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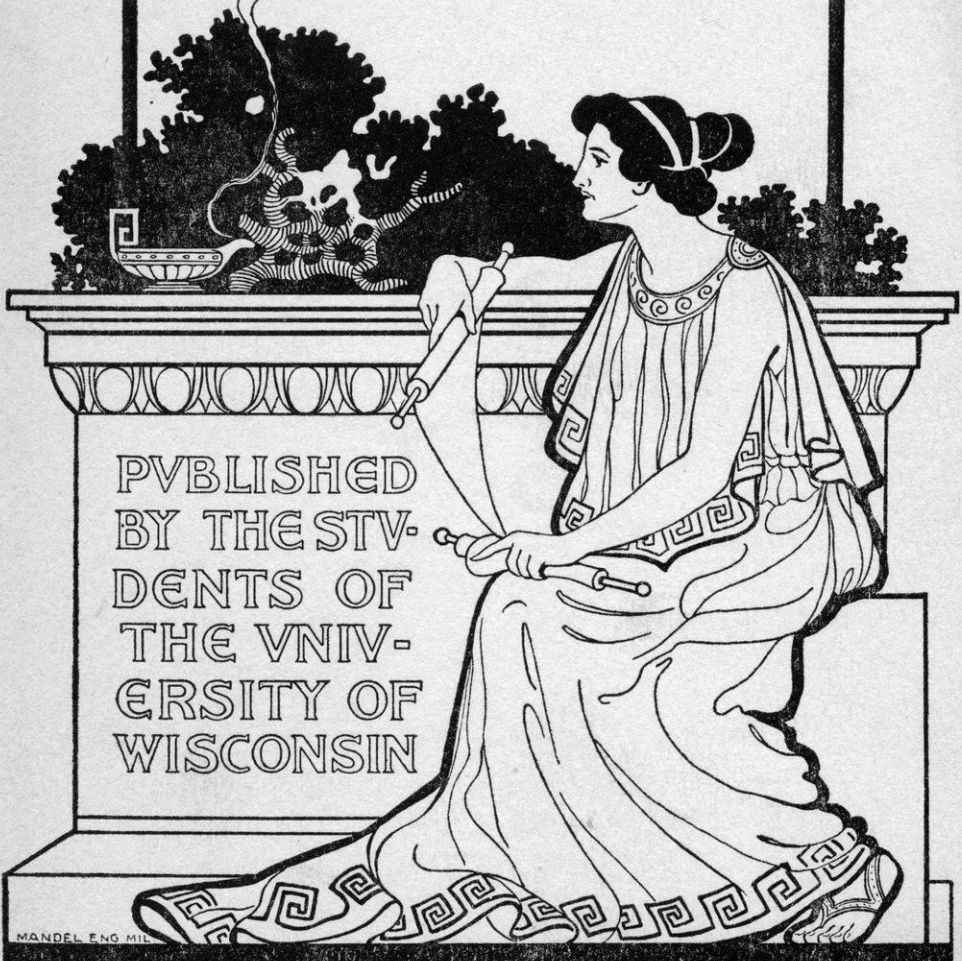
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LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

MANDEL ENG MIL

MARCH, 1905

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Published Monthly during College Year at Madison, Wis.
Entered at Madison, Wis., as mail matter
of the second class

Vol. II

MARCH, 1905

No. 6

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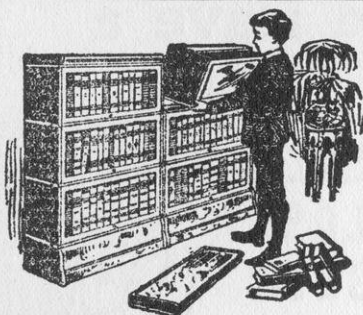
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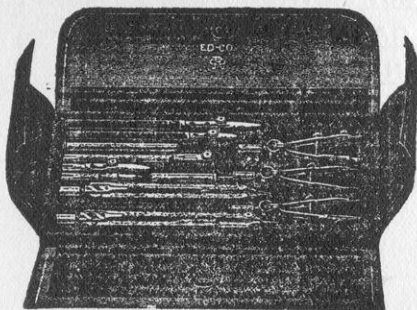
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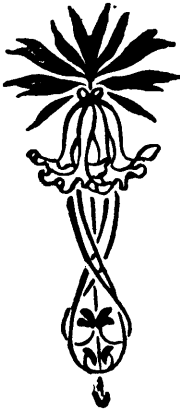
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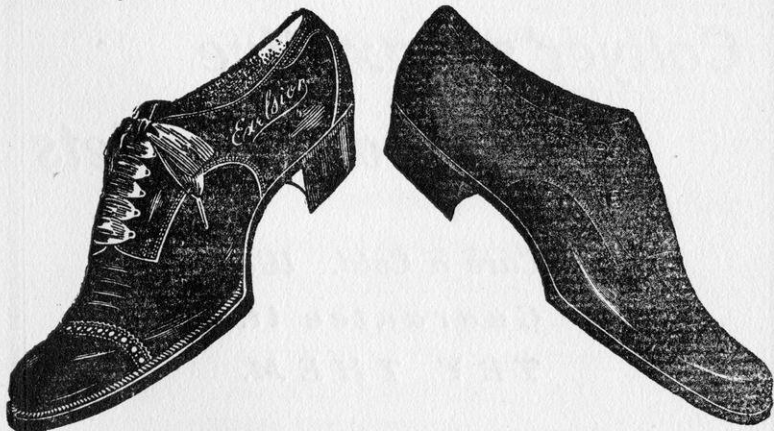
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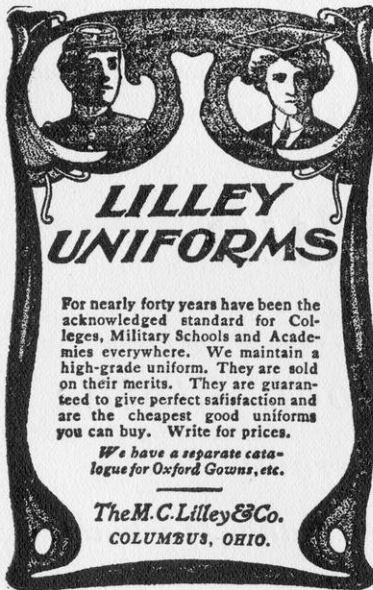
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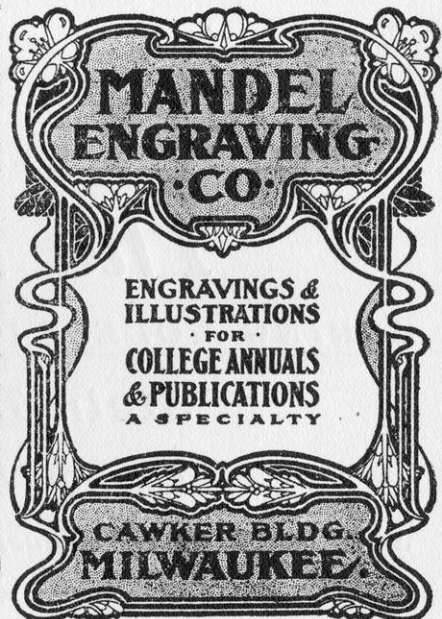


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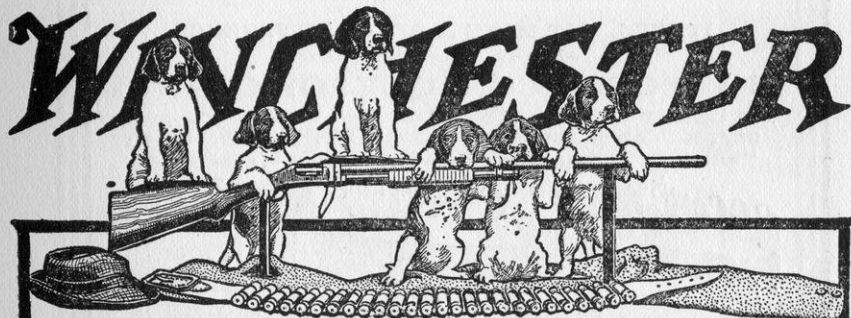
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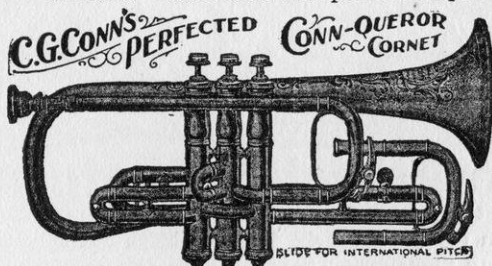
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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1905

VOLUME II

NUMBER 6

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Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Contributions should be addressed to Editor. Business communications and subscriptions to the Business Manager, 28 East Gilman Street.

HIS FIRST RACE

By Harry L. Hatton

"Martin!" called the stentorian voice of head-trainer Squires.

A brown-eyed lad, almost a midget in size, separated himself from the group of busy stable-boys in front of the stalls, and came quickly forward.

"You are to ride Algernon, in the third race," said the big trainer.

"Tommie Palmer went down with Britt," concluded Squires, by way of Explanation.

Little Martin felt a great lump grow in his throat, his legs trembled, and his fingers began to work convulsively. Although less than a dozen years of age, Martin had been with the Clifton stables, as an exercise boy, for three years. But

he had yet to ride his first race. Now the summons, so eagerly and fearfully awaited by every embryo jockey, had come to little Martin.

Already, poor Britt, the regular Clifton jockey, had been carried in a blanket from the track, and the surgeons were at work on him, in the shade of the big awning, which ran the full length of the barns.

Martin wondered, vaguely, how badly Britt had been injured. But there's little time for wonder now. Calling to Tom Tray, another boy, to get Britts' colours, Martin entered the stall of one of the horses, stripped to the skin, and hastily crawled into blouse, breeches and boots. Emerging from the stall, he ran to join Squires, who, with Algernon's saddle on his arm, was starting for the clerk's stand. Arrived at the stand, Martin was lifted onto the scales.

"Four pounds under," said the gray-haired clerk. Squires slipped two fiat slabs of lead into the saddle-pockets, making the weight right. The warning bell was ringing as the two, trainer and jockey, made their hurried way through the crowded paddock, to the stables. A boy pulled the light linsey from Algernon's silken hide, two others deftly adjusted the saddle, tested the girths, straightened the martingale, and, almost before he realized it, Martin had been given his "leg-up," by the trainer. Mechanically, he measured and knotted his lines. Then he began to realize that Squires was giving him his instructions. Vainly, he tried to grasp what the trainer was saying. His mind, however, refused to do its duty. He felt that it was all a dream, expecting at any moment to wake up and find himself in his cot in Brown Hal's stall, with that affectionate animal's sleek nose pillowed on his shoulder.

No, it wasn't a dream, for just then Algernon, the uncertain tempered, gave vent to a "buck-jump" that would have certainly unseated Martin, had not Squires grasped the horse's head and Martin's leg at the same time. Now he was on the track, and the parade, which precedes every race, was form-

ing. In single file the long line of blooded animals slowly pranced, jumped, and cavorted down the stretch in front of the stands. A generous applause greeted the horses and their riders. Daintily gloved hands, on the club house verandas, vied with the hands of the rabble, in the high tiers of the public stands, in expressing approbation for this Classic field of three year olds. Martin was having much difficulty in keeping Algernon in line. He wondered why luck had not given him a more favourable mount for his initial race. How was he to do anything with this unruly brute, whose hood and blinkers, the rogue's badge, were but weak symbols of the real viciousness which the horse had been known to exhibit, when crossed. Now the line had turned, swung to the outside of the track to canter up to the starting post. The cries of the bookmakers, in the betting ring, were now plainly audible to the jockeys. The chanting of the odds, the names of the horses were lost on Martin's ears, until,— What was that? Distinctly came the guttural chant:

“Thirty to one, Algernon don't show!”

The perturbation which had been dominant in Martin's breast until now, was succeeded by a wild surge of anger. This, then, was the bookmakers' estimate of his ability. Before poor Britt had been hurt, Algernon had been selling at “even money.” The absence of that skilled rider, the substitution of an untried stable-boy, together with the well known uncertainty of Algernon's temper, especially so in new hands, had given the gamblers an opportunity to chalk some odds on a good horse, with but little fear of losing.

Martin's anger changed the expression of his face in a moment's time. The uncertain, almost tearful aspect of his eyes, was succeeded by a cold, hard gleam.

It was a big field, with which the starter had to contend. Gingerly, Algernon was persuaded to take his place in the line. Martin freed his whip hand, ran it caressingly down Algernon's neck, then shoved his fingers into the horse's

mouth and allowed the excitable thoroughbred to play with them. By this, and other means, Martin nursed the horse through the trying minutes of delay in the start. Four times the horses scored down, only to be called back.

The voice of the starter now took on a determined note :

"I'll fine the next man that breaks from line!" he cried.

"All right! Turn! Don't any one get ahead! Lookout there, on the outside! Come on! Come on, all of you!! Go!!!

The flag fell on the instant, a thunder of hoofs was followed by a roar of human voices, in the stands, and Martin found himself being roughly jostled between big, bay Hartland and the California mare, Lunette. Much as he hated to lose an inch of advantage, he took Algernon back, knowing that the horse's temper would not long stand the strain of the jostling. Round the lower turn swung the field of horses at a terrific pace, headed by the favourite, the black stallion, Zanzibar. Next came Americus, Clyde, Winsome, Lunette and Hartland, all well together. Algernon was close to the rail, trailing Hartland, the position Martin had taken, just before the turn was reached. Into the back stretch swept the field, with no lessening of the killing pace. The quarter-post flashed by, just a streak of white, and grizzled horse-men in the stands shook their heads, as their watches registered thirty-four seconds, flat. It was too fast. Zanzibar, however, showed no abatement of his zeal as pace-maker. The others were only a few lengths back. Little Martin, crouched over Algernon's shoulders, his eyes glued to the straining animals ahead of him, saw Zanzibar waver, change his stride, and drop back, a beaten horse. He had used up every ounce of his speed and strength in carrying the field at this heart-breaking pace for nearly half a mile.

Now, big Hartland flashed out ahead, and, unthinkingly Martin allowed Algernon to jump into the position next the rail, just vacated by Hartland. Then, the boy's heart fairly stood still. He was pocketed! Blocking his path in front

was Hartland, on his left was the fence, on his right was Clyde, Hartland's stable-mate. He saw it all, now, when it was too late. With Hartland and Clyde retaining their present positions, as unquestionably they would, he would simply die like a trapped rat, with no chance of getting out. A big lump filled poor Martin's throat, a wavering mist hovered before his eyes. Pocketed! This, of all things. This was a thing, against which he had been warned a hundred times. Then, and the misery of the thought was terrible, he had gone right out, at the first opportunity to show his ability and allowed himself to get into that position.

Martin was brought out from the contemplation of his own troubles, by the voice of Thompson, on Clyde, calling a warning, "Look Out!" to Murphy, on Hartland. The horses had now reached the upper turn, and Hartland, who was notorious for his effort's to "bore-out," was giving Murphy lots of trouble. Murphy's left arm was undergoing a severe strain, as, nearly all the way Hartland had been pulling on the one line.

Just as Thompson's "Look Out," attracted Martin's attention, the horses swung into the home-stretch, Hartland went "wide," only a few inches, it's true, but enough to allow Algernon's hooded muzzle to push its way up, even with Murphy's leg. At this Murphy instinctively turned in his saddle.

"You can't get through!" he cried to Martin, "I'll throw you, if you try!"

But Martin ignored the warning. Calling to Algernon, he went at it with spurs and chain. Algernon shook his head angrily at the punishment, pushed ahead a few inches, and Martin's left leg scraped the fence, tearing the leather of his boot and cutting deep into the flesh. There were a few moments of intense riding. It seemed to Martin that he was standing still, while the stands, the club-house and the crowds of spectators were coming toward him with the speed of the wind. There was a last desperate effort of the two

riders, Martin cutting Algernon's silken hide with the cruel links of his chain, while Murphy wound his whip under Hartland's sweating flanks, then the judges' stand flashed past, and Martin found himself breathlessly pulling-up his mount. Slowly, the panting animal came down to a jog, turned, and trotted back toward the judges' stand. Martin watched the board, near the stand, with great suspense. Then a great happiness came over him, and he fell, speechless, into Squires' capacious arms. Martin's number, six, had just been hoisted above Murphy's number, eight, and he had *won* his first race.

WHO SHALL JUDGE?

By Max Loeb

"So you've come to see old Jalse die, have you?" I'm a public character, am I? "Hand me that bottle you've brought me. You want my story from my own lips, do you! Well, I'll give it to you, damn you; but put it in as I tell it, understand. I can see your headlines in tomorrow: *Old Jalse Dead. Had been drunk almost constantly for twenty years. Lived by copying cases for a couple of hours every day. Himself once a great lawyer.* Yes, put it in that way. It's all true, every word of it. Then tell 'em about my early life on the farm and my brilliant career at college. Brilliant career—hell—that was before I learned to be happy—hand me that bottle. Over there in that big book on the table you'll find the list of my honors. There's enough of 'em. I was an athlete and a student—and popular—I graduated third in my class—Then I practised law and succeeded—"bright future," people said. And I married—a beauty—no, it isn't because she left me that I started to drink. I learned to love whisky long before that. Perhaps her leaving me helped.

Look me in the eye, boy; don't stare out of the window. I want to ask a favor of you. I've seen some of your write-ups of dead drunkards, and I don't want you to write any such rot about me. I never tried to quit and I never wanted to, and I want you to say so in your paper. Drink received my practice and emptied my purse and shattered my health, but it made me happy, understand.

I didn't die asking God's mercy, either. Be sure to put that in. I'm not afraid to die. I don't dread what's coming a bit. I've been in heaven for twenty years—nothing can wipe that out. I never went to church after I left college—

so I suppose there's no seat reserved for me up above. But then, the whisky will give me strength—I'll take my chance in the rush—hand me that bottle.

Drink's been a good friend to me, boy, the best I've ever had—and I'm not one of your whimpering cowards to go back on an old friend now. What if I have lived on charity for twenty years? I'd do it again, for the happiness the whisky's brought me. "A horrible example" am I!" Tell e'm how I died.

Why do I tell you my story? I'll tell you the reason—its because you've bought me this bottle—I've spent all the money I had—I'd sell my soul for drink, boy—a thousand times.

I'm getting weak. Don't look at me like that, damn you—don't look at me like that. I don't want your pity, nor anyone's elses. I've been happier than you'll ever be, unless you do what I've done. I've been happier than any of those who lifted their eyes as they passed me, dead drunk in the gutter.

Give me that bottle—quick, I'm going fast. There—I'll die with it in my bosom—its the only thing worth while—the only friend that's stuck to me to the end. Remember, boy, tell e'm—tell e'm—I died happy,—happy, understand me,—happy.

SPRING

(As seen by certain versifiers)

By Berton Braley

Life is large and rich and luscious
 And the gladsome woodpecker
 Sings a limpid juicy carol
 And the pussy willows purr!

—*Bliss Carman*

Across the fields there hangs a droning veil
 Where thought is potent in the myriad vast,
 And as the azure future waneth pale
 Life limpeth past!

—*John Vance Cheney*

There's a tingle in the dingle—
 Dorothy is dancing by!
 Why should any lad go single,
 Why should any maiden sigh?
 Hear the zephyr? don't you hear it?!
 Hear the—something—of the birds
 It is Spring or mighty near it,
 (In my joy I lack for words!)

—*Clinton Scollard*

The sparrow chirps, the robin sings,
 The bobolink is back again,
 The oriole has pretty wings—
 (I think it looks like rain.)

—*John Burroughs*

There is a spirit child, who sings
 Of wistful lips and tender eyes
 And Maytide's vain imaginings
 —But childhood wanes and Springtide dies!

—*Theodosia Garrison*

Yes!
 Spring is
 Here!!
 Gee whiz!!!
 I guess
 Yes!!!!
 Spring means biz!
 She's here to stay!!
 And say!!!
 It's wet!!
 You bet!!!!
 It is!!
 Gee whiz!!!!!!!!!!

—*W. J. Lampton*

Yep it 's spring all right onct more
 'N' me 'n' Jim ist laffs 'n' laffs,
 'N' now my feet is awful sore
 'N' Paw he's bought some nice new calfs!

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

LISSA

By Walter Scott Underwood

It was midnight in "Mysterious Asia." At midnight the great World's Fair closed all its doors, and, by ones and twos, the last stragglers hurried through the big gate. The anxious looking souvenir hunter, triumphant over a few trinkets, yet fearful lest he had paid too much for them; the supremely happy little Filipino soldier; the pair of youths in cheap showy clothes,—all these and other stayers trailed down the booth-lined street, out onto the "Pike." The tired "barker" closed the gate and fastened it with a wooden bar.

Hardly had the bar dropped into its socket when "Mysterious Asia" became alive with its inhabitants. Jugglers, musicians, fakirs, performers of all kinds, jostled and pushed by each other. The camel drivers prepared their great beasts for the night's rest, then hurried to their own quarters; the dark-skinned servants of the cafes straightened up their chairs and left. With one accord, it seemed, the booth keepers lifted the tawdry but tempting wares from their hinged shelves in front, pushed up these shelves and disappeared,—save one.

Half way down the street, across from the shed where the "largest elephant in the world" stood on his concealed platform, the booth of Kaism the Persian rug-seller was still open.

A few moments before the big exhibit closed, a tall, rather well-featured man in the dress of a Syrian might have been seen to dart across the street and enter Kasim's booth. It was Nazif Jerrasadi, the owner of four white-nosed donkeys, and husband of the chief dancer of the "Grand Oriental Theater" which stood near the gate. Nazif's wife was "the far-famed Princess Lissa, true daughter of the Orient and

most beautiful queen of Asia." So at least the gentleman with the red vest and the nasal voice cried, many times a day. "Step up," he would say, "step up and buy a ticket just to see the princess! Only twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar!" Then "the princess" would step out in front of the theatre beside the showman and look indolently down at the crowd, as if it were she, who was surveying them. The princess was a good drawing card. Many a twenty-five cent piece, "only a quarter of a dollar," was passed in through the little ticket window. Nazif Jerrasadi, the owner of four beautiful donkeys, was prouder still of his fifth possession.

An evil day, however, had come at last to Nazif. An American, as handsome with his light skin as Nazif with his dark, had heard the "tom-tom" sound outside the gaudy theatre, had listened to the well-committed harangue of the manager with the red vest, had seen "the princess" come out beside him. When the princess, sweeping the crowd with her languid glance, came to him, she had stopped and looked deeply. The man bought a ticket and went into the theatre. He sat in the front row and tossed a little note on the stage for the fair skinned Eastner, which note she picked up, and read, presumably. For when the man came again the next night she threw him a tiny cone of paper which he unrolled, and found to be an answer to his note, all written in very pretty French. French is the language of flirtation, and the princess, who was really a peasant girl of Algiers, had been educated at the French government college, and had lived at Paris.

A juggler sat on the edge of the stage, every night, while the princess danced, waiting for his own act, and because he was also a Syrian, he had gone to Nazif Jerrasadi and told him of his wife and of the American who came to the theatre and passed notes back and forth with her. This was why Nazif Jerrasadi had come to the booth of Kasim the rug-seller.

Kasim's booth was some ten feet long and half as wide,

the walls were hung with rugs, the floor covered, and more rugs were stowed under the wide shelf. Kasim sat cross-legged on a narrow bench at the farther end, while opposite him, near the half door that gave access to the street, a broad divan waited for customers and guests. A bronze lamp hung down in the middle of the room, lighting up the keen brown features of the old rug-seller-

"Kasim," said Nazif, bowing low as he entered the Persian's booth, and seating himself on the divan, "my respect for you is greater than that I bear for my own ancestors."

Kasim nodded at the young man's greeting, and answered gravely, "Your ancestors were illustrious, you are moreso. What brings you to the small place of the rug-seller?"

"Kasim, in my stable I have four donkeys. They are mine, no one can take them from me. Kasim, you know my wife—she who dances? The princess, they call her."

"The princess," said Kasim.

"She is mine also. No one has the right to take her from me. Is it not the law?"

The Persian nodded.

"Then listen, Kasim, for this is the reason I have come to you. She will go, in the morning, with an American; so much Alan the juggler has told me. In the morning I could kill the American, when he meets her at the gate. But they would put me in the prison. Is it not so? Then I cannot stop him. But you, my father, have the magic. Will you work your magic on the woman that she forgets the American? I promise you reward, all she can earn me in the time of a month.

For some time the seller of rugs sat in thought, while the other man silently faced him—such is the way of the East.

"The princess," spoke Kasim at length, "will pass by, soon."

Nazif nodded.

"Her earnings for the time of a month," said Kasim.

"May the curse of Allah descend on me if I do not give it."

"Leave, my son."

Nazif silently passed out of the booth.

* * * *

"The street of "Mysterious Asia" was deserted by this time, even the great arc lights had all been put out, save the one at the entrance. Kasim slipped out and closed the front of his booth, then went back, but left the door open. A moment later a side door in the theatre opened, and seven dancing girls, some with the paint still on their faces, filed out and down the street to their rooms. Last came Lissa, the princess, a little weary, perhaps, but undeniably beautiful.

"My princess," said a rich voice as Lissa passed the Persian rug booth. She stopped and looked in. A bronze tripod stood under the hanging lamp now, and from it rose a thick column of incense smoke which was carried up by the heat of the lamp and descended at the edges of the room in long fragrant curls.

"Is it you Kasim?" said Lissa, "Are you alone?"

"Come in, my princess, I would talk with you a little."

Without the slightest hesitation, the woman entered and seated herself on the divan, where a short time before her legal possessor had rested.

"What would you say to me, Kasim?" she asked in a soft indifferent tone.

"My princess, you know an American?"

"Why not, Monsieur?"

"You would go away with him, my princess?"

"Merely to see the Pike," said the woman languidly, "He will show me the exhibit—do you call it the 'Creation'—it is the one across from us, Monsieur."

"Look at my eyes, my princess," said the seller of rugs in a sweetly persuasive voice.

With a little inhalation of the incense laden air, the "Princess of Asia" turned her head towards the man. What was it in his eyes so peculiar? She would look in them harder and see.

"I repeat my question, princess," said the same soft voice. But the princess did not answer because she had looked too long at the eyes of the Persian. They fascinated her, held her, they glowed with a strange hypnotic fire. She struggled to turn her head. She could not. Her consciousness of her own will was slipping—slipping—

* * * *

She sat straight up on the divan. Her eyes were fixed with a strange dreamlike glitter on those of the Persian.

"You are going away with the American, in the morning," he said, "Why?"

"Because I love him. Because he says go." The woman spoke in a clear, dry voice.

"Where?"

"To New York, to London, to my Paree."

"For how long?"

"For ever."

"Listen!" For that one word the Persian raised his voice, then lowered it again. "You are waiting for your American just outside the gate."

"I am waiting," she said, in the same strange even tone.

"He approaches in his carriage."

"He is coming. I see him."

"You are driving to the train. Be careful."

"We are driving. Why am I afraid of him?"

The Persian's eyes never wavered from the woman for a second. "You have come to New York, now you are on the steamer, on the forward deck, you and your American. No one else is near. Jump back! He has struck."

She gave a frightened shriek. Monsieur! He would kill me!"

"Listen, you are lying in a small, bare room in your Paris. Your American is laughing at you, leaving you. You are cold, hungry, sick. You are dying."

"I am dying. He is laughing at me," sobbed the woman.

The Persian lowered his eyes, and the straight form in front of him sank back onto the soft rugs.

* * * *

“Did you ask me a question, Monsieur?”

“My princess, I think, has been sleeping.”

“Sleeping? I have not the recollection of sleeping. Did not Monsieur ask me a question, just—yes it is only one moment since—about the American, with whom I am to see the Pike in the morning?”

“Listen, my princess.” The strange little Persian again fixed his eyes on her. “You forget, but you have just awakened. Does the princess understand me? What I say is the truth. You have been sleeping.”

The dancing girl nodded. Her will could withstand no longer that of the man, yet she retained full consciousness.

“While you slept you dreamed. You have no recollection of it yet?” It is of the American.”

Her face showed no sign of recall.

“You must remember that dream. Do you hear? Say with me, princess, ‘I must remember my dream of the American.’ Say it several times, so often as I say it.” The old Persian’s eyes half glowed with the hypnotic fire that, before, had burned in them so brightly. “I must remember my dream of the American,” he said in a low, earnest tone, and she said it with him, following every expression of his face and voice with a fearful, resistlessly growing interest. Seven, eight times they repeated it. The woman was in the margin between consciousness and coma. Then, with the flame of the mind at the welding point, the poor rug-seller, the master of hypnotism, forged between the two states, irremovable associations.

“You remember dreaming, now my princess, You remember meeting the American? Think. You met him at the gate. At the gate, my princess, in the morning. You and the American. Ah! You remember?”

"I remember. Then—then we drove. Why was I afraid? Something told me to be careful, Monsieur."

"What then?"

"We traveled, it was on the train first. I cannot think—what next Monsieur? It was fearful."

"He struck you, princess. Does that come to you? On the boat."

"Oh, it was on the deck. Yes, he did strike me—it was fate—fate warned me to leap back, or he would have killed me."

"Think again, Princess. What was the last you dreamed of your American? Do you remember Paris?"

"Oh, the room, Monsieur, the room. He was laughing, I was dying—laughing—dying—. Why did I not take the warning of fate? Mon Dieu! Is it only a dream, Monsieur?"

The Persian was silent. He had hammered the last stroke.

"It is not so clear as it was, Monsieur; but it is fearful. The fates have warned me. I must not die by him—the American. I shall not! I shall escape him! I shall not meet him at the gate, in the morning."

NOW

By Berton Braley

In days of old when poets ruled the day,
And all mankind was prostrate at their feet,
A sonnet was a thing to worship, meet
To hold its place and bid all else give way.

It was an altar where the world might lay
Its fragrant sacrifices pure and sweet,
Or wearied with the turmoil and the heat,
Kneel in cool quiet, gratefully, and pray.

But in these days of fretfulness—an age
Of rush and roil and hurry, grit and grime,
The sonnet simply serves to fill a page

And prosily we dub it “just a rhyme,”
And pass it by—for we are wondrous sage,
And “poems are a simple waste of time.”

“THERE’S MANY A SLIP, ’TWINXT CUP AND LIP”

It was Tuesday night. In the card-room at Jimmie’s fraternity house, a group of upperclassmen were gravely playing Bridge, two lively sophomores were indulging their animal spirits with a mock, fistic exhibition, in which there were many droll maneuvers. From another room came the notes of the piano, almost drowned in the chorus of a dozen lusty, care-free voices singing, or, more accurately, howling, the words of “Chicago, My Chicago,” from the Royal Chef. Scattered here and there, through the rooms, were youths scanning the columns of the Cardinal, or the evening editions of other daily papers. And, most pleasing and soothing to the senses, an aromatic veil of after-dinner smoke, from pipe, cigar and cigarette, hung, waveringly, over all. Merry jest, care-free laughter and idle gossip were the ingredients composing this hour of subtle good-fellowship, this happy, fleeting hour, between dinner and study time. As Jimmie sprawled in the leathern depths of his chair, before the blazing log in the fire-place, he smiled good-naturedly. What mattered it that he had been very nearly penniless, the past two weeks? Tomorrow would be check-day.” With the arrival of the mail in the morning, he would go down to town, locate one of the boys who speculate in theatre tickets and secure two good seats for the production, Friday night.

Wednesday came and departed, but neither mail that day brought the expected letter and check. Jimmie was disappointed, but solaced himself with the thought that there was still plenty of time for the money to arrive, before the annual Haresfoot play on Friday night. He would go to that, and, yes, he would telephone to the girl. She had been very nice to him, he now remembered, on several occasions, when

it had really been a kindness. He was sufficiently sophisticated to know that she was not one of those girls who are forced to extend favours, to support the somewhat uncertain state of their popularity.

Thursday's mails were eagerly watched, but to no avail. Jimmie thought of wiring or using the long-distance 'phone, but decided that he would wait until Friday morning. and, then, he would probably laugh at his anxiety of the previous night.

He was seated at a window. in the house, when the mail man stopped, Friday morning. One of the freshman ran to the door, and down the steps, taking the letters from the man. The man continued his way down to Mendota Court, while the freshman, scanning the names on the hand-full of envelopes, returned indoors.

"Hey! Jim! Here's a letter for you! cried the freshman, at the same time tossing a white envelope into the former's lap. The letter dropped, with the address side down. Jimmie allowed it to lie there for a moment, while he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and breathed a grateful, "After many years!" Then he turned the envelope over in his hands. For a moment he gazed fixedly at the return-card, printed on one corner of the envelope. "Cronin's Marble Front Cafe," he read. He threw the envelope, unopened, into the fire, and broke into a violent tirade:

"That squint-eyed vender of 'red-eye' and bum steaks! What right has he to put up a joke of this kind on me? Damn him! Of course I owe him ten, which I intended to pay him the moment that check arrived. He can whistle for his money now. Why, I ought to go down to his joint now, if only to stand the pirate on his head, in one of his own champagne buckets!"

Much more of a similar nature followed, but it is perhaps better not to repeat it here. It is sufficient to say that the freshman, fearing physical violence, stole quietly up the

stairs, then, as a further precaution, locked the door to his room.

But, by the time night arrived, Jimmie had become so far hardened to his fate that he had joked the other fellows in the house, while they were dressing to go to the Fuller. After the departure of the theatre goers, Jimmie spent a half-hour in a vain effort to study. Finally, he gathered up his skates, walked to the rink, and, although it was snowing, and there was not another person on the ice, he put in an hour of dogged work. Returning to the house, thoroughly tired, he took a hot tub, and tumbled into bed.

He was awakened Saturday morning by the voice of his roommate.

“Hey! you lobster, wake up, and see the Christmas tree!” that person cried, at the same instant throwing a letter in Jimmie’s face. It took but a moment to tear open the envelope, and, yes, there it was—the check! One hundred dollars! Riches, indeed. Jimmie, still in bed, concluded a hasty perusal of the letter, then jumped to the floor, and, struggling with the sleeves of his bath-robe, he made for the telephone.

“Hello, sister! Say, I want your undivided attention for the next twenty minutes. What time is it? Alright, let the flag fall! Yes, that’s the number.”

Within three minutes he had reached the girl, and received an affirmative answer to his invitation. Then he rang the bell again. “Central” answered on the instant, for she remembered one or two other occasions, when this same voice had started things moving, and, when, as a result of her good nature, she had been generously remembered.

“Ace, deuce, tray, central.”

“Yes, we must have the ponies,” he replied, to her merry laugh. This morning he could afford to be good-natured with everyone.

“Hello. Mr. Anderson? This is Jimmie. I want Ned and Bob this afternoon, at two o’clock. Have them hooked

to that high sleigh. You bet. And say, just a moment. I'll want a brougham tonight. About eight o'clock, I think. I'll 'phone you when I get back to town. Goodbye."

This time there was no necessity for ringing the bell. Central was waiting to help things along.

"Next?" she said.

"Well, I think Smiley's is the next stop," answered Jimmie. In a moment the genial restaurant man was jotting down notes for a dinner menu for two.

"Yes," he answered, to an interrogation, "I'll wire Milwaukee right away. Those things will be out here in plenty of time for tonight. Roes, smilax, and pink shades for the candelabra? All right. We'll do our best Jimmie. Goodbye."

Following this there was a rush call for the tailor's errand boy, a message to a hotel man at Oregon, and one to Keeley's.

Having made certain of the salient features for the day's enjoyment, Jimmie turned to his dressing, singing, as he pulled a conglomerate mass of clothing from his wardrobe. Selecting a gray tweed from the heap, he tossed it into a suit case, slammed the lock, jumped from his room-door to the stair-railing, vociferously yelled, "Look out below!" and with a noise similar to a smothered Subway blast, the suit case struck the floor, down in the entrance hall, two stories below.

For the next ten minutes an uninformed listener would have thought that there was a vaudeville actor in Jimmie's room, rehearsing a combination monologue and song act.

The monologist was at it now:

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined. Yes, my Lady Gray, your Lord Fourflush will drive on this perfect day. Renwick! My tan gloves and my driving coat!"

Now it was a bit of song, as the chorus of, "It Was Not Like This In The Olden Days," or "Pretty Mollie Shannon," came down the hall, in a heavy bass.

Then that walk down to the bank. Oh! It was great!

Bright sunlight, crisp, bracing air, with just a suggestion of a breeze. Saturday, all day; a hundred dollar check; nothing to do but spend it! Jimmie wanted to relieve the tension by giving vent to a Commanche yell, but, with commendable fortitude, desisted.

Reaching the bank, he drew the check from his pocket, hastily endorsed his name on the back and tossed the piece of paper to the paying teller. That person glanced at the amount written across the face of the check, then, with one hand on a pile of greenbacks, turned the check over with the other hand. The hand on the greenbacks began slowly to withdraw itself. The teller looked up over the rims of his glasses at Jimmie.

“I’m very sorry,” he said, “but you will have to send this back.”

“What’s that? Send it back? What’s the matter?”

Jimmie’s voice was a curious combination of amazement, despair and anger.

“It’s unfortunate,” continued the teller, “but your father, when he had this made out to your order, forgot to place his own endorsement on it.”

Jimmie picked up the now useless piece of paper, gazed stolidly at the spot where his father’s well known scrawl should have been, muttered something unintelligible, then stumbled into the street.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE KIDTON TRACK TEAM

By Osmore A. Smith

One day, when Kidton's "elect" were gathered beneath the rendezuous apple tree, munching green crabs and kicking their tanned heels in the air, Rob Wood, better known as "Squint," burst out:

"Say, fellers, let's have a track team." In an instant the heels came to the ground, apple pulp vanished down hasty throats with strained, chicken like gulps, and the eyes of every retainer focused upon Johnny Goodell. Johnny, besides being the redoubtable chieftain of the Kidton forces, possessed two grown up brothers who were high school athletics, and hence was regarded as an authority on all matters pertaining to athletics. He was impressed with the deference shown to his opinion, knowledge. Gravely he drew up his legs, glanced first at one and then at another and said, in a voice of finality, "That's what we'll do fellers." A silence.

"How 'll we do it?" timidly returned little Carl Bender, who was born with an eternal doubt of all save existing institutions.

"Huh," replied Johnny, that's easy! Don't I know all about it! Ain't I seen Will and Guy run an' ain't I heard 'em talk lots of times! First we needs a bus'ness Man'ger," he continued, an', seein' I know all about it, I'll be bus'ness man'ger."

"What's a bus'ness man'ger?" quiered Shocky Jones.

"Oh! he's the man what does the bossin', an' gets the money an'—an'—distributes the prizes, an' such stuff."

"Where's he get the money?" inquired Jimmie Long, at once intensely interested.

"The people that goes to see 'em run," responded Johnny wisely, "they give it to 'im."

"But"—protested Jimmie, who feared for his share of the spoils.

"Oh shut up?" commanded the boss, if you fellers keep buttin' in all the time we won't never do nothin'. Now, "he continued," we must have a trainer. You can be him "Squint!" Then, seeing an interrogation on "Earl the Doubter's" lips, he hastened to add, "What you want to do 'Squint' is to watch us when we run, an' swear good once'n while, an' maybe, sometimes, rub our legs.

Johnny Goodell hereupon fell into deep musing, while Kidton, silent, expectant, awaited the result of his communication with the oracle. At last he spoke:

"We can't have no track team without suits, an' I don't know—"

"Can't we wear our swimmin tights?" suggested Tommie Bennett anxiously. Kidton's council, ever inimical to the interests of the small boy, had insisted that tights were a necessary adjunct to the costume of the bather.

Yes, siree, them's just the things! You're a Jim dandy, Tommy. Thomas' round pudding face glowed at these words of praise.

"Well, I guess we're fixed now all right," said John, "we've got a bus'ness man'ger—that's me—an' a trainer—that's you Squint—an' some duds to run in. I don't know's we need anythin' else. I wish we had some of those slippers like Will an' Guy's got, with nails in 'em, but maybe we kin have a team without 'em."

"Let's go an' race right off," suggesred "Squit," scrambling to his feet.

"Let's," echoed the rest, following his example.

Johnny eyed his men with scorn. "Don't you fellers know nothin' 't all!" he cried withiningly. "Why, you've got to practice for a long, long while first. You've got to go into trainin'."

“What for?” grumbled Shocky Jones. “Can’t we run all right now? What’s the use of waitin’?”

“If you don’t keep your blab shut, Shocky, you can’t go on the team ’t all. You’ve got to go into trainin’, I tell you, ’cause that’s the only way. You can’t run ’less you go into trainin’. You’ve just got to practice, an’ practice, an’ practice, an’ run, an’ get real limber ’fore you can be any good. That’s what Guy told me. An’ you musn’t eat no pie, nor cake, nor nothin’ cept bread an’ butter, an’ water, an’ maybe some potatoes.

“What!” gasped Tommy Bennett, alias “Fatty.”

“What!” choked Kidton, amazed.

“Nop,” replied Johnny, rolling the words over and over on his tongue like a piece of licorice, “nop, you can’t touch pie, nor cake, nor candy, nor nothin’. If you do you won’t be in trainin’.”

“Not even one little mite of a piece?” questioned Jimmie Long.

“Nop, no a single smell.”

Kidton was dumfounded. It wanted a track team, but—, Shocky Jones thought of the great far off preserves his mother had set away on the top shelf in the pantry, when she fancied he was not around, and writhed in inward torment. Little Earl Bender’s mouth watered as he recalled the large section of gooseberry pie he had “stored away” at the dinner hour. “Fatty” Bennett conjured up the long row of jars in his father’s grocery, with their “gum-drops” and peppermints,” and spirally colored sticks, and swallowed hard.

Johnny alone enjoyed the thought, but then—he was “bus’ness man’ger.” He watched the sufferings of his henchmen for a few moments and then spoke, “Guy an’ Will don’t.”

Kidton heard, struggled, weakened, assented. Athletics it must have at any cost.

“Now,” declared business manager Goodell, “you fellers

know what to do." We'll train a long, long time, an' day after tomorrow we'll have the races.

* * * *

When the sun appeared in the east on the morning of the "day after tomorrow" he grinned good humoredly down upon numerous boys, some with long legs, some with short legs, some with thin legs, some with chunky legs, all training frenziedly for the meet which, Johnny had said, would take place as soon as the "fellers got their dinners shook down." Here ran a stocky boy in green tights; there dashed a long-drawn-out lad in red tights; here again steamed a group of athletes in tights of mongrel hue.

By half-past twelve Johnny's barn had taken on every characteristic of training quarters. Twenty of Kidton's "Best" had gathered for final preparations. The business manager, clad like the others in running harness—Johnny did not propose to allow his business managership to stand in the way of his future as an athlete—stood on an inverted horse pail in the middle of the barn floor and eyed his men.

"Fellers," he said, "this is a great moment in our hist'ry. We never had no such magnif'cent meet before. We won't none of us forget it. As the time approaches"—Johnny roared grandiloquently—we feel awful wiggly. Some of us are goin' to beat, and some are goin' to get licked. You're one of 'em "Fatty." ("Fatty" was making faces.) "Now my men, don't forget that lots of people is watchin' you, and run like sixty. Come on, let's start."

With a whoop the track team scrambled out at the door and sped to the big maple at the entrance of the drive-way, which had been made the starting point.

"First," declared Johnny, we'll have the hundred yard dash. That 'ul be from here to Summer's corner there. Who's goin' to race? No, you can't all be in it." Kidton, en masse, had stepped forward. "If you do, we can't have no other races, 'cause you'll be tuckered. Here 'Fatty' you can't run fast 'nough for this. Git out! You too Earl,

we don't want no kids here." Johnny, in a short time, reduced the number of competitors to half a dozen. Then he made a mark with his bare heel across the road on a line with the tree and the six lined up.

"Now, when I say 'get ready,' you get your toes on this here mark, when I say 'get set' you crouch down like this." Johnny doubled himself up like an angry kitten. "Then, when I say 'go' you run like the devil. See?" Kidton saw. "You, 'Squint,' " the manager commanded his trainer, "you go up to the corner and tell who beats. All right now. Are you fellers ready? Get ready! Hi there Jim quit your hunchin' an' get back where you belong. Get set! Come back here 'Speck' "—this to the freckled Clark boy who knew the advantage of a handicap—"you ain't heard me say 'go' yet, have yo'u? Go."

The Kidton track meet had begun.

A list of the races of that afternoon would fill a volume. There were long races, there were short races, there were races of medium length. There were races once around the block, races twice around the block, races three times around the block, and—well Kidton ran an afternoon of perpetual motion.

The feature of the day, however, was the "tuckerin' race" which, because of its nature, had been made the final event. Now, the "tuckerin' race" was distinctly a product of Kidton. It resembled no other track event human ingenuity ever contrived. It was like a two mile in that the contestants were completely "done up" at the finish, but here all similiarity ended. In a "tuckerin' race" the boy ran as slow or as fast as he desired. He might shamle along at a "dog trot"—anything not a walk was permitted—or he might sprint with a flourish, just to show that he "wasn't tired a bit." All that was necessary was to keep going, and he who kept going the longest was, under the rules, the winner. A "tuckerin' race" was, in short, a "tuckerin' race."

For ten minutes after the start every boy's chance looked as good his fellow's. The pace was not a killing one. Then "Fatty" Bennett dropped out, his pudding face glowing like a strawberry. Next Shocky Jones subsided weakly against the maple; then another, and another. At last Johnny Goodell and Carl Bender alone were left, Johnny because he had run in only a few of the previous races, and Earl for the reason that he could go more slowly than any of the others without walking. Around and around the block they jogged, down one side, across, up the other and across again, until it seemed as if their legs would be worn to stumps.

For a time the defeated contestants cheered them on with cries of "Git there, Johnny," and "He's all tuckered out Earl. You can beat 'im." But, when six o'clock approached, and neither runner showed a disposition to stop, they grew tired.

"Ain't you fellers goin' to quit pretty soon?" queried Fatty. "I'm gettin' hungry."

Johnny began to lag. His feet came up more and more slowly. He stumbled one or twice as he ran.

"Say—Earl," he gasped at last, "a—ain't it—pre—tty near—y—y—your cow time?" Earl trotted along in silence. "Its—a—l—mos' six," choked Johnny again. Still Earl said nothing.

"Earl Bender, if you don't come and go after the cow this minute ma says she'll tell pa, and then—you know what you'll get." Earl's sister, scolding like an angry hen, accomplished what Johnny had attempted in vain.

Johnny Goodell won the "tuckerin' race."

"Johnny, Oh Johnny dear!" called a motherly voice, "suppers ready. Come now."

"Yes, pretty soon," answered Johnny. "You fellers come over tomorrow an' we'll race some more," he said, when the track team had regained its cast off clothing. "We'll do some jumpin' too, and maybe some huddle races and pole fallin'."

Alas for the morrow, and the future of Kidton's track team. "Old Lady Morris," who lived directly opposite the Goodells, had returned home from an afternoon's "calling" in time to see the latter end of the meet. Now Miss Morris, better known to Kidton as "The Old Maid," was an unmarried woman of the early school, when to remain unwed signified an inability to get a mate. She was, moreover, a natural enemy of the small boy, whom she knew only as a heartless little wretch who tied her cats by the tail to the clothes-line, in order to see them fight. She waged continual warfare against all Kidton and—Kidton loved her not.

"Old Maid Morris" was horrified, shocked, at what she saw.

"What have those boys got on. Those awful looking, gaudy pants. Are they pants? To think of anyone's being on the street in such a condition. They ought to be arrested immediately. Do their mothers know that they are running on the streets in such disgraceful— Ah! there's that Johnny Goodell. He's at the bottom of it I know. (Johnny and Miss Morris were well acquainted.) I'll call on his mother right after supper and let her know what he's been up to."

While the Goodells were still at the supper table the door-bell rang, and the maid came into the room with the message, "Miss Morris desires to see Mrs. Goodell at once about a very important matter."

Johnny never knew exactly what took place between his mother and the "Old Maid," though he did catch words through the keyhole of the door that sounded like "indecent exposure." He only knew that his mother came to him afterwards with a queer look on her face, and forbade his doing track team work in any but regulation clothes.

The next morning when Kidton assembled he led the way to the apple tree and there, in the center of a circle of grave and sober faces, told the little he knew.

Ma says," he concluded, "that we musn't wear our swimmin' tights no more else we'll be arrested." Startled eyes

focused upon him. "An' Short! if we can't have no runnin' duds there ain't no use tryin' to have a track team." —"Jus' wait till I git hold of Old Morrise's cats. I'll wring their damn tails right off."

"Well" said, Fatty, after a period of silence, "if we ain't goin' to train no more, I guess I'll go 'n ask ma for a piece of pie."

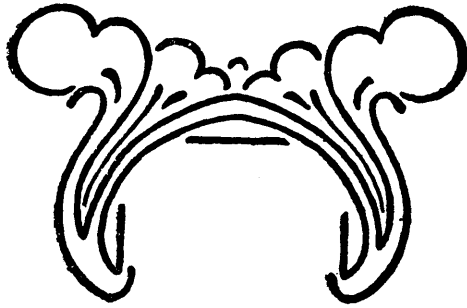
The Kidton track team disbanded.

KEATS

Earth's fairest flowers oft blossom but a day ;
The sweetest song-birds rarely sing for long.
All that is loveliest must fade away,
But the heart keeps the fragrance and the song.
And thus with Keats—no bird more sweet and free
E'er cleft the heavenly dome, on gladsome wing.
The Grecian bards left him a legacy,
And England's Homer taught him how to sing.
Loved by the gods like Tantalus of old,
They feasted him, and kept him by their side,
And taught him wisdom,—but the things they told
Were more than man may know ; he heard, and died.
Thouh short the life, he learned so well the art,
The world will hold him ever in her heart.

—*Mary E. Fiske*

In February Minnesota Magazine.



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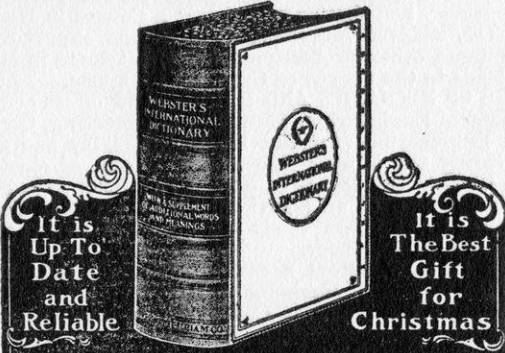
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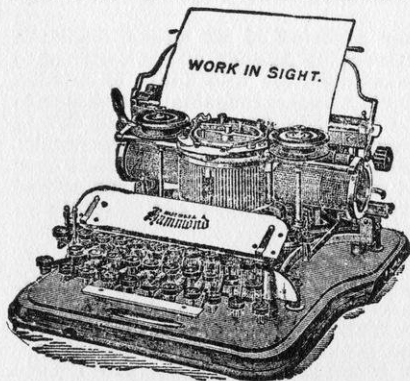
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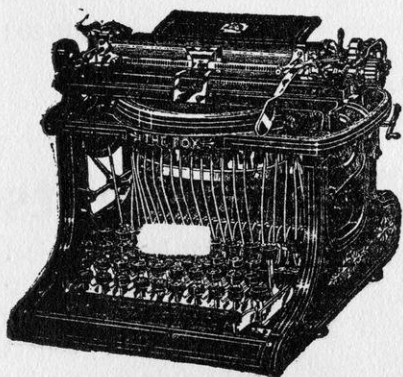
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