooms were all occupied. I hesitated, discouraged.

"Sure you haven't anything at all?" I asked. "Any sort of room would do for me, you know; I'm about tired of running around town."

The clerk paused a moment and then closed the drawer in which he had been fumbling. I tried to look sadder than I really felt, and the clerk was apparently of a very sympathetic disposition. He looked me over slowly, and leaned confidentially across the counter.

"Are you superstitious?" he whispered, gravely. "Afraid of ghosts, and—and—things?"

"The least of my troubles, partner," I assured him, smiling at his evident sincerity. "You can't scare me out of here with ghosts—not if I've got to sleep with 'em. Give me a room and you can put all the ghosts in it you want to." The clerk did not smile with me.

"Well, it's like this," he said, still in a low whisper. "I know you'd have an awful time getting a room in town now, and I'd like to help you out. But the only room we've got is one that hasn't been used for over

five years, and the orders are not to use it. If you want it, and will take all the responsibility upon yourself, I'll do what I can for you. There's a story that goes with that room, you know."

"You might tell me about it, and then I'll decide whether or not I can stand it for a night." I offered the clerk a cigar, which he absent-mindedly put away.

"I haven't time enough to tell you much about it," he said, "but the substance of it is this: The room is way up on the thirteenth in the rear corner, with one window on the side alley; it is No. 1313. About six years ago fire broke out in the rear of the building, and five people, three men, a woman and a young boy, jumped out of that window to escape from the burning hell inside. There wasn't much sense in jumping thirteen floors to the pavement, but I suppose they thought it was easier than burning alive. The burned portion of the hotel was rebuilt and in use again within six months. I sent a man up to 1313 one night—he was the first one to take the room since the fire. At daybreak the watchman in the place across the alley saw him clinging to the ledge of the window for a minute, then drop with a yell that could be heard for blocks. It was three weeks before I sent anyone else up to 1313. We were crowded then almost as badly as we are tonight, and a poor, tired out woman begged me to let her have a room. I finally consented to her taking 1313, but said nothing of course, about its previous history. Again at daybreak there was a fearful scream, and they picked her body up in the alley. No one had seen the fall this time. We found the window of the room closed, as it had been in the other case. A thorough search of the room was made, but nothing was found to be out of the ordinary, and suicide was the only tenable theory of the two occurrences. Nevertheless, the proprietor began to fear for the business of the hotel, and he ordered the window of the room boarded up and spiked, and the door locked. Nobody was to be allowed to have that room. That was about five years ago, and during all this time the room has never been used, and nothing more is ever heard about it. I won't recommend it to you, but if you feel like taking a chance I'll ask the Boss to lift the ban on it for a night." He paused for an answer.

I had made up my mind long before that I wanted that room, and now it had an added attraction. I had never seen any ghosts, or anything that suggested them, and I was rather curious about No. 1313. I told the clerk I would take the room if the proprietor could be induced to allow it. The clerk then tried to get in

touch with him on the telephone, but it appeared that he had left town suddenly and could not be reached. After a consultation with the manager it was finally decided that I might have the room if I would take it entirely on my own responsibility. The room would be ready for me in an hour.

I left the hotel and walked about the streets of the city for something more than an hour; I rather lost track of the passing time, and was astonished when I looked at my watch and found it was 12:30. All the interest and excitement which I had felt in the big game to be played the next day had left me, and I could think of nothing but that mysterious No. 1313. I was curious to look at it, yet I rather disliked returning to the hotel for some reason or other, and I wondered if it could be that I was becoming afraid of the thing. I convinced myself that I was absolutely all right, nevertheless I walked two or three blocks out of my way toward the hotel. This did not impress me at the time, however, and I may have done it unconsciously; I do not know. At any rate, I arrived at the Grand a little before one o'clock, and the same clerk I had talked to before was still behind the desk. He was evidently looking for me, and he said he had waited for me since midnight, when he had been relieved at the desk by another clerk. He wanted to show me the room himself, he said.

We rode up to the thirteenth floor, and my friend led me down a long narrow corridor, with little red lights placed far apart throughout its length. They were so small and few that their feeble light only accentuated the darkness and the length of the corridor. The last light seemed miles and miles away. The floor was covered with a heavy carpet that seemed to cling to my feet when I lifted them, and there was no sound as the clerk and I walked. We reached the end of the corridor where it branched off at right angles to either side, and I followed the clerk toward the left. He seemed strangely silent, even morose. I made no effort to draw him out, but watched him closely. At the end of the short passage we were now in, we stopped before a door without a number plate. All the others along the corridor were regularly numbered, but only a comparatively clean space, the shape of a plate, indicated that there had ever been one on this door. My companion fumbled in his pocket, and quickly brought out the key. He handed it to me without a word, making a slight gesture toward the unnumbered door.

"Thank you," I said, and the clerk started at the sound of my voice, and glanced about him wildly. My voice did sound unnatural and loud in that quiet hallway. I was almost tempted to smile, however, at the clerk's evident fright. He shot one horrified look past me at the door, then turned, and almost ran down

the long stretch of corridor. I got a glimpse of his white, drawn face as he turned the corner and disappeared. Somehow or other, I was glad to be rid of him.

I stood there for a moment or two, listening for the sound of his hurried footfalls, but I could hear nothing. The place was as quiet as the grave. I turned around to unlock my door—IT WAS WIDE OPEN! I recoiled a bit, and a cold shiver went up my spine;—and then I cursed my damned foolishness. It was a draft, of course, that had opened the door. I shut my jaws tight, and entered the blackness. Two or three steps inside the door I struck a match and located the light switch, and in a moment the room was brightly illuminated by two powerful lamps. I closed the door, and then I was forced to admit to myself that there had been no draft of air. I did not try further to explain the matter, but began to make a close survey of the room.

The first thing that struck me was the boarded window opposite the one door. Four twelve inch bare white planks were matched tightly together from top to bottom of the window, and studded thickly with large nails. Not a ray of light could penetrate into the room, for there were no other windows. The room was long and narrow, with the window and the door at opposite ends. A half-size iron bed stood against the left wall and corner, the outside edge reaching almost to the window. To the right of the door as I came in was a square, built-in closet, and then a small writing table and chair, diagonally across from the bed. In the corner directly opposite the bed was a high, narrow dresser of dark wood, with a hastily dusted mirror. A stiff looking rocking chair and a wire waste basket completed the furniture in the room. The walls were an oppressive shade of red that enhanced the narrowness of the room. They were bare, and extremely high for a modern building. Not a picture or print of any kind relieved the expanse of red wall, and it was very evident that the room had not been occupied for a long time. Someone had made a pretense of cleaning the room, but the dust lay thick in streaks on the furniture and walls. The door to the closet was closed.

I reached over and put my hand on the knob and started to turn it,—then, for some unexplainable reason I stopped, and withdrew my hand quickly. I was angry and ashamed as soon as I had done so. I whispered under my breath: "Open that door you fool!" but something inside me whispered back: "Don't!" My hand was on the knob again, but I was powerless to turn it. For several moments that seemed ages, I stood with my hand on that knob and my arm and body tense, my will struggling to open

the door, while some irresistible force commanding my muscles prevented me from doing so. At length my arm fell limply from the knob, and I walked quickly over to the boarded window, and began to examine it, paying no further attention to the closet. In a minute or two I was laughing to myself over the matter. What did I want to look into that closet for anyhow? There was nothing that I had to put in there, and nothing that I wanted to take out. My small grip had been left by the side of the bed, and it contained everything that I had with me.

The boards that covered the window were of white pine, and they showed no signs of wear whatever, only a thick layer of dust indicating that they had been up for a long time. I examined the edges of the boards where the nails had been driven, and there were no marks of a hammar claw in any part of the wood. The inside edges of the boards fitted snugly against the window casing, and it was very evident that the boards had never been removed since the time they had been put up five years ago. This knowledge seemed to give me more confidence and courage, and I felt as though my nerves were steady enough to withstand anything else that might happen. I even went so far as to start briskly toward the closet door, with the intention of tearing it open and proving to myself that I had been a fool. I strode up to the door, grasped the knob firmly—and then found my arm absolutely without the power to move. I could not withdraw it, and I could not turn it. The same queer sensation came over me, and I knew there was no use struggling against the unknown thing that paralyzed my arm. I waited until it fell limply from the knob, then went over to the bed and sat on its edge.

I found that I was trembling from head to foot, and weak as a baby. My mind seemed all turned upside down and inside out; I could not collect my thoughts well enough to think the matter out and settle it. I only knew that there was something wrong with me; I did not know that I was frightened, and it never occurred to me to leave the room and whatever infernal power it contained. Nevertheless, my teeth chattered, and a cold sweat soaked my clothing and drove little icicles up and down my back. I sat on the edge of the bed, my body bent forward, with my hands covering both eyes. I must have fallen asleep in that position, for I found myself suddenly crouched in the center of the room, the breath sucking in between my clicking teeth in short, sharp gasps. A loud harsh bell was making the whole room vibrate with its awful ringing. It took me several moments to realize what it was, and during this time it rang continuously. Glancing wildly about, I finally caught sight of a desk telephone almost out of view on a shelf under the table. I

reached it as soon as I could and ripped the receiver from its hook; the sound was almost driving me crazy! "HELLO! HELLO!" I shouted in the transmitter, unable to control my voice. There was no answer; the wire was dead.

Then the thought flashed through my dizzy brain like a horrible nightmare—FIRE! But after the first shock of the clanging bell had passed away, the realization that I was face to face with a concrete, visible danger, seemed to clear my mind instantly. I stood quietly, listening for other bells along the corridor, or for any sounds of confusion,—I heard nothing but my own breathing. When I felt sure that there was no fire a certain fear took hold of me again. What had caused the ringing of that telephone? I became groggy again with the rush of blood to my head, and staggered back to the bed. There was a light switch at the head of it, and I turned the lights out before I fell face down on the pillow. I was tired, and it seems I went to sleep in a moment; I was probably not more than half awake when I answered the telephone.

It seemed scarcely a moment more and I was dreaming; but not of ghosts, strangely enough. It was the kind of dream I had had dozens of times before. I just started from nowhere, and was falling slowly through miles and miles of space. Gradually the tops of buildings came in sight, and I began to worry about getting stuck on a steeple in the course of my flight. I did not fall straight down, but took a rather zigzag course through the air. I missed a steeple or two by a hair, and then, instead of hitting the ground and bounding up again like a rubber ball, without the slightest damage, as the dream always used to finish, I headed toward a big skyscraper. It was the Hotel Grand. I landed on the ledge of a window, and I recognized that it was the boarded one of 1313. There was not much room to stand on the ledge, and I clung to the bricks desperately. I knew all the time that the previous portion of the dream was a dream, but when I landed on the ledge there was nothing more of the dream about it; it was unmistakable reality.

I was unable to hold long to my precarious position, and I knew I would fall in a moment. The smooth, gray pavement below in the alley did not seem to be unreasonably far away—it was just thirteen stories, but the very reality of the distance made it all the more terrorizing. I felt my fingers slowly but surely slipping from their poor grip. I knew that next I would be shooting through the air toward that hard, gray, pavement. I squeezed the little hold that I had on the edge of the bricks, but my weight was too great.

*(Continued on page 17)*

## The Superior Being

THERE was a man who had a dog, a fine big dog with inquisitive ears and an energetic tail. But the man was a sottish being; his eyes were bleary and red-rimmed. He was dirty, and he shambled along unevenly. In fact he seemed an unfit—at least an inconsistent, companion for the big dog. Still the man had been worthy—at times. On one Christmas eve he had heard children caroling, and he had wept and stolen fifty dollars for a gift to his long-neglected family. Once, very long ago, he had written a poem about a girl. And in all of his vagrant, thieving years, he had not once been intentionally mean. His aesthetically tender regard for heirlooms, during his robberies, was remarkable. People everywhere marveled at it, and often wondered that he spared such valuable things. Something apart from mere policy, from fear of being caught, made him careful of sleeping babes, of all helpless things. In fact the man had a strange, fine soul—deeply hidden.

But last week he had broken bounds. He had killed a man; not maliciously, simply in a man to man struggle for existence; an attack was ample grounds for defending one's self, he argued. He had long taken for granted his right to obtain a living as he saw fit. But the law, he knew, was remarkably inconsiderate of personal moral standards.

On this day the man and his dog were walking along a muddy swamp road—the "superior" being, weak and spineless; the animal, alert and powerful. The man was a silent fellow, and the dog was today a silent dog, alarmingly silent. He barely sniffed at butterflies that brushed past his nose. Suddenly he looked at the dog and swerved over onto a broad rock by the roadside.

"Dash me! You're a fine critur," he said, "An' you love *me*." He laughed cynically. "You're all as does, all as has reason to. I played 'em all dirt, I suppose, lightin' out when I got tired of 'em. Maybe yes—maybe no. Maybe it's good I han't bothered 'em these years. Lord, you're a fine un." He lifted the dog's head between his hands. "You blitherin' fool of a worshiper." He started. "You look human!" he gasped. "Your eyes—the're sayin' it. You know! God—I can't stand it! You're the only one as respects me, an' your eyes say you'll hate me—if I don't." He let the dog's head drop and covered his face with his hands.

For hours he sat with his face covered, and the animal watched him, motionless. Then, abruptly, he threw his arms about the furry neck and wept bitterly.

The dog whined and awkwardly licked his dirty streaked face. Finally the man stood up. The red sun on the edge of the swamp put a wild fire in his bleary eyes, and for a moment he stood erect.

"You win," he said simply. He looked back at the village smoke, curling above a distant grey meadow. "I oughta get there afore moon-up. Well," he continued "they can never say I let a innocent hang for me."

MICHEL STEVENS.

### THE REAL

THE GREAT sculptor's massive head with its finely chiseled mouth and nose and chin was silhouetted against the northern light, for the little model who perched near him. He sculptured only the real; that is, the real as he saw it, in all its ugliness. The little model was enamoured of the sculptor and she sat near him as he worked, and whispered him her adoration, which fired him.

And the little model went on whispering, and whispered, too, her little fancyings, in warm, passionate words. Her belief was firm that with this great, this wonderful art, he would make something that was really very beautiful, that would make the world so happy it would be great and good for joy. To tell the truth, she was a little disappointed that the wonderful art could produce anything which was so ugly as these things.

But time passed, and a strange thing seemed to be happening to the sculptor. He went on modeling these ugly things, but at night when he lay on his cot in the moonlight they must have arisen and in vengeance moulded their features on him. Yet they did it so insidiously, so delicately, that the sculptor never felt their touch. One day, however, as he was putting a polish on the brazen shield of a Medusa, he saw his face reflected in it. It sent a chill through him, and he felt as though perhaps too they had their fingers about his heart.

He called weakly to the little model—suddenly he had missed her voice. But she had been gone for a long time and though he sought for her, wildly, distractedly, like a child its mother, she could not be found.

I think she went away to die.

SYLVA MEYER.

## Humoreske

SPRING came north that year and with light, warm fingers stroked the back of Merton. The village responded drowsily. By easy stages the new grass in the row of front lawns on Main street crept into the sunshine. And then the weeds came out, and then the boys with their marbles, and last of all Amos Bloodgood, who stepped on the board walk in front of his feed store one day and began tinkering with the yellow, winter-scarred awning. When Amos did that, Merton knew that spring had indeed arrived, and Merton put mothballs in its overcoats and invested in tomato seeds, while Lydia Leatherby wrote a poem on "We Hail You, Robin Redbreast," and sent it to the *Weekly Courant*. If anything had been necessary to clinch the good judgment of Amos Bloodgood, Lydia's poem would have done it. Merton demonstrated its faith in these two prophets by recklessly discarding its flannels.

Yet certain ingredients of the village took no part in the quiet spring-time evolution. One of them was the house inhabited by the Jaspers, and the other was the Jaspers themselves. The house was built of gray, expressionless brick, and sat near the end of Main street like a prim spinster with nothing to say. Judge Spenlow's house, next door, was gay with green and yellow and reflected the sunshine; the gray house seemed angrily to cast it from the drab shingle roof. The Spenlow home was fronted by a trim square of lawn with a tulip bed in its geometric center and hollyhocks along its edge; the gray house lay back of a gravel patch surrounded by a shamefully naked and rusty iron fence. Whether the latter dwelling had acquired its characteristics from its occupants, or whether it had in vengeance stamped its bleakness on the faces of the Jaspers was a problem about which opinion might well have been divided. Both house and occupants were labeled by Merton as "sort of grumpish," the village thereby displaying its prejudice and its aptness for coining strange adjectives.

Marcella and Jonas Jasper, brother and sister, had been born in the gray house and had lived in it for forty years. Marcella, outside of occasional walks to the shops and to the Methodist church on Sundays, had rarely left it, seldom permitting Merton a glimpse of her withered, colorless face and drooping body. But Jasper owned the harness store near the depot, and four times each day walked up and down the board walk on Main street, where his gaunt form was as familiar as the gnawed hitching posts, and as little heeded. Jasper looked like a man, not in whom joy had been

stifled, but in whom joy had never lived. Something of the musty, leathery odor of his shop clung to him; his face was as expressionless as the side of a russet saddle, and his eyes dull as a tarnished brass rivet. His life was a desert in which his work, his sister, and his religion were oases at which he stopped but was never refreshed. He performed his work mechanically, loved his sister soberly, and prayed dryly.

This springtime something happened to the Jaspers which no one was immediately aware of, least of all the Jaspers themselves. It occurred on a Sunday in May when the stir of awakening life trembled in the air. There had been the usual morning services at the church, the organ had wheezed a little more joyfully and the congregation had chorused a little more hopefully than was their custom. And the homeward procession at noon, in the soft shadows under the newly green elms, was also a bit more festive. Mrs. Bloodgood had a cardinal bird on her new hat, and Judge Spenlow a daisy in his buttonhole, while his wife, in a spirit of daring, carried a brilliant canary parasol. Here and there, at the approach to side streets, groups of twos and threes dropped out of the procession, until, near the end of Main street, there remained only the Spenlows, the Jaspers, and Mrs. Leatherby. They talked of the sermon and the singing, and then, at the Spenlow gate, Mrs. Leatherby said:

"There's going to be a party at our house this coming Wednesday—Lydia's birthday, you know."

"Lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Spenlow, folding down the canary parasol's wings, "and how old is Lydia?"

"Twenty-two, though she does look like a chick."

"No!" cried the judge, in his hearty, explosive way. "And I remember when she was a mite like the tip of my thumb."

"And in the evening," went on Mrs. Leatherby, "there's to be a little sociable for us old folks. We expect you both to come."

Mrs. Leatherby's eyes were on the Spenlows, but some impulse caused her to turn to the Jaspers and add: "And you, too. You'll be welcome, I'm sure."

A bit of light, perhaps kindled by the warmth of spring, flickered in the faded eyes of Jonas and Marcella. Marcella clasped her thin hands nervously. Jonas coughed.

"Thank you kindly," said Marcella, "but—"

"Thank you," said Jonas, "but—"

They looked at each other helplessly.

"Oh, come along," cried the judge breezily. "We see little enough of you folks."

"We'll talk it over," said Jonas dubiously, and Marcella nodded assent.

There was an exchange of "good-byes." The Spenlows passed through their front yard, the yellow parasol flickering between the rows of hollyhocks and rivalling the warm colors of the tulip bed. Next door, Jonas and Marcella crossed the gravel patch like a pair of sear brown leaves blown slowly across a waste place. They had dinner, and then they sat in the gloomy front room with its shutters drawn, as sunlight, Marcella held, would make the flowers on the carpet fade. In the room were three stiff-backed, spindly chairs, a hair sofa, a round table with a centerpiece and lamp, and life-sized photographs of a morose couple looking down over a cold fireplace.

Jonas and Marcella were thinking of Mrs. Leatherby's invitation. Doubts that had entered their minds under the heartening influence of the sunshine had been put to rout by the frosty stare of the melancholy couple on the wall and the chill breath that seemed to be exhaled by the fireplace.

"I don't think we'd better go," said Jonas abruptly, after a long pause.

Marcella nodded.

"I don't think we'd better. It don't seem right, sort of, with mother only two years dead." Then she added reflectively, "Strange we were asked. It's the first time."

"Parties," said Jonas, rising, "are for skittish folk."

Then Jonas napped on the hair couch, and Marcella knitted in a stiff-backed chair, and after supper, with the lamp lighted, Jonas read a chapter from Matthew and later got the phonograph from its place in the cupboard. The phonograph was a concession to "skittishness" which Jonas had brought into the house with some misgivings, but it had been left with him as payment for a long overdue harness bill, and as two highly respectable records came with the machine, there was nothing, Jonas argued, that even the pastor could disapprove of. And so, every Sunday evening for the past two years, Jonas and Marcella had listened to a quartette singing "Lead Kindly Light" and "Rock of Ages," but less than a month ago "Lead Kindly Light" had become so badly worn that the words were practically unintelligible, and of late even "Rock of Ages" was showing a tendency to wear away.

Jonas placed the phonograph on the table, wound it up, and adjusted a new needle. Then he reached for the record lying on the edge of the table. His attempt was clumsy. The record slipped, landing on the brick floor of the fireplace. Jonas muttered. Marcella gasped. Then Jonas picked up the record, looked at it, and said dolefully:

"Marcella, I've cracked 'Rock of Ages.'"

"And it's done for!" cried Marcella.

"It won't play with a crack," said Jonas.

He sat down, and they looked at each other. These Sunday night programs had meant much to them. They had come to be as important a part of the routine as Jonas' nap, or the chapter from the bible.

"Bergman's sell records," said Marcella finally.

"And I think they've got 'Rock of Ages.'"

"It's Sunday, and Bergman's is closed," said Jonas.

They were sadly silent for a time.

"Maybe," exclaimed Jonas, "Judge Spenlow will lend us a record."

"To be sure he will," agreed Marcella, adding proudly, "It'll be the first favor we've asked of them."

Jonas left the house. He returned a few moments later with a shining new record.

"Judge Spenlow was very kind," he announced. "He didn't have any of the old songs we know. But he said this is better than church music."

"Better than church music!" echoed Marcella, aghast.

"He said it in his joking way. It's got a strange name, but the judge speaks high of it."

He adjusted the record and turned the lever. And then there came from the horn a sprightly melody that made Jonas and Marcella look at each other in uncomfortable surprise. It was bright as the glint of dew in the cup of a red tulip, merry as the rocking of hollyhocks in the arms of the wind. Its gayety challenged the sobriety of the couple on the stiff-backed chairs and defied the moroseness of the somber photographs hung above the mantelpiece. It was wonderfully, thrillingly full of life and the joy of springtime.

For a few moments Jonas and Marcella were silent. Then—

"It don't seem—" began Jonas brokenly.

"I think you'd better—" said Marcella with a little gulp.

Jonas rose and shut off the machine. With the silence, bleakness again entered the room, and the melody seemed suddenly a profanation. The couple looked at each other somewhat shamefacedly.

"It may be all right," said Jonas, "but somehow it's not church music." His voice became indignant. "It's sinful, like dancing. 'I'll tell Judge Spenlow—'"

"Don't let's quarrel with our neighbors," pleaded Marcella. "I'll take it back in the morning."

Jonas put away the phonograph, and they sat in dreary silence until bedtime. Jonas went up to his bedroom on the east side of the house. He was awakened early by the sunlight flowing into the open front win-

dow. He looked at the clock on the dresser. It was only five. Marcella would call him to breakfast in an hour. He lay back again, drowsily. A warm breath of air puffed out the white curtains, and outside, under the eaves, sparrows were chirping. The notes stirred up something in Jonas' memory. He remembered with a slight start the music of the night before. A bit of the melody came back to him, and unconsciously he pursed his lips and whistled a few notes almost noiselessly. Then he flushed guiltily and sat up. And yet, somehow, in daytime, with the warm sunlight on the carpet, and the birds, and all, the music didn't seem so wicked. He remembered now that he had even liked it a little last night, but had thought it wasn't right that Marcella should hear . . . And then he felt an intense desire to hear it again—to hear it all. Marcella was still asleep. She wouldn't be up for half an hour at least. . . . He drew on his trousers, noiselessly opened the door, and in bare feet stole down the half-lighted hallway into the kitchen. He reached the door leading to the parlor, then stopped

in amazement. From beyond it came the lively notes of the melody that had brought Jonas from his bed. He opened the door and walked in. The shutters of the east window were wide open, and the sun painted a white patch on the flowered carpet. In the center of the patch stood Marcella in her morning wrapper, listening eagerly to the phonograph. Jonas did something strange. He chuckled. Marcella turned.

"Jonas!" she cried in a little tremolo of dismay.

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "I didn't mean to—I didn't think you'd hear."

"I didn't," said Jonas enigmatically. "But I wanted to."

"But Jonas—I—"

"Hush!" he said. Then he surprised himself by putting his arm around her shoulders. They stood in the sunlight, looking into the Spenlows' garden of tulips and hollyhocks, while back of them sounded the gay notes of Dvorak's airy *Humoreske*.

ERNEST MEYER.

## MOTHER'S MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

ED FRANKLIN leaves for Urbana tonight," I announced to the family. "He stopped me on State street today to kiss me good-bye;" and I winked at mother.

Artie boy looked at me earnestly.

"Did you really kiss him good-bye?" he asked seriously.

"Why, sure. Don't you think that's the least a girl can do for the fellows defending her? I told him to kiss me as often as he wanted to, just so I got home by five o'clock."

Artie boy studied me.

"Ask mother," I said, "if I'm not the kind of girl that would let them do it."

He leaned towards me. "Mother would say you aren't"—he watched me suspiciously for either a

blush or a grin—"but," he announced decisively, "darned if I'm so sure."

MARJORIE KINNAN.

## BEGINNING EARLY.

THE Little Lady deposited her last three peppermints on the mantel, and smoothed the ruffles of her short, saucy skirt.

"Why, aren't you going to eat them?"

"No, I'm saving them for Daddy. I'll give them to him when he comes home."

"That's splendid, Goldie," said Mother.

"Yes. And then he'll say to me, 'No, dearie, YOU eat them!'"

She folded her pink small hands together, and smiled with all the triumph of smug virtue.

"And then I'll eat them!"

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

## THE BEGINNING OF FAITH.

Tim went to heaven when he died,

And when the angel came—

"I don't believe in Heav'n!" Tim cried:

The angel smilingly replied

"You're here, though, just the same."

"Ridiculous," quoth Tim, and then,

"There isn't such a place!"

The angel said, "Oh, very well,

Perhaps you'd rather be in hell?"—

Tim saw himself in a golden bell,

And he scratched his head and couldn't tell,

For it became him very well—

That halo round his face!

MARY DUPUY BICKEL.

## TWO SONGS FROM THE HUNGARIAN

*Which Might be Adopted as War Cries Now*

Oh, a soldier's life is a merry one,  
 Hey-ho, hey-ho,  
 His entire meal is served in a cup,  
 Little and tin, (how's that for fun)  
 And, oh, the bottom is hammered up,  
 Aye, a soldier's life is a merry one.  
 Hey-ho, hey-woe.

How pretty and plump is this maiden thine,  
 (Little Angel)  
 Sure, on almonds and cream must she dine,  
 (Little Angel)  
 Oh, the devil a fare like that for her,  
 On rye-bread and corn she's raised, my Sir,  
 (Little Angel)

ELSIE GLUCK.

## BUDDAH.

The air hangs heavy on the quiet room,  
 And breathes its ancient fragrance from the glow  
 Of slender, sentinel joss-sticks, burning low.  
 Behind the languid smoke, in half-veiled gloom,  
 Unblinking Buddah squats; as at the tomb  
 Of Hope. His fat, squirrel cheeks, the lurking sneer,  
 Blank eyes,—all seem to scoff and taunt and leer  
 At worshippers. He dozes 'midst the dead perfume  
 Of Ages. How many souls have crept within,  
 And knelt, and mumbled a high-pitched, sing-song  
 prayer;  
 And grovelled at his feet, lest they be curst?  
 How many, profaned by some fantastic sin,  
 Have stumbled in and to his blind, unseeing stare  
 Paid penance? To him,—in endless dreams immersed.

HORACE CARVER.

## MOONSHINE

Mountain people in a hidden shack;  
 Smuggling in the moonless nights.  
 Dancing spirits in a bottle—  
 Sparkling—  
 Moonshine.

Laughing fountain on a summer's night;  
 Girl with satin-slippered, toying foot,  
 Bending man—took a notion—  
 Kissed her—  
 Moonshine.

MARY CONVERSE.

## THE GENTLEMEN.

I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
 I've "gone out" with the men for some time;  
 I've *perhaps* 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earths,  
 And some o' the lot was prime.  
 One was a dashing Don Juan,  
 One, a young genius (of Rome)  
 One, a Wisconsin "Co-Edwin"  
 An' one, a sweet scholar at 'ome.

I was a young un at Boston,  
 Bashful, as young girls go—  
 Jimmy from 'Nee Yawk' he taught me,  
 An' Jimmy could not be called slow.  
 Older a lot, but my first 'un,  
 Like a father—in age—was Jim.  
 Taught me the way of the girl of today,  
 An' I learned o' the male sex from him.

One summer I spent at the sea-side  
 An' there came the artist (of Rome).  
 'E loved me quite madly, divinely;  
 'E talked of a fireside—a 'ome.  
 Tender, an' gentle, an' faithful,  
 A true Francis Bushman were 'e,  
 'E were quite on the square, and while I was there,  
 I learned just how *nice* men could be.

But I 'ad to go 'ome for the winter,  
 (Or I might be still loving the boy)  
 An' I found me a nice man from Harvard,  
 Very 'andsome and learned—oh joy!  
 'Ow 'e'd slip off Shakespeare an' Milton.  
 'E were a regular boy!  
 But—one day 'e got mad, I said 'ave 'stead of 'ad.  
 An' I learned o' the wise type from Roy.

I've taken my fun where I've found it,  
 An' now I must say—though 'tis fun  
 That the more you 'ave known o' the others  
 The less will you settle to one;  
 An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',  
 An' dreamin' what each might o' been,  
 So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not)  
 Better learn of *a* man, than of men.

MICHEL STEVENS.

## Philip and I Dine Alone

I THINK I shall confess it on paper, my instincts of a plebian, my soul of a bourgeois, the fact that I like to eat in the kitchen. There is something so delightfully reminiscent of a pioneer's cabin or a peasant's hut, when one eats among the pots and pans and the savory odor of cooking.

It is seldom that I get an opportunity to indulge in this low passion of mine, but the other night I held a solitary orgy. With no amused family or superior maid around, I shut out the world to enjoy myself in the kitchen. Disdaining so modern a thing as the gas, I built a fire in the kitchen stove, a friendly fire that crackled and snapped in a most companionable way, and soon had the tea-kettle purring a contented accompaniment.

Right on the oilcloth, I set the table, drew up my chair and a high stool for one Philip. Philip is a yellow Persian cat, a most aristocratic beast, with the tastes of a true Sybarite. I placed him on his humble throne at once, but with a look of unutterable scorn, he withdrew to take his stand by the dining room door. However, when he smelled the ham frying and then heard some eggs sizzling in the pan, he lost his pride, and became a mere cat, and a hungry one. I might say that Philip is passionately fond of eggs, and in defiance of Hoover, I gave him two. Thus we try to bribe those who disapprove of us!

So we ate, Philip and I, he on his high stool, I at my oilcloth-covered table. Did I want more coffee? I reached forth my arm and took the coffee-pot from the conveniently-near stove. Did Philip desire his other egg? I reached the skillet, and granted him his wish.

At last I was finished with my meal. The coffee-pot would not yield another drop; so I leaned my elbows on the table, (another rule of convention broken). Outside the wind blew eerily around the eaves. Inside, the fire burned warm, and I sat in that state of half-coma which comes after a satisfying meal. A train whistled far away. It was the Twentieth Century on its record run. I thought of the people on the diner. Stupid creatures, why did they tear across a continent, when they might eat cosily in their kitchens? Philip washed his left paw in a meditative fashion.

"Why don't people live like cats?" I asked him, tweaking his ear. "You never bother about anything. Do you know now there is a war?"

He drew his head back from my hand with precisely the same haughtiness of gesture that I imagine an English lord would employ. I sat back rebuffed.

Then my mind wandered off on a strange tangent, (for my mind). Why not always live alone in this contented, rather primitive fashion? Get a picturesque cottage, set in a blooming orchard, with rows of beehives, and have a kitchen whose rafters were hung with bunches of herbs and whose tea-kettle always sang. And even, I chose, take to the open road, a term which has appealed to me, especially if I am warmly housed. Gone were all my dreams of deathless fame, "I would sit in my house by the side of the road".

"I'd have a three-colored alley cat with a bobtail," I told Philip. He blinked his amber eyes in bland unconcern.

HELENE BOWERSOX.

### THE EARTH IS SICK.

The old earth is sick;  
She has drunk too much blood.  
She has gashed and torn herself in her agony  
And lies helpless, writhing.

"God! but the earth is sick—  
Sick unto death," I cry,  
"Look down and pity her pain, O God,  
And let the old earth die!"

And God looks down on the suffering old earth.  
His face is in a shadow, but I know  
His eyes are tender.  
He feels the pulse of the sick earth with His big, strong  
fingers  
And says,  
"The time has not yet come."

CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER.

## Auf Wiedersehen

HUMAN beings are the funniest animals on earth; they are funnier than monkeys because they have more brains. A week or so ago the United States declared war on Germany, and a number of men at the University of Wisconsin began learning how to kill Germans. These men gave up their university work in order to enter a course in military training. I have been laughing at them ever since, and at the instructors whose courses they deserted. The men are joyful. Instead of insufficient or indigestible mental pap, they are being given hard practical training with a definite, though mercifully indistinct, objective. They enjoy every minute of the training. But when the student meets the former instructor, out of long faces come deep regretful bass tones, and the student is mightily impressed for an instant with his potential heroism. When they separate and each one thinks over the incident, the student wonders if the "prof." caught any glimpse of the undergraduate sub-surface delight at escaping a possible "flunk," and the instructor wonders if, after all, the student's war ideas are as sober and deep as his chest tones and melancholy monosyllables would seem to indicate. A little later the student decides that he has the "prof. bluffed;" he feels a joyous freedom, and he acts as though he owned the world, as though no laws touched him. He may even decide that the "prof." was right, and that he really is a hero; if he gets to this point, he is a sight (and a sound) for the gods. The instructor decides that the student's mind is not too deep to see through, only too muddy. Still he cannot forget Alan Seeger and Rupert Brooke; his student may merely have an impediment in his speech. In this doubting condition he gives the young hero the benefit of the doubt; but the doubt lingers, and the instructor wonders. Until the enlightening flash of hostile bayonets gives them a sense of humor, let us laugh at them. An idea! Let us laugh at me.

In preparation for my departure for Fort Sheridan,

I have packed my books in a box, and nailed them up. I haven't very many books; my entire library consists of my text-books, a set of Kipling, a set of O. Henry, a set of Guy de Maupassant (bought on the installment plan from the Review of Reviews), and a few isolated volumes such as *Vanity Fair*, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Way of All Flesh*, and, among others, *The Golden Treasury*. A hundred volumes, perhaps. They occupied very little space in my room, and I was never before impressed with the amount of "me" they occupy; but on packing them, I felt as though—I refuse to tell how I felt for fear of being doubted or ridiculed.

I never sold a book in my life, not even a text-book. Books have an engaging, friendly, agreeable way of forming attachments. Every scratch, every inkspot, annotation, and wrinkle—every mark they bear shows the character given them by their owner, and shows it proudly. My volume of *Vanity Fair*, for instance, is a frock-coated, portly, dignified, old man-of-the-world; he is wrinkled and dingy, true enough, but he is so for my sake, gladly. I wouldn't give him up for all the leather-bound, gilt-edged volumes of Thackeray in the whole wide world. He had an important part in my upbringing; I love him.

I love them all, all my books. As I put them into the box, every text-book whispered of class-mates and instructors, quietly and evenly as befitted its scholarly nature, but none the less sympathetically and sadly; every volume insinuated its little secret, known only to it and to me, of night hours or rainy days, or of feverish "exam." times; every volume fitted reluctantly down into its place, not with a good-bye, but with a hopeful, inviting "Auf Wiedersehen!" Sadly enough I slowly nailed down the box-cover, and muttered huskily, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

I think that the monkeys' greatest handicap is their lack of a medium of expression.

—CHARLES A. GILL.

### FIZZ.

What is Art? I am twenty-one and if I shall ever know, I know now. And I have decided:

Art is not milk; it is beer. It is not so much a food as a stimulant. It is not a necessity to incipient life but to insipid life. It is a taste; sometimes acquired, sometimes native. Some people can hardly swallow it; again, "Babies cry for it." To some natures it is a necessity; life is a vale of tears without it; and roe-eate and dizzy and double-mooned after a number of steins. To prove that Art is beer rather than milk: if you skim off just the top—don't you get foam instead of cream? You do. —MARJORIE KINNAN.

## What Ibsen Forgot

“REMEMBER this is the one great thing that Ibsen discovered.” Prof. Johnson leaned over the reading desk and shook an impressive forefinger at us. “Ibsen showed that the instinct of a good woman is a safe test for the conduct of men and nations.” I took it all down in my little note-book and went out to try the new bit of philosophy. I decided to measure the values of life henceforward by that standard. “The instinct of a good woman is a safe test for the conduct of men and nations.” Well, I should try it, and I began my new soul training at once. I overtook a brother from the Drinka Pinta Rye house, and he started me up the street with him for Ferdie’s. We had just arrived in sight of our goal in a happy frame of mind, when the conversation of two girls in front of us drifted back to my ears.

“Isn’t it horrible, clean strong young college men who ought to be leaders in the world, ruining themselves by drinking liquor. I don’t see how they can do it.” I looked at the prim, golden-haired lass, and a phrase flashed into my mind, “The instinct of a good woman.” I halted dramatically before the doors that swing both ways.

“No, Al,” I said firmly, “I’ve changed my mind. I’m going to cut this out. I’m going straight.” I will not repeat what Al said, but he left me at last, more, I thot, in sorrow than in anger, and I went my way, happy if thirsty. Next morning, still glorying in my new morality, I went up the hill behind a beautiful, proud, dark-eyed girl whose softly modulated voice proclaimed culture in every syllable. I prepared to learn more about the instincts of a good woman.

“Oh”, I heard her say, “he is not a gentleman, in my estimation. Why, yesterday I saw him actually refuse to drink with a friend, and among gentlemen that is the height of rudeness. A man who cannot or will not carry his liquor with dignity is no gentleman.”

In a chastened frame of mind, I interviewed Prof. Johnson. “Professor,” said I, “don’t you think there’s something Ibsen forgot?”

“What?” demanded the Professor, all alert to defend his idol.

“Why, he showed that the instinct of a good woman is a true test for the conduct of men and nations, but he forgot to show what in thunder IS the instinct of a good woman.”

T. L. SCHOLTZ.

### TO A JAPANESE PRINT

And do you wait till the blossom time  
For a love long gone away,  
Or must you wait till the pale moon climb  
Skies sick with the light of day?

Though the night is robbed of every star  
That lends its grace to man,  
And the moon looks down from heaven afar  
With the gaze of a courtesan

You are calm as you wait so silently,  
You are calm as the silent moon,  
Though the winds are astir with mystery,  
And the day will arise too soon.

But oh, mayhap, will your calmness fail  
In the face of a great desire,  
When the world wears white like a bridal veil  
And love is a warm white fire?

—MARY MORSELL.

## A NIGHT IN ROOM 1313

*(Continued from page 7)*

I started to fall—and found myself sitting straight up on the bed, gripping its sides so that my finger tips jumped with the pain.

A hot, stifling gust of air dried the perspiration on my face, but almost choked me at the same time. It was laden with smoke, without a doubt. I breathed the heavy air, my wooden body straining every nerve and muscle toward the door at the far end of the room. For a long time I could see nothing through the thick blanket that seemed to cut off my vision, while my eyes smarted with the smoke. I had forgotten entirely about the light switch above me, and at the time it never occurred to me that I ought to turn on the lights. I simply accepted the conditions as I found them.

There suddenly appeared a narrow rift in the blackness before me, through which I caught a faint glimpse of people rushing silently by my open door. Then all was black again. I listened very intently for a while, but there was no sound of any kind that came to my ears. Try as I might, I could not see again through the dense smoke and darkness. Still I sat there, like stone; I was unable to do anything, and did not even know what I wanted to do. I tried to debate with myself and be convinced that I was dreaming, but I knew better. I was wide awake, and there could not be the least doubt about it. This knowledge was borne out immediately by the gentle swishh, sswishh of fire and a devilish tongue of flame that flashed for a split-second across my open door. It WAS a fire, after all. Perhaps it had started in the far corner of the building. I knew now that the proper thing for me to do was to shoot through that door before the flames could bar the way, but I found, to my dismay, that I was powerless to move. What strange power was it that held me there, bound hand and foot, fuel for the green-red tongues that licked now the entire circumference of the door casing?

The fiendish devils crept slowly into the room, one by one, then in pairs, and soon in hordes. They lapped at the red walls lovingly, as if they were, in a sense, of the same family, and happy at the meeting. Their hot breath came closer and closer. The room swiftly became light enough so that I could see fairly well in spite of the film of smoke. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the white pine boards on the window showing up brilliantly in contrast to the red walls. Suddenly my muscles recovered from their paralytic spell, and I leaped from the bed. Fire hopelessly blocked the door—it was a seething, crackling mass of red and yellow in the corridor; my only chance

was the window! If only I could get those boards off in time! Maybe there was a cable or wire of some sort outside, by means of which I might be able to cross the abyss. I tore at the boards with my bare hands in a futile effort to remove them. The flames were sneaking toward me sure as death. Over my shoulder I could see them eating into the walls and the ceiling and the floor. The room was unbearably hot, with the heat increasing every second as the greedy flames came on. In a frenzy I flew at the boards again, my strength infinitely multiplied with fear. Yet the stolid slabs of pine could not be budged. They would not go down until the fire had made ME its victim. I ripped and kicked, I yelled and cursed as I felt Death clutching at my back. I dared not turn around and face it. I fought on against the hopeless odds. I knew it was in vain. My strength and will gave out at length; I suddenly realized that I was crouching close to the blank boards, grinning at them foolishly, and pawing them with my hands. With a tremendous effort I jerked my remaining senses together—I shall NOT go mad—I told myself; die, be cremated, yes, but not go insane with fear.

I turned toward the furnace at my back, and the heat scorched my face. The place was a roaring mass of fire from wall to wall. The foot of the bed was beginning to burn. I stood straight, facing the raging, smoky hell until my parched throat was clogged with my swollen tongue, and the heat and smoke blinded me. Then I reeled and fell on the burning bed. I was through, but I knew that I would at least die sane.

I felt myself losing consciousness as I broiled on the crackling bed; my body was numb and I felt no acute pain, for which I was grateful. Yet the sense of burning alive was terrible! Would I never lose all consciousness, I thought? My eyes were closed, but I could hear and sense the flames as they consumed my clothing and ate into the bone-dry flesh. I could not understand why I was not already dead. The bed had collapsed, and it seemed that my body was almost half devoured. I wondered if it was only my soul that lived and watched the work go on?

From what seemed a very long distance I thought I heard a chorus of weird moaning and wailing that now and then rose above the roar of the hell around me. Some poor creatures perhaps, who felt the flames more painfully than I. Slowly at first, and then gradually faster, the moans increased in volume, and then, in a rush, the sound grew loud and terrifying in its wild distress. It was so close and real that it startled me into opening my eyes that I thought had closed forever. Out of the tail of my eye I just caught sight of a vague, black shape flashing by me through the

flames and smoke. I turned my head in time to see the partially blackened and burning boards ripped swiftly from their place by the all-powerful, half-invisible hands of the frantic shadow. The nails whined and groaned their protest as they were jerked ruthlessly from their old sockets. Steady wailing, mingled with the roaring of the fire all about me, came from other vague transparent shapes among the flames. Suddenly I felt a breath of fresh air, and knew that the window was open at last. The wailing in the air rose to a veritable shout of triumph. I saw the Thing climb quickly over the sill, the flames shooting out all around it. There was a rush of air, accompanied by a drawn out, marrow-freezing shriek that echoed up and down the walls of the alley; a half-second of silence, except for the hissing fire, followed by a dull, sickening thud. Then silence again.

The moaning had ceased entirely, and the continuous ss-swish, swish of the raging fire that filled the room was all that could be heard. Then another shadowy body flew by from out the mass of fire, and shot through the window. Again there came that fatal rush of air and the mad shriek that curdled the blood in my veins! And the thud on the pavement! A third Thing went out through the window, and then a fourth. I realized, suddenly that the long, wild shrieks and the sound of the bodies hitting the pavement were driving me insane; yet I could not escape. I was going mad after all.

The performance went on. The fifth Thing went through the window. When the sixth one fell there were two shrieks instead of one—I no longer had any semblance of control over my body or mind. It was MY voice that emitted the second shriek.

In spite of my terrible fear of the fall from the window, the fact was indelibly impressed upon my mind that it would be easier to die that way than by the fierce, swift fire, that was killing me in a strangely slow manner. If there was any decision to make, it was done in an instant. What was left of my charred and flaming body leaped from its bed of fire, and as I rushed to the window I felt something flabby and cold close over my right hand. We went through the window together, the Thing and I . . .

They told me I had been in the sanitarium for five weeks and would have to remain there for at least one or two more; a temporary lapse of mind, was the unscientific way in which the doctor explained my case to me. That was all he would say. I was never able to exactly figure out the events of that night in No. 1313. It seems that just at daybreak someone in an adjacent room had been led to investigate a wild yell which came from mine, and by a miracle I was caught as I stood poised on the narrow ledge of the

window, ready to drop. I swear I was awake while the latter events of that frightful night took place, yet I was told that there had been no fire in the hotel. The boards that covered the window had been neatly removed and were found on the floor of the room. They were unmarked by tools of any kind, or by rough usage, nor were any tools discovered in the room or in the alley below the window. My hands were without the slightest scratch, and furthermore, the removal of those stoutly fastened boards was an impossibility with bare hands. Yet they HAD been removed, and the question of how it was done will probably remain a question forever.

E. W. CHAPLEAU.

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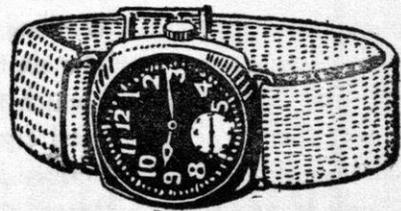
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## Joseph Conrad's "Youth"

THE works of Joseph Conrad stand as the most realistic and truthful descriptions of sea life. Of his many volumes, perhaps none establishes his worth more clearly than "Youth", which contains three stories, "Youth", "Heart of Darkness", and "The End of the Tether". These tales make use of his immediate experiences and impressions of the sea in a wide degree. They paint storms with quick, sweeping strokes which bring the actual picture before the mind with a vividness of detail that might not be excelled in the actual witnessing of the incidents described. In "Youth", the monotony of life on ship-board while the vessel is lolling in calms and marooned in some obscure port, is pictured in a masterly fashion. In "Heart of Darkness", the description of the overwhelming silence and solitude of the trip up the tropical river leaves the reader with a sense of weariness and oppression. In "The End of the Tether", the reader endures torments quite the equal of those suffered by the old captain, slowly going blind, as he paces the bridge of his archaic ship. The terrible inevitableness of the situation grips one with a horror that remains some time after the tale is finished.

Chief among the devices which go to make Conrad's tales true epics of the sea, realistic, impressive,

and above all seemingly all-truthful, is his method of having the story told in the first person. He uses direct narration because he has heard the same tales told in that manner on ship-board and because he realizes the strength which they gain in the telling in that manner. I have never read anything, of its kind, so gripping as Marlow's conversation. The short, jerky sentences or phrases, the unfinished thoughts, the deviating trend of recollection, all combine to make that conversation as human as any that one hears in the course of the day. This wonderful power of expressing conversation, together with some of the greatest characterizations and picturizations that I have ever encountered, gives Conrad's narratives nine-tenths of their effectiveness.

In all his stories, Conrad uses the same general theme, that of a weak human battling against some irresistible natural force. He views these struggles from many different angles, sometimes abstractedly, sometimes living the struggles in the first person, sometimes viewing the unequal combat with a philosophical attitude quite at variance with his usual ironical outlook on life. Whatever the manner in which he regards this struggle, it always constitutes the theme of his narrative.

HAROLD GILL.

The walls grow closer, closer,  
 More maddening in their blankness.  
 The silence stifles,  
 Even the sunbeams faint,  
 Weep as they pass and repass through the bars  
 To rest for one brief hour on that stone floor.  
 Walking around and round  
 The six foot space,  
 I watch them fearfully.  
 Oft I cry out,  
 I cringe into the corner  
 Because one ventures further still within the cell.  
 Yet when they fade away,  
 I try to catch them fast,  
 Afraid of them while there,  
 Yet fearing more  
 The devils of the blank they leave behind.  
 And this is only the sixth hundredth time  
 I've watched those sunbeams  
 Enter and fade away,  
 Twelve hundred more  
 And then a score of times,  
 The sun must enter here  
 E'er I must clutch its rays more firmly,  
 And go forth.

—GRACE HOWARD.

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Sara Teasdale's "Love Songs." Macmillan Co.

Such charm and simplicity as never before have seemed so satisfying now appear in this collection "Love Songs" by Sara Teasdale. Miss Teasdale has for some time been one of the foremost leaders in the conservative ranks of contemporary poetry. It is with much joy that we welcome this, her latest collection, containing as it does some of her most successful earlier poems together with new breezes of inspiration.

Miss Teasdale chooses to make extensive use of the quatrain. Her verses are short, swift, and dexterously twined. Often she repeats phrases in a ballad-like form. At times she breaks forth into quick, soul-deep exclamation, sparkling in their impulsiveness. She is altogether naïve and sincere. Her poems seem to have been written with a full assurance of the faithfulness of her own emotions. One cannot doubt that her love is sincere. She runs the gamut of emotional love without boring us with heart-analysis.

A striking example of her exquisite imagery is found in the poem called "The Fountain." A flock of milk-white peacocks lie sleeping in the blue night, under a great white moon. Miss Teasdale shows a fine touch of delicacy in her suggestive descriptions. On the other hand, there is nothing of reality in these poems, she does not paint human tragedy; rather, she carries us to the heights of emotional intensity, detached yet indwelling.

Two sections of the book are devoted to miscellaneous poems, unified by their key-note—the fever of love. "Songs out of Sorrow" contains even poems in which the poet expresses her desire to be master of her own spirit. The last poem in the book, "November Night," rather long, is full of beautiful imagery, in the form of a dramatic monologue.

There is not a jarring note in the whole book. What could be more delightfully simple than this?

The Look.

Strephon kissed me in the spring,  
Robin in the fall,  
But Colin only looked at me  
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,  
Robin's lost in play,  
But the kiss in Colin's eyes  
Haunts me night and day.

—DOROTHY E. BRIDGE.

*Enjoyment of Poetry*, by Max Eastman; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1. 35.

Some books are written to inform, some to induce belief, some to entertain, and some to spur to action; but back of all worthy books lies a purpose to lead the reader to a larger and happier realization of life. Such a purpose is evident in Max Eastman's book on "The Enjoyment of Poetry". That he succeeds no appreciative reader will question. Poetry under his magic touch assumes a new and fresh meaning; we are made to understand that poetry is not confined to the written word, but involves every-day life and living as well. Some people who have never written a line of poetry are poets. A man who has never even read poetry may be a poet. Poetry is an attitude, a relation, a mood. Poetic people are lovers of the qualities of things; they are engaged in becoming acquainted

with their environment; it is their wish to experience life and the world; they love the feel of things. These characteristics distinguish them from practical people who systematically neglect all features of the universe which do not contribute to the attainment of food, clothes, and shelter, money-making, and the maintenance of respectabilities and, if possible, a family.

Youth, says Eastman, is the golden age of poetry; and he points out numerous instances of the thrill and joy which come to youth as it discovers new things about the world. In the youth of mankind, long before literature existed, poetry existed. It existed in the hearts of plain men and women who, recognizing the necessity of names to recall experience, sought and found picturesque and expressive words. If we will go back into their origin we will find that often the plainest-looking words sprang from the poetic impulse. For instance, sarcasm is "a tearing of the flesh", retort is "a twisting back", enthusiast is "full of God". As words come down through the ages they tend to lose their original poetic flavor, they become commonplace, and men seek new and lively words to express old ideals. For example, *lurid* exactly expresses the character of modern cheap newspapers, but men found it wanting in liveliness, and dubbed them *yellow*. Strangely enough, *lurid* itself was born from *luridus*, a Latin word for "yellow". It is the poetic instinct which leads men to say "skyscraper" instead of "tall building". The poetic in every-day talk is not limited to any range of objects or to any sweetness in handling them. It is simply the giving to any object, or thought, or event, or feeling, the name that makes its nature shine forth to you.

The poetic framed into verses and stanzas possesses a rhythm that lulls the body and sets free the imagination, or like wine, excites the body to the last degree of the intensity of real experience. The monotony that drowns us becomes when we are lost to coarser things a turbulent and stimulating stream along our veins.

"The poetic, as such, is not concerned with conduct or with the conveyance of meaning," says Eastman. "But when one who is concerned with conduct desires to convey a meaning and conveys it poetically, he adds to his speech a great and separate power. To read in practical language is to be told; to read in poetry is to learn by experience. The poetry of words may be regarded as a means toward the poetry of life.

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## Rosa

**R**OSA ROMANDA was fifteen years old—an Italian, and the oldest unmarried daughter. Her hair curled, and her black eyes sparkled beneath drooping lashes. She looked glowingly healthful, and was perhaps too well formed for her age. Each day she prepared the breakfast, sent the youngsters off to school, scrubbed, dusted, baked, brushed, thought how happy her lot was, compared to what it had been in Italy, and wondered whether the family would choose Joesph or Pietro for her husband. Her keen senses found satisfaction in scoured floors, children brushed and beribboned for Sunday mass, well prepared meals. Any task successfully performed was a work of art, and she thrilled accordingly. During sixteen hours of the day she worked hard and during the other eight she slept equally hard. In fact, Rosa was young, pretty, and happy.

One day, a girl from a different world, also young, pretty and happy, came to visit Rosa and her family. This outside girl had a look of earnest effort—her face radiated kindness and brotherly love; but there was a trifle of curiosity and conscious benevolence in it, too. With splendid nonchalance, she made Rosa and the mother and the large-eyed younger Romandas feel at ease. Her official position was volunteer big sister, but she had come merely for a 'friendly call', to 'get in touch' with the Romandas, and—how tactfully she glided over this part—to see that they were not in active need and that they understood the age limit of the school laws. They were not in want, and they were proud to send their children to school; but the blonde maiden impressed them—her wrist watch, her furs, her soft garments were awe-inspiring. They bashfully hoped that the neighbors had seen her, and

asked her to call again. And since the summer days were long ones, and the family was interesting—even clean, she did call; again and again. Usually she chatted with Rosa: corrected her views and answered her eager questions.

On a fine afternoon in May, she descended the rickety steps; conscious as usual of the admiring young Romandas, watching from the windows and listening to the rustle of her silks; conscious, also as usual, of a warm, pleasant delight. "How splendid of me," she could not help thinking, "and how easy it is to give a few minutes of my day to these people; to freshen their hum-drum daily round, give them new points of view, and inspire them with ideals and aspirations." Rosa's extreme adulation was perfect. Appreciation added so much to the pleasure of giving. Then she pondered on the little, amusing anecdotes of the afternoon, the different effective ways of telling these anecdotes. Details were shuffled about mentally, words and sentences were arranged, and finally she pictured Ray in the evening, laughing at her refreshing humor and naïvete. So she reached home smiling sweetly; because it is pleasant to be both charitable and clever—particularly in spring-time.

After the girl had left, Rosa returned to her floor and scrubbed vigorously. It shone, but there was no thrill. She cooked the meal, and set it out on the bare, pine table, placed some old boots against the wall, smoothed over a corner of the bed. Then she turned fiercely on Anna, the next younger. "I hate this place," she muttered. "I hate the whole of this dirty small Italy, and oh—" she sobbed passionately, "I hate that girl of the yellow hair!"

M. E.

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## The Shadow of Glory

MANY garments dangled limp in the last horizontal daylight, and still Mammy Mintz washed at the wooden tubs beside the door. The little niggers, tired of marbles, sat telling stories, waiting for their supper. Pappy and Jo were pitching quoits, from time to time calling to Annie—Jo's wife—to hurry the meal.

Another basket of clothes was ready for hanging, but where was the official hanger?

"Glory—Glory! Yo black nigger! Ain't I told yo not to go 'way? Glo-ry!" Mammy gazed around the yard with a warning glint in her eye. No Glory. Finally Jo pinned the clothes to the swaying ropes while Pappy fetched the water, and then the supper bell called them all within.

The cornbread had stopped steaming when Glory's shadow bobbed across the floor. In she skipped, her hands filled with dandelions, her sleeve slashed open from top to bottom.

"Wall, yo black imp, it's about time yo showed up! I 'low yo forgot Monday's washday. Wall, I 'low yo won't forget it agin. Dress all tore, too." Mammy, agile for all of her weight, whisked into the woodshed for her colleague the Hazel Stick, and, holding Glory firmly by her wool, switched her emphatically. Pappy at the same time remonstrated bashfully; Annie grumbled something about "worthless gals"; the little niggers and Jo stuffed on uneasily, and Glory fidgeted and squirmed, between her cries explaining wistfully that she had but followed a butterfly up the listless road to the field of dandelions, from whence it was difficult to tear oneself—the very brambles held her, splitting the sleeve from her struggling shoulder.

When Mammy left off, Glory snatched bread and fatbark, and fled out beneath the apple tree to brood over the trials of man. She had stood enough; she would, perhaps, find peace elsewhere. Later, the little niggers came out too, begging stories from her, and in that mysterious hour before bedtime their black ears were filled with miraculous legends.

Glory, in stealthy tones, worked up to the climax: "And ef yo eber want to git to de land whar de Dinky-Bird am singin' in de Amfalula tree what Miss Eloise tol' us about, yo gotta keep in de sunshine, an' neber talk to ghosts. When yo sees a shadder ob a ghost, yo gotta hold yo thumbs an' duck away, quick, so de ghost won't mark yo on de forehead. Ef yo gits marked, de Dinky-Bird won't sing no mo', an' de Amfalula tree won't hab no mo' candy crops. Hear, yo niggers? Mind what I says, now, and come on in to bed."

The startled white eyes rolled around, peering at the dusk, as the little niggers scampered fast into the white-washed room which they shared with Glory.

Four o'clock found a low moon shining in at the window. Across the light patch fell a shadow, motionless, black. One of the little niggers awoke as the rooster yonder signaled to his mile-distant neighbor—awoke from dreams of the Amfalula tree. Suddenly his sleepy glance caught the shadow in the moonlight, saw a form move slowly to the window. Poor little superstitious nigger! He ducked away, quick, beneath the cover, holding his thumbs. And next morning when they found that Glory had fled, he never thought that it was her shadow he had seen.

Glory had fled! Mammy Mintz shed a few glum tears, when Anna wasn't by to say that Glory would never come to any good anyway, and it was 'jest good riddance.' Pappy worried silently, and the little niggers wailed, until they had the happy inspiration that perhaps she had gone where the Dinky-Bird was singing. Then they played on serenely, through the summer, watching for her return. But she did not come, and winter with its derary hardships closed over the little cabin.

Even Annie knew that as sure as winter is long and cold, spring is all the sweeter. Thus it was when May finally flung her arbutus over the brown earth. The soft moon shone in at the cabin window, and across the light patch fell a shadow, motionless, blank. One of the little niggers saw the shadow, saw a stealing figure, and he ducked away, quick, beneath the cover, holding his thumbs. And next morning there was Glory in her own bed, and great excitement in the cabin.

Glory had presents too, for them all—even Annie was pleased. The little niggers admired their garish neckties, and with awe devoured the candy that had come—they were sure of it—from the Amfalula Tree. And Glory—just smiled, and skipped out to gather dandelions where her shadow stained the new grass deeper.

MARY F. LERCH.

### FRAGMENT.

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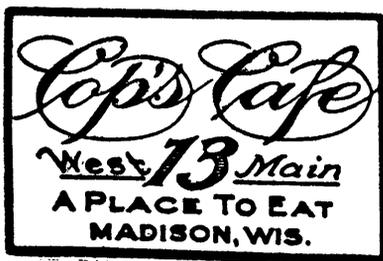
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Many of our customers walk out of their way to dine here. They like to see the food—not the menus—before ordering.

## PIPER BROS.

Largest, Cleanest, Most Sanitary  
Grocery—Prices Right

Phones 56 and 1237

## Alexander Kornhauser Co.

**Respectfully Solicits Your Patronage**

In doing so we feel confident that we can fill all your needs. Stocks in all departments are now complete and we would advise an early selection, especially of your fall and winter wearables. Many individual suits, coats and dresses, which assures exclusiveness. Blouses from the simplest tailor made to the latest New York novelties. Best makes of gloves, hosiery and underwear. Come and get acquainted. The government requests you begin your fall and Christmas shopping early.

## S. A. T. C.

"Beans for breakfast,  
Beans for dinner,  
Beans for supper time."

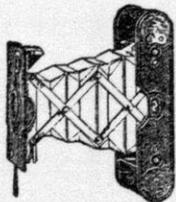


**For a change come to**

# MORGAN'S

## Photoart

**KODAKS**



**Expert Finishing  
Frames**

**STATE STREET**

# KODAKS

With Autographic Backs

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**Drugs  
Stationery  
and  
Magazines**

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## SUMNER & CRAMTON

636 State Street

# Burdick & Murray Co.

Ready - to - Wear  
Women's Apparel

Coats  
Suits  
Dresses  
Waists

Bon Ton }  
Front and Back Lace

CORSETS

{ LaCamille  
Front Lace

17-19 East Main Street