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*The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine*

Volume XVIII



Number 2

As I Listened by the Lilacs

William Ellery Leonard

Felicia Delmore

Bertha Ochsner

Ibsen and the Younger Generation

Marion Felix

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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November, 1918

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Publication of the Students of the University of Wisconsin

Volume XVIII

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WITH victory on the battlefield already won, America and her allies are now confronted with the problem of reconstruction—a task that is bound to be even more trying than that of waging war. There was no dissension among groups as to how the war should be fought. All factions united to form one solid phalanx to repel the invader. But now that the great struggle on the battlefield is over, will these same forces continue to work harmoniously together, to clear away the debris from the shell-pocked fields, repair the battered streets and highways, and reconstruct the devastated homes and ruined industries, or will they separate and begin to quarrel while the peoples of the war-stricken countries suffer?

Reconstruction will not only have to be started at once in Europe, but will be needed right at home. America, like the other belligerents, must grasp firmly and solve intelligently the problems which are inevi-

tably bound to arise. England, through its Labor party, has had a reconstruction program for the past year. France has a tentative plan; Italy is already working on plans for rebuilding her areas; and Russia, though very slowly, is attempting to work out her salvation. Only America, as yet, has advanced no program to meet the peace conditions.

Ante bellum conditions, as by a tidal wave, have been swept away—never to return. That is certain. New economic, political, and social conditions must come. And to some extent, they are already here. But these are not sufficient, as every intelligent man and woman is looking forward to greater opportunities, not only for Americans but for all peoples. There are no more belligerents. All nations are now striving for a common goal—democracy and permanent peace.

Our new democracy must be constructed upon a solid foundation; it must be built only of the very best of materials so that it will stand firmly and weather the severest of storms. But before we can erect such a firm structure, the foundation must be planned carefully, as, if the bottom is weak or shaky, the building soon becomes top-heavy and crumbles to the earth.

The architects who are to design this new democracy will need be experienced statesmen, labor leaders, economists, educators, sociologists, businessmen, engineers, and other experts. They will need have a broad and social vision that is not warped by individualistic aims or by personal gain. They will have to be men and women who can think nationally as well as internationally. And before all other points, they will need consider (1) a League of Free, Democratic Nations; (2) Demobilization; (3) Democratic Management of Industries; and (4) Civil and Political Improvements.

A league of free, democratic nations is indispensable to permanent peace. And unless some equitable

and democratic means are utilized to bring together the different nations to agree to abolish all armaments, make equitable trade agreements, and come to a better understanding, a lasting peace is impossible. There is no other way. It is either a league of nations, or an unbridled competition for commercial supremacy—which leads to war.

Demobilization—the problem of returning the soldier to essential industry—must be met quickly, efficiently, and with the least possible friction or disturbance of industry, if discontent, and possible civil strife, are to be averted. Soldiers returning from the battlefield will not be content with make-shift or temporary jobs. They will demand permanent and remunerative positions. They will refuse charity and pity. They will either demand their former positions, or that they be given plots of land to cultivate. Not many, however, will want to return to the overcrowded, smelly, or overheated factory. Land,—that is what they will demand. And they will get it. State governments are already planning to divide a portion of the millions of acres of undeveloped land in the Great Lakes basin.

Laissez faire in industry and management is fast disappearing as a result of the war. And it will no longer be tolerated, especially by the soldiers. They will refuse to be meek “wage slaves”, to be exploited for private gain. Neither will selfish manufacturers or corporations be allowed to operate as heretofore. The war has given labor organizations a great impetus. Our government has supported labor in its just demands for decent wages and for a greater share in the management of industry. Labor, furthermore, has realized its latent power. And it is now a foregone conclusion that there must be a greater amount of democracy in industry, if industrial strife is to be avoided.

Civil and political improvements will need be made, if democracy is to be more than a mere shadow. Mob violence, urged on by yellow newspapers, will have to be curbed. The freedom of the press, speech, and assemblage will need be guaranteed to all. And officials now possessing arbitrary powers will have to be stripped of their authority. Civil and political liberty are absolutely indispensable, if democracy is to be preserved.

Reconstruction is at hand. And representatives, men and women, of every walk of life should be immediately chosen to begin work on our new structure—a “democracy of the people, for the people, and by the people.”

DAVID WEISS.

IT HAS taken a world war to bring our colleges and universities one step nearer to the American people. And though more students are studying in our country to-day than ever before, nevertheless it is perceptible that our limited equipment and buildings can not nearly begin to accommodate the thousands of young men and women who are deserving of an education that would make them better and more intelligent citizens in the new democracy that is now in the making.

Colleges and universities, which in the past have been inaccessible to more than 95 per cent of our young men and women, are to-day wide open, not only begging men to enter, but actually offering them free tuition, board, lodging, clothing, and a stipend besides. Who would have thought of this four years ago? And had congress even hinted at such legislation before the war, it would have been bombarded with shouts of derision and vituperation from the reactionary press, and the members responsible for the action would have been ignominiously snowed under at the subsequent election by the very citizens whom these congressmen wanted to benefit. “The United States wants no paternalism, bolshevism, or pauperization of education”, our conservative professors would have cried, while our short-sighted manufacturers would have instantly questioned “Who is going to do the dirty work, if you are going to give every man and woman a colleged education?”

It is gratifying to say, however, that when the S. A. T. C. units were established in the colleges last fall, save for a few isolated individuals, there was nothing but encouragement and praise for the innovation. Practically every thoughtful person summarily realized that this war was not a struggle of mere brute force, but a battle of brains, and that the side which had the largest number of trained men and women was bound to win. Germany, the world has now learned, was taught this lesson forty years ago. But it took America until last summer to discover that education was not made solely for a privileged few, but was indispensable to the soldier as well as to the man or woman who supports the soldier or sailor.

The thousands of S. A. T. C. men have brought a new vital force to our educational institutions. They have taken with them the spirit of the farm, the shop, the office and the numerous other businesses in which they were engaged before they became members of the student army. And when they leave college they will take with them to their homes and industries their college experiences and the newly acquired knowledge and not only put life into their work, but do it more scientifically and more willingly. But the outstanding

feature of our colleges today is that they are putting new life into many young men, and inculcating a desire for further knowledge in the souls of men who, before now, have never been inside of a college.

IF HAS been the experience of the board of editors that we could turn out a magazine in every way superior to the one we are issuing were it not for the arch enemy of all university publications—page fright. We have found that the average undergraduate has a horror of submitting the strange workings of his inner self to public scrutiny, and would rather stuff his stories and verses into some remote catacomb of his closet than see them appear in bold, black print in the college monthly.

It has also been our experience that page fright lasts about one issue; that is, once the victim has come out into the open he will like the sunlight of publicity and stay out and keep warm.

This is not an editorial, but an invitation.

We hope you will act upon it. We are always at home, and willing to meet perfect strangers. "The Wisconsin Literary Magazine, Madison, Wis.," will reach us. If you can, visit us at our new office, Room

121 University Hall, or drop your manuscript in our box in the North wing.

One thing more. The Board of Editors in its effort to make the Lit truly representative of the thought and feeling of the student body of the University, has decided to throw open its editorial pages to contributors. *If you have a message for your fellow students, if you have something to say which you feel is an expression of the spirit of Wisconsin, you may use the Wisconsin Literary Magazine as a medium.* These are the only principles that have guided our editors in the past and that will continue to determine the editorial policy of our magazine. And these principles will be the chief test applied to all contributions to our editorial columns.

EDITORS

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

The Comrade

(For a farewell dinner to Dr. Horace M. Kallen, April 1918.)

Sunshine flashing on a red-black wing
 By willow, by flower—
 And the little stone bridge is everything.
 (An instant? an hour?)

Echoes flying, off the pine-crag head,
 Westward, away—
 And earth unbosoms all her ancient dead.
 (An hour? a day?)

Northern lights in a March-moon sky,
 Over star, over sphere—
 And the gods retake the world on high.
 (An hour? a year?)

Bird and the sound and the skiey gleam
 (We still recall!)—
 But a man on foot who shared our dream
 Is heart . . . of all.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

To Tom Hefferan

TOM HEFFERAN has kept his rendezvous with death. His intense admiration for Alan Seeger's poem seems now a portent of his own fate. When I last saw him, just before he sailed for France, he had no illusions about the nature of the duty which he accepted so cheerfully. He had driven the gravely wounded from the depots in Paris to the hospitals for a year. Yet he went to battle with a spirit of devotion that was ready and eager. In the vast adventure of being he was glad to accept the supremely difficult and terrible as frankly as the beautiful and the exalted.

He was a true poet in that he was splendidly responsive to all the drama of experience. And the books that he carried with him to France were the works of the poets who opened wide the doors of life for his participation. He was a true creative artist in that all experience was transformed by his ardent spirit into something personal that was both fine and rich.

He had not yet written much; he had high standards for himself and only gradually articulated perfectly the life that he felt so joyously. In his poem *You and I* there is revealed the fine directness with which he faced and transformed the life that meets one on the great highroad. In it, too, may be read that essential soundness of view and vigor of expression which held so much promise. Above all, every-

thing that he wrote was utterly sincere. It was impossible for him to conjure up feelings for the mere purpose of expressing something strange and literary. Such a performance was abhorrent to a man who was the soul of frankness. What he said he meant, and what he wrote he felt naturally and deeply.

As Tom Hefferan wrote he was,—generous, sincere, high-minded, and high-spirited. What better qualities for a companion and a friend? Democratic he was, to the core. His acquaintances in Madison were as wide as the college. Though an enthusiastic Deke, his friendships were not bounded by any limited group. Where a spirit met and answered his, there he found that unselfish and mutual joy which clears at a bound every sort of social barrier.

His influence was for the best in thought and deed. He would have a university place in which one door after another is opened upon experience for a fraternal band of adventurers. For his comrades he made it such a place, and surcharged it with his own innate nobility.

It will be long ere we shall see his like again. His death on the field of battle can be justified in the eyes of God and man only if the hopes which victory has opened to all mankind be realized. To us who loved him he must remain a symbol of promise both in the life of our college and in that of the great new world which we must see fulfilled.

O. J. CAMPBELL.

NIGHT

Out into the night I peer,
 Wonder-eyed.
 Out among the shining worlds
 Where the blue-black ether whirls,
 Bearing souls of sages sere
 That have died.
 Bearing souls of babes to be.
 Lovely things
 Tremble in the silent flow,
 Swept in a majestic bow,
 Folded in the mystery
 Of their wings.
 Oh! that I might join the stream
 Through the night!
 Swept across the silent hall
 In the current of the All,
 Where the cosmos-fires gleam
 Pallid light.

FRANK H. SCHRAMM.

As I Listened by the Lilacs¹

*As I listened by the lilacs to the thrush this spring,
The good gray poet said another thing:
The great bell peals, and the great ships wait,
And my Captain and my comrades filing thro the
gate.*

*The good gray poet, back from the sea
With battle-rent banner, whispered me:
Filing down the wharves with noiseless feet,
Filing under moon from a long, long street
(A long, long street with fork and bend,
And mountain sunsets at the further end):
Shovel-hatted Puritans with funnel-mouth guns;
Eagle-feather crested bowmen bronze;
Buck-skin trappers, fringed to the thighs,
With beaver-caps frayed over buffalo eyes;
Oregon Trailers, sons and sires,
With gun-stocks charred by the prairie fires;
Grizzled Forty-niners, with picks and barrows;
Log-cabin folk with home-made harrows;
Lasso-boys from the ranch-frontiers;
And girl-cornhuskers of the pioneers . . .
Filing under moon from a long, long street,
Tramp, tramp, tramp—to the great sea-fleet.*

*As I listened in the twilight, after the rain,
The good gray poet said again:
Filing down the piers, over waters black,
Filing thro the gate from a long bivouac
(A long bivouac by the stream and the hill,
And the low white stars and the whip-poor-will):
Minute-men with eyelids damp from sleep;
Valley Forge men who limp and creep;
Yorktown men, and Lafayette men,
And Red Coats girt with their swords again;
And the great Sphinx-head with lips so tight,
With cris-cross belt, on a war-horse white.
And I saw John Brown,—and the rice-swamp
blacks
Mopping the sweat with bandanas from their
backs.
And I saw Marshall Grant—who but he!—
And Pickett and his men who charged for Lee;
And the blue and the gray and the gray and the
blue
(Blent by the years to an olive hue);*

¹Reminiscences of the three motifs of Walt Whitman's nocturne on the death of Lincoln—the twilight April star, the lilac bush, and the song of the thrush—are combined in the following poem with a reminiscence of the same good gray poet's other tribute to Lincoln, "O Captain! My Captain!"

And Schurtz and his burghers with mud-spattered
 coats,
 Banded with bunting, sobs in throats . . .
 From a long bivouac, filing to the tide—
 Tramp, tramp, tramp—where the big boats ride.

*As I listened in the fragrance of my door-yard plat,
 Said the good gray poet, in his army-hat:*

Marching under moon, between long aisles
 Of the dim dank heads of the creaking piles;
 Marching in the mists to the eery deep,
 Out of the hinterlands of old sleep:
 Shadowy bulks, primeval births,
 Witch-wild wonders (ours and earth's);
 I saw gnarled shapes of Oaks afoot,
 With leafy arms and sprawling root;
 And wrinkle-skinned trunks of Elms and Pines,
 With savage girdles of torn wood-bines
 (And elfin bands I saw between,
 Mid-night dewed and moony-green—
 Bands of the Wild-rose trooped and trod,
 And the Maidenhair and the Goldenrod);
 And the Father-of-Waters, within his hands
 From many a stream wet willow-wands;
 And the bald Crag-heads, with a mountain pace,
 In their cloudy midst the Great Stone Face;
 And the Manitou-rocks with painted side,
 Capped by the snows of the Great Divide . . .
 Out of the hinterlands of old sleep,
 Marching under moon to the edge of the deep,
 Marching in the sea-mist (phantoms? no!)—
 Tramp, tramp, tramp—to the ships below.

The good gray poet of things that are

Whispered by the lilacs under one moist star:

Singing in the night, past towers and tiers,
 Singing thro the gate and down the piers;
 Memorial voices, profiles known,
 From north and south, from east and west,
 Prophet figures, higher than the rest,
 Like wraiths of statues, bronze and stone:
 Knee-buckled Franklin, with bony wrist
 And faggots of the lightning bunched in fist;
 Lithe as the west-wind, calm as the sun,
 Peering down the moonglade, Emerson
 (Peering down an alley, out to sea,
 Where the transports leave his vision free);
 And bearded Bryant, as cloaked for the rain,
 And the lion-head of good Mark Twain;
 And midst a hundred, with strange awe
 In a garland of grass myself I saw;
 All singing in the night to one low tune—
 Tramp, tramp, tramp—in the April moon:

"MY CAPTAIN LEANS BY THE GANGWAY SIDE,
AWAITING US AND THE TURNING TIDE—
WITH BENDED HEAD AND ARMS ON BREST,
AWAITING US FOR THE GREAT SEA-QUEST."

*As I listened by the lilacs to the thrush this spring,
The good gray poet said another thing:
O mothers, mothers, mothers, 'tis you I'd tell:
They're filing with your boys—and all is well.*

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

Madison, Wis., April 17–20.

Felicia Delmore¹

IT WAS old Clem Daily who came shuffling down over the dingy, rotten wharf logs. His gaunt length seemed an endless series of joints that fell into grotesque angles under loose, ill-fitting clothes,—grey jeans and a yellow grease-stained shirt. A pair of calloused hands, grimy and warped swung pendulum-like at his sides. Clem was not beautiful. The gods must have forgotten him, until some more compassionate deity endowed his shambling body with a pair of eyes, strangely feminine in their hidden depth.

A sultry fog hung in thick strata over the muddy river, turning the red, clay-stained water into a sickly yellow, and the first pale, timid lights of Richmond began to gleam halfheartedly thru the heavy mist filled air. Some twenty yards up the dock, quavering strains of "Gone But not Forgotten" were doing their best in beguiling some trustful stranger to partake of a special thirty cent steak dinner. Clem was beginning to wonder for the hundredth time that day just exactly why the Lord made man—and then, there was an impatient tugging at his hand.

"Oh, Clem—, I've been waitin' on ye ever since afore dinner. Did ye git 'em—did ye?"

After the proper moments of suspense, Clem reached into his pocket and brought to light a little sheath of colored crayons.

"Well—ain't ye glad, honey—? Seems to me yer takin' things mighty smooth-like."

He looked down at the fair haired girl beside him where she clutched the new found treasure in her slender fingers. There was an unbelieving light in the blue eyes, as tho such precious things were only gifts in dreams. Mere strangers could catch an indefinable suggestion of hunger ever present in the lines of her delicate oval face—not starvation from lack of daily

food, but a dull longing for the golden threads of life. Clem was the only living being who understood her passing moods, her childish ambitions and the infinite fragility of her soul. He did not smile when she had cried because her name was Randy Dunbeck instead of Felicia Delmore. But Clem could only sense her dreams crudely in a blind sort of instinct, groping and indelicate for all its sympathetic capability. The old deck hand had spent the greater part of his plodding days torn between conflicting emotions of hate and adoration,—in worshiping each careless, furtive smile that played about the child's lips and in loathing even the thick, stained pipe that hung between Cap Dunbeck's yellow teeth.

Cap Dunbeck was the bloated owner of the "Jonah", a stolid, square-nosed barge that sauntered up and down the James in open season and turned in each November at the Richmond docks to hibernate. At such times "Cap" would shuffle down the gang-plank with a sordid satisfaction in his puffy eyes, a well-fed roll of bills in his trouser's pocket and the season's crew hating him like bad coffee. The only reason Clem stayed on was for the little Girl, Miranda. "Cap" was Randy's father, quite evidently by no further token than that of law, but it gave the old sinner all he wanted and Randy spent her summer days peeling potatoes, and washing for the crew.

It was no great wonder then that now the girl stood tense and unbelieving as she felt the packet of colored crayons in her fingers. They had been the desire of her wildest dreams and she had wished for them until it hurt.

"Clem, I don't guess ye could possibly know how I feels jest about now. Ye ain't that conceited."

"Aw—hesh—up, honey. I was tickled enough to git 'em for ye. 'Twasn't no bother at all."

Randy smiled up at him in her shy "round the corner" way, as Clem called it, and taking his rough calloused hand in hers, she led him up the slippery run-

¹This was the winning story submitted in last year's narrative contest for students registered in English 2. Miss Margaret Ashum, herself a writer of fiction and a former instructor in the English Department here, contributed the prize of \$15.00.

way, thru a jumbled debris of pine shingles and barrel staves, until at length they reached a little clearing in the shadow of a friendly packing box.

"Look o' here, Clem," said the girl carefully gathering up a number of scattered papers and placing them in his possession, "Here's some what of the things as I've been seein' lately. They ain't much account, 'cause ye understand they's always needed jest these here colors as ye give me, fer to make 'em live."

Clem looked over the proffered sketches with a sort of radiant devotion. Anything that Randy might do would be faultless and yet he spoke the sound of sages when he said,

"Honey child, ye sure draws the innards of folks, when ye draws their faces."

Some were hurried pencil sketches, taken from the passengers as they swarmed onto the excursion steamer, on breathless, sun-drenched days. Women with listless eyes and whisps of damp unmanageable hair that clung to their warm faded cheeks,—men who puffed and mopped appearing far too ample for their clothes. Clem let out a sudden, unexpected chuckle. Down in the left hand corner of one particular sketch, a curly mongrel pup, quite happily unnoticed, was making off with some ill-fated family's sandwiches. Randy's nature, tuned delicately to a high sensitive pitch of human insight, was made to catch the very essence of tears and smiles which weave in lights and shadows thru the life of man.

The old deck-hand and the little girl were still engrossed in the ultimate fate of the curly, criminal pup and oblivious to the fog that closed about them permeated with ill-smelling odors and distasteful clamminess, when a hoarse voice shouted down sullenly from the deck above.

"Randy—Randy."

For a moment the girl stood dazed and staring—then a suggestion of terror crept slowly over her face as she suddenly a consuming black abyss gaped open-jawed before her.

"Oh God, Clem, I fergit!"

"Fergit what, honey?"

"Fergit to fetch Mis' Morgan. Clem, pap'll kill me sure!"

Mrs. Morgan was the new cook engaged for the logging season and Randy had neglected to notify the venerable soul that the "Jonah" was "chuggin' out" of dock that night. Everything stood in readiness,—contracts signed, trailers loaded, engines going full blast and—no cook.

Then Cap hove around the corner in the full heat of his fury. He snarled unpleasantly and his teeth seemed yellower than before.

"So it's here ye've snuck off to eh—? Well—where's Sadie Morgan?"

"I fergit, pap, I—"

"Ye fergit!—" Cap Dunback snapped out the words like spitting lashes from a cattle whip. "Ye fergit did ye—an' us workin' our bloomin' hides off to start on time—an' me with a crew as is sweatin' hungry an' no cook to feed 'em."

"I'll git her now, pap. 'Tain't much past six."

"Git her now—will ye. Well yer fine tricks ain't workin' this time young 'un. I'll show ye a thing er two."

Randy grasped the metal deck rail, until the blood in her thin hands seemed to have gone.

"What aire ye goin' to do to me, pap?"

A direct challenge in the child's voice enraged her father even more. He was furious to the point of partial blindness and staggering forward, groping as he came, his puffy hands fell upn the pile of sketches and the precious sheath of colored crayons. Upon this contact a new thot supremely satisfactory in its fiendishness had flashed across his half crazed mind.

"I'll show ye to set around all day an' scratch on them dirty bits of paper. I'll learn ye how to fergit yer dam no account ways."

And with this final threat Cap pitched the sketches, crayons, all, into the sluggish current of the muddy stream. For one long moment Randy gazed wide-eyed, uncomprehensive, at those pitiful treasures, the only glints of light in the cramped dullness that she lived. Now they fluttered tremulously for an instant and then melted slowly into the gloomy oil-stained waters of the James.

When at length the girl turned to face her father, there was something in her eyes that made them a deep fearless blue, like the light which moves in quivering veils over low foothills before the breaking of a storm. But her lips were calm and no rebellious color rushed into her cheeks. Randy was white with a strange inhuman kind of pallor that made "Cap" Dunbeck cringe perceptibly for the first time in his life.

"Pap", she said with something almost akin to a drawl, "Ye kin go plum to hell."

That night the "Jonah" had glided out from dock as a medley of dutiful town clocks were sounding the hour of ten. A gentle night breeze came out of the East, teasing the sultry fog until it shrugged its shoulders and moved indolently on. The air was warm and heavy with the breath of magnolia flowers that fringed the nearer shore, for Richmond was nothing more than a smoke-dimmed memory now and the potent spell of a Virginia night was on the river.

Randy sat in a pensive little bundle near the bow, her eyes bright and sleepless as the wind blew a mass

of soft blond curls back from her forehead. She was thinking harder and faster than she had ever thought before, and by the time the shadowy loading wharf at Claremont had stretched its long black arm out into the river, the child had made her plans. Most of the crew were snoring peaceably—and Randy could distinguish her father's sharp staccato rasps. Clem Daily was in the pilot house relieving "Cap" for a few hours until the next shift. There were orders to slow down for Claremont, and take aboard some hundred pounds of freight. Gradually the wharf loomed nearer and the "Jonah's" engines churned and spluttered under pressure of the brakes. It seemed scarcely an instant before the bags of grain were loaded and the complacent old barge went chugging away down the river again. But from his place on the bridge Clem Daily saw a little white figure slender and bare-legged, skirting the dark sides of the warehouse until it reached the land. Then it ran swiftly, wildly for a moment along the gleaming sands like some free fairy thing and disappeared at length in a tangled shelter of vines.

A great choking, aching joy rushed into the heart of old Clem Daily for he realized in one surging moment that he had lost the only thing for which he cared to breathe. But Randy was free—and he prayed she would be safe.

Meanwhile the girl was running desperately on along the shore pausing now and again to look back at the hulking wharf behind her. Then some new frantic fear of watching eyes and foot-falls close upon her own, would seize the child's feverish brain and she would stumble on indefinitely thru the darkness with a hot rushing pulse of blood in her slender frame. At length it seemed as tho the very breath had gone from her frail body and she sank, withered, crumbled, into a pitiable little heap of sobbing.

Far down the James, the old barge glided slowly out into the starry sky-line, until the yellow lanterns on her trailers twinkled like faint magic lights upon a distant suite of fairy ships. An endless flash of fire-flies played in the staring black among the pines and from a mass of tall blue reeds some wakeful night-heron quavered his solitary call across the humming swamp.

* * *

The sun was up and at work for many hours the following day before Randy became half conscious of splashing waters and sat up suddenly to rub her sleepy eyes at the bright sun glint on the river. The day was singing high and clear and quivering drops of dew still clung to fragile cobwebs spun across the leaves.

"Well, so you finally decided to wake up, did you?"

At the sound of a strange voice Randy sprang to her feet like a frightened rabbit. Some thirty feet

down the shell-strewn beach, she saw a lad, not over nineteen, who smiled as tho he had been made for that alone. His eyes and hair were dark and the smooth tan of his brown skin marked him an ardent lover of the out-of-doors.

"Great heavens—don't look at me that way. It hadn't even occurred to me to eat you alive."

The boy's frank laughing words made Randy gradually forget her fears, and tho at first she smiled a little insecurely, a growing curiosity kept her from running away. It was not so much the boy that held her fascinated as an easel which stood before him in the sand.

Randy ventured a timid question,

"What aire ye doin'?"

"Painting."

"Does ye like to paint?"

"That's why I'm doing it."

Further conversation seemed superfluous for the moment and Randy dug intently at a little sand-cave with her bare toes. An instant previous she had been thoroughly terrified at the unexpected presence of this strange person, and now his apparent smiling indifference piqued her intensely. He appeared entirely absorbed in his work again. She ventured nearer to the canvas. It was a simple sketch—a high massed bank of sun-light trees—a stretch of sandy beach white in the glare of noon—and a ragged youngster with a basket of fish on his arm. Randy frowned: the conception was excellent, but something kept it from ringing true.

"Lawsy"—she burst out impulsively, "Ye've got that kid starin' plumb into the blazin' sun, and he ain't even squintin' a little bit!"

The boy bent over to scrutinize his work more closely.

"By Jove", he cried, "I believe you're right. There was something off color about the thing but I couldn't 'dope it out. Say" he added slowly turning to Randy with a sudden genuine interest, "Who are you anyhow?"

The girl was silent. Something caught in her slender throat and pounded there frantically.

"Where in the world did you drop from?"

In the desperate confusion of her whirling brain, Randy tried to picture some remote spot within the limited scope of her geographical acquaintanceship.

"Oklahoma" she said thickly.

The boy lifted his eyebrows. "Where are your folks?"

"I ain't got none."

"No mother?"

"Nope."

"No dad?"

(Continued on page 50)

They Do Come Back

STEP LIGHTLY, dear—*there, careful—Andrew's boat!*" The girl landed very awkwardly on the soft pleasant earth. But she forgot to be embarrassed; her awe was too great. The air gently stirring with a pleasing, light drowsiness, seemed visible—opalescent. It hung about strange trees and shrubs and flowers, and softened the rocks that rose gracefully along the shore. Even the castles and palaces, farther inland, were veiled in delicate sunsets. Everything invited, and the girl felt a vivid ecstasy and anticipation.

"Andrew, draw up the boat and wait," sighed the fairy again from the rock. "We *may* need you—but I hardly believe it." For the girl's happy face had turned suddenly toward her. This fairy was soft and delicate; her garments swayed lightly and effused a shadowy, butterfly dust. She moved in a summer cloud fashion, and her voice was no more than a clear, delicate murmur.

"Who are you?" asked the girl bluntly. Then unconsciously checking her voice, "What is all this? Oh, show it to me now. I'm so happy. How sweet the blossoms smell, and how lovely you are. Take me to the big palace first, with the lavender dome. Why, I believe that the flowers are anemones; larger than any I have ever seen. And the fruits of the trees are beautiful; Fruit and blossoms together. How odd! By the way, where did Andrew find that large shell for a boat?" She turned and watched the bent old fellow tugging at his shell. "He wouldn't tell me—he's disgusting. Perfectly dumb!"

"Come, come," said the fairy. "You are a chatter-box. I'll show you the land and the people and tell you all, but don't rush so. Why hurry? There is eternity."

"Quite so," replied the girl, "but one must think of lessons and engagements and—why did you speak of eternity, anyway? I hate the word!"

"You are impetuous. Come this way to the palace. Step lightly over hill and dell,

Glide o'er the brooks and smooth-worn rocks,

Breathe now the fresh and lovely air,

And soon you'll come to—where?

I shall tell you directly. Mind you don't crush too many flowers. You mortals—fresh from earth are so careless; thoughtless."

They were passing streams, and green-gold trees, over downy grass, by pillars, sparkling white and peacock blue. The girl was stilled by the quiet glory. Then they came to the palace and inside was life. People moved and breathed—a man and woman were

sitting together. The sudden shock drove away all joy, and—"What a hideous woman!" the girl whispered.

"Sh—sh—she has her heart's desire. Her dream is fulfilled. A lover is here with her; for eternity."

"But, when she looks in the mirror and knows that her lover must see her—her *horrible* face! Oh, it isn't right, and in this lovely place."

"She has her heart's desire," repeated the fairy irritably.

"Well, but—"

"Come, there is a great deal more to see, and remember you understand nothing as yet."

They saw a languid scholar; white-faced, emotionless, in a great library. Shelves of books closed him in; books covered the tables and chairs, and he paid no heed to the quiet guests.

"Think of the contentment; for a scholar," breathed the fairy, but the young earth-creature found the air heavy and oppressive, and she turned impatiently to go.

"Next, next?" she asked and breathed the pure air again.

"Well—? I'll show you children, eternal children, my dear. They are at azure palace."

"What a sweet child!" said the girl, vaguely wondering how they had arrived so quickly. "She is beautiful. Why her dolls are like real children, and see the tiny real auto and doll house. Dear me, how I should have enjoyed these things as a child. Her parents kiss her a great deal. They seem very fond of her. What ideal childhood, fairy."

"Yes, this child of the slums dreamed each day of an ideal home where there would be toys of all kinds; no dirty little brothers and sisters to care for, and a father and mother with no thought save of love for her. She is infinitely happy."

"She is infinitely happy," the girl said slowly, "yet her step is not like my little sister's. Her eyes are beautiful—but, are they child's eyes?"

The little girl suddenly saw them and ran to the stranger, clasping her hand impulsively. She began to say something, but—"Giovanna!" interrupted the fairy, lightly. The child's lips quivered, and she walked slowly back to the toys and parents.

"What had she to say? Why did you stop her?" demanded the girl angrily. "I fancy she would have explained this place to me. You aren't doing it very well. I don't know what my feelings are; whether I love it or hate it. I don't—are you casting a spell on me?" she asked indignantly.

"Indeed, no. Calm yourself. You are only very hard to satisfy. Besides, you are dull. Can you not see, stupid, that this is the land of realized dreams? If a human person wishes for one thing very much more than anything else, he often dreams himself right into Andrew's boat, and lo—his dream may become true—real forever. Aren't you impressed?" she asked rather petulantly.

"One dream, only, you say, fairy?"

"One dream. Odd girl! How many would you have. You are very greedy. One dream is enough for most people. Are you not like other people of the world?"

"Indeed not", the girl raised her head. "I am 'unusual'. In my life are several great dreams; all beautiful, but very different. They are for fame—and for glorious freedom—and perhaps even *love*," she added haughtily to hide her rough shyness.

"But wouldn't you like one to be perfect? Not one of them could be so on *earth*. Think hard; for your chance of ideality is here."

"Ideality! What a bore. Fancy being in a single state all of one's life. I like action, and—difference. Why," she added feeling vaguely intellectual. "Without variation, any state would become a mere continuation of nothing. I couldn't give up freedom for love or love for freedom—on earth, I think that such matters are arranged rather well, but I don't—the blossoms are

making my head ache. They are like church lilies on the Sunday after Easter. How the ground sinks in. I'm so tired from walking. I believe I—you have a tear in your dress, fairy,—that is queer—I thought—" She looked into the fairy's eyes, and became dizzy at their horrible depths.

"Andrew, the boat!" exclaimed the fairy, in a miserably human tone.

"Yes, I should like to go," said the girl weakly. "I am rather faint and dizzy, and—I long for my earth."

"You were very kind to me. Please pardon me for criticizing," she added sweetly, stepping into the shell. "Your island is very, very lovely." But she noticed another rent in the fairy's garment, and there was no more butterfly dust about her.

On the smooth shell lining she sank down relieved, and soon the sickening sweetness was gone—they had wafted far off on the glassy water. But, of course, she looked back, and far off the island shone; a scintillating bit of color, flashing diamond lights, and points of gold. Perhaps in fancy the silver voice came over the waters, and the anemones sent a delicate fragrance. At any rate, the girl leaned forward and said with a little catch in her voice—"Andrew, Andrew, have I been horribly mistaken? Oh, I must have dreamed one dream a *little* more than the rest or I shouldn't have gotten into your boat at all."

MILDRED EVANS.

THE MERMAID

The waves lap round and around and around,
And I lie white-bodied upon the rocks;
Shall I swim out to you there afar,
O sea gull flying with never a sound,
Shall I come out to you where you are?

My body is slender and white as thine,
And I glide so silently past the rocks,
Past the rocks that glisten,
And ears that listen,
And eyes of monsters
That strangely shine.
And the huge sea monsters
Under the sea
Would blink their great
Glassy eyes at me,
And my long, dark hair
Would about me fly
As I look up and smile
At the cold chill sky
And slide thru the waters' black mystery.

JANET DURRIE.

Ibsen and the Younger Generation

HERE is much controversy whether Ibsen was pre-eminently artist or reformer. He was pre-eminently, both, and as both he is of intense interest to us, the younger generation, not so much for what his ideas have accomplished in the past, but for their living reality in the present. Ibsen was an uncompromising idealist. He gained his utterance with difficulty after a youth whose inarticulateness caused him intense suffering, but long before he had reached a mastery of his form, he had seen deep into the heart of society and been moved by an intense moral earnestness which is the very opposite of cynical or evil. His early period of the "well made" play is of little importance. To it belong all those first attempts of Ibsen's in which he was striving for a medium, searching for the ideals which he should follow. "The Pretenders" is the finest of these plays and the last. In it we see by means of his prototype Skule, Ibsen's terrible doubt of himself. In this and the earlier plays most of his later characters have their first inception. "There is almost a half century of uninterrupted composition in which this group of men and women disport themselves. These types are cunningly varied, their traits so concealed as to be recognized only after careful study. But the characteristics of each are alike."

But with "Pillars of Society" Ibsen began to realize the ideals for which he was fighting. Both this and the "Doll's House" have as a theme "Life Founded Upon a Lie", and in his following play "Ghosts", Ibsen, moved to a cold analytical fury by the pretense of society, showed the terrible consequences of sin backed up by respectability and lies. A wide circle of critics had already hailed Ibsen as a master, already he had dealt with false ideals, but Nora's departure from her home had aroused no such universal frenzy of detraction as did Oswald Alving's cry, "Give me the Sun, Mother".

But Ibsen had too great insight to believe that humanity could be saved in groups. He exalted strength and he exalted the individual, "so to conduct one's life," he said, "as to realize oneself seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being----What is all important is the revolution in the spirit of man". And of that revolution Ibsen never ceased preaching. He became the prophet of youthful radicalism, but he was more truly the prophet of individual salvation. "Innocence, in the common acceptance of the word", he seems to say, "is nothing. Respectability is nothing. Strength and the redemption of the individual through his own greater nature, are everything".

With the "Wild Duck" Ibsen becomes more purely the artist. Indeed his followers were completely upset by the tone he took. They did not realize that Ibsen, who had defended himself in "An Enemy of the People", was quietly painting their excesses. But they did realize that he was disowning them. "Ibsen had qualms of conscience if ten people agreed with him", and the "Wild Duck", besides definitely marking a turn toward purely artistic expression, is one example of a man deliberately scorning the comfort of a hard won following, which it would be well for every young reformer to consider.

Most often it is the women of the plays who have to struggle for this principle of liberty which was Ibsen's battle cry. Or it might be juster to say that while the men as a rule have to struggle against internal prohibition, the women fight convention, and the social lies which make of them toys or slaves. Ibsen insisted upon the right of the women to own their own souls, nay, the necessity that they own them. Yet he was not, we are told, particularly in favour of Woman Suffrage or of some of the other reforms for women which his doctrines have helped bring about. He said, "The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers". This seems a bit strange when one remembers that Nora, leaving her squirrel-cage, leaves not only the husband who has made of her a plaything, but three little children as well. The world has taken Ibsen more justly than he meant to be taken. He felt perhaps that the question of woman's freedom was totally a question for the individual, that no legislative changes could greatly help it. Yet the freeing of the individual has brought about those legislative changes, and will yet bring about more. The modern woman, indeed, with her ballot and her place in business, looks after the departing Nora with a sigh and thinks--

"Rosmersholm", Ibsen's next play, is a strange, subjective drama, utterly wonderful and appalling. It was followed by the "Lady from the Sea", which makes in very beautiful symbolism, a direct appeal for personal freedom granted by love. All this time Ibsen's ideals were becoming more purely artistic.

"He recognized the selfish and hollow foundations of all 'humanitarian' movements" and he endeavored to present life vividly as it was, and to draw no more conclusions than life draws. "Hedda Gabler" reached the apex of this principle, and with it this middle period of Ibsen's work may be said to close.

One of the interesting things about Ibsen's work is the sophistication of his characters. Nearly all of the

men and women of the later plays are decidedly the products of a remarkably highly organized, artificial civilization. And Hedda Gabler is its most infamous product. She is "wholly alive and shocking", and could be the result of no primitive race.

Hedda had an overmastering ambition and an uncanny refinement of intellect which amounts to genius in discovering and playing upon the worst in people. She is too fond of ease, too cowardly to break a new road for herself, but her lust for power must be satisfied, so she wrecks the lives of Thea and Louberg coldly, with no object save to know herself potent. She is a one-sided development, an abnormality. She has all the refinement of brain and none of the refinement of affections that comes with civilization.

That she is amazingly true to a certain type no one who has taken the trouble to observe life, or to read accounts of suicides can deny, but against her is placed the unintellectual, emotional Thea. The real battle of the play is between these two women. Thea understands Hedda through her emotions but cannot analyze her repulsion. Her natural trustfulness, however, her loveliness, and her deep fear for Louberg make her an easy victim of Hedda's power. Hedda despises her because she is stupid, but cannot understand the power which Thea's pure love and self-sacrifice have had over Loubergs. Since she cannot morally conquer her, Hedda hates as well as despises her. There are opposing spiritual forces embodied in these two women. If Thea had been as intellectual as Hedda, and as sure of herself, she would have conquered.

This shows us two of the forces which Ibsen again and again embodied in his work; selfish desire for power and the love which is strong enough and honest enough to work a revolution in the hearts of the people loved. He began that idea in "Pillars of Society" and carried it onward to its clearest expression in "The Lady from the Sea", in which Dr. Wangle saves Elida by loving her enough to grant her perfect freedom. But although Ibsen recognized the force of love, and the tragedy of Brand ends with the voice that cries "He is a God of Love" Ibsen does not embody this idea in his plays except negatively. No more loveless person than Hedda Gabler ever existed; the futile men of the dramas are not capable of any passion so unegotistical; his heroes fight for individual truth and individual freedom, but not primarily for the sake of passion. Indeed while Ibsen realized the power which intense altruistic love has of influencing other people; his characters show a distorted desire for this power without having the intense affection which it gives. Hilda goads the Master Builder to his madly glorious death, not so much because there is something in her which wishes to see him strong.

One of Ibsen's chief weaknesses lies in the fact that in analyzing and dissecting emotion he has not had time to enjoy it. One feels in his work an over-predominance of intellect. The warmer emotions are largely conceived through the brain and have a consequent sophistication and unreality. Indeed only one character, the unpleasant and unmaternal Rita, seems through her own strength of unsatisfied passion to gain a deeper insight into life and a greater charity toward it. Most of Ibsen's people, the men in particular, have a peculiar intensity of brain life and a lack of normal balance, which, in spite of Ibsen's never-stilled outcry for freedom leaves in us a peculiarly unfree impression. His characters so seldom appear to move in the strong clear light of day.

James Huneker, in his excellent essay on Ibsen says "Ibsen's categorical imperative 'All or nothing' does not bear the strain of experience. Life is simpler, is not to be lived at such an intolerable tension." This explains, perhaps, part of the weakness which I have just cited. His characters are not elastic, they cannot rise to the heights of feeling and then the next day take up the homely round of household and business duties. Their emotions culminate in a state of mind which necessitates death or tremendous outer as well as inner change. An intense emotional state stretches their capacities to the limit, and like a worn out rubber band their capacities stay there. Hence the number of suicides and departing and convenient death by "natural cataclysm". Rosmer and Rebecca of "Rosmerholm" illustrate this point in the highest degree. The drama is almost unbelievably subjective. After Rosmer learns that he need expect nothing from the world save misunderstanding and attacks upon the purity of his private life, which destroy for him beyond redemption the integrity of his motives, the play moves with almost no contact upon the minds of the two principal characters from outside. Rebecca's self-analysis is appallingly keen, yet whatever the truth of her self-accusations, one feels that a morbid imagination, united with a temporarily sick conscience has run somewhat away with her. And Rosmer not only lacks the vigor to say to her "Even if these things were so, they are not now. Live and prove that you have changed", he has not even the strength to believe in himself in the face of public denial. The idea of suicide is imposed, by his miasmatic imagination, largely to prove to himself that he has had a cleansing influence upon one soul at least. Both are uplifted by a transcendent wave of dark vibrating emotion which seems a sort of spiritual insanity. The elastic of their emotional life is rotten. They themselves stretch it to the point where it cannot recover. Far more than, in the play of that name one seems surrounded by ghosts as Rosmer, carried away by Rebec-

ca's self-sacrifice, recognizes in her his spiritual bride and perishes with her.

Readaption is one of the prime instincts of every youthful and reasonably sturdy life. But youth has not learned that despondence passes, and that morning comes again. There is some danger perhaps that the young in despair, seeing the outcome for characters whose intensity grips and appeals to them, might wish to do likewise. But there is in most of Ibsen's men at least a feebleness of character of which the young are supremely contemptuous. Youth takes no account of futility. While there is anything to hold to and often when there seems nothing, the young struggle on.

Indeed, the predominance of impotent men in Ibsen's plays is something of a problem. Over and over he paints half-men, who stopped progressing in their teens and twenties, but who inflate their dead spiritual selves with words and make them go through the motions of life in an effort to hoodwink the world. Hence with the exception of Brand, Dr. Stockman and one or two others, Ibsen's heroes are dreamers, empty of the vital ideas which they crave to express—, engaged on life works which they hardly begin, and insufficiently self-deceived. Hjalmar has a long list of predecessors and descendants. We can turn to almost any one of Ibsen's plays and find therein some half man trying to convince himself and others that he is a giant. One is finally forced to cry, with Brandes, "You know, there are sound potatoes and rotten potatoes in this world". But Ibsen's incessant drawing of half-men was not an exaltation of them, but an eternal protest. He was himself anything but futile and he pointed out with scorn, with proddings, and with a long list of examples, that from half-men one could expect nothing but foolishness and failure.

I have purposely omitted, so far, a consideration of Ibsen's early poetic dramas, "Brand", "Peer Gynt" and "Emperor and Galilean", because they are akin in spirit to the last period of Ibsen's work. They marked for the dramatist his first real popularity and through "Brand" and "Emperor and Galilean" one first learns the transcendent, icy power and the moral strength of the man. To this day Brand remains Ibsen's best known work in Norway. It sounded a high note of uncompromising idealism signified by the words "All or Nothing" on Brand's banner, and it gave a great impetus to the thought of the rising generation of Ibsen's own age.

The attitude of Ibsen's later work toward youth shows a strangely pitiful yearning. He seems, with Solness, at once to fear youth and with the Borkmans to cling to it, asking pitifully that his light be borne on, that his work be finished. Yet he answers himself with characteristic grimness, that the young have no time to

carry on the lamps of the old. They have their own wicks to keep alight. It is an echo turned against himself of the poet Jatheir's answer to Skule, "A man may die for the life work of another, but if he is to live he must live for his own."

Throughout all his work Ibsen has a profound and extremely interesting symbolism which it is not my business here to classify. But in the "Master Builder" he touches heights which grip in us some faculty which we hardly know, and a consideration of which is vital to any contemplation of his influence. The "Master Builder" cannot be analyzed merely by our brains. It is like strange music. It raises us to an intensity which is almost terrible. In speaking of it Huneker says, "Ibsen is clairvoyant. He takes up the most familiar material and holds it in the light of his imagination, straightway one sees a new world, a northern dance of death, like the ferocious and truthful pictures of his fellow-countryman, Edvard Munch, the painter."

But Ibsen does much more than that. He shakes in us spiritual forces which literature, except of the greatest religious compositions, hardly ever awakens. To the quickening inner life of the imaginative young woman, no book could be more stimulating. No critic can make a greater mistake than to try to reduce its poetry to the objective meaning of the symbolism. It is a drama of overtones. Degraded to the concrete it becomes merely incomprehensible.

"Little Eyolf" and "John Gabriel Borkman" are both intensely interesting and belong to this later period. "When the Dead Awaken," although it sounds the same strong note of his earlier work, marks the decline of Ibsen's powers, and was his last play.

The thought is sometimes expressed that Ibsen is dangerous to youth. "So is any other strong thinker." Ideas are like weapons, they are dangerous in the hands of the unskilled. But far more dangerous to youth are mental inactivity, moral blindness, easy going acceptance of things as they are.

The vitality of the old is exhausted by the struggle with life. Save in rare cases they settle into compromise and are crushed by adversity or intrigued by the applause of the crowd. If it were not for the ever recurring vigor of youth the world would shrivel up and die of impotency. It is important, therefore, that youth be taught to use its weapons, and that it be given many that are sharp from which to choose. Ibsen's plays are sharp. Their message has been dulled somewhat, by the fact that he has had many imitators, but it will be a long time before the evils of the society which he lays bare for us have vanished from the world. Every young mind brought into contact with those soul stripping clinical dramas, feels anew the shock of realization which thrilled progressive youth of Ibsen's own

time. One looks deep into the hearts of actual men and women, struggling against society and against each other. When youth has seen things as they are, brutal or inspiring, gross or heavenly, and has *thought* far enough to reach a conclusion, that youth has a new weapon. And weapons in the hands of the younger generation forge the future.

In these days of war and outrage and suffering, we are fighting, young men and young women of the present, for a freedom of the nations in which the highest spiritual mental and moral freedom of the individual may be attainable. And we are fighting, for the pres-

ent at least, not one or two alone as Ibsen's men with vision fight, but altogether, bound by a common determination that the lies of the past, now finding expression in the horrors of the present, may be crushed for all time; that the ideals of truth, courage and liberty, which have moved the finer youth of all times may be greatly realized by us and by our sons and daughters.

Ibsen, more than any other dramatist of the past century has fought for those ideals. And to us his last word is this: "Realize in your own souls the stern reality of life; look deeper and beyond it. Will the impossible, it does not matter if you perish".

MARION FELIX

When You Were A Tadpole

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the caves of the long ago,
 I longed for a playmate; I had my wish—
 Together we swam to and fro
 In the jungle of weeds where the minnows played;
 In the castle of jewels that the corals made;
 In the shadowy haunts of a deep-sea glade
 Where the purple polyps grow.
 We had never a sorrow and never a wish,
 And never a moment of woe,
 When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the caves of the long ago.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the vault of a deep-sea night,
 We ate and we drank from a pink, coral dish.
 And slept where the shoals were white.
 We heard the harp that the mermaids strum;
 And the mystic tunes that the currents hum;
 And the muffled tap of a clamshell drum
 From the field where the swordfish fight.
 And we supped again from our coral dish
 And awaited the coming of light,
 When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the vault of a deep-sea night.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the blue of a deep-sea day,
 We awoke and we heard the lispings and wish!
 Of the baby waves at play.
 And we heeded the call of the siren romance,
 And swam far out where the nixies dance
 In a city of foam that is held in a trance
 By the magical spell of a fay.
 We are playmates still, but I sometimes wish,
 As I walk near the rim of a bay,
 That you were a tadpole and I was a fish
 In the blue of a deep-sea day.

ERNEST MEYER.

COMPENSATION

If I, in other ages, were to be
 The sheaf of wheat that aches for cool caress,
 And you the wind that, singing, came to me
 In glad response to minister and bless;

Or if, in future time, a mountain, I
 Frowned bare and sterile where the salt-land shines,
 And you, a winged seed, that, blowing by,
 Whispered the promise of a crown of pines;

Or I a planet, wandering in space,
 A hermit world, unknowing and unknown,
 And you a greater star that fixed my place,
 And linked your heavenly pathway with mine own;

If thus we meet (and oh! we will, we will!)
 Grief and its plodding hour will not exist,
 And every parting, every thorn and ill
 Be breaths-in-passing, like a wind-blown mist.

ERNEST L. MEYER.

FAITH

A faith came to me at the morn,
 On golden pinioned wings it flew,
 It oped the skies, and made reborn
 The things I passed and never knew.

A faith came to me at high noon,
 With smiles and warmth and laughter gay,
 It sang of joy with dulcet tune,
 The faith of day.

A faith came to me in the night,
 It clung unceasing to my soul,
 And as I fought to know its might,
 It made me *whole!*

MARGARET BELKNAP.

THE GYPSY WOMAN

By the glow of the flick'ring fire,
 By the shapes my fancy drew,
 By the beck-ning will-o-the-wisps—I love!
 By the Gypsy Cross—it is you.

But I am the flame in the hungry eyes
 That peer from out the gloom,
 The moon in the pine, the kiss of the snow,
 The free, wild wind,—and my doom.

SYLVA MEYER.

Dirge In Woods

GEORGE MEREDITH

A wind sways the pines,
 And below,
 Not a breath of wild air;
 Still as the mosses that glow
 On the flooring and over the lines
 Of the roots here and there.
 The pine-tree drops its dead;
 They are quiet, as under the sea.
 Overhead, overhead
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.

Meredith's lyric, the *Dirge in Woods* is successful since it affords a singular amount of intellectual pleasure. It is a delight from beginning to end; unified in tone and spirit, exquisitely balanced; fulfilling, I believe, the highest mandates of imaginative poetry.

The poem has, consistent of course with its brevity, homogeneity of spirit. There are no divergences of feeling, no awkward interruptions of style. The calm philosophical tone flows evenly through it, bound closely with the rhythm—a measured suggestion of life, and death sudden and hushed in nature; then man's quick fevered breath of life and his equally sudden death. Meredith displays philosophical insight in his reading of life, his portrayal of the universal bond of death among living things and the consequent inevitable bond of life. In this philosophy, however, there is no sign of hope, merely a swift glimpse of life's essential unity is shown through the blending of distant with near; the pine cone and man.

We feel a pleasing sadness from the poem, the sadness of Meredith's impassioned reflection, transmitted to us through the imaginative beauty of his figures. His reality, according to the principles of Coleridge, is imaginative rather than actual. It is realized from an inward reflection concerning the object rather than from direct contact with the object itself; thus producing in the reader a deeper appreciation of the philosophical unity and relationship existing in the cosmos.

"A wind sways the pines,
 And below
 Not a breath of wild air;"

Again:

"Overhead, overhead
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase
 And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so."

Compare the effect of this poem with that of Meredith's poem, *Society*. Here he clings to the real and displays his philosophical fact by means of the actual reality almost entirely barren of figures.

"Historic be the survey of our kind,
 And how their brave Society took shape.
 Lion, wolf, vulture, fox, jackal and ape,
 The strong of limb, the keen of nose, we find,
 Who, with some jars in harmony, combined,
 Their primal instincts taming, to escape
 The brawl indecent, and hot passions drape.
 Convenience pricked conscience, that the mind.
 Thus entered they the field of milder beasts.
 Which in some sort of civil order graze,
 And do half-homage to the God of Laws.
 But are they still for their old ravenous feasts,
 Earth gives the edifice they build no base:
 They spring another flood of fangs and claws."

The external manifestations of imaginative power are also evident in the *Dirge in Woods*. Swinging meter and uneven lines are fortunately adapted to the figures.

"Overhead, overhead
 Rushes life in a race,"

The lines are characteristically oanamatoapoetic. Again, compare the light meter of this poem with the consistently harsher meter of *Society*. Thus Meredith displays his keen sensibility to beauty; by fitting the outward symbols of his poem to the inner meaning. There is an aesthetic delight, a unique fitness in the arrangement of lines on the page: the poem approaches a free verse form.

Meredith is sincere in the emotions of this poem. The lines are not forced to fit the rhythm, nor are the figures fancifully played with and extended beyond their proper use for the author's delight. There is no "filling in" for lack of a thought, but unconscious smooth flowing verse constantly suggesting the dirge quality of the poem.

MILDRED EVANS.

Tuesday Again

ALSO sometimes the blind beateth and smiteth and grieveth the child that leadeth him, and shall repent the beating by doing away of the child."—from Bartholomew's "Properties of Things".

Characters

Peter, an old man, quite blind.

Mary, a young girl.

Scene

A rude bench stands in front of the window of a little brown hut. An old man sits there with his cane in his hand. He is blind; and seems to stare off into the distance with his pitiful, expressionless eyes. He seems to be listening, for his head is bent to one side and his body is held stiffly.

Peter, (talking to himself): "It must be Tuesday. I couldna made a mistake." (He feels a board which has a number of notches cut in it. He counts). "—four, five, six— and today makes seven. She comes today sure—will she bring the asters? I do like the feel of them. Is that her?—I heered somethin! (He leans forward excitedly. Soon an awkward, rather homely girl appears, walks up to the old man. She hands him a bunch of flowers; enters the hut and goes to work, moving back and forth before the window from time to time).

Peter, (feeling the flowers with evident pleasure): "You brought um and its a wonder; ye be always forgettin.' Not so many flowers this time."

Mary, (from inside the house); "Well, well, here I be again. What'd ye do I'd like to know, if I didna come over to clean the house for ye of a Tuesday?"

Peter: "Oh, I'd do all right. Ye ain't so much. I get along all right the other days. You don't fix the chest so good as me old Susan did. I could al'ays tell just where everything was. She put the saw to the right in the farthest corner; and the hammer next it to the left and —"

Mary: "Well, didn't I scrub the chest out grand last time? Sure, I spent an hour on it when I could'a went with Mabel to the Parsonage. And they had white cake and *pink* —"

Peter, (interrupting angrily): "But I tell ye, I like a shade o' dust 'round. Feels kind a nat'ral and friendly. And mind, ye *did* mix the chest around. Ye put me saw to the *left* corner, and it belongs to the *right*!"

Mary: "Well what of it! Oh, Lord in Heaven, if you didn't leave the pan of milk on the chair. The cat's got at it sure. It's only half full. Land! (she

bursts out laughing). The pan's awful big. I bet the cat'll bust."

Peter: "I *hate* the cat. I hate, *hate* her! She sneaks in as quiet and I can't never hear her. Sometimes I feel she's in the room; and I feel 'round and all of a sudden when I get near, she bounces up and away. Once I heerd her on the sill and I crep up on her as *soft*, and I swatted her like *that*! (He chuckles low and beats the air with his cane) Ye oughta heered her howl!"

Mary: "Yer mean as a dog."

Peter: "Mean am I? Mean! Well why don't ye keep that cat out! It's *your* fault! *It's* your fault! Keep the cat out, I tell ye. Ye don't do *nothin'* right. Ye al'ays put me saw to the left corner and it b'longs to the right—*right—right*—can't ye understand? Susan al'ays put me saw to the right."

Mary: "Ye make me tired! I'm not here only Tuesdays; and I don't get *nothin'* for it neither. And if ye think I'm gonna hear ye talk like—"

Peter, (rising): "Huh! Ye don't come over once in a moon; and when ye do come, ye don't—do—*nothin'*! Ye walk around and walk around, and ye talk, and ye talk, and—"

Mary: (becoming furious)—"Ye make me sick. I make yer bed, and I scrub yer nasty floor and I gather up the hull week's garbage, and empties it out; and ye never says thanks and ye al'ays grumble, grumble, grumble; and just because I put yer saw—"

Peter (in a furor) "Come here, I tell ye! (As she refuses to come near him, he turns to the window and before she can move away, strikes her with his cane. She screams with surprise and anger).

(Concluded on page 48)

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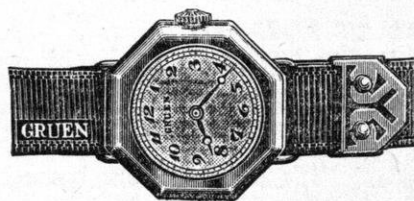
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(Continued from page 46)

Mary: "I hate you! I hate you! May ye die in yer old hole and never nobody come to ye. I hope ye *do* die, and I'm never comin' again, never, never!" (She flies out of the door and runs toward the gate. He meanwhile is stunned by what he has done. His battered cane falls to the ground, and he sinks on his knees, overcome).

Peter: (In a high-pitched wavering voice) "Mary, come back! Come back, I tell ye. I'm only an old man. I can't see no more, Mary. I can't see, and it's makin' me crazy. Come here—if I could only see ye. Mary, be ye there? Will ye forgive me?" (Mary stops, turns around and comes slowly toward him. She stands looking at the sorrowful, lonely old

figure kneeling before her. Pity comes to her; and she raises him up from his knees; and throws her arms about his neck).

Mary: "I forgive ye. I love ye, old Peter. I'll keep on coming to ye of a Tuesday."

Peter: "Will ye come *every* Tuesday, just the same?"

Mary: "Honest, I will."

Peter: (He is smiling, and tears of gratitude stream down his face. Suddenly his expression changes) "But Mary, mind, next time ye don't put the saw to the *left* corner. I tell ye it belongs to the *right*!"

(Curtain)

ALICE VAN HISE.

When She's Your Own Sister

HOLY SMOKE, Jin! You're not going out like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like that! What made you doll up that way, anyhow? Or is it only a joke?"

"I don't see what is the matter with my clothes."

"You don't! Why your skirt is almost to your knees. Your shoes are ridiculous; you couldn't walk two miles in them. Your waist shows everything you have on under it. Your hat is way over one eye, and I'll bet you've got rouge on."

"I still don't see what's the matter with my clothes, Ted. They are just as good as anyone else's." The girl turned away from her brother and started down the porch steps. "It's none of your business what I wear. Of course I'm going."

"Not, if I can help it, at least like that."

He watched her until she was half way across the lawn to the garage, then:

"Are you going?"

"Certainly," she answered, without turning her head. At that he jumped off the porch and took after her. She too started to run. The white kid pumps pinched her feet at every step; so she kicked them off without stopping, and sprinted toward the lake. The broad-brimmed hat flopped in her face, so she swung up her closed fist and knocked it off. The light silk sport skirt flew up above her knees, but she paid no attention to it. Head back and arms bent, stocking footed, she raced over the springy turf and kept the distance between them nearly even. On the hill sloping down to the shore, the boy gained on her. Finally he caught up to her, grabbed her by the shoulder, and tried to swing her round. The jerk was too sudden and both fell sprawling on the grass.

"It's your own fault for running," he muttered, and began to pant. She was breathing hard and fast, but she sat up and looked out unconcernedly over the water. She did not seem angry although the despised waist was torn and grass-stained and her hair was uncoiling down her back.

"Well, come on and explain yourself. What was your idea in getting yourself up like a salesgirl on South State Street?"

"Or like a society girl on the North Shore," she returned calmly.

"Oh! but there's a difference. They have an air about them, and besides they have nice things. You can tell one of 'em in a minute."

"These things aren't nice I suppose? I went with Isabelle Arnold to get them. She helped me pick them out. You seem to like her taste too, for I have seen you with her a lot."

"Oh well—Isabelle is all right and I like her, but she is different from you."

"How is she different? We go to the same things, and know the same people. Only she is a great deal more popular than I. Why shouldn't I do as she does?" Virginia's voice was still quite calm and she kept her eyes fixed on a point on the opposite shore.

"Oh come down off your high horse and don't talk like that. You don't sound as though you meant a word you say. What was the big idea in rigging up like,—like Isabelle if you want. But I thought you at least had more sense."

"More sense than Isabelle? I never should have known it if you hadn't told me. Thank you for your —"

"Don't get huffy. Of course you've got more sense. Sense about real things I mean."

(Concluded on page 50)

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"But she has more social sense."

"Yep, you've got it. She has. Not that I blame you, Jin. You're just not that kind."

"No, I know I'm not. I can't get away with it. What I have to say doesn't interest any of the boys, or girls either for that matter. What is it you like them for?"

"Well for one thing they are awfully good sports. They can put up a pretty fair game of golf or tennis, and they are always ready for a lark. For another thing, they don't take themselves too all-fired seriously. They are always jolly and try to give a fellow a good time. Then you know at a dance if you ever do ask an unpopular girl you get stuck with her and that's just as bad for her as for you."

"Yes I suppose it is. Do you remember the other day when you and Jack Forest were talking in the library. You didn't stop when I came in, and naturally I heard what you were saying."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Do you remember what it was about?"

"No."

"You were discussing all the girls you had seen at the Country Club dance the night before."

"Where's the harm in that?"

"I can't see how you can make such remarks as you did, and still like the people you make them about."

"We didn't say anything bad about them. Besides they will never hear."

"No. Still you couldn't say things like that about anyone you cared anything for. What do you really think about them, the way you talk to the other boys, or the way you act with them?"

"I act just the way everyone else does."

"Yes that's true."

"Besides who ever said I did care about them?"

"Anyone would think you did from the way you play around with them."

"Wow! You're getting awfully sarcastic. But really Jin, whatever made you dress up in those ridiculous duds anyway? I'll bet it was just to get a rise."

She turned and faced him squarely at that, looking him straight in the eye.

"Yes I did. Well not exactly that either. I wasn't going anywhere like this."

"I knew it," he interrupted triumphantly.

"I just wanted to know what you would do if I dressed up the way the rest of your friends do. You seem to like it well enough on them but you won't stand for it on me."

"But can't you see the difference?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Why it isn't the same thing at all. It's all right for people you play around and have fun with, but for your own family, the people you have to live with all the time and really care about—Oh! hang it all. Come on over to the links. I'll give you a stroke a hole."

FRANCIS DUNMER.

Felicia Delmore

(Continued from page 37)

"Well—nope."

"Gee, that's hard."

"Well ye see," volunteered Randy feverishly, "I run away from the orphan asylum and took the first train out of town. Lawsy, it was kinda stiff bein' off on yer own string all of a suddenlike, but I kept up fine until—until I got to Claremont. My money give out then an'—an'—so here, I set—"

It was a pitiful, incoherent, rambling little story which not even the boy's frank sympathy could accredit with the truth and he was openly puzzled.

"What's your name, by the way? Mine's Stan Clifford."

To Randy it seemed as tho the supreme moment of her existence had materialized.

"My name," she answered beamingly "is Felicia Delmore."

"Well I'll be —," chuckled the lad under his breath. Quite certainly for gaining any reliable data the immediate situation appeared entirely hopeless.

A little later on, the boy and girl were winding their way up a steep, shadowy root-gnarled path that led to the Cliffords' white mansion on the hill.

"Aire it true", Randy was asking with a note of incredulity in her sweet excited voice, "that ye'll give me all the paints an' paper as I kin want?"

"Sure thing, and some breakfast too. That's what you need now—breakfast."

By that time they had reached the sun-crowned summit whence the jagged winding path swung suddenly out onto a smooth immaculate terrace. Quaint red-brick paths laced in and out among tall rows of pink and yellow holly-hocks, and there with all the Southern grace, the defence and pride of generations stood the old white homestead of the Cliffords.

Randy remained quite motionless, but strangely unamazed for a half-conscious poignant sense of recognition flashed between the eager child and the vast green-gabled house. It was curiously like those that she had often fashioned in her dreaming on the dingy

(Concluded on page 52)

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(Continued from page 50)

wharf-logs when of summer nights a sticky, yellow fog hung hovering over the dark river waters.

* * *

All Washington's conservative elite of foremost aesthetes had bowed and smiled and mingled that afternoon,—carefully critical, graciously appreciative in the best of taste, but never overwhelmingly enthusiastic. And now at length their restless whirl of voices died to a low droning, as portly limousines swung down the wide, white avenue, depositing those charming folk upon the thresholds of their own well-ordered homes. It had been a gala exhibition day at the old Cockran Galleries and now the brilliant climax come and gone, a cheerless, tho inevitable denouement of "sweeping up" fell dustily upon the winding marble corridors.

"Here, speed up that broom of yours, you poke, unless of course you're set on brushing up the place all night."

It was the sour, bantam-like chief janitor who spoke, and old Clem Daily looked up slowly from his work. "What kinda quick disease is eatin' you?" he asked laconically and went on sweeping with long measured imitating strokes.

Eight years had played their subtle game of change with Clem and left him an old man. Sparse wisps of sandy neutral hair were almost white and the long

bony hands more deeply veined, trembled incessantly. The useful days of an old logging hand once past, his path is not habitually thronged with hosts of beckoning opportunities, and Clem was glad enough to sweep the Cockran Galleries for his bread and butter.

"Reckon as how it's been a big day", he muttered to himself, "They certainly hev messed the old place up."

And into his waiting dust-pan, a few stray laurel leaves fell lazily amidst a dusty swish. Torn pages from forgotten catalogues, odd gloves, and even bits of jewelry were not uncommn, but laurel leaves—they were indeed a unique contribution to the afternoon's debris.

As Clem looked up with mild interest, he saw the source of this strange happenstance, for a great, glossy, wreath wound in wide, royal purple and old gold, hung proudly over the gilded frame of a small canvas.

And then Clem's eyes were drawn by the intangible threads of fate, to a loose, jagged shambly, deep-eyed lumberman, who formed the focus of the laurel-honored picture. Blinking, gaping, Clem Daily of today stood facing Clem of eight years back and in the left hand corner, blocked in green letters, square and childish he read the words,

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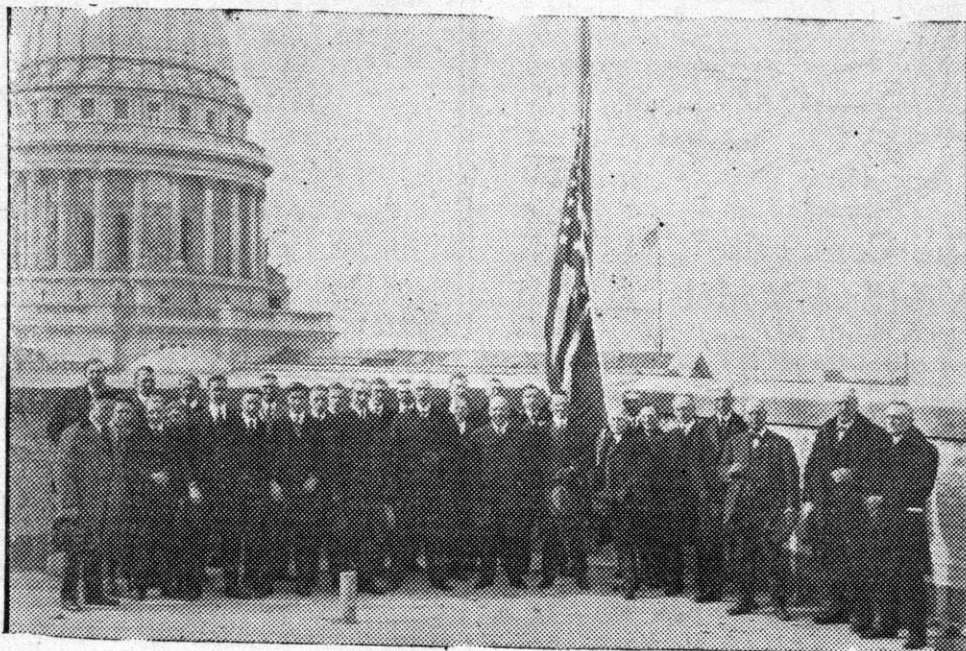
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S. A. T. C.

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