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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XX

Number 1

The Soul of Lone John

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PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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CONTENTS

LITERARY STANDARDS. A new year brings new readers, and an intervening summer obliterates, to some extent, the impression of the past year. It may be useful to tell you again what the LIT stands for, and what it attempts to do. Primarily, it stands for effective writing. Effective writing, in a University atmosphere, must be accurate grammatically, and clear-cut in expression. Certainly, the idea must precede the expression, and effective ideas are those sharply defined in some mind that earnestly believes in their value. What form their expression may take depends on the man and the idea. But, be it sonnet, play, essay, narrative, or what you will, it must be clearly conceived or it will be bunglingly executed. The LIT, therefore, seeks for active contact with those alert minds, especially among the undergraduates, which can do that thinking. It is a Varsity activity, and the men and women who produce it believe in it. Their work has shown them that hazy ideas do not "get across". The expression must be as clear as the idea. To get across the gap between minds, with that especial act, implied in the colloquialism, of *lodgement* in the other mind, that language must be used which will be listened to. So the LIT continues to accept colloquial speech in the work of some of its contributors, as in a classic example last year—do you remember, "my dear"? But slang for slang's sake, no. Those may safely use slang who daily prove that they do not need to use it to say what they mean. Styles in language change, because spoken language is a living thing. There is "period writing" as definitely as "period furniture". The thing to remember is the unity of any given piece of work. If you must shape your story after the gothic cathedrals, it is wise to refrain from cluttering its interior with typewriters, telephones, and stock tickers. There is no point, we believe, in being "highbrow" in a literary sense merely for the empty pleasure of rolling out resonant, reverberating perorations for the amused astonishment of the undergraduate. For, be sure, the undergraduate will not read you twice. We strain, therefore, after no standards of "fine writing." On the other hand, we hold that there is such a thing as "tone" in writing, just as there is (yes, we really think there is, somewhere) "taste" in dress. Dealing with written, rather than spoken speech, we incline towards conservation. We hold that there is a real psychological difference between *tho* and *though*, in print, and for most purposes we prefer *though*. We think undergraduates would be very sensible if they spent some small but earnest effort, in *mastering* our English language. Unquestionably, it would improve their marks, and, if they master the more difficult art of thinking clearly, the pages of the LIT are open to them. For the LIT is yours, you know: your expression, and your representation not only to other University bodies, where it already has made its reputation, but among certain national publications which receive it monthly—*and read it.* If you write, and care about yourself and

your future, the opportunity is obvious. We know you care about the reputation of the Varsity.

PROPAGANDA. Is it shameless thus baldly to admit ourselves as propagandists? For we should dwell, according to some, in a high serene atmosphere of literary detachment—an innocuous vacuum, if you please. Well, there are two especial things we give something more than passing attention to this year, and we respectfully but firmly call them to your attention. One is the Art Theatre movement, and the other is a full-blown Art Department for the University. The first is an attainable ideal; we trust the second is not utterly hopeless. You will find the first treated in an essay in this number. We shall gladly consider articles dealing with the second. We want opinions on both.

WHAT WE WANT. We want strong, straightforward stories that ring true. Shall we tell you also what we do not want? We do not care for, and will not publish, the morbid, the risqué, the over-sentimental, or the falsely realistic. There are enough other things in life, and we believe you prefer those. Almost anything will succeed, if it is good enough, but we would avoid overworked properties. Remember that a new viewpoint on an old story makes a new one out of it. Stories of the lumber camps, the home farm, mountains, the Great Lakes and the sea; yes, and love stories, we want, if you can write them. We prefer them humorous—do you? The other side is quite sufficiently impressed upon our consciousness. Can you write a humorous love story —of Varsity life, certainly (stick to what you know) —and will you let us look at it?

We want poems, but we demand technical correctness even in free verse! There is a real competition in this field, and the rejected manuscripts would paper the LIT office walls. We hope you who are writers of verse, and attempt to be poets, will be stimulated rather than discouraged by this information. Of course, one's own composition is a masterpiece; and (who knows?) it may be!

Ask your instructors if essays are easy to write. Ask yourselves if your essays are easy to read. We want essays that one is led on to read from paragraph to paragraph, willy-nilly, because one cannot help oneself, they are so interesting. There have always been good essayists among you. Let the rest of us—I speak as one among hundreds—let the rest of us enjoy them.

Now, naturally, the number of LIT pages is limited, and, much as we would like to publish three or five act plays, we cannot yet see our way to doing it. But a clever one-act play is possible, if the fact is never forgotten that it is to be read, not witnessed. There may be a distinction, though there should not be. At any rate, we have not space for a Shaw. If you conceive a play whose effects depend more on colored lights and scenery that on the inherent situation—try the dramatic societies first. That is a serious suggestion—*try* the dramatic societies.

Then, there are sketches, humorous skits on phases of Varsity life, and other possibilities. Send in what you have, as fast as you write it. Some of it, perhaps much, will be respectfully returned, but discouragement is no part of a Wisconsin student's equipment.

D. B.

MER-MOTHER'S LULLABY.

(H. C. Andersen)

The sun behind its ledge now seems to glide.
Sleep, my babe, and grow you big and strong;
On the wildest sea-horse you shall ride,
Where beneath the waves grow meadows wide.

Whales with their broad fins above you gleam,
Pass above you like the great grey clouds;
Sun and moon that through the waters gleam—
These shall all delight you in your dream.

HARDY STEEHOLM.

The Soul of Lone John

When David Fletcher and his bride Lucy came to the edge of Bird Island Lake on their honeymoon, the body of old Lone John, the Indian, had lain for a year unrecovered in the depths of the lake. For a year the men of the region had trembled lest one of their number, or one of the tourists, should drown in any of the hundred lakes of the county, with Lone John gone, the only one in the North who could recover a lost body. David Fletcher scoffed when they told him the stories of Lone John's strange power, and laughed boyishly, calling the men superstitious old fools, but they knew—they who had watched Lone John for thirty years and had never once in all that time seen the gaunt, silent, uncommunicative figure go out on the lakes and return without the body that he sought. Lone John never took anyone with him on his searchings, he always went off alone in his canoe, muttering to himself unintelligible words and glowering so that no one dared address him. He died, not betraying even to the oldest guide of the district the secret of his power, and those who were left behind could only shudder at the thought of death in the lakes, alone, never to have spoken for them over a Christian grave, a prayer of their own people.

There was never any doubt that Lone John possessed a supernatural gift,—it was only too evident, and the woodsmen were shocked when this young boy in the egotism of his youth laughed and called it humbug. They shook their heads, and the bravest shivered a little, and tried to change the subject when David taunted them, for it seemed dangerous to deny such a long accepted thing, with the bones of Lone John among the weeds of the very lake where the cabins stood.

But David and Lucy did not mind the shaking of gray heads at their folly. They were in the glory of their happiness, the world for each lay in the light of the other's eyes, and a whole life was in the sunshine of one glad day of water and sky and winding trails. From the first day every one loved them, for their overflowing youth and the wonderful love in their hearts. They loved each other so that everything in the world was beautiful in their eyes. For two poetic months they were the spirit of the lake. Early in the morning they would come out of their cabin, pack lunch in their canoe, and with a gay wave be off until sunset, over clear lakes, down winding rivers, and along shady portages. There never was such a honeymoon. The rough lumber jacks, who had almost forgotten in the battering of the woods what it was to be young, grew misty eyed and stood dreaming of other blue-eyed girls and other glorious sunlit days.

August came, the month of storm and terror to the woodsman, if he has room for terror left in his weather-beaten heart. The days in the lumber camps were sultry and exhausting. Men came home at night, longing only for a breeze across the lake and the blessed coolness that came with the stars. Often would come the storm,—shattering trees across the trails and stirring the lakes into black fury. Bird Island Lake, while it was the most beautiful and the largest for miles around, was also the most tricky, and it took a strong arm and a steady head to manage a canoe when the waves were up to their greatest deviltry.

On the days when a storm threatened, the city campers stuck to their cabins and did not venture off shore. They loved the great woods and the lake, but they preferred to contemplate them from the side of a warm fire behind steady logs when the thunder raged outside.

But David and Lucy Fletcher were not the ordinary run of summer campers. They were true lovers of the woods, and the prospect of a storm only increased if anything their desire to be off and out into the lakes. When the fifteenth of August, therefore, dawned soggy and lowering they were undisturbed and started off for Silver Bass Lake, a distance of three lakes, in the terminology of the woods, from the end of the little river that flowed to the north.

It was the hottest day in five years. The woods drooped and the horses on the corduroy road lagged and could not be stirred up by whip or oath. At three o'clock one of the men fell beneath the sun, and one of the horses lay down and could not be made to stand again. Then the work for the day was abandoned. The worn-out lumber jacks dragged home and the fishers on the lakes came back to shore limp and pale. The city people in their cabins lay about indolent and tired. The day grew more and more ominously still, even the sensitive birch leaves hanging motionless. The guides shook their heads and looked anxiously to the southeast border of the lake, where at any moment the storm might burst and come madly down upon

the camp and The Birches, the neighboring resort. The lake lay in wait, ready to leap up in fury when the wind should come. In the southeast, black clouds gathered and grew more black, glowering upon the lake, reflected somberly in its smooth surface.

At nine o'clock the storm broke. They saw it first in the trees beyond the southeast border. Tall pines began suddenly to sway back and forth; a little rustle ran through all the woods. Distant rumbles of thunder and flashes of sheet lighting came from off in the east and south. Far back the black, lowering mass of clouds became threateningly luminous, and changed from black to strange grayish green. Suddenly across the lake came a swift little gust; the glassy stillness broke into quick dark ripples. Then a roar from the southeast woods, and the wind came with one brilliant lightning flash and a crash of thunder. The pines above the two camps creaked and bent, the birches were lashed to and fro, gleaming pale in brief seconds of lurid light. Bird Island Lake was at its most dangerous height. Crash and roar,—the sound of trees falling,—quick flames to left and right where a dry tree burned and fell,—the snap of lighting striking near the cabins,—a loud report when it struck the water. The more timid summer-resort campers cowered in their cabins; the guides sat around the fire and told tales of wild storms, of which this was the most terrible in many years.

Half-way between The Birches and the lumber jacks' bunk house, stood the cabin of Old Jim, the oldest and wisest guide of the lake district. Tall, lean, brown-skinned and keen-eyed, he was the idol of the younger guides and the favorite of the visitors and campers, who competed to engage him for their trips and tours. There was not a mile of the county that Old Jim did not know by night or day, not a legend of the lakes that he could not recount. Tonight he looked across the lake from his window and watched the storm. In the kitchen his wife, small, slender and active, the dauntless companion of high adventure and quiet firelit evenings, stood looking out towards the deep woods behind. Suddenly she turned and called to her husband. He came to stand beside her.

"Jim, did you see the children come home tonight?"

"No", said Old Jim. For a second they looked at each other steadily. Then without a word they put on their slickers and left the cabin. A guide outside said that no one in the bunk house had seen the couple since morning. Of all the friends of David and Lucy at Bird Island Lake Old Jim and his wife were the staunchest and the most adoring. They had taken the two into their hearts on the first day and had delighted in their happiness. Now they struck through the noisy woods in silence. The cabin of the two young people lay beyond the lumber camp apart from both settlements, so that it was a half-mile walk to the little cove where at night their light could be seen burning. Tonight the cabin stood dark and lonely in the blackness of the storm. Old Jim knocked loudly at the door; there was no answer. They ran to the windows and looked in—no one was inside. Old Jim's face grew suddenly grim. He wasted no time.

"Anna, get one of the jacks to go to every cabin in The Birches and see if they are there. And tell Knute and Andrew to come help me with the big boat. We'll start as soon as the man gets back." He turned toward the boat house where the one big speed launch of the camp was kept. Anna ran to the bunk house. There lumber jacks and guides jumped up from the fire at her message. Each saw in a flash the picture of a gay boy and a fair-haired girl in the battle with this fierce fiend of the North. The messengers to the other camp soon returned—David and Lucy were not on shore. Old Jim, his face set, took the wheel of the launch, the two younger guides, Andrew and Knute, each with a powerful flash-light torch sat beside him. The launch leaped out into the waves and flashed away into the night. Anna in her cabin heaped wood on the fire and heated water, spread blankets before the fireplace, and sat down by the window, with the calm patience of the woman of the great woods, to wait. Lights in every cabin along the shore told of other anxious watchers looking to the north, where someone had seen the couple in the morning.

On the lake the fury of the storm increased minute by minute. The launch swept forward on the waves ahead of the roaring wind. In the slashing rain they could not see farther than the end of the boat across the seething water. Broad jagged shafts of light tore the black sky, and the thunder drowned the roaring of the pines. As they neared the north shore, a tree fell with a ripping crash, and blocked the trail where they tried to land. A second flash lit the woods and they found a landing place. They were swept rudely to the beach. The water fell in sheets on the trail. If the lost couple had been there, the tracks were utterly washed away.

Old Jim dragged the launch high on the shore. Andrew and Knute watched him. He wrapped his oilskin close about him and sat down on the launch.

"You'll have to go to the end of the trail, boys. I'll see the boat doesn't wash away. Go fast. They may have dropped something on the trail."

They turned and ran down the trail. The wind raged at their backs, the rain pierced every opening in their rubber coats and ran in streams down their necks. The trail, hard and smooth with the tramp of many feet, was like oil beneath them and they slipped and stumbled time and again. Over their heads the trees moaned and creaked, often one fell across the trail before them. On they ran, their torches piercing the darkness and the rain for only a few steps ahead. They looked always at the trail hoping for a sign, a foot-print, something to tell whether the two might have come along the trail. Nothing.

They came to the end at last and stood on the edge of Moon Lake, the first lake to the north of Bird Island. They saw raging waves, the smooth, muddy trail glistened in the light of their torches. Not a sign of human life. Suddenly Knute gave a cry—stooped, and stood again. He held in his hand a long string of bass. Andrew looked at it and turned swiftly back along the trail.

"It's theirs, Knute. They forgot it when they portaged back. They're somewhere on Bird Island Lake." Staggering on the trail they came back to Old Jim. He seemed not to have moved an inch from the position in which they had left him. He looked at the string of fish in silence. Then he rose and pushed off the launch, saying shortly "We'll search the lake."

Back and forth, hour by hour the launch careened in the waves, sometimes almost dashed against the rocks, sometimes caught in the trough of the waves and nearly capsized. Andrew and Knute, wet through, their faces white and tense, turned their torches in every direction and strained their eyes with every flash of lightning. Through eternal moments they sat with heavy hearts, the wind and the thunder drowning their voices. Finally they came into a little harbor, where from high banks the trees bent over a dark pool, deep and foamy. A sudden blinding flash of light—a sharp snap—and a dead tree burst into flames and fell nearby. In that second each man saw a gleam of white and the dim outline of a canoe. The launch leaped forward with a jerk and slowed down. The canoe had caught on a snag and could not sink. Stiff white hands clutched the edge. Andrew and Knute leaning far over pried till the tight clasp was loosened and they could pull in the limp, unconscious figure. They laid it down in the bottom of the boat and covered it over, afraid to look at the still face. Old Jim, busy with the engine, looked back at them. "It's David," they said, and stared at each other in the lightning, wide-eyed and white. In the water ahead the canoe, freed from the snag, lashed to and fro. A broken paddle had been flung to the shore. The rest was blackness and rain.

At the guide's cabin, Anna stood ready for them. Old Jim laid the boy's head gently down on the blankets by the fire. "He's alive," he said, then rose and started toward the door. Anna stopped him with a hand on his arm:

"Jim! is that all?" He looked down at her and his brown face quivered suddenly. "Yes. It's all. Oh, God! If Lone John could come!" He rushed out; in a moment she heard the spurt of the launch as the three men started out again into the storm.

The night wore on and the storm subsided slowly into distant rumbling and a steady gentle rain. At dawn, over the lake now smooth and quiet, the launch came in. The faces of the men were gray and drawn; they separated silently. David had sunk through unconsciousness to a dull, feverish sleep. Anna, sitting by his bed, looked into Old Jim's eyes. She got up and helped him out of his dripping clothes, then lay down without undressing. Old Jim lay with his face turned to the wall, motionless, but she knew that he was not sleeping. The lights of the cabins along the shore had gone out one by one. The woods lay peaceful after the storm. The first birds sang far down the trail.

At sunrise the camp of the lumber jacks emptied out. Not to the corduroy road today, but into boats, canoes, launches, to search the lake. By eight o'clock every cabin of guide or camper was empty, every canoe had joined the hushed procession that peered into harbor, swampy thicket, and down the little river. Old Jim had been one of the first to be out, alone in his canoe.

At another part of the lake Andrew and Knute, tired and worn, paddled aimlessly up and down, searching half-dazed in the lily patch near the river. Like every guide on the lake they were talking in subdued voices of but one thing.

"I'm afraid, Knute. The first one since Lone John died, and no one but him ever found a lost body, especially in Bird Island."

"If only he hadn't gone yet,—or if he could have given somebody else the power before he went. I wonder if it couldn't be given away—couldn't anybody but him ever have it?"

"I don't know. I'd give anything on earth if he could come back, just for this once. I wouldn't care so much if it was anybody but Lucy!" The boy's voice was husky, and Knute's eyes blurred.

In Old Jim's cabin David stirred and opened his eyes, to look on the kind, wrinkled face of Old Jim's wife. She smiled at him gently. He could not think

why she was there. Then it all flashed upon him—the breaking storm, the blind staggering portage, the lightning in the river—the rush of wind that met them at its mouth, the desperate paddle against the wind and cutting rain—a sudden swirl of water and blackness—Lucy clinging opposite him to the canoe. He opened his eyes again and smiled at Anna,

"Old Jim did save us—I knew he would! Where's Lucy?"

"Don't talk, lad, you must rest. Lucy is all right."

"But where? Where is she?"

"She's over in the other cabin, sleeping, David. You can see her after while, but you must try to sleep. The doctor said you mustn't move around at all."

"She didn't get hurt? She's not sick?"

"No, David, she's all right. Drink this. Now go to sleep." He turned obediently and, under the opiate, slept like a child. The woman looked out across the lake to the solemn searchers in the canoes. Before long she must tell him. She shrank at the thought of the hurt that must come into his young eyes.

David awoke at the sound of voices outside the open window by his bed. He saw the lake dark and misty near the cabin, then disappearing into fog. The lights in the bunk house windows were blurred and dim. Two shadowy forms stood not far away, their backs turned to him. They were not speaking loudly, but in the still air he could hear their words clearly:

"Are all the boats in now?"

"Yes. It's no use searching in this fog. The only thing is to wait till daylight and begin again."

"Is there any hope?"

"I doubt it. Lone John was the only one who always found them, and nobody knows his secret. I don't think we'll ever find her."

David had jumped to the window and listened with straining ears. As the men started on to the bunk house, he caught indistinctly their next words, "Pretty little thing" and "Poor young fellow." In the next room the man left to watch while Anna and Old Jim slept, sat with his back toward him in the dark. David felt his way noiselessly to the door, ran swiftly to the shore and unfastened Old Jim's canoe. No one saw him leave, a tall white figure in thin pajamas, paddling straight out into the fog.

He did not know in which direction he paddled—he knew only that somewhere in this dark water he would find Lucy—Lucy, with her blue eyes closed and her warm body cold. He moaned softly as he paddled, and the ripples of the water, the rustle of the leaves on shore seemed to whisper in his ear, "She is here—she is here." At each new sound he turned the canoe and hurried toward it, looked deep into the water, and moaning, turned back. In the woods an owl hooted mournfully—"She is here," and he paddled straight across the lake,—to find only emptiness and mist. He could not see the bow of his canoe for the fog and the blackness of the night, and paddled aimlessly, shivering in the dampness. Mist and emptiness—and he must find her.

An hour of paddling, but he had no sense of passing time or of direction. He grew suddenly weak, and trembled. He stopped somewhere in the darkness, holding the paddle on his knees, his head sunk on his chest. One thought filled his dulled brain—he must go on and on to find Lucy—but now he was tired, tired.

It could have been only a few minutes, though he seemed to have sat forever there in the fog. He raised his head and put the paddle into the water. Something made him turn half-way around. He felt suddenly that he was not alone—someone was near him, very near. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing. He turned the canoe. About ten yards away he was aware of a vague shape in the mist, hardly different from the mist itself, yet not mist. He leaned forward, staring hard. The shape grew more distinct from the fog and finally he saw it plainly—a figure in a canoe, shadowy, dim, looking at him. As he watched, it raised a paddle and put it without sound into the water. It was still watching him. David, leaning forward saw that it was gaunt and long, the face wrinkled and impassive—an Indian. Shadowy, undoubtedly a phantom, but in David there was no room for surprise or doubt. It was Lone John. The silent figure looked at him steadily. David, returning the look, nodded, and put his own paddle to the water. He was ready. The figure turned its canoe noiselessly and paddled off into the fog. David, calm, unfaltering, followed.

At eleven o'clock Anna, awoke and tiptoeing softly, went to the bed where she had left David, sleeping. She shaded her lamp so as not to wake him, then looked with wide eyes into the empty bed. She cried out sharply. "Jim! He's gone." The old guide ran out to the shore where his canoe had lain. With a shout to Andrew and Knute in the bunk house he threw open the boat-house doors, and pulled out the launch. Once more the three were off into the night; once more Anna built high her fire and sat down to wait.

They ran out into the middle of the lake, stopping at every moment to flash their lights and shout into the

impenetrable fog. They crossed the lake, skirted the opposite shore, and were again in the middle of the smooth water. Andrew, his voice ringing out desperately, called again, "David!" Far on the right they heard a faint call in answer. Old Jim had not spoken since they had left the boat house. He sighed now, suddenly, gaspingly, and turned the launch toward the sound.

They came upon David only a short distance away. His weakness had made his voice seem farther. He appeared before them suddenly out of the mist, paddling slowly, almost ready to fall from his seat. As they slowed up beside him he looked at them blankly, his eyes dull, his face so white that they caught their breath to see him. His thin garments clung to his body in the dampness. Old Jim's voice was gentle, and it shook.

"David, boy, you shouldn't have come out. Why didn't you call me—I'd have brought you." The boy looked at him without a vestige of expression.

"I had to find her," he said.

It was then that Andrew and Knute, pulling the canoe up close to bring him into the launch, jerked back suddenly and turned to Old Jim white, terrified faces.

"Jim! my God, he's found her!" Old Jim leaned forward and looked into the canoe. At David's feet, stretched out with upturned face and closed eyes, weeds caught in the mass of her wet yellow hair, lay Lucy.

Old Jim stooped mechanically to lift her into the launch. David, his face still expressionless, pushed the old guide back, bent, and apparently without effort, though he seemed almost dead from weakness, lifted the limp body alone. The others sat like stones, staring at him. David looked at them calmly. Old Jim found his voice at last enough to whisper shakily, "Boy, where did you find her?" David looked at him for a time without speaking, he seemed not to have heard. Then he said tonelessly—"I saw Lone John. He led me to her." He sighed suddenly, and sank in a crumpled, unconscious heap on the bottom of his canoe.

RACHEL S. COMMONS.

NUMEN LUMEN.

Look!
Where Ignorance's fog and Evil's veil
Had cast their shadows o'er the suffering earth
    The new light gleams—
    The World's new birth:
It flickers weak and pale,
And where the shadows rise it seems
Humanity bewildered by the light
    Still groping goes,
And straining eyes distinguish friends and foes.
The scattered systems of the law of right
    Are harmonizing fast,
Refusing to be bound or led astray—
The surly, selfish voices of the past
    Flee in dismay.
The fog is lifting, men have seen the light,
White day goes conquering bewildering night,
And Freedom's bell is tolling as the dead
March to the final burial of the dead.

HARDY STEEHOLM.

Wisconsin and the Art Theatre Movement

A progressive university is one which is open to new ideas and movements. Since the process of civilization is a succession of new movements, and the university a promoter of civilization, Wisconsin should be both an adopter and a leader of such civilizing influences. In one instance she is far behind—with regard to the art theater movement. Despite its successful sweep across Europe and the various attempts toward its establishment in America, Wisconsin still remains in the old rut of Union Vodvils and college dramatic societies oblivious, to the fact that the theatrical standard has been raised.

In Europe the art theater is a definite, separate institution. Gordon Craig, Rheinhardt, Hervesi and others, by direct revolt against theatrical tradition, have achieved a glorious substitute. Its acceptance is now so complete that it is no longer regarded as an experiment, though the field is not wholly conquered.

What those men have accomplished in Europe, Winthrop Ames, Arthur Hopkins and Sam Hume are trying to bring about in the United States by the slower and less inspiring method of remodeling the commercial theater. The artistic reform of stage-settings has been most effective. Livingston Platt and Robert E. Jones have contributed much to new theater ventures on Broadway.

But there is another sphere for the promotion of the art theater ideal—the universities and colleges. The student element—enthusiastic and resourceful—is a valuable factor in any new projection. This factor is being utilized in other schools. Harvard is foremost in the dramatic and playwriting fields; Cornell and Syracuse in the community playhouse idea; and the University of California at Berkeley has advanced so far in its theatrical art and staging that Margaret Anglin spent several months there working in its Greek theater, and Mr. Hume has become a member of the faculty. The work done by these students is as creditable as any done by the many Little Theater groups and art theater amateurs. The advantage to the whole movement by their addition is obvious. Enriched by college experiment and training they will appreciably hasten its advance.

The aim of this new theater is an artistic unit—produced by a perfect harmony of play, setting, actors and lights. The keynote is atmosphere—the spirit of the play reflected and extended by all the contributing elements. Absolute stage directing is the basis of that attainment. Stanislavski and Granville Barker are model directors. Their prodigious efforts and those of similar enthusiasts of the theater have resulted in the permanent raising of the theatrical profession to the realm of art.

Art in every form is very much needed at Wisconsin, and the dramatic side is the most vulnerable spot for its introduction. One person, who possesses the theatrical sense and has qualities of leadership, could rouse the dormant artistic natures—which must exist somewhere in a group of seven thousand students—and organize a notable art theater workshop. The present college productions suggest none of the ambitions and ideals which should be in one of the largest schools in the country. Musical comedies and Broadway farces should not be the principal dramatic events on the university calendar. The influence of Harvards "47" workers has spread through the town of Cambridge and even to Boston in moulding public opinion; whereas the laudable object at Wisconsin seems to be to rival the attractions offered by the Fuller Opera house. The recent performance of the Curtain Club showed a slight attempt at reform by simplicity in the sets, but the problem of adapting them to the spirit of the play was disregarded. An art theater would afford opportunities for more varied talent. Ability to act would not be the only requirement for participation. Instead of paying one hundred and fifty dollars for hideous commercial sets, the students themselves would design and execute appropriate ones at much less expense. This would induce a cooperation among the different departments of the school which would strengthen the undertaking by the consequent increase in patronage and the extended social bond.

Public recognition of the importance of the cultural and artistic side of education is developing. In community life the growth of the Drama League and the Little Theater is significant, but the art theater is a step farther. Its eventual institution in America is inevitable, but there is much work still to be done. As a nation we are slow to accept new ideas, particularly those relating to art. Sometimes radicals and reformers are necessary to break down the barriers of convention and precedent; conservatism in the young, especially, presages a stagnation which is dangerous. Now, with the advent of the art theater movement an opportunity for noticeably advancing civilization is offered. In the universal realization and appreciation of this it is degrading for Wisconsin to be so deficient.

MIRA BOWLES.

Gypsy Love Song

Oh, it's off and away, through the wide, free world
With him that my heart holds best of all,
Where the road leads on through the dust, wind-swirled,
And ever we follow adventure's call!
Weary, perhaps, but who shall care?
He strides with me, on through the endless miles!
Hungry, chance silver buys gypsy fare,
Lured from some fool by a gypsy's wiles.
So it's on and away, though the wind blow chill—
There's warmth for me in the fire of his eyes!
Till we watch the red sun from a towering hill
Send glory across the evening skies,—
Glory that thrills in my heart of hearts,
Glory of love that glows in his face,—
Till the shadows fall and our fire-flame darts
To the deepening skies of our camping place.
Oh, our happiness shines in the stars that gleam
Through the mystical veil of the night above!
Oh, tenderly soft the wind, as we dream
Alone in the night, of our glorious love!
Sleep, for the song of the night is sung,—
Love will awake at the coming of day!
Gypsies must rise when the dawn is young,
Up, hand in hand,—and away, away!

RACHEL COMMONS.

Steel Sketches

A Bucket Ride.

The early morning was misty. Thick, heavy, clinging, clouds hung over the harbor in a shroud. The bulky freighter stood ghostlike in the fog and the continuous drip, drip from her spars murmured with the gurgle of the oily water as it swished about her hull. Whirrrr—plunk! The open jaws of the enormous unloader dropped into the hold of the vessel, crashed shut, and started back on the screaming journey towards the dumping pile. Another crane started working, and under the glow of the searchlights began a race against time with the other unloader. At noon the sun came out, driving away the mists of the morning, and in the broader light the work was rushed to the highest possible limit. By five o'clock the vessel was nearly empty and the "hold crew" were busy beneath the deck shovelling the ore into piles, so that the scoop could get it more readily.

Nicholae Moria Petru was the straw boss of one of the sections. He stood at one side talking with his brother-in-law, Pedro, who was working as shoveler in the hold. Nick cried warning to his crew each time the bucket dropped into the fast diminishing pile of red ore, and as a result his gang boasted of never having had an accident. The bucket swooped down for its last load. Nick saw that all of the laborers were crowded about the foot of the iron ladder preparatory to ascending, so he neglected to give the signal, and turned his attention to the time keeper. But as he turned away Pedro unsuspecting walked over to the pile to get his shovel. The bucket dove down, its enormous mouth wide open. One jaw caught the poor devil, dragged him into the scoop under the ten tons of ore, and then bit off his protruding leg just above the knee. When Nick saw the accident he became almost crazy. An impossible idea popped into his head. He grabbed his shovel and sprang upon the bucket. The cables tightened and the ten tons of ore started on its upward journey. The little gang of Italians screamed and gesticulated in vain, for far above in his cage the craneman was not watching. Out toward the dump went the bucket on its 45 seconds' trip, with Nick shovelling fiercely, but vainly, on the load of ore. His only motive was to save. He did not realize that ten lumpy, plastic, crushing tons of ore lay over his already suffocated companion. He rode the bucking scoop weilding his shovel like a madman, one moment nearly losing his balance, and the next clinging to the cables for support. The bucket swerved, tipped, swayed, but Nick stuck to his job. Then it began to slow up, preparatory to dumping. Nick gave one agonized motion with his shovel and fell in a swoon over his work. The craneman, looking for his particular dump, spied the human passenger, and lowered him to the ground. From the boat the half-crazy Italians, who had climbed to the deck, watched the close of the incident with a sigh of remorse for Pedro, and a murmur of thanks for Nickolae. Not so with Raz, an enormously proportioned negro working as iron ore tester. He came up from the hold with the severed limb in his hand, and walked over to Reitz; after working it laboriously several times he announced, "Boss, dat leg aint never goin' to work no mo'," and he tossed it into the harbor.

A Roller

Bull Ryker was what one might term a "real man". It is true that he was only a grimey, sweaty, roller in the sheet mill, but still he proved his worth to all who knew him, including the plant officials.

Bull earned his nickname through his great strength of body. He stood over six feet and weighed 220 pounds; his phsyque was perfect and his muscles stuck out on his body like knots on the bare cypress trees of the south. Some men called him super-human because he could wield a forty pound sledge with as small effort as he could drive a two inch spike; and when it came to rolling sheets, he was unsurpassable in his accuracy and never failing precision.

Ryker was a favorite with his men. A few were deathly afraid of him, but most of the lot clung to him because of his squareness. His crew worked like dogs through the heavy wartime shifts, and succeeded in outdistancing most other mills by as high as twenty tons of sheets in monthly output. Bull always got work out of the men when all other bosses failed to do so. He worked with his men before the white sheets as they were squeezed out between the ponderous rollers, each time a fraction of an inch thinner, until the finished product was slid upon the endless

conveyors and sent into the galvanizing mill on the other side of the wall. Ryker jumped his small thick steel plate into the rolls with accuracy born of long practise. When it came back to him, elongated and widened, his unerring tongs grabbed true; he swung the sheet with all his strength, it described a perfect arc, and struck squarely into the next roller. Great lumps of muscle rose and fell over his partly stripped body as he labored—grimey, gritty, greasy, in the red glow of the hot sheets. None of his men worked harder than he and his influence prevailed over his whole crew. His gang was at the top in tonnage reports and were nearing the record mark when that sinister hand of menace, "Strike", crept in. The records sagged and dropped; agitated unrest came to the surface; the fight began. During the first part of the strike, before the mills had all "gone cold", Bull worked incessantly, sleeping in the plant when he could and grabbing a bite to eat when he thought of it. His blackened, sweaty body shone like the black barkess trunks of the southern cypress trees in an electrical storm, as he stood half naked in the glare of the incandescent—"Hel—l—p!" He ran to the aid of a fainting man, and took the position himself until it could be filled by another. The terrible strain was telling on the over-worked rollers. The strikers proved too strong, however; and at the end of two long, weary, heart-rending days, Bull had to stop, at the order of the superintendent, for lack of men.

In that time, however, he had showed his true merit to Hatch, superintendent; had showed him that he was true to the company and to his job, and more important than either of these two, that he had ability to rule men.

Three weeks later when Bull Ryker "punched in", the first day after the strike, he found printed on his time card, "Assistant Superintendent of the Sheet Mill Department".

Dan Omerrick

Dan Omerrick is the old fellow one sees on the open hearth floor of plant No. 1 doing odd jobs about the furnaces, and keeping the superintendent's office clean. His hair is pure white and he moves with a feeble step, but the open hearth is his home and he swears by Saint Patric that it shall be his dying place.

"Yes, Bill, it's the truth", said Ferguson, the hot metal man, to the open hearth charger craneman, "Old Dan has worked here so long that he can recite every fool thing that has ever happened on this floor. Did you ever hear of the time when President McKinley came here? This was one of the first large open hearths to be built and the President had stopped to see it. Dan was the official pilot and once when the President was about to put his foot down into a dust covered puddle of newly spilled metal, Dan saved him by jerking him back by his flowing coattails. It made quite an impression on the "old boy", and he sent Dan a gold medal. He always wears it under his shirt. Some boy! Being decorated by a president! Well, speaking of angels—. How are you today, Dan?"

"Oh, far, fair to middlin'. Been havin' pains in my side lately. Must be I aint working hard 'nough now-a-days. Man never can loaf and not feel the results, you know, Ferguson' "

Ferguson looked up, "Oh, Dan, you rub it in too hard. I'm not loafing. Cant a fellow talk a little once in a while?"

"I always said you should have been a gas jet orator, Ferg", said Omerrick shaking his white head in mock seriousness as he walked away.

"Now, Bill, tell me, aint it strange that a fellow like Dan, smart and using good language like he does—, aint it strange that he's only a workman on the open hearth floor? One of the old melters told me that he came here long ago and just sort of growed up with the mill. Now he wont leave it because he loves to watch the white molten steel so much that he can't live without it. You know, Bill, he's mill deaf. So used to being in the big racket that he can't hear outside at all, but still he wont quit. Yesterday I heard Hubbard askin' him if he didn't want to be pensioned. The old fellow got real mad, asked him if he thought he was a fool baby—wantin' to be pensioned. So they just let him stay on, expecting any day that he would be swallowed up by the steel he likes so well. Everybody loves the old fellow, just naturally, can't help it. Regular mill character, by golly, that's what he is, old Dan Omerrick. Well, so long, Bill, there comes my hot metal. Got to get to work again. Don't do nothing but work in this doggone steel business, never do get a rest. B'lieve me, when I'm old enough to quit, there wont be nobody need tell me. No, sir!"

JACK L. BEATTY.

OUR DAY.

How did you know I needed you that day?
What was it told you it was yours to bring
New joy it seemed none other could convey?
How did you know I had forgot to sing,
When you appeared and came to me unsought,
And drove away each petty, puny fear,
Which doubt and sadness in my heart had wrought?

You seemed so near to me—you were so near;
You seemed a part of me—you were a part.
Ah, tell me you will come again nor leave
Until I've carved an image in my heart,
Of all you are. I'll promise to believe
Your friendship unalloyed, if you will say
This but begins, and does not end—our day.

HARDY STEEHOLM.

IN A SONG.

Over the waters my praises will ring to you—
Swing to you;
Swift to your side in a song they will wing to you—
Cling to you;
All of my heart I would bring to you—
Sing to you—
All of my love in a song.

HARDY STEEHOLM.

CAVALIER TUNES.
(After Browning)

Out swords and up! Drain the last cup!
Who knows or cares when again we can sup?
Let our blades ring! Let our hearts sing,
God and our valour for Charles the King!
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

The gallows for Pym! The devil for him
Waits where the hell fire is smoldering dim.
Cavaliers, true, harry the crew.
God, King, and England are fighting with you.
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Bare-pated Noll—craven dogs all—
Stout hearts and stout blades hasten their fall!
On for the king! High let them swing!
With the song of the gallant let all England ring!
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

PAUL GANGELIN.

ON READING MORRIS' SONGS FROM OGIER THE DANE.

Today we love,—and after?
Let it be for laughter,
Would we might the same road take,
Since we may not, for love's sake,
Kiss me, love.

Today we love, and after?
Remember more than laughter,
Would I might thy comrade be,
Let its glory strengthen thee,
Miss me, love.

Today we love, and after
Mock it not with laughter,
Would we might its beauty frame,
Make our lives a clearer flame,
Tryst with love.

ELSIE GLUCK.

Memorial Day 1920

Out of the hot breath of white noons
  The phantoms of our soldiering days
Re-shimmer on the reeling dunes,
  And column after column sways
Across the plain and wheels and turns,
And some old spark, re-kindled, burns.

In the long, lonely dusks of doubt
  The echo of a bugle ghost
Comes wistfully as taps ring out
  To conjure up deep nights on post
And still, slow dreams that used to creep
With sentries through a camp asleep.

The dreams stir, endless, on, perhaps,
  Beneath the fields run richly red
Where those who heard the final taps
  Make peaceful bivouac with the dead.
And we—we must not lose the grip
Of their eternal comradeship.

TAYLOR MERRILL.

THIN VENEER

Sometimes on lazy summer afternoons I go through the woods, along the indistinct path that leads to the old brickyard. The woods, thinning a little with the leaves which are beginning to fall are all aglow with warm sunshine where once had been cool, green shade.

Then I cross the little rivulet, that tumbles its argent gurglings hurriedly down over terraces made by the roots of bordering trees, and around the end of a fence and into the field beyond. That field is sunshine-steeped and still, swept by the free breeze from the cut where the railroad was to have gone; the field now covered with stubbles of the corn it had yielded and the pumpkins in among the shocks. Great golden pumpkins they are that lie glistening and orange-yellow, complacent and contented in the mellow afternoon

Across the field I go, whistling past the sentinel pine in its center, over another fence, and through a newly cleared pasture full of stumps and piles of brush. All is still save the dull hammering of a redhead on a decayed limb. Then, far from human soul, I sing—snatches of operas, *chansons* that I have learned in French, sentimental ballads, all mightily and with a little contented feeling inside me that today I will be just myself, the self that convention has not touched.

Up a little slope I go through a narrow strip of maples left for a windbreak and suddenly see in the middle distance a little cloud of dust following the plow of a farmer. His dog spies me but I ignore him, feeling instinctively that he will respect my callous bravado. Again I mount. Up the old Sandhill, through the struggling scrub oaks, till at the top I see the cluster of stunted pines which crown it in perpetual green.

Here their needles have made the ground soft and spongy, comfortable and redolent of the clean outdoors. I sit down and joyously take off my clothing, piling it in a little heap with a shoe atop lest the wind scatter it, for it is August and my clothes are light and scant as may be.

Then, gingerly at first, I pick my way over the needles till I reach the sand, the warm, shifting sand that gave the hill its name. I run and jump blissfully, hurtling my body through the soft air with never a fear of hurt. I run to the brink of a precipice-like sand dune and leap off. The soft sand spouts up in a little cloud around my knees when I alight. I lie down in a warm hollow and cover myself with the sand. Only my head is left free and with arms outstretched and half buried I lie and gaze happily at the blue bowl above. The gorgeous sun. The sky. I close my eyes and admire the ruddy light that comes through the lids. I blink drowsily. It is summer.

J. STUART HAMILTON.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER

I was walking down the street to my day's work. It was a lovely spring morning, but I was unconscious of its loveliness. I was tired of living, tired of going down that street at the same time week in and week out; I was tired of trying to cover an aching heart with a smile and a happy word. The nearer I came to the old, brown building where I spent eight hours of my day, the worse I felt. I was extremely sorry for myself. I wondered if ever mortal had so many disappointments to bear. I wiped away a tear. At least I had that pleasure; I could cry in peace. But soon I found even in that I was disappointed. For a chubby hand slipped into mine and a childish voice questioned me:

"Did yer brother slap you—an'—an' take your bread-and-butter?" A pair of large, brown eyes in a very round and tear-stained face met my downward glance. The little fellow was Bennie Anderson.

I held the sympathetic little hand close in my own. He was four; I was twenty. But there was a deep understanding between us. He out of his childish experience had learned the marks of disappointment and grief. I too had been slapped and had had my bread-and-butter taken away. He understood how I felt. We walked on for a short distance without talking, and then—

"Say, don't feel bad about it. Your Ma may give ya another piece.—And if she don't somebody may give ya a penny. Slapping hurts—but ya gotta take it sometimes. My Ma's a-calling me now. Good-bye."

As I walked on I noticed the grass was becoming green. Perhaps Bennie himself had given me a penny.

LILLIAN HAYS.

DREAM

"They tell me, Sir Dagonet, that you believe in dreams?"

"What motley wore the creature who said that?"

"Creature! It was a fair, well-spoken lady of the court, most lovely—gowned in blue and silver, Sir."

"Ah! and she said?—"

"That you believed in dreams, Sir Dagonet. Come, don't you now? No one will overhear us, tell the truth. Why you should be ashamed of it I cannot guess, since half the court thinks with you."

"Half laughs with me and the other half laughs—"

"At you. Mayhap. Do you believe in dreams?"

"Listen, my Lord Importunate. Yesternight I slipped—I tell you how it seemed to me—I slipped out of my body, and found myself in a deep wood. I met strange adventures there, which we will pass, until I came upon a small path leading up a crag, rough-clothed with scraggy growth. I made my way upwards, and found at the top a small plot of greensward, set about with yew, and smoothly in the center of the lawn, set like a mirror in green velvet, lay the most glassy, flawless pool I ever hope to see."

"This was by no chance the Lake—"

"No, this was not the Lake of Excaliber, but some Pool of Vision. For, in my dream I gazed deep into the Pool, and saw no bottom, but there strange images and shapes of fleeting action came and went, proud knights and sad, ladies fair or foul, and broken wrecks of battle, savage, long."

"You saw the reflections of your own mind, Sir Dagonet."

"So said the Hermit. But he said also—well, let that pass, too. Only I saw a long, black barge, with three tall figures sable-gowned, bending above a proud, prostrate form in broken, blood-stained armor, plumeless, unrecognizable. It must have been a terrible fight to bring him to that pass. His uncasqued head was covered—"

"Who was this?"

"I know not, I tell you. His face was hid. Only there seemed to sound in my ears the distant cry of wailing unutterably sad, drifting back across waste waters of the sea. The Hermit said—"

"The Hermit?"

"Yes, I turned to find a Hermit at my side, an ancient, deep-eyed, venerable man. He said, 'You see the passings of your mind, and mayhap passings of a mightier mind, since all things are but dream.'"

"What meanest thou?"

"My Lord Impetuous, I do but quote the man. All things, he said, are but a dream: dreaming we wake, and see our thoughts about us; waking, we dream, and struggle with our dream against conflicting dreams of other men, or of the Dreamer."

"Who?"

"God, maychance. He said there was one Dreamer supreme above all, and—"

"Meanest thou, Sir Super-Jester, that my own Fair Lady—"

"Pardon, my Lord Imperious, but the Hermit plainly meant she was a dream. Clearly she is her own dream, as herself, but as your lady she is your dream, too; sometimes, it seems to me your ladies are too much knightly dreams which have no fulfillment in reality. For Ladies, mind you, are but women, after all. My mind turns much about the ancient White-Beard's words."

"Why, life is but a hollow, shining bubble in the sun, Sir Dreamer Dagonet! And we all live, only because we dream and have not waked."

"'Tis even so, and Father White-Beard held that we could wake. He said that we were only parts of the Dreamer put into separate flesh to dream apart, one from the other—"

"To make the dream more interesting!"

"True, my Lord. And all this wide, fair, daisy-sprinkled plain, where yonder—do you note? the Court is passing, is but the sport of the Great Dreamer's dream, whose little dreams we are, part both of Him, and of the Dream, at once."

"This is pure madness!"

"So I said, my Lord. I whirled my staff in anger, then hurled it to the center of this mirror-pool, and suddenly a wail arose, and choked, like the swift shriek of sudden bereavement, stopped by suicide. Then in a whirl and glitter, as if the world should be shattered into diamonds in a flash, and vanish darkly like a blown-out sun—the whole dream vanished like a giant bubble burst, and I awoke, upright and trembling on my feet!

"In very sooth! Ah, Dagonet, your wit limps this fair morning with a philosophic sprain. What shall my careless Lady say—"

"You show small respect to a worthy damsel. Say but to her that Dagonet has dreamed that all the world's a shimmering bubble, lightly burst—"

"Ah, yes, I thank you well, Sir Dagonet. I know my Lady! She will laugh and say: 'How splendid! Let's blow bubbles, fair my Lord!'"

DUDLEY BROOKS.

Legends of Wisconsin

The Four Lakes of Madison, and the rolling hills of the country around them, the high cliffs near Devil's Lake and Baraboo, the forests of the northern counties—all these districts of Wisconsin abound in legends. There are first of all the legends of the Indians—the folk lore which is so truly American, yet which varies so with the spirit of each State. Wisconsin is as rich in its own Indian lore as are the mountains of the West or the old battle grounds of the Puritans in the East. And since the happy hunting ground of the Indians was the "land of sky blue water," there is no richer store for Indian myths than the lakes that surround our own University.

A state University is a place to learn many things that have to do with many places—it is not often that we study in a college the story of its own environment and people. We study foreign lands, the history of nations, we study languages and mathematics, then we depart and use our knowledge in other places.

Yet a state University has its own history, its own people. The attitude of the average student toward the state where he attends college is purely impersonal—it is a taking of all that the state gives, with no interest in return in the people that have made the University. Whether we come from Wisconsin or California—during our years at the University, we are a part of the State. Why, then, should we not learn to know this state intimately—as a friend, not merely as a tool to shape our future?

To know the folk-lore of a state is to know its heart. Legends rise out of the beginnings of a district, they are like the first thoughts of a growing child, that make a foundation for his future greatness. The legends that are scattered throughout Wisconsin are the "first thoughts" of her Indians, of her immigrants from other states, from other lands. They are the simple tales that stir the hearts of her simplest citizens—and it is upon these simplest citizens that the structure of a state is built.

It has occurred to the editors of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine that by a series of the most typical and charming folk-tales, the students of the University may be brought nearer to this *heart* of Wisconsin. By presenting these legends we hope to make Wisconsin as a *place* more real, more human to her students, and to make more personal their contact with the region of the Four Lakes in hours not taken up by study.

In our series of Legends, we shall present three types—the Indian; the legends of the lumber camps of the north; and the fairy tales of the Welsh, Danish, or Norwegian inhabitants of the state. Of the three, the most abundant and of the greatest local interest are the Indian legends. The first two, told in this number, are local—told by the Winnebago Indians, who once inhabited the forests where Madison now stands. The next group in the series, appearing next month, will also be tales of the Wisconsin Indians but of another type.

The Legend of Picnic Point

Note: While this story is told particularly of the old Indian portage over Picnic Point, it is of the type of legend told in many parts of the country of similar portages, in which a serpent invariably figures. The serpent to all Indians, is an object of infinite respect.

In the days of the great strength of the Red Men, before the white man found his way to the shores of Mendota, there were two Indian villages on the shore of the Lake—one standing on the point now called Second Point, the other at the edge of the forest which is now the site of Madison. Between the two villages, there jutted out into the lake, as we see it today, the long, thin neck of land, which we call Picnic Point. This point, like the shores on each side, was very densely wooded, but toward the middle of the neck was a low depression across which the Red Men could portage their canoes from one village to the other, saving the long paddle around the point.

There was great danger, however, for the Indians at this portage, for, curled up on the bluff over-looking the lake at the end of the point, lay a huge and terrible serpent, of unbelievable length and the swiftness of lightning. Day and night it lay there watching the lake. Should an Indian endeavor to paddle around the point, he was sure to perish, for the serpent would dart its length from the bluff and devour the brave in a twinkling. Hardly less perilous was the crossing of the portage, for only the wariest was swift enough or silent enough to escape the quick ears of the serpent, which could whirl from its place and reach the portage in an instant.

The Red Men, then, lived in constant terror of the great serpent at the portage, and seldom ventured from one village to another except by the long land trail.

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Now in the village on the point named Second Point by the white man, there lived an Indian boy who was beloved of the Great Spirit. He was lithe and brave, and though very young, he would one day be a great chief. The Great Spirit, whose heart was touched by the beauty of the boy, one day gave to him a magic arrow, telling him to keep it safely in his quiver, never to hunt with it, or to use it for pleasure, but to save it for a time when some life should be in danger.

So the boy, proud to be favored by the Great Spirit, showed his arrow and boasted in the village. But even in the days of the Red Men, there were jealous unbelievers, and the boy was taunted and scoffed at for his arrow, until he felt ashamed, and put it away in his quiver, to forget it as soon as he might.

There came a day, long after, when the Indians of this village were forced to move across to the other camp on the shores of the lake. It was a long and tedious journey through the deep forests by land, and the Indians, defying danger, decided to move in canoes across the portage. The procession of the Redmen was in full swing—when suddenly, with a rush that struck terror to their souls, the serpent whirled from its place on the bluff and came toward them like the lightning.

The Redmen could not escape and the serpent came on. Then suddenly the beautiful boy, the beloved of the Great Spirit, remembered the magic arrow in his quiver. He put it to the bow string and shot. The arrow struck full in the head of the serpent—which flew into a thousand pieces. And these thousand pieces became each a tiny serpent, which to this day crawl about the portage, too small to harm those who cross it, yet respected by the Indians. For they are the descendants of the Great Serpent which was destroyed by the magic arrow of the Great Spirit.

The Legend of Maple Bluff

Two Indian braves wandered long ago in the forests near Lake Mendota. It was toward night-fall, and they were far from any friendly camp. The hunt had been unsuccessful and for two days they had had no food. Suddenly on this late afternoon they saw walking slowly across the trail a fat, waddling porcupine. Delighted they followed him—through thick underbrush, over fallen trees, and finally came to the high bluff overlooking the Lake, now called Maple Bluff. There the porcupine scuttled into a hollow log and turned to face them. The two Indians stooped to drag him out, their mouths already watering at the thought of the fine meal they were soon to have. But as their hands were upon the beast, from the old log there came a voice—the porcupine was speaking to them. The hunters, astonished, listened—

"Do not kill me", said the voice, "Do not kill me, for I am a Spirit Porcupine. If you leave me unmolested, I will not forget; and if you kill me, then also I will not forget."

The two braves looked at each other in dismay. Then one turned to follow the trail in search of other game. But the other brave scowled and remained standing by the log, looking down at the porcupine, who made no further sound. At last the brave, who was indeed very hungry, vowed that he could wait no longer, spirit or no, he must eat the porcupine or starve. In vain his companion pleaded with him—warning him against the wrath of the Spirit. The brave was obdurate, and dragging the porcupine from the log, killed it; made a fire of red coals, and roasting the animal, ate it greedily, while his companion fearfully watched him.

After the last morsel of the porcupine had been devoured, the two braves made their camp and lay down to sleep, their fire's glow shining from the bluff across the water.

When dawn came and the sun sent his red path over the Lake, and tinted the soft white clouds, the brave who had so defied the Spirit, awoke to find himself in a great thirst. He climbed down the bluff to the lake and drank deeply—only to grow more thirsty with each draught. He forgot the hunt and the village where his tribe awaited him, forgot all but his desire to drink. Finally he waded out until he stood in water to his thigh, and there the thirst left him. But to his horror, he found that when he waded back to the shore, the thirst came back tenfold and he must return out into the lake or die. The curse of the Spirit Porcupine was upon him. All day he stood in the water, until with night, a storm came. The great waves swept upon him so that he could not beat them back, and he was overwhelmed by the waters of the lake.

And to-day, when the waves roar by Maple Bluff, and the thunder rages, a moaning like the wind can be heard—the voice of the Red Man, trying to come from below the waves. Some, even, have seen him on stormy nights, rising out of the water—to his thigh an Indian brave; but below, in place of legs and feet, he waves a fish's tail.

R. S. C.

Grapefruit

On my way to breakfast this morning, I met Bill. I must be a regular sympathetic post, pillow, or something soft at any rate, for the fellows are always telling me how good looking and accomplished their girls are. I have frequently wished that these love-sick, moon-struck lovers would find some one else to whom to tell their troubles. This morning Bill laid his arm across my shoulder, and then proceeded to lean on me with his whole weight. Bill is six feet, four,—in his rubber boots, of course,—and weighs around two hundred pounds when he is not hungry, but with that gloomy look of his, he must have weighed at least ten pounds more this morning.

When Bill had his frame comfortably draped over me, he proceeded to tell me about the quarrel he had with his girl last night. The quarrel was irreconcilable; he was glad he had quarrelled with her, for there was a peach in his botany class that he would like to take to the formal. Just about this time I was beginning to feel rather glad that Bill had not had breakfast.

You would be surprised how much the eating of a grapefruit will affect a love-sick youth. I do not know how to account for the fact that before breakfast he may be the most radical pessimist in existence, but after he has eaten his grapefruit, preferably without sugar, he is apt to be,—well, somewhat different. Knowing the symptoms and the cure, I suggested breakfast. On the way to the cafeteria, Bill advised me to leave the women alone, for they were fickle, they were quarrelsome, they were expensive, they were helpless, they ruined men. He suggested himself as an admirable example of the result of their bad influences. Bill did look as if he had lost some weight; if you discount the gloomy, nobody-loves-me-now expression. As soon as he had finished his tirade, he offered to give me his old girl, telephone number and all. Then he started to eat his grapefruit.

I refused Bill's kind gift as hastily and as definitely as possible. Bill took offense at my somewhat hurried refusal, for he had just finished his grapefruit, and the fireworks began. She—his old girl—was a good girl, she had brains, she had the cutest little curl just above her left eyebrow,—Bill used a spoon to illustrate,—she knew how to dress, she could dance, she could sing, she could play the violin, she had a sense of humor,—he did not see why such a talented girl would go out with him. She was too good for me; yes, she was even too good for him.

While we were paying our checks, Bill inquired of the cashier if he could use the telephone and of me if I remembered the telephone number that he had just given me. Getting his girl on the telephone, he said he did not know but what he too thought the subdued side of the Paisley shawl was the outside after all; then Bill proceeded to date her up for the three succeeding week ends.

EDWIN SCHWARTZ.

A STORM

A smoth'ring calm hangs in the air; the skies
  In dull grey hue, sway quivering in the heat;
  O'er the lake's vast shining face small ripples beat
In rythmic, pulsing time. The hawk that flies
With out-spread wings, sends down his whistling cries
  Of challenge to the world. The plaintive bleat
  Of fuzzy lamb,—the lowing cows that meet
To lick their necks,—too truly prophesy!
A waft of air steals o'er the rising height;
  The west assumes a darker hue; a mass
  Of rolling clouds jumps suddenly to view!
The zig-zag lightning rends the air; the might
  Of wind and rain burst out in force,—then pass,—
  And leave the world to night, and stars, and dew.

S. S. J.

The Triumph of Morpheus

"Thank the Lord, to-morrow is Sunday," sighed Ed, getting into bed shortly before midnight. "The only day I don't have an eight o'clock," he congratulated himself as he sank into a heavy slumber.

Soon after daybreak, his rest was disturbed by an insistent clatter downstairs. He lay listening torpidly while his sleep-befuddled brain grappled feebly with the problem of the cause and source of the strange racket. Finally he arrived at the solution. It was someone shaking down ashes in the furnace. Apparently the "family" did not share his views on Sunday rest, he thought dully. Just when he had become accustomed to the din, it suddenly stopped and was replaced by a rattling of lids and pans, mingled with the bustling movements of some heavy-footed but energetic person. Ed sighed and rolled over defiantly. "No eight o'clock this morning and damned if I'll get up," he affirmed sleepily.

However, new troubles were brewing for him. The seven year old daughter of the family, Katherine, had risen and was apparently having trouble with her wardrobe. "Mothair—oh mothair," she cried in a singularly piercing falsetto. Receiving no reply, she renewed her importunities with great gusto. "Mo—THAIR! Oh mo—THAIR!"

"What is it, Dearie?" was wafted up from below.

"I can't find my white dre—ESS," retorted the child.

"Look in the chest in the hall, Dear."

Then followed a brief respite, and Ed dozed off again. A few moments later, he was brought to a sitting posture as Katherine slammed down the lid of the chest with a nerve-shattering bang. A strenuous effort to reestablish communication with "mothair" ensued.

"It ain't thai—AIRE. What shall I do about it?" queried the self-possessed infant. Further directions were given, and Ed was afforded another opportunity to drowse. The respite, however, was a short one. Katherine, having donned shoes as well as the dress, emerged soon and charged down the stairs at a breakneck pace. In a few minutes, she came rushing up again, and a creaking and scraping noise testified that she was investigating the contents of the chest. Another terrific bang told that she had finished the investigation. Ed waited tensely for the descent. The first two steps were accomplished safely; then came a slip and a slide, followed by a heavy thud at the bottom of the stairs. From the outburst of wails and crys and the exclamations of the excited parents, he divined that there were no serious results. Then he relaxed upon his pillow and laughed—long, heartily, viciously.

Two hours later when he came downstairs, the child was still sulking behind her mother's chair.

"Did you hear Katherine fall downstairs this morning?" asked the mother. "She hurt her forehead real bad."

Ed gulped once or twice. "Er—er—is that so? I never heard a thing. That was a shame."

And with this ambigious statement he was able to justify himself before his own conscience.

FRANCIS H. GANNON.

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