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## **The Wisconsin literary magazine. Volume XX, Number 2 November 1920**

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# The Wisconsin *Literary*

Volume XX

*Magazine*

Number 2



November, 1920

Twenty-five Cents

**PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN**

**READ THE ADS**

If there's anything you wish,  
Read the ads,  
From a hobby horse to fish,  
Read the ads;  
Or a rocking chair or dish,  
Motor car or Lillie Gish,  
If there's anything you wish,  
Read the ads!

If you want a railroad ride,  
Read the ads,  
Or a raincoat or a bride,  
Read the ads,  
Or a coat of camel's hide,  
Or a fattened porker's side,  
Or the ebbing of the tide,  
Read the ads!

If you want some place to go,  
Read the ads,  
If you want to see a show,  
Read the ads,  
If you'd like to take a row,  
Buy a pitchfork or a hoe,  
If you'd cause the wind to blow,  
Read the ads!

If there's anything you need,  
Read the ads,  
Lemonade, or garden seed,  
Read the ads;  
You don't have to beg or plead  
Till it makes your spirit bleed  
Just to get the things you need—  
Read the ads!

If you want to buy a fence,  
Read the ads,  
Make some dollars and some cents,  
Read the ads;  
Whether you are wise or dense,  
It will make no difference,  
You can get your recompense—  
Read the ads!

THE DEMOCRAT  
Badger 486-7-8

# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

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Volume XX

Madison, November, 1920

Number 2

## CONTENTS

	Page
Memories.....Grace Gleerup.....Frontispiece	
Editorials.....D. B.....	29
Little Gold Leaves.....Horace Gregory.....	30
That's The Trouble.....Paul Gangelin.....	31
Moon, Thou Art a Lady.....Mavis McIntosh.....	33
That's The Theory, But.....Dorothy Shaner.....	34
Chicken a La King.....Horace Gregory.....	35
The Harbor.....Earl P. Hanson.....	37
Color Sketches.....Pennell Crosby.....	38
Dream Vendor.....Mavis McIntosh.....	39
At the Sign of the White Cross.....Helen Moore.....	39
"Snipes".....A. Paul Pedigo.....	42
Flame.....Frances Dummer.....	44
In the Shadows.....Frank W. Gray.....	46
Love Songs.....Paul Gangelin.....	52
Legends of Wisconsin.....Rachel Commons.....	54

BACK AGAIN. So you're back. Man, isn't it good to see the old campus again! A buddy of mine once confided to me that Paris reminded him at times of Madison. Something about the lights along the boulevards, or the vista of trees, or the banks of flowers and shrubbery, or just a certain indefinable tang in the evening air. It was nothing you could put your finger on, but it was unmistakably reminiscent. How many times has that feeling come to you, perhaps at the ends of the earth, some tiny, trivial sound or odor, or the intonation of some reminding voice? And now here you are again. Things don't look quite the same—the dome is gone from Main Hall, and you wonder where this Bascom Hall is that they refer to, the youngsters—but it's the same good old campus. A few familiar faces, or many, or none at all, maybe, greet you on the Hill, or light up with quick recognition at some street corner—but few or many, it is WISCONSIN which has pulled you back, WISCONSIN which gives you this feeling of being home again, WISCONSIN to which you will return again and again as often as you can

make it, through the coming years. So you're back. Man, isn't it good to see the Campus again?

40,000 WORDS. Imagine writing forty thousand words last summer. Certainly. Just sit back a moment, and imagine yourself having done it. Strenuous work, just thinking of it? We know a Wisconsin man who did write that much last summer. It was either forty thousand or fifty thousand; more than most of us did in either case. More than we are doing now. Nevertheless that is the way to get ahead, in spite of what those tell you who cling to the other method. This alternative is the Inspiration method, whose adherents lean back against a mental lightning rod, and, gazing up into the flawless blue, hope fondly to get a jolt from the Divine Lightning. How rare is a bolt from that blue. Now we have not seen all that this forty-thousand-word man has written, and we may safely assume that much of it is not worthy of print, but it is *on paper*. His stories, sketches, plays, and all-else—whatever are written down; they are in a shape where thoughtful revision, cutting out, expansion, revamping, are all possible. Not merely are they happy ideas that have nodded Good Morning, and swept on down the wind that brought them.

Suppose the method be tried by all the rest of us who determine to get ahead in writing. To us occurs an idea while dressing, or at breakfast, or in the Cafeteria Line, or in lecture, or just reading. Shall we say "Hello," and let it pass on? We may think that, after all, it will not make a very good story, or a great poem, or a successful essay. Even may we be uncertain as to its proper form of expression, while working it out would require thought, and, of course, time. None of us have any time to spare—we're all of us simply rushed to death, really. Nevertheless, write it down. It may reveal itself as even worse than your gloomiest expectations, and your critical

roommate may throw it on the table with the remark, "Say! If that's the kind of stories that get born from your typewriter, I believe in race suicide!" In spite of that, there you have a tangible thing done, and indeed you have accomplished more besides; you have made it more certain that when the Great Idea does hit you on the head, you'll get *that* idea down also. Otherwise you know perfectly well that you won't. You'll talk it over enthusiastically with your roommate or somebody, and—forget it.

A manner of magic lies hidden in pencil and paper. The mere act of writing generates happy turns of phrase or of plot that never revealed themselves in the original conception at all. This may be true both of prose and of verse. To write purely for the sake of expressing the idea, the concept, is the first step to take. Let it not be understood that this will hold true always. Some day the first step and the second will be one, and you will write directly with your readers in mind, whoever those readers may be. This depends on the exigency of the hour. Perhaps a theme is due (surely that illustration has sufficient deadly practicality) and you ransack in vain for a single notion in that usually clever and fertile brain. Well, there are those eighteen worthless manuscripts that you have scribbled off in the past few weeks. Look them over. "The Mixed Rendezvous." Oh, yes; that was the practical joke of the couple that found another couple's note for a date, left in a Library book. You were going to make a ripping little farce out of that, but you only wrote out the plot and a clever line or two of dialogue. A little long—hardly time to work it up for Monday. Another, "The Complex Variable," a story of a multiple personality and a regular interlaced triangles' situation. There is the plot written, the first chapter, and a dialogue in the middle of the yarn somewhere. The Homecoming Game interrupted that, you recall. Still—no, there's no time to work it up. You linger over it a moment, making a few marginal jottings, and turn to the next. Verse! Ye gods—you writing verse!

"Hey, Duke! Remember when I wrote this stuff?"

"Gwan, I gotta get this math."

"No, listen—

The wet night, like an inkpot overturned  
Clung dismally about the lonely lamps,  
And on the street there walked no sister vamps  
But only weary—"

"Say, can that stuff. Why write poetry? I should think free verse would be easier." But who was ever daunted by his roommate? You had a lot of fun with those lines. But verse won't do just now. Sometime you'll try that on the LIT, or the *Octopus*, or "Sky-rockets", or *The Atlantic Monthly*. You run through the titles: "The High Lowbrow Co-ed", "Shucks, She's Only A Phi Bete", "The Rhyme of the Lost Hootch", "The Devil's Kitchen", "The Stolen Engagement Ring", "Busted, B'Gosh!" "Midsemester Madness", "Three is a Crowded Canoe", "Going Up Every Day",—Ah! That will do. You run through it, a jolly little nine hundred word satire. Here you cross out recklessly, there a new fancy strikes you and you begin to write. You begin to write—that is the secret, and half your work has already been done: it is only a question of revision now, anyway. In an hour the thing is finished, typed, with a carbon reserved to try on the LIT, perchance! Why, that sketch was written weeks ago. You had completely forgotten it. Once in the mood—a mood which comes quickest and surest by writing yourself into it, you dash off outlines for two or three other things which occurred to you while writing, throw a pillow at your roommate, dodge its return, and go whistling to bed. Try it—this method. It works. Get the scribble habit. You'll be selling things to the magazines before you're out of college.

D. B.

#### EDITORS

DUDLEY BROOKS

PAUL GANGELIN

RACHEL COMMONS

HORACE GREGORY

FRANCES DUMMER

DOROTHY SHANER

ART EDITOR—GRACE GLEERUP

### LITTLE GOLD LEAVES

HORACE GREGORY

Little gold leaves of the setting sun,  
There on the tops of the highest trees,  
I will gather you everyone  
Into my heart that no one sees.

When I'm old and life is done,  
Then I'll spend your golden gleams,  
Then I'll scatter you, every one,  
Scatter you over a world of dreams.

# That's the Trouble

PAUL GANGELIN

It was a peaceful evening. I was translating French; my room-mate was sitting in our only easy-chair, smoking a pipe vigorously and evidently thinking hard.

"Damn co-education!"

"All right, let's," I said pleasantly, looking "mugir" in the French vocabulary.

"That's what's the trouble with this school", my room-mate went on, scowling sourly at a smoke-ring. "How can you expect to have a decent school with a lot of women around? You can't—that's flat. It made me laugh last year to see everyone running around in circles asking everyone else, 'What's the matter with Wisconsin?' Co-eds—that's the trouble.

"That's the trouble, all right," I agreed, warming to the subject. "They're always holding us up for tickets or tags or subscriptions for something. They're a nuisance. Some day the outraged manhood of this great institution will rise and drive from its bosom—"

"Oh, pipe down," said he contemptuously. "Save that for the *Octopus*—don't waste it on me."

Evidently the lion was aroused; I surrendered with a sigh. I pushed my French book aside, filled my pipe, and propped my feet on the table, prepared to listen.

"What's a university?" he asked, glaring at me fiercely and waving his pipe-stem truculently in the general direction of the Hill. "I'll tell you something you never heard before: It's an institution of learning—that's what it is."

"Seems to me I've heard that somewhere before," I said in mild protest.

"Well, I mean the world in general," he said tartly. "And what becomes of it when you let women in? It becomes a chance to make dates, to fall in and out of love, to wear your Sunday clothes on week days, and, for girls, a chance to inspect critically a lot of young men before they finally pick out one."

At this point the Freshman across the Hall wandered into the room—without knocking, of course. He was probably full of tales of his prowess at Frosh football, but sensing that his betters were engaged in important deliberations, he kept silence with an effort, stretched out on the bed and watched us with an air of assumed intelligence.

"As for studies," my room-mate went on, "they have to be approached from the parlor point of view. Why, it's got so that blushing young lawyers from Mondovi and Wauwatosa refuse to state cases in criminal law because there are sweet young co-eds taking the course, and because people in criminal law cases haven't always the decency to do things that can be talked about in mixed company. Last the year the censor suppressed a dialogue between Chaucer and Boccaccio that was submitted to the LIT, not because it was immoral, but because it was a true, artistic study of the two men."

"And Elsie Gluck's 'Jazz' couldn't be printed either," I added.

"That was a crime," said he fervently. "But, of course, it isn't the censor's fault—it's the co-eds. He has to watch out for the moral welfare of the *jeune fille*, and even if a thing is art it can't be published in a bisexual university for fear of teaching young girls something they already know."

"I don't think it's so bad," said the Freshman across the Hall. "My English prof (Freshmen always call their instructors 'prof') said 'damn' right out in class the other day."

"The naughty man!" I said, "Keep your feet off the bed and your mouth shut if you want to stay in here."

My room-mate merely looked at him witheringly.

"Mind you," he said, "I'm not for hunting up salacious details, but when I'm studying life, which I'm doing in studying literature, I don't want the social atmosphere to get in the way. The thing itself is unimportant. Its importance lies in the fact that it proves that instead of being in an intellectual atmosphere we are in a social atmosphere, and that isn't my idea of the proper frame of mind for studying."

His pipe was going out; he stopped and puffed hard.

"That's the trouble, all right," I said, "and then there's woman's intellectual inferiority to man."

"Intellectual inferiority—hell!" he fairly snorted the words. "That's just the trouble—women *aren't* inferior. Look at the sorority and fraternity averages; the women average better than the men. Look at Phi Bet; almost twice as many women as men in propor-

tion. They've just as much right here as we have—that's the trouble."

The Freshman across the Hall was twitching with eagerness to say something.

"Aw," he blurted out, "women ain't got as many brains as men have. Last night there was a couple of them sittin' behind us in the movies. When the weekly showed a picture of a balloon hangar, one of 'em says,

'My dear, what is a hangar?'

'I'm sure I don't know, my dear,' says the other one, 'but I think its a place where they hang balloons.'

"Djever hear a man say anything as foolish as that?"

My room-mate did not even look at him.

"He's thinking of the 'sweet nothing' type," he said, "like Burdette Kinne's *My Dear*. They're the kind that James Branch Cabell says are 'Ornamental objects upon which very ill-advisedly has been conferred the power of speech.' They aren't all that way any more than all men rub Brilliantine in their hair. Frosh are built so that their manly pride requires them to believe in their superiority to women."

"I s'pose you don't think you're superior to girls, hey?" asked the Freshman across the Hall.

My room-mate went on with his discourse.

"It simply comes down to this," he said, "there's nothing more important to a man than women, and there's nothing more important to a woman than men—that's the trouble."

"Oh, I don't know," I interposed. "I know lots of men and some women who aren't conscious of each other's presence. The men don't give a hoot in hell how they look, women or no women, and the girls don't seem to."

"There may be some like that," he rejoined, "but you just work with a class of twenty men, and then admit one lone woman, of any description, and see how the atmosphere changes."

"I guess you're right," I said; "wouldn't it be great if there were no women up here?"

"That's the trouble," he said viciously, "it wouldn't be great. We're so used to it we shouldn't know what to do without girls. I like 'em; like to look at 'em; like to talk to 'em; like to have 'em around. So do you. So does everyone; the engineers are so proud of having a girl in their courses that they call her 'Sister' and give her skyrockets."

"Well," I said defiantly, "we get social polish out of it."

"The deuce we do. We get so accustomed to having girls around that we treat 'em like men. Just walk down State Street and see how many men actually raise their hats to women. They just flip the brim a little

and let it go at that. Too much work to be polite. All the polish we use goes on our hair."

"Girls shoot school-spirit to pieces, too," said the Freshman across the Hall.

For once, my room-mate looked at him approvingly.

"Do they?" he said. "Maybe they do work hard for the cups that the Badger gives, and maybe they do feel rotten when the team loses, and scream when somebody makes a run—in either direction—but for all that the next time you go to a game notice the difference between a rooting section of men and one in which women are scattered about. A man can't make the proper kind of damn fool of himself with a woman watching him."

"Yeah," said the Freshman, encouraged, "the other day when we sent the team off for the Ohio game, there was a lot o' fellows steering women up and down State Street, with the Wisconsin grip on their arms, too busy to get in the riot."

"Men don't hang together the way they should, either," said my room-mate. "If there's any hell-raising to be done, too many of them are fussing to get any unison. Co-education may be great for girls, as a girl told me once, but it sure is doggoned bad for men."

I had an idea.

"If women weren't so easy to look at," I ventured, "perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. Let's petition the Regents to make them wear their hair in pigtails, and dress in brown cotton gowns, reaching to their ankles, and common sense shoes, and—"

"That'd be great," growled my room-mate, "wouldn't it—going to school with a lot of Orphan Annies. If you must have them, I'd rather have them the way they are. It's no use trying to compromise."

"It all comes down to this—you can't mix study and sexes without giving the social atmosphere the right of way. We're neither old enough nor young enough to disregard each other at this time of life. The other day, for instance, I was trying to hear what Grant Showerman had to say about the temples of Karnak, but the girl next to me wasn't much interested in Art, and so we talked all through the hour. Not that my zeal for learning isn't strong, enough,—it is, and that's why I'm complaining, but there are other things that are stronger, and temples haven't a corner on Art."

"I notice that when the seating chart was made out in that course," I said, "the men and women were segregated."

"You bet," said my room-mate, "leave it to him. He's been in this game long enough. He knows what's what."

At this point I looked at my watch ostentatiously.  
 "What time is it?" asked he, suddenly losing all  
 apparent interest in co-eds.

"Quarter of eight."

"Holy smoke!" he jumped quickly to his feet and  
 dashed into the bed-room; I followed him. We took  
 hasty turns at washing, and then we tried to dodge the  
 waves in the mirror together as we combed the hair of  
 our heads and put on clean collars.

I broke the silence by speaking harshly to a collar-  
 button. My room-mate was hurriedly rubbing clean  
 his shoes.

"Fussing?" he asked, in a well-contrived impersonal  
 tone.

"Uh-huh," I grunted, engrossed in a struggle with  
 my neck-tie.

"You?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yes," I said to myself, examining a spot on my  
 vest, "that's the trouble."

He did not even slam the door as he went out.

"Some woman-hater," said the Freshman across the  
 Hall.

## MOON, THOU ART A LADY

MAVIS MC INTOSH

Moon, thou art a lady—  
 Pure, and pale, and fair,  
 Swathed in inky velvet,  
 Diamonds in your hair.

(Can I love this maiden  
 Who, though passing fair,  
 Never dreamed of velvet,  
 Or diamonds in her hair?)

Moon, thou art a lady,  
 Slender, stately, slow,  
 With a wondrous, singing grace,  
 Through the night you go.

(Do I love this maiden  
 Vivid, warm and gay?  
 Can such breathless brilliance  
 Last beyond to-day?)

Moon, thou art a lady—  
 Wistful, lily-white,  
 Lonely, lovely lady,  
 Sighing in the night;  
 Distant, silver-gleaming,  
 Deep in ageless dreaming!

Can I love a maiden  
 Who, though passing fair,  
 Bringeth me no riches,  
 Nor any dreams to share?  
 Still—her arm is soft and round—  
 Her laughter is a pleasant sound!



## That's the Theory, But—

DOROTHY SHANER

The man behind me was composing a dissertation,—just letting his ideas form for a moment and then jumping them pompously out. I could tell by the satisfied pat on his knee, every once in a while, that he was more than pleased with himself, quite delighted, in fact, with what he probably regarded as an entirely original point of view. I knew before I turned around that he would be fat even to chubbiness and have a watch chain dragging across his protruding front much in the fashion of a Christmas tree. It's a queer coincidence, but I never have known an annoyingly aggressive thin man. When a man takes it for granted that everybody in a street car is interested in the profound truths concerning human nature and the stock markets, at which his genius has enabled him to arrive, you can take it for granted that he has a double chin and a very heavy watch chain.

"My, my, my!" this one sighed reflectively. "The state is spending an awful amount of money on education!"

The man with him offered no contribution to the flow which he probably knew was coming,—and anyway, the other man was meagre and frail.

"Yes," puffed the authority importantly, "We, the people, are every year paying enormous taxes to have our sons and daughters educated,—and what are we making of them? Bums, I tell you, educated bums. We are educating them above working. Now, our men,—that is really a different matter. Education is really necessary; it is not wasted in that instance. In these days of scientific farming, scientific commerce, scientific everything,—why I tell you, a young man cannot get along without a University training. But our women,—what are we doing to them, or rather, what are we not doing to them? Our daughters have reached the point where they begin to choose their colleges when they are in the third year of high school, and it never enters their heads to think of not being able to go. And do they choose finishing schools, where at least they learn to drape themselves artistically about the drawing room and how to pick up a handkerchief—no, I should say how to let some one else pick it up for them? Is this where they go? I should say not! They go to Universities where they take up commerce and medicine and literature. And

do they do this because they take a profession seriously? Not much! It's because they know no better way to pass four years, get a rip-roaring good time and have no obligations to take life seriously." Here the authority on "What Modern Education is Doing to Womanhood" stopped for breath, and I no longer resisted the temptation to turn around and smile gratefully for the amusement he was affording me. That was all convention allowed; perhaps I was transgressing a little even there.

"What does the average university woman know about housekeeping or household economy?" continued the fat man in an oracular tone. "Take even our Home Economic graduates,—how do they keep house? With a soul yearning for expression of beauty in a blue and gold combination in the living room and rare and antique china in the dining room, the beds are left unmade and all the pans from the last week's baking are piled up in the kitchen sink. They get imbued with spirit, spirit, spirit,—and they don't know what a dish-pan is for and wouldn't use a scrubbing brush if they did understand how to. And why? Because they are being educated above it; we are training them to regard manual labor in their own homes as something below them. It is too far below their intellectual culture. They take courses in Shakespeare, they study the Romantic Movement and read Rousseau with—"

We came to my corner and I had to get off. If I had not been late, I should have liked to ride to the end of the line to hear it all.

I tucked my new volume of the "Confessions of Jean Jaques Rousseau" under my arm and hurried, for as I said, I was late. I was on my way out to Mrs. Friar's where I go every Saturday to iron. Sometimes I scrub the kitchen floors and I always watch the baby. If Mrs. Friar has time, we discuss my thesis course in Criticism,—I am writing on Rousseau,—I with my arms up to my elbows in soapy water and she busily preparing our lunch. I bought my volume of Rousseau with last week's wages,—it was at a fire sale that I got it. This week I shall invest in Browning. My sorority sisters think my job is great fun and I have to guard it zealously. That fat man was most amusing!

# Chicken à la King

*A One Act Play of Red Russia*

HORACE GREGORY

## CAST

IVAN, *a man servant.*

OLGA, *a maid servant.*

GENERAL LEON PETOFF.

MARIE PETOFF, *his wife.*

*Captain in Killehoff's army; Soldiers, Servants, etc.*

Place: Petrograd.

Time: The Present.

*The curtain rises on the dining room of Petoff's home. The room is shabbily furnished; a dining table stands in the foreground, a trifle to the left, with two rickety chairs. There is a French window, rear center, opening on the street below, which admits the glare and tumult of a street-battle. A large bottle, labeled "Nitro-Glycerine", stands in the corner, right; four or five bombs, round and black as cannon balls are carelessly rolling about on the floor. The walls are bare. Ivan and Olga are discovered setting the table.*

IVAN: (*to Olga*) Come, come, little dove, you mustn't finger and touch every article of food on the table. You're like a child; you can't see anything but you must touch it. Some day you'll be caught,—and you know your mistress. (*thoughtfully*) I believe she strangled her last maid. . . . no, she strangled the one before the last . . . and let's see . . . what did she do to poor Katrinka . . . ?

OLGA: (*pouting*) But Ivan, I—

IVAN: Silence, child. You have a bad habit of interrupting me when I'm trying to think. O, yes—she horse-whipped Katrinka to death . . . Poor little Katrinka . . . and she poisoned Julie and now, if you touch that Chicken à la King, I'll (*cuffs her lightly*) Take that, little dove, and that—

OLGA: (*whimpering*) But it smells so good and I'm hungry. You can't stop me, Ivan. (*She deliberately dips her fingers into the chafing-fish filled with Chicken à la King, and then puts them into her mouth, making appropriate sounds*) M'mm, that's dee-lish-shus (*She spatters some of the sauce upon Ivan*)

IVAN: (*seizing her shoulders and shaking her*) You little pig. I'll teach you better manners. (*thrusting her from him*) Take care, little dove, I know this household only too well. (*He turns to the table and, with a spoon, helps himself to a generous mouthful of Chicken à la King.*)

OLGA: You horrid old elephant, you—(*straightening up suddenly*) Quick, Ivan, I hear them coming.

*Ivan hastily slams the cover on the chafing dish and rushes to the window. He becomes very much absorbed in the progress of the street-battle that is booming on with increased fury. Olga runs to the table and stands at attention.*

*The General and his wife enter from the right. They saunter to the table.*

GENERAL PETOFF: As usual, soul of my heart, I am hungry. Fighting is a hungry game. You see, my dear, I am always the philosopher. Man lives to eat and fight. As you know, Nietzsche says "Man was made for war—"

MARIE: "And Woman?" Ah, my great hungry bear, I have a surprise for you. (*they are seated by this time*) Look. (*she lifts the cover of the chafing dish*) Chicken à la King!

GEN: Impossible, little flower, not Chicken à la King. We are poor, we are poverty-stricken. Ha, Ha, my little one, you are joking. That is Russia, women jest while men fight. That is the truth, fond one—No, no, we'll have no more fooling—

MARIE: But look, my dear, and smell—is this not Chicken à la King *she lifts the chafing dish up to his nose*) Am I not here, the table here—wake up, my wolf and eat; you are not dreaming. (*to Olga*) You may go now. (*Exit Olga*)

*Ivan is becoming sincerely interested in the battle. He waves his arms wildly,—clenches his fists and stamps his feet.*

IVAN: The Red Guards have turned pink; they're retreating. Look, they're going behind the front. When their Captain said "Column right," they columned wrong.

GEN.: No, I am not dreaming, although there are times when dreams and reality are one. (*he falls to*)

MARIE: And now, my great bear, I've found that this is a strange world, after all; but a world in which one may satisfy every desire, if one but uses a little skill. A pinch of salt, a dash of Worcestershire, and voilà. I have always prided myself upon being a good cook—

GEN.: And a wily woman—

"Ah, women, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
But when the bugles sound retreat,  
You fill us with good things to eat."

MARIE: As Sir Walter didn't say—

IVAN: They tried to right their right flank, but they found that they were left.

MARIE: Really, Leon, you are so merry, that I think I'll make a confession to you.

GEN.: A confession means regret. What does Aristotle say about regret? Pshaw, I've forgotten. It was either Aristotle or G. K. Chesterton, now—

IVAN: The Killehoff army is in sight. It's walking right over the flower-beds in the park. Dear me, how thoughtless.

MARIE: Stop philosophizing, Leon. Tell me, is the chicken good?

GEN.: Ah, light of my soul, that was Chicken à la King such as I have never tasted before.

MARIE: Leon, you're really an awfully nice man when you forget your philosophy; then you're not half so boresome. Now, to get back to the Chicken à la King; you know that stranger that lodged with us last night,—well, he was an elderly man, not at all tender, in fact, a trifle tough. Do you know that it was due to his miraculous presence that we, today, are permitted to eat this tempting meal of Chicken à la King?

*Voice of the mob outside:* We want General Killehoff—General Killehoff!

IVAN: They're going crazy out there; they've no more ammunition.

GEN.: Come, we'll not think of the stranger, we have hopes before us. Although I've had a very unsuccessful morning, I'll plunge Russia into her fiftieth revolution this afternoon, so let us be happy while we may. (*he helps himself to a cup of tea*) A toast to the new revolution. In spite of General Killehoff's efforts to raise a counter-revolution with the aid of clerks from the department stores, I have hopes of a victory.

IVAN: Horrors! they're biting each other.—There isn't a bullet left.

GEN.: And I swear General Killehoff shall not—

*The Mob:* Killehoff, Killehoff, where is Killehoff?

MARIE: Stop. Is that *the* General Killehoff? (*She begins to laugh hysterically*)

GEN.: Yes, but you need have no fear—(*Marie moans*)

IVAN: Oh, oh, the Ex-President has given the Minister of War a black eye.

MARIE: General Killehoff was my late husband; he was supposed to be dead. I thought there was something familiar—

GEN.: Killehoff is in my power now; he was the stranger that stayed here last night.

MARIE: Too late, too late. He was my late husband—

GEN.: You're wrong, my dear, he wasn't late; he was too early—he came too early; if he had come later—

IVAN: The Food-Commissioner has eaten off the Ex-President's ear—I can no longer respect those men. If they only had machine guns now. Heavens! They're choking each other with their bare hands.

MARIE: Leon dear, I must confess—when I saw the stranger lying on the couch in the front hall last night—

*The Mob:* KILLEHOFF!

IVAN: (*shaking his fist at the mob*) You can't have General Killehoff!

MARIE: When I saw him, I thought of mutton stew; nice hot mutton stew with peas and carrots and potatoes. You know I like mutton stew when I cook it myself. I—

GEN.: But *I* don't—I never *did* and never *will*—

IVAN: Wow! That chap took a handful of hair out of Admiral Teckoff's head—What business has the Admiral on land, anyway?

MARIE: Listen dear,—and then I thought of lamb chops,—broiled. You know how good lamb chops are broiled crisp and brown with plenty of pepper and salt. But then I thought, "No, lamb chops won't do. We can get lamb chops elsewhere!" I thought and thought and then I remembered how fond you were of Chicken à la King. I knew we had plenty of cream in the ice box,—and plenty of butter; the more butter you use, the better it is.

*The door, right, is thrown open. A half-dozen soldiers enter, headed by their Captain.*

CAP.: We've come for General Killehoff; he's to lead our counter-revolution. He told us he was staying here.

GEN.: You can't have him. I have a revolution all my own. You young upstart—you can't raise a revolution; you don't know how. I'll—

MARIE: Control yourself, dear. Just a moment, Captain. Ivan, get the General and bring him in here. (*Exit Ivan*)

MARIE: And so, Leon, when I saw the General lying there, he was snoring. But I wasn't the least bit afraid because I thought of you and how you liked Chicken à la King. I couldn't resist the temptation. I—

*Enter Ivan and two servants bearing a large, black kettle.*

MARIE: Here's your General, Captain. Leon, forgive me, I took out my pen-knife and cut the General up into little pieces—He was our—

*She breaks off, and falls, sobbing, into her husband's arms.*

CURTAIN

# The Harbor

EARL P. HANSON

There are soft, heavy rugs on the floors of the many steamship offices. There are solid oak desks and mahogany chairs. There are bustling clerks and scores of noisy typewriters. Men sit there and direct the commerce of the world.

"Ten thousand tons for Finland!" says a gray-suited, quiet-faced man, and eventually a huge freighter goes lumbering out past the Statue of Liberty, and fifty men see the last of their country for three long months. "Send her to Buenos Aires!" and so it goes,—to Norway, to Africa, to China, around the world and back again,—while the offices look calmly out over the vast harbor from the tops of their sky-scrapers and say: "All this is ours."

There are rows upon rows of smoke-stacks and masts. There are ships from the four corners of the earth, trim, white coast vessels, steel boats, graceful little schooners, noisily puffing tugs. Snub-nosed ferries are eternally ringing their bells, casting off and making fast, scooting back and forth among the deep-sea traffic. Puff! Puff! Puff! a sea-going tug is racing out to meet a charge. Whistles are blowing, chains are rattling, ships are coming in and going out. Here is life; here is the heart of the world. And as if to bind all this together, as if to make a unit out of all this conglomeration of motion and noise and energy and steel and wood, the Sandy-Hook fog-horn sets up a dismal wail every other minute.

From the tops of many sky-scrapers the steamship offices look down on all this with a nonchalant, self-sufficient air and say to themselves, say to the visitor and the world: "We are the masters: all this is ours to play with." Nowhere, neither in office nor warehouse nor cabin, does the visitor or the world, or, for all that, the office itself, see the least indication that at times these are not masters at all, but mere toys in the hands of a restless giant.

Down on the corner of South Street, a few feet from the stagnant and stinking harbor, where decaying melon-rinds rub lazily up and down against half-rotted wooden piles, are the headquarters of the union. Up one flight of dark and dirty stairs one comes to the delegates' office which is protected by an outer room and a clerk who swears at pestering seamen with no apparent business. And up another flight of stairs is the union-hall. Men sit about and smoke and chew tobacco and lose their money on cards. Men, all

kinds of men, young men, old men, strong, vigorous men, and senile rotten bits of humanity sit on the benches and snore, or just sit there and look, not doing anything, not smoking, not talking, not resenting, not hoping, just looking, staring straight ahead at nothing that they recognize. Sometimes they get up and scan the bulletin board for a chance to catch a turbine for South America, or to see who is behind in his dues and what wage-scale is in existence on union boats. Sometimes they go down and get the delegate's clerk to ship them out for a few months, but other men come in to take their places, to lose their money on cards, to smoke, or sit there and stare ahead into nothing. And there is nothing anywhere, neither in union-hall nor office, harbor nor docks, nor ships, to say to the world and, for all that, to the union itself, that these are the masters, that here is the giant who stares away at nothing he can recognize, and holds in his hand all those on the tops of the sky-scrapers. He is becoming strangely uneasy. He looks straight ahead into space and he thinks he knows what is the trouble; he thinks he knows what he sees. He gets up to scan the bulletin board for a wage scale. Occasionally he acts.

Then we have a strike. Then the visitor and the world and the shipping office can see who is the master, can see who is helpless in the hands of a giant.

There are rows upon rows of smoke-stacks and masts. Snub-nosed ferries go scooting back and forth. Here and there a tugboat is puffing along, but otherwise the harbor is dead. On piers and on cobblestoned streets are the picketing strikers, to see that nothing shall leave and no one shall scab. Occasionally, under cover of darkness, a launch goes out with a load of men. A steamer lifts anchor in the middle of the harbor and guiltily steals to sea with an undersized crew. Word gets to the hall that a ship has left. Hundreds of men gather on the New Bowery in front of Kaun's shipping agency, and engage in a free-for-all fight. Police arrive. Shots are heard. Bricks are thrown, while the men from the hall take turn and turn about as pickets on the waterfront. Turn and turn about, back and forth; morning, noon and night, while truck loads and drays full of spoiling goods stand in the narrow streets and await shipment by the one solitary line that has given in to the demands of the union and is allowed to operate.

The delegate, as he leaves for a conference or re-

turns to his office, is a center of interest. "How are they coming?" men want to know. "Stand fast!" "Don't give in!" "Settle this thing quick!" After a week some of them become anxious. "When can we get to work?" "When can we earn some money?" They pester the clerk for jobs. Brooks Company has given in to the union, and there is a scramble for berths. "Take the kid, here. He'll be starving to death!" "Take this man; he's been picketing every day." They crowd into the office, demanding, questioning, pushing. The Seamen's Church building and the Seamen's Y. M. C. A. are masses of seething, anxious, eager, crowding humanity. And the bulletin boards in the union hall, in the Church Institute, in the Y. M. C. A., in the Scandinavian Sailors' Home, contain a wealth of news, or reports on the conference, reports of scabbing engineers, directions for all union men, directions for picketers, newspaper clippings on the situation in Baltimore and the sympathy-strike in Sweden.

Truck loads and drays full of spoiling goods stand in the blistering sun, waiting to be loaded into an occasional Dutchman or some one of the Brooks Liners.

Rows upon rows of smokestacks and masts lie idle in the harbor. The heart of the world has ceased beating, while the seamen and the oilers and the cooks and the firemen send their delegates to the daily conferences to tell of their demands.

The world sends out a frantic call for help. Motion is stopped. Millions are lost daily. Men are starving for lack of food.

"Your ten thousand tons will go to Finland when the unions allow it", a gray suited, quiet-faced man tells his customer. He may as well add: "When we give in to the unions," for the customer and the office and the delegate can see, for two brief and terrible weeks, who is the master and who is helpless in the hands of a giant.

Then the strike ends. Almost instantly things become as they were before. From the tops of their sky-scrapers the many steamship companies look out over the beating heart of the world and say with a nonchalant, self-sufficient air: "We are the masters; all this is ours to play with."

## COLOR SKETCHES

PENNELL CROSBY

Peacock blue and ruddy gold,  
Intricate design and old;  
Depths and shadows manifold,  
And shiny twinklings, overbold.

Carmen stroked with lacquered black,  
Dull gray with a silver track,  
Purple, tawny, vermillac.

Black of midnight, with a rift  
Of silver, for an angel's wing,  
Or just a silver moon to drift  
Through darkness void, unechoing.

Palegray-green and soft blue-gray,  
Blue-green in careless splashes lay  
Where molten silver waters play;  
Brown-tawny leaves; tree columns gray.

Tired gray and faded brown,  
And threatening blue black shadows frown;  
But where the darkness deepest lies,  
Across the angry gloom there flies  
A flash of scarlet, brave and bright  
Like joyous, dauntless, laughter-light.

## DREAM VENDOR

MAVIS MC INTOSH

Dreams! Dreams!  
 Golden dreams and airy!  
 Who will buy my sweet dreams?  
 You, my pretty fairy?

Oh, I went down to Dublin town  
 To see my love one May,  
 For 'twas my wish to wed with her,  
 An' she had but to say.

I offered all my wealth of dreams,  
 But she would not have any;  
 She scorned me for another lad,  
 Who had a golden penny.

Dreams! Dreams!  
 Golden dreams and airy!  
 Who will buy my sweet dreams?  
 Many—many—many—  
 I will sell them, every one,  
 For a golden penny!

## At the Sign of the White Cross

HELEN MOORE

It was our leisure Sunday. Rose-Marie and I had been on the early shift for two weeks, which meant rising at five o'clock, dressing hastily in the cold, swallowing a cup of very bad "café au lait," and a couple of slices of dry toast, and walking a mile and a half in the frosty air, under the cold light of the stars, to the barracks. Therefore on this particular Sunday we were resolved to sleep late.

Before daylight, however, the bells, pealing forth melodiously to summon the good people of Tours to early mass, awakened us, and Rose-Marie and I lay quietly, listening and talking now and then in low voices, until the dull winter sun rose and melted the silver frost on the sycamore balls outside our window.

I yawned and stretched, then sat up in bed. The odor of the *café au lait* came stealing up into our room from the kitchen, which opened on to the courtyard, and forcibly reminded me that the same dry toast and abominable coffee were waiting below. I sniffed, remembering Sunday morning breakfast at home; fresh fruit, and Clarence, his black face aglow and his white cap askew, coming up with steaming hot biscuit and cups of real coffee, with cream instead of canned milk and sugar instead of saccharine.

"Rose-Marie," I said earnestly, "If you will suggest a place to go, I'll invite you to breakfast somewhere in town with me this morning."

"I can take you to a very interesting place," responded Rose-Marie, her English made pleasantly crisp by her French voice; "but it is not such a place as you would go in your country."

"What is it like?"

"It is a hotel; the '*Croix Blanche*.' It is a very, very old hotel; one of the oldest buildings in Tours. There is a court-yard—oh, very large, with—what do you call those large gray birds with quite long necks?—oh yes—geese, and ducks, and first you go to the kitchen and order your meal, and then Madame will take you to the dining-room, where the tablecloths are all stained with wine, and they have perhaps not yet brushed away the bread-crumbs from the last meal. And then little Claire, whose young husband is fighting at the front, will serve you with real French *café au lait*, with fresh milk, and sugar—very coarse, and yellow, too, but sugar all the same. Will you try it?"

Try it! After hearing Rose-Marie's description of the Hotel of the White Cross, vividly rendered in her charmingly crisp French accent, accompanied by flashes of her dark eyes and a great deal of movement with her hands, I could not but be interested, and half an hour later we set out.

We trudged down a long, narrow, cobblestone street, rough enough to justify the use of the clattering wooden sabots which passed us. On either side of us loomed

dingy green and red shops, closed for the day by the simple expedient of removing the door handle. In some of the windows rare old laces were draped over antique bronze statues and glass candelabrae; in other strings and strings of long sausages were suspended, while on the shelves beneath the *saucisson* we glimpsed row on row of little round boxes of Camembert cheese.

I gazed on the entrance of the *Croix Blanche* with some misgiving. A huge iron gate, rusted by the ravages of time and weather, admitted us to a rough stone courtyard. Above the gateway a cross was suspended, which still had flecks of paint on it to indicate that it must once have been white.

Inside the courtyard we found every evidence of French farm life; a small white dog was curled up, asleep, in a two-wheeled cart; over to one side two big Belgian horses at the watering trough looked up as we passed, and as we approached the kitchen door the Madame of Rose-Marie's description opened it and tossed a dishpan full of scraps to a clamoring, scolding group of round-eyed ducks and geese.

"Different, is it not?" queried Rose-Marie. "Come into the kitchen and meet Madame."

In the warm kitchen a profusion of different odors greeted us. Brussels sprouts, simmering on the stove, sent forth a cabbagey smell which presently joined itself to the aroma of hot coffee and the peculiar never-to-be-mistaken odor of ripe Camembert. The old building was, in itself, gloomy enough, but there was an air of hominess, of kindness and smiles, over the whole place.

Madame laid down her spoons and called into the depths on the other side of the huge kitchen,

"Claire! Come! It is Mademoiselle Rose-Marie, with an American friend, for breakfast."

Claire came out into the light, a dark-eyed, laughing, loving bit of French girlhood, with a tiny baby in her arms.

"*Bon jour, Mesdames!* How do you do?" she said, and held out the baby for our inspection.

"You have not seen my son, Mademoiselle. See, how he looks like his father! Today he is old three months, and his father comes this morning to see him for the first time."

"For the first time!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. Three weeks ago I have a letter from him—see, it is here." She drew a soiled and crumpled letter from the depths of her bodice.

"See, he begins always, 'My dear little wife', and he writes that he will have permission and will be here this morning. Ever since we are married he is at the

front, Mademoiselle, but today he comes, to see his *petit Jacques*. Oh, I am very happy!"

And indeed, she was, for such was her happiness that underneath it there were tears, and she laughed, even when her eyes were wet, and carried the tiny Jacques back to his warm place near the stove and tucked him away in an elaborately carved cradle.

Rose-Marie and I lingered two long hours over our breakfast. Little Claire, bubbling over with her happiness, served us with a rum omelette, lighted, with the little blue flames dancing weirdly around the platter; cups of excellent French coffee, powdery, tasty figs, sweet dates, crisp rolls with fresh butter, and a broad slice of the ever-present Camembert. We sat in the dingy old dining-room, loving its wine-stained linens, its scampering mice, and its grinning gargoyle in a niche in the ceiling, and saw, in these surroundings, and in tears of Claire and the friendly smiles of Madame, the inmost soul of the staunch patriotism of France.

When the morning was almost gone Claire came in to clear away the dishes, a little trouble finding its way into her eyes now, for Jacques had not come.

"Perhaps this afternoon—" I suggested, but Claire interrupted me.

"Look!" She pointed toward the gate, through which several officers in gray-blue were just entering, and darted from the room.

"We shall wait yet a little while, before we go to the kitchen to pay Madame."

I nodded; Rose-Marie had a delicate comprehension of the scene which must be taking place in the kitchen. We waited until some twenty minutes had passed, before we passed out under the grinning gargoyle, through the dark entry-way, and across the courtyard. At the kitchen door we paused.

Over by the stove Madame sat, with her apron flung over her head. Three or four French officers stood just inside the door, with heads uncovered.

Claire had dragged the cradle into the middle of the room, and was kneeling in front of it, talking in a broken sort of way to little Jacques. Her tears were falling fast on his woolen coverlet, and she dangled before his uncomprehending blue eyes the ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honor.

"See, my little one," she was saying, "see, little Jacques. Now it is for you to be a man, and take his place, is it not so? Now you must grow fast, and be such a man as he was—is it not so, little one? Such a man as my Jacques—my Jacques—"

She rocked the cradle gently back and forth, in an agony of uncontrollable tears, then suddenly crumpled the ribbon in her hands and bowed her head over it, sobbing unrestrainedly.

# Simpson's

## The Simpson Shop Policy

of buying reasonable quantities and selling at reasonable prices is very much in evidence here today. We have no "year old" merchandise to sell at so-called pre-war prices.

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## “Snipes”

J. PAUL PEDIGO

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.—Genesis 2:7.

He was a slight old fellow, with a faded brown coat and dark trousers that dangled in cross-hatched folds. At Fourth and Grand he stood for a moment looking furtively around, peering from beneath the brim of a ragged cap drawn down over his eyes. Something about him interested me; I stepped back to a shop window and watched him. There was an object in the street that attracted him. He kept making false starts, shuffling up the walk a few steps and then turning back. I soon saw what held his attention. Five feet from the curb, on the macadam, lay a cigar, its resplendent band glittering and shining; scarcely an inch of its fat bulk had been smoked away. This was the prize to which his eyes were bent.

A diversion on the streets caught the attention of passersby. The traffic policeman had raised his voice to tell some hesitant motorist to “come ahead, there,” and faces were turned toward them. Here was opportunity! The ragged cap and fringe of iron-gray hair bobbed out of sight; then the seamy countenance, with the furtive eyes and drooping mouth, was back where I could see it. The man, his hand jammed into his coat pocket, strode eagerly up the sidewalk. Half a block away, where the current of the crowd made an eddy, he stopped, lit a match and shrugged up his shoulders, half burying his face.

Perhaps the cigar was damp. After a futile effort, he slipped it back into his pocket and glided down the street. Impatient young men brushed against him and pushed him to the edge of the walk; a fastidious “lady,” screwing up her powdered nose and puckering too-red lips, jerked her skirts away. But he seemed unconscious of individuals; his nervous side-glances never lit, merely swept restlessly and uncertain from one face to the next. Then he stopped in an empty store-entrance and lit another match, standing with his hunched shoulders like a pensive stork.

This time luck was with him. A hazy blue cloud floated up. A ray of sunlight, dropping through the awning, caught the opalescent shreds of smoke and played with them until they faded into dull gray. And now the smoker, inhaling the warm fragrance of Queen Nicotine, seemed to breathe in new energy. His chest swelled until the buttons of his coat tugged. He

appeared even to try to fill the voluminous trousers—vain endeavor, that! His cap pushed up higher on his forehead; his chin lifted out of his coat collar. He strolled out into the sunshine and halted a moment at the curb, and his cool glances ran up and down, no longer furtive. For a moment he stood there, suddenly become calm and assured, defiantly compelling traffic to pass around him. Then he sauntered up the street.

A hurrying business man collided with him and apologized.

“Cert’nly,” responded He of the Cigar. “S all right, sir.”

Women looked at him curiously as they passed. He strode, reserved and complacent, looking about him aloof and remote; he seemed to possess a certain detachment from his surroundings—or perhaps it was that the man was a thing apart from his ill-assorted, baggy clothes. . . . A pink-cheeked and much loved baby, wrapped deep in quilting. . . . A well-groomed host, smiling over bubbling champagne, in a setting of servants and escutcheons and many friends. . . . A grim worker of the shops, plodding home to the scant joys of a fading wife and ill-favored child. . . . A wandering, wondering dreamer of gilded dreams. . . . Who could tell what life revived and throbbed again under the aromatic magic of that cigar?

I stepped to his side and suavely asked the way to Third street.

“Right ahead,” he answered.

I fell in at his side then, walking beside him and saying nothing—a journalistic trick, not of the kindest, for surprising the thoughts of strangers. Would it succeed with him? What words would he utter? He felt the weight of the silence, for he studied me cautiously.

“It’s—a—it’s a nice day. . . .”

Was that absurd triviality the end of my quest? I smiled a little and admitted the weather was satisfactory.

“Winter’s coming,” I added.

He turned his gaze upward and said softly:

“Snowclouds are blowing; cold weather’s here.”

For a moment I thought that was all, but he continued in a matter of fact tones, as if it were no uncommon thing for a creature of the streets to be quoting original poetry.



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## Help Wanted!

There are several positions on the business staff of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine still open.

Students who have had some experience in publication work, and who desire to devote some of their time to work in the circulation or advertising department, will please apply to the Business Manager.

Experience is not wholly necessary, but it is essential that the applicant has good scholastic standings.

## Wisconsin Literary Magazine

A. J. Fehrenbach, Business Manager

Room 33 Union Building

Office Hours: 5 to 5:30 daily

" Listen:

"Trailing lines of honking geese, a fallen leaf and sear,  
Fleeting ranks of dun-hued clouds, a hazier atmosphere:  
Criers dumb, yet Stentor-like, proclaim an aging year—  
Springtime never seems so far as when the winter's here!

"When I wrote that, I was no older than you are now."

He puffed at the cigar, while I stared my curiosity. Then, perhaps in answer to the unaskable questions that shone in my eyes, he went on.

"Understand French?" he asked. "Pascal said something that I read back in the days when I was still writing poetry—I've wondered sometimes if I wouldn't have been different if I had never seen it. '*L'homme n'est ni ange ni bete, et le malheur est que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bete.*'"

He paused for a time, looking intently at the remaining stub of the cigar. We reached Third street and stopped. Then he glanced sharply at me, just before we separated, and said grimly:

"*J'ai voulu voir, j'ai vu.*"

A few feet away I turned and looked back. He was striding through the crowd, still puffing valiantly.

But the lazy clouds became scanty. The cigar dwindled to a mere fragment, to be grasped between thumb and forefinger. As it dissipated itself, the old man's head sank again, his gait began to lag. Soon he was shuffling as before, with but a ghost of his evanescent vigor.

Then he threw away the remnant of the cigar, gazed regretfully after it, and slunk off down a side street. I followed him until, at a non-committal house on a nondescript street, where a pop-eyed girl played jacks with her tow-haired companion, he crept up a flight of stairs and out of sight.

## FLAME

FRANCES DUMMER

I sat with you midst new blown flowers of May,  
In awe and yearning at the happy Spring's  
Expectancy, and silent bourgeonings,  
Nor was there need of anything to say;  
Till passion sprang up fierce and tore away  
The sheath of calm, with flaming, beating, wings;  
Your strong lips burned on mine, you said such things  
As I had longed to hear until that day.  
Yet passion's flight in self-consuming flame,  
Soon burned out grayly to its ashen death;  
And nothing was the same, yet all the same  
As ere the surface singeing of his breath;  
For love from passion born is but a name  
That leaves unsearched the still, lone soul beneath.

## Cards for Christmas

If you put off buying Greeting Cards until the week before, you'll be spending the week after Christmas in getting New Year's cards for all the friends you forgot. Begin to make up a list today.

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Select your point from a large stock where you are sure to get the pen that will fit your hand.

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# In the Shadows

FRANK W. GRAY

"There! I'm through!" And with these outspoken words, Mrs. Mary Hutchins cast her apron with a wild flourish to the far end of the smoky kitchen and flounced through the house to the front porch. "Through!" she reiterated harshly to little three year old William who had toddled after her and stood peering out of the screen door in childish amazement.

"Oh," she half sobbed to herself, "I'm sick, sick, sick, of all this drudgery—cooking in a smelly little kitchen—cleaning; forever cleaning; eternally cleaning a dirty, shabby little house that bothersome youngsters forever muss up. Day after day, week after week, year after year; where is the end of it all, why is the beginning? Why don't I ever have any pleasure—ever go anywhere, ever see anything? This measly little street," and she included the entire neighborhood in one sweeping gesture, "here I stay among these miserable surroundings, pinching and scraping to live—just to live.

"William! stop scratching that screen door or I shall certainly go crazy." William retired in haste at this unwonted declaration.

"Yes," she went on querulously to herself, "here we stay, we women, treading the same routine, slaving our youth away, till—till our backs are bent, our figures misshapen, and our spirits broken. Oh God! I can't stand it any longer."

She rose and passed mechanically into the house. The youngsters gathered together in the corner, a little awed, a little frightened. They had never seen their mother carry on so before and their childish natures craved the solution.

Mary flung herself down on the rickety bed in the dingy little bedroom, and there her husband found her when he returned from work.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked solicitously, "sick?"

His wife turned on one elbow and eyed him coldly; her blue eyes, generally so bright and warm, were hard and a little fixed in a stare that seemed to see beyond her present surroundings.

"Tom, I'm tired and sick of this life. For the last eight years I've done nothing but slave—yes, that's it, slave. I have given my youth—given until I feel like a wreck—and look worse. Look at me, Tom!" She rose to her feet and stood erect, her shapeless apron garment falling in loose folds over her slight, work-worn figure. Her face was sallow, her chin thin and

pointed, her cheeks were tinged with a faint, unhealthy blue. The muscles stood out stringy and ugly on her arms and hands; her hair straggled down and framed a pathetic little face, a face in which there was the pathos of subverted aspirations. The eyes were aimless and dispassionate, the eyes of a brave soul who sees defeat at the end of a long struggle.

Tom Hutchins stood in the doorway and contemplated the tense figure in front of him. He was a just man, a deliberate man, a kind man. He had never enjoyed the advantages of education, but he was honest and had lived his life in measure with circumstance and had never sought to analyze either himself, or those about him, to any great extent. Tom loved his wife. Mary had been a good woman to him; he could not understand her whims and fancies—never tried—but this was different. Her very aspect showed him that something serious was in the air; he sucked carefully at his pipe as he strove to penetrate this enigma. Sure enough, Mary did look sort of petered out—why hadn't he noticed it before; maybe she had worked too hard. She never had been very strong since that last baby was born. Yes, he had expected too much of her. A look of tenderness came into his tired eyes.

"Why, Mary, girl," he said softly in his clumsy way, "you do look sort o' tired. Now just go to bed and rest, while I give the kiddies their supper and wash up the dishes.

"Bed!" she almost screamed, "bed!—Tom, it isn't bed that I need. I've got to get away from this wretched existence. I can't stand this monotony. I was never brought up to this life—we didn't live this way over in the old country. I'm going away to—Chicago." Mary uttered Chicago as her destination entirely on the spur of the moment. She had never considered going to Chicago—even in her remotest dreams—but why not Chicago? She had never seen a large city, why not Chicago?

"Yes, Tom," she concluded passionately, "I'm going to Chicago."

Her husband stood motionless in the doorway. It took him fully a minute to grasp the significance of her statement. He puffed quietly at his pipe and followed the wavy trail to the ceiling.

"But, Mary, I don't know whether I can afford to send you to Chicago."

"Afford, afford, afford," she repeated after him.

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"that's all I have heard for years. I have money of my own that I have saved up; I earned it doing washings and light mending; I had meant to surprise you and buy a couch for the living room, but I'm going to Chicago," she repeated obstinately. "See"—she ran to the dresser in the corner and pulled a worn little bag from a remote niche. She released the string at the top and a rain of silver and copper coins poured forth on the bed, mixed in were a few dirty bills. "I saved it, Tom, fifty-four dollars and seventy cents—and I'm going to spend it all."

The children peered wonderingly through their father's legs at the strange tableau. There had seldom been that much money in the Hutchins home.

Tom considered, his grey eyes fixed upon her. He did not stop to consider the various contingencies of the case; Mary wanted to go to Chicago; she was tired of home; all right, she should go.

"I have some money too, Mary," he said, "Twenty-seven dollars," (he did not add that it had been saved for a long desired shot-gun). "You can have that too."

The woman wavered and felt her self control slipping. She had steeled herself to meet refusals, reproaches, anything but this sudden acquiescence to her plans. The scene impressed itself oddly upon her mind—the tiny bedroom, the torn wall paper, the black shadows that shortened and lengthened as the kerosene lamp pulsated in the draught; even the raucous voice of a talking machine in a nearby house broke into her bewildered consciousness; the patient face of her husband in the doorway, the children crowding behind him. Her irresolute, little figure trembled with the strain of her hysteria, she felt the impulse to laugh—to scream—then she passed quickly into the other room and commenced supper.

That night, Mary lay awake long after the heavy breathing of her husband proclaimed him asleep. She turned over and over in her mind the situation of the afternoon. Chicago! she had never been to a city before. She thrilled at the thought of the wonders in store for her, trembled in the darkness at the thought of imaginary terrors. Then she quieted; later she dreamed strange wild dreams of fantastic cities, and trains and the terrible accidents which might befall her.

The next afternoon, Tom came home from the mill two hours early. He changed his work clothes to his black Sunday best, slicked down his hair, and proceeded to help Mary pack her shoddy little valise. He did not ask for details of her proposed trip or press her for further information. Enough that she was going. Tom was a philosophical man; his wife was going to Chicago, what was the use of worrying or bothering her with questions. Mary was a little shaken as

she gave the last instructions as to housekeeping and kissed the children goodbye.

They made a queer picture as they started down the street. Mary marching primly along and Tom slouching a little behind with the luggage. Mrs. Garry, who lived next door, wheeled ponderously down to the gate.

"I hear y'r goin' to Chicago, Mary. What'r y' goin' to do down there? I got a son livin' there. Might call him up. Good-bye, Mary," she screamed at the retreating figures, "don't get run over."

Mary felt on the verge of tears as she kissed her husband goodbye on the platform of the day coach. "Don't forget to feed the hens, Tom—and put a clean dress on Billy—and don't leave the stove burning under my best kettles."

The last she saw of him was a lonely figure in black on the edge of the platform, mechanically waving his handkerchief—then the train passed around the curve by the mill. Mary felt like an explorer of new worlds as the train thundered on through the late afternoon.

It was a lonely evening for Tom Hutchins. He lined the children up at the kitchen table and administered to each a fitting dose of bread and milk and warmed over beans. Then he himself sat down by the stove to his cold supper. The whole group were a little solemn, thinking of the absent mother. The man herded the youngsters up to bed, clumsily undressed little Billy, tucked away the others, and departed to the porch, to smoke alone.

Later that night, ushers in the great terminal station in Chicago, eyed with wonder the slight, little woman who strode bravely along past the trains looking neither to right nor left. Mary had decided that she would not be branded as from the country, and accordingly, she clutched her umbrella in one hand, her valise tightly in the other, pulled her shawl closer, and advanced resolutely to her onslaught on the unsuspecting city. She sought out a taxi and deposited herself therein with the hauteur of a queen.

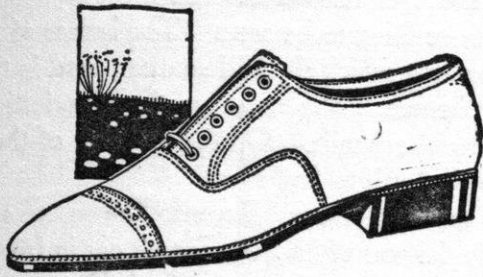
"Where?" demanded the driver.

"To the hotel," she responded loftily.

The taxi man turned and regarded his passenger with a new found interest. "But, which hotel?" he pressed her.

"The best."

The driver stared a moment longer, scratched his head thoughtfully, and drove away. Mary gazed wonderingly out of the windows at the brilliant, electric lighted world without. Sensations flashed across her face, as light on a sensitized plate—wonderment, surprise, curiosity, and some timidity. The driver set her down in the elegant facade of one of the world's famous hostels. She poured the fare out into his



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hands from her black knitted bag. He looked wonderingly at the pile of worn coins. "Well, I'll be d——nd!" he exclaimed at her retreating figure.

The little woman pressed unflinchingly up to the imposing desk front in the lobby. A blasé, young clerk with brilliantined hair attended her with a superficial smile of curiosity.

"How much are your rooms," she asked.

"Ten dollars a day and up."

"Ten doll——!" She turned a little white. The clerk queried her impatiently, "Well?"

One of the older clerks behind the desk, a man with silvered hair and a benignant face, came to the rescue. He had seen many such a pathetic figure in his day. "What is it, Madam?" he asked, courteously.

"A room," she answered, "I wanted to stay here, but maybe I've gotten the wrong place."

"How much did you wish to pay?"

"Why—about two dollars."

"We have just the thing," he responded, thinking of a vacant housekeeper's room on the upper floor, "a very nice room for only two dollars. Here—front!" he called to a bell-boy, "this lady to 1342."

There was a kindly look in his eyes as he regarded the retreating figure.

Mary Hutchins awoke bright and early the next morning, six-thirty, to be exact. She dressed hastily and hurried down, determined to see the greatest portion of the city possible that morning. She was surprised to find the vast lobby deserted, the lights on, and scrub women going over the wide empty floors. In the street, she hesitated—the automobiles were headed in one direction—that way must be down town, she thought, and away she went.

All morning long, she wandered ceaselessly through the great department stores. It never occurred to her to stop and rest, she must see it all, this might be her last chance. Here and there she made a careful purchase which she clutched tightly to her bosom. Clerks in the stores stared wonderingly at the quaint, worn little woman in the queer old fashioned gown, and the ancient hat all covered with red cherries.

In the afternoon, she wandered into a theatre and bought a seat away up in the topmost gallery. There she gazed enchanted down at the stage far beneath. She thrilled at the acrobats, almost wept over a sentimental sketch, and lost herself completely to a burly Italian tenor. At five-thirty, she issued bewildered into the massed traffic of the streets. A kindly policeman directed her to the hotel.

And for three long days she wandered, and gradually she grew tired, very tired. The noise and the bustle bothered her. She began to long for the quiet, sunny little street at home, and the little brick house

back under the trees. Were Tom and the babies well? What if one of them should be sick—and die! Would she ever forgive herself?

One more thing to be seen. The homes of the millionaires about which she had so often read in the Sunday supplement. She must see those majestic homes and beautiful grounds. On the morning of the fourth day, she set forth to find them.

That same morning, Rupert Slisson was lolling wearily in the seat of his new French car in front of the beautiful Von Slisson home on Park Row. He suddenly spied a woman—a confoundedly queer little woman—peering through the picket fence at the house beyond. She looked very poor, yes, very much like one of those damned Bolsheviki. He craned his neck to see her slip in through the open gate to the grounds. By Jove! She must be interrogated. He approached her.

"Who are you?" he demanded peremptorily. Her faltering replies perplexed him the more. "Guess I'd better call an officer," he said, and stepped out to look up and down the boulevard.

An officer! Tom! What would he think? An officer! The young man turned quickly at a gasp and moan behind him. The woman was desperately pale and clutched with her hand at the iron post of the fence. He looked at the pathetic droop of the bent little body; she looked like a scared rabbit—Yes, by George, just like one of those snared rabbits, down on his hunting estate.

He led her to the car and in her hard, dry voice she confided to him the whole long story; her childhood in the old country; the voyage to the promised land; then, the bitterness of disillusionment in the last ten years; and the determination she had to see the city—just once. "You won't arrest me for looking at your house, will you?" she wavered.

Rupert Slisson was a waster. He was one of those social figures who are commonly termed parasites by honest working men. He was dissipated, pleasure loving, and in most ways useless; but, down underneath the veneer, he had a strain of real manhood, a capacity for tenderness and love. His heart was strangely moved by the tragedy of the figure before him; not that he sympathized with the working classes, for old Peter Slisson had educated his son to different standards; but this woman,—he had never thought of the women of the poor—always the men—she symbolized the thousands who dwell in the shadows. He was swept by a great and generous impulse.

"Come," he said, "I'll show you the house."

For an hour they toured the magnificent estate and home of Peter Slisson. He painstakingly displayed to her all of the manifold effects of house and grounds.

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As they came back to the car, he hesitated. Few really interesting people came into his pampered young life. He felt a desire to help this woman to realize her pitiful little ambition, to add some color to her experience, to do something really unselfish and worth while. To the country club—? No, she would not feel at home there. There came an inspirational flash—to the amusement park! Why hadn't he thought of that before? In a few words he persuaded her and they sped away to the park.

Billy Symthe was entertaining some of his fashionable friends in his new limosine. He sat up in front with the driver and pretended to fill the place of a caller on a "Rubber-neck."

"This," he called as they stopped at the amusement park, "this is the playground of the proletariat—the five and ten cent paradise. Behold—at play—the pee—pul! What the—," he paused and peered, then pointed speechless at the merry-go-round.

There, in a gaudily painted chariot, sat Rupert Von Slisson, the figurehead of society, the idol of the plutocrats, gaily whirling to the strain of "the Old Oaken Bucket," a shabby woman clutching one arm, while with the other he munched an enormous sandwich.

"Did you see what I saw," gasped Billy Smythe to his companions. "The immaculate Rupert riding on that infernal thing?"

Later they discovered and marvelled at the queer couple shooting the chutes, riding the ferris wheel, and drinking lemonade at the concession stands.

That night Mary Hutchins waved a grateful goodbye to her youthful benefactor from the observation platform of a north-bound train. Her lap was piled with flowers, books, and candy—all presents of young Von Slisson. She took a farewell view of the fading city and then her thoughts reverted to home. How good it seemed to be going back. Her heart welled over with tenderness as she thought of the children, and Tom—how good she would be to them. There

were presents for each. She looked into her valise to verify the list; a new pipe and tobacco pouch for Tom, a toy cart for little Jimmie, a ribbon for Aggie, perfume for Josephine, and a doll for the baby William.

Late in the evening, the train pulled into the old familiar station. Mary marched up the village street with a new found sense of personal prestige. She rounded the corner by the grocery, and there—there back under those trees—home. She almost ran the last half block. A light burned in the front room—Tom must be there waiting. She stumbled up the steps. Tom sat by the reading lamp with all the children, except William, about him. The room had been swept clean and the furniture awkwardly placed around; every aspect of the little room proclaimed the painstaking preparations for her homecoming. At this evidence of welcome, Mary felt tears of joy run down her cheeks. Slipping quickly in the door, she knelt by her husband's knee and gathered all the children into her arms.

When the presents were all distributed, when three sleepy children had been tucked away with many kisses and cuddlings, Mary passed slowly out to the porch. Tom sat alone on the steps, betrayed by the intermittent glow of his pipe in the darkness. How good the tobacco smelled in the night air. She slipped softly down beside him and hugging her knees, rejoiced in the sensation of his stalwart arm about her. The breeze rustled sweetly in the trees, nothing interrupted the peace and quiet of the little street. Soon the moon swung clear of the house-tops and sailed along through star-lit heavens. An occasional couple strolled by beneath the trees.

"Mary?"

"Yes, Tom."

"You won't be leaving us again very soon, will you?"

"My dear," she whispered, a strange softness creeping into her voice, "I'll never leave you again."

## LOVE SONGS

### I.

PAUL GANGELIN

I've had a letter from my love,  
And all the world seems gay to me.  
What matters blue or grey above?  
I've had a letter from my love.

But when my love writes not to me  
Then think you that I sit and sigh?  
Oh, other maids are fair to see—  
The sky is always blue for me.

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# Legends of Wisconsin

TALES OF MANABUSH  
(From the Menomini)

"Manabush" is the trickster of all Indian legends, appearing in tales of all tribes as the great adventurer, the daring one of the Indians. With the Ojibwa of the Great Lakes and the Menomini of Wisconsin and Illinois, Manabush (or "Manabozho", Ojibwa) is an Indian who changes at will into tree or beast and in disguise plays some trick upon his enemies. His favorite disguise is that of a white rabbit.

So Manabush moves on through the tribes, changing name but never character, until we find him in the legends of the Southern Indians, the Biloxi and Cherokee, the impish Rabbit, who was later taken over by the negroes and transformed to the "Brer Rabbit" of Uncle Remus.

"Manabush" of the Menomini is primarily a manido, spirit. The grandson of Nokomis, the Earth, he appears first as a white rabbit from beneath a wooden bowl. When the white rabbit hops across the wigwam floor, the earth shakes, and the evil spirits underground, the Ana maqkiu tremble at the birth of a new and great manido, who is destined to be their mortal enemy. The following legends of the Menomini tell of the adventures of Manabush after he has reached young manhood.

## *Tobacco*

The brothers of Manabush were always without tobacco, for high upon a great mountain, there lived a Giant, who kept all the tobacco in the world. This Giant was ugly and wicked. He loved to keep tobacco from the Indians, who feared him.

One day Manabush, wandering in the mountains, found the cave where the Giant lived. From its mouth came the sweet odor of dried tobacco, dear to the nostrils of the Red Man. Manabush was young and lithe, he feared no one. He strolled into the cave, and faced the Giant, who sat, glowering, among many sacks of the fragrant plant. Manabush, standing straight as a stalk of arrow wood, demanded of the Giant

"Tobacco".

But the Giant, grinning sourly, replied that the manidoes had just come for their yearly supply. No more tobacco would he give until another year had passed.

Like a flash, young Manabush seized a sack of tobacco and glided from the cave, the Giant at his heels. Over the mountain tops they leaped, swift Manabush and the madly roaring Giant. On the top of the high-

est mountain, above a deep precipice, Manabush flattened out suddenly upon the ground and the Giant fell from the precipice. When he had slowly pulled himself up almost to the top of the cliff, gnashing his teeth in rage, Manabush pushed him back and put upon him the curse of the manido. When he reached the bottom of the cavern, he became Kakiune, the jumper,—and for many moons has the Giant been the pest of tobacco growers, the grasshopper, while the Indian brothers of Manabush have never lacked tobacco.

## *The Great Flood*

The evil manidoes, the Ana maqkiu, were enemies of Manabush and to anger him drowned Wolf, his brother. To have revenge, Manabush enticed the Ana maqkiu to come from below the earth to play a game with the good spirits, the Thunderers. The evil manidoes came forth as Bears, to play the ball game with the Thunderers. Manabush, disguised as a tree, watched them, and at last wounded with his arrow the two chiefs of the Ana maqkiu, the White Bear and the Grey Bear.

The Ana maqkiu, in fury, called a great flood to drown Manabush, and the waters came surging over the earth so that Manabush was almost lost. But the Badger came—a manido of truth and strength, and hiding Manabush in the earth, he burrowed steadily, and held the waters back a little while until the Ana maqkiu had gone, thinking Manabush was dead. Manabush came from beneath the ground, and finding the cave of the Ana maqkiu, killed the White Bear and the Grey Bear, and fled with their skins. The raging Ana maqkiu, once more called the flood.

This was a flood that covered all the earth, threatening Manabush. Over high hills and tall trees the waters pursued him, until at last it covered the top of the highest mountain, and Manabush, clinging to a great pine tree, four times made magic that doubled the height of the tree, but all in vain—the waters rose above his armpits and the magic of his own power was gone. Then, with his body almost covered by the flood, Manabush stretched his arms to the sky and invoked the Great Spirit, the Good Mystery of the Indians, whose powers are above all others:

"O, Kisha Manido! Behold—I, Manabush, Thy Manido, the grandson of Nokomis, Earth-mother,—am in danger! The evil waters of the Ana maqkiu devour me. Send thy Mystery that Manabush may live!"

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The great heart of Kisha Manido was touched—he stretched forth his hands, and the deadly flood was ended. Manabush, clinging to his pine branch just above the water, looked about him. All was endless ocean. The brothers of Manabush were far beneath the flood. Of the animals of the forest, he saw only Otter and Mink. Manabush called to them:

"Dive down to the bottom of the flood, and bring me Earth, that I may cause a new world to blossom on these waters."

Loyal and brave were Otter and Mink—but the waters overcame them in their search. Soon their bodies, limp and lifeless, floated at the feet of Manabush. Then, swimming steadily, a small form appeared before him. It was Muskrat.

"Great Manabush, the flood cannot kill Muskrat, the sleek one. Watch!"

He dove beneath the waters and was gone for many hours. When he returned at dawn, exhausted and half drowned, he held in one paw a tiny speck of mud. Great was the rejoicing of Manabush. He rubbed the mud between his palms, and poised on the branch of the pine tree, cast the mud upon the water. There, in the glory of the sunrise, a new world was formed; Manabush, the mighty manido, who came to Nokomis a tiny white rabbit, its creator.

Of all those who lived upon the earth with Manabush there remained only Muskrat and faithful Badger. To Muskrat, Manabush gave the blessing that his tribe should live on forever; to Badger, he gave the skin of the Grey Bear chief, which he has worn through the ages since. For himself, he kept the skin of the White Bear chief. And so, these three began life upon the new world.

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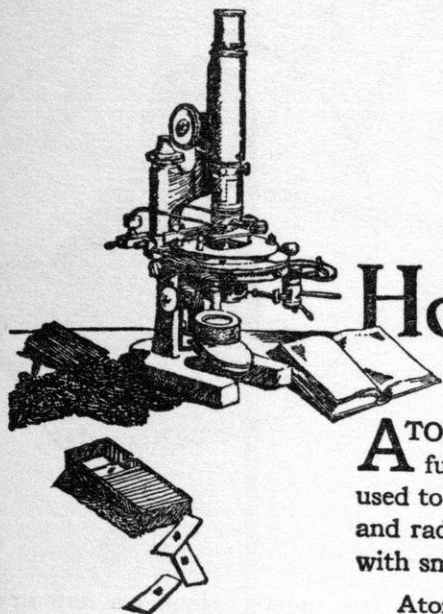
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## How Large is an Atom?

**A**TOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

**General Electric**  
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An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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