LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN–MADISON

The Wisconsin literary magazine. Vol. I, No. 4 March 1904

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], March 1904

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WSDMFIVGBOXJL8A

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain. For information on re-use see:
http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

728 State Street | Madison, Wisconsin 53706 | library.wisc.edu

THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Published by the Students of the University of Wisconsin

MARCH, 1904

VOL. 1 No. 4

Garaner 04

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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

Vol. I MARCH, 1904 No. 4

CONTENTS

THE PARSONS PRINTING & STATIONERY CO., PRINTERS

THE

WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1904

VOLUME I NUMBER 4

M. B. OLBRICH, Editor
Associates
EDWARD S. JORDAN A. B. BRALEY
HORATIO WINSLOW
FRED W. MACKENZIE THOMAS J. MAHON

STANLEY R. LATSHAW, Business Manager
Harry A. Apple, Assistant

Terms $1.00 a year in advance. Contributions should be addressed to Editor, 217 North Pinckney St. Business communications and subscriptions to the Business Manager, 28 East Gilman St.

A SON OF HAM

Down in the little Tennessee valley buried away amidst the stalwart shoulders of the mountains, the man at his cabin door leisurely smoked his pipe and regarded the western sky. It was sundown in the valley, but the light of day, still intense beyond the peaks, threw the great form of the latter into a silhouette of splendor. Their contour, marked by a line of flame like that from a flashing sword, ran and trembled, and died out only to re-appear till the watcher's eyes were dazzled by the spectacle, and the saffron and red of the sky above seemed too to be crossed by a network of quivering, burnished lines. Summer in, summer out for the past ten years this man had watched that self-same western sky, those self-same lofty mountains while the beauty and sublimity of both seemed to have impressed themselves upon his soul so far as to take the place of human, or indeed of any other, companionship.

Who and what was this man?

Harlington was the name he had given to the community on his settling there; beyond that he would vouchsafe no information as to his antecedents. He had speedily found out this isolated spot, erected here a rude one-storied, one-roomed dwelling, and ever since had lived a life apart, never seeking the village, five miles distant, for any purpose other than to replenish the stock of such few necessaries as he required. For a while, indeed, he had seemed to cherish some feeling of friendliness toward the villagers, but their insistent inquisitiveness finally had repelled him, and within the twelfth-month succeeding his advent he had exchanged a word with scarcely anyone besides the general store-keeper. He had come, a pleasing appearing young man of perhaps twenty-five years, beardless and well groomed; but from the time of his retirement to his hermitage he became indifferent to his personal appearance, and let hair and beard grow long.

He was regarded with more or less suspicion, some persons being inclined to believe him a fugitive from justice. But what they might say to each other in his absence, what they chose to whisper to each other in his presence, were alike matters of indifference to Harlington. Within a year, finding that nothing resulted to substantiate their conjectures, they began to take him as a matter of course. Once in a while, indeed, the receipt of a letter by Harlington caused the old interest in him to flare up again. However, beyond the fact that the periodical letter was always addressed in the same dainty feminine hand, nothing tangible was to be derived from that source.

On this particular evening as Harlington at length dropped his eyes to the restful green of the valley, he saw the figure of a man emerge from the copse directly in front and come toward him at a sort of half-run. He appeared to be completely exhausted, for as he ran, he swayed dizzily from side to side, occasionally stumbling as if about to fall. Harlington went to meet him, and the intervening space being presently much lessened, he was able to discern the man's features.

They were those of a negro, dripping with perspiration and distorted with fatigue and terror. Making a last desperate spurt the man dashed forward and fell at Harlington's feet.

"Save me, save me," he gasped, his voice choked with thirst and weariness.

"Save you from what?" demanded Harlington.

But as if in answer to the question, from afar, like the faint, distant call of a bugle, a weird, strange cry came to their ears.

"A blood-hound!" exclaimed Harlington, and in the silence that succeeded the animal's yell, he looked down at the suppliant kneeling before him.

The negro's face was low and cunning, with exceptionally flat nose and heavy, brutal lower jaw. There was no sign there of the gentle kindliness and good nature characteristic of the race. He seemed to be one of those few men whose evil deeds are used as an excuse for indicting a whole people. The two men formed a strange contrast. Dominated as were the features of the one by terror and those of the other by stern benignity, an observer might readily have compared the scene to that of primitive man worshiping his god.

Again came that melancholy, blood-curdling cry. The color of the fugitive's skin gave place to a more ashen hue.

"They want to lynch me! They want to lynch me!" shrieked the man.

Harlington raised his hand threateningly and the shriek faded away into a moan.

"What crime have you been committing?" he demanded in a voice unbending as iron.

"I am innocent; 'fo' Gawd I am, sah," protested the negro, trembling with terror. "It's all a mistake—'deed it is, so help me Gawd! I didn't murder John Potah."

It was Harlington's turn to change color.

"Who—who did you say?" he cried, his eyes lighting with an odd, flickering joy; "John Porter?"

"John Potah, sah."

"Of Jenkensville?" He seemed to hang breathless on the answer.

"Yes sah, oh yes; but I didn't kill him. Why should I want to kill him. You won't let them take me, will you, sah?" He clung to Harlington's knees imploringly.

Harlington appeared too engrossed in his own thoughts to heed him.

"Sah, oh, sah—"

He shook off the clinging form impatiently. "Shut up," he said savagely,

He could scarcely believe the negro's tale. Such good fortune seemed fabulous. Could it really be that the hated rival was dead at last and that *she* was free—free to reward him and to compensate herself for those ten wasted, weary years? Free to marry him! How they both had suffered for her error, but she the most, he believed.

He looked down at the negro, that humble and unconscious instrument of his happiness. The light in his eye was grateful, almost friendly, as he regarded the black.

Again, and this time much nearer, the horrible cry resounded. Evidently no time was to be lost.

"Come," said Harlington, helping the man to his feet, "I'll save you yet."

He led the fugitive to the cabin door and was about to have him enter, when he paused suddenly on the threshold.

"No," said Harlington, "this won't do, this won't do at all; it would be your doom for sure. We shall have to outwit them another way."

So saying, he led the negro,—who now, that he felt there was some hope revived wonderfully in both strength and courage,—around the house to a small stream some few hundred feet away, and made him wade some distance in the water. Then they retraced their steps together.

"Go inside," commanded Harlington, pointing to the cabin, "and for your life, don't move."

His protégé hardly needed the last adjuration, as the woods fairly rang now with the deep-throated yells of the dog. At any instant the pursuers might burst into the valley.

Indeed, scarcely had the door closed and Harlington resumed his former position of regarding the sunset, when at the precise point in the stretch of thicket where the negro had first appeared some moments earlier the dog leaped into view. Immediately succeeding him came half a score of men, one of whom held the beast in leash. The dog, his tongue lolling with the effort of the hunt and his eyes afire with excitement, made straight for the door. With a bound he was away and with a deep-throated roar hurled his massive body against the fragile timbers till they cracked.

"What do you want?" demanded Harlington, rising as he spoke, and surveying sullenly the breathless group before him.

"We want that nigger, that is what we want," answered the one who had charge of the dog, and apparently the leader of the party.

"For what?" Harlington's question was put in a calm and unperturbed voice.

"To hang the black devil, that's what for. He shot John Porter in cold blood. There's not a bit of doubt, either; we found the scoundrel later skulking in the vicinity of his crime."

"The same old story, I see," returned Harlington coolly. "If you find an inoffensive negro within ten miles of a place where a crime has been committed you immediately proceed to lynch him."

"That's neither here nor there," retorted the leader angrily; "we're after this nigger and we're going to hang him." The group of men buzzed their approval of this declaration.

"Such being your determination, gentlemen, I am happy to say your man is not here."

"Not here? Not here?" The clamor grew threatening. "Why, look at the dog. Do you dare to look at the beast and say the man's not here?"

"It's the truth, gentlemen," coolly replied Harlington, "and if any one cares to have me prove my words, I warn

him I'm a fairly good shot. Take your cur around on the other side and if his nose is worth anything he'll soon pick up the scent there, I'll warrant."

"That talk is all very well, mister, but you're not above suspicion yourself, let me tell you," replied the leader significantly. "With respect to the hound we'll do as you say, but if our man didn't leave the cabin, why, he is still there; and," he added portentously, "the rest will be easy enough."

But even as he spoke, the hound, having been taken to the other side of the cabin, broke once more into his horrid cry that sent the mournful ec hoes quavering down the valley. Away he bounded, the men after him.

Harlington burst into the room. The negro was crouching in the corner. "I've done what I could for you," said Harlington; "now you must get out and take care of yourself. Your best chance is to retrace your steps the way you came."

They stepped out together. The new moon rising in the west, one horn of the crescent caught on the tip of a mountain peak, threw a pale light on the valley.

"Why did you kill John Porter?" asked Harlington, abruptly.

"I–I–didn't, sah." The negro's voice trembled. He was taken all aback by the question.

"Why did you kill John Porter?" reiterated Harlington, in a tone precisely the same as he had used before.

"Oh, sah, it wasn't my fault, 'deed it wasn't. He struck me first."

"Oh, he struck you first," repeated Harlington; "and then—"

"Then I killed him." The negro's set teeth showed the degree of hate he still cherished for the man he had slain.

"What did he strike you for?"

If the negro had been wise he would have used more caution in his answer.

"He said I insulted his wife."

As the word was out Harlington brought the butt of his

revolver down upon the man's head with terrific force. The stricken man gave a kind of gasping sigh, and fell on the turf in an awkward heap.

"Just like a nigger," muttered Harlington.

Then turning to the cabin he collected a few articles of clothing, and adding a small quantity of food made the whole up into a bundle and slung it over his back. When he came out the negro still lay as he had fallen, a dark stream flowing down his face.

An hour later as Harlington paused on top the mountain that lay to the east of his cabin he could see below a group of black moving objects. It was the hunters coming back down the valley.

Overhead the new moon, freed from the mountain top, floated peacefully in a peaceful sky. Behind lay the lone valley and death; in front, to the eastward, life—and love!

—*W. T. Walsh*

WHY MRS. JONES LAUGHED

Mrs. Bagley looked at herself dubiously in the cracked kitchen glass. Her face showed some anxiety not unmixed with admiration as she viewed herself. Hiram, hidden behind his newspaper, did not look up as she came in.

"Hiram," finally began his better half, "ye ain't said nothing 'bout my new bunnit. How'dye like it?"

The newspaper crackled and Hiram emerged from behind it, his glasses down on his nose, his head filled with proceedings of the village political ring. He surveyed her critically.

"Huh!" he finally remarked in a non-committal tone, "is that the thing what Sallie Ashley brung ye this mornin'?"

"Yes—its just the nicest bunnit I c'd git to Elmore—" really—she surveyed herself once more—"I ain't had a new bunnit for so long that I most forgot what I'd look like in one."

"To my eye, the old un looks t'best," remarked Hiram, retiring once more behind the Naperville Weekly Clarion.

Mrs. Bagley took off the bonnet and smoothed its velvet ribbons reflectively.

"P'raps it does," she assented; "but ye ain't seen me in this one e nough to say how ye like it, You like the old one because its sorter fixed in its habits, you know, bein' as I've wore it ten year come Michaelmas Day. *This* one—" she patted it once more,—"Well, I s'pose I *am* an old fool. Mis' Jones is got a new bunnit."

"Oh! has she?" remarked Hiram. "Well, you can't afford to be behind Mis' Jones when it comes to style."

"I real–ly don't think myself Mis' Jones needed that bunnit a bit," said Mrs. Bagley. "Her'n wa'nt only six year old next Easter and most as good as new. I just want to let her see there is other folks in Naperville that's got money 'sides Rufus Jones."

"Be you goin' to church this mornin'?" mildly inquired Hiram after five minutes, during which the tick of the big "weights" clock was the only sound heard in the room. Mrs. Bagley started guiltily. She had been half unconsciously picturing to herself Mrs. Jones' face when she should come into church that morning and see Mrs. Bagley's new bonnet. Mrs. Bagley, you understand, was very human and entirely feminine. Besides, she knew her own bonnet was the prettier of the two, and then she had paid more for hers—which was certainly a point in her favor. She came back to earth again with a start as her husband spoke.

"Why yes, I must be gettin' ready," she answered a little flushed.

"I spose I shell have to go alone sence you ain't able."

"You can pray for me 'tween times when y'aint thinkin' o' that bunnit or watchin' Mrs. Jones ter see what she's a thinkin' on it," observed Hiram. By which observation he showed that he had not lived with a woman thirty years without learning something of female nature, even though Mrs. Bagley had not bought a new bonnet every year of those thirty.

"Don't fergit ter tell Mrs. Jones, Betsey sent ye that bunnit from Paris," he called after her as she hurried out. Then he chuckled for this was Mrs. Bagley's own little fiction used on her neighborhood enemy and rival, Mrs. Jones, who was wont to say that "whenever Mrs. Bagley gits anythin' new it allus comes direct from Paris, cause her forty-fifth cousin, Betsey onct saw a picture of that place." The relations between these two estimable ladies, though outwardly very Christian indeed, were often slightly strained. The difficulty dated back some years before to an apple-tree of Mrs. Jones' which had the bad habit of shedding its fruit over into the back yard of the Bagley residence where it was summarily disposed of. The feeling generated by this and other happenings extended to the whole neighborhood which took sides, as is usual in these pleasant little controversies, and even the "men folks" much against their will, were sometimes forced to take part in the dispute.

Upstairs Mrs. Bagley hurried to get ready for church.

"Hiram'll like this later on" she thought—"He's so set on old things—and I haint had a new bunnit for so long. I do hope Mis' Jones'll be at church."

She put on her waist hurriedly for it was growing late. Then she fell to arranging her collar. "I shell just tell any one that asks me, that it came from Paris di-rect." She put on the bonnet and turned it this way and that, patting it into place with a loving touch, raising it a trifle here, putting in a pin there. Finally she surveyed herself with satisfaction. The church bells began ringing.

"Lawsy me!" cried the old lady guiltily. "Have I been starin' at myself all this time and it so nigh church as this?" She snatched up her gloves and hurried out, feeling strangely "new" and unlike herself. Once out in the balmy spring air, however, she grew more quiet and collected, and walked along with her usual dignity, the aigrette in her bonnet waving jauntily in the light breeze. Tommy Jones and Billy Brue, playing "keeps" on the corner, stopped to stare at her

as she hurried past. Then to her amazement they began to snicker and giggle and point at her. She grew flustered.

"Dearie me—Mis' Jones aint a raisin of that boy right at all. Ef she'd stay to hum and teach him manners 'stid o' creatin 'sturbances with the neighbors she'd do better. I do hope my bunnit's on straight. Oh! Dear, there's the bell again. I shell certainly be late."

She went nimbly up the church steps. On the little porch she passed Mrs. Jones who stared after her in bewilderment which suddenly changed to mirth. Mrs. Bagley sailed majestically up the aisle and entered her pew just as the minister gave out the first hymn. A subdued titter ran through the church as she sat down. Some small boys even laughed and a little girl cried, "Oh! Mamma, look!"

Mrs. Bagley felt worried. "Dearie me," she thought, "I wisht I'd wore my old bunnit if I thought it would be this way. Seems as if I must looked funny. I do hope my bunnit aint crooked." She looked at her hymn-book assiduously and after a few moments there was quietness again. Then she glanced at Mrs. Jones sitting serenely across from her. That lady wore an amused smile on her face. Mrs. Bagley was still further mystified. What could it all mean, and why on earth was Mrs. Jones laughing. Suddenly she glanced down at herself. The church seemed to spin round and round; the minister's voice came to her from a long distance, and his face seemed like an ogre's before her as she realized with horror that she had come to church in her petticoat.

Mrs. Bagley was not a deacon's daughter for nothing. After the first few moments of agony she sat bolt upright, her head held high, her grey eyes glinting, the aigrette on her bonnet moving stiffly.

"I shall just stick it out now," she was thinking. "It couldn't be no worse. If I had only gone to Hiram before I came away, he'd told me. What on airth ever possest me! If it had only been my new petticoat even, but this old one! —I shall never get over it. Anyhow I'll jest let Mis' Jones see I ain't a might ashamed neither."

Poor Mrs. Bagley! She went through the fiery ordeal with becoming dignity and at the close of the services sailed grandly down the aisle, acutely conscious of the hexagonal patch on the back breadth of her petticoat. Mrs. Perry met her at the door and without a word, took her arm and walked out with her. On the porch they met Mrs. Jones. She smiled graciously.

"Good morning Mrs. Bagley" she said, "I bin admirin' your new spring suit."

Now this was indeed an unkind cut. Mrs. Bagley rose to the occasion.

"Thank you," she said sweetly, "I'm so glad you like it. Betsey she sent me these from Paris—they're all the go there it seems. It's nice to know you're in the fashion in a place like this where *some* people don't know what the word style means." She walked away somewhat comforted in the knowledge that she had saved the shattered remnants of the situation at least.

—*Josephine Nalty.*

DOWN AT "No. 1"

"Shorthorns is plumb oncertain creatoors, what you all might call an oustable quantity," said the old rancher, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye as if he would not wholly banish the idea of a personal application of his remark.

"As I says," he resumed, "you never can reckon more on when a shorthorn's due to make a plumb fool of himself or when he's going to show up a full hand to back his play. Mostly, gambling with a shorthorn is too much like taking candy from a child to make the same exciting for a gent of experience, but I does recollect one time when one of these yere species of humanity shore gets it on an old resident.

"It's this away. We all is setting in the corral house of the O. K. ranch, one night, playing kyards and talking permiscus. Now it renders us plumb dissatisfied and ornery

that this conversation is broken in upon by the howlings of a locoed coyote, who's setting some w'ere's out on the plain singing to the moon. I reckons this mid-night musician fills the corral house nigh complete with the strains of his melody. And I tells you right yere that for music which is sharp and penetrating there ain't no creatoor stands a show to compete with a coyote—none whatever.

"Bunco Bill is trying to saw off a yarn on the crowd, and on this yere shorthorn in particular (who I forgets to mention is present) 'bout how he comes near getting branded by a gospel-sharp one winter up at Loudo. Every time he gets to the thrilling part of that same narrative that coyote fills the air with his howls which, as I says before, ain't open to no competition, so Bill has to discontinue his tale. Which the same is plumb disheartening to Bill as a raconteur, and likewise jars on we all who's reckoning every time that we gets to know how this gospel-sharp gets h. rope on Bill that way.

"I sees Bill is getting some oneasy, and it don't fill me with surprise none that he gits up on his feet after he's been held up for the fifth time by this coyote, and santers toward the door.

" 'I 'lows I'm bout due to shoot up this yere musician a whole lot,' he says some vicious, at the same time reaching down a Winchester from its peg on the wall.

" 'There don't no gent break in continous on my game without hearing some from me. Least of all a coyote,' he says, opening the door and stepping out into the moonlight.

"We-all can see this yere coyote, where he's setting, perhaps three hundred yards off, with his nose pinting at the moon. Now, I'd seen Bronco Bill handle a Winchester before, so I reckons Texas Charley express my own convictions when he remarks that this same coyote is sure bound to be spoilt some fatal when Bill lets drive at him.

" 'Why,' he concludes, ''tain't mor'n pint-blank range for Bill.'

"It's right yere that the short-horn pushes the stack to the centre of the table.

"'I hold's,' says this yere short-horn scornful like, 'that Bill don't hurt yon coyote none whatever. I offers one hundred even, that same coyote steps about as lively and tuneful as ever when this shooting is through.'

"'Which I takes the same, and esteems it a favor,' replies Texas Charley. 'I reckons you all don't know this Bronco Bill none, or—'

"But he didn't get no farther, for Bill turns the Winchester loose all of a sudden. He shore works that gun like you'd twirl a rope, but that coyote surges out across the plains in a way that shows he ain't felt no evil effects therefrom.

"'Who owns this yere infernal pea-shooter?" asks Bill, coming back to the house riled as a cimaroon. 'Which I advises the owner to drop it into the first crick he fords.'

"'I owns the weapon' says the short-horn, 'and I'm yere to state that there ain't nothing the matter of it to cause me to cart it away. But I 'lows you-all ain't figgering none to inflict no deadly wounds on a coyote with blank catridges, not from the best of guns.'

"And I'm a tarrapin if the short-horn ain't telling the truth. Bill jumps the remaining catridges out on the floor, and they's all blank. Of course, Texas Charley pays over the hundred to the short-horn all right, for there ain't no dispute but what's Bill's failed complete to sow any harm on that yere coyote. So the short-horn makes his play, and rakes in his chips in a manner that I ain't denying is some cute, but I states et as an axiom that as a usual thing you don't collect no dividends in Arizona by having your gun loaded with anything beside ball, and I offers in proof of this statement the painful fact that this same short-horn gets filled with lead complete a month after this yere coyote deal, all through entering into a heated discussion with another gent, before he ascertains what all he has in his gun." —*C.*

JIMMIE

It was a close, sultry afternoon early in June. Jimmie Bledsoe sat in his seat in the school room, an opened reader lying carelessly before him. Jimmie's eyes, however, were not on his book, nor his thoughts centered upon the pages of his lesson. Instead, he gazed longingly out of a half opened window where, through the drooping leaves of elms and maples, he could catch occasional glimpses of the clear sunlit waters of the "River." Long and fixedly he looked, twisting restlessly in his seat; then, with a sigh, he turned again to his book. It was only half-past three.

"Jim, Oh! Jim," came an eager whisper from across the aisle, "Are y'u goin'?" and a sandy headed, flat nosed youngster mysteriously held up two fingers.

"Yep," responded James, "are t'other fellers?"

"Rob and Ed are," answered he of the tow head. "Look out, teacher's lookin'."

Jimmie observed this warning by literally putting his head into his book for the space of fifteen seconds. Then, as the teacher had turned again to her arithmetic class, he slyly reached over and unknotted the bright scarlet bow in the braids of the little girl ahead. His victim, knowing from experience that remonstrance was useless, did not turn around; and Jimmie, finding his attentions so lightly regarded, glued his eyes upon the face of the great deliberate clock with its black, tantalizing hands. Yet even a clock could not, forever, balk the desires of a small boy. In spite of itself it crept around to four. "Mam Anderson," having assigned the arithmetic lesson, glanced at her watch and said, to the relief of the long enduring youngsters, "You may go now." With a "whoop" as fairly made the shingles rattle, Jimmie tore down the aisle and out of the building, closely followed by his three compatriots.

* * *

"Ma! Oh, ma! I'm goin' swimmin'; can't I?"

Mrs. Bledsoe, a large comfortable woman, was ironing on the rear "stoop."

"Well," she began.

"Please, oh, please! ma; Rob an' Ed an' Dell here are goin' an'—I'll be back quick and go after the cow. Please ma, say I can go."

Small boys don't generally ask their mothers when they wish to go swimming, but Jimmie had been persuaded by his father that it was for his best interest to do so.

"Well, Jamie"—Mrs. Bledsoe always called her son by this name in spite of the fact that he "wan't no kid"—"if you really think you can get back in time to go the pasture, I guess you can go, but—you know your pa don't like to chase that cow."

"Yep," responded Jimmie unhesitatingly, "I'll get er old cow comin' back."

"Jamie, Jamie," called his mother, "do be careful and don't go in too deep." The warning was lost, however, for Jim and his friends were already fast disappearing up the road.

* * *

Down the lane to the "River" rushed four brown legged youngsters, each waving his shirt wildly in one hand—the boy never waits till he reaches water to remove superfluous clothing. Soon there was a splash and then—

"Say fellers, the water is just slick."

"Golly, you bet," and the three lithe bodies shot out over the water in rapid succession and disappeared, each with a loud "k' souse," in the black eddies. Four dripping heads bobbed about on the water like corks; four pair of tanned arms splashed the water right and left; four boyish voices expressed their delight in shrill yells.

"Darn y'er Dell, can't yer let a feller's legs alone," sputtered Rob, rising to the surface after an unforseen immersion. Take that, will y'er," grasping his grinning opponent around the neck and attempting to "duck" him; in which endeavor both disappeared for the moment.

"Say, Jim!" yelled freckled-faced Ed, "ef you don't quit throwin' that mud we'll come out an' put a face on you." Jimmie, with a diabolical smile, hurled another great handful of water-soaked turf. There was a concerted rush, and Jimmie, deeming discretion the better part of valor, took a "header."

Tiring at length of the water, they all scrambled out and rolled around in the hot, dry sand until fresh enough to begin again. Then, boylike, they sought some new form of entertainment. Jimmie as usual found it first.

"Y'u see that high bank over there, don't y'u?" he asked, pointing to a place where the land rose some ten feet above the river, which there eddied and whirled as if alive. "I'll stump any of y'u to dive off there an' swim under water to them bushes there on t'other side."

"We'll go y'u," replied the other amphibians in unison, rushing to the place designated.

Jimmie walked to the edge of the bank and looked over. The water was deep, black, and treacherous. He hesitated for an instant; only an instant. He had dared the others and—but what boy refuses his own dare? Far out over the current he sprang and, with hardly a splash, vanished in a yawning eddy. His fellows watched the alders opposite. Half a minute passed. No Jimmie. A minute, and still no dark head rose above the water.

"May be he's hidin' in the bushes," said Ed. "It's just like him."

"I'll swim over and see," replied white-headed Dell. "Nop," he cried a few moments later. "He ain't here nowhere. You fellers look on that side." Look they did, up and down both banks, again and again. Then they dove, one after the other, but with no result. They called, "Jim, Jim, Oh Jim;" they searched, they dove, and called again. In vain they listened—but heard only the distant lowing of cattle and tne wail of the mourning-dove.

Huddled close together on the river bank, with blue lips

and shivering bodies, stood three forlorn little figures; each looking blankly into the dark water. Then, the same idea communicating itself to all, they hurriedly dressed and, with never a backward glance, ran down the lane.

The sun sank slowly to the horizon, crimsoned, and disappeared. Strange phantoms stole over the surface of the river. The dusk melted into the darkness of night; and the river, turning and twisting, flowed quietly, relentlessly on through the blackness. —*O. R. Smith.*

BAYFIELD, THE SCHOOL MA'AM

I was tired and hungry as I came around the bend in the canyon and saw the light in the eating tent. Supper would be cold by the time I got there. For a line-rider with a daily journey miles too long, cold supper was no novelty. As I galloped past the open end of the tent the other boys of the party were seated around the cook-stove. They had eaten their warm meal in comfort and companionship, and now with belts loosened and corncobs lit, they were "drawing's Mormon Charley, the cook, on his favorite theme of Paradise Lost—how evil and immortality had come to Salt Lake only with the Gentiles. Charley was an enthusiastic propagandist, and was continually cautioning us to judge "the religion" by his precept and not by his practice. If preaching must be paid by laughter, Charley was too good a Mormon not to preach, so he was submitting to the hilarious cross-examination. I was cold and hungry. I did not like their horse-play tonight. As I loped past the tent down to the corral, my partner welcomed my horse's hoof-beats.

"Nutt, Nutt, chuck wagon has come!" I did not answer. I threw off the saddle and shook down the fragrant alfalfa, examining over my shoulder the other horses in the corral. Yes, the skunk-tailed horse was gone. It was prayer-meeting night at the settlement, and Bayfield had taken my horse. I must ride a fagged horse tomorrow. I swore. In the

morning Bayfield would explain, and I would tell him it was all right. I resolved to quit loving Bayfield. But I knew I would invite him to take my horse whenever he wanted to. Everybody was that way about Bayfield. The men on the works would send him messages by me every day, and the cooks in the camps along the line were always inviting me to supper Sunday night. "Bring the school-ma'am," they would say. Bayfield had taught school in the east. His one failing was prayer meetings and similar dissipations.

It was in no good humor that I sat down to the beans and "spotted pup" that Charley had warmed over for me. The condensed milk was used up; the mixture of rice and raisins that forms the second staple of camp life had to be eaten dry.

"Where's the skunk-tailed horse?"

"I wouldn't be such a hog about my horses for all the stock in Colorado."

"Well, the other one's sick and I used Ice Cream hard today, and the Lord knows when I'll get to supper tomorrow if the schoolma'am's taken skunky to the settlement. Besides, I've got to use one tonight."

This caused trouble.

"Better wait 'till Saturday night, old man." "Bayfield said he was going to take her along to the prayer-meeting." "Old man Earlingham's going to run you off the ranch next time he catches you sneaking around." "Yes, and if Kelly catches you, you'll be so sore you can't run."

"Shut up. The boys at No. One are going to lynch Waring tonight."

"The Lord in his infinite goodness was merciful unto the turkey."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He doesn't compel him to be stuffed with chestnuts until after he's dead."

"Well, you can't all go because I've got to save one horse for tomorrow."

"We're going to take Buck and Jerry."

"The captain won't let you."

"The captain's gone to Denver."

It surely looked serious for Waring, the dishonest head contractor. The captain might possibly have saved him, but we "flunkeys" of the engineering party had sense enough to confine ourselves to getting a good view of the fuse.

As Buck and Jerry, the big eastern horses, rattled the wagon past the tent, I swung aboard. All were in their places, Charley in the captain's seat, and I sat upon the water keg.

Waring's No. One camp was some ten miles away from the mountains, on the level prairie. The glory of such a ride in the clear Colorado night is a thing to remember forever. The stars came out in golden bas-relief to tell us how we loved our mountain home. A song for each Alma Mater was sent echoing with Buck and Jerry's hoof-beats to the walls of the canyon. We paid our tribute of heart-felt sentiment to the trees and lakes of the East, and the girls of our Proms and house-parties, but my partner would never want to finish his course in Harvard, and I'd not go back to Wisconsin. As we clattered out on to the Great Plains and the red moon rose from the eternity-long horizon we returned to our old favorites and sang "Old Black Joe," and "Nellie who was a Lady." With the snow-capped peaks behind us and the moon-white prairie around, we rode on to the play that would make widow and orphans, and felt only our youth and the joy of the young man's playground in the West.

As we drew near the big camp we passed many laborers from the other camps along the work, riding to No. One on Mr. Waring's big plow horses. We saw their pockets bulging with guns and "rot-gut" whiskey, which, jointly, are signs of evil. We were happy because we were young, and had forgotten our college ethics, and because we knew Mr. Waring was very bad. It was just that he should die. He had lied and cheated all these men. Bayfield's wife was teaching school in the east because Bayfield had been cheated

out of his pay. He had worked for Waring before he came to the engineering party. And now Waring was going to fail, with thousands in his wife's name. The time-books had been tampered with; half of these men would miss the orgy in Denver, which they had fairly earned. For others, it meant bread for their families far away in city tenements, or in little mountain ranches, or the old home back east.

Silence came down on the confusion of camp No. One, and through the dust we could see over men's shoulders that a wagon tongue had been pointed toward the silent stars. A lariat was passed through the ring at its top. As the dust cleared away we saw Waring standing on the wagon, his thin gray beard tangled into the knot of the lariat, which was tied just in front of his ear. There was sickening terror on his wicked old face. But Waring believed in himself. He had cheated all with whom he dealt through a long life. He himself believed the ridiculous pleas that had infuriated his laborers. He might have been adjudged insane in a court of law, but that was not a good defense in this court—"of justice," as my partner said.

"Boys," he said, and the silence seemed to wait for his quavering old voice, "Boys, I ain't got no money." We all knew this was a lie, but whether Waring knew it or not, was complicated pyschology. "I ain't had no fair estimates. The engineer's got it in for me." The captain was liberal even to a wretch like Waring, and everybody knew it. "Let me off, boys, and I'll get the money. I'll sue the company." He was crazy enough to die for his stolen money.

"String him up!" "Throw off the bridle and let her pitch!" "All aboard!" But in the confusion we heard "Wait a minute boys, wait a minute!" It was Bayfield, ploughing through the crowd on the miserable little skunk-tailed horse. He jumped on the wagon and reached the rope above Waring's head and slackened it a little as he spoke. "Wait a minute!" Any one but Bayfield would have been roughly handled, maybe shot. But Bayfield had nursed some through the

small-pox, had talked to the men about their immortal souls, and hell, to their huge delight; and he knew them all by their nicknames. When he had my job before he was promoted, his progress along the line each day was an ovation done into rough repartee.

As he stood beside Waring, in his threadbare black suit and celluloid collar—the only white collar on the works—the old habit seized the crowd.

"Hi! Listen to the school ma'am!"

"Well, I'll be darned! We was goin' to hang him without a parson."

"Hats off, boys."

Bayfield's eyes blazed. "You were going to send your own souls to hell!"

"To hell with 'em, then!" But this was not well received.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The idea of giving three cheers for the Lord fluttered through the crowd, but Bayfield cowed them down.

"Boys," he said, "Don't do it. It's wrong." He jumped from the wagon, with his arm about the old man's waist, So quickly that we had not seen it in the dim light, he had loosened the rope from Waring's neck with one hand, and had drawn a gun with the other. A shot from the crowd rang out as he jumped. We thought he would be killed in the surging, fighting mass we saw about the wagon. But in a minute we saw him tossed into the air.

"Hurray, for the school-ma'am! "

He had drawn a gun on a hundred armed men and instead of killing him they were cheering and laughing and tossing him around as if to break all his bones.

Waring sneaked off in the crowd, but was suddenly seized by the shoulders and given a lifting kick from behind. As the men gathered around to beat him down the alley with belts and revolver butts. Bayfield escaped and came up to us. My partner gave him a heavy punch in the chest.

"What have you gone and did with Nutt's horse, you darned fool?"

As we rode home, the boys sang "Old Black Joe," but Bayfield in the center of a seat, with strong arms affectionately hugging his shoulders, was silent, thinking how bad the world is, and wondering how he could ever get back east and learn to be a real parson.

THE BALLADE OF AUTHORS

When an author has scribbled off ream upon ream
  On "Children: Their Keeping and Care;"
With chapters on "Breadcrumbs" and "Milk versus Cream"
  And "Hints on the Health of the Hair;"
  "A father of fathers!" you say as you stare.
Ah, your author is not what he looks—
  He never has married, he hasn't an heir;
You can't judge a man by his books.

When a novel deals largely with, "Love: Its Young Dream"
  And heroes who do and who dare,
With fathers who curse and with villains who scheme
  And a heroine fairest of fair,
  Its author was probably little and spare
Mild mannered, afraid of his cooks.
  A stranger to liquor—unable to swear—
You can't judge a man by his books.

When you pick up a story whose paragraphs teem
  With "the wail of the fox and his lair"
With little allusions to "woodland" and "stream"
  And flings at the town's "vulgar glare",
Don't think that the author had time to prepare
  By going to visit these nooks;
  Alas! Must I say it? *He never was there*!
You can't judge a man by his books.

ENVOY.

Prince, here's a principle you may declare
  Regarding these book writing crooks;
You love and admire them—I warn you—beware!
  You can't judge a man by his books.

—*Horatio Winslow.*

THE UNLOVED PRINCESS

Billy Gray was a man who required but little description before he conceived the story of the "Unloved Princess." He was just a good natured reporter, with a newspaper man's usual store of impudence and lack of funds. All of us knew Billy. He was a familiar figure over at the Club. Often I have watched him bloom in that congenial atmosphere—lounging in an easy chair, his round cheeks glowing with health and his whole face beaming, while he told some story that he had picked up during his eckered career. With his generous waist measurement he looked like another Falstaff. But this was before the days of the "Unloved Princess."

How that beautiful bit of fiction ever happened to get into Billy's head and then get out again and into print, I do not know. Billy certainly had not been a dreamer of dreams. His sleek, fat person and florid countenance suggested anything but imagination. His conversation was apt to be forcible, because profane; and interesting, because he could tell stories like a traveling man at a country hotel; but imaginative—never!

But nevertheless Billy was the author of the "Unloved Princess." It appeared in our Sunday edition some time last year; and the demand for the issue was something phenomenal, all because of the charms of Billy's heroine. It was a wonderful conception. The poor little aristocrat, gazing out upon a world that ignored her, appealed to Chicago democracy. The big, restful eyes, that reached and questioned and were never answered, had a power of their own. But the mingled dignity and childishness, the native wisdom and the utter ignorance of the "Unloved Princess" took all hearts by storm.

These things seemed strange to us—knowing Billy Gray as we did. But more surprises were awaiting us. Billy gradually stopped coming to the club. He became morose and silent. We fellows were almost ignored, except for a casual nod once in a while. Billy forgot his engagements; and

made more blunders in a week than had been his portion in all the time he had been on the paper. He had a quarrel with his landlady; and appeared at the office in a most murderous mood the next morning, wherefore he came near to being fired for impudence to the city editor.

All of these things happened because Billy had fallen in love with the Unloved Princess. I have it from his own lips; or I would not have believed it. Perhaps I should have been incredulous then, had he not been so manifestly in earnest. The truth must be confessed. Billy had fallen in love with charms of his own creation. Those eyes—blue eyes, appealing eyes, that asked for freedom, and love, and happiness—had sought their way into Billy's soul. He had seen her gazing out upon the sea from the battlements of her prison, while the waves below murmured a tale of sorrow. The winds from the spice-lands of the south had ruffled up her hair; and the loosened curls had veiled her calm face in a mist of golden glory. And Billy, a weary pilgrim from the dusty world of traffic, had loved this forlorn spirit of isolation. Even as he told me the story, he ceased to speak at times; and the expression of his face told me that it was of the Princess, no longer unloved, that he thought.

"And I can't forget her, I can't, old man. She's come to be a part of me as though I'd known her all my life and loved her and been loved in turn, It's all wrong and foolish, maybe, and impossible, but I can't help it, and somewhere—somewhere she's waiting for me. And I'm going to find her."

Billy did not come to the Club the next Sunday, nor the next, nor the one after that. And neither I nor any one else at the Club clapped eyes on him again, for he was gone as completely as though the earth had swallowed him up.

And that is the end of Billy.

But sometimes, when I lay back in the broad leather chair and the room around me grows faint with smoke, my mind wanders from the narrow room and the little street outside, and I like to think that the days of dreams are not all gone yet, and that somewhere under the wide sky Billy has found the Unloved Princess.

—*Charles F. Smith.*

ALMA'S WAY

The other morning I saw Alma come out of the class room where "child-study" is pursued. She was frowning and there were two red spots on her cheeks. She hurried by me with scarcely a nod, but I caught her on the stairs.

"You just flunked," I remarked with the air of a Sherlock Holmes.

"I don't have to be told," she replied, "I'm not entirely dense."

"And," I went on, "a Normalite volunteered to 'stick a fiery torch into the darkness of your ignorance.'"

"How do you know?" asked Alma with a faint show of interest.

I smiled. "It's a case of apperception. I have taken the course myself."

* * *

I met Alma on the street. She was looking uncommonly pretty, and I told her so. For some reason she did not accept my compliments with her usual good nature.

"You are growing common-place," she said, walking on.

I kept by her side. "But I say what I think," I added in apology.

"That only confirms my opinion," she retorted, looking straight ahead.

Now as it never did any good to become vexed with Alma, I asked humbly if I might call that evening.

"You have nothing new to say," she objected.

"I am not afraid of repetition," I urged boldly.

For once Alma had the grace to blush.

"You will find me home at eight," she said, as I lifted my hat.

* * *

I met Alma the other day as she was leaving the library.

"This is very unexpected," I said as I turned about and walked on with her.

"You seem to hint that I come to the library very infrequently," said Alma with some indignation in her tone.

"Not at all," I replied in haste. "I was thinking of myself."

Alma looked somewhat mollified. "To tell the truth," she said blushing slightly, "I have not been studying. I have been looking at the Dutch Art exhibit."

"You are too honest." I said, "How did you like it?"

"Must I be honest again?" asked Alma dubiously.

"Certainly," I replied. "What is the value of art if it does not teach truth?"

Alma smiled. "That's Dutch philosophy, I dare say, but you know I have always had a great fancy for fiction."

" 'Art is but Nature to advantage dressed?' " I queried, misquoting.

Alma smiled again. "Perhaps it's to take a woman's view," she said.

"What is?" I asked.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that Dutch nature must have neglected to look in the mirror while dressing."

—*E. A. C.*

IN THE OLD APPLE TREE

William James, Jr., aged nine, fired the last of the forty-four double B shot from his repeating air gun, hitting the exact center of a circle on the corn-crib door. Forty-three double B's had gone the selfsame way, proving William's skill and the accuracy of his gun, and still he was not content. To hit a mark, or shoot through a knot-hole in the old corn-crib was an easy enough matter; to shoot a gopher in the eye as it stuck its head up, looking about to sight possible danger, was true sport. Such fun, however, was forbidden on this day, the Sabbath, and therefore, as William filled the chamber of his repeater on this bright, cheerful Sunday afternoon in the later part of May, he hove a sigh. Just to shoot some living thing, was his longing.

After dropping the last shot into the chamber and replacing the cork into the neck of the old, flat bottle which he used as a shot pouch, he sat for some minutes on the kitchen steps, not caring to do anything except go to the pasture and shoot gophers. Suddenly a shadow flitted across the ground just in front of him, and the next moment a commotion started in the quiet king bird family, located in the old apple tree in the garden near to the house. William watched until the feeding of the little, two-day-old birds was accomplished and the mother had perched herself upon a twig close to the nest, while the husband and father viewed the household proceedings from afar off, the topmost branch of the tree.

William walked over to the garden fence and leaned against its pickets, watching the mother bird as she sat near her nest, apparently pleased with her family. This was not the first time that William had watched her; indeed, he had closely noted all the progress of this bird household from the nest building to the hatching of the baby birds, and he had grown to take almost as much pride in it as the old birds themselves. Especially was he fond of the mother. Oh, why did she sit up there so quietly just now, exposing her plump, drab breast to his gaze? Unconsciously to him, his gun came to his shoulder, but he thought just in time, and lowered his gun. "What a dandy shot," the thought would come. "It can't do any harm just to get a sight on her." He pointed the shining barrel toward the tree.

He buried her at the foot of the old apple tree that had been her home, choking back the sobs of shame and remorse at having brought his old friend to this position. For the following week he hardly dared look toward the nest in the apple tree, where, he was painfully conscious of it, the father bird vainly attempted to care for the little orphans. He was glad, when at the end of a week, the bird went away. Had the little birds gone, too? William hoped they had. A day later he climbed the old apple tree to where the mother bird had watched him count the four blue eggs a few weeks be-

fore. Now no anxious mother watched him; no eggs or hungry baby birds met his eye. Only four mute, dried skeletons lay in the nest.

Shinning rapidly to the ground, he ran to the upper loft in the barn, hiding himself in the hay. The burden of his shameful guilt lay heavy upon him. In the judgment of his conscience, he stood condemned of the most horrible murder, for in killing the mother, he had destroyed the whole family, and atone for such a crime as this he could not, save by the penalty of a guilt-laden conscience throughout his life, and who may say that memory shall not retain such even unto eternity.

—*Q. E. D.*

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST

I had intended to stop at Colorado Springs with my old friend Harper on my way back East but such a thing as climbing Pike's Peak had never entered my head. True, Harper in his last letter had spoken of the wonders of the sunrise from the Observatory and had even gone so far as to intimate that my exploits in the Nevadas could not compare with his midnight climb up the old Peak.

But I had known Harper long years and knew that if he ever reached the top of the old Sentinel it was in front of one of the doughty little engines of the "Cog Wheel Road," so this slight slur didn't bother me. But before I left the coast, I saw in the office of the North Western Line at 'Frisco an indescribably glorious representation of a sunrise. It was labeled "Sunsise from Pike's Peak". It was then that my mind began to turn seriously to the thought of trying the ascent while at the Springs.

I reached Colorado Springs in the afternoon. I had looked forward with anticipations of spending a pleasureable day with Harper and then continuing my journey east. Imagine my chagrin, then, to find his lodgings darkened and to hear from the lips of his landlady the information that he had been suddenly called to Cripple Creek whither he had gone the day before.

I turned away somewhat disconsolate. Alone in the city without jovial Harper to guide me. I was sorely disappointed. Thinking perhaps he might have left word for me I visited the post office and was gratified to find a letter awaiting me.

"Dear Grant" it began, "So sorry I can't be with you to look over the Springs. Had to go.

"The deal this time runs to seven figures and couldn't wait. Inclosed find a ticket up the Peak on the 'Cog Wheel.' It's all right, Grant. I know you'll 'four-flush' about doing the stunt on foot, but you'd better think it over, bury your idea that you're a mountain climber, and take it easy. It was all *I* could do to make it. Pike's Peak isn't the Nevadas."

That settled it. I might have endured his former chaff, but this last display of consummate impudence roused my blood. There to the west—rising up in stately grandeur, in majestic loneliness—stood the Sentinel of the Rockies. As I scanned its scarred sides and bald top, I took a mighty oath that I would scale its summit or perish in the attempt. Harper couldn't fool with me.

My watch pointed to 4:45. I had time to get something to eat and take a snooze before I had to start. The hotel clerk told me I had better start from Manitou by 10 o'clock. I left directions to call me at 9 and went to bed.

It seemed but a breathing-space before I heard the rat-tat-tat of the bellboy on my door. I rose and dressed quickly, selecting warm clothing, a pair of comfortable shoes, a belt to leave my shoulders free, and a pair of gloves. Over my arm I threw a big sweater, and in my pockets I stuffed some matches, a stout jackknife and some string. After eating a light meal I said "So long" to the friendly clerk and took the car for Manitou.

The easiest way to climb Pike's Peak, and the only one safe at night, is to follow the track of the "Cog Wheel Railroad." The terminal of this road is situated at the edge of Manitou in the mouth of the beautiful Engleman's Glen. It was to this spot I turned my steps. The tower clock pointed

to 10 when I found myself there. Before me yawned the cañon, black and uninviting; behind me lay Manitou, a thousand spots of light. I took a long look behind, and turning resolutely, started my nine-mile climb.

Up, up, up, led the road. Hardly a sound except the whisper and splash of the brook along the cañon side broke the silence of the night. Only once a weird shriek brought my heart to my throat, but proved to be only the call of a night bird circling above me. At times some prowling animal would break the stillness as it scaled the sides of the glen, making miniature landslides which caused my heart to flutter. But for these, nothing broke the monotony of the first two hours' ascent.

It was not until I had emerged from the head of the cañon into the plateau beyond that I saw or heard anyone. I had stooped to sparingly quench my thirst in the pure water at the roadside. When I rose I heard the crunch of someone's feet coming down the track. A man's form came out of the darkness. I hailed him and he answered. He had started for the top but had become discouraged and turned back. He told me a negro was making the ascent a short distance ahead. Then he bade me "good luck" and disappeared in the darkness. I forged ahead.

A quarter of an hour had not passed before I heard a loud halloo from on ahead. I stopped and listened and then answered. I guessed it was the negro and sure enough I found him standing in front of a low building at the side of the track. We exchanged greetings and he told me he was inquiring the time and where we were, from those inside. It appeared that it was after midnight and that we had come a little over four miles.

We sat on a boulder for a few moments to rest and then continued our upward way. The road began to be perceptibly steeper. We had left the plateau and were circling the old Peak itself; at our right rose its rounded side, gashed by gullies, mottled with a stunted undergrowth and scarred with

boulders. At our left was the plateau far beneath. In its center a clear stretch of water reflecting the pale starlight, showed the location of Lake Moraine, of romantic legend. Beyond it the lesser surrounding peaks of the old Sentinel reared their heads against the sky.

We had continued our journey for an hour when we heard a faint halloo from down the mountain. We answered and the call was reechoed. We lay down beside the track and waited. In a few minutes, two pedestrains approached, one a tall, thin, forbidding looking individual, the other a short talkative little fellow. One, it afterward appeared, was a Swiss, the other a Bohemian. It seemed that we were destined to represent the nations and as I watched the long strides of the Swiss I had misgivings about the honor of America.

We had come high enough to make an ordinary man breathless after little exertion but our tall friend kept up his gigantic stride with hardly a rest. I remarked his seeming lack of fatigue and was informed with lofty condesension that "he had climbed the Alps." I didn't mention that I posed as a mountain climber here in this country.

We passed the timber line. The road became still steeper. All of us but our Alpine friend seemed perfectly willing, after a few hundred yards of plodding, to fall in our tracks upon the gravelly foot path and rest for a space. We rounded Windy Point, rightly named, for an icy wind caused me to don sweater and gloves which before this I had carried over my arm. Here the track swerved sharply to the left and became less steep. We made fair time.

Soon I began to notice I was not alone in my fatigue. The negro was beginning to show distress and produced a couple of lemons. With the generosity of his race he proffered me one which I gratefully accepted. The acid of the fruit put new life into my bones. Even our friend from the Alps seemed perfectly willing to rest awhile when someone suggested it. The air was getting rare and at times one had to swallow hard to relieve the outward pressure in his ears.

We could see but little to the left, the hill cutting off our vision and accordingly could but guess at the end of what stretch of road we should find the coveted summit. We had traversed several of these stretches, each one steeper than the last and had at last swung into one which seemed to end on the eminence. We cheered each other on and painfully crawled to the end. Imagine then our disappointment to find as we came there, a sharp curve to the left and a section of track of half a mile straight up the mountain side, at an angle of forty-five degrees, an inclination steeper than any we had met. The Swiss had begun to show sore fatigue. He would drop at the side of the track full length on his face and remain motionless until the forward word was given. The negro had dropped behind.

But we were on the last half mile. Nerving myself to the effort I plodded on. I was leading now. To my worn body each step was torture. My heart seemed strangely large for my chest. My limbs worked with painful slowness. My breath came sharp and quick. Lucky for me the goal was in sight. My tired brain mechanically counted the ties as I passed them. It was dawn now, and over the hill one could see the deep purple of the morning sky. Would I get there in time? I felt my strength waning. I was going on my nerve now. Only a few more rods to go. Staggering from side to side, my face drawn in pain, my knees almost refusing to keep straight, on I went. Ninety-five—ninety-six—ninety-seven—over the top of the hill loomed the Observatory tower. Turning, I cheered feebly to my companions down the track. I had reached the goal and America had won first place. I staggered over the brow and stood on the summit of Pike's Peak.

As I stood once more on level ground, my face turned to the East, and as the scene there pictured met my eye, in spite of my deadening fatigue which would hardly let me stand erect, in spite of the cold and the haven close at hand, I stood transfixed, enthralled by the beauty that lay before me.

The sun already showed a portion of its shield above the horizon. Great masses of clouds obscured the earth below the peak and formed a feathery mantel over all the surrounding country. Radiating from the yellow disc of the sun, great streamers of golden light shot far out on this sea of fleece mingling with gorgeous hues of purple and red and violet and orange and crimson. The clear dark blue of the sky o'erhead melted through purple and red and amber, into the yellow of the east. The everchanging sea of clouds kneaded and blended the rich colors one into the other until the eye beheld a mighty kaleidoscope of mingling tints, ever varying, ever presenting some new combination of shades and lights. But how can finite intellect conceive of words to paint the glory an Infinite hand has lavished?

As I gazed the sun slowly rose from this sea of color. The sky took on a warmer tint, the purples became lavender, the clouds lost their deeper hues, the crimsons and ambers became the glorious yellow of the morning sunlight and another day had begun.

—*Henry K. Leonard.*

WHO WON

"Five—Nashford. Five—Carleton," read the bulletin board on Gifford Field, when the two-mile race was called. Two events yet to be run off, the 220 yard dash, which Carleton would surely win, as their boys had walked away from the Nashfordites in the short distances, and the pole vault, which Nashford was equally sure of, having the great Carroll going well above ten feet. So it was all to be decided in this one distance run, the most cruelly, punishing race of them all.

Near the top row of the crowded stand sat a man of dignified bearing, hair silvered, chin firm, brow high and slightly wrinkled,—withal an ideal type of the man in public life, as he was. Beside the junior senator, for it was no less a personage, sat a little woman in grey and a lad of some twelve years, who had watched with wrapt attention and enthusiastic

comment the events thus far, and who now stood up in his seat, watching for the appearance of the starters.

"We will win, if Ross can do it, Mrs. Hatton," spoke the senator in a low voice. "We are sure to tie on the last two events. I tell you he must do it. It has been four years since they won from us, and it would be a shame to lose to them, because they have even gone out into the wilderness and picked up that Indian. If he does win, you must let him accept that appointment, for I will see that it is his." The lad on the seat beyond the woman caught the last sentence, and his face lighted.

Nashford drew the pole, and the runner who took the place threw off his blanket and took his place amid wild cheering from the section ablaze with the green and gold. He was a full-blooded Indian, and stood, gaunt and alert, waiting for his opponent to take his place. Ross Hatton was the Carleton star, but he gave way to his pace-maker, who took his place beside the brown man. Then came another Nashford man, tall and lean like the Indian, and then on the outside the well-built, blue-eyed, square-chinned hope of the Carleton rooters. He looked so heavy and unlike a runner beside the others, that not a cheer broke from the west end of the stand. Just as they took their places, a little figure ran up to the fence outside the track and tried to get by the marshal stationed at the gate. And as the gun sounded, a shrill voice called out: "Go it, Ross! Go it, Buddy! If you win, you will go East sure!"

Around the track for the first mile the Indian loped after his pace-maker, well in the lead, and yet not so far but what the "C" men could catch them easily. Hatton seemed to run heavily, while the form of the native American was perfect, his stride long and easy, his gait a telling one. Around the first turn the red man took the pace from the other wearer of the "N," and as he did so, Ross forged ahead and passed up close to the Indian. Almost as he did this, his pace-maker "jumped" the little group and was ahead of them all before they knew it. The trick had worked perfectly, but it did

not seem to give much hope for Carleton, as the pace was just as hot, the Indian forcing it each stride.

The last quarter was reached in this fashion, and the second "N" man, worn out by the furious pace, dropped out on the stretch. But the Indian was running well, and easily. On the other hand, the two "C" men seemed to be exhausted, and as they passed the stand it was all too apparent, that, though they were holding on to their opponent, who had forged to the front by this time, yet they could not stand the sprint down the stretch.

Entering the stretch, the Indian seemed to fairly jump ahead for an instant, and Hatton's head went up, his knees seemed to kick high into the air,—he was "all in". Suddenly, as a voice beside the fence near him called out, "Go it, Buddy! Sprint! Get your form again! Senator says West Point, if you win!"—the boy seemed to revive, as though someone had thrown new life into his body. The head came down, his chin went out, his stride lengthened, steadied, and he fairly tore down the track after his lithe opponent. The stand was a mass of crying, shouting, laughing, roaring humanity for that space of fifteen seconds, as the sturdy fellow came after his man, gradually caught him, and they both made their final effort, springing, falling, toppling over the tape, together. Then everyone waited for the decision of the judges.

"A dead heat, third place deciding, Carleton wins the point!" The little trainer, holding Ross' head on the grass plot near the line, tried to make him lie still, but the lad lifted himself to his feet, and as he turned toward the stand, he made out, through the red mist before his eyes, two figures, one his mother, the other the tall, handsome senator, waving their praise, their happiness, their pride, to him. And then a yelling, wriggling, little fellow with a blue banner in one hand and cap in the other, broke away from the marshal at the gate, and tore at him, to be caught up and squeezed with all the remaining strength of Ross' tired body.

—*Alumnus.*

THE POLICY OF SAMMY SMITHERS

There was something dramatic about Smithers or else it was the cultivated atmosphere with which he had surrounded himself in order to keep men whom he did not like at a distance. As he searched through the folds of his bath robe for a cigarette paper his eyes wandered from the row of sorority girls on the dresser to the demi-monde, dancing creation in red and black on the wall, and then back to the sorority girls. The manner of the man as he sat in negligee was characterized by the grace, poise and deliberation with which he lifted the match to light the mishapen cigarette between his lips. The flame caught the crumpled end and he leaned back, ignored the dresser group and stared out into the mist.

Up in Danville they called Smithers a genius, and it had told on him. He had written articles for the weekly papers that were read hungrily around the grocery store molasses barrel, and he had tended a booth at the annual rummage sale of the Woman's Club. This was in public and under the surveillance of a doting mother. Sammy Smithers was the model pictured to the insurgent young American of Danville, after his spirit had taken him on rampage. However, after the rummage sales were over Sammy made an impression on the husbands of these same mothers in such a way as to make them respect his ability to tell a straight from a royal flush when in process of formation. Danville was down at the depot when Smithers left for college, and all the fellows who had played marbles with him in the mud of the village street envied Sammy. Their fathers were not so sorry to see him go.

Two years at college and several interviews with the faculty had convinced him that good credits and good poker hands do not associate together, so he had decided to go into society. Most of the fellows in the house did not hesitate to wear blue shirts when they went on the hill. Some of them wore high boots and slouch hats. Sammy had his cravenette

every other day and kept a soft piece of felt on his dresser with which to brush his derby. He "sprung" the new collars, ordered his spring suit from Philadelphia, and learned all the important telephone numbers by heart. It is needless to say that Smithers was old for his age and would much rather be beaten than to be "done" as he expressed it. He could talk, although he was not particular what he said, he thought facts of little concern. Sometimes it taxed his memory to recollect whether all the things that he told about had ever really happened. He made it his chief purpose to interest, not to convince, but to interest and to impress.

The smoke from the dwindled cigarette of Smithers made circles around his head as he sat and contemplated the roofs of the houses from the window of his room. Occasionally he smiled as he thought of some particularly good story he had told and again he scowled as he philosophized with himself on the disagreeable features of an independent coeducational body. His room-mate had already received a bid to the inter-sorority leap year party and Smithers had heard others go thundering down the hall imparting the knowledge that they were all that they had previously claimed to be socially. Sammy was in the parlance of the Latin quarter, a "fusser." He carried books down the hill for some of the best dancers and his opinion as to the relative merits of those dancers who got the most bids was not considered valueless. Still Smithers was not a star in any one constellation. Not one of the girls whose pictures stared at him from the dresser owed him any particular obligation. That was why he had not received a bid. Nevertheless, there were those who sufficiently recognized his social position to be averse to seeing him left at home. The girl on the end of the dresser with the low necked gown had told her sisters at dinner that if she did not owe so many other fellows so much she herself would take Smithers. The girl behind the military brushes near the center had decided to forego her desire to dance the first dance with Sammy and to take Jimkins from her town. She

was sure that Smithers would get another bid. Perhaps the most consoling resolution made by any subject in the dresser array was that of the girl on the platinum finished card who stamped her foot on the rug before her dresser and told her room-mate that "I'd like to take Sammy Smithers and I'd rather stag it than take some men to whom I am indebted."

Intermingled with the dramatic touch in Smithers carriage and sophisticated attitude that he assumed was a tinge of cleverness. The thought came to him that strategy was necessary. He knew what the dresser array knew, that not one of these owed him anything. For a time he sat and thought. Then he got up and walked. Suddenly he tossed his cigarette stub into the waste basket and went to the telephone.

"Gimme Number 845," said Smithers.

"Hello, is this the Cardinal?"

"Will you print this personal, please?"

"Samuel J. Smithers, Law '04, will leave Madison on April 16 for Chicago, where he will spend several days collecting data in the courts to be used in the preparation of his thesis." There was a smile which clung to Smithers' face as he locked the door of his room and sat down to contemplate his strategy. For two days he waited, loafing, smoking and playing bridge whist with the fellows. Smithers heard a freshman call his name from the top of the stairs one afternoon just as he had drawn a big hand.

"Oh Smithers!" yelled the freshman; "'phone, Smithers."

Sammy dropped the hand and started up the stairs. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Smithers."

"Why, I should be delighted to accept if it were not for the fact that I am going to Chicago at that time to do thesis work. I thank you ever so much."

"Yes, I am sorry too."

Smithers was bold; he was playing the high card. This was the girl behind the military brushes.

Later in the day the call for Smithers came again from the second floor. He was wanted at the 'phone.

"Hello," he said. "Yes, this is Mr. Smithers."

"Oh, hello, Daisy."

"No, I haven't; I was going to be away, but I have found out that I can do all my theses work here."

"Why, I would be delighted to go with you. Thank you."

"Good-bye."

A smile clung to the features of Sammy again as he stalked into his room, and he laughed to himself as he rolled another. What was said at the conclusion of the message at the other end of the line concerned Sammy, but its nature was immaterial to him. He inhaled a puff of smoke and grinned again.

—*E. S. Jordan.*

TO THE BUTTERFLIES

(From the French.)

TH. GAUTIER.

O gay butterflies, color of snow,
  Flitting merrily over the hollow,
If you lend me your wings I will go
  By the blue airy pathway you follow.

Sweet, where all joys and all beauties dwell,
  If the gay butterflies would but try me,
Cannot your wonderful deep eyes tell
  As to whether away I would hie me;

Without taking one kiss from the rose,
  Over valleys and forests that lie there,
I would go to your lips that half close,
  O flower of my soul! and would die there!