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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. III

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 5

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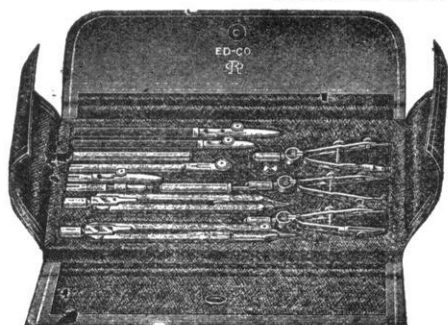
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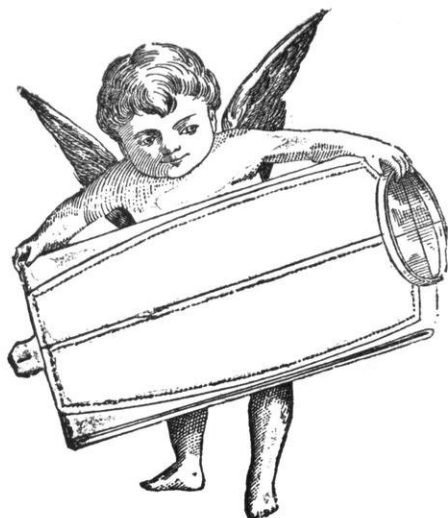
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THE
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VOLUME III

NUMBER 5

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A PINK ENVELOPE

By Andrew M. O'Dea.

Sanders was a high-strung fellow of an intensely poetical nature. He was an excellent linguist, and had some knowledge of art and science, but his forte was music. He devoted from six to eight hours daily to his beautiful upright grand piano, with its matchless tone, of which he was so proud. He had a marvelous musical memory, and when he could be prevailed upon to play in public, which was seldom, he always delighted his audience with a bewildering succession of selections which seemed to be interminable.

Having graduated from Eton and Oxford in England, Sanders returned to Australia, and was apprenticed to an engineering company in Melbourne. Thus, a very indifferent

engineer was fashioned from a man who had all the elements of a musical genius.

Sanders' mother was a prominent actress who had married and retired from the stage, and it is not unlikely that she rather feared the temptations of a life before the footlights for her only child when she decided upon the nature of his life-work. Again, she might have been influenced by the general practice then in vogue among the prominent Australian families, of arbitrarily deciding upon a vocation for boys—(the girls were always educated with an idea of making a good marriage)—irrespective of their natural fitness for the work chosen. The popular vocations were usually decided upon at a meeting of the fond mamas, and the fashion changed about every three years. At one time it would be correct form to educate all the youth in medicine. A subsequent meeting would decide in favor of law. Again it would be theology, and finally these worthy dames would consider that the professions were overcrowded, and a string of luckless youth would be relegated to learn a trade. It was during the wave of enthusiasm over the trade idea that Sanders was drafted to the engineering establishment.

For his mother's sake he toiled hard and conscientiously, but his heart was not in his work, and when his mother died he very gladly gave up his uncongenial occupation and lived a rather retired life in his pretty suburban villa at South Yarra.

Sanders was interested, with a few friends, in a very nice game preserve in Gipps Land, to which they annually paid a two weeks' visit about Easter time. He was an excellent shot and was always very enthusiastic about the trip. This year he was more than ordinarily enthusiastic. His outfit, always a model of neatness, was, if anything, more elaborate than ever, and when the time arrived for the departure of the party everyone was in good spirits and eager to set out. Sanders was the life and soul of the expedition and seemed to be radiantly happy by contrast. He talked entertainingly

of his life in England, so that the tedium of a long railroad journey, and the uncomfortable drive to camp, were very much relieved by his efforts. The travelers reached their destination late in the afternoon, and there was just time to pitch the tent before darkness set in. Next morning Sanders was early astir and busy fixing things when the others of the party awoke. In fact breakfast was almost entirely prepared by this energetic early bird, and for three days his manner did not change. In all of the hunts he was the last to propose returning to camp, and his bag was invariably the largest of all the hunters. His skill with the rifle was simply marvelous, and his after-dinner stories kept everyone interested and awake.

On the fourth day a little mild excitement was furnished by the arrival of a neighboring farmer, who was returning from town and had brought some mail for the camp. A heavy business-looking letter, and a delicate pink-colored envelope, which carried with it a faint odor of violets, were Sanders' portion. Of course the arrival of mail was quite an event. Everyone devoted himself exclusively to his correspondence, and little else, except the rustle of turning sheets, was heard for some fifteen minutes.

Then came the reaction and everybody talked—that is, everybody except Sanders, who was seated upon an old stump with a far-away look in his eyes.

“Nothing wrong, I hope, old chap,” said one of the fellows.

“Oh, no,” replied Sanders, and as he volunteered no explanation his silence was respected.

But whatever news Sanders' letter brought, it evidently unnerved him, because the next shoot left him with the smallest bag of the party, and at night he sat looking into the waning embers of the fast-dying fire, long after his companions had retired. Two days spent in much similar fashion followed, when Sanders astonished the campers by declaring his intention of returning to town next morning. His companions tried hard to induce him to reconsider his de-

cision, but all in vain; so the farmer's vehicle was procured, and Sanders was driven to the station and given a hearty cheer as the train pulled out. With Sanders' departure all the hunting zeal seemed to ooze steadily from the camp, and a vote to break camp was unanimously agreed to.

Nothing was seen of Sanders for about a week, until one of the party met him upon the station platform.

"Hello, Sanders! How goes the world with you?" he exclaimed.

"Bully, my boy," replied Sanders; "and you are just the man whom I wished to see. Since I saw you last I have decided to change my life."

"Great heavens, not suicide!"

"Oh no; I have just asked the author of that pink envelope correspondence to marry me, and now congratulations are in order, and I want you to act as my best man."

His friend started with, "Why, you incomprehensible idiot," and then, seeing a look of pain come into Sanders' eyes, he said, "Oh, I beg your pardon. Allow me to congratulate you, and of course I shall be delighted to see you through. But from your looks upon receipt of that letter, my boy, I was inclined to think the portent was cypress instead of orange blossoms."

AN IDEAL BROKEN

By Cora C. Hinckley.

It was the night before the Junior Prom and everything at the Gamma Delt house was ready for the House-party. All the old furniture was replaced by new pieces, either borrowed or newly purchased. No pipes or tobacco bags were lying about; not a speck of dust to be seen; vases of flowers carelessly placed on mantels and tables; and all books and other things suggestive of school life hidden away. Mrs. Perry's brass andirons gleamed before the grate, and Tom Grant's mother had loaned several of her pictures and her Mexican couch cover. All the banners and pennants won in past field meets were brushed up and put in conspicuous places, and the three loving cups shone like new. Indeed, a general air of comfort and opulence filled the once rather shabby-looking halls.

Up in Phil Graham's room, which was not to be turned over to the ladies, a rather different state prevailed. Broken chairs, books, papers, dress-suit cases, boxes and a thousand unsightly, but necessary, things had been crammed in, hit or miss. But in the midst of the melee, a pipe in his mouth and his feet resting on his bureau, sat Phil—absolutely happy. Everything had turned out much better than he had even hoped. Last summer, when he had been at Oconomowoc for the boat races, he had met Kate Lee. For two whole weeks they had gaily flirted away the time together. The night she left they had been out rowing. Either her pretty dress or the relentless moonlight had turned his head, and, although he knew such distant invitations often proved disastrous, he had invited her up to the Junior Prom and to the Gamma Delt house-party. There hadn't a month passed before Kate was forgotten with a half dozen other summer

"crushes," but the invitation still remained and interfered with Phil's happiness. But now he smiled to think how miserable he had been then. Nothing could have turned out better. He was even glad that Kate was coming—Hal Masson had promised to trot her around, and he was pretty sure Kate would like Hal. And best of all it pleased him to think it was Kieth—Kieth Russell, his old rival in everything from love to athletics, who had helped him out in his sore strait.

Phil had gone up to La Crosse to spend his Thanksgiving vacation with Kieth Russell. Kieth's sister was a pretty fine girl, but she had even a finer girl visiting her, and the four had had a pretty gay vacation together. Miss Young, Madge Russell's friend, had never been to a Wisconsin prom, and was very much interested in all the plans for the coming house-party. She had been to a Cornell and to a Yale prom, but of course they must be quite different from Wisconsin proms. Phil began to think that he would like to show Miss Young what a Wisconsin prom was really like. She was pretty, wore a different gown every evening, had traveled all over, sung Marie Cahill's songs to perfection, and was, in every way, just the sort of an out-of-town girl that a fellow likes to import at prom time and show the mediocre college people what sort of girls he goes with at home. Co-eds are all right for hops and the naval balls, but at the Junior Prom one likes to branch out a little. But every time he got worked up to the point of asking Miss Young, he remembered the climax of two weeks' fun last summer. Contrary to fact as the statement may seem, Phil was not what people call "susceptible," and his liking for his new friend was entirely sincere, and he felt that his life's happiness depended, almost, on having Miss Young up to the Prom. And it was right here that Kieth had come in and helped him out. Kieth never was much of a "fusser," and when Phil proposed that he ask her up to the house-party,

he quickly fell in with the plan, and presently the whole thing was settled.

Phil had explained to Miss Young all about Kate, and she understood that she was to be Phil's guest in all except name. So on this, the night before the grand event, it was no wonder that Phil sat and smoked his pipe in perfect peace and enjoyment. Miss Young was to arrive several hours before Kate, and, as Kieth had an unavoidable quiz at just that hour, Phil was going to meet his girl and take her driving all morning. He pictured to himself how fine they would look and how people would turn and say:

"Pretty fine-looking prom girl Graham's got. She beats the Madison girls all to pieces. Pretty jolly to take a stunning out-of-town girl like that."

"Yes," Phil continued, "Kieth's a pretty good chap. He doesn't care enough about Miss Young to be in the way and Hal'll take care of little Kate all right."

Miss Young was one of the first passengers to leave the train. Phil recognized her immediately and rushed up to meet her. He was so proud of her—she was looking her very best—and it was with a veritable feeling of contented ownership that he took her bag and checks. But a shade of disappointment passed over his face at almost her first words:

"Why, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Graham, but where is Mr. Russell?"

Then Phil explained about the exam. and that he and she would go driving till luncheon, when Kieth would probably show up. The drive wasn't exactly satisfactory, and Miss Young and Russell's meeting was a little too enthusiastic exactly to please Phil. But he thought of the six dances they were to have that evening and his hopes brightened up a little. In the meantime it was getting near Kate's train time and Phil sauntered down to the station. There, radiant and happy, pacing up and down the platform, was little Hal Masson.

"Hello, Hal! What are you doing down here?"

“Well, I thought as long as you had transferred all your lady’s time to me while she was in town, I might as well come down and meet her and make a good impression at the very start. Tell you what, Phil, I’m getting right into the spirit of the Prom. Here she comes with her precious load of damsels,” said Hal, waving his hand toward the coming train.

Kate came out all smiles and blushes and excitement. She was so happy to see Phil, but would be even happier to see her trunk and “would Phil rush right off and tell the man to be sure and send it right off.” Phil of course was delighted to hunt up Miss Lee’s luggage, and rushed off to find the baggage man. When he returned five minutes later he found Kate and Hal perched up on a baggage truck, swinging their feet and chattering like old friends. Hal had already started in on his course of instructions, and he and Kate had decided to sail over to Maple Bluff before dinner. If Phil didn’t object they believed they would go right over to the boat house now. Hal had taken over some furs and sweaters and the ice was perfect. Phil didn’t object. On the contrary he felt rather queer inside, and left out, outside. He parted from Hal and Kate and went back to the house. Just as he came in sight he saw two people walk off down the street. It was Miss Young and Kieth. They seemed very absorbed in each other, so much so that they almost bumped into Phil before they noticed who he was. He reached the house, went up to his room and banged the door shut.

The Prom was over. To Phil it had not been entirely a success. Miss Young was decidedly the belle of the dance. But she scarcely spoke to Phil, except to continue her solicitations whenever Kieth was out of sight, and Kieth was not playing his allotted part well. Kate was in her element, but Kate was so nice to everyone that it wasn’t any particular compliment to have her smile at you. Besides, she and Hal were progressing wonderfully well. Hal was playing his al-

lotted part altogether too satisfactorily. During the last dance she confided to Phil that she thought Hal was the "very nicest man in the fraternity." Phil said to himself that he had once thought the same thing too.

The next night, to wind up an especially busy day, there was a supper dance out at Middleton. It had all been previously arranged that Hal was to take Kate—"whether he felt like going or not, he was to take her." Kieth, suddenly contracting a bad cold on his lungs, was to be obliged to stay home and surrender Miss Young to Phil. But Kieth's lungs proved exceptionally strong; his cold didn't materialize as it was scheduled to do. At the last moment he rushed up into Phil's room and laconically explained that he simply couldn't get out of going and "would explain everything later on, old man." Phil was too full for utterance. When at last he found his voice Kieth was out of sight. At least he might be allowed to go to the front window and see the crowd off.

He stealthily looked from between the curtains at the big sleigh. Little Kate, prettier and even more animated than usual, and fairly buried within her great furs and *his* stocking cap pulled down over her ears, was sitting under the driver's seat. Close beside her was Hal—perfectly happy. Just getting into one of the single sleighs was Miss Young, serene and composed in her eighth change of costume. Kieth was holding her great muff and boa in one hand and with the other he was gallantly helping her into the cutter. Kieth was looking at her with eyes in which Phil read volumes.

"Curse his luck," Phil muttered. "I might have been wise enough to see how that old fox would act. 'Want a thing done, do it yourself,' is especially apt when it concerns inviting a girl to the Prom."

After they all had left, Phil went around town collecting all the fellows whom he had previously termed "tight wads," "soreheads," "nigs" and "quitters," and together they

went down town and enjoyed themselves in their own true fashion. Coming home they serenaded several houses, but their voices were a little husky and the tunes a little hard to keep. They really thoroughly enjoyed their music themselves and were happy in the thought that other people enjoyed it too.

The next morning Phil didn't get up very early. In fact he didn't get over to the house even in time for dinner. When he did come he found the house-party a thing of the past—"the ladies flown, the men to themselves." Miss Young had left in the morning, some one told him. Hal and Kate had just left for the station. As he came into the chapter room Kieth was standing on the piano stool leading the cheers for the "ladies" and the "Prom," the "house-party" and a dozen other things. Kieth seemed to be feeling very happy. For some reason or other he seemed especially grateful to Phil.

EVENING SONG

Over the water a gleam,
The breathless light of a star,
Guiding me over the waste of sea
Back to the harbor bar.

Over the water a breath,
The wind's faint, tremulous sigh,
Drifting across the silent waves,—
And none can hear but I.

Over the water a voice,
Tender and soft and true,
Borne on the shafts of the dying sun,
Calling me back to you.

—*H. A. Bellows in Harvard Monthly.*

WHEN THE CURTAIN ROSE

By S. A. M.
(W.T.W. skt)
~~_____~~

But to look at Palmer Harvey any one could see that he was in delicate health. A slight-built man with hollow cheeks lacking in color, and a flatness of chest, with long, thin, transparent-like fingers, there was a suggestion of fragility about him well-nigh pitiable. Large, dark eyes, haunting in their expression of sad appeal, and suspiciously sensitive lips completed the impression. Such was the rather shabbily attired clerk of the curio shop in the Strand. One did not wonder what such a figure was doing there; he seemed in harmony with the place.

In his little hall bedroom, however, Palmer Harvey was a different being from a mere buyer and seller of the old and the rare. Within those precincts, narrow though they might be, yet his own, he could love things for their own sake, not because a price was set upon them. Books there were and pictures, too, the latter chosen for what they suggested, the former for their contents. For Harvey secretly contemned curios, despising alike the relic hunter and the seeker of first editions. He was, indeed, a true virtu. Within his frail body raged, rather than reposed, an artistic soul that burned to give expression to itself. For its vent it coveted the drama.

Of the modern servants to this branch of literature, his heart was with Stephen Phillips. This playwright appealed to him not so much because of subject-matter as because of method of treatment. The attempts of this dramatist at perfection of technique, and of purity of diction, appealed to him even more than the manifest effort at delicacy and subtility of conception.

Harvey, apart from his working hours, lived as in a dream,

though a dream that was fitful and fervid. Excess of ambition, combined with doubt of his own powers and a partial exhaustion after his day's labor, that superinduced an irritability and feverishness, paralyzed his hand and stultified those ideals of technical excellence that patience alone could execute. Hence he was racked between the heat of his desires and the presentiment of the impossibility of their fulfillment. It was a pity, Harvey often thought, that one's powers did not keep pace with one's ambitions.

But one day there came a new element into Harvey's life that hitherto had had no place there, except, perhaps, as the remote possibility of an idle dream. His ambition had hitherto driven him on, he scarce knew from what motive. Indeed, it may be questioned whether he had ever analyzed his motives. Literary expression was with him an instinct, like that of love of life—nothing more. The new element was love.

It was a fine morning in the May time. The soft winds of the season had swept the city clean of its fog. The sun lighted up the dark corners of the old Strand and gave a springiness to the footsteps of the multitudes of human beings swarming there. Before the door of the curio shop a carriage stopped, and its occupants, two in number, a man and a woman, entered into the shadow of the shop's walls.

"Violins," said the man, "you keep them?" And presently they were looking at the collection of rare instruments.

"This," said the woman, picking up a violin with a fine dark-golden stain, "this seems to be well-seasoned," and she drew it to her chin caressingly and swept the bow across the strings.

Harvey had scarcely noticed her before, but now his attention was turned fully to her. He noted how the white, slender fingers clasped the neck of the violin, till the blood underneath flushed the nails to a rosy red; he noted the curve of the wrist and how the skin slipped away over the bone beneath without a break in the symmetry of the flesh. Then

he raised his gaze to her face. Her eyes made most of the beauty there, though Harvey did not guess this till her profile was turned to him. Wonderful eyes, they were, dark-brown, rich and luminous; frank as a child's and as tender, too. Harvey's soul sprang to meet hers in that look, and henceforward he was as one enchanted.

The violin wailed sweetly under the bow. The air was some simple one, not difficult of execution. No remarkable musician evidently, this. It was she herself, not what she could do with musical tones, that enthralled.

The purchase was made at last, and Harvey thrilled at the prospect of learning her name and place of residence.

"I shall have this delivered, of course," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"What do you say, Mr. Oswald?" she asked, turning to her companion.

"Why, we can take it along with us in the carriage, can we not?"

"Yes, I suppose we can."

For a moment Harvey's heart sank, but she produced a check-book. He would learn her name after all.

"I suppose you will accept my check?" she smiled confidently.

"Er—I beg your pardon, but—"

"I am Miss Leslie Farncote." Her manner was somewhat haughty now.

"Oh, yes, certainly." Harvey recognized the name of a cabinet member's daughter.

He watched them step into the carriage. An elderly woman was their companion. They drove off down the tumultuous Strand, and Harvey returned to his gloomy place behind the counter.

A new dream, a new ambition, a new purpose had come into his life. On its face it seemed wilder than the pursuit of the will-of-the-wisp. A shop clerk in love with a cabinet member's daughter! Yet a new hope tugged at Harvey's

heartstrings that set him to work with a grimness of resolution he had never shown before.

He toiled late that night evolving the plot for the play he purposed to write. The central figures were Leslie Farncote and Palmer Harvey, though, of course, they were masked under different names. A violin held an important place.

The days, the weeks, the months slipped by and slowly the material was wrought into shape. Its author was spurred on by an ambition more fierce and passionate than ordinarily moves men. It was at once a labor of love and of dread. It was a race against time and fate, he felt. He feared that any day the papers might announce the engagement of Miss Leslie Farncote to Mr. George Oswald. His one chance was to write a great play, to carry London by storm, before such an event could occur. He trusted the scene in the curio shop would, reproduced in the play, be recognized by her. That much accomplished, he felt she could not miss the significance of the rest. He had conceived of her passionately. He had striven to interpret the soul behind those eyes, and its effect upon him. She could not, *must* not misunderstand, if she were but once to see the play!

At last the play was done. Now came the sweating of revision. Harvey poured his strength out upon this labor as freely as water. Strange to say, his health, apparently, was no sufferer from this strenuous application. On the contrary his energy seemed to be revived. Finally, all he might do was done. He entrusted the manuscript to the mails.

Strangely enough, one of the most prominent theater managers in the metropolis was a George Oswald, not the friend of Miss Farncote, but a distant relative of his. Whether it was the connection of this name with Miss Farncote's, or because of his success in staging high-class drama, I know not, but at all events Harvey sent his production to George Oswald, of the Majestic.

Three weeks, and then three months passed by without any reply. His work done, Harvey could not rest, could

scarcely sleep or eat. His old feverishness returned upon him with redoubled force. The long and unexpected silence was maddening. Finally he could bear it no longer and wrote a letter addressed to Mr. George Oswald, Majestic Theatre. The reply was at once prompt and disquieting.

To the best of his knowledge and belief, no such manuscript had ever been received, so wrote the theatre manager. A personal interview elicited no happier outcome.

Hope against hope had been all for naught! The result of efforts of months had vanished like a desert mirage. Was he going mad? Was he mad? Had the whole thing been only a dream? For a day he was nearly insane through doubt. But slowly the situation began to reveal itself in all its crushing hopelessness. Wildness and desperation were succeeded by the lethargy of despair. But after two nights of sleepless anguish, in which he vainly strove to think what he might do, the whole mystery cleared itself with the startling abruptness and force of a thunderbolt.

It was the morning of the third day. Harvey was too worn and sick to work. About eight o'clock he stepped into the street and bought a paper. Returning to his room, he first perused, as was his wont, the notices of marriage announcements. Next he passed to the dramatic review. He was astounded to read the following:

“Society will be pleased to learn that George Oswald, Esq., son of the member from Dellington, Henry Oswald, Esq., is about to present a play to the public. Mr. Oswald is a third cousin to the manager of the Majestic Theatre, also of the same name, and it would seem that the dramatic instinct evidently in the other branch of the family is beginning to manifest itself in this branch also. Mr. Oswald's play, ‘The Old Violin,’ will be staged in about a month's time at the Western Theater. The cast has been selected and the company is undergoing daily rehearsal. A more extended notice will be given in these columns later.”

The truth struck him with crushing force. This man had

dared to take advantage of a miscarriage in the mails to plagiarize his labor, for which he had sweated blood. It was true the title of the play was not the same; his had been "A Violin Romance," but there could scarcely be a doubt that it was none other than his.

What should he do? Go to the manager of the Western? Why, he would laugh in his face and have him unceremoniously ejected as a lunatic or a fool. He knew it was useless to appeal to the thief, George Oswald. His only hope—but oh, would she believe him?—lay with Miss Leslie Farncote.

Harvey was not so far overcome by his grievance that he failed to perceive it might be very difficult to secure an interview with her, or that his appearance must present a far greater semblance to calmness than it did at that moment, if he were to accomplish his purpose. He lay down on his bed, closed his eyes, and strove to quiet himself. He succeeded in doing so remarkably well, for at the end of an hour's time he rose with a far greater degree of composure, and shaved himself with a steady hand. He bathed his eyes and face in cold water, brushed his clothes and arrayed them to the best advantage and sallied forth. He rested in a park till about noon and then set out for the West End.

It was not so difficult a matter to secure admittance as his fears had anticipated. The message that it "was a man from the curio shop in the Strand who wanted to see her" brought down Miss Farncote.

Her eyes searched him questioningly as she bade him be seated.

But Harvey could not for the moment speak. The position into which he had thrust himself struck him now, in its peculiarity, with full force. Moreover, those glorious eyes, playing upon him in so dazzling a manner, confused him for the moment.

"Well?" said she at last.

Harvey recovered himself.

"Miss Farncote," he began, "I do not, of course, expect

you to remember me. Some eight months ago you bought a violin in the curio shop where I am employed as a clerk."

He paused.

"Yes, I remember," she said, "and a very fine instrument it is, too. I trust there is nothing wrong with the purchase."

"Oh, no, no," Harvey hastened to assure her. "My visit has nothing to do with that—and yet it has something to do with it, too, and with you, also."

"I don't quite understand."

"Miss Farncote, I know what your class thinks of the shop clerks and their ambitions. If one of us should say that he sought to be an artist or a playwright, or what not, you would say that it was the glamour of the thing that interested us and not, in reality, the thing itself."

"Perhaps so, but in what way does this interest me?"

"I beg your pardon. I fear I bore you, and yet I must begin somewhere. Well, you came to the shop that day eight months ago, and—I wrote a play. It was not my first attempt at such work, but it was the first time I ever finished one. You will not believe it, I know, but it is the truth. Three months ago I mailed my work to Mr. George Oswald, the manager of the Majestic. It never reached him."

"Indeed?" Miss Farncote did not appear to be particularly impressed.

"And the reason was," continued Harvey, "there are two Mr. George Oswalds."

"What!" Miss Farncote was all attention. "You do not mean to insinuate—"

"I don't insinuate anything," said Harvey doggedly. "All I know is that I lost a play entitled 'A Violin Romance' addressed to Mr. George Oswald of the Majestic Theatre, and that three months later a Mr. George Oswald, *not* of the Majestic Theatre, announces the production of a play entitled 'The Old Violin,' written by himself."

Miss Farncote waited to ask one more question. "Have you the original in your possession?"

"No, not a scrap. I had a single typewritten transmission made, and the autographic manuscript was destroyed."

The girl arose. "Really, you cannot expect me to believe this nonsense. Your tale is very cleverly woven together, but I fear that I must be under the necessity of having you shown out at once." She rang the bell for a servant."

"At any rate, do for your own sake attend the play," Harvey implored.

"Have no fear but I shall," was her smiling reply. "I shall occupy a box with Mr. Oswald on the night of the initial performance."

But Harvey did not wholly despair. He had left behind food for mental thought. Moreover, there were scenes in the play that he felt safe Miss Farncote would be sure to recognize as coming from nowhere but the inner recesses of his life and heart. He would wait.

* * *

The night of the first performance found a packed house. Society had turned out in force to see the brilliant production of a man high in social standing, who was engaged to a girl even higher, it was whispered, It was also hinted that not till he had proved himself capable of doing something in the world would she heed his suit.

Oswald and Miss Farncote had a seat in one of the lower boxes well to the front. Harvey, from his seat in the gallery, could see them. There were others with them.

"Do you know," said Miss Farncote, "that I had a rather strange experience about two weeks ago?"

"Yes?" answered Oswald.

"Such a queer man called on me from the shop where we bought that violin together, and said that he had written 'The Old Violin.' Only he had another name for it. Wasn't it perfectly ridiculous?"

"Perfectly ridiculous," came the echo.

It was a long period of waiting for Harvey before the curtain rose. He fairly quivered with excitement. Over and over in his head rang the familiar lines; over and over he could see those scenes in which he and Miss Farncote had the center of the stage. But his eyes never left the box down in front.

Miss Farncote was in evening dress, and the glittering outline of arms and shoulders did not belie the promise of shapeliness her wrist indicated. Her head was well formed; the hair came neatly and daintily to the nape of the neck, which was slender and smooth. She talked and laughed animatedly to her companions, seemingly in the best of spirits.

The orchestra at last appeared and struck up a lively air. Harvey's body swayed in unison with the music. His excitement now was bubbling over. In but a moment Miss Farncote would feel the first dawning of the truth, and before the play was over she would realize all. The orchestra changed its air, and the curtain began to ascend slowly. The music ceased. Harvey leaned forward in tense eagerness. His eyes were no longer on the box. He thirsted for a view of the stage. It seemed as though that brief instant would never end.

The scene lay before him at last. But what was this? His play opened with a scene in a curio shop. This, with a scene in a ball-room.

The truth forced itself in upon him with sickening intensity. It was not his play after all.

EXTRACTS FROM EVE'S DIARY

(With proper apologies to Mark Twain.)

By W. T. Walsh.

Sunday. Adam says I was created out of his rib—a funny statement, that. I'm inclined to believe Adam a prevaricator. Still, I do feel kind of bony. Maybe I need more food to eat. I'd like some apples, but Adam says I musn't touch them. Well, we'll see.

Monday. Adam is a queer creature; calls himself a man. Wonder what that is. He said, when I asked him, it was something a woman isn't. Hope that's not a joke; maybe it is, though.

Tuesday. It has been raining and I have discovered a dreadful thing. My feet don't track. How do I know? Why, by the marks in the mud, of course. Adam doesn't suspect, though. Good thing no other woman is around.

Wednesday. One of those apples fell off the tree. I bit one. Somehow things feel different. I'm bashful, now, when Adam is around. Wish I had one of Worth's gowns. 'Fraid the sun will tan my back.

Friday. Ate half an apple and lost no time in making for myself a fig leaf suit. Adam saw it and looked disgusted. Can't understand what I mean by wearing such a thing, he says.

Monday. Adam ate one of those apples yesterday, having nothing to do on Sunday but rest. He wanted to kiss me as soon as he had eaten it. I didn't let him, though.

Tuesday. He didn't say anything about it, but I saw him making a suit of fig leaves like mine, this morning. Came back a little later and said my feet didn't track. Funny what a lot of difference apples make. Guess he has eaten enough of apples.

Wednesday. Well, I let Adam kiss me today. There was no use holding him off any longer, seeing there are no other men to flirt with.

Thursday. Adam proposed.

Friday. Got married today.

THE GULF OF MEXICO: NIGHT

By Marion E. Ryan.

The Gulf is calm; no more, unceasingly,
It moans; the wave no longer dashes, white,
Upon the sand, for now the peace of night
Comes down to spread her wings o'er all the sea.
The air with gentle breath makes stir and flee
Before its touch, a host of ripples light.
No bird's a-wing. The moon rides high, and bright
Her quiv'ring lance of gold sends, far and free.
The moon, the night, the calm, untroubled wave
Serene and quiet after storm of day,
Are as the presence of a noble mind
That, having toiled in vain, could still outbrave
All petty, nagging cares, and from the fray
Come forth, unharmed, at peace with all mankind.

IN BOOK FORM

By Ora L. Mason.

"Why don't you read?" Betty leaned back against the tree and waited.

"I am reading," I said, still keeping my eyes on her—how could a fellow be expected to keep them off such a picture.

"I must have lost the connection, then," she said, brushing back the unruly locks from her pretty eyes.

"Why, how stupid of me," taking her left hand and holding it so that the diamond caught the sunlight through the leaves. "Now that you have the connection shall I continue?"

"You shall have a big goose-egg today in your three-fifths reading course under me," threateningly. "You've had from Christmas 'till—Thursday was the thirtieth, Friday the thirty-first—'till the first of June to read that book and you aren't half through yet. You're liable to get conned, young man."

"But I didn't take out any class card," I persisted, "and besides it was about Christmas time, you know,"—this meaningly,—"that I was so taken up, or taken in, perhaps, by this other book that I've been trying to read for so long."

"I have been keeping a record of your marks, though, and—"

"But I have made my mark," significantly. "It was due to the inspiration of this same book, you see."

"It was in a sort of manuscript form then, wasn't it?" Betty suggested, adjusting the sofa pillow behind her back.

"Good work!" I exclaimed. "Of course; and I collected the fragments, arranged, annotated, and interpolated—"

"And then you approved it," she interrupted sweetly.

“Happy thought! I was infatuated with its excellence, and after years of persuasion succeeded last Christmas in securing the contract—”

“To have it bound some day?” Betty finished, timidly, slowly stretching out the other hand.

Then I hastily gathered up the material and printed another edition.

A CONFLICT

“Here it is almost nine o’clock and I do not know what to do; Jim always comes on Monday evening. Why couldn’t James have been reasonable and called this morning, as he usually does? And now this note says he must see me tonight. Well. I will go dress at any rate. Oh, dear! What shall I put on? I wish they would not come at the same time. Helen, what shall I put on? Help me decide. James likes to see me in shirt waist and skirt, and for Jim I must wear blouse and bloomers! Now don’t look shocked. James is nothing but my psychology book and Jim is my athletic appointment.”—*Mt. Holyoke Lit.*

THE END OF IT ALL

By S. L. (W. T. N²)

It was their last day at college. The sun on that June afternoon beat down with just enough intensity to make the shade of the path in University Woods grateful, as they left the road and passed in beneath the leafy branches a few rods beyond the Engineering shops.

They were silent as they descended the path; then she spoke but to say:

"Tom, here's a nice, quiet spot under this tree; let's sit down for awhile," and they turned from the path.

From the lake a light, refreshing breeze was blowing. Here and there a sail-boat glided, its snowy sails bellying in the wind; a dozen row-boats and half as many canoes could be counted. Maple Bluff arose to the northward, bald-faced, but not unpicturesque. Across the waters the towers of Mendota Hospital gleamed white like a castle of enchantment.

"Helen," he said, breaking silence after a long pause.

"Yes, Tom?"

"There's something cruel, even brutal, about this university life. We're like a man on an endless chain that runs over a precipice. We start on a grassy, flowery spot, and by and by we forget whither we are tending, but, nevertheless, we are ever slowly, if almost imperceptibly, being drawn toward the brink of that precipice; and just as we have formed strong ties of friendship, and so on" (he spoke rather hurriedly here) "we find ourselves on the edge, and plump, out we go and drop into the world, severed at a stroke from the associations of four years."

Silence reigned again, broken only by the droning of flies and the lap, lap, lap of the water on the pebbles below.

Presently he went on :

“Folks at home seem to think commencement time should be a happy period for us. They say, ‘Oh, how glad you must be that you’re almost through. You must be tired of so much studying.’ Studying!” He sniffed the words out scornfully. “As though that was all there is to university life!”

“Why, yes, Tom; I feel that way, too.”

“Do you really, Helen?” His face lighted with a joyful animation. “Oh, of course—I forgot,” he concluded wearily. “I was thinking of something else.”

Again silence fell. There was apparently something between them that checked their free expression of thought.

She was a golden-haired girl with eyes as blue as the waves, and a fair skin, with not a hint of the freckles she would have to reckon with later in the summer. Tom formed a strong contrast, with his dark skin and raven-black hair, and rather sharply-chiseled features, just now a little overcast. Somehow or other, as they sat thus, their eyes met. She smiled and colored slightly, dropping her gaze, and he laughed a low, short laugh.

“This is a funny situation,” he said.

“What?” she asked, rather defiantly.

“This.”

“Why?”

Instead of replying he asked a question himself :

“How long have we known each other?”

“Four years.”

“How many times have we danced together?”

“Oh, scores.”

“How many times have we been to the theatre together?”

“Dozens of times.”

“How long did I visit with you last summer?”

“Three weeks.”

“Hum,” he said, concluding his interrogations finally, “all of which I believed to be true, but I simply wanted my

belief corroborated. And yet here we are acting like two bashful freshmen at the Freshmen's Reception. Do you know why?" turning upon her almost fiercely.

"W—why?"

"Oh," he said, awkwardly, like one who has not the courage to maintain a delicate position he himself has sought, "I—I suppose it's because we're going to leave the university."

"Yes, I suppose so;" but her words lacked the tone of conviction. "Tom," she went on, "you seem different from most of the men at Wisconsin. You're not one of those that take undue liberties with a girl just because they happen to know her well."

"Well, no, I never was exactly what you might call a frenzied fusser."

"No, to be sure not; you're not one of those men that make a girl feel uncomfortable every time she is alone with one of them, out driving, say, or boat-riding, like—Bob—"

Tom started. "Has Bob Heeples been unduly familiar?"

"Oh, dear no," Helen hastened to explain; "at least no more than a dozen others I could name."

"Helen, what's the use of running away from ourselves?" There was resolution in Tom's voice.

"I don't exactly know what you mean," Helen faltered.

"Oh, come, now, think. Why have we two been sitting here the last half hour acting like two scared kittens whose fur has been rubbed the wrong way?"

"W—why?"

"Yes, why?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Helen's face glowed.

"Oh, you little fibber; yes, you do. It's because—Helen—it's because we love each other."

Helen was silent.

"But isn't it, now?"

"Maybe," Helen admitted.

A moment later she succeeded in gasping, "Oh, and you

said you weren't frenzied! Gracious, you're the most frenzied fusser I've ever seen."

"It's the pent-up fervency of four years all in one minute. You mustn't blame me."

"And to think we graduate tonight."

"Yes," he replied, all of the old bitterness in his words, "and tomorrow we part."

He may have been able to make out the towers across the lake, but somehow to her the great sheet of water, with its gaily dancing waves and smoothly gliding boats, was all a blur.

BOOTH TARKINGTON: A NOTE

By Lucian Cary.

In the days when the colonial romance and the b'gosh novel were the best sellers, Booth Tarkington aroused our hopes of better things to come with his "Gentleman from Indiana." It was interesting as a story; it dealt with reality; it contained a wealth of material that one felt to have been gathered at first hand. Its crudities were the crudities of youth. Later we saw that he could write with distinction and charm, for those were the characteristics of "Monsieur Beaucaire." When we read "The Two Van Revels" we could not help being pleased, in spite of a feeling that he ought not to have carried us so far beyond reality. We forgave him that time; the wonderful people of Rouen, the gay Crailey and the sober Tom, the impossible Betty Carewe and the very real Fanchon, the delightful Mrs. Tanberry, the exquisite (for "exquisite," abused though it be, describes her), the excellent handling of the murder of Gray, made forgiveness come easy. We read "Cherry" and laughed from cover to cover; or at any rate we smiled and laughed and chuckled by turns, for Tarkington would never allow one to laugh always.

There came a year or two without any word from Tarkington except that he had got himself elected to the Indiana legislature. "In the Arena" was the result, and it sent our hopes upward with a leap. Unlike anything else he had done, these stories were all different, all good, all told without the least offense, and all characterized by the "wealth of material." We wished that he had made a novel of that splendid interpretation called "Hector."

Last spring the "Beautiful Lady" appeared. Although we felt that a re-reading discovered that he had attempted

to make a good deal out of nothing, we forgave him again for the humor, the fine sympathy, the delicacy, the way of it.

When we read the announcement of "The Conquest of Canaan" a little later, we were intensely interested. It was to be, said the notice, "the story of an Indiana town, and the strongest thing that Mr. Tarkington has done." At last, we thought, he is going to do something really worth while. He is going to apply those splendid abilities of his to a strong theme and the result will be not only interesting and wonderfully written, with fine sympathy and humor, but something strong and big.

We bought the first copy of the magazine that we saw; we read without waiting to get home; and then we read again. We can remember well the thrill with which we met the "incongruous" Indiana town, the pleasure with which we recognized something "really good" again and again in the first few hundred words of description, the delight with which we came upon the National House chorus, and 'Gene Bantry and the Pike mansion with its cast-iron deer and dogs of no known breed, but none the less plainly dogs. We thought that the next installment would never come. It did, only to put off our over-whetted curiosity as to the motif of the story. So it went all summer: we read and were pleased; we often chuckled and sometimes laughed and sometimes felt badly over the unexampled cruelty of Canaan.

At last, after harrowing the proprietor of a book shop for some weeks, we secured a copy of the completed novel before its serial publication had been completed. We read through to the happy ending in less than an hour, and then settled down to read it all satisfactorily from beginning to end. It was finished with a sigh that grew to a complaint that has become almost anger. In all the minor details the book was, or so we considered it, impeccable. The style was a reproach to many better novelists, for it was so much better than theirs. It never once offended our taste. The setting was beautifully planned and finely executed; we recog-

nized Canaan, we had known Judge Pike, and Happy Fear, and Louie Fauerbach, and Beaver Beach, and Norbert Flitcroft, and someone almost as bad as 'Gene Bantry and as wonderful as Joe Loudon, and best of all, Mamie Pike. But we had never known an Ariel Tabor and hope never to know one. Ariel Tabors live only in print. The same might be said of many specific details and most of the incidents. They were all just a little overdrawn, not quite real. And because this is so we feel a great anger. We are sore because he has fooled us; because he has played with our tenderest feelings. And we cannot understand why he has used all his fine strength to tell us things that were not true.

EDITORIAL

It is a pity authorship has entered into so adamant an alliance with false modesty or sensitiveness that too often it declines to offer its wares in the light of the sun through a fear, as pusillanimous as it is unfounded, of being unceremoniously repulsed. Why any person should insist upon a hearing for other wares than those of literature, and not a hearing for these, is a riddle that even *The Sphinx* itself is unable to solve. And why authorship should seek to hide itself behind initials, is another unsolvable enigma. If one has written anything and wishes it published, why not frankly acknowledge the parentage? There is no disgrace in so doing, possibly even some credit. We can, however, forgive this latter sort of modesty, for it is fruitful, at least. The other kind shrinks into its obscure corner and is as sterile as the silent deserts. This is the kind that would bloom,—if it dared. But alas! it dare not even attempt it.

Apròpos of this matter is a little incident which occurred some few weeks ago. A young man, a student in the Uni-

versity, chanced, one evening, to fall in behind a professor and one of his students who were conversing as they strolled along together. He could not help catch some words of the conversation, which, owing to its character, held his attention. The professor was saying, "I believe you can write, Mr. ———, if you would but give serious attention to it. I understand you have done some rather clever work. Why don't you contribute something to our literary magazine?" "Oh," was the reply in most disconsolate tones, "a friend of mine said that she offered some stories which had been highly recommended, and that they were rejected. It's no use trying." Let us hope that time will thicken the skin of that young lady's friend. The influence of woman is not always for good, it would seem. It may be bad sometimes. That of course, however, depends upon the woman.

If somewhere in the remotest regions of your heart you have a faint yet glimmering suspicion that you *can* write, remember that it is your duty to yourself, if to no one, or to nothing, else, to satisfy yourself on that score. Put your pen to paper and send the result to the Lit. If a thing "highly recommended" fails, why, perhaps your contribution may succeed on its own merits. And with all due respect and deference to the English department, a theme, especially if it be a story, that draws a low mark, may receive a warm welcome from the Lit. Their emphasis is more upon style, ours upon those phases that will be of most interest to our readers. A combination of these qualities will, of course, be regarded as a gift from the gods.

* * *

THE AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

But literature has its amenities, even when one is no farther steeped in the divine essence than are boards of editors on college publications. We have our moments of happiness, just as have you. But very rarely is it indeed that a gem

like the following illumines our path. Then indeed do we fairly wallow in ecstasy :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WISCONSIN "LIT":

Dear Sir: Thinking that the enclosed lines will please your fancy, I send them to you for your magazine. They were originally written for a good lady friend of mine.

As to the form of the poem it will interest you to know that it is out of the ordinary. My only guide in this respect was the sound effect on my ear that the succession of syllables gave. Besides this guide in its composition I made every two lines have fourteen syllables.

TO R——.

My heart is like a little watch,
That in my bosom hangs.
It beats day in, it beats day out,
Life's sweet and bitter pangs.

This heart to me my mother gave
One sultry April morn,
And many a good thing therein
She laid when I was born.

My heart is like an ocean,
That covers many a gem,
whose waves are always in motion
And hold their watch o'er them.

The best thing that is buried
In the deep caves of my heart
Is a longing to be carried
In affection by your heart.

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THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE offers a General Course in Liberal Arts, of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Commerce of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Pharmacy of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy; a Course in Pharmacy of two years, which leads to the degree of Graduate in Pharmacy; a Pre-Medical Course of four years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; a Course in Education of two years, which leads to the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Pedagogy (a course especially adapted for graduates of Normal Schools who desire to pursue advanced work in philosophy, pedagogy and similar branches); a Course in Home Economics of four years, adapted for young women who expect to teach this branch or to pursue other professional work; a Course in Music of four years, which leads to the degree of Graduate of Music.

THE COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING offers courses of four years in Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Applied Electrochemistry and General Engineering, including the Mining Engineering group of elective studies, each of which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering; and upon the completion of an additional year's study in the College of Engineering, or of three years' study in connection with approved field work, to the degree of Engineer.

THE COLLEGE OF LAW offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the State without examination.

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture, which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture; (2) a short course of one or two years in agriculture, in which exclusive attention is given to studies in theoretical and practical agriculture; (3) a Dairy Course of two terms of four months each, in which the student is taught the most successful method in the manufacture of butter and cheese; (4) a Farmers' Course of two weeks designed for busy farmers, and providing only the most practical instruction.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University. The degree of Master of Arts, Master of Science, or Master of Pedagogy is conferred upon graduates of the University, or of other institutions of equal rank, who have previously received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Pedagogy, and who pursue successfully at least one year of graduate study. The degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, or Electrical Engineer, are conferred on graduates of the engineering courses of the University, or other institutions of equal rank, who have received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering, and who pursue either one year of advanced professional study in the University, or three years of such study in connection with professional work of an approved character. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred upon successful candidates after not less than three years of study, of which the first two years, or the last year, must be spent in attendance at the University.

SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE.

THE COURSE IN COMMERCE, which extends over four years, is designed for the training of young men who desire to enter upon business careers, especially in such fields as domestic and foreign commerce and banking; or branches of public service, such as the consular service, in which a knowledge of business is essential.

THE COURSES IN PHARMACY are two in number; one extending over two years, and one over four years, and are designed to furnish a thoroughly scientific foundation for the pursuit of the profession of pharmacy. The four year course, which is open to graduates of accredited high schools, gives a general scientific education in addition to the pharmaceutical studies. The two year course is confined to distinctly technical studies in pharmacy.

THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE provides for work in biology, chemistry, bacteriology, anatomy, and similar subjects prerequisite for the study of medicine. Credit is given by the leading medical colleges for the successful completion of this course.

THE COURSE IN EDUCATION consists in work of philosophy and pedagogy, and is especially designed for graduates of normal schools. A four-year course is also provided for those desiring to pursue special studies in educational problems.

THE COURSE IN HOME ECONOMICS has two purposes: First, to offer general elective courses which shall be available as a part of the general education of young women in the College of Letters and Science; second, to offer to those young women who are preparing to teach the subject, or to pursue other professional work connected with it, the opportunity to take a four years' course in Home Economics.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC gives courses of one, two, three and four years, and also offers an opportunity for instruction in music to all students in the University.

THE SUMMER SESSION extends over a period of six weeks, from the last week in June through the first week in August, and is designed to meet the wants of teachers and undergraduates who desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge; of regular undergraduates who desire to shorten their University course; and of graduates who wish to devote part of their vacation to advanced courses.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR ARTISANS AND APPRENTICES extends over a period of six weeks, from the first week in July to through the second week in August, and provides for practice shop work and scientific instruction.

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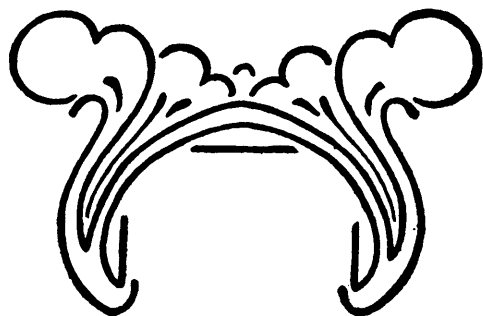
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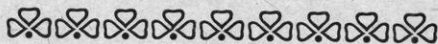
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