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The Wisconsin
Literary

Volume XX

Magazine

Number 5

Science

--Frank Gray

Fantasy

--Mavis McIntosh

On Women

--I. M. Ramsdell

February, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

It Is Not Easy—

To apologize.
To begin over.
To admit error.
To be unselfish.
To take advice.
To be charitable.
To be considerate.
To endure success.
To keep on trying.
To avoid mistakes.
To forgive and forget.
To keep out of the rut.
To make the most of a little.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognize the silver lining.
To shoulder a deserved blame
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

We try to live and work
by this standard

The Democrat

Badger 486-487

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XX

Madison, February, 1921

Number 5

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comparer, that we may seek him out and convince him of the madness of his ways.

Seriously, the LIT and magazines of its kind realize that they are not the ultimate media of expression; if there are those among us who harbor in their breasts the divine fire, we shall soon be too small to contain them, and we know that well. "Lifting eyes to great names of the past" is in itself not reprehensible; looking down on those names would be. We try to give a medium of expression to the best—mark that well—the best thought of the student, expressed in the best way. If we fail, it is because we do not express ourselves well or have nothing to say. But we do not, as the editorial writer above quoted seemed to think, don the vestments of the classics and stride through the clouds heedless of the world.

The gentleman says, further, that if a man can write well enough for a college "literary" (a disgusting word) publication, he can probably sell his wares in the open market. We doubt it. We in college are limited by our experience, our horizon, and our undeveloped powers; we cannot compete successfully with our elders, though it may hurt to acknowledge the fact. We can, however, turn out material that is good not only relatively but absolutely as well; it is for this purpose that we publish magazines like the LIT and not to make your friends compare you to Homer.

GETTING BY Recently a man who has come to the University from a small college in Minnesota was heard to say, "When I first came here, I thought I'd have to work like the devil, but I saw nobody else was working, so I quit, and I get along just a well. I get by in everything." Just so. Here is a rather dangerous subject to treat. Aside from the reflection on the individual, it is a reflection on the standards of the University. We cannot overlook the fact that the University is in earnest, that it

WE AND THE CLASSICS In the files of the "New York Evening Post" for 1915, the inquisitive student will find an editorial given over to praise of the "Daily Cardinal." In the course of a well-merited eulogy, the writer of the editorial says, speaking of the college student of an earlier day, "He wrote essays for a literary magazine that lifted eyes to the great names of the past. He turned out poetry that his friends compared to the classics," and more in a vein of derogatory comment on the function of "literary" magazine in college life. He was not speaking of the LIT. If any of your friends ever compares your work to that of Stevenson or Poe or Euripides, we counsel you to smite him mightily; and if ever you hear anyone compare our work to that of John Bunyan or Keats or Gibbon, we respectfully request that you send us the name of the

is doing everything that it can to give the student what he is looking for, yet it is possible to "get by" without much effort, and with the manifold temptations to idleness which college life presents, relatively few put enough into their work to get something out of it. The tone of the whole body of students is too likely to be one that will encourage just "getting by."

There is a remedy—a harsh remedy—namely, "applying the screws" more than they have been applied. A degree loses its value in the eyes of the man who has worked for it when he sees his neighbor who has not worked for it get one that is just as good. Students who demonstrate that they are not working should be made to work or they should be ruthlessly expelled. If we allow them to linger on one pretext or another they will lower the whole standing of the University.

That is a rash doctrine to preach, especially so

soon after the examinations, but its application would result in benefit to the University and little harm to those who must suffer because of rigorous regulations. There are at present too many instances of "getting by", the result of nothing worse than tender-heartedness and consideration on the part of the authorities. Should the standards be raised, after due warning, it would doubtless be surprising to see how many who once "got by" would suddenly discover in themselves the genius of hard work.

P. V. G.

EDITORS

PAUL GANGELIN	EARL HANSON
FRANCES DUMMER	HORACE GREGORY
RACHEL COMMONS	DOROTHY SHANER
ART EDITOR—GRACE GLEERUP	

AN HOUR

HORACE V. GREGORY

Our love is not immortal; it will die
 Before the sun has found the sleeping dawn,
 Before the stars have closed their eyes and gone
 In blindness where the Gods of Midnight lie,
 Silent and languorous, on heavens high
 Above our waking world, their curtains drawn,
 Curtains of mist, like dew upon the lawn
 That's swept to nothingness when wind blows by.

Our love is not immortal; like a flower,
 Its fragrance rising in a liquid tower,
 Whose fragile beauty cannot fall too soon,
 Whose very weakness is its greatest power
 Over our hearts. Look up, Dear, there's the moon
 Grown pale with weariness. We've spent the hour.

‘Better Late Than Never’

DORIS M. BLACKMUR

John Alwyn's courtship was like himself,—curt, businesslike, and undemonstrative.

“You and I might get married? No need to wait? Well, a month today. Thanks—goodnight.”

He had gone through the mist before Esther had had time to make any objections. Then she sighed a little ruefully, supposed it was the country way, and went swiftly to her patient. She was a splendid nurse, but she was a little tired of lavishing care and skill and loving attentions upon strangers and dreamed of making John happy in his home on the hills.

The neighbours shook their heads when the banns were announced. “Farmer John, he be cold enough a 'fore his brother shot his sel', but, Lordy, now he be cold as ice on Mill Pond . . . he be . . . Croaking” gloomily, they proceeded with increased appetities to their Sunday's dinner.

One keen, frosty morning, John took his bride to the farm on the Chiltern Hills. Cold and bleak and built, uncommonly enough in that part of the country, of stone, it seemed to freeze Esther's very heart. Gradually her dreams fled. What she had mistaken for country mannerisms, for shyness, was part of the man himself—an inborn inarticulateness that, combined with a hatred of sentiment, of “softness,” as he called it seemed to render her dumb and helpless in his presence. Little by little, she appeared as repressed and stoical as he himself.

From various sources, she heard his brother's story. Their father had been a hard, narrow, but just man, and the love between the two brothers seemed intensified by the cold Puritanical atmosphere of their home. Then, James, the younger, had become infatuated with a pretty, clinging woman who was visiting in the neighbourhood. She had flattered, caressed, and kissed him, and then had left him for another. James had come back, got his rifle, and gone off “shooting,” so John was informed when he reached home. With a terrible suspicion spurring him onwards, he had followed his brother, had heard a shot, and had reached him too late to render aid. With the knowledge of that tragedy, Esther's understanding grew, yet did not banish that sense of being cheated, or having received less than full measure.

Then their son was born, and Esther held him close, full of hope once again.

“He's very small,” muttered his father. As he caught sight of his wife's white face, he added, with a crude attempt to express sympathy—“Get well quickly. It's near harvest,” and, treading loudly in the quiet room, was gone down the creaking stairs.

“My baby, my baby—harvest time,” she whispered to his sweet, creased neck. And her laugh ended in two hot tears that splashed on his black head.

Looking backwards, those years that he was a tiny baby were the happiest in her life. He was her very own, and while his father was away, she could, without restraint, lavish her long-hidden affection upon him. As he grew to boyhood, however, his father swept him from his mother's arms. The boy must start young and make a good farmer, so young Richard, with a long-ing look at the roaring fire, must tramp the fields, stiff with frost, drive the cows to the meadow, or ride the big plough horses to the far fields. Richard was enough his father's son to enjoy such work, but there was a great capacity for loving in his small body. His grey eyes would fill with tears at his father's taunts of “hanging after mother.” Threats of leaving him to wash dishes or to sit on his mother's lap soon taught him to hide his feelings. But every night he waited sleepily for the wordless hug his mother gave him before she put out his candle.

“Pampering him like a girl,—could go to bed in the dark,” growled his father. But Esther, darning surely and swiftly, said nothing.

To her, it seemed but yesterday that he had been hers to love and fondle and comfort and now, that he wanted understanding and comradeship, now was his father's chance. Out in the fields, tramping through the woods, riding to market, she pictures herself in the father's place. How she would enjoy answering Richard's questions, teaching him to appreciate the beauty of the earth. What wonderful camaraderie should exist between them. Her heart glowed and ached, half with sorrow for John's dumbness, half in resentment at his hardness. From an occasional look on his face she thought he half-sensed his son's need and felt himself, sadly enough, unable to stretch out a hand to help the lad.

So the boy grew to his teens and must go away to school. They were hard times for Esther, though she could pour out her love in letters and parcels and pres-

ents. Young and healthy, he enjoyed the change, though visits to other boys' homes emphasized the lack of warm affection in his own. He was at home for good when war broke out. John Alwyn was frankly contemptuous. The Germans would never dare to continue fighting after England had shown herself on the defensive. Or, it served England right—knock some of the softness out. And glowering at his son, whose particular softness consisted of indulgence in socks to match his jauntily-tied school tie, John went out to superintend harvesting the South Field.

Richard glanced at his mother, saw how worried she looked, and crossed the room to her. His father turned the bend of the road. Putting his arm around her, Richard whispered, "Don't fret, Mother. Don't. It'll be all over by Christmas. Don't worry. Now I must go or Father will swear." A kiss, a nod, and a laugh, and he was gone.

Esther sat in her place, staring in front of her, seeing poor wounded lads lying on rain-swept battlefields. Then the ever-pressing duties of the farmhouse claimed her, but always that ghastly vision haunted the recesses of her mind. By Christmas, many of the boys had gone from the village. Esther lived in a state of resentment against all war-makers. Another Christmas passed, and in the following April her worst fears were realized—Richard received his calling-up papers. He himself was not loath to go. He missed the social life of the school, felt out of it with Timson and Smith and Jones in khaki, and a certain sense of adventure stirred in him. Esther found that the habit of stoicism, which long years of living with John had taught her, stood her in good stead. Before long, Richard, looking a little self-conscious, yet withal handsome, in flight-cadet's uniform, was coming home on leave. Esther's heart filled with pride that was shot with pain.

"So bonny, and for what?" she thought and baked great cakes for his next parcel. Then he was billeted at Oxford and was home frequently, passed his examinations with flying colours and went North to get his "wings." Then April came again, and he was home in the full glory of a pilot; talking strange slang, and overflowing with reminiscences. Camp life was jolly, grub was beastly, but he bore a charmed life, so was mattered? His father seemed proud of him, yet looked at him as if he were a visitor from another planet. Richard had apparently lost his former constraint in his father's presence, and clapped him on the back with a "Cheerio, old bean," that left John gasping. To his mother, he seemed, as she sat on his bed after blowing out his candle, once more her little boy. Just as in the old days at bedtime he had confided in her his dread of Johnson's black dog, his delight in Chinnor Woods, and his desire to guide the reaper him-

self,—so now he confessed his fear of a certain "nose dive," the joy of being master of his old "bus," and his secret ambition to command a squadron.

"Goodnight, my boy," she would whisper. And he, in his newly found vocabulary, hugged her with a "goodnight, dear old top." She hugged that phrase to her starved heart and whispered the dear, silly words to herself a hundred times a day.

Then, one clear, starry night, John and Esther drove with him down the long hill to the little country station. Esther sat close to her son, his arm around her frankly, whilst John drove stolidly onwards. The tiny waiting room seemed crowded with people, who must all come and speak to Richard, with good wishes none too cheerfully expressed. At last the train came in.

"Goodbye, Mother, dear, dear old top," he whispered, hugging her close and kissing her hungrily.

Then he turned to his father, and Esther knew for the first time that Richard realized what he had missed.

"Goodbye—Father."

"Goodbye, lad, goodbye," he said, with a grip that made his son wince, and then turned sharply away.

With a half-shrug, Richard kissed his mother again and then was speeding Londonwards.

Esther spent the days writing letters, packing parcels, and waiting for the post. It was harvest time when Richard came home again,—her boy, and yet not her boy but a man. He would talk only when the spirit moved him, smoked far too much, and seemed very restless. He had fifteen German machines to his credit, yet would not speak of his flights in France. Things were pretty black—yes—but we should win—never fear. There was to be a big push and then we should see. And he kissed his mother goodbye with a "Cheerio, dear old top."

News was scanty. The harvest was poor. It rained and rained almost unceasingly. To Esther, the days and nights were one long nightmare. Perhaps the nights were worse, for she would wake from terrible dreams to lie imagining even more terrible happenings.

Then, one beautiful October morning—when Chinnor Woods were a glory to behold—she and John sat at dinner. She looked, as usual, at the casualty list and read her son's name—reported missing.

"Oh, John," she moaned, her face white as the paper. John's face paled too as he read. "It's only the paper—may be wrong—lass," he muttered, patting her shoulder awkwardly, and strode away to his men.

Esther moved about the house in the days that followed like a white-faced automaton. She seemed numbed. Sometimes she believed, even hoped, her son killed and at rest. Then she would pray wildly that

he might come back to her. When the day's work was done, she sat at the window, staring with dreary eyes down the long road, or moved restlessly about waiting for the official notification that did not come.

Somehow her husband seemed forgotten. Vaguely she realized that he was there—big and bulky and silent—yet she had for so long deemed him incapable of showing feeling that she had no thought of turning to him for sympathy. Great was her surprise, when one of the neighbors commented on John's appearance.

"The Master be taking it very hard, bain't he?" said one.

"That'll be the break up of 'e," added the other, and with hopes of good news went their ways over the hill.

When John came in to supper, she looked at him as at a stranger. Yes, seemed sharpened, thinner, and

older. Her hands went out to him—then the thought of the long years chilled by him returned and she hugged her grief to herself.

Then, one night, as they sat either side of the spicy pine-wood fire whilst the November rains swept against the house, came a letter from Richard to his mother. It was just a pencil note of four lines that John read over her shoulder.

"Am wounded in hospital—foot—no more flying—soon be in Blighty—love—Richard."

"Oh, John." She turned to her husband, but could not speak, for the tears were streaming down his face.

"Oh, John," she whispered, creeping into his arms, "we'll have him back—our boy."

She looked up, and then, John, murmuring huskily, "Our boy—we'll start again—lass," kissed her.

What's the Use?

DOROTHY SHANER

A man and a girl were sitting at a table in Frank's; the man was lazily puffing a cigarette and the girl was energetically piling up three fluffy waffles.

The Man (smiling teasingly): You don't mind my watching you eat? It doesn't bother you?

The Girl (patting down a final dab of butter): Of course not. My nerves are in excellent condition. I am not weighed down by the spiritual and mental burdens that make your academic life unbearable. (She glanced at him quickly to see if he were taking her joking seriously—and rather hoped he was.)

The Man (irritatingly): I love to watch you eat.

The Girl: Soothing and restful—and satisfying to watch my mouth move and hear nothing. (She proceeded to devote all her attention to the waffles and the man watched his cigarette smoke silently. The twinkle died out of his eyes.)

The Man (emphatically): I am worried about something.

The Girl (feigning bored disinterest): No, not really.

The Man: But I am. I mean it. I'm serious about it, too. I can't decide whether to stay here or not. I'm wasting my time—I'm getting absolutely nothing up here and the work that I'm supposed to be taking is setting me crazy. I don't know what's been said in any of my classes for the last three weeks and I can't tell a Spanish inceptive verb from a French pronoun.

The Girl (with just a trace of contempt in her voice): I should say you are out of luck. You might try a little concentration, or even a few thoughts directed toward Spanish inceptives and French pronouns.

The Man: But imagine all the editorials and advertisements and newspaper reports I've got to write and how many weeklies and monthlies and—

The Girl (smugly, in spite of herself): But everything that's worth while is hard work.

The Man: A goodly sentence and well pronounced. (Impatiently) For the love of Mike, be original at any cost.

The Girl: Well, why stay here? You are, at any rate, taking the path of least resistance by staying here. It would take real effort on your part to make up your mind to stop.

The Man: No, you are wrong there. You are judging me by yourself. It would take scarcely any effort at all on my part to throw everything to the winds. I'm here because I was sent back; my mother wants me to get a degree—and when I have a degree what will I do with it? Miller didn't give two whoops in hell about a degree. I was a good man in my department. He knew it and I knew it. Why, he laughed, I tell you, he tipped back his chair and howled when I told him the Honorable was sending me back to college. And now Philips has my desk. Philips! Ye gods! (The man snorted his contempt, sank dejectedly into his chair and they sat there for some time. The

girl had finished the waffles and was watching the end of the man's cigarette.)

The Man (reflectively): I pulled a fine bunch of marks last semester! Ought to be ashamed of myself, but I'm not—really. Oh, in a way, I hate to have them go home, but even that doesn't bother me—that is, not as much as it would if the folks had to sacrifice to send me here. What do marks matter anyhow?

The Girl: There may be something on your side, theoretically, but practically it's the only way the faculty has of judging—

The Man: How full we are of facts. Sure. I appreciate that. But if my marks even signified what I had gotten out of a course, or better yet, what I had put into it—oh, what's the use of talking about it? Marks are all bunk!

(The girl offered no argument, so he continued.)

The Man: I bluff through Economics and pull a G plus. I know no more about Ec now than I did before I went into the course. I worked hours of extra time in Chemistry—spent all my Saturday mornings in the laboratory and yet—a low poor. I did put more than that into the course—and for that reason I'm satisfied—and don't care about marks. Same way with psychology—I conned it—elementary psychology at that. I was intensely interested in the lectures and especially in the psychological magazines in the Libe. I didn't memorize the syllabus, so I flunked the exam. Maybe I can't discuss the emotions and instincts in a scientific way, but it all has meant something to me. Aren't you bored to death by now?

The Girl: No really, to tell the truth, I'm getting a great deal of amusement out of listening to you. You're so delightfully inconsistent. You're always raving about the lack of intellectual opportunity here and you would be the last one to take advantage of it, even if the conditions were all that you desire.

The Man: Oh, but you don't or won't see my point of view. We spend four years here memorizing facts and we graduate when we are stuffed as full of them as the faculty thinks we ought to be. Lots of people graduate without ever learning to think. You will be one of them. What do you co-eds think about, anyway?

The Girl (resentfully): You said that as someone might who was examining a frog in lab and picked it up and remarked: "If a frog thinks, I wonder what it thinks about." Come, come. I shall be angry in a moment. Haven't you an editorial to get in by twelve?

The Man (nonchalantly): Oh, yes. But it can wait. I'm really not in the mood for it.

The Girl: Wish my French could wait till I felt in the mood to do it. Want to hear John Haynes Holmes with me tonight?

The Man (paying the checks as they leave): Don't know the gentleman. I'm sure he'd bore me to death. Besides the show at the Orph is good this week and tonight's the last night. Call you up in the morning. 'By.

LOVE, OF YOU

MARY SHIPPEN

Each day with its dawn-crowned glory,
 Its skies of placid blue
 Is born but to wake again, Love,
 My dreaming thoughts of you.

Each night with its western sunset's
 Profusion of rose sad hue
 Comes but to still to dreams, Love,
 My waking thoughts of you.

Ashes

PAUL GANGELIN

All his boyhood he had felt that life was good and splendid and full of adventure; to him it had been sordid and mean and cheating, but that made the future seem so much brighter. It was there, beckoning to him; it could not possibly be false. He had been shabbily treated, but now that his powers were assembling and he was becoming a man he wanted to rush forward and to embrace life, to live in the lights and the laughter, to realize all the opportunities that awaited him. So fervent was his desire that he could hardly wait; he would lie awake at night because the love of life—the desire for life—was so strong in him that glorious pictures and dreams and hopes crowded one another through his brain and would not let him sleep.

Then, one day, God and the Devil together appeared to him. They said, "Come, you are old enough; we shall show you life." And they set out, God holding the Youth by the hand, the Devil walking his side, each as was his wont.

First God led the Youth into a great cathedral, so beautiful that it struck him silent. To the Youth it seemed that it could never have been reared by the work of hands, but must have sprung complete from strains of music. To look at it was like sweet balm. It inspired confidence and reverence. The peace, the devout, secure light in men's faces as they worshipped in that great dimness were to him tokens of the greatness and the Truth of God. He regarded God shyly from the corner of his eye, and was glad of the touch of His hand. He would follow God forever, he thought.

Outside the Devil still waited. He was standing among the groups of tattered beggars who whined and held out their hands when the Youth and God came forth. The Youth regarded them curiously and wondered that they should be asking money in the presence of this great, sublime dream of men.

The Devil said, "Sire, it is my turn," and guided the Youth, who was still under the solemn spell, to a place of amusement, where he put much gold into his hand, and told him to spend it as he would. Here was something for which the Youth had been longing; here were lights and laughter and music and gay life. He ate and drank and smiled contentedly at those who smiled at him. It was delightful. To have money, to be gay, and, now and then, to go and refresh his spirit in the solemnity of the cathedral—that is how he would arrange his life.

Then God conducted him to the homes of those who suffered and worked while these others laughed and idled, and the Youth came away with a thoughtful look in his eyes. He had seen a weak-eyed woman doing needle-work by lamplight; he had seen a man kill himself because he had stolen money to spend on pleasure. He felt uneasy.

The Devil, in his turn, led the Youth into a brothel. There he heard bawdy stories from the lips of painted girls who called him endearingly by foul names, like rough men being friendly with one another. At this the Youth's eyes glistened and a new feeling caused his blood to pound in his veins. "This must be a great part of life," he thought. "It is strong in me. I must know more of this."

The Devil led the Youth back to God, but this time when God extended his hand the Youth affected not to notice it. He must not lose these things that the Devil had shown him, and somehow the pressure of God's hand restrained him.

God showed him mankind at work: The workman swinging his great sledge; the clerk bent industriously over his ledgers; the farmer pitching hay. And then God showed him the reward of industry and piety—old age dozing by a comfortable fire.

But the Youth sneered at this. It seemed dull to him. Life had much more than that in store for him, he felt. He went eagerly with the Devil.

The Devil took the Youth into a wine-shop, where a red-cheeked, brawny-armed barmaid poured wine for the drinkers. The Youth drank and drank and shouted and laughed and sang, and, finally, the barmaid beckoned to him, and he went upstairs with her.

It was morning when he came forth. God and the Devil awaited him as before. He felt strangely ashamed, yet pleased. He walked closer to God, and remained silent, thinking much.

God took him to the prisons and the galleys and showed him how the wicked were punished; he took him into the madhouses and showed him how men died of excess. The Youth began to hate life, this life in which he could not tell what was beautiful and what was ugly, in which his desires betrayed him.

He now avoided the Devil as well as God, and walked between them sullenly. The Devil, in his turn, showed him the suffering of the poor, who were not wicked; the cruel misfortunes that overtook people who lived according to God's word; pious men rotting

away with leprosy; and whole nations dying in famine. The Youth looked at God in amazement. Surely, he must see these wrongs and right them. But God was gazing off admiringly at the graceful tower of the cathedral, which loomed above the squalid huts of the town like a mountain. And God's face had the expression of being well pleased.

Then it was again God's turn, and he took the Youth to the Elysian Fields. There the grass was bright and lush; the brooks were blue, like those in story-books, the birds were like the materialization of happy moments; gentle, refreshing breezes caressed the face. From somewhere there came the music of the spheres, great swells of harmonious sounds, with golden threads of melody running through them. Hearing this, the Youth's blood pounded once again, his heart beat fast, he cried, "Ah, it is true after all. Here is happiness!"

But the Devil stood at his elbow.

"Happiness?" he murmured. "Does not that music rouse in you desire; does it not give you promise? Desire for what? Promise of what? Nothing. For this is All. It will ever be thus. You will realize no desire; you are promised nothing."

"But it is so beautiful!" said the bewildered Youth.

"Inanity!" said the Devil.

Then the Youth felt as if everything had turned to ashes. He shrank from both God and the Devil.

"You," he cried to the Devil, "are loathsome and evil. Away from me!" and to God, "And you—you must be mad. What are your great cathedrals that cast a black shadow of ignorance and suffering? They are the work of madmen, of fools who trust in you and build them on a promise that is a lie. Oh, can these things be the stuff of life, and do you two govern it?"

As he spoke, an apparition appeared before his eyes. It was shaped in his own shape, and it spoke with his voice, but it seemed older and wiser.

"You have done wisely," it said, "for you have seen that neither of these is life itself. You are life, and they are your creatures. Make for yourself and of yourself what you will, and these will serve you."

The Youth turned to God and the Devil.

"Now," said God, "you are wise and you can command us—you are the master."

Despair and hatred burned in the Youth's eyes.

"Away!" he said. "You offer me ashes. I did not wish to be master. Now that I have everything, I have nothing; before, when I had nothing, I had everything."

He sat down and wept, and God and the Devil disappeared.

Leonard Merrick: An Appreciation

DOROTHY SHANER

It seems ridiculous that anyone should pick up Leonard Merrick's volume of short stories entitled "The Man Who Understood Women," and say "This is not great literature; these stories will not live. Compared with the great things of our literature, they are as nothing." It seems ridiculous because it places a far heavier responsibility upon Leonard Merrick's shoulders than he probably bargained to bear. If a man builds a bungalow we do not condemn it because it lacks the splendour of a palace, but we judge it after the fashion of bungalows. Our trouble of late seems to be in taking a man far too seriously, as we did in the case of Arnold Bennett's, "The Truth About an Author," and, more especially, do we read our own aims and purposes into the work and say, "See, this is what this or that man wanted to do, and look how badly he accomplishes it!" We believe ourselves to be the mediator between the artists and the public; we take it for granted that the spectator or the reader is not intelligent enough to appreciate

what is good, to separate the wheat from the chaff. So we do it for him, we read a few innocent stories written by a man with an unusual sense or humour, and a kindly, though cynical attitude toward life in general. We, saturated with standards of criticism that we accept readily and repeat parrot-like until we scarcely know ourselves how much of them all we really believe, color these stories with our own personalities and damn them to the pile of literature that will not last because they do not fit the standards we happen to be using. And the real reason is because we do not use appropriate standards. No one would think, for example, of measuring silk by the quart measure, or potatoes by the yard stick.

Then, to be absolutely fair, why not compare Leonard Merrick's little snap-shots of life with the short stories we get in our current magazines, which amuse us for at least an hour or two, and then sink into oblivion? These are, for the most part, sentimental and too highly imaginative to mean very much

to us. They are not very real to us. Their writers have not seen things straight. Of course, we do not demand that Leonard Merrick see things with the imaginative insight of a Shakespeare or a Goethe. He need not see within at all, and we do not think he does, but he sees the outside straight, he is not laboring under any rosy illusions. The things Leonard Merrick writes about are the things which happen to you and me every day, and, except in a very few cases, he does not twist life the least bit to make it fit the effect he wants to produce.

If a writer of short stories can, in this day and age, interest a reader enough to make him greedily devour a whole volume of them in one afternoon, one might be excused for thinking him unusual, without, however, wanting to pigeon-hole him next door to Edgar Allan Poe as an artist of the short story.

Cynicism is extremely popular with young people of today and this partly accounts for the favor with which they view Merrick's work. But he is not a sour critic, the corners of his mouth do not droop down; being a cynic has not robbed his life of its meaning. The story of "The Bishop's Comedy" is probably more universally true than anyone suspects. It has always been supposed that when a beautiful actress, or any other women, falls in love with one's husband, one invariably makes a primeval fight for what is hers. If one had the courage to drop off the sentiment and the wounded pride, what the Bishop's wife did would probably be the normal reaction. She went to this particular actress who was supposedly robbing her bosom of its treasure, and, regarding the fine lady with wonder and awe, asked, "Wont you please tell me what you find in him to love or to admire?" And her sincere question broke the spell upon the actress; obviously, she could no longer love what another woman did not want. Another writer, treating this same theme, would have inevitably made the Bishop's wife evolve this scheme for getting back her husband, with or without his love; but with *this* Bishop's wife it was no hoax; she sincerely wanted to know how another woman could love her husband when she had long since stopped trying to find something in him to love.

"Dead Violets" is just as true to life. Two people who have once been madly in love do not necessarily stay in love, and a romance that thrives on stolen meetings and covert glances often wanes and dies under legitimate opportunity and broad daylight. Because a sentimental woman still is thrilled over violets which her old lover sends her even after her

marriage to another man, is no reason why the sender of the violets should stir out of the comfortable groove of his life to go prancing about in flowery fields of Romance with the moon-struck lady. To paraphrase Swinburne a little freely—she usually forgets his kisses and he doesn't remember her name, and to quote from Lawrence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics."

"When love is over, how little of love even the lover understands."

Rachel Crothers and Leonard Merrick make the same sure strokes when they portray masculine ego,—Miss Crothers in her clever little play, "He and She," and Merrick in "Time, the Humorist." Men *are* content to let their wives and sweethearts taste the artist's life, to let them dabble in pretty water colors, to play with putty and even to scribble just for the fun of it, but when the wives "arrive" it is quite impossible for the husbands to be honestly glad. They are probably sincere in their condemnation of what "gets by" the public when their wives have been the ones who "got by." At any rate, the divine ego in man does hinder him in his appreciation of woman's mental accomplishments and Leonard Merrick knows it and admits it.

His story called "The Third M" is quite the funniest thing I have ever read or heard. What could be more ludicrous than the experience Van Nordan had when, under the influence of ether, he thought he was his own daughter? To some, this tale might seem absurd, but to one who has gone through impossible "ether dreams" it is all quite possible and most enjoyable. Fancy the mature mind of a man of thirty-five in a ten days old baby. Then later, when she—or he—is about three months old, imagine "Van Nordan lay communing with herself," and still later, when *he* lay in *her* mother's lap and listened to another man make love to his mother,—she was really his wife, you know,—picture him trying to swear and being able to manage no more than a baby's bleat and trying to spit upon the object of his ill will, and merely being able to dribble!

I took the book over to my room, and, collecting all my favorite sisters together, read them "The Third M". When a man can give six people as much fun as we had during the next hour, he doesn't use his pen altogether in vain. Leonard Merrick wrote these stories with a twinkle in his eye that presaged good fun for his readers. Since that is all that he aimed to do, and since he accomplished it so manifestly, why not give him his due praise?

On Women

(Being a recently discovered essay by Francis Bacon)

I. M. RAMSDELL

The idealist holds all women virtuous, the fool rates them by his own standard, the gentleman takes them at their own valuation, and the wise man avoids them. When a woman smileth upon thee, be wary; when she frowneth, guard thy speech that she may not turn it against thee; but when she treateth thee indifferently, go thy way in peace.

As for him who would wed:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The fool marrieth, but the wise man tarrieth. For, thinks he, "When a man findeth the lady of his heart he should use her discreetly awhile until he discovereth what manner woman is she."

Some women love rough handling—thus did Paris win the peerless Helen—others may be won only by courtly speeches. Therefore, the man who knows some little of women will embrace the one suddenly on the same day that he has first spoken to her; the other he courts for many a week until one day he insinuates himself into her confidence, like unto the skillful angler who plays the trout patiently until the fish wearies and fights not in the net.

For a wise man, women are his pastime, for a fool, they are his profession. He who has wisdom sitteth of an evening in a woman's house, but his heart is ever

ruled by his wit; he is fancy free. Pro eo cadent, sed ille permit ut iaceant. He thinketh upon Adam whom the first woman led to destruction, and though our lady of today useth not an apple to charm, he is not beguiled. But the fool, he is easily, seduced; he wasteth all his substance that he may purchase for a woman all the things that she desireth till at last he looks into his estate and finds it undone. He has lost his riches and he has lost also the woman. "Go to," says she, "there was that about you that I loved, but you have spent it."

Women are born dissemblers. Listen to them and smile that they be not piqued, but believe them not. Though thou know a woman long, know ever that thou knowest her not. Seek not their counsel, for they will use thee to their own ends and work thy destruction.

He who would draw to himself the attention of women need but use them carelessly, for then is their curiosity aroused; pursue them not, for women ardently sought are coy and unapproachable. Talk little that they may talk, for it vexes women to hold their tongues; moreover if their husbands be thy rivals in shipping or trafficking they may impart to thee much that is profitable—they will tell all, not being subtle in such matters.

LOVE SONG

PAUL GANGELIN

Your lips are red and sweet to kiss;
Your arms are soft and white.
Oh, never have I loved like this;
I'd die for you—tonight.

Then let me whisper in your ear,
"Be with your favors kind.
And I'll love you forever, dear"—
Unless I change my mind.

Nightly Visitors

MARY RUFFNER

The night I am telling you about was filled with close, white mist which clung and curled everywhere, clothing the dark trees in a clammy shroud and hiding the moon, which struggled feebly to penetrate the thick veils. The rays of the lamplights, too, were shattered and broken by the damp, and their glow was blurred and indistinct. All was very still, muffled by the heavy curtains of mist, so that the few who were out felt themselves, each one, cut off and isolated from the usual companionship. It was as if one were walking silently in a world all one's own, a world vaguely luminous and white, filled with shapeless, indistinct, shifting forms, a world of thick, soft boundaries which pressed close upon one and clung, clung with constant and unalterable, yet immaterial grip. One could not shake it off, there being nothing, but one felt an almost uncontrollable desire to shiver until the impenetrable and misty scales should fall and disclose the true world in its familiar appearance. But, instead, the unreal boundaries of a still, unreal world kept pace with one's own pace, closing up behind, even as they opened out slowly before. And they drifted, clouds of mist, before one's eyes, across one's hand, in a bewildering cycle of slow, soundless changes, curling around the sudden trees, drifting down the vague street, clinging damply to each atom in the atmosphere, and entering one's lungs with each cold, moist, intake of breath.

It was a strange business to be thus tramping through a well-known place, now mystic and unfamiliar as the shores of Styx to a bewildered shade. So it was with a deep sigh of relief that I entered my own door, closed behind me the drifting curtains of mist without, and shook the last stray shreds from my overcoat. The cheery fire and home seemed the only real things in a world of pitfalls and mazes. Margherita awaited me with a gay story, and the mists were quickly dispelled from my mind as they were from my surroundings. For a month, our dinner had not been so filled with jokes, quips and clever chat as on that evening. We returned to the high spirits and mirth of the honeymoon that had been broken off suddenly, a month before, by the sudden and puzzling death of Margherita's father. Heretofore, the sadness of the bereavement had cast its shadows on the glamour of our romance, but on this evening, it was as if the shadow had been completely lifted for a while; and we were happy. So we went to bed gaily, like a couple

of care-free children. Margherita was tired and had fallen asleep by the time I returned from my bath, and I smiled to see the slight curve of happiness on her lips as she lay quietly breathing. I hesitated to turn out the lights and shut out the sight of the beautiful face in which all my deepest hopes and fondest emotions were concentrated.

But as I opened the windows, I saw again the damp mists of the earlier evening curling and writhing just without. And a sudden reaction came about in my mind, accompanied by a chill, thudding drop to the very depths of despondency. That benumbing, shadowy sense of unreality increased so greatly that I shuddered once, violently, as I watched tendrils of the mist drift subtly into the blackness of the room, only to be dissipated by the warm air. But I cursed myself for over-sensitiveness and stumbled to bed. Margherita was no longer asleep but was watching for me, strangely wide-awake.

It was perhaps half an hour later that I was disturbed in my first sleep. I noticed nothing consciously but little by little I was forced awake, as if veils of sleep had been torn away from me, one by one, the outer sound tugging away at them persistently, a little stronger each time, until the boundary of consciousness was reached and I suddenly sprang awake, eyes staring into the dark and ears straining.

The sound that had waked me was that of Margherita moaning—steadily in a rising and falling cadence that was the futile attempt of her over-burdened soul to find some outlet in expression. It seemed not to be in anguish, nor in pain, nor in passion; but to be experiencing some awing, crushing visitation that was too big for it, that it could not comprehend or take in; not merely frightening, only unworldly and intangible; so immense that it bordered on infinity. Infinity in contact with a mortal! And Margherita moaned—an unreal, impersonal, awed, little moan that fluttered between ecstasy and grovelling fear. It was torment! I turned on the light to wake her, for I believed her dreaming, but I found her staring blankly into space with a contorted look of awe and wonder and frozen fear implanted on her face. Her forehead was contracted, her mouth half-opened and the lower lip tight-bitten, her nostrils extended and her eyes staring fixedly.

"Margherita", I called, startled out of all attempt at calm. "Margherita! dear girl, wake up!"

But she answered me only with a moan. Again and again and again. At last, however she began to talk, still with her eyes staring before her.

"Why, I haven't been asleep," she said, in a half-mechanical voice. "I haven't been asleep!" And then, "Didn't you hear the tapping? Just as plain. Didn't you hear it? Didn't you *hear* it?"

"No, dear girl," I said in a soothing voice. "You've been dreaming, that's all. I didn't hear any tapping. There wasn't any tapping."

Finally, she seemed to be really awake and quiet, so I snapped off the light, not without an unwillingness on my own part to bring back that menacing blackness. But soon again:

"Didn't you *hear* it?" she said. "I haven't been asleep. I didn't close my eyes for a second. I know I didn't." She spoke in slow, separated sentences. "There was a tapping," she said, "and then—and then—I felt something, *someone*, at the head of the bed. I looked up—I *had* to—and I saw—I saw—my father standing there. I saw him, Jerry, just as plainly as I saw you a moment ago. He was just standing at the head of my bed, so plainly, so plainly. Didn't you see him? Didn't you even hear the tapping? There! There it is again! Can't you *hear* it?"

My throat constricted, for, yes, I certainly heard it: a decided knocking in the corner, repeated, three, four, five times. But I would not believe it. "It's merely the floor creaking, dear," I said. "You must have been dreaming, for I heard it creak like that the other day. It's the cold, outer air coming in and warping the boards, you see. That's all. You were dreaming, dear."

"I wasn't dreaming," she said very quietly. "I saw Father standing there—right at the top of the bed. I didn't go to sleep. I was wide awake. There was a tapping, just like that." It cracked again; and, truly, it was realistic. "Just like that! A tapping!"

The pale fingers of the mist drifted into the rooms, faintly white in the darkness, and I shivered again. Then Margherita's mind seemed to take on a new turn.

"Doesn't it sound like blood dripping?" she murmured almost casually, as that weird creaking came again. Drip! Drip!

"It sounds so heavy—like blood dripping!" she said again and—fell asleep. And the muffled strokes of a clock sounded near, striking twelve, slow strokes through the stillness of the trailing mists.

But that strange tapping continued, now a summons, now a warning, now the warm drip of blood, until I could bear it no longer. With a supreme effort, I sprang from bed and felt my way across the room, my flesh creeping and my mind laughing at me. But all laughter ceased at once, when with my poor heart frantically thumping in my bosom and my hands icy, my foot touched the bare floor—not bare, however, for there was on it a shiny pool of something wet,—wet and sticky, and my foot slipped in it, slipped, and down I fell into—could it be the blood of my wife's father? I fainted.

I shall never forget that night. For in it I suffered all the tortures of damned as well as of living souls. Ah! I can feel that blood, the sliminess of it, the stickiness of it, the awful dread of it, this very moment. It was as terrible as if it had not been merely a pool of water leaking out of the radiator.

NIGHT

ALICE H. CREW

There's a new moon caught
In the branches there,
The distant call of a bird
In air.
A camp-fire's gleam
On the hill-side far,
While the lake gives back
A borrowed star.

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Science

FRANK GRAY

Although venerable in years and rapidly failing in strength Professor Mendenhoff had managed to retain much of the indefatigable energy and resistless aspiration of his youth. His stooped figure could often be seen plodding up the long hill upon which was situated his private laboratory and work-shop. In late years the old man had become famous and renowned as one of the few confirmed authorities on nebular hypothesis. However, he still retained his position on the faculty of the University, partly because habit had settled him so, and partly because here he was equipped with facilities for conducting the research work in which he delighted, and for which he lived his very life. Oftentimes he was not seen for many days while persisting at the solution of some difficult problem in the seclusion of his laboratory.

One night, late in January, the old man was working alone in the observatory. It was bitterly cold; the windows of the little brick building cast forth lurid reflections on the snow piles without, while the wind seethed steadily over the brow of the hill. Inside, all was pleasant and warm. The place was plainly designed to be a workshop, with its bare, unfinished walls and indiscriminate batteries of scientific apparatus. One great, brass telescope poked its cylindrical snout up through the dome-shaped roof, and rows of electrical machines, the use of which no one but the owner could possibly explain, lined the walls. In the center of the room was a wide, low table upon which was tacked an enormous chart, literally covered by interweaving lines and diagrams. The Professor was seated at this table, bending absorbedly over his work, his bald head shining like polished marble under the glow of the lamp.

Behind him, carefully fixed upon a stone pedestal, stood a strange and very complicated machine. On first inspection it appeared to be merely a weird intermixture of tiny colored balls, of varying shapes and sizes. These colored spheres were attached to the body of the machine by delicate tendrils of brass that curved in and out behind one another until the final effect was that of indefinite confusion. Beneath the pedestal were grouped a number of powerful storage batteries, from which insulated cables issued to the mechanism above.

Now and then the old scientist turned from his computations over the desk to make some nice readjust-

ment on the machine; his fingers roved over the device with practised intuition. Occasionally he stood away to view his handiwork with the gleam of fervent enthusiasm in his eyes. It was evident that the machine was the product of long and loving labor, and that it was of momentous consequence in the eyes of the Professor.

As the evening wore along, the old man applied himself more assiduously to the task before him. His fingers fairly flew as he plotted diverse points on the chart, computed results, and made corresponding adjustments on the machine at his elbow. Finally, after a last checking of figures, he straightened in his chair with a jerk, and stretched his cramped back. He rose to his feet and walked around about the machine, painstakingly inspecting every part of it; he could not resist stroking and patting the polished metal with loving touch; his eyes commenced to glitter with the inspired fire of creative genius. "Mine," he whispered to himself, "Mine! The Polar Star Machine—at last it is finished."

The Professor now clasped a controlling lever in one hand, while he threw over an electric switch with the other. With a series of rapid clicks and convolutions the machine began to move. Some of the small, brightly-colored balls revolved evenly about a fixed axis, others followed an eccentric course, while some apparently did not move at all. The scientist rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the result, and resumed his chair to contemplate the functioning of his machine. Months of unremitting toil, succeeding years of research were embodied in that mechanism.

As he gazed fondly at the creation, he mused inaudibly to himself, "It is the final step . . . none of them can touch it—none of them. The others must come to me for the solving of their problems. With this machine I can trace the courses and determine the location of planets that man's eye has never seen. I shall analyze the problems of the universe. No other than God himself is possessed of such power." The nervous lines in his face intensified with the emotion of supreme accomplishment. His eyes shone with the joy of new-found power. He rose and paced the floor, rubbing his hands in agitation.

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The identity of unknown worlds, the mysteries of ages, the conception of eternity, all are within my grasp tonight—man shall be the beginning and the end of all things." As he mumbled excitedly to himself, he gradually accelerated his gait across the room and raised the pitch of his voice, until finally the old man was covering lengths of the brick floor at a jerky trot, and was vociferating shrilly at the top of his voice.

But the hour was late, and presently he looked apprehensively at his heavy silver watch. He suddenly felt acute pangs of hunger; because of his enfevered concentration during the last burst of endeavor that had finished the machine, he had not eaten for some twenty-four hours; now he felt slightly weakened from the strain. Turning off the current, he wrapped the Star Machine carefully in a rubber covering, then snapped off the lights at the desk and lifted down his overcoat from the hook by the door. The coat was old and a little shabby; as he slipped it on, his arm caught in the torn lining, and it cost him a severe effort to free himself. His fumbling struggles at the aggravating sleeve replaced some of the proud triumph on his face with the more frail look of age.

Outside, the wind was keen and piercing. His worn garment could not entirely protect his body from the merciless blasts; he winced as he felt the insidious chill biting through. The path was very icy and he was forced to pick his way with infinite care. He proceeded slowly down around the shoulder of the hill and for some blocks through the town until he came to a narrow frame dwelling house, set well up from the street on a treeless terrace. One lone light burned in the vestibule; the hallway was cold and rather cheerless, with its faded gray wallpaper and its linoleum floor. A smell of cooking cabbage tainted the atmosphere. From somewhere down the passageway which led to the rear of the house issued a thin, whining voice, "Emmanuel?"

"Yes, Dear."

"Well I must say, its a pity you can't come home once in a while. Here you are, expecting to eat, and not one thing in the house. I suppose you expect me to drudge for you all the time, and do the marketing too. Go right over to the corner grocery and get a bottle of milk, a loaf of bread, and some cheese. And for land sakes, hurry!"

The old man retied his scarf about his neck, and meekly retreated through the door in the direction of the grocery store. Some time later, he stumbled again up the steps into the house, his arms heavily laden with parcels. He dined alone in the kitchen—bread, cheese, and cabbage, and a milk bottle at his elbow.

The night was long and very cold. All through the vacant hours, the wind cut down into the lanes between the houses, seeking any possible aperture through which

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to make its icy breath felt by the inhabitants. Within, an old man shivered beneath the bed clothes, and mumbled incoherently in his slumber. The sky was clear, and the snow blanketed spaces of the yard white

and still. The stars were very far overhead; their brilliant points twinkled sharply from the vast, purple void—it seemed as though they were smiling.

Elizabeth

KATHERINE ROCKWELL

Elizabeth is a "nice girl". I told Pete so when I asked him to take her to a party, and Pete, in his characteristic fashion, replied:

"Well, so is Helen Hunt Jackson," that author being in his opinion typical in her remoteness of the vast hordes who might be included in such a classification. Anyway, Pete took Elizabeth to the party, and, of course, as you have probably guessed, he did not like her. Men never do like nice girls. Now, I like Elizabeth. She is good, considerate, unselfish, and thoughtful—and then, too, she'll be such a nice friend to have when we're both old ladies. Somehow I can't help thinking of that delightful possibility in connection with Elizabeth, in fact, I quite look forward to it, because at present we do not always make such a success of our friendship as we might. You see, we don't like very many of the same things, books or people. For example, Elizabeth does not like "This Side of Paradise," and I, well, I do.

"But it isn't nice, dear," she says, and I say:

"Well, neither is life," and that shocks her to the core of her soul. Elizabeth is sentimental, and she hates to have her rosy dreams disturbed. She doesn't like "The Three Black Pennies" either, for same reason, I suppose. But there is one thing on which

we agree: She likes to sing and I like to hear her. Of course, most of her "selections" are sentimental in nature, but I frankly confess that I enjoy them, first because I like any music, and, second, because I never pay any attention to the maudlin words which Elizabeth thinks "so sweet." Instead I supply my own thoughts and words, which may be no better, but at least are individual, I flatter myself. I am not different from everyone else: I hate the idea that my emotions are common to all the little ten cent store clerks. Isn't it queer how often people insist, "But you don't know what I feel?" They do not care if their thoughts are as unoriginal as a dictionary, but they insist on the originality of their emotions. I am absolutely positive that Elizabeth would think "Mother, old and gray" the most touching of words, and if I should object to their triteness, she would exclaim passionately:

"Oh, Dot, you are so funny."

Well, maybe by the time I am in my dotage I won't be "funny," and Elizabeth and I will be "nice" old ladies together, and over our tea cups we will protest against the wildness of the young people and ask each other where have gone all the "nice" girls of yesteryear.

FANTASY

MAVIS MCINTOSH

The bony fingers of the tree
Tap at my window, constantly,
Like an old man tapping—
Like a cold man rapping—
Eager to reach the warmth and light,
Alone and afraid of the thick black night.

Swift-winged silence till I hear
A soft half-sob when the tree bends near,
Like a mad-man sighing—
Like a sad man dying—
Whose frosty breath is on my pane—
Who chants this ghostly, hushed refrain?

Shall I open the window? If I do
Only the wind will come rushing thru.

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SONNET

MARY W. RUFFNER

Why is there sorrow? Why the brimming tears
 To eyes surprised because they held a dream
 That slowly died, The coat of life appears
 So threadbare. Why is it all patch and seam?

How many weary gropings come to naught,
 Endeavors fail? How many hunting hands
 Are pitifully empty still, that sought
 Some magic key and found but shifting sands?

O little child, that laughs now as he slips,
 When will be wonder at the hidden stress
 Of hearts so near to breaking, trembling lips,
 And hopes that hurt one with their wistfulness?

And yet—although our web is wov'n awry,
 Therein gleams Beauty and we love life. Why?

Main Street: A Review

A. K. SMALL

Mr. Sinclair Lewis in *Main Street* has written a study of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, the standard American small town which has been the theme of most recent writers of distinction in American poetry and fiction,—Miss Gale, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Masters. These writers in a group are often referred to as the 'younger American School,' not only because they work directly with the material of American life, but because they so present that material that they raise the problem of the destiny of the nation. This, they say, is American life as we see it; what, then, has it to offer of solace or hope to those who so love their country that they would have it fulfill the conception of a strong, generous great-hearted people?

Mr. Lewis has put the problem clearly. Gopher Prairie, says he, is the same as ten thousand other towns from Albany to San Diego. The book is closely crammed with descriptive detail—minute observation of the habitations and ways of the town. Occasionally the author gives a glimpse of beauty—frozen reeds by the bank of a stream on a clear winter day, or the glory of a prairie sunset—but the impression driven home by over four hundred pages of iteration is that of an ugliness characteristically American. Mr. Lewis has in mind always the peculiarly national aspect:

Gopher Prairie is not only haphazard and ramshackle and flimsy—but the best things in it (e. g., the garages) have the hard gloss of a standardized mechanical civilization.

Into this environment comes Carol Kennicot, wife of one of the town doctors. Temperament and training have both given her a standard from that of Gopher Prairie. What to them is a 'good hustling burg' is to her a group of sprawling rabbit-warrens. With the naif confidence of inexperience she imagines that she has but to tell Gopher Prairie that its buildings are ugly, its amusements boredom, its interests narrow, its school-system antiquated, and a new village will spring up on the prairies. The story is the record of her struggle and final defeat by a people who see no ugliness because they have no idea of beauty, who care nothing for spontaneity and exaltation because they are timid, and who above all have a fierce implacable cunning hatred for one who even tacitly implies that she has seen houses more comfortable and beautiful than Sam Clark's, has heard ideas more stimulating than those of Reverend Zitterl on Mormonism and Prohibition, and even refuses to raise babies by a sort of superstitious experimentalism.

Carol Kennicot thus finds herself in the situation that

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all eager, adventurous, intelligent youth has always been in. She would like to build a Georgian townhall, and finds people content with a rickety eyesore; she has a sense for the inviolate integrity of her person and hears street-corner rowdies comment loudly on her overshoes and legs, or feels the young matrons consider her a stick for not regaling them with savory bits of her honeymoon experience; she wants neatness and dignity in her house and becomes acutely conscious of her husband's uncleaned boots, frayed cuffs, and jagged fingernails; she has visions of a fine and intelligent decorum governing the social relations of men and women, and sees Sam Clark spit on the floor or the men at a poker-party grunt at her as if she were a servant. Had she been of the tribe of academicians or of an older generation, she might have been content to leave her

visions in the realm of eternal ideas, to have effected a neat separation between the life of the mind and reality. But Carol and many others in young America are not content to feed on high thoughts and get ideal glimpses of beauty with Plato and Montaigne in a study; they know the essential shallowness and timidity of this academic point of view; beauty and intelligence and courage and generous emotion must be forces pervading all their lives. And the tragic conflict, which makes the good citizens of Gopher Prairie consider Carol neurotic, is that she wants these things now—one life is all too short—her heart rebels at the intolerable thought that these things, if they ever come, must be the fruits of generations of successive toil, must use up in their making the precious life-blood of numberless obscure souls like her own.

Dust From the Bookshelf

DIASKEUAST

In a recent number of the "Literary Review" of the *New York Evening Post*, there appears a letter of Lord Dunsany "To a Young Author." It is well worth the perusal of any budding genius, and we should like to quote it all. There is not room in this department, so we shall have to content ourselves with excerpts. Lord Dunsany: "In the first place let me say that I regard the arts as the highest achievement of mankind: men like Homer, Praxiteles, Shakespeare, mark great periods in the history of man; literature is one of the arts, therefore do not expect to find it easy One's first efforts are always failures. And yet a thing is not a failure merely because it has failed, for all the while you are sharpening, and practicing the use of the only instrument with which we work, and that is *style* I have never known anyone myself who achieved style in his first piece of work. Certainly I did not do it myself. The finest young writer that ever came to me for guidance is Francis Ledwidge, and he did not do it. . . . Respect your power of observation as a gift from heaven. . . . Write about anything; nothing is unworthy material for art; but let it be whatever you have most observed. . . . Above all write what you can be proud of. I should never use a *nom de plume*, for if I was ashamed of my work I shouldn't do it, and if I was proud of it I should own it, and if my friends dislike it I should not own them, for my work is me."

Admirers of Thomas Burke will be pleased to know that he has a little book of verse known as "The Song Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse" now in print.

A Cambridge University magazine reports the recent visit of Vachel Lindsey to England by saying "And those who came to scoff remained to pray."

With a truly Nathanesque paragraph, Percy Hammond sums up the latest book of George Jean Nathan thus: "The Theatre, The Drama, The Girls' is the most comforting, irritating, profound, shallow, serious, trivial, dignified, clownish, sham loving, ham hating volume of honest dishonesties, sincere insincerities, truthful falsehoods, novel platitudes, brilliant commonplaces, contortions, and flip-flaps that has ever kept me awake after midnight. It is sprightly and stimulating reading."

A new volume of essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton is announced for early publication by Dodd, Mead and Company. The title is to be *The Uses of Diversity*.

Speaking of G. K. Chesterton, which we have all been doing recently, his parody on Old King Cole after Tennyson, Yeats, Browning, Whitman and Swinburne, is worth looking up in a recent number of *The Living Age* where it was reprinted from *The New Witness*.

James Branch Cabell, whose book *Jurgen* roused the ire of the comstockians, has finished a new novel, *The Figures of Earth*, which should, if the publishers fulfill their promises, be out this month. We shall be one of the very first to buy a copy, just in case. . . .

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THE LIE

NANCY PATTISON

It came and sat upon my bed,
It wagged its purple tail at me,
It flapped its flopping, purple arms,
And grinned in evil, fiendish glee.

All purple was its pointed head—
Its single eye was very bright;
I tried to hide beneath the clothe.
It held me motionless with fright.

And once it laughed a horrid laugh,
Its clawlike fingers clutched its knees.
A humped and twisted thing it sat—
The wind was howling in the trees!

All night it sat upon my bed,
And when I tried to go to sleep,
Its sharply pointed purple chin
Toward me would creep, and creep, and creep.

When morning came it was not there,
Yet after Mother's lullaby,
Tonight, beside me it will sit—
That flapping, twisted, purple lie!

BLURBS

It is safe to hazard that Kirby Ramsdell does not practice what he preaches—excuse us—what Francis Bacon preaches.

* * *

Doris Blackmur is a sort of cousin co-ed. She lives in London, 96, Little Ilford Lane, to be specific, and is taking a course through the Extension Division.

* * *

Mr. A. K. Small's review of "Main Street" is so suggestive of the possibilities of the book that anyone who is at all responsive must long for an immediate opportunity to read it.

Mary Ruffner scared us to death with her "Nightly Visitors," and we wish you the same.

* * *

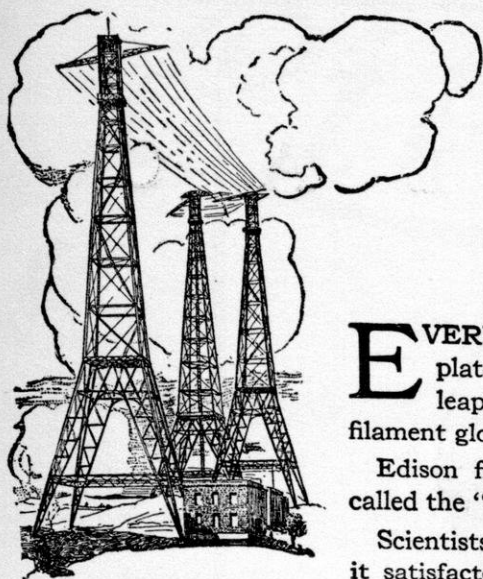
Frank Gray, it seems, has forsaken the charnel house and concerns himself only with stars. However, he does it well for an ex-engineer and a present commerce student.

* * *

If Nancy Pattison's poem, "The Lie," is a true sketch of her early experiences, we sincerely hope that she has overcome her extreme sensibility.

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Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

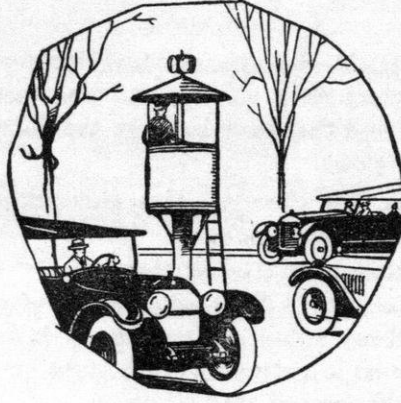
No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

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