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*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XIX



Number 3

Conversion

--Victor Solberg

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

December, 1919

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.

Always look at the bright side—
and if there is no bright side,
polish up the dark side.

Pretty good philosophy, isn't it?

We try to make it ours. Nothing is
impossible—there's no such word as
"can't"—no request for speedy service
is refused.

That's why most university organizations
have their printing done by The Demo-
crat Printing Company, where college men
and women fill their wants.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XIX

Madison, December, 1919

Number 3

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SOLICITING money, selling magazines and tags on the Hill has become a campus joke! This is unfortunate, for there are many things which cannot exist without such support solicited in such a manner. That *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine* is one of these it cannot be denied, and yet it is opposed to such a method of procedure. But at the present time, there seems no other way of keeping the students' interest and support. Nevertheless we are for abolishing soliciting money and sale of all kinds of magazines, books, papers, etc., on the Hill. We take this stand for various reasons. Certainly it is rather an imposition on the good nature of the women of the university to expect them to carry on this kind of work along with their other numerous activities. Again it is not fair to the poorer students to keep constantly asking them to contribute money and to buy things which they may want but cannot afford. More than this it makes the Hill a market place—a place of barter and sale—the last thing in the world it should become. It was noted that on one day this fall no less than eight groups of people were soliciting for eight different organizations. Such

a thing was not tolerated even in our large cities during the war when so many organizations worthy of support were asking for it. Why then must we tolerate it here.

In many municipalities during the war, the problem was met by creating a municipal war chest which was filled once a year, and from which each worthy cause was supplied during the following year. This eliminated solicitation of the individuals in the community, and, because every one in the community helped fill the war chest the burden on the individual was lessened. Now why cannot some such system be worked out at Wisconsin? The athletic council by its sale of coupon books offers a solution. They, for considerably less than the cost would be to the student if he bought tickets for every game as it came along, offer season tickets to all athletic events. Why could not the Union Board work out a similar scheme covering all outside activities? Better still is the scheme adopted by our summer session directors. A small addition is made to the incidental fee which covers the expenses of mixers, picnics, concerts, etc., for all students in attendance.

Is there any reason, then, why, at the beginning of each year, a nominal fee should not be charged each student who enrolls which should cover for the year all his interests in outside activities? This fee could be collected into a fund from which the various organizations throughout the university might draw. A certain part could be set aside for the athletic council—students then would be free to attend all athletic contests free of charge. Some arrangement would be necessary in the case of sport such as basket-ball when the attendance must be limited, but that might be easily arranged;—in fact, we believe that even the purchasers of coupon books are not guaranteed entrance to these contests. Another portion would be turned over to the Badger board—and each student would automatically become a subscriber to *The Badger*. So with *The Daily Cardinal*. The Union Board would undoubtedly have a share, too. Periodicals such as *The Wisconsin Engineer*, *The Commerce Magazine*, *The Coun-*

try Magazine, *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine* might be subject to the choice of one or possibly two made by the student when he paid his fee—and a certain sum could be apportioned to each according to the number who indicated it. If *The Octopus* becomes a fixture, it would undoubtedly fall among the group formed by *The Badger* and *The Cardinal* which every student would receive. Certain organizations which we have overlooked in this brief outline might also receive support from this fund, but everything else would be on the same basis as the vendor of peanuts and pop corn on Park Street. If the student wants peanuts or pop corn, he may go get them.

No doubt a trained and ingenious mind would be required to work this system out in detail, but some solution to the problem must be found. We offer this solution with confidence because no other has come to light. The objection has been raised that a certain class of students would find this fee a burden, but our answer is that with every student doing his share the burden will be so divided as to make it light for each of us. We make this suggestion with the hope that it or a modification of it will soon be used to alleviate the present conditions.

IT HAS only been because of the inspiration given by certain members of the university faculty toward the creation of a great literary enthusiasm at Wisconsin that *The Wisconsin Literary Magazine* was made pos-

sible. Its existence has depended largely upon this enthusiasm and will depend on it to the end. Certainly those of us who enjoy this fervor can never be grateful enough to those men who have made it possible. Now one of these men has added to our indebtedness to him by offering a prize of fifty dollars for the best short story accepted and published by the 'Lit' during the current year. Such generosity should not go unnoticed, and we sincerely hope that this impetus will add to the quality of the stories submitted to the editorial staff for consideration, for no greater compliment can be paid our generous donor than a wholesome and intelligent competition for this prize.

Because of the limited space available in each number of the 'Lit' it has been thought advisable to limit the length of the stories to ten thousand words. Such a limitation should not be a handicap to the writer, and it will save him the ignominy of having his story appear in parts rather than as a whole.

EDITORS

JANET DURRIE	HARDY STEEHOLM
JAMES W. GILMAN	RACHEL COMMONS
FRANCES DUMMER	LEON WILLIAMS
VICTOR SOLBERG	ELSIE GLUCK
CHARLES L. WEIS	

NOVEMBER WIND

Lyricking, rollicking over the hill
 Smelling of wet leaves
 And blackening pine
 On thru the pasture,—a shivering thrill
 Follows your passage
 Like tingle of wine.

Torturing treetops and cracking off bough,
 Flattening grasses
 Still waving and gray,
 Eddying fiercely, until you arouse
 Dust, and the dead leaves
 To join in your play.

Jealous of calm,—whip the lake into spray
 Scatter the white foam,
 Heap waves into strife.
 Blow! You are master of motion today,
 Wild exultation
 That spends its own life.

—FRANCES DUMMER.

Saved by Grace

Cast of Characters.

*Jake Tahle, a discharged Marine. Grace, the girl.
Chuck Condell, his shipmate. George Tahle, Jake's
brother.*

* * *

SCENE: The living room of a flat, well furnished. Divan facing fireplace. Fire burning brightly. Reading table on which are reading lamp and brick-a-brac. Bookcases along the walls. Door, leading to outer hallway. A clothes-tree stands just inside the door.

The curtain rises.

(A soft knock is heard at the door. After a momentary silence the knock is repeated more loudly. Following a second pause the door is opened from without.)

Jake (after entering cautiously): Come right in, Chuck. Grace isn't here, I guess.

Chuck (gazing about admiringly): Perhaps this isn't some fine home, eh matey?

(The two doff overcoats, overseas caps, and woollen gloves, and seat themselves upon the divan. Both are dressed in regulation winterfield uniforms, with sergeant's chevrons, four gold stripes upon the left cuff and one upon the right. Jake wears the D. S. C. and Chuck the Croix de Guerre. Jake wears the red discharge chevron. They stretch their hands toward the fire, and smile with deep satisfaction.)

Jake: Maybe we didn't long for this kind of a billet about a year ago, eh Chuck?

Chuck: I dunno. All I hankered after was a can of monkeymeat and I had to wait two days for that. Them days was haywire, that's all.

Jake (Stepping to the mantelpiece): Here's that little squarehead pistol I sent her. Remember the day we got it?

Chuck: I remember stopping one of its soft-nosed messages before we could close in. I wouldn't have the thing around. It's a harbinger of general desolation, that's what it is.

Jake: That's right, Chuck, give us a growl on the eve of my wedding. Just wait till the girl gets in. One look at her and you won't know port from starboard.

Chuck: One look at her and I'll probably doubt if the war's over.

Jake: Wonder where she is? One of the other rooms maybe. *(He calls through doors but receives no reply.)*

Chuck: When did you say the big affair was to come off?

Jake: Just as soon as we can get things fixed. A day or two, I guess. Haven't heard a word from her for three months, you know.

Chuck: I'd like to get hold of the bird that got all our mail overseas. Wonder what fun he thought he got out of reading it? I'd knock him for a row of galvanized—

Jake: Don't get excited on your third cruise. When I stepped off the transport yesterday I was going to do that to the first slacker I could find. But what's the use? It's all over now. As for us, we're as popular as so many pole-cats at a lawn-party. We're regulars, you know. I mean, you are. From now on I'm a civilian.

Chuck: It's going to be a cold winter, Jake. You'll be back amongst us soon.

Jake: Not on your life. Wait till you see the reason. She's probably out in the kitchen. I'll scout around for her.

(Chuck attentively watches until Jake has closed the door. He then quickly rises and takes pistol from mantel.)

Chuck: I still have to clench my dukes at the sight of one of these gilgadgets. *(Examines pistol.)* And loaded! Wouldn't that fade you. *(He removes cartridges from clip and chamber, and puts them in his pocket. He then resumes his comfortable position on the divan, lights a cigarette, rolls his eyes thankfully upward, and heaves a sigh of contentment.)*

Chuck (mockingly): Colonel, would y'mind getting my slippers? And major, skip out and get me an evening paper. Heigh-ho! The life of Riley.

(The door opens slowly, and Grace enters in street costume, seeing as she does so the Marine overcoats on the clothes-tree. She registers terror.)

Chuck (without turning): Close the door after you, major.

Grace: Is he here?

Chuck (turning, abashed): You mean Jake? He said he was going out to the galley to look for you, but it's my belief that he sneaked around to the parlor and is eatin' the goldfish. Never saw a man such a hand at eatin' of goldfish.

Grace (aside): Shellshocked? *(Aloud):* Tell me, didn't he get my letter?

Chuck: We haven't seen a bit of mail for three months. If I could get hold of that bird—GRHRHR!

Grace (weakly): Please get me some brandy from the lower shelf over there. I'm about to faint.

Chuck: Did I get you right, mademoiselle? Brandy! GANGWAY, MEN!

(*He goes to the opposite bookcase and discovers flask. He pours a small nip for her, hands it to her, and returns to empty the remainder of the flask into the tumbler, which it half-fills. He drains the tumbler, and registers sanguine expectancy.*)

Chuck: Never mind about us not gettin' our mail. Or our pay—or chow—or liberty. Everything's alright now, gettin' more pleasant an' lovely every minute, I'll hasten to say. Somebody must 've turned back the universe to last June. Sure. I can see him turning it now.

Grace (aside, paying no attention to Chuck, and fingering pistol) I've been fearing this meeting. I wish I dared do it now (*clutching pistol*). (*Aloud*): Tell Jake I'm here.

Chuck: I believe I'd better. He's probably started in on the lemon extract by this time.

Grace: Why did he come here?

Chuck: Dunno. Said something about gettin' married. He's gone a little coccoo, I guess. (*Opens door and calls loudly*): Oh Jake. The madamazoo is here. She is you know.

Jake (entering on the run): Hullo Grace. (*Embraces her.*)

Grace (dispassionately): Hello, brother.

Jake: BROTHER!?

Chuck (aside): Brother? How does she get that-a-way?

Grace (disengaging herself): Didn't you know?

Jake (hoarsely): Know what, Grace?

Chuck (aside): Stand by for a ram.

Grace: I married George two months ago.

Jake (overcome): You married my brother?

Chuck (aside): All hands on the topside.

(*The door opens, and George enters. He laughs heartily and advances toward Jake with hand extended, while Jake makes no sign of recognition and keeps his hands behind his back, clenching his fists.*)

George: Just home, devil-dog?

Jake: I haven't any home, hellcat.

Chuck (aside): You can fire any time now, Gridley.

Jake: Grace— (*bitterly correcting himself*) Mrs. Table, this is Sergeant Condell.

Chuck: Bon jour, ma chérie—That is, I mean, very pleased to be able to—HOW DO Y'DO.

Jake: And this was my brother, when I left the States.

(*Chuck and George exchange curt nods.*)

Jake: I don't know what to say.

Chuck (aside): Then pipe down.

George (suavely): I'll admit I slipped one over on you, Jake.

Grace: Well, it's nothing to boast about, George Table.

Chuck (aside): I'll say she's not.

Jake: To think that you'd either of you double-cross me. Especially you, George. A woman's liable to do anything. But you—sittin' pretty as you please at home while I was goin' through hell overseas! If I wasn't so clean disgusted I could break your head.

Chuck (aside): That sounds like 117 E. 24th Street to me.

Grace: You won't talk that way to my husband, Jake Table.

Jake: Seems like you've changed a lot, Grace. When I saw you last you was the gentlest creature in the world.

(*Grace crosses to the fireplace, closely observed by Chuck, while the two brothers glare at one another. Chuck nods knowingly to himself as Grace slips the pistol from the mantel, crosses the room, faces front, and snaps pistol at her breast with a desperate cry. There is no report, and she drops the pistol, astounded, and staggers to a chair, overcome by the mental reaction.*)

George (after a gasp of astonishment at his wife's action): Well, Jake, if you don't like the situation, the door isn't locked, you know.

Chuck (aside): It wouldn't stop me if it was.

Jake: I wonder if this is the kind of thing we were fightin' for overseas. By the way, Mrs. Table, what about the allotment I made you. Three hundred dollars all told, I believe.

George: Oh, that was your wedding present to us, Jake. We furnished the flat with it.

Chuck (aside): Three hundred dollars. Two thousand francs. Just about two hundred thousand centimes. Think of the cognac! Think of the old vintage of '69! (*Aloud to Jake, reproachfully*): Whatever made you do it, matey?

Jake: It's too deep for me, Chuck.

Chuck: No bottom at forty, that's all.

Grace: If I knew then what I know now I wouldn't have married either of you.

Chuck (aside): Sound off!

George (sarcastically): Neither would I.

Jake (despondently): Nor I.

Chuck: What are you growlin' about? Aren't you as free as I am?

Jake: That's a fact, Chuck. I've got some ship-mates, anyway.

Chuck: And now it's 117 East 24th Street for us, matey.

Jake: What place is that?

Grace (breaking down): Oh Jake; I didn't want to do it. I'll get a divorce, honest. I have grounds.

Jahe: You aren't talking to me.

Chuck (*aside*): My old sidekick has more brains than I sometimes check him credit for.

Jahe: Chuck, I'm going to ship over.

Chuck: Why, sure you are. Get wise to yourself.

Jahe: Where's the recruiting station?

Chuck (*in a sing-song voice*): 117 East 24th Street. (*They don overcoats, caps, and gloves.*)

Grace: You're leaving me for good, then?

Chuck (*interceding*): No ma'am—for better or worse.

George: Go with him Grace, as far as I'm concerned.

Chuck (*interceding*): Impossible, buddie. No yeomanettes on our ship, or Marinettes either.

(*Exit Jahe, without a word. Chuck turns in the half-open doorway.*)

Chuck: Some chooses the indoors for their combat. Bein' as I'm somewhat timid, I'll take mine on the battlefield. And as for you, friend husband, I believe you're the biggest piece of cheese in the county. I beg your pardon. I meant, in the state.

(*The door slams and the two are heard leaving the building.*)

Grace (*tensely collecting herself, and laughing nervously*): Did I act the sob sister part alright, George? And were you acting, or did you mean what you said?

George: I'll admit you had me worried for a while, but I soon got your drift and followed suite. But look here. I thought the pistol was loaded.

Grace (*gasping, and again laughing nervously*): I—I knew it wasn't.

Quick Curtain.

—JOHN H. CULNAN.

Smokes for Women

Notwithstanding persistent rumors of a constitutional amendment directed against the use of tobacco along with the abolition of certain other well-known and justly despised vices, the woman of America is timidly sounding the opinions of her men friends on the question of women who use the cigarette as an indoor pastime. In adroit phrases calculated to impress the man that she thinks about the thing as a social problem rather than as a personal one, she quotes prominent physicians and chemists on the subject of the harmlessness of Lady Nicotine, and wonders if he believes the woman of America will soon fry the steak and pour the tea with cigarette dangling languidly from the corner of that mouth so often deified by the poets. If the man has been abroad or overseas (the words mean tremendously different things), she asks naively if the French women have acquired the habit.

Suppose the man has been in Europe and especially in such a center of enlightenment as Paris; assume that he frequented the boulevards and the music halls, and that he was an ordinarily observant and mildly philosophic person; then, he did see rings and clouds of smoke exude from the fair mouths of the *midinette* and the *aristocrat*, to say nothing of the chic members of the *demi-monde*. His eyes were often regaled with the spectacle of the O, so gentle! sex basking in the narcotic effects of the delectable weed. And then, if he had been a bon vivant in antebellum days, he would remember the teas at the Ritz where the bejeweled hand of Mrs. Van Alstye-Richheimer lifted a goldtipped cigarette from the immaculate tablecloth to her carmine lips while she recited to her rapt votaries the latest details of the newest scandal; or his memory would go

back to the Italian dinners at Mme. Galli's where he watched the saffron-hued fingers of Babe Maginnis convey a smoking cigarette to her lips between mouthfuls of spaghetti. If he were as I said before, an ordinarily observant and mildly philosophic person, he would have speculated about these things, for men do speculate about trivial things. His conclusion would be tempered with wide experience and the breadth of mind that goes with a knowledge of life. We can imagine him answering the promptings of his American friend in such words as these:

"Smoking is a class privilege in America at the present time. When a woman of the elite takes a fancy to the cigarette, she is merely adopting a mannerism of some of her high-born sisters across the seas, such as the Duchess of Sutherland. And let me interpolate here that mannerism is not to be confused with habit. True, when hoi-polloi adopts a mannerism of the aristocracy, it is usually transformed into a habit, but that is because of a lack of finesse in subjecting things to their proportion. Despite a popular conception to the contrary, for illustration, a wellbred man is a gentleman even in his cups, while his humbler brother is apt to descend into over-indulgence and unseemly hilarity. Similarly, the girl of caste does not smoke in public nor does she let the cigarette hang rakishly from her lips. She smokes en famille at dinner when the conversation is changing from "The Young Visitors" to certain aspects of the labor crisis, and the champagne is giving way to the liquor. She is thoroughbred about her smoking; one is not conscious of it, for she does it with grace and with a nonchalance that defies criticism. Privately, of course, she rubs her fingers industriously

with pumice stone to protect them from discoloration. And so she smokes and talks, and lives and smokes, and has the approbation and respect of her friends.

"Now let us turn to the other class which enjoys this privilege, for there are only two. The other is made up of some poor unfortunates who smoke because they are tired of life; because they want to relax; because they do not care. Their fingers are stained and their voices are raucous, and they draw the cigarette fumes down into their feeble lungs as though that would help. It does not occur to them to stop smoking, because it gives them pleasure; they smoke for the same reason that men do, because they love it.

"So, my dear friend, those are the two classes of American women for whom smoking is a privilege. The girls of the great middle class have not yet come to the point of borrowing matches, burning holes in their celluloid dresser sets and dropping ashes in the dishes. They think, I believe, that the American man has not yet advanced far enough to tolerate it." With these words of wisdom he relights his cigar and takes his leave, while his young friend goes upstairs to the privacy of her boudoir and thoughtfully lights one of her favorite brand.

—RALPH M. COGHLAN.

CORSAIR'S TOAST.

I name a toast to the lot of you,
 Drink deep, lads, and drain the bowl.
 To booty and blood for a lusty crew,
 To rum and women and galleons too,
 Drink deep lads, and drain the bowl.

And here's again to a night ashore,
 Drink deep, lads, and drain the bowl.
 Let life give us all, for we pay the score,
 Our souls are the devil's forevermore.
 Drink deep, lads, and drain the bowl.

And then to a time that will some day be,
 Drink deep, lads, and drain the bowl.
 When only the owl and the moon shall see
 Our skeletons sway on the gallows tree,
 Drink deep, lads, and drain the bowl.

PAUL GANGELIN.

TO ALL LOVELY LIARS

Anna avers the power be hers
 Of reaching up into the skies
 For mysteries to analyze—
 Anna lies.

Laura forthwith declares that myth
 Is verity; with her own eyes
 She's seen some two score Loreleis—
 Laura lies.

Ida affirms in fervent terms
 That lovers' tears and lovers' sighs
 Are charming things to idolize—
 Ida lies.

Ruth can aggrace the commonplace;
 Perchance my nature is uncouth;
 Instead of whimsies I want truth—
 Want Ruth.

JOHN CULNAN.

Conversion

All we know is that there are dead feelings, dead ideas, and cold beliefs, and that there are hot ones and live ones; and when one grows hot and alive within us, everything has to recrystallize about it.

James: *Varieties of Religious Experience.*

I.

I was jostled along to the deck with the rest of the crowd from the mess hall where I had just finished the noon meal. I should liked to have reached my bunk first and to have wiped my mess-kit before going up, but that was quite impossible. Instead of waiting for my own company, which was in the third shift, I had gone to dinner with the "A" compartment men. The narrow aisles were choked and an officer stood near the door to bar the egress. I mounted the stairs disgruntled and peevish.

I walked amidships to stand beside the rail. It was in the January of a year ago, and the ship was that huge transport, *America*. The sea was quite rough, for there had been a storm during the night, but she smashed through the swells and rode as steadily as if there were no sea at all. I stepped over the outstretched legs of men who sprawled near the hatches reading magazines, or men who sat in the warm sun with their backs against the cabins, and paused to listen to a group playing guitars and a ukelele. They were seated within a coil of rope, "as cosy as birds in a nest", as some one near me said. A nasal tenor sang a solo before I walked away.

I looked along the rail and stopped to wait until a space would be vacated. I was confident of finding one as soon as second mess was called.

As I stood looking about, a man of unusually large portions put out a broad red hand to me.

"I know you!" he exclaimed.

I looked at him, took the hand and shook it, and tried to recall the face. It seemed to me that I had seen the small nose with its peculiar droop at the tip and the little greenish eyes.

"I remember you," he continued in a tone which seemed to suggest by innuendo that I had forgotten him and had been guilty of negligence. "Your name is Beck,—Phillip Beck. Don't you know me yet?"

I confessed that I did not, but admitted that there was something familiar about the features.

"Coquish", he said, "John Coquish. We used to go to Sister School together."

Yes, indeed, I did remember him. I had a fleeting glimpse of a room in a parochial school at Eau Claire,

the staid nun in the foreground, the rows of desks with the children reading and bending over them, and across the aisle from me a boy with a peculiar nose which was almost Jewish in shape, who used to kick across the space at me whenever he could do so, a kick which I returned with vicious interest.

"Didn't know me", he repeated as if he were alone. "Well I seen things since I left Eau Claire, hey Clyde?"

His companion did not lift his head from the churning waters.

"I say you have."

"Been in the West, I suppose?"

"Been in the West! After my father died we moved to Bemidji, Minnesota. But I couldn't stand it there working in the box factory, so I hit out. Just about covered all of it, too," he boasted in a conceited manner.

"Picked me up in Arizona," Clyde informed me. He looked up at last and I saw his dark and fiercely lighted eyes. A knife had strangely severed the upper and lower lids of the right one, but the eye itself glowed with an angry gleam. The wicked mouth sneered habitually. I felt relieved when he looked down again at the rising and receding billows. I knew well enough how readily he had ascertained my simplicity of character and that he sometime meant to take advantage of it.

"Couldn't get me to stay in Eau Claire or Bemidji no more," Jack continued. "Too dead. I seen the West, all right, all right, up and down. Stopped in Montana for a while."

"They say it's a great state," I observed tritely.

"It is great. Only it got hard staying there, too."

"How's that?"

"You tell him Clyde."

"You tell him, you know more about it than I do."

"I do, do I? It was you thought of it."

Clyde assumed an abused, abject air. Conversation appeared to be a burden to him.

"It happened so easy that it seems perfectly natural to have done it", he began. "There was a bunch of us hit a small town near Sidney in a box-car. We climbed out to rest and cook a meal beside the track. One of the birds went scouting around a chicken coop and over-

heard an old woman say that a world-beating evangelist was in town. He broke the news to the boys. There was Mormons and Hard-shells and Catholics and every stray brand of religion in that bunch. Someone wanted to go and bust it up, but another one said we could have more fun and get something on the side out of it at the same time. About twelve of us arranged to go to the meeting and flocked down to the town-hall. There was a song going called "The Sweet Bye and Bye", and we stood respectful like near the back until the song ended and then "Whiskers" led the way to the seats which, of course, was way up in front. Our part was to listen until the preacher began to rave and tear up and down the platform and then in the worse part of it for someone to cry.

"Whiskers" begun it. He told the sisters that come to comfort him that he felt he was lost. They told him to believe if he could. He tried and tried but couldn't. Then some of the others begin to feel saved. The shouting got to be enormous. It spread like wild fire that there was a miracle happening in the town-hall. People begun to push in at the doors and crowd at the windows. Just in the worst part of the wrestle with Satan, 'Whiskers' remembered that he hadn't wanted to come to this meeting but that something had told him he ought to.

"It was the Hand of God", the Preacher said.

"So I see now", said 'Whiskers'. Then he fell on his knees and prayed on the chair.

"During all this yowl, those who had been left behind, took gunny sacks and went through the cupboards and pantries.

"After weeping and praying for a while, some one said he was going home to his mother to take care of her and live good from now on. We all got up then and asked them to sing the 'Bye and Bye' song once more before we parted. We had a great feed that night, but we scattered before morning because the people were madder than hornets next day. The whole county swarmed out with shot-guns in search of us. Jack and I worked north and crossed the border to see what Canady looked like."

He turned back to the sea having finished his part of the conversation, and left us staring at his contemptuous back.

A soldier standing beside us at the rail moved away. I slipped into his place.

Jack took up the thread of narration and proceeded.

"We got in with a trapper and staid there for two years. As pretty a country as a man could ask for. Mountains lay near at hand and forests stretching for miles and miles; lakes here and there just blue and cold. When the snow came and rested on the trees it was that beautiful it would make you gasp! Old Joe

used to sing that 'Bye and Bye' so you could hear it 'way off with the echoes coming from the cliffs and ice-fields."

He was lost for a time in reminiscences of that natural grandeur. Somehow the hard brutality of his face softened, and I saw the wistful warmth of his boyhood days steal over it. After all Jack was not quite so tough as he suspected himself of being.

"You staid there two years?" I asked by way of awakening him.

"Two years. But it got too hot there, too." He slapped his big leg and roared with husky laughter which his throat emitted with gulps and convulsions.

"We used to trade whiskey to the Indians for furs on the side. But the Yellow-legs got wise and began to hang around. We knew the jig was up, but a young buck was coming from way up in the mountains with a big load, and he had stood by us pretty square before so we took a chance on him getting by safe. We slipped him the liquor in his wigwam. Right away he got roaring drunk, and his squaw came stealing through the woods to tell us the Legs were coming. We cleaned out; went slick to Shelby without a stop, and east to the Cities. When we got to Minneapolis, we heard about the Twentieth enlisting. I went down to Bemidji to see my mother and sister and then returned. Clyde and I signed papers, and here we are."

"It's time for 'A' company to pile to mess," his companion broke in.

"Which 'A' company?" I demanded.

"In the third."

"That's where I am. Queer I didn't see you at Fort Myers."

"We just transferred with Johnny Anker from the fifth battalion the night before we sailed."

They were walking away.

"See you later," Jack called.

II.

So this Clyde was to be in the company. I laughed aloud when I found my hand feeling of my blouse pocket where my few dollars were kept. Two dough-boys near by looked at me. I grinned sheepishly. Well, I wouldn't be in the company long anyway; I had applied for a transfer and had been assured that it would be granted. I contemplated the change with renewed expectancy.

How well I remembered when Jack and I were boys together. We were just thirteen when we were at the chancel to assist at mass.

There was a certain fascination about him then, a certain kind of daring and audacity which attracted me to him, and not me alone either, for there was a swollen group following him in the games on the school-

grounds. At the services he would lag behind in the kneeling so that I would watch him fearfully from the corner of my eye to see if he were going to participate. I used always to speculate at each mass whether this one was to be made memorable by disobedience. I thought then with my childish mind that his slackness was due to irreverence and rebelliousness. But one day I observed that his head was very nearly always turned away from me. I glanced up to see the object which interested him.

The window at the right side of the altar contained an oval portrait of the child Christ. It was a reproduction of the famous head of Hoffman's which appears in the picture, *Christ in the Temple*. The early sun had levelled his rays through the colored glass and lit up the head with divine and mystical beauty. The youthful face, the deep luminous eyes, radiated spiritual warmth. We were too young to fathom similar graces which we might have discerned in our relatives and acquaintances, but we could bathe in the glorious light which streamed from the kindly, eager features. We revelled like joyous infants in the golden gleams which shone from the Boy-saviour's lustrous hair. The glorious expansion of adolescent religion was bursting in our souls like a shining star.

The awakening of the soul of a child is, after all, one of the miracles of life, a magnificent prodigy in which the old chrysalis of mere animal instinct is shed and the border crossed into a new spiritual world. It is a glimpse of the vastness of the universe, of the spacious and eternal law that flows through the ages, and of visions of another realm, visions born not so much of definite objects as of music and motion and colors,—the song of the stars and streams and fields blending in an anthem of gladness,—an iridescent kingdom melting into transparency,—waving draperies of saffron sheen, cool, eddying swaths of light through which the child walks quietly, hand in hand with God.

After this discovery I, too, became a laggard. We moved by rote through the service, our minds fixed on the great sea of sapphire that sparkled beyond the rough stone walls of the church. The voices of the *Te Deum* would swell in a rising chorus like the singing of a triumphant host. Our hearts reached out toward the golden belt that poured through the window and fell upon the blazing cross. Up this shining stream we escaped from the world about us and were wafted, as without effort, to the very heavenly throne itself.

I used often to scrutinize his face. His nose came down over the lip in such an unusual way. His cheeks were ruddy and white with the blue veins delicately visible at the temples. His eyes of greenish shade became dreamy and sleepy. Sometimes I would watch

his wondering intelligence steep itself in religious intoxication and ecstasy. A tender, wistful look would settle over his features which gradually changed to one of happiness and earnest devotion. A child's heart has only one master at a time.

Some one slapped me soundly on the back. Jerked abruptly from my reverie, I turned to face my accoster. He grinned.

"Hit you harder than I expected to. I'm glad to see some one from Eau Claire. Never thought I'd see you again."

There was still a child-like simplicity in his emotions which plainly showed in his elation.

"You're the last one in the world I suspected of seeing here, too," I assured him.

"I saw Jim Maloney in Frisco. He's about the only one of those I knew when a kid that I've seen."

"Jim was in Helena the last I heard of him."

"He's been traveling a bit since then. He told me he had been all over the Coast. Bummed me for a quarter. Turned out to be some bird!" His tone had become tainted with a bitter sneer.

I looked from the lace-patterned, foamy waves and the far stretching sea, to his face. It was a cruel face, florid and swollen looking in the puffy cheeks, but with the skin a little loose and sagging beneath the broad jaws. The eyes had lost their openness and wonder. They were drawn tightly and glinted with a sneaking, wavering light, restless, roving eyes which travelled everywhere, all in a moment. Perhaps it was the greenish color that gave them their appearance of cruelty, for just a moment ago they had beamed with delight when I had been startled by his heavy clap upon my back. The oddly shaped nose was further accentuated by the thin upper lip. The mouth drooped in weakness.

"How ugly those childish features I have just been examining have become," I told myself. And I added, "No doubt his life has been just as twisted and distracted."

He put on a braggadocio's air.

"I've seen things, I have, like they have them in the movies; knives flying, blood running, Theda Bara's walking around. Once, when I first met Clyde,——"

"Oh, can that stuff!"

It was Clyde, himself. He had come up while we were talking. He caught hold of Jack by the shoulder and began to pull him away.

"Levi's holding a place in the shade for us," he explained. I watched them disappear in the crowd; I was not sorry they had gone. I fell to gazing on the waves. Then, when a school of porpoises appeared, I forgot that Jack and his unpleasant comrade had ever existed.

III.

It was a half-hour before midnight when Charlie left the setting-blocks to cry hoarsely in my ears.

"He's mixing kerosene with the feed to keep the steam up."

I followed his pointing arm and saw the fireman stirring and turning over his sawdust with a shovel. It was a new way of keeping the fire going under the old boiler. I watched, while I was able, for we were sawing at a tremendous rate. The carriage jerked to and fro, the logs were rolled on, a slab ripped off, another ripped off, and the roughly trimmed beam kicked on and shoved over the "dead rollers" to the cut-off saw where it was cut into two ties. The sixteen foot, uniform length and small size of the timber expedited the process. The engine wheezed and gasped under the added stimulus of heat. The pressure of an endless stream of material, ripped and slashed into railroad ties, kept the belts leaping and groaning, racing about the wheels in great irregular, wavy bursts.

For the Chateau Thierry drive was on and a request had been posted in the sleeping quarters urging the men to increase the production. The sawyer and foreman were responding with vigorous energy.

When we paused at midnight to eat our supper of stew and mouldy bread over which a syrup of jam and water had been poured, a mixture which went by the delicate name of "Pudding", we had gained eighty ties more than our average cut. Coquish sat down beside me to talk and to smoke, though smoking was strictly forbidden in the interior of the mill.

"We'll plug the cut-off saw with ties before two o'clock," he said.

"That is if we have steam."

"We'll have the steam, all right, if it takes all the oil on the place."

Pomeroy came over to listen.

"We ought to get a 'crops-de-ger' for the way we're working to-night. I haven't been at it so steady since I worked for the Portland Lumber Company. One year——"

I went out under the clouds and the stars for the remaining minutes of rest. Great masses of a deep bank lay strewn upon the heavens. The stars twinkled far off in the crevices. Belts of light, spraying upon the bank much as a hose plays a stream of water against a wall, moved slowly across the sky, shifting as the aurora-borealis shifts, oftentimes striking open spaces in a faintly discernible glow.

Nearer at hand over the marsh, a fog had gradually risen and now lay in a heavy veil over the wet earth, stretching so tautly from tip to tip of the sapling spruces which marked the borders of the slough, that it appeared as if a heavy white net had been caught up at

each end and spread out like a spider's web. It was damp there in the night air. I lit a cigarette and pulled my mackinaw over my shoulders. From somewhere—in the village park, a night-in-gale warbled. A dreamy, poetic essence filled the air and seemed to spread over all the world,—far stars, roving clouds, lights, perhaps like those which fell upon the first Christmas night, and the pulsing song of a bird.

"Great night for an aeroplane."

Ullie stood with a cant-hook a few yards from me and twirled it in his hand.

"Too many clouds."

"Just the thing for them to beat the search-lights on. If they came down to raid the ammunition factory, they could easily mistake us for it."

A carbide light near us left off humming and died down to a wavering of red flame and a heavy drapery of black smoke.

"A man would need to be blind who couldn't spot these carbides."

"But, if there was to be much danger, I think the lights would have been sheltered. Let's see, this is July! There hasn't been a plane near here since that one was shot down a month ago. They've been getting fewer all along with the drives."

"It's no sign that they can't pop through right now."

"No," I admitted, "but go on Ullie, you're too pessimistic. Haven't the British reported about fifty planes shot down every day? They haven't got any to spare on munition plants this far back."

"Don't take no stock in the British," he warned me. "They said they had their backs to the wall and couldn't give up another inch. Next day they were back ten kilos again."

He changed the subject.

"Ain't them lights pretty? Like those on an inter-urban-car when its topping a hill and shot the lights up high."

The hum of the fly-wheel in the mill aroused us. I climbed back on the carriage a little disheartened.

What if a plane did appear? Could the searching eyes over the ammunition plant or the far away lights of Iss-sur-Tille find them? The odds were against us. But then, too, if the clouds were shading us, there was a large chance of their missing sight of us all together. In the meantime the great beams played upon every cave, every fissure, every hill and valley, every nook and cranny in the scattered mass that lay above us. In a few minutes I forgot my fears; I was immersed in work.

The mad race to overflow the cut-off sawer had begun. Sometimes there is a strange, fiendish delight among men when such an occasion is offered. No exertion is too great, too futile, until the unfortunate victim

is swamped. The amount of pleasure derived from the confusion and irritation is out of all proportion to the labor involved. So soon as the brother employee calls out "quits", there is the extra help of getting him straightened out.

I watched Coquish as he strained his great muscles. A quick sweep of his arms; his hook was fastened into the double tie; a bracing of the heels against a board, a straining of the muscles of his brawny arm; and then, as an extra tie slid by, a malicious gleam shone in his eyes as he shoved it on to block up the rollers.

His face grew redder and redder. The smile captured his eyes and expanded. The cut-off sawyer began to hurl bitter invectives. The assortment of timbers, slabs, lumber, and ties increased. The struggling between the two ends of the mill became more and more intense.

Coquish laughed as I kicked loose the hulk of a tree which had produced eight ties in a bunch. His eyes expanded until the pupils seemed lost in the whites. His drooping nose grew more sensitive and sharp; his mouth with its tight upper lip dropped into a triangle as the laughter which he emitted without stint or hesitancy, gurgled and gasped, coming forth in strong gulps, forced, broken, hoarse. He doubled up, slapped his wide legs, and shook his head. His expression asked clearly, "Can you beat it?"

There was an abrupt yell from the front of the mill, a convulsed, terrified scream. I jerked my head from Jack. The edgers and loaders were running. I saw their crazy and frantic efforts. A heavy humming filled the air. For a moment I thought it might be our dilapidated, overworked boiler—I had only a moment to think—then I was hurled backward.

The air, for a fraction of a second, went swimming in a mad whirl of white marked by brilliant bands of red and purple and green—then it changed to black. I was going down, down, down. A great sea of water had closed over me. The pressure was intense, suffocating, unbearable. I tried to lift myself, using my arms stiffly as levers to pry myself up from the solidifying waters, but the maelstrom, sucking at my feet, and the congealing sea required far greater strength to overcome them than my frantic efforts would yield. I tried to breathe; I could not. The water rushed into my nose and throat with a stinging pain. I forced it out. The pressure increased. I thought I should be crushed. The drumming in my head was terrific. Then the swishing mass began to dissolve again and I commenced to drift upward toward the surface. A great sea monster swung in a circle above me, a snake-like body which caught hold of an under-sea growth and gyrated with a dazzling whirl about the limb or crooked trunk of a tree, quivered for a while and became motionless.

I tried to crouch to avoid attracting it. I swept by it. The mass about me became lighter. Then my head broke above the churning confusion. I breathed at last. I felt the cool night breeze. I filled my bursting lungs. I realized all at once that I lay on my back in the sawdust which had been used to fill up low ground on one side of the mill. The fly-wheel belt still trembled from a beam a few feet from me. I discovered in it the sea monster which had terrified me before. I realized at last with something of an artless, bewildered wonder, that the mill had been bombed. I tried to stagger to my feet but found myself aching and bruised and leaden. I knew I must get up. A panic of fear seized me. I grasped toward a plank which lay near by. I wanted to support myself on it. I tried to scream. A nauseating chill settled along my spine, a freezing paralysis that left me shuddering. I think it was the very fear of extinction which brought clearness to my mind. Clouds of hissing steam still issued from the engine so that I could see but a foot or two from me; but rising above the vapor were a few remaining timbers which resembled the arches that have survived since the age when Caesar builded in Gaul. The pursing steam hissed less loudly.

Men came running from the shipping yard. I could see three or four, in a straggling line, rushing past the farthest carbide light. Nearer at hand a lurid light increased. Not far from the mill a shipment of boxed kerosene had been piled. I saw the first flames leaping over the pine crating as a kitten leaps over a low rope, a playful, eager flame which leaped higher and higher. Out of the compact vibrations which had filled my ears before, there emerged numberless sounds, sharp orders, agonized cries of pain, some one blubbering, the rattling rumble of the boxes of oil as they were tumbled from the stack, the sizzling of hot coals when water is thrown upon them, and a peculiarly vibrant monotone, not clearly distinct in all that confusion of noises. As the steam continued to die down, for the dethroned engine lay on its side leaking water as a wounded man bleeds out his life blood, the heavy monotone became dominant among the sounds about me. I focused my wandering wits upon it and tried to solve its origin, to give a cause for its existence. I could not, for a moment, decide whether it was human or not. Finally a feeling of gross terror swept over me. There was something human in the voice. Under what conditions could it continue thus to speak?

I began to crawl forward dragging my bruised body over the sawdust. Foot by foot I crawled, up to the broken lever of the carriage dog which had mercifully barred a heavy slab from hitting the setter, over the carriage tracks, pass the remnants of the circular saw which had burst into a thousand pieces,—to the right

something lay huddled and smashed against the stump of a great pile, (I dared not look at it)—around a confusion of torn machinery and a heap of corduroy roofing which had been blown high into the air and settled down through the roofless mill. I crept under one of these canopied pieces and the source of the voice was before me. Jack Coquish was on his knees. With bended head and a piece of hemp in his hand, he was raucously muttering a prayer. Over the hemp he passed his hand at intervals as if he were drawing beads upon a rosary.

I tried to arouse him. It was as well for me to have shaken a bronze statue. He neither lifted his head nor gave a sign that he had been jerked. So far as the words I shouted to him were concerned, they might as well have been shouted into the ears of a deaf mute.

I squirmed back over my trail and set up a loud cry. It was some minutes before I attracted attention.

"I'm all right," I answered Le Roy as he jogged up to me, "look under the roofing; Jack's in there."

I saw a man on each side of the unfortunate Coquish leading him away to the machinist's shop where the injured were being carried, awaiting the arrival of the ambulance. He neither limped nor dragged himself, but the monotone of words and phrases still dribbled from his lips.

* * *

Several Sunday nights later, I awoke under the fierce, impatient little jabs of my bunk mate.

"Oh, let me sleep!" I exclaimed crossly.

He laughed.

"There," he said alertly, "listen to that! Are you listening?"

"Holmer, I'll get even with you if it takes the next year!"

I tried to settle back into my dream of home.

He set his knee firmly into my back.

"You're not going to miss this, it's too good, too significant," he insisted.

I knew it was of no use to resist further. I supported my head on my hand and elbow and cocked my ears and waited.

Presently, from afar off, I heard some one singing the air of a hymn in a coarse, drunken voice.

"Somebody's drunk. And you woke me up to hear 'em sing!"

But Homer did not wither under my scorn.

"Here you psychologist, you recognized quickly enough that huge body kneeling in prayer in front of us this morning when we came into church."

"Coquish!" I exclaimed sharply. "I thought he had turned over a new leaf. He's been pretty quiet during the last few weeks."

"Well—I suspected something would turn up in the way of little old 'vin blink' when I saw him starting out with Ullie after mess. Didn't take long for his fear of hell to subside."

He laughed grimly, yet I knew that he was looking at me very gravely in the darkness.

VICTOR SOLBERG.

The Moral Empire

ONCE upon reading Genesis I regretted not having been around the day God decided to make things. Something of the imagined thrill accompanied the reading of *The Principles of the Moral Empire* (University of London Press) by Kojiro Sugimori, in which creative philosophy rolls up her sleeves, clears off the board, and sets about to make things. While not at all underestimating the magnitude of the task or its complexity, the plan, says Mr. Sugimori, is simple. To begin with, make a god who will make a world worthy of your god. The necessary relationship of the two constitutes a religion, and your system is complete.

For the sake of efficiency do away with the present confusing multiplicity of gods, conscience, utility, classes, nations, etc., and from their essence, the thing which gives them vitality and value, the one creative power in the world, moral personality, create the one God of the monotheistic universe. This may sound like rank individualism of the worst kind, drawing in its train all the philosophic hobgoblins that haunt relative morality and theistic anarchy, but is it? What check has

any philosopher ever been able to find for his god beyond moral responsibility?

The truly moral man or woman will recognize his or her responsibility for the world and its inhabitants, and reverence fellowmen as brother gods in so far as they are moral personalities. It is no philosophy of ruthless destructive and self-aggrandisement which Mr. Sugimori advocates. From his point of view, it's rather a poor specimen of a god who solves problems by these methods. Such a god would destroy part of his own world and part of the ideal soul of that world. The solution must be creative. The moral personality imaginatively comprehends a given situation with its conflicting interests and creates a new situation in which the conflict is banished and the interests preserved. That is the office of creation, the necessary mark of divinity.

The futility of life under its present organization is due to a lack of realization as to wherein blasphemy lies. Because of an idolatrous worship of subordinate gods, men stand beside men whose kinship they would

be ashamed to claim, whose hands they would scorn to clasp, against moral brothers with kindred ideals whom they must respect and worship. Thus, through a lack of insight, they follow a false religion and destroy their own divinity. The situation is the outcome of a wrong emphasis. Every act is the result of, is based upon the sum of previous experience. Every *moral* act is the result of such previous experience with an addition due to the exercise of conscience, or moral intuition, in the attempt to deal creatively with the present situation. The rules of action are the accretions of such attempts in the past, and increase of knowledge and intelligence comes only through such a process. Continued emphasis upon the values of the outer and neglect of those of the inner world, have in a sense atrophied the moral and creative organs, and, while the external world constantly increases in complexity, our moral sense remains practically what it was some centuries ago. We have failed to make the creative attempt the only step to further intelligence. It is as

if a modern business man should attempt to use medieval methods and tools. The remedy is obvious.

The author's main interest seems to lie in moral and social problems, though he holds that when taken seriously they ultimately become metaphysical. The book is, then, a more or less systematic attempt to answer the old questions in the spirit of creative philosophy. It has its intellectual mists and logical quagmires. The reader, and perhaps, the author, is sometimes confused by the necessity of using old terms with new connotations, but the faults are upon the whole stimulating rather than otherwise.

To some of us at Wisconsin the conception that morality lies in the imaginative grasp and creative handling of conflicting ideals is certainly not strange, but there is a new significance in receiving the familiar message from an Oriental with an apparently sympathetic understanding of both Eastern and Western systems of thought, writing from London in the language of the Occident.

EVE KNOWER.

Mr. Hodge Proposes

MR HODGE stood before his bureau regarding his lanky figure in his cracked mirror, put the finishing touches on the most elaborate toilet he had ever made, and reflected on the probable tenacity of the feminine memory and in particular that of Mrs. Martha Trimming, dressmaker, widow of the late lamented Edgar Trimming. It was only day before yesterday, mused Mr. Hodge, that he had taken tea in Mrs. Trimming's sitting-room, which was two doors down the hall in the boarding-house which both had occupied for the last three years. It was then that he had made the fateful remark, which at the time had seemed so innocent.

It had been one of those cold, wet, drizzly, Sunday afternoons which make a man very depressed if he is alone, but very convivial and confidential in the presence of afternoon tea and sympathetic company. Mr. Hodge was in the former condition when Mrs. Trimming had tapped on his door and invited him into her rooms for a little something hot to drink, but he had soon gone to the other extreme. It was partly the pleasant warmth of the room. The faintly sizzling radiator had been supplemented by a cheerful oil stove of a lovely shade of bright blue, on top of which simmered a small aluminum basin of water to keep the atmosphere moist. The sewing machine had been folded up and covered with a purple plush table-cover, so that only the iron pedal below revealed it as the instrument by which Mrs. Trimming earned her daily bread, and on the purple

cover, suspended on a brass frame over a little alcohol lamp, bubbled Mrs. Trimming's brass tea-kettle. It had been the sort of scene which warms the heart of any lonely man on a cold, dreary Sunday afternoon, and it is small wonder that Mr. Hodge, when he was comfortably seated in the best rocking-chair with a cup of hot tea, had felt more expansive and important than ever before in his cramped life. Mrs. Trimming held the honor of being the first woman with whom Mr. Hodge had ever taken afternoon tea, and it had therefore been quite natural that before the end of the afternoon he should tell her that if he could afford to marry, nothing would make him so happy as to have her for his wife. It had seemed merely the kind and gallant thing to say, and altogether safe for a man who was earning fifteen dollars a week as a book-keeper in a china shop and hadn't had a raise for eleven years. Mrs. Trimming, though of course it wasn't her first proposal too, had seemed most pleased over it. Her round, pink cheeks had blushed a shade or two pinker, and she had giggled a little and told him how if she were his wife, she'd make him keep his room tidier and wear his overshoes when it rained. This had cooled his ardor a little, for it was hot tea he had in mind when he spoke, not overshoes.

All this had happened last Sunday, and Monday night the letter had arrived bearing the astonishing and delightful news that he, Joseph Emanuel Hodge, had inherited at the death of his uncle, Elias Emanuel

Hodge, the munificent sum of \$25,000. He had found the letter waiting for him on the little table in the lower hall when he came home from the shop for dinner, and he had been so excited about it that he read the letter aloud to each boarder as he came down to dinner, and they had all been very kind and enthusiastic over his good fortune, particularly Mrs. Trimming. She had beamed at him from the opposite end of the table all thru dinner, and he had beamed back at her until suddenly in a sickening flash, he remembered the Sunday tea-party and the proposal. A lump of bread-pudding had stuck in his throat, arrested halfway by the shock of that memory. He had choked violently and had to be pounded on the back by his neighbors. The rest of his pudding he had eaten with averted eyes, pondering the while as to how he could avoid Mrs. Trimming during the rest of the evening.

Dick Zilyer had solved his problem by asking him to go to a show after dinner. It was the first time that Dick had ever condescended even to speak to Mr. Hodge. Dick was a tall youth of a sinuous leanness which was very different from Mr. Hodge's shambling thinness. He wore his clothes with a decided air, his socks and ties always matched and he had a great many girls. Sometimes they called him up at the boarding house at meal times. Mr. Hodge had a profound respect for this type of young man. At twenty it had been his ideal to be just such a youth, an ideal which had failed miserably of fulfilment, but was still uncrushed in his fifty-year-old heart. Therefore he was much flattered when Dick suggested immediately after dinner that they "take in" the new musical comedy, "Oh Girly Mine."

Mr. Hodge was not deceived by this sudden friendship. He knew that Dick's interest was purely mercenary, but long years of snubs had given him a humble modesty. Instead of being hurt, he was filled with a glad pride at the power of his newly acquired wealth. He had bought the theater tickets cheerfully and willingly and felt very gay as he shambled down to a third row seat with this dapper youth.

The memory of "Oh Girly Mine" with its rows of vivid, pretty faces and shapely legs all kicking in rhythm had lingered with him pleasantly all day. He now smiled jauntily at his image in the mirror and gave a final brush to his thin, gray locks. To-night he was to have a "date" with one of these charming creatures. Dick had arranged it all. They were to take two show girls to dinner at the Statler, Dick providing the girls, and Mr. Hodge, the dinner. To think of it, that he, Joseph Hodge, who had never had a "date" in his life, on whom women had always looked with laughter and derision, except Mrs. Trimming, and she didn't count, he was going out to dinner with a chorus girl! A vision

of mischievous eyes, pink tights, and white arms flashed across his excited brain.

Then there was a creaking of the loose boards in the hall, a heavy, familiar step, and a knock at the door. Mrs. Trimming! He couldn't see her now, alone; he must pretend to be out. He looked wildly around the room. It was small and bare, a very poor place in which to hide. In desperation he made a dive toward his narrow, white iron bed, but the door opened.

"There is really no need for you to hide from me, Mr. Hodge", came Mrs. Trimming's voice in prim tones.

Mr. Hodge withdrew his head from under the bed and stared at her with wide pale eyes. He was still squatting on the floor looking like a giant grasshopper. He was not thinking, however, of the incongruity of his position, but rather of how singularly unattractive and stolid Mrs. Trimming looked with her hair all be-draggled and little snips of cloth clinging to her rough wool skirt. How ridiculous she would look in a ballet costume, he thought.

"Why were you trying to get under the bed? I shall not take advantage of you, you may be sure," said the dressmaker, cryptically.

"I—I was looking for my collar button," mumbled Mr. Hodge, to whom this seemingly irrelevant remark was only too clear. His stiff, white collar was already neatly in place, and his dresser littered with those useful little articles.

"I'm sorry I interrupted you," said Mrs. Trimming tartly. "I hope you find it. I just wanted to stop in and congratulate you privately on your good fortune. You left so soon after dinner last night I didn't get the chance, and I hear as you're going out again to-night."

"Yes, I am. Very kind of you I'm sure," muttered Mr. Hodge. He was saved further conversation by a cheery voice in the hall. "Hello, Hodge! All set? Taxi's waiting."

Mrs. Trimming pursed up her mouth, brushed past Dick, who was standing in the door-way, and sailed down to her room as majestically as her weight and the creaking boards would permit.

Dick chuckled and Mr. Hodge giggled feebly.

"Just wait till you see the queens I've picked for to-night, and you'll never look at that old girl again."

"No, I presume not," said Mr. Hodge taking his new hat out of its box admiringly. He didn't get a really satisfactory final view of himself in his small mirror, as a complete survey had to be made in sections, and Dick didn't give him time. He caught his arm and dragged him down to the waiting taxi. The taxi ride, the polite liveried porter at the door, the gilded splendor of the Statler lobby thrilled Mr. Hodge inexpressibly, and when two alluring bits of femininity ap-

Simpson's

Just What I Wanted for Christmas



—is an exclamation which will echo among your friends, when they open gifts chosen from these complete and attractive accessory displays. When a remembrance combines utility with beauty as do these offerings, it becomes doubly desirable. Prices to make selection inviting.

Gloves
Silken Underwear
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Hosiery
Blouses
Sweaters
Neckwear

Handkerchiefs
Card Cases
Furs
Art Needlework

And many Odd Bits that will delight any feminine heart.

It will pay you to shop early this year.

peared from behind a large marble pillar and tripped towards him, his cup of joy was full.

"There's Dicky!" shrieked the brunette one in a rather alarming sort of voice.

"And will you land what he's brought us!" tittered the other, a dainty blonde in an unbelievably large black hat.

Mr. Hodge supposed she referred to him. Tho her remark didn't sound particularly complimentary, he supposed it was mere chorus girl banter, and removed his hat and smiled pleasantly. The girls burst into peals of laughter and even Dick indulged in a mild guffaw. He sobered down enough to accomplish the introductions, and they started towards the dining-room. Dick took the blonde, which was rather a disappointment to Mr. Hodge, but yet, as Dick had promised, there was "nothing slow" about either girl.

The noise, the glitter, and the crowds of the big hotel dining-room bewildered Mr. Hodge painfully. Dick had ordered the dinner beforehand, for which Mr. Hodge was very thankful, as he was totally unfamiliar with most of the dishes which were set before him. The array of silver beside his plate, he found very confusing, and then the bottles in buckets of ice! he hadn't counted on that! How much could one drink without becoming intoxicated, he wondered miserably, as he had no desire to experience that shameful condition. If only he

could drink just the right amount to make him talkative. He had heard that a little liquor produced that effect, and it seemed to be working for Dick and the two girls. They were chatting and laughing noisily and happily, but Mr. Hodge was confused and tongue-tied. This was not strange; women had always affected him in that way, but he had had a happy feeling that chorus girls were very easy to "get on with". That was evidently a misconceived notion on his part. Any remark he ventured was met with blank stares and then laughter on the part of his guests.

He drank the bubbly stuff in the glass. He didn't like it, and it didn't make him any more loquacious. They all stopped talking to watch him drink it, however, and he felt that for the moment at least, he was the center of attention.

"Have another, Crookshanks!" laughed the brunette in her jangly voice.

"How much did uncle leave you, Hiram?" cooed the little blonde.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said Mr. Hodge lifting his second glass with a feeling of some importance.

"Bully for uncle", shrilled the brunette. "Let's have another bottle."

Mr. Hodge had a vague fear that he would get up and sing soon, but as the dinner progressed he felt less and less inclined to do so. He began to feel a little

queer. The lights, the music and the chatter around him all ran together. Sight, sound, and smell seemed to be mingled in one reeling sense, and he was very, very sleepy.

He never quite knew how he got home. His first conscious remembrance was of meeting Mrs. Trimming in the hall. Dick was holding his arm.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Trimming in comfortably solicitous tones. "What is the matter with him, Mr. Zilyer? He doesn't look a bit well."

"No, he isn't feeling so good," remarked Dick dryly. "Want to take the other side."

"I was just making a cup of tea," said Mrs. Trimming supporting his other arm. "Maybe it would do him some good. Just take him into my room."

Mr. Hodge permitted himself to be led down the hall and seated in Mrs. Trimming's comfortable, familiar arm-chair. On the sewing machine, which was again covered with the purple plush cover, the brass tea-kettle boiled merrily.

"What are you doing up so late?" asked Mr. Hodge.

"It's only quarter of nine," said Mrs. Trimming, busy with the tea.

By careful concentration on the round face of the alarm clock on the dresser, Mr. Hodge ascertained that

she was right. He had imagined that it was much later. He didn't know that anyone ever came home intoxicated before two o'clock at the very earliest. He took the tea-cup with a hand that was only slightly shaky. The tea was hot and soothing. He felt better, only so very drowsy. Did Mrs. Trimming know? Evidently not, for he heard her saying,

"What did you do, Joseph? Eat something that didn't agree with you? Those hotel dinners aren't fit for a man's stomach anyway."

Mr. Hodge set his tea-cup down on the arm of the chair and looked up solemnly into Mrs. Trimming's round face.

"Martha," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, "I have always said that if I had enough money to support a wife, I'd marry you. Tho I mourn the death of my dear uncle, this twenty-five thousand dollars may 'nable me to secure my life's happiness. Will you—" His speech, which had been most slow and careful began to trail off faintly, his head nodded. "Will you marry me?" He smiled sweetly, his head drooped, and he sank into comfortable sleep.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Mrs. Martha Trimming.

ADELIN S. BRIGGS.

The Revelations of Yellow Tom

IN THE very, very early days when the pitiful, straggling remnant of a gold seeker's ox-train killed their jaded animals at the foot of the mountains, painfully mounted the pass, and built a sheltering stockade in the little, secluded valley beyond, they hired as community cook, a wandering desert rat, who looked to be part Mexican and part Chinese. Yellow Tom, they called him.

Like many of his breed his fingers were magnetic. They attracted the possessions of others. Also like many of his kind, he was unceremoniously hanged as a warning to others. But there it was that Yellow Tom proved his mettle. Even in the bustling, practical times of today, the oldest settlers of that little community which has descended from the time of the hanging of Yellow Tom, can repeat word for word, the awful revelation of Yellow Tom's words. I cannot repeat them. Even as on that suffocatingly hot afternoon, they held spellbound his captors, when he was hanged in the lonely rocky pass where they had captured him, so now those words silence me. In that bated second when the fleeting soul of Yellow Tom sighted the coming of Eternity, an oath of such awful and dire portent to the inhabitants of the valley hissed from his thin lips

as to chill the spirit of even these stern and sturdy settlers. His sin-torn soul, taking last leave of his earthly body, lingered last in his heated brain. And those already stiffening organs of expression, his lips, jerking like the cast iron lips of some fantastic statue, revealed the gruesome scene of his approaching reincarnation. Bidden by some unseen Power; commanded, perhaps, by the revengeful spirit of Yellow Tom—no one knows—the biting words were uttered and carried out to the very last letter.—But here is where you may differ. I did—once. Now I challenge any scoffer at the mystery to go and see for himself. It is not for me. I am satisfied. Perhaps you will not believe the next incident in the story really occurred. Neither did I. Nor can I explain it. I am too weak a character to overcome my primitive, wholesome credulity of the uncanny, supernatural world of the dim Hereafter.

Yellow Tom's lips convulsed and were stilled. His melancholy form hung limp over the wild crags of the pass. It swayed slightly in the breeze from the hot rock walls. The men stood clustered beneath the silent figure, dumb with surprise and horror, doubting themselves whether they feared or scoffed. Yet no man laughed. The revelation was all too horrible. The

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weird, mad scream of an eagle pierced from above. They watched with a strange fascinated glitter in their upturned eyes, a long glistening body, coiling and uncoiling, the coppery scales flashing in the sun, falling rapidly from the talons of the eagle hanging high above in the gray-blue vault of the sky. The thing thudded dully on the gravel beneath the still form of Yellow Tom. It was a rattlesnake of unbelievable proportions. The vicious glare in its searching eyes awed even these grim men of experience. They turned, and ran. Somehow they found their homes.

Year after year, the seasons come and go. The winter snows fall undisturbed. The summer heat finds untrampled the stones of the pass. The surging spring tangles the narrow trail with verdure unshorn, and autumn frost withers unseen their myriads of stems. The watchful eagle and padded four-foot haunt in peace their native world in the vicinity of the lonely mountain pass, for Yellow Tom has kept his oath. His revelations of the future, which were nothing more nor less than his reincarnation, immediately after death, into the form of a cunning and vicious rattlesnake which should in time search out and destroy every member of the party which had been the cause of his death; and furthermore, that he, in this form of life, would guard forever the pass so that no man might enter or leave the valley through it, have been substantiated. Rather a fantastic and "fishy" tale for most of us to believe, isn't it? I said "Bunk!" when I first heard it. But the few straggling settlers in the once peaceful valley are sincerely and frankly awed, for they have suffered. Why they struggle on, wasting their unhappy lives trying to eke out a living in the dreary little valley of the mountains, shut off from the world save by a tortuous road on the faces of the mountains themselves, for they never use the pass, is more than I can understand. Perhaps it is their sturdy American pioneer spirit;—the spirit of the old West; the rebellious tenacity of real men showing contempt for a strange, unaccountable, controlling Power; the struggle of a practical mind against the uncanny clutch of a superstitious credulity.

The first year after Yellow Tom's death was a nerve-racking one. A man was found dead at his chopping block, his ax still in his hand, two small holes, mere punctures of the skin, on the calf of his right leg. Rattlesnake, obviously. Accident? Perhaps. At another farm, a man was discovered in his meagre field, cold at the plow. Apparently, a snake was the cause. Another was stricken at the spring where he was drawing water; another, as he hunted deer in the bare foothills. One as he stood guard at night before a meeting. And so on,—a whole sickening list. All with the same death mark: two small toothmarks on the calf of the right leg. Accidents? Perhaps. Rattlesnakes are quite common in that part of the Southwest.

Some little time passed, and no new death occurred from the snakes. But the story of Yellow Tom still lived, and was revered by most of the settlers. The pass had never been entered since the memorable occasion of the hanging, but the fear of the little known guardian of the place had lost its acuteness. A young man of the district, rather a leader in his circle, in a spirit of bravado, and wishing to show his disdain, of all "silly and preposterous" things unnatural, packed his burro with provisions and set out alone to explore the desolate pass, and discredit all the superstitious fears of his fellows. The burro returned,—alone. There are many hazards. Perhaps he wandered from his pack and was lost. He might have slipped from one of the cliffs. The burro did not know. Neither do I.

Of course from that time on tales of greater and greater proportions began to circulate. Many are mere absurdities; such as the seeing of an immense monster in the gorge of the pass, or that of the man who peeped into the pass at midnight and saw a host of devils sitting in the red circle of the "consuming fire." Such things merely mock our intelligence. They blur our vision as to what we actually observe to be true. People believing such tales are not thinkers, but the victims of a psychological trick.

The strange condition remained unsolved for years after this attempt at explanation. But if a queer whistling of the winds at night or the echoing rattle of a falling landslide in the mountains was heard, people nodded knowingly to one another. The spirit of Yellow Tom, they thought. But the community as a whole went on in its drowsy, generally unobtrusive way, and for the most part forgot Yellow Tom. Yet they shunned the pass.

A little while ago I was motoring in the Southwest. By chance I chose to hunt in those nearly inaccessible ranges about this valley of my narrative. I heard the story, and, curiosity getting the better of my common sense, I resolved to investigate. However, at the settlement I found that a learned naturalist had already ventured into the pass that very day with several other men of his company. I had no difficulty in locating his camp. He had not yet quite approached the real summit where in the old, old days, Yellow Tom, the thief, had been hung. In order to look upon this spot, it was necessary to climb a narrow trail to the crest of a certain ridge.

We were a quiet company,—each busy with his own thoughts. We halted at the foot of the last climb. It was not a hot day, yet perspiration ran freely. We tried to appear calm and at ease, but the slightest click of a stone or the buzzing of a locust tightened our muscles. The wind died out and not the faintest stir of air shook the dangling leaves of the short aspens by

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the trail. There were no clouds to hide the face of the sun. But tall, cured mountain grass grew rank over the trail at the foot of the last ascent and stuck stiffly out from between the stones farther up, like the stubble of a wheat field in the rock county. The clank of our equipment and the stamp of the burros' hoofs sounded like pistol shots to our keen nerves. The still, hard, dry mountain air, the lonesome desolation of the place, lent a vague feeling of the melancholy, and the imminence of a sinister Unknown,—a thing beyond our control. How little and helpless we felt in this vast lonely pass of the untamed mountains.

But the naturalist was undaunted. Truth compels me to say that I allowed him the honor of being first man up the trail to peep at the summit. Painfully, half wistfully and fearfully, yet doubting our foolish minds, we watched him clamber to the top of the ridge. His back was toward us. Nothing happening. He just

stood and gazed. Then he turned about quickly and began to descend. He seemed hurried. His feet slipped a number of times on the slick stones. We knew that he had something to tell us. We knew at last that we should have the secret of the myth of Yellow Tom. We stood and waited eagerly in a group. The energetic little man approached us with quick step. His face was a study. He appeared to be turning over some thought in his mind. He opened his mouth to speak to us, but sank to the ground without a word. We examined him. There were two small punctures of the skin on the calf of his right leg. Obviously, the bite of a rattlesnake. An accident? We did not speculate. I returned to my motoring. To this day I have not seen the interior of that pass. I suppose I never shall. I am satisfied.

ROE BLACK.

Paddy's Witch

"And you're sure you haven't been drinking, Paddy?" asked Mr. Belton dubiously.

"Niver a drap, sir. It's just like Oi tells ye. Oi seen the old lady come a runnin' out from her bit uv a house, and she yells at me, just as noice as poi, 'Oh Paddy, Oh Paddy! Wurra, Paddy, won't ye listen to me?' And Oi looks at her agin, and Oi seen her both fingers was crossed. That's a soign, ye know. But Oi stopped a moment, and says, 'Begorra, phwat would ye be afther having?'"

"And she says, 'Paddy, phwat comes afther Thursday?'"

"At that Oi begins to tremble, fer it's bad cess to say Friday to a witch. But Oi ups and says, 'The day befohre Saturday. And the day afther that is Sunday!'"

"W'en Oi says Sunday, she shrinks a bit, and jumps back. But she up right away and says, 'Phwat does sivin and six make, Paddy, darlint?'"

"Me knees begins to shake, fer it's ten times wusser to say thirteen to a witch, but Oi comes right back, 'Not so very much,' Oi says, 'but if ye'll take one away from it, ye'll git twilve, which was the number of appostles they was.'"

"W'en Oi says that about the twelve appostles, the witch turns green. She shivers all over, like she'd fall apart. Then she asks me ef Oi cud tell her phwat it is as comes up out of the ground in spring and had three things a-spokin' out from one place. She wanted me to say 'Shamrock,' fer ef Oi had, then she c'ud a witched me!"

"Me hands was cold and Oi c'ul feel trambers playin' up and down me back, but Oi answered, bold as

a lion, 'That'll be a cross ye mean. Jaysus was hung on one in the spring, and Howly Mary came to kneel at his feet.'

"When Oi says that, she jumps a fut off the ground, and dances about in a circle, and thin she shrivils right down until she wus only two feet hoigh. Oi see as Oi had her goin', and knew if Oi c'ud get another crack, Oi'd be all right.

"Then she started to ask me another tale, and her voice'd got to be a tiny one, loike a broth of a bairn a wailin'. 'Paddy, sweetie,' she says, 'answer me yis or no. Do ye still steal howly wather?'"

"Oi started to say 'No,' and Oi seen what that wud mean, and Oi started to say 'Yis,' and Oi seen what that wud mean. The witch begins to caper and carry on, and poked her stick at me for to bewitch me. They wuz a stone us big uz me head a-lyin' beside me, and Oi stooped over and grabbed it, fer to sling at her. But as Oi was about to throw, she yelled and waved her cane, and what do ye supposed happened?'"

Paddy stopped and looked with unimpeachable earnestness and frankness at Mr. Belton. Then he reached into his pocket and help out impressively a small pebble.

"Oi hadn't more'n picked up that rock, which was as big as me head, when she waved her stick and yelled, and that rock in me hands was only this bit of a nugget. At that Oi was scared stiff, and Oi looked around at the witch, and she wasn't there any more. Then Oi stuffed this in me pockit and struck out. Oi wasn't takin' chances, so Oi stuck to me best licks till Oi was over the top of the hill and at your house. Then Oi

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says to mesilf, Mr. Belton's a handsome chap, as wouldn't see poor Paddy suffer. So Oi comes in to see if yez would hilp me."

"Well, Paddy, what is there I could do?"

"Begorra, ye air such a foine man, sir!"

"What is it you want?"

"Ach! Ye know, don't ye, that a witch hates siller? If ye was to give me a siller sufferin', Oi'd niver be troubled with the witch agin!"

"But, Paddy, suppose I gave you a silver sovereign, and you bought whiskey with it?"

Paddy drew himself up proudly. "Ootch, Mr. Belton, when it's dhrunk Oi am—!" He paused for effect. "When it's dhrunk Oi am, Oi fear neither man nor divil,—nor witches!"

Mr. Belton laughed and tossed him the coin.

"Ah, Mr. Belton, Oi knew ye couldn't turn away a poor, scared fool uv an Oirishman to see him get witched. Ye're such a handsome man! God'll be sure to bless ye and yez. An ef ye iver go to kiss the blarney, as Oi have, don't ye let that fool uv a Micky Moran hold yer foot; ef ye do, he'll be so jaylous, he'll be shure to drop it!"

Paddy walked toward the door. About to leave, he turned.

"Ootch, Mr. Belton, do ye know, O'id be almost willin' to sell ye this witch stone, it's so good ye've been!"

—J. PAUL PEDIGO.

The Book Shop

THE STORY OF A LOVER. (Anonymous) Boni and Liveright. 201 pages.

If frankness and sincerity count as art in personal records, *The Story of a Lover* should take its place among those human documents which, while hardly great literature in the highest sense, add so greatly to our understanding of men and women in their relations to each other. This is by no means a conventional love story. It begins where most leave off. The courtship is subordinated to the married life of the lover and his wife. The intimate details of this relationship will shock the sensibilities of some who consider such details sacred. For those who fear or dislike to look at the facts of life, not unpleasant facts, but facts which are not discussed generally, this book will be disappointing. For those who prefer romance to realism where the erotic is concerned, we cannot recommend the volume. Such people could hardly expect to enjoy reading it.

Boiled down to simplest terms, *The Story of a Lover* is merely the narrative of the married life of a man who loves his wife. It is full of human nature and understanding. The real meanings and values of marital life are so well exposed that the reading may mean a deeper and surer understanding by many of those intimate things which so often get out of tune.

Though the narrative covers a considerable period of time, the writer with skill keeps the reader's interest and gives an impression of fullness which is remarkable considering the length of the volume.

It is more than a whim which caused the book to be written. The author feels he has something real to teach men. It is the glory of the love which is not youth.

"... What is to me the deepest mystery of all—and this a glorious mystrey which distils a spiritual fragrance to all of life—is what holds a man and woman together through an eternity of experience. It is to me the key of existence that opens up the realm of the Infinite which, though I can never reach, yet sheds upon all things its colorful meaning. It is only the conception of the Eternal which gives interest to every concrete detail. God inheres as a quality in all things. Religion is right when it points the fact that without Him there is nothing."

J. W. G.

THE GAY-DOMBEYS. Sir Harry Johnston, Macmillan Company, New York.

It is more than a curious coincidence that H. G. Wells should have written the preface to Sir Harry Johnston's novel, *The Gay-Dombey*, of the later Victorian period and its imperialistic concerns. Johnston has a remarkably un-Victorian attitude toward the vagaries—if you wish to call them that—of his characters. He accepts the polygamous relations of most of these splendid men and women of the upper English middle class as does Wells—but he is redeemed from the latter's paganism and from Galsworthy's sentimentalism by a little of the feeling regarding these relations which underlies the works of his talented contemporary, May Sinclair. His hero, Eustace Morven, too, has a "Research Magnificent", but here is none of the *Weltschmerz* of Wells' figure; he is plainly and definitely interested in science and in English imperialism. Sir Harry practically never analyzes his characters, and his book for that reason is somewhat of a novelty in good English literature these days; but he describes—and how he describes! His wonderful Suzanne—it is inconceivable that she should be of any decade but ours—he does not analyze. Her loveless, if faithful, marriage with Lord Feenix, her lack of affection for her children, her remarkable wit, her love for Eustace are all there, but what Sir Harry gives us is merely Suzanne as she talks across the dinner table. Was there ever such an example of science enlightening after-dinner conversation? It is a relief after Mrs. Humphrey Ward's sweetly serious participants in international politics—whose conversation, by the way, though never quoted, we were always assured was charming.

Eustace's estimate of his religious Second Adventist mother has all the insight of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh", but it is less clever and a good deal less malicious. Paul Dombey, by all the traditions (Oh, yes, I forgot to say that Johnson takes as his characters the supposed descendants of the Dickens family of Dombey and Son and has them portray, in miniature, "the intimacies of that queer system in which court, foreign office, colonial office, family influence . . . played their parts in the expansion and admin-

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istration of the Empire of Queen Victoria") should be the hero. He is the most romantic figure in a sense—he and his faithful Diane. And he too is merely one of the incidents in the social and political drama which brought so much of Africa under the good queen's sway. And there are so many more; none of them carefully sketched; each the subject of a short story, as it were.

Johnston's style is original without being startling or brilliant. The type of writing varies throughout. Once it is a dinner conversation, then a series of letters, next a snatch from an autobiography, now perhaps a conversation arranged in dia-

logue form, or perhaps even a beautifully irrelevant snatch. Yet his characters are singularly alive—Paul Dombey; that unscrupulous journalist, Basendale Strangeways; that remarkable unmoralist, Belle Delorme—and the incorrigible, strangely modern, frivolous, sensible Suzanne. She is worth the reading of the book; she and the descriptions of the Tropics that are so carelessly thrown in here and there. It is such a different world—this of Sir Harry Johnston's—from ours; and yet because it is so human (not in the Harold Bell Wright sense) you are intrigued.

E. G.

Communication

THE ALLIES IN RUSSIA—Intervention or Interference

After having spent a little more than a year in Central and Northern Russia, I arrived in New York the last week of July, this year, anxious to discover the actual policy of the Allies and the United States toward Russia. Over there we had but a vague notion of what was being felt at home. I had felt like most of the members of our party that we should come in with a large force of men and put down the Bolsheviks once and for all, sending at the same time all aid possible to the support of Denikin and Kolchak.

I found here, however, that the majority of the people felt we should clear out of Russia and let them decide the question for themselves. This was a decided contrast to what I had heard my good Russian friends say: that we must not desert Russia; and, indeed, I, too, had felt that way in Russia. However, after some arguing with various people whose opinion and judgment I regard highly, and some reading and thinking on the matter from this end, I decided fully that we must cease our foolish and disastrous policy. The way we have backed and filled would be comical if it were not tragic. Wilson stated, "We will never desert Russia;"—our troops were the first to leave this spring, much to the surprise of the Russians.

I distinctly remember how confusing were the ideas I heard expressed by various types of Russians about their future political control. Some would like to see the sovyet control (this is correct transliteration of this word—not "soviet"—it is pronounced with two syllables with the accent on the last); some wanted to see Kolchak win, but feared, like Kerensky, he would not be strong enough to keep power because of the many strong and conspiring men behind him; some did not want Kolchak at all, for, as they told me, he represented old politics and tactics; very few had any confidence in Denikin. In view of this, my question is: if the Russians have not fully decided what they want, how can we possibly set them up a control said to represent their will and choice? Almost everyone realizes how little we know about Russian politics in actual operation. What right have we to put our bet on the Kolchak or Denikin horse—either with men or materials? Why should we go into Russia and kill off the Russian radical socialists or Bolsheviks unless we do likewise to the radicals

now in Italy, Norway, Germany, and in our own very midst. In northern Russia when the Allies tried to make the Russians fight, they mutinied; they said they were war-weary, many of them were just recovering from the World War. What is more they would not fight and kill their brothers! Some of them told this to me; it is a fact, not an opinion or fancy of mine. Further, several months ago—just before the British evacuation—the Allies lost the town of Onega (just southwest of Archangel). The Russian troops holding the town sent out word to the Allies that if an attempt were made to retake it, they would fight to a finish. They said they were not Bolsheviks, but that they were through being made to fight by outside powers! Certainly, it is up to them to decide whom they shall have and not up to us—unless, I repeat, we intend to exterminate all radical socialists and not only Russian socialists.

Finally, let me say that we must see to it that the food embargo is raised. We are *daily starving* all classes of Russians, particularly those who do not want, and will not work for, the Bolsheviks. The people working with the government get sufficient salaries to enable them to live. Still I know members of the former "upper classes" in Petrograd and Moscow who are as time goes selling their furs, jewelry, etc., in order to get food. It is no uncommon sight to see them selling newspapers on the corners in Petrograd! I am not attempting to be sensational, but am telling the truth, as many can confirm.

I am glad to write that some of the fairest thinkers we had in our party are now back and of the same opinion. We now realize that when we were in Russia we were largely influenced by these "upper classes" whom we knew, and whom we employed. The Kolchak and Denikin armies are largely held together by promises of the Allies—and if we fail to send them all that is necessary? . . . It may be that if the sovyet system is allowed to run things freely without frequent interruptions by different Allies, they will restore order, for conditions are not so bad as they are reported in our papers: there is no wholesale shooting of people along the streets; no government authority from Moscow for the nationalization of women. For this I have the word of the American Consul General himself.

However, I do not ask support for the Bolshevik govern-

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ment. I only ask that we stay out and let some of the wealthy Russians one sees around the Grand Royal Hotel at Stockholm get in and fight for themselves, instead of sitting around the lounge complaining and cursing the Allies for the weak manner in which we have supported them.

At all events, after peace is allowed to be restored, if the majority of the Russians do not want the soviet form of government, the popular voice of the people can modify it (as we have our Constitution), or, if they will, they can 'scrap' it entirely.

JAMES H. BLAUVELT.

Verse

A BIT O' SAIL

O for a jolly wind, boys,
And a bit of a sail above:
O for a splashing day, boys,
Then forth from the cosy cove.

With a bit of a sail above, boys,
And behind us a foaming wake:
With the rising waves ahead, boys,
And around us the freshening lake.

And a song that swings aright, boys,
To the swell of the gleeful waves,
And a crew that smiles at the gusts, boys,
And the fear of the landlocked slaves.

Then hurrah! Haul taut the sheet, boys,
And we'll gather a bit of spray;
Then hurrah for the lusty wind, boys!
For we're sailing and sailing away.

S. T.

AUTUMN INTROSPECTIONS

In the chilly nights of autumn
The beat of the sleety rain,
Brings an ever-recurring question
Of life, its purposes and end.
And the wail of the night wind sweeping
Through all the vales of the earth,
Seems framing the deathless query—
Why?
Why does this mystic universe
Whirl on for countless eons?
Why should reason's impotency
Reveal futile history's mockery?
E'en as around the caveman's rocky cairn,
That voice, insistent, murmured;
Thus, in some future, unborn age,
Its echo still shall be heard.
Wail on, Night Wind,
I know we cannot answer.

HERBERT J. HAGEN.

SUNSET

The shadows cling with outstretched, pleading arms
To the feet of the hurrying twilight; through the trees
The dying wind makes feeble whisperings,
As if to tell its secret ere the pall
Of night sinks down, and crushes out its breath,
While in the west a golden glory flames,
Reluctant to be on its tiresome way.

Why do the flowers droop thus sorrowful?
Why does that single bright star tremble so,
As if to be a warning to its fellows? Why am I
So full of drowsy, stifled, nameless griefs?

PAUL C. CLAFLIN.

HONEYSUCKLE

He smelled the honeysuckle's breath, fresh-sweetened
by the showers;
He said, "I'll come and pick it when those buds have
turned to flowers
And the honey makes a treasure for the bees."
But now he's lying dead beneath the poppy fields of
Flanders;
But now the vine, sweet-scented in the summer warmth,
meanders
In aimless vagrancy among the trees.

—LOUIS A. PRADT.

PAIN

How bear the dragging hours till day,
When all the hurrying press
And jostling crowds keep thought at bay,
And light makes pain seem less.

The still, dark hours are long, too long,
Too small the cell of night,
And pain was made too cruelly strong
For human hearts to fight.

EVE KNOWER.

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SUNSET

Soft rosy tints of eventide
 Lie shimmering on the snow,
 The treetops in the gentle breeze
 Move gently to and fro,
 And purple shadows mutely spread
 Upon the vale below.

The ruddy sun has sunk behind
 A low, lamenting cloud,—
 'Tis Phoebus, mourning for his child,
 His shaggy head has bowed;
 And now the spent, the lifeless day,
 Is wrapped in darkness' shroud.

The tapers of the night are lit,
 The wind's sweet hymn is sung,
 The kindly moon is keeping watch,
 The drooping clouds among;
 And o'er the earth maternal night
 Her cerements has flung.

— J. PAUL PEDIGO, '22.

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!

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 Smuggling in the moonless nights
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Laughing fountain on a summer's night;
 Girl with satin-slippered, toying foot,
 Bending man—took a notion—
 Kissed her—
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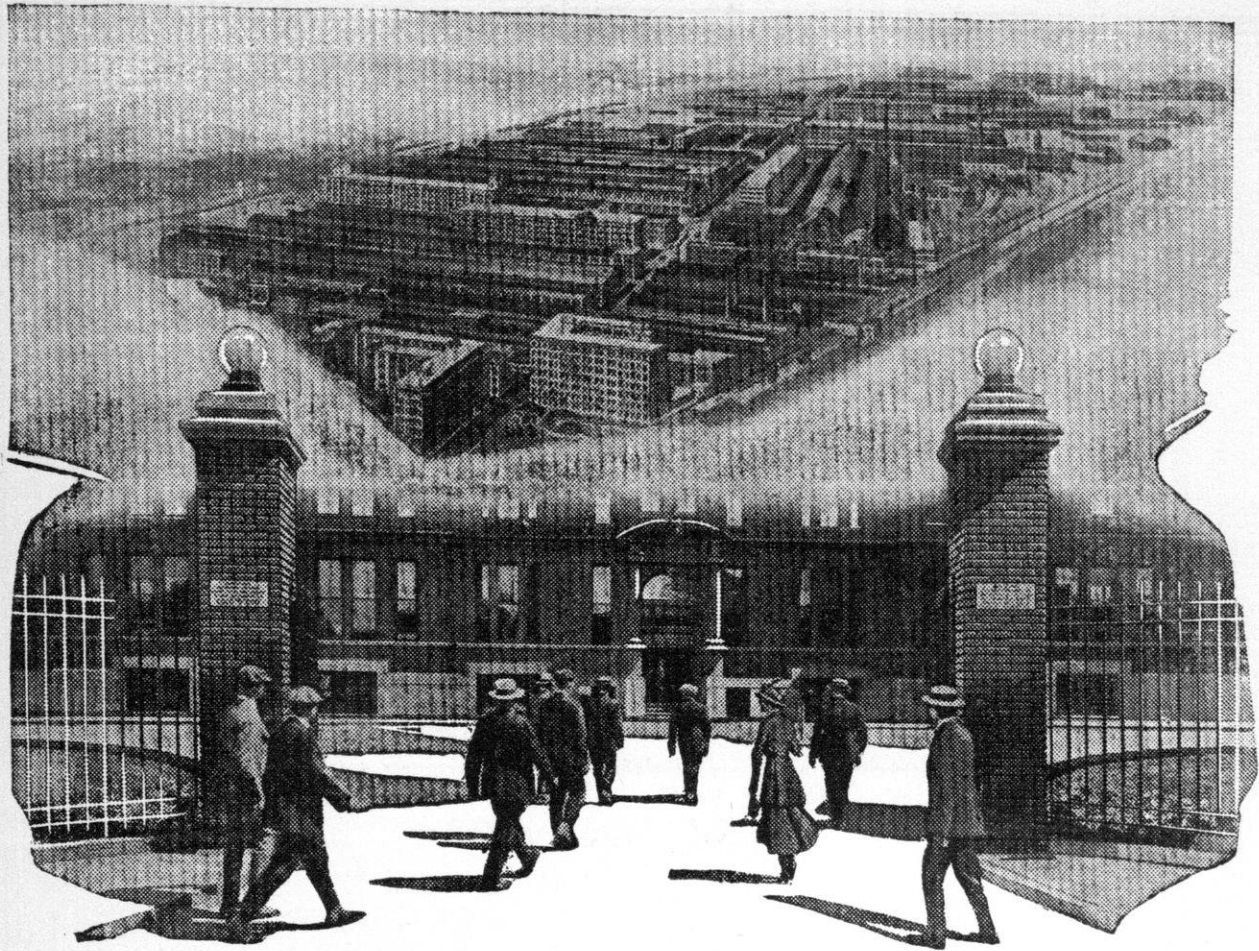
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