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The
Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine


The October Number

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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OCTOBER, 1906

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CONTENTS.

Wisconsin and Athletics	- - - - -	1
Dr. Charles P. Hutchins.		
The Stolen Trophy	- - - - -	4
Leslie W. Quirk.		
One of the Unfit	- - - - -	13
Pinkney Smith.		
Non Plus Ultra	- - - - -	21
Gorgo.		
Not a Story—Just Life	- - - - -	22
Berton Braley.		
Marty	- - - - -	26
Marion Jones.		
Editorial	- - - - -	30

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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1906

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 1

WISCONSIN AND ATHLETICS.

BY DR. CHARLES P. HUTCHINS,

Professor of Athletics at the University of Wisconsin.

The athletic year of 1906 inaugurates the amended regulations.

Coincident with these changes come the alterations in the playing rules of football. These were made necessary by the desire on the part of all lovers of the game, and by the hue and cry of those who disapprove of it, in order to eradicate, if possible, extraordinary injuries. After months of deliberation the amalgamated committee decided that the elimination of hurdling, of low tackling, of holding (if possible), the introduction of forward passes, free ball after a punt strikes the ground, and the substitution of ten yard gains for five, would be steps in the right direction.

Speculation has been rife all summer as to the probable effect of these changes upon the injury list and upon the policy of play. It is now October, the first games have been played and the speculation goes on. The more expert men are guarded in the expression of forecast beyond the opinion that the game should prove more open. Whether the open style of play is productive of fewer injuries than the pushing, crowding formation statistics fail to show, and close observers may have had different experiences. One thing is certain; major injuries will be fewer the nearer players approach the same weight.

The impression has gone abroad that Wisconsin, having lost the services of most of the team of 1905 will not be able to maintain in 1906 its distinguished position on the football field. The graduation of experienced men always weakens a team's effectiveness, and it sometimes happens that many men go the same year. This is one of the fortunes of the game, and must be met by increased vigor on the part of those remaining.

As a rule, the spirit of a team and the atmosphere of the university are potent factors for success. The greater the difficulties to be overcome, the more insurmountable the obstacles, the greater must be the effort not of a few but of all. The players must be diligent and faithful in the performance of their work. Those who do not play should be appreciative of those efforts. If a man is doing his best, he is not to be criticized for not measuring up to a man whose name stands for greater achievement. After all, football is a game in which team play counts for more than individual excellence.

Just now the gridiron game has the center of the stage. It is good to watch, but it is more exhilarating to play. Many a man goes through his college course with no knowledge of it except that obtained through his eyes. Teams may be organized which would not be expected to contend with the university teams, but with one another. It has all the utility of baseball or basket ball.

The Cross Countrymen will soon be coursing over country. Aside from the real enjoyment of such training, Wisconsin has laurels to defend when Thanksgiving comes.

Basket ball has filled the gap of the winter months and it is a royal sport under the admirable facilities of our gymnasium and Wisconsin yields place to none in proficiency in basket ball.

Baseball, track and relay work come with the opening of spring, and the increasing proficiency in these departments requires increased endeavor and constant practice. And the

navy. The proud position for the highest type of sportsmanship that Wisconsin has won in the rowing world is a matter of general acknowledgment. With no competition at home, the cardinal crews are the picturesque figures on the Hudson, competing year after year in the face of many discouragements for the sake of the sport itself.

The Inter-collegiate Conference last March enacted several new regulations governing the conduct of athletics among its membership. These chiefly related to the abolition of training tables, to a more strict adherence to the scholastic attainments of players, to the establishment of a fixed admission price for students to football games and to the restriction of the football schedule to five games. Professional coaches may no longer be employed, and financial management is vested in the administration of the university.

To this end the Regents of Wisconsin have placed the conduct and direction of all physical activities, embracing indoor and outdoor work, and teams in the charge of the Department of Physical Training.

THE STOLEN TROPHY.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

CHAPTER I.

"Some of them are pretty valuable, aren't they?" asked Bounder.

"Midget" Blake, the little Freshman pitcher, looked up quickly and laughed—laughed until he caught the narrow glint in the other's eyes, and then stopped suddenly, awed and queerly ashamed.

"Ye-es," he stammered, "pretty valuable, I guess. How about it, Thompson?"

The big baseball coach looked around proudly. It was the trophy room of the gymnasium, and the cups and urns and medals and pennants all cried for recognition. It was a handsome display.

"Yes," drawled Thompson, "but they're a thousand times more valuable as trophies than as marketable stuff. Still, here's a loving cup for example, that the chaps gave us when we resumed athletic relations with the Cardinals; it's worth a few dollars."

"But you couldn't sell it for much," protested the Midget.

"But you could!" It was Bounder's voice, and the words were almost angry. "I know a fellow in Milwaukee, — Vohen, just off Chestnut on 3d street he is—who would take it in a minute. If you're careless about locking it up, some chap with no money and lots of debts, like me, will get it."

There was more to the conversation, but it soon drifted to other topics. Not until Thursday evening, after practice, was it recalled by The Midget. He was dressing, after a swim in the tank, and had just closed his locker when he felt a hand on his arm.

The coach's face told him that something was wrong. Neither spoke until they were outside the building; then Thompson faced the boy.

"It's gone!" he said hoarsely.

"What?" asked The Midget, bewildered.

"The cup—the trophy—the one—"

It was The Midget who finished the sentence.

"—the one you showed Bounder.

Over at Library Hall the clock tolled six. Not until the last clang had echoed and re-echoed into silence did the two cease staring at each other.

"I don't believe he took it," protested The Midget.

"Nor I," agreed Thompson, "but—"

The Midget whistled softly. "You don't suppose," he suggested, "that it would be worth while running into the city." He stopped. "Vohen's is just off Chestnut on 3d street, you know," he continued, as carelessly as he could.

"I'll go," decided Thompson decisively. "You turn in early and say nothing about it."

It was nearly noon of the next day before The Midget saw him again. There came a gentle tap at the door of the boy's room, and Thompson pushed his way in.

"Bounder did it," he said dejectedly. "It was there, big as life, left by a smooth-faced young man, according to Vohen. "And"—the coach paused dramatically—"and Bounder went to the city night before last!"

"But—"

"Isn't that enough," snapped Thompson. He was tired and irritable. The thought of the deciding baseball game the following day, with Gleason out of it on account of a sore finger, and Bounder—he sat up very suddenly.

"Look here, Midget," he began. "The fellow's a thief—no doubt of that. But we must use him to-morrow; we must win that game, and we can't do it without him. Why can't we simply let the matter slide till next week? Why can't—"

"Because," said The Midget, very simply, "because we

can't. There's only one thing to do; call him and let him prove his innocence."

"But he can't," complained Thompson; "he isn't innocent."

The Midget remembered the way in which Bounder's avarice had shown itself in the trophy room. But he remembered, too, the way in which the catcher had redeemed himself in the critical game the week before. So he only shook his head doubtfully.

They sent for Bounder, and he came. Thompson did the talking, while The Midget looked on, silent, sympathizing.

At the first suggestion of the cup, Bounder flushed. But when he began to see that he was accused of stealing it, his anger burst forth. He looked from one to the other.

Thompson raised his hand. "The Midget," he said frankly, "still believes in you enough to hope. I can't!"

An hour later they went out of the room, Bounder protesting his innocence one minute and blazing forth in anger the next, Thompson very silent and sorrowful, and the Midget looking as if he were the one who had been accused.

Bounder practiced that afternoon, vowing to prove his innocence in time. On these terms both Thompson and the Midget agreed that he should be allowed to pitch the game on the following day.

But Saturday morning, when they called at his room for another talk, he was gone. On the table was a note addressed to The Midget.

"It's no use," he said; "I've gone. Thompson is sure I'm the thief, and you're almost convinced. I can't catch the game feeling as I do now."

And then, in a postscript down at the bottom:

"I hope the old college wins!"

When The Midget had read the note he handed it to Thompson. The big coach read it twice, stared out the window and then faced the boy.

"I wonder," he said, "if we could have been mistaken, after all. That postscript—"

As the two crossed the campus, a uniformed boy ran up to the coach and handed him a telegram. Thompson ripped it open hastily and read it with an exclamation of surprise and consternation. He drew his hand across his eyes hurriedly, and passed it to The Midget.

"Have man—confessed—professional—not the party under suspicion—positive. Stone."

"Stone?" suggested the boy.

"Detective," said Thompson, tersely. They walked on silently. "Midget," blurted out the big coach, "it wasn't Bounder at all. And he's gone—where?"

With out accord they turned toward the registrar's office. A few hurried questions and a consultation of some names and addresses brought forth the fact that Bounder's home was in Lake Mills, a town about thirty miles up state.

"I'll go," said Thompson.

"No, let me," urged The Midget. "I'm not sure he'd come for you."

The coach nodded. "You're all right," he said. "Go, then, and get back in time. You've only a few hours."

So The Midget caught the first street car for the station. Here luck favored him, and he boarded a train after a wait of only a few minutes.

Lake Mills was a sleepy little town seemingly set in the midst of dense woods. The Midget dropped off the train, and for a moment stood irresolute. Then he secured time-tables, and studied the return trains. One left at noon and one at three.

"We must get the first," The Midget told himself. "But if we miss it, the second will get us there about the beginning of the second inning."

He found Bounder's home readily enough. In answer to his knock a kindly, gray-haired lady, who proved to be his mother, came to the door.

"I don't know just where Rob is," she said, in answer to his question. He took his gun this morning and went out

into the North Woods. He came home worried about something, and said he wouldn't be back till supper-time."

" 'Wouldn't be back till supper time.' " The Midget repeated the words dully.

"But Rob's in the North Woods somewhere," she persisted. "You might run across him."

The Midget thanked her mechanically, and turned away, sick at heart. To the north, shining warm and green in their fresh spring leaves, the trees of the North Woods beckoned. It was only a chance in a thousand, but the boy took it. First he wired Thompson not to expect him till after three; then he plunged across the pasture into the woods.

Outside the sun had been shining, hot and glaring. Among the trees, however, it was cool and dark. The change was welcome to The Midget, and he sat down on a stump to study the situation. It would never do to go about his work blindly.

Before he had left the village he had noted that the strip of woods was dotted with hills and gulleys. Now he determined to climb toward the highest points, and to "halloo" when he reached them. In this way he might attract Bounder's attention, or might even see him.

The Midget was no woodsman. The vines entangled his feet; the soft, decaying wood tripped him; the briars and bushes swished across his face, leaving tiny welts of red. Once a squirrel, darting up a tree not two feet away, made his heart beat fast. But the boy was determined. He would not give up his quest.

It seemed an hour before he reached the first summit, although his watch told him it was only ten minutes. Once there he was disappointed to find that he could see little; that he only looked down on a dense blanket of green formed by the waving tree-tops. He shouted frantically, but received no answering call. Drowning the disappointment that persisted in overwhelming him he pushed on sturdily.

The next hill was lower, and the trees were fewer. His

first shout brought an answer, far ahead, and his hopes waxed high. Holding his position, he shouted again and again, gradually guiding the other toward him. The Midget was ready to dance with joy.

Then the man came into sight—not Bounder at all—and The Midget called himself a fool for supposing that the catcher was the only man in the North Woods.

The man eyed him curiously, and awaited his explanation. He was a rough, uncouth fellow.

“I’m looking for a fellow named Bounder—Rob Bounder,” he explained. “He’s somewhere in the woods here, and I want to locate him as soon as possible.”

The other nodded. “I see him a while back,” he said, “steerin’ into the woods. That was an hour past, howsoever. Better keep a-drillin’ right in.”

The Midget thanked him and plunged forward. The sparse growth of trees soon gave way to a dense tangle, and the boy found his progress greatly retarded. No answering calls came to his shouts.

A twig caught his trouser leg and tore it. His cap had been swept aside long before. His left hand was bleeding a little where he had struck it against thorns and dead limbs. His right he thrust into his coat. At all events, he must pitch the game that afternoon, Bounder or no Bounder.

He looked at his watch and whistled apprehensively. It was almost 2, and he had been in the woods nearly three hours. He must hurry to catch the train himself.

Guiding himself by the sun, which had begun to creep down the western sky, he walked and ran toward the village. Twice he fell, and both times he wrenched his left wrist. It began to pain him slightly, but he only shut his lips firmly and pushed on. It wasn’t his pitching wrist!

When he emerged from the main woods finally the village lay a long ways ahead, separated from him by a stretch of green pasture land, cut in two by a narrow strip of thick trees. He had only a quarter of an hour to catch his train.

As he raced over the pasture to the trees he thought of his hopeless search, and of what Bounder's absence from the game meant to the team. He had little hope of winning without him. Gleason was injured, and the other substitutes were almost out of the question for a critical game. If only he had found Bounder—

And then, just at the edge of the strip of trees, where the shade and sun met, he nearly stumbled over Bounder, fast asleep!

Like some wild animal The Midget pounced upon him. The catcher stirred uneasily, seemed inclined to shake him off, and then opened his eyes. Blank amazement gave way to profound disbelief as he began to see and understand clearly.

"Midget Blake!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

There was no time for explanations.

"I've come to take you back with me," said the boy. "You've got to catch me in the game, you know."

"What?" asked the bewildered Bounder.

The Midget explained again. "Come on," he commanded.

The big fellow on the ground leaned back against the tree. "I won't," he announced stubbornly. "Do you suppose I am going to play under the circumstances? When you get the truth—"

"We've got it, yelled The Midget. "We've—" A long whistle in the distance made him pause. We've got the real thief. Hurry, we *must* make that train."

Bounder shook the sleepiness from his frame. "Are you telling me the truth Midget?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," cried the boy, frantic at the delay. "Come! For goodness sake, Bounder, hurry! I'll tell you all about it on the train. It's nearly at the station—the three o'clock, you know!"

Bounder awoke. With an exclamation of surprise he

whipped out his watch; then he jumped to The Midget's side.

"We'll run for it," he exclaimed. "Come on!"

It was slow progress through the tangle of trees. On the other side, however, stretched a long field of close-cropped grass, with a few cows grazing languidly upon it. At sight of the two racing figures they turned tail and loped away awkwardly.

The Midget put his whole strength into the running. Bounder seemed to be possessed of a tremendous speed, and of untiring legs. The Midget could not understand the strained muscles in his own until he recalled the long tramp in the woods. But even if his strength was nearly gone, he still had grit and nerve.

Not once did he falter. Close behind Bounder he ran, falling into step as if he were being paced in some race. Once or twice the catcher looked back; each time catching sight of the drawn, determined look on the boy's face, he nodded approvingly and spurred faster than ever.

The train was in sight, a scant quarter-mile away. Between the boys and the station was a rail fence, perhaps five feet high. Before they reached it, the train was slowing down.

"Vault it," said Bounder, and with his hands on the top rail, went over it like a bird.

It looked impossible to The Midget. His legs were beginning to go back on him. But he flew at it gamely, charging it as he might an opponent in football. His hands grasped the top rail, and he put every ounce of tired muscle into the spring.

He went up lightly, but his feet failed to clear the rail. The shock broke the hold of his hands, and he plunged over, a helpless mass of legs and arms, with a five-foot fall awaiting him on the other side.

But Bounder had anticipated something of the kind. After his vault he had whirled, to help the Midget if necessary.

Quickly comprehending what had taken place, he caught the boy in his arms. Together they rolled upon the ground, but Bounder was up no more promptly than The Midget. Without a word they raced across the cinder road that circled the station, and ran desparately for the rear car.

Bounder literally threw The Midget upon the platform, and the brakeman hauled both of them to a safe position. The Midget, with perspiring, dirty, bloody face and torn clothes, presented a most unattractive appearance. The brakeman eyed him curiously.

“You’ve had a run,” he remarked, quite superfluously. “You must have started late.”

“The Midget wiped off his face with his handkerchief before he replied.

“Not too late,” he said, looking at Bounder

(To be concluded.)

ONE OF THE UNFIT.

BY PINKNEY SMITH.

“When we reach the Arctic regions, or snow-capped summits or absolute deserts, the struggle for life is almost exclusively with the elements.”—Darwin.

The Wheelans called that window their “bay winder.” It was just a common wall window, though, and had two of its panes pieced together with rags and paste. But from it a little patch of the bay could be seen through the drifting smoke from the shipping and the ferryboats that came and went every fifteen minutes between San Francisco and Oakland. The smoke could not hide glimpses of the vessels that passed there all day. There were numerous fishing boats and small nondescript craft, and occasionally there would pass a tall-masted ship or a big ocean steamer just come through the Golden Gate from a long voyage to Japan, the Philippines, or China perhaps. It was Mace’s favorite window of the three that lighted the Wheelan sitting-room, dining-room and parlor—which, after all, were but one room.

This evening the smoke was blowing seaward and left an open view. The white-crested waves were touched with the gold of the April sun as it sank behind the Golden Gate. The fishing boats were coming in from the upper bay with the pulsing folds of their white sails catching the slanting rays of sunlight and shaking them off again in sparkling brightness over the water. It was Mace’s favorite hour to watch at the “bay winder,” but this evening he went over to one of the south windows instead and watched the passers on the street below. He had been acting clerk all afternoon in his father’s little grocery, and he was tired. Not that there was so much to do, only to wait on a workman’s wife or to give a passer-

by a cigar once in a while, but a whole afternoon up and down on crutches was fatiguing to even as tough a little cripple as was Mace. And he was tired of thinking this evening, too, and gloomy. This was rather strange, for, like most twelve-year-old boys, Mace was not given much to thought and gloom. Nevertheless, the strangely mixed waters of San Francisco passing along the street below him were more in sympathy with his mind than those rippling and sparkling on the bosom of the bay. There were all kinds of people there; some that even Mace could not envy.

Back in the little dark hole the Wheelans called their kitchen someone had been washing the supper dishes. The rattle of plates and pans now ceased, and a young woman, with a face that told of the unfulfilled promises of her youth, came into the room and seated herself by the "bay window," with the satisfaction of a person who values even the comfort of a hard, straight-backed chair.

"I guess father's goin' to get some of the insurance money to-morrer, Mace. He said he'd have to have some to get you installed in the 'home,' as they won't take boys who have fathers unless they plank down a little cash to begin on." She stopped and was silent for a minute, as if waiting for Mace to speak, but Mace did not say anything. "And he's goin' to give me some for a new spring dress and a new spring hat. Won't I look swell?" There was a girlish eagerness in her voice and a look of pleased maidenly vanity that seemed a little out of place on her prematurely aged and serious face. "My! I wish I had had them for Easter at church," she added. Mace had not seen his sister look that way nor heard her speak that way for so long that he was a little surprised, but he did not feel like talking.

"You'll like bein' at the 'home,' Mace. Lots of other boys, plenty to eat, and nothin' much to do, and you can come home sometimes, I guess. I'll come to see you once in a while too. Father says he's goin' to give me more of a chance to enjoy myself now since he can afford it. Why he's gettin' to be real kind of late, Mace."

“Do you want me to go, Margree?” asked Mace in a pained tone of voice.

“No, I don’t Mace, but I expect it’s best. You know father’s always been too hard on you here, and he’s been sayin’ that he’d send you to be taken care of at the San Fernando Orphans’ Home ever since mother died. And I believe mother’d rather you’d go too, now, Mace, if she knew.’

Mace looked down into the street again so Margree would not see a tear or two that he could not keep back. She was the only friend left after his mother died, and the only one that had a kind word for him in the Wheelan family. He took his crutches from where he had leaned them against the wall, and twisted his bent little body out of the chair. He had forgotten that he was tired. Hobbling over to a small stand opposite where Margree sat, he propped himself up in his usual way with his crutches thrust outward and forward. There were some photographs in little homemade paste-board frames on the table, and Mace took one of them and held it up to the light of the “bay winder.” It was a cheaply finished photograph of a sad faced, middle aged woman who looked a little like Margree, though her features were more delicately formed and more expressive.

“What do you think mother’d say, Margree, if she knew what father’a goin’ to do with the two thousand dollars insurance money?” Mace was still holding the picture. He had got into the habit of doing that when he was alone in the room, since the death of his mother.

“What’s he goin’ to do then?” asked Margree, surprised by the question.

“I heard him tell Symonds, the next door groceryman, he might take the stock at those “figgers” this mornin’, and you know they’ve been talkin’ trade before. After dinner then, father went off with old Pat McClurg, who said he’d show him a good lot of lickens he could get cheap, over on Front street. Father’s goin’ to open a saloon here, Margree.”

She was dumfounded. Her face had lost its expression of

girlish eagerness over the new dress and hat, and looked white and set. "I'll not stay here I guess then. Mother used to tell him she'd leave rather than live over a saloon, and he knowed it too, so he didn't dare to while she was alive. I'll not do it either."

Some one rattled up the rickety steps from the room below and threw open the door. A thick necked, red faced old fellow stuck his head in. "Mace, you go and pack your things up for early sailin' to-morrer. And Margree you'll have to keep the store to-night while I'm out to see to some bizness I've got to do." He thumped down the steps again without another word.

The Wheelans lived in the upper story of a soiled, weather-beaten old frame house on East and Howard streets, which was nestled close up under the shadow of a big four-floored warehouse. It dated back to the time when San Francisco was still a mushroom city. Time and fate, indeed, had not spared many of its kind even in that part. Old Wayne Wheelan had had his little grocery there on the first floor and his family on the second some fourteen years. The rent was small, and he liked the location where he could keep 'an eye out to sea' and get 'a whiff of the salt first hand,' as he said.

He had been a sailor in his time himself, and what with this and the sight and smell of the water it was natural that his oldest son William should take to the sea. Ed., the next boy, a big boned, strong fellow of eighteen, was drifting towards the sea, too, but he had not got off the wharves yet. The old man was proud of this young giant and tried to keep him by him. As for Mace, the youngest of his four children, Wheelan had always felt him to be in the way and a sort of eye sore about the house ever since he had passed four and a long spell of spinal disease that left him drawn and dwarfed for life.

If Wayne Wheelan had any religion it was expressed in these words of his, "A man's worth his weight in pounds and get." He lived much closer to his doctrine than many a

Christian with a better one, so that along with poverty and the rent and the life insurance payments, the Wheelan's had found life according to their strength and courage to live it. It was all very well for the big boys. It had not been so well for the mother and Margree, however. It had worn out the delicate constitution of the one and blighted the youthful development of the other. But on no one did this stern parental policy fall more heavily than on Mace. The mother had borne part of his burden when alive, and left it then to Margree. Old Wayne forced many a painful task upon him, though, and still in his heart blamed the son for what no one could help.

The old sailor had followed the ways of his kind when young, but he made the "last shake of dice," as he said, when he married and settled down. That was to take out life insurance policies for himself and his wife. It was not an equally matched game, however, and he won. Perhaps, after all, the wife was not unwilling to lose. Anyhow, the "stakes" gave Wheelan the means to accomplish two desires of his heart,—to open a little drinking place for himself and his friends, and to remove "the shame o' the family," Mace, from his sight, in a decent way.

* * *

After packing his few belongings, Mace had gone back to the dark little room where he slept. He lay on his bed thinking of the morrow and of Margree. He could see the stars coming out over the noisy streets. The rattle and clangor on the neighboring streets and wharves were joined to the deep undertone of life that rose far back in the heart of the city. These sounds had sung him to sleep as long as he could remember, and even to-night they soon set him slumbering. He dreamt he was at his uncle's house over in the suburbs of Oakland, across the bay, just as he had been there once with his mother. Then he awoke and thought of that visit.

George Weir, his mother's brother, was a kindhearted, old bachelor, living all alone in a pleasant little house with a big

garden and trees. He never came to see the Wheelans, and Mace remembered his mother never spoke of him before his father.

These memories put a plan in the troubled head of the boy and with new hope in his heart he was falling to sleep once more. Just then there were footsteps and voices on the stairway. Evidently Ed. had been drinking too much again, for his voice was thick and his step heavy, and Mace could hear his father saying, "I tell you, you've got to lighten up your ballast evenin's. I take my drink and come into port as regular as a liner, and here you're worse'n a leaky whaler without a pilot." Judging from the sounds Ed. was pretty far gone tonight, and old Wheelan was having trouble steering his whaler into port. Ed. had never come in so tipsy before, but Mace remembered he was drinking more of late.

There was not one gray hint of day in the east when Mace awoke in the morning. The stars peeped through his window as brightly as ever, but the night sounds of the city had almost died away. Only the distant rattling and rumbling of a train could be heard, and the chug, chug, chug of some tug leaving the harbor to meet an incoming vessel beyond the Golden Gate. Mace listened for the familiar sound of a ferryboat stopping its engine at the slips, and he wondered if he would have to wait long before one would be going to Oakland.

He had wrapped some rags about the ends of his crutches to prevent them rattling on the stairs, but the steps creaked and cracked more than usual, he thought, and just before he reached the bottom it seemed to him as if they moved under him and the whole house for a second ground and shook on its timbers. He stopped on the lower step and listened. Everything was quiet save for his own heart's beating below and the regular snoring of his father above. This reassured him. His father was still asleep, anyhow, and the sounds must have come by a sudden little puff of wind breaking over the old house from the bay.

He turned the key in its lock and slowly pulled back the heavy front door of the store on its creaky hinges. He had never seen the street so dark and still before. There were only some faint glimmering lights down toward the wharves, and somehow the light from these seemed to be strangely flickering. He thought of the dark tales he had heard of thugs and Chinese demons that haunt dark streets at these hours. He laughed to himself at the second thought. "I guess they don't care for crutches," he said.

He turned to close the still open door behind him. It swung back strangely from before his hand and the threshold seemed to rise up under him. His crutches were slipping away. He clutched at the door casing, but fell helplessly to the floor. The lights on the wharves were now unmistakably flickering and dancing before his eyes. What could it all mean? The sickening, rising sensation continued. He seized his crutches again and pulled himself to his feet. Then the rising ceased. There was a cracking and rending of timbers in the house. Without, the earth shook and trembled as if with fear, and a strange, roaring sound came to his ears, hollow and distant, as if rising from subterranean depths below the city. Then there was a crash, and Mace was thrown to the floor, deafened and stunned.

Margree ran past him into the street, half over his body. The streams of frenzied humanity were already surging through the streets, fleeing from before the wrath of the earthquake, and regardless of the bricks hurled amongst them from the tops of the buildings. Mace struggled to rise, seized too by a frantic animal impulse to flee. But the feet of Ed. rushing over him in blind terror, struck him down and knocked one of his crutches from his hand. He had instinctively clung to his crutches through it all, and now he groped blindly in the dark for the one he had lost. It may have been the very sense of his own helplessness that caused his terror to subside. He raised himself on his elbows and peered into the darkness about him. He saw it at last and

began to crawl towards it when a sound from within caused him to stop.

Some one was calling for help. The cries were so smothered that Mace did not at first recognize the voice of his father. The shaking had almost ceased and the wild uproar without came to a lull. He listened with raised head.

"O, Ed.—Ed., came the voice,—help—help. O, Ed.—Margree." The voice seemed choked and strangely unlike that of his father. It began again. "Ed.—Ed.—Margree—I'm dyin'—dyin'—O, Mace—Mace."

Mace had been as if thrown into a hypnotic state of attention since he heard the first cry. He seized his crutches now at the sound of his own name and rose to his feet. Never before had anyone called on him for help.

He hurried up the broken stairway and through the wreckage that half choked the entrance to the room in which Wheelan slept. A little blaze starting from the wrecked stove in the sitting-room cast a pale, red light through an open door. The floor was covered with planks from the crushed roof, and with bricks from the wall of the adjoining warehouse. Old Wheelan had been caught beneath a heap of these and was now vainly struggling to free himself. Mace dropped to his knees and began throwing off the bricks and loose boards with all his strength. After three or four minutes, that seemed hours, the old sailor by a desperate effort freed himself from the lightened mass. Bruised, but not seriously hurt, he rushed, terror-stricken, from the house. The shaking had begun again, but Mace slipped into the burning sitting-room before he followed his father.

Wheelan had run a few yards down the street when there was a crash behind him. He turned. The wall of the warehouse had toppled entirely over. Mace could not be seen anywhere.

"Why, the kid can't run! I'm a coward—and he saved me, too." He ran back to the building.

Mace lay motionless near the doorway, his arms and

crutches half buried under the fallen bricks. In the faint light of the dawn, which was now breaking over the bay, Wheelan saw something clutched tightly in one of Mace's hands as he lifted him up. He looked closer. It was the photograph of Mace's mother.

* * *

As for Mace—well, his name was one of those not printed on the list of the victims; and Mace was no victim. He was but one of the many unknown in San Francisco that morning to whom the earthquake was a benefactor.



NON PLUS ULTRA.

BY GORGO.

The dead soul walks with empty grin,
 Nor knows the horror of his mien;
 His only cognizance of sin
 Is that in others error seen.

No mandate from the tabled stone
 Has suffered at his clammy hand;
 And yet the bird of ill has flown
 Incessant at his foul command.

His robes are white, with leprosy,
 His conscience deadened with a draught
 From the dark well, Hypocrisy,
 Which all the Lost have quaffed.

The murky air of night is dyed
 With memories and deeds ill done,
 But, oh, the darkness of noon-tide,
 When phantoms stalk beneath the sun!

NOT A STORY—JUST LIFE.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

Billy grunted.

Then he looked guiltily around the room to see whether there was any one to hear. His eyes fell on no living thing save his fox terrier, who sat watching him intelligently from the other side of the chamber.

Realizing his freedom from human companionship at this particular time, Billy took his pipe from his mouth, dumped the surplus ashes from the top of it and groaned.

The fox terrier looked pained at this unusual sound from his master and, trotting to him, thrust a cold but sympathetic nose into Billy's hand. Billy paid no attention and continued to gaze into the upper left hand corner of the place.

The terrier sniffed and lay down at the side of the chair.

Billy started from his reverie and reached to the table for his Kipling, turning to the "Garden of Eden" chapter in "The Gadbys," and began to read. He perused half a page, stopped to light the pipe, and resumed reading, an occupation which lasted for three minutes.

"Damn the book," said Billy, "there's a man who got what he wanted and didn't have to butt into a game where six other men already had cards. I'll telephone up to her."

"703, please. What, out of order?" Billy slammed down the receiver, and his lips moved. The recording angel wrote one credit mark on Billy's book because he did not shout aloud.

Another ten minutes passed while he tramped up and down the room muttering words almost unintelligible to himself. Then he sat down and lit the scorched briar again. A moment of quiet ensued, when suddenly Billy spat fulsomely,

and with another "damn," cast the pipe at the opposite wall. "Slugs again," was his succinct comment.

He put on his coat and went out.

The fox terrier went to sleep.

* * * *

"It takes a lot to make me see things," said Billy, sententiously, as it came to his dance with the girl (this was three weeks later), "for I am certainly prone to put the best interpretation on things, due partly to a certain native conceit that no one could wish to be mean to me, and mostly to an innate trust in human nature. But when I see, I see clearly and you shall know all about it. No, I won't dance, we're going to sit down and have a nice heart to heart talk on the exact location of hell, the hell you've put me through.

"In the first place, as Kipling says, love is Kismet and not to be gained or cured by fasting and prayer, therefore when a man falls in love with a girl, as I did with you—not a word, you're listening to *me* now—as I did with you, he is not responsible. It may be he would rather fall in love with some one else, it may be his good brain tells him that some other girl is far more worthy and far more attainable, but because these things seem arranged *for* us and not by us he cannot do as he wishes."

"But I—"

"You needn't explain or answer, May. I have listened and believed all you told me, explanations and fibs—I call them lies—until I'm tired, and now I'm talking, and *you're* to listen, no matter how harsh or rude I may be.

"Well, to go on. I fell in love with you—so much neither you or I are responsible for; but you led me on. You gave me four dances at the first party when I asked for but two, you suggested things we might do together, you wanted to wear my pin, and always you jollied me into believing that I had at least a chance.

"Now, May, you knew that my trouble was not flirtation;

you knew that this was serious for me, and yet you lured me still further into the net. It was a good thing; I have no doubt you laughed over me with your friends even *that* early; I know you did later. Then, taking advantage of my nature, which, in spite of my fair knowledge of the world, is a trusting one, you began to double-cross me and then explain. I believed the lies you told because I believed in you, and therefore it was fun, no doubt, to tell me others. You played with me; treated me like a dog that comes back to lick the hand that struck him. I did the canine act for a little while, but those days are done; I'm no hound, but a man."

"And therefore you get a girl into a corner and insult her," said May, angrily, looking into Billy's eyes and starting to get up.

"Sit down," said Billy, tensely, as his hand closed over the girl's wrist like a vise, "you'll hear this through." The girl's eyes dropped before those which blazed into hers. "Insult you? Faugh! You've insulted the love of a clean, decent, honorable man for three months; shan't he have some chance to retaliate? You have toyed with me, tortured me, fooled and deceived me; you have destroyed half my faith in your sex, yet I could forgive all that! The crowning thing, the uttermost infamy—I don't mince words—of your actions lies in this, that you told other men gloatingly how I was caught and twisted about and trapped by you, how I was easy and a good thing—how I bored you and how I took slight after slight at your hands and still came back for more. That's what has hurt more than anything.

"My dear girl, I despise you as I never despised a woman before; you are not worthy to wipe my boots, but, and I shame to say it, I love you yet.

"You are shallow, heartless, a flirt—how long it has taken me to learn it!—but I love you just the same. I can't see what I have done that Fate should make me love a girl like you. Had I known beforehand what you were I would never have thrown my heart at your feet for you to trample on, but

now it is done, and you can look at the work you have accomplished.”

May looked into Billy's face, read there the deep-drawn lines of pain and sorrow, of disillusionment and world-weariness, lines which had not been there when she first saw him and then she burst into tears.

Billy left her.

"MARTY."

BY MARION JONES.

It was an ideal college girl's room, large and handsomely furnished. Pennants of a dozen or more colleges adorned the walls. The last rays of the May sun streamed gayly in through the large bay window. Yet all of this failed to cheer the three inmates of the room.

"I know I put my purse in this handkerchief box," said one of the discontented trio, a tall, dark distinguished looking girl.

"Well, Hazel," said another, leaning lazily back in a large willow rocker, "you know how careless you always are with your things. You probably mislaid your money." The tall girl's eyes flashed ominously. "I tell you, I put it right here. I remember it perfectly. Jack, don't you remember when I told you I would put the purse in with my handkerchiefs?" The frail, light haired girl on the window seat turned slowly around, yawned, and said, "Huh - - huh"—in such a dreamy hesitating way that Hazel promptly threw a pillow at her.

"There, Miss, in the future pay attention to me." Jack ducked and without exerting herself enough to pick up the misused pillow, once more gazed out of the window.

A light step was heard on the stairway which was near the open door. All three girls turned and saw "Marty," the little daughter of their washerwoman. She was only ten, and small for her years. Her clothes were old but neatly patched. The straight black hair was combed smoothly back from her narrow forehead. All of the child's features were pinched and sharp. As she reached the landing she glanced into Jack's room. Her shifty black eyes took in all of the inmates at a glance; then she turned and walked up the corridor.

Hazel spoke up on the moment's impulse, "'Marty,' come here." "Marty" hesitated a moment, then came into the room with slow, hesitating steps, and with her eyes fixed on the floor. Hazel picked up the mite of a girl and placed her in a big chair near the dresser, herself taking a low footstool at the child's feet. Hazel told her several stories as her friends looked on in wonder. Gradually a more assured look crept into the child's face. She even ate the candy given her. By slow degrees Hazel led the conversation around to the articles upon the dresser. At this the child began to grow nervous. "What do you suppose I keep in that box?" Hazel pointed to the handkerchief box from which the purse had been taken. The face of the child became pale with fear. The use of the box was very evident, but the child said, "Gloves?" "No, I do not keep gloves there." "Ribbons?" "No." Finally the child reluctantly said, "Handkerchiefs?" Fixing the child with her commanding eyes Hazel answered, "Yes, I keep handkerchiefs in that box. I once had a purse in that box, but you stole it." The room was very still, and the slowly delivered words were the more impressive. "No, no," screamed the now thoroughly frightened child, "I didn't take it, Oh, I didn't take it." Hazel was now assured of the child's guilt. She took the weeping child by the hand and led her across the room into a dark closet. There she told her how very, very wicked it was to take other people's things. The solemn words combined with the darkness of the closet made the little sinner confess her guilt. Then Hazel led her out of the closet, nodded triumphantly to her giggling friends and said, "'Marty' took my purse. I told you I had not mislaid it." The child immediately denied the fact. Another solemn talk and the child once more confessed.

It was growing dark by this time. Hazel suddenly announced she was going home with "Marty" and tell the mother about it. Jack spoke up quickly, "Why Hazel, you cannot go in that part of the city at this time of the day." Hazel's mouth

grew firm and the girls knew it was useless to oppose her, so meekly they accompanied the two.

The streets began to get narrower and the houses poorer. A drunken man reeled past them. The tenement houses leaned over the alleys as though just ready to cave in upon the passers by. Foul odors of decaying vegetables filled the air. A few slatternly women stood on the rickety stairways of the houses and peered down upon the frightened girls.

At last they came to a tenement which looked a little more respectable than its nearest neighbors, and here "Marty" turned. Up two flights of narrow wooden stairways the girls climbed. Near the open door of a little room they paused. In the room everything was neat and clean except the inmates. The floor was bare but white from its many scrubblings. The small stove in the corner was neatly blackened. Two armless rockers, three crippled straight-backed chairs and a cot completed the furnishings. On the cot lay a child of about a year. A man of apparently fifty years sat smoking his pipe in one corner. He glanced up at the visitors on the landing. His shifty eyes were much like "Marty's". His face was covered with a heavy black beard, making him look anything but prepossessing. The girls hesitated at the door. "Come in, can't yer," he growled. Not very much assured they stepped in. "Want to see the old woman, eh? Hey, old woman, come here." As he called, a faded looking woman, with a perfectly hopeless look, came in from an inner room. She stood wiping her dripping arms on her checkered apron. Beyond her, in the next room, the girls saw two steaming washtubs and a big heap of clothes. Three children, all younger than "Marty," were playing on the floor.

The woman looked from one to the other. The girls were abashed. But Hazel, throwing back her head with a determination to do or die, began her recital of Marty's theft. The other children gathered around to hear. Marty denied emphatically having taken the purse. The hopeless look on

the mother's face deepened. "Oh, Marty, Marty," was all she said at the conclusion of the story. The man jumped up, seized the sobbing child by the shoulder, shook her violently, and then struck her in the face with his big fist, all the time muttering terrible oaths. The child fell in a heap on the floor still sobbing. The mother turned to Hazel and asked how much Marty had taken. She handed out the money at once. Hazel hesitated to take it, but a certain pride in the woman made her accept. Wearily the woman turned back to her tubs, saying as she looked at Marty lying sobbing on the floor, "Oh Marty, Marty." As the girls passed out of the door they glanced back and saw the man once more smoking his pipe in the chair. His face still wore a terrible scowl. Two of the children looked at Marty with curiosity, but no sympathy. From the back room the girls could hear the steady rub-rub-rub of clothes on a washboard.

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EDITORIAL.

The place of the serious magazine in college is a problem which three boards of editors of the WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE have tried to solve for its betterment, and, they dared to hope, for the betterment of Wisconsin. Now the fourth board finds itself facing the same problem.

The three years of the "LIT" have not been wasted. The first question of all—will the University support the magazine—has been answered in the affirmative; so has the question of sufficient student contribution. The "LIT" has taken its place, and a creditable place, among the magazines of other colleges. The still open question is what shall be the office of the "LIT" in Wisconsin. One board of editors elected that the "LIT" should be a short story magazine pure

and simple; another made a place for literary criticism; from time to time editorials appeared, only to vanish with a change of policy. This was all to be expected. Even a college magazine can not become old and settled in three years.

The present board plan several departures from the policy of their predecessors. They believe that the "LIT" should be more than a short story magazine. They propose, if possible, to publish an article each month on some topic of general interest to the university at large, contributed by a man—faculty member or alumnus—who has something to say and whose opinion is of weight. The editorial section is to be open to communications. Essays and literary criticisms will be given their due consideration always. And as before, the short story will fill the greater part of the magazine.

The board of editors have other plans, but before announcing them they will try to fulfill what they have already promised. They do not expect to make a perfect magazine, but they hope to push a little nearer to the solution of their problem—the place of the "LIT."

The new athletic system is the one topic in which it is safe to say every student of the university and every member of the faculty is interested. It was the old athletic system which so seriously disturbed the tranquility of the university last spring, created a misunderstanding between faculty and student body, and gave the university knocker unequalled opportunities. It is the new system of athletics which is relied on to restore to the university her old self-confidence, with a more honest pride.

Dr. Hutchins, professor of athletics, is the man selected by the regents to direct this important work of reorganization. In his article, "Wisconsin and Athletics," appearing in this issue of THE LIT, Dr. Hutchins makes his first written comment on Wisconsin athletic conditions, treating

every branch, from football to track, and paying to Wisconsin's crews a tribute that will make every good Wisconsin man want to shake Dr. Hutchins' hand.

It is always pleasant to hear from the friends and former editors of the "LIT," particularly when word comes in the form of a contribution. Leslie W. Quirk, editor of *The Editor*, and well known to Wisconsin men as the author of "Baby Elton Quarterback," has contributed in "The Stolen Trophy," a genuinely human college story.

Berton Braley, a former editor, now with the *Butte Inter-Mountain*, has written a sketch, "Not a Story—Just Life," for which the "LIT" is truly grateful.

It may be useless for the board to urge the men and women of the University to write for the "LIT." Our experience has been that those who wish to write seek us out, and those who do not wish to write can not be made to. But for our conscience's sake let us pen this time-honored editorial. It is not written in sarcastic vein; the more contributions we receive the better are our chances for editing a creditable magazine. If you can write, and have not written for the "LIT," we urge you in all seriousness—try.