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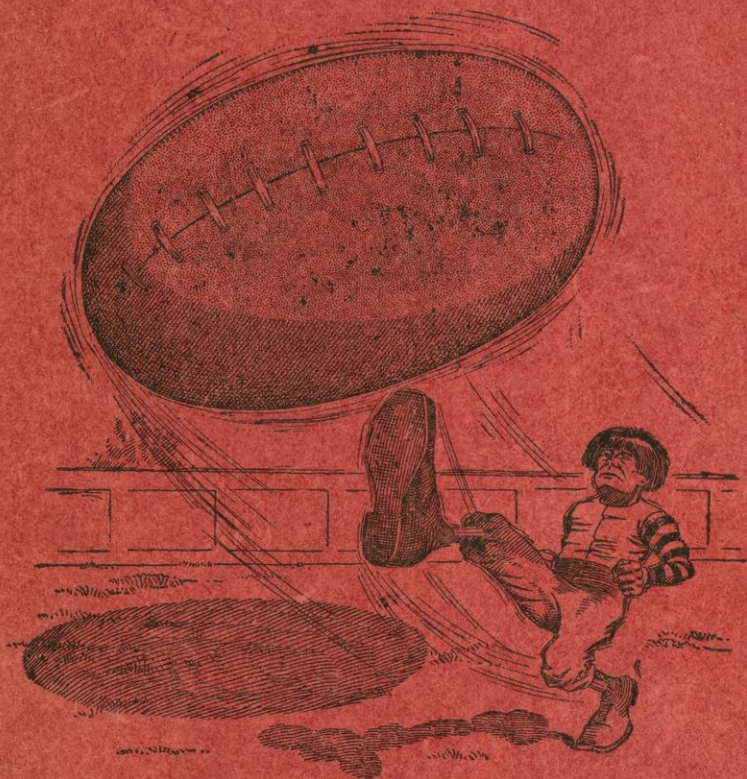
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# SOUVENIR EDITION



## WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1905

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# The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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OCTOBER, 1905

No. 1

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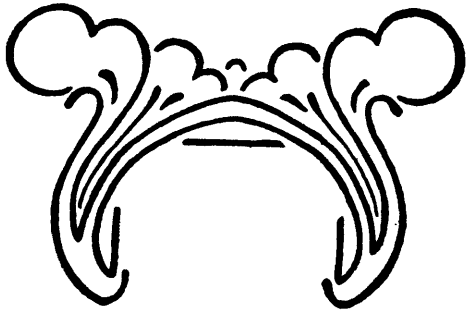
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OCTOBER, 1905

VOLUME III

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## THE STORY OF A PAINTING

BY EDWARDS.

“GIOVANNI BELLINI: STUDIO,” ran the sign. It hung several doors from Broadway in a quiet little street, only to enter which took you at once out of the whirlpool of busy New York life into a haven of peace and restfulness. Street and sign alike were unobtrusive; and how I chanced upon the one was equally a mystery with how I chanced upon the other. Still, there I was, staring up at the faded gold lettering on a bit of dingy tin that swung just above me at the head of the steps. And the longer I stared the more I wondered.

There was nothing remarkable in the sign, of itself; neither was there anything remarkable in the name, of itself: the strangeness was in this. Back in my college days I had had a classmate, unusual, to say the least, in several respects. Possessing extraordinary imaginative powers, he could con-

jure up all sorts of fancies, wild and strange, yet beautiful. He professed to being a spiritualist, and would sometimes frighten the fellows half to death by his thrilling descriptions of what he declared he could see "hovering like halos," as he put it, about their heads. Moreover, his power of calling up mental images was well-nigh incredible. A book that he had once read,—provided the period within which he had done so was of reasonable length,—could be reproduced at absolute will, page for page, and word for word, in his mind's eye. The professor of psychology said of him: "On examination day he needs no crib; he carries his crib in his head." In addition to all this he was very facile with his pencil. He painted a little, too, but his eye for color effects was not such as his other powers would seem to demand. Nevertheless, we believed he had in him the making of a painter, for as a matter of fact he could draw from memory, to the exactest detail, any face which he had once taken the trouble to examine with care. In temperament good-natured, though irritable, through and through he was of that nervous, high-strung type, which, when combined with unusual abilities, is commonly known as the "artistic." Such a person would slip from no one's memory. The moment my eyes rested on the words, "Giovanni Bellini: Studio," instantly interpreted there stood in their place, "John Bell, college classmate."

Should I see him later, or now? I debated. Why not now? I answered myself. John Bell, though reduced to the misery of a poor artist's life—for the appearance of the building did not seem to harmonize well with success—would unquestionably be glad to see me. If it were not John,—but it must be. I would satisfy all doubts at once on that score.

Up the stairs I climbed, groped through a sombre and narrow hallway I found at the head, and suddenly discovered myself before a door. The light from the transom window overhead was dim and sickly, yet it was sufficient for me to decipher on the door the words, "Giovanni Bellini: Studio."

I rapped once, again, thrice in all. Receiving no response I ventured to try the knob. It yielded and I entered.

At first I could make out but little, so wretchedly dim was the place. A musty atmosphere, strongly impregnated with the odor of oil paint, was the only immediate impression I received. Presently, however, I could see that I was in a very ill-lighted room, stored with some picture frames, a roll or two of canvas, a few tubes of paints, and such other odds and ends incidental to the profession of an artist. Still, all this looked little enough like a studio. Unquestionably I was obliged to look farther.

The light in the room found entrance through the space allowed by two nearly-closed curtains at the farther end, apparently taking the place of doors to an inner room. I hesitated, and was on the point of turning away, but to make absolutely certain no one was there I stepped forward and drew the curtains aside. The light of day caught by the roof of glass burst upon me as I did so. Nothing seemed to move there, nothing seemed to breathe there, so quietly, so noiselessly did the artist labor. Yet there he stood, his back turned to me, quite unconscious of my presence, as palette on thumb and brush in hand he laid the colors upon the canvas before him. His subject, evidently, was of intense interest, for neither my rapping nor my footsteps had been over-light.

For a moment I doubted whether I might not be mistaken, and the industrious worker here might not really be what his sign and surroundings professed him to be — a struggling, poverty-stricken Italian painter. His body was stooped and emaciated, and his hair, which he wore rather long, grey and withered. The John Bell whom I had known ten years back was straight as an arrow, slender, but not lean, and his hair was raven black.

I was half-minded to slip away without discovering myself, so nearly convinced was I that I had made a grievous error, when, stepping back a pace to survey the effect of his efforts,

he turned to me a profile which, by the delicate and clear-chiseled character of its outline, and its general expression, I recognized indisputably as that of John Bell.

I walked toward him with hand extended.

“How are you, John?” I said.

He started strangely, and the look in his eyes was as of one bringing himself only with difficulty back to earthly things. Doubtingly, incredulously, he thrust aside brush and palette, and then, as recognition dawned fuller and fuller, the old light began to flicker on his face till at last bursting forth in a single flash once more, slowly subsided and disappeared.

Yes, the old light could not last long, for the man was much changed. Everything, from the nervous thin hand which grasped mine to the recently pallid but now transiently flushed countenance, set with eyes brighter and more piercing than their former wont, was different. A short decade should not bring so great a change. Still, it was my old friend, and our pleasure was mutual.

“Ah, Alex, you gave me a shock, almost a fright.” He smiled with a strange, kindly smile, jerking his arm nervously across his forehead to toss back a hanging lock.

“No apologies, no apologies, I beg,” he protested. “I am glad to see you, very glad to see you, indeed, but I have been working a little too hard, perhaps, of late, and am a trifle over-strung — a trifle over-strung.”

He continued to smile in an odd, almost ghastly way, while his eye-lids twitched and his fingers opened and closed spasmodically.

I regarded him anxiously; now that I examined him more closely I saw that great black rings circled his eyes and that his appearance indicated he was on the point of collapse.

“Had you not better rest?” I remonstrated.

He waved aside my words, and dropping into a chair, pointed out another for me.

“No, no,” he said, “let us talk, let us talk. I am glad you are here. I have something to tell you, something you will call very strange; perhaps you may even admit—well, never mind that now. But you used—they all used—to ridicule my visions of another world. Nevertheless,”—a reminiscent glow crossed his face—“but nevertheless they all feared the dark places in the road, especially Thompson, who had to go by the old grave-yard just beyond the campus. I remember that you in particular pooh poohed my strange experiences on psychological grounds; said I was high-tensioned, and so on—”his voice was entirely lacking in resentment—“I was, I am still, but look—”

He rose and pointed to the picture, which my position prevented me from seeing except very imperfectly. His abrupt manner and sudden gesture startled me. Involuntarily I rose also, taking a step forward.

An exclamation of surprise burst from me as my eye caught the picture. No wonder there was in his voice as he cried “but look” a ring as of one who displays that which should call forth the beholder’s astonishment and delight. For Bell had executed a master-piece. Though no art connoisseur, almost from the first glance this I knew.

The painting was that of a face—a woman’s face. In type it was unusual. Indeed, so far as my experience went, I could not place it. The thing that at once struck the sight was the color of the skin; so pale was it that the oval outline of the face stood out with startling distinctness. Yet there was nothing cadaverous in the effect, for shades, subtly done, were there, too. Nor was the striking distinctness of outline due to the blackness of the hair—no uncommon scheme; the hair was auburn, but of a most exquisite shade. As I looked, these elements of color seemed to merge and the pallor of the face to soften the reddish hue, while a tinge of pink crept over the countenance. I caught the significance of the plan. Red and white were blended into a most life-like effect. Yet, too, all the advantage of black was secured



without the sacrifice of naturalness. The eyes were indefinable, bearing a look of evasiveness and indefiniteness that was troubling as a dream. One could scarcely dare to say whether they were pensive or blithesome.

When at last I turned to Bell to voice my admiration of his work I was astounded and alarmed to note the worn, pained expression of his features.

“Good heavens, man! What ails you?” I cried. “Are you ill?”

He shook his head, wearily, in negation.

“No, Alex,” he said; “but I have been under such a stress the last three days and nights — and nights.” The words repeated followed softly like shadows of themselves. “And you doubt —” He shook his head sorrowfully. “Three nights ago, Alex, I had a dream, a dream such as even I have but rarely. That face rose before me just as it appears before you now. Whether it is sad, or fearful, or glad, I know no more than you. Ah, the vanity of analysis: it is useless! It must have been toward morning that she came to me so —” pointing to the portrait. “I stretched my arms forth in a kind of rapture, when that instant she seemed to hesitate, slipped back, and vanished in the night. Instantly I awoke, indeed I doubt whether I had been asleep at all, and this is not a reality I had experienced. Further slumber was useless. I tried to calm myself, but without avail. My brain was whirling feverishly and ever before my sight rose the face, the eyes surcharged with that elusive significance that disturbs me even now.

“Morning broke at last, and with the first light I arose and dressed, and began this work. Such employment relieved me more than drug or tobacco could possibly have done. I seemed to be inspired, Alex; I painted as I never painted before. I did not have to project the image into view by an act of will, as I must do occasionally. It stood before me on the canvas as though it were there in the flesh with head thrust through from behind. It was merely like

recoloring a painting. All I had to do was to mix the pigments and lay them on the appropriate place, as indicated before me on the canvas. I dispensed entirely with the pencil, a thing that I have never been able to do hitherto.

“Three days and nights I have labored on this now, during which time I have scarcely slept at all, though for hours at a time I have been forced to stop while the colors dried. Oh, how I have suffered then. Weeping, cursing, praying has been my task then.”

His face quivered with emotion and weariness.

“Come,” I said soothingly; “drop your work for the present. It is almost done. Let us take a walk in the air together. After that you may be able to sleep.”

He seemed to hesitate.

“Come, it will do you good,” I urged.

“I will go,” he said at last. “I would not, but it must dry — it must dry.”

The words died away to a whisper, as though he communed with himself.

As he made his preparations for going out into the street he recovered himself and pointed out, with a painfully trembling hand, however, other paintings he had done. They were, without exception, very ordinary pieces of work.

“Wretched!” he said, “wretched! as you can doubtless see. I was not cut out for an artist, but *that* is a masterpiece.”

He regarded the face with a look of mingled exultation, weariness, and sadness.

A moment later we were in the street.

“How did you happen to take the name?” I asked, indicating the sign.

Bell smiled. “On the same principle that led Sir Henry Irving to drop the patronymic Brodribb and Sir Edward Jones to write it Burne-Jones, hyphenated, you know. It lends an unfamiliarity and distinction that is a valuable asset — sometimes.”

Thus lightly talking we turned into Broadway and proceeded down that thoroughfare, but I could see that Bell's geniality was forced somewhat and that his mind reverted constantly to the picture and its strange associations.

Presently I drew him into a restaurant, and there, thanks to his complete exhaustion, a full stomach, and a little wine, I had the satisfaction of seeing him drop quietly into a profound and peaceful slumber. Removal to a hotel did not rouse him; and all that night and far into the next afternoon he slept.

When he awoke at last he seemed greatly improved. His face had lost much of its haggard look and his hands no longer trembled.

"I did not tell you all, Alex, yesterday," he said after I had explained to him just where he was and what had taken place.

I looked at him searchingly, fearing some new phantasm would show itself, for I could not regard Bell's visions other than such.

"Do you remember the story of the Greek sculptor who created the statue of a woman and then fell in love with it? Well, I'm in his predicament.

"I'm not mad or even half-mad, Alex," he said, meeting my startled look quietly. "And the horrible part of the thing is the original is a spirit. It opens before me an awful temptation, do you know, but it would be the height of rashness! So it would. I assure you upon my honor that there is not the slightest danger of self-destruction. Besides, I remember there is no giving in marriage in heaven. Angels are no doubt very lovable, but I would rather have an incarnate one."

When late that night I left him at his studio,—for he insisted upon returning to his lodgings there,—it was with a troubled heart. Still, nothing in his conduct, so far, had been inconsistent with his temperament, as I had previously known it, and with such comfort I was fain to be content and hope for the best.

The next morning I found him calmer and in far better spirits than I could have believed possible.

“Why not sell your picture?” I suggested, after a little; “it would fetch a fortune.”

He shook his head. “No, no,” he said, “I would not sell my Galatea. There is a possibility—” He was off in a reverie.

“What!” I cried, my fears returning with a rush; “you don’t mean to say you expect *that* to come to life!”

“Eh?” said Bell, starting, and then laughed. “Really, Alex, why do you persist in considering me a lunatic? No, I don’t mean that I expect the gods to interpose. I mean that I may find her prototype in the flesh.”

This new phase was somewhat comforting to me. It opened a wedge for argument which I purposed to use later. I had a theory that Bell might really have seen the face he had so skilfully depicted; not in any dream, but in real life, and that, long forgotten, it had been recalled in slumber. That Bell had already begun to feel this too, I now believed by the new turn his thought had taken.

It was soon apparent, however, that the situation was thereby merely complicated. For by afternoon his cheerfulness had quite deserted him, and he grew moody and restive. Now that the picture was finished he had nothing to divert him from his full play of fancy, and he sank into a dejected state of complaint, which though contemptible was no less pitiable.

“I shall go mad, Alex, I believe, if I do not find her,” he cried passionately, over and over.

I expostulated, reasoned, scolded, all to no purpose. Finally I grew angry.

“You had better search the city for your Galatea,” I said ironically, never for a moment thinking the effect such words might have upon a man in Bell’s state of mind.

He grasped at the idea like the proverbial drowning man.

"I will do it, I will do it," he shouted, his eyes flashing with excitement.

That night as a consequence of my silly remark we tramped together the streets of New York; for I refused to leave him. I was now fully convinced that he was on the verge of insanity. I debated whether it would not be wise to have him removed to a hospital, but feared such a step would merely hasten the impending crisis.

Over many a weary mile of rough pavement, in a drizzling rain, we trod that night, like two miserable outcasts. It was a poor night for Bell's purpose; for few women, of course, were abroad. Cold and drenched to the skin we returned to Bell's studio something after midnight.

We spent nearly a week in such miserable folly as this. I do not know whose existence during this period was the more wretched — Bell's or mine. Certainly we were both unhappy enough, heaven knows.

One morning when I called at the studio, for the purpose of repeating the business of the past several days; namely, to tramp wearily through New York City's crowded thoroughfares, peering into the faces of all the women we chanced to meet, I found Bell gone. I was greatly alarmed and reproached myself bitterly for not having taken proper steps in time to ensure his safety. Only the knowledge that I would merely be duplicating his folly in going out to search for him in so large a city as New York, kept me there, waiting for him.

The morning crept slowly away, the noon hour passed, two o'clock had come, and still I waited. I thought of applying for assistance to the police, and indeed was almost on the point of going out to do so, when Bell at last did appear. The look on his face alarmed me. It had borne many an expression the past few days, but no such look as this. Chagrin, anger, despair, desperation, were all intermingled.

"Oh, Alex, Alex," he moaned, wringing his hands.

“My dear John,” I cried, deeply agitated by this demonstration of intense emotion; “what is the matter?”

“I have found her,” he replied.

“Who, Galatea?” I exclaimed in astonishment.

He nodded, unable to speak further.

Such an occurrence fitted in with my theory; I could not deny its possibility, and yet—

“Tell me about it,” I urged, gently.

Incoherently, brokenly, with many digressions, he related to me the following story:

The night before he had slept but ill. Broken and distorted dreams had disturbed his slumber. Toward morning he arose and with the first light of day, unable to remain inactive longer, crept forth into the quiet streets. By sunrise he was far away, mingling with the streams of people that at even that early hour are pouring into the great city. All morning he wandered, as he had wandered now for many a day, bent on his weary search. High noon found him before St. Luke’s; and here he stopped, for a wedding party was entering. Prompted by some impulse he followed, and, unobserved in the throng, quietly slipped inside.

From a rear seat he watched, patiently enough, the marriage ceremony performed. It was over at last, and now, for the first time, he had a full view of the countenance of the bride as she turned about. Not only that, but her eyes seemed to find the corner where he sat and met his. The whole effect,—the auburn hair, the pale features, the uncertain meaning in the lustrous eyes,—was that of the painting.

His sight seemed to fail him; his head whirled round and round; everything grew black. He did not lose consciousness, but was as though under a spell. When he once more became master of his senses the church was nearly emptied. He rushed wildly forth in search of the bride, but she was gone.

For some moments he was distracted. He knew not what to do, or what he did. Then he remembered his painting of her, and hastened to it as his one solace.

Bell had ended. He turned and walked to the easel. I would have offered words of sympathy, but I felt their uselessness. All the beauty of the painting showed to its best advantage in the afternoon light,—the bronze of the hair, the pallor of cheek and forehead, followed, on longer gaze, by that strangely flesh-like tint, the marvelous softness of the eyes, and their unreadable mystery.

He stood looking longingly, like one about to bid farewell to a much-loved one. Once he bent forward and kissed the lips. Then he picked up his scraping knife which lay just at hand. Suddenly, before I had even an inkling of the danger, he raised his arm and with a force malevolent in its violence drove the bit of steel through and through the canvas. I cried aloud in horror, but it was too late.

At my exclamation he stopped, gazed sadly at the mischief his hand had wrought, and dropping into a chair burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

The master-piece was naught but tattered canvas.

## THE CHORUS GIRL WITH HEART DISEASE

BY W. T. WALSH.

The theater was filled to overflowing by a quarter past eight o'clock. First came the wild stampede and rush into the top balcony, the banging down of seats, the simultaneous appearance of eager, happy faces against the railing in a long crescent-shaped line, the calling of friend to friend, the loud talking, and, finally, the gradual subsidal of what is, in reality, the wave crest of a theater's audience.

By no such tidal wave, but by small isolated pools that gradually seemed to flow together into one great sea of faces the lower balcony and "pit" were slowly inundated, and lastly the boxes were submerged.

A musical comedy, "Just Dolly," the big hit of two seasons, was the bill for the evening. Its popularity, if not still waxing, showed at least no signs of waning. Clever songs, scenic effects, a handsome prima donna, magnificently costumed and pretty chorus girls, and all the other paraphernalia that please a comic opera audience, were worked up into an effective presentation that accounted for its success. The people came to be amused, and were not disappointed. Ladies wafted their programmes daintily and each heart beat a stroke the faster, and the sea of faces became pleasantly expectant as the orchestra struck up an overture that bent the passions of the audience to its rhythm.

Down in the parquette, some four rows of seats from the stage, two girls sat, eating candy and talking unceasingly. They were gowned handsomely enough, with a rather coarse irregular type of beauty, and a confident, unabashed glance, characteristic of the shop girl.

"Oh," said one, dark of feature, her black eyes sparkling, "don't you wish you were Madge, Helen? Just think,



to have nothing to do but travel, and dance, and be able to send tickets to your friends!"

She knew nothing of the four hard-earned dollars their pleasure cost "Madge."

"Yes," replied Helen — also of the brunette type, — "I'd give anything — but oh, Clara, there goes the curtain."

Yes, there it went, and Dolly and her friends, all a show within a show, — such was the plot, — burst in gorgeous raiment upon three thousand delighted eyes. With a graceful, sweeping figure, a pirouette or two, the chorus advanced in double line, halted, swayed in undulation to the music, then wheeled in a circle and with eyes once more turned to the audience, and hands on hips, shot forty shapely limbs in air and brought them back to earth again with a stamp. Reeling in intricate mazes, now retreating, now advancing, the chorus burst into a great flood of song, flimsy gauze fluttering, eyes flashing, cheeks deepening in color under the rouge, with Dolly, queen of the chorus, smiling beneficently upon all of it. And the spectators were intoxicated, and clamored for more, and more, and still more.

"Oh, Ah," cried two low excited voices in the pit, "there's Madge."

The speakers' eyes fell upon a medium-sized girl, a decided blonde, who danced and capered, and sang with an apparently gladsome abandon.

A pang of jealousy marred for the moment their enthusiastic happiness.

"Helen, if were not so dark."

"Ah, Clara, if —"

Nevertheless, they patted their hands as heartily as did their neighbors when the chorus began to disappear in the wings. Madge was last. She turned toward the audience with a ravishing smile, and gave a parting bounce and kick that elicited a call for a return. And for that they were called back three times.

Off for good at last, the girls raced madly for their dressing rooms to primp themselves out in new finery for the next scene.

Madge sank down in a chair, her hand upon her side. The lines of mirth in her countenance had given place to those of pain and despair. It was as though one had plucked away a mask.

"I'm so sick, so absolutely sick of it all," she murmured, closing her eyes.

Her heart was tripping riotously, hammering against her ribs as though it would beat them through. Her breathing came in choking, gulping gasps.

"Oh, I'm so sick, so sick of it all," she repeated to herself.

Her head swam with nausea.

Already her companions had stripped themselves of gauze, exchanging it for spangles and velvets.

"What's the matter, Madge?" asked one of them kindly, taking the opportunity to tone down the red of her cheeks with a powder puff, and examining her "make-up" critically in the mirror.

"Oh, it's my heart. You know what the doctor said—"  
Her voice died away in a despairing, choking whisper.

"But Madge, you must try somehow to get through the evening, you must indeed! You are depended upon to make our exit a success. The manager says so. And think what it means to be noticed by the manager!"

"Yes, I know, Kate," she replied miserably; "but I'm afraid I'll die—I can't breathe when I get out there. I can't breathe, I tell you. It seems every instant as though I must just fall down. This can't last longer, I know it can't. Just think of the headlines in the papers, 'Chorus Girl Drops Dead on Stage!' My mother, my poor old mother, away back in that little old country town dreaming all sorts of nonsense about me. I oughtn't to have left her. I ought

to have been content. Oh, well, it can't be helped now — can't be helped now."

She said this last in a whisper, her lips quivering.

Her companion put her hand sympathetically on her shoulder.

"Oh, Madge is playing the invalid," said a bold-faced blonde, drawing a refractory lock over her ear. "She has to be coaxed like a prima donna."

It was jealousy that prompted the sneer.

"Olive!" cried Kate reproachfully.

But there was no time for bickering. The call had been given, and away they scurried.

They were obliged to wait, however, while the comedian responded to an encore. And Madge had time to dress and come on with the others. But she was as in a dream. How strange seemed the house from behind the footlights, the stage all life and color and glare like a field in early summer beneath the midday sun; and out below, and beyond, and above, a dusk, which seemed sentient, though she could distinguish no individual. It was a cruel darkness, too, an insensate darkness, to one who caroled and tripped, and gestured with white arms, and kicked to the rythm of music, while the pain in her side checked her breathing, and the lights danced in a perfect myriad of swimming meteors, to her dimly-seeing eyes.

The applause that followed their exit was cruel, striking a dumb terror in her soul, almost as fearful as that the early Christians must have felt at the roar of the wild beasts in the arena. The manager gave her an encouraging smile as she passed by with the others, but she heeded it not. Only to get away, anywhere, only to hide from that thunder was all she sought, all she desired. She caught at the door of the dressing room, breathed heavily for a moment and then, swaying dizzily, fell to the floor.

While out in front the chorus sang rapturously, and two brunettes in the audience wondered where was Madge, a physician behind the wings leaned over a bundle of dainty velvets and spangles and soft fluffy hair that was huddled together on a sofa, and shook his head.

## EDITORIAL CHIT CHAT

We wish to have a little informal talk with you,—the readers of this publication. We desire to make you feel that we have a mutual interest,—you in the pleasure of reading something that is worth your while; we in the satisfaction of aiding, however small the degree, in the building up of a publication that may ultimately bear the hall-mark of Wisconsin excellence. Being the youngest of our University publications, the “Lit.,” as yet, is not a traditional part of the institution. Hence its place is still somewhat uncertain. However, we wish to impress upon you the fact that the editors are earnestly endeavoring to establish as good a literary monthly as Wisconsin can produce. We ask in return that you make recognition of our efforts in three ways:

By subscribing to the “Lit.”

By contributing to the “Lit.”

By patronizing the “Lit’s” advertisers.

\* \* \* \*

As in the past with respect to position and advancement on the board, square dealing will be the watchword. Election will be made on the basis of merit, in the interest of the magazine, and for no other reason whatsoever.

## THE FRIENDLY AUTO

By H. S.

Harger was trudging along the country road unmindful of the caddy with his bundle of golf sticks, who trotted along at his side. Now that the engagement was broken and Miss Nellie Wentworth already the fiancée of another man, viz., James McDonald, he tried to convince himself that he was happy, or, rather, tried to convince himself that he *ought* to be happy.

"Confound it," muttered Harger, "what did I want to be jealous for, but what did she mean anyway by letting that long-nosed, pipe-stemmed — oh, hang it anyway —"

He broke off, in despair. His anger, he knew, was a confession that his love still was not broken, though the engagement was.

Her face rose before him in imagination, as it was really wont to do in better times gone by. It was a fair face, a sweet face at times. He could see the innocent smile give place to the malicious laugh — he could see her coquetry with McDonald.

"Hang McDonald! I wonder if she really loves the devil. I've heard of women, good-featured women, too, marrying all manners of ill-favored wretches. They say a man's blind when he's in love, but at any rate a man has taste enough to pick out a face that is half-way decent. Nellie, too!" He dwelt on the name incredulously.

They had reached the summit of a slope over which the road lay. The prospect gave to view an automobile standing some distance below, with a woman on the seat and a man on his knees seemingly trying to adjust the machinery. Presently he arose, and, as if in despair, after a conference with the occupant, departed in the direction of the golf grounds, which were just visible to Harger; probably for assistance or some tool, Harger thought.

As he and the caddy approached the vehicle something seemed wonderfully familiar about the feminine figure on the seat. It wasn't in the broad gray hat trimmed with dark velvet, nor in the brown cloak, for these were new to Harger's eyes. He couldn't tell, himself, how he knew, but Harger did know long before he could possibly have recognized any other woman at that distance that it was *she*.

Their eyes met without flinching, as he came up. One bowed coldly, the other stiffly. Mere acquaintances might have been a trifle more cordial. He would have passed on, but he thought there was the suspicion of a trembling about the lips. If she were distressed, why —

"Can I be of any service to you? I believe you're stalled," he asked, a trifle timidly.

"Thank you, Mr. Harger"—there was no ring of gratitude—"I am so afraid that Mr. McDonald and I won't be back in time to go to a reception, and I do so want to see Miss Jeannette Travers, the celebrated writer, you know."

If that was all that made the lips tremble, Harger was almost sorry he had offered his assistance. Nevertheless, it was with a decided thrill that he found himself once more at her side as he stepped up into the automobile to test the machinery.

As he threw his weight against an obstinate lever the machine quivered, seemed to hesitate and then with a jar and rattle shot off the road.

The ecstasy of the moment was short-lived. The cool, calm voice of Miss Wentworth recalled Harger to the real situation.

"This is very kind of you, I am sure, Mr. Harger; let us go back." In response he jerked viciously at the levers to bring the vehicle to a stand, preparatory to backing up and turning around. The speed seemed to increase. He gave another jerk and pull, but nothing came of it.

"I can't stop it," said Harger.

A woman's intuition is often nothing more than unwarranted and unworthy suspicion.

"Really, Mr. Harger," said Miss Wentworth, quite severely; "this is Mr. McDonald's automobile, and it would only be the part of a gentleman to return it at once."

"It would be more suitable to the part of a magician," retorted Harger.

"I insist that we return to the golf grounds." Miss Wentworth spoke very firmly.

A narrow lane opened up on their left a little distance ahead.

"Oh, if you insist we'll go back," said Harger savagely. "This lane will bring us around on the other side of the golf grounds."

As he spoke he steered to the left. They crashed through a fragile picket fence as they entered the lane, which was not sufficiently wide for a turn at the speed they were going. A farmer with a pitchfork, his two stalwart sons and a bulldog speedily vanished behind them.

A drowsing driver in a sulky drawn by an old spotted horse was dumped out as he and automobile met unexpectedly at a turn in the road. Harger's apprehensions as to the extent of the man's injuries were set at rest as he saw him dash after the horse as though both were competitors in a race.

Harger and Miss Wentworth had swept around to the rear of the golf grounds and were circling around to the main road again, when Miss Wentworth remarked:

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Harger, that you really cannot stop?"

"That is the truth of the matter, Miss Wentworth."

"Perhaps I spoke a trifle harshly a moment ago. I beg your pardon, Mr. Harger."

A wildly-gesticulating figure by the roadside presently was discovered to be that of Mr. McDonald. Strange and un-



seemly words were heard to fall from his lips as the automobile swept by.

The eyes of Harger and Miss Wentworth met.

“I shall never marry a man that uses such language,” she said.

“Oh, Helen!”

There was gratitude in the tone.

“Jack!”

“The machine is slowing up, dear.”

“Oh, Jack, do be careful, or we’ll be —” The remainder of the sentence was nothing but a muffled sound.

“We must go back and tell him,” he said.

“Jack,” she whispered, as the machine came to a dead stop; “I never, never — truly and honestly — cared for James McDonald.’”

## “‘TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP’”

BY CORA C. HINKLEY.

Philip Sidney Ainsworth was perfectly satisfied with himself. He was proud of his aristocratic name, proud of his four years at Harvard, proud of the success of his last art criticism, and, proudest of all, that he had lived to the mature age of thirty-three without ever having fallen in love with a woman. From time to time in the last ten years he had received bulky white envelopes from his various college chums, and it was with a veritable feeling of contented freedom that he tossed them upon a dusty closet shelf. Only this morning, as an aftermath to one of these same envelopes, he had received an enthusiastic note from his old roommate, Hal Hargrave.

“There’s nothing like it, Ainsworth,” the man had written. “You, an ossified old bachelor, can’t imagine the charms of a little home all your own, a cosy fire-place with a big chair before it, just big enough for two, and every night at the doorway a little girl whose sole purpose is just to make you happy —”

“Bah!” said Ainsworth, interrupting himself; “if anyone can show me anything better than this, I should just like to see it.” He glanced around his perfectly appointed bachelor apartment.

“No woman poking around my books or manuscript; no inquisitive hands dusting and muddling up my desk; no one objecting to pipes and smoke; no whooping-coughy babies or sick wife. Whew! I’m proud of myself. Philip Sidney Ainsworth, you’re a fine product of the twentieth century man. You’re dependent on no one. If you want to stay in town you can stay; and if you take a notion to leave, you can get up in the middle of the night, order your grip packed, and off you go, with no one’s being the wiser.”

Living so much apart from other men, and always sure of an appreciative listener, Ainsworth had long ago contracted the habit of talking to himself. He would sit playing solitaire for whole afternoons, only interrupting himself to compliment himself for some especially shrewd move or play. When his publishers would send back flowery approvals of his latest work, he would tell his pipe, or the thin blue rings of smoke, how this was just the beginning of the things he was going to do, and how he would some day astonish the whole artistic world with the criticisms of his pen.

One day, early in June, Ainsworth, who was beginning to feel a little ennui from the hurry and bustle of town life, decided to run down to the coast for a fortnight. He knew of a little secluded place where he was always sure of being alone, and he wired ahead to secure a room. He would do a little research work, perhaps finish up one or two papers, and do just enough riding and golf to keep himself in condition.

For the first few days Ainsworth had his meals served in his room; but, coming home from a drive late one evening, and finding that tea was just ready, he decided to eat at the family table. When they were about half through with their meal, Ainsworth was a little surprised to see a young woman walk in, put her riding hat and crop away and take her place at the table. She was a fine-looking young woman, well dressed and supremely happy-looking, all of which particularly annoyed Ainsworth. To come down to a place where he had distinctly desired to be alone, and then suddenly to find that right in the same neighborhood, yes, even in the same house with him, was one of those obnoxious athletic women whom he so detested. His whole freedom was spoiled; no more secluded nooks and walks for him; never again could he feel entirely alone on his sand-bar, for probably *She*, at this very moment, was planning an excursion there; like as not *She* had even discovered his cave; and, yes, that was probably *Her* book he had found under *his* sycamore tree.

Ainsworth didn't see anything more of the interloper for three or four days, but he found out a little something about her. It seemed that she was a Miss Leslie Gordon, literarily inclined, recent graduate of Vassar, recuperating from a severe illness, and soon to join a party of friends in Venice.

“Well, after all,” thought Ainsworth, “if she can write it isn't so bad. Guess I'll talk to her some day and see what a woman's ideas are like.”

So it happened that one day Ainsworth and Miss Gordon took a long walk along the coast, and Mr. Philip Sidney Ainsworth returned home with various conflicting emotions surging within him.

“She isn't so bad-looking,” he argued; “she seems to know what are the best pictures in the Louvre, too. And, by George, what she said about women's clubs pleased me! But there aren't many women who would have dared to say that, and I suppose she only did it for effect.”

As time went on Ainsworth's fortnight was at first definitely, and then indefinitely, lengthened. His first walk was followed by a second and a third, and that by numerous rides and an occasional evening stroll. Miss Gordon seemed in no particular hurry to get to Venice, and Ainsworth was perfectly satisfied. That night he wrote a letter to his old room-mate, Hargrave. Most of it was as pessemistic as usual; but Hargrave, if he hadn't been so interested, perhaps, in “a cosy fireplace just big enough for two, and a little girl whose sole purpose,” and so forth, might have read between the lines. For by this time Ainsworth was decidedly in love. He found out that if the day were rainy and kept him in his room it was a positive hardship. Also that an evening without a stroll with Miss Gordon was an evening wasted. Riding with a sympathetic companion and breakfasting under a sycamore tree was more sport than riding alone and breakfasting in one's room. In a word, Ainsworth was in love. Philip Sidney Ainsworth was actually in love. Miss Gordon, now perfectly recovered, was always happy and smiling,

ready on a moment's notice to explore some new cave, eager to give Ainsworth any suggestions for his work, talkative when he felt like talking, never on hand when he felt like being alone; and, in short, just the sort of a girl that Ainsworth might wish for a — but then, Ainsworth never wished for such a thing.

But one evening, after a day spent entirely with Leslie, he was walking along a little path in the woods. Ainsworth had heard Miss Gordon say that she was to leave on the following evening. After a few moments of half-hearted arguing, Ainsworth decided that he would ask Leslie Gordon to be his wife. Before a week he would probably regret it, but he would ask her. He would ask her this very evening. It was now still light, and, coming upon a little knoll where they had often worked together, Ainsworth saw a piece of paper. Thinking that it was a loose sheet of forgotten manuscript, and with no intention of reading what he ought not to, Ainsworth picked it up.

It was evidently a mislaid sheet of one of Leslie's letters, for on it was written:

. . . “do hurry up and come home, Hal. You dear boy, I've won my bet a thousand times over. He isn't an ossified woman hater a bit. He's going to propose *tonight*. I feel it in my bones. Will be at the wharf to meet you Monday evening. But, Hal, I can't help feeling a little bit sorry.

“ Ever lovingly and loyally,

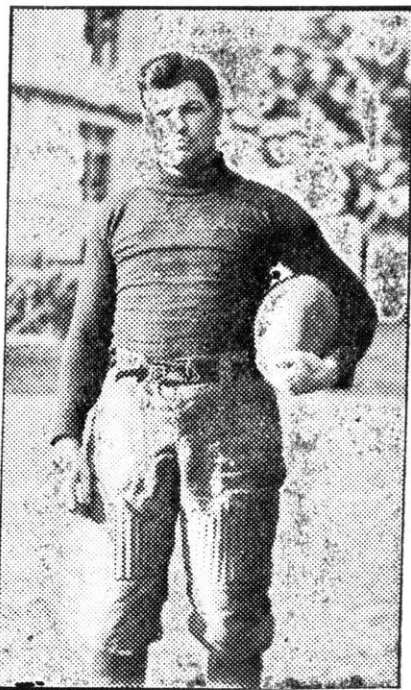
“ Your wife,

“ LESLIE HARGRAVE.

“ P. S.—It wasn't a bit hard, either.”

## THE WISCONSIN TEAM

Victory means more to Wisconsin today than it does to Chicago. At least, that is the standpoint of the former. To Wisconsin it means the vindication of a body of players who have striven like heroes through thick and thin the past



VANDERBOOM

three seasons, but who, in spite of their remarkable individual merits, have strangely gone down to defeat time and again. The very ability of her players has added to Wisconsin's cup of bitterness. With but mediocre men, from whom little was to be expected, Wisconsin would have submitted with resignation, though not without regret, to defeat. Consider, however, the defeats that fell to Wisconsin's lot last

year in the light of Walter Camp's judgment as expressed by that famous football critic in Collier's Weekly. Although Wisconsin went down before Michigan and Minnesota last year to the duplicate score of twenty-eight to nothing, still Camp places upon the All-Western team these men of Wisconsin: Bush, Remp, Bertke and Vanderboom, which last

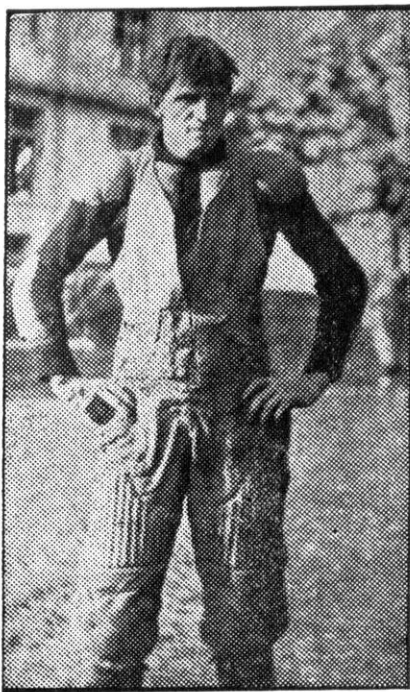


REMP

he calls a fit mate for the terrible Heston of Michigan. How comes it, then, Wisconsin suffers such defeats? Wisconsin insists that during the past two seasons she has been living under an unlucky star. Again Camp comes to her aid and justifies this attitude in these words:

“Many thought that after being so decisively beaten by Michigan and Minnesota she [Wisconsin] would stand little

or no chance with Chicago. On the other hand *it was luck which enabled Chicago to win.* Wisconsin not only held the Maroons repeatedly, but gained more ground on straight football than did her adversary. . . . Of the two Wisconsin was the more deserving."



CLARK

Victory for Wisconsin today means an excellent chance for her in the Western championship race. Defeat in the game with Chicago means discouragement; for, though the plucky Badgers always fight to the last ditch, a victory in this contest would instill in the breasts of the players an enthusiasm and a confidence in themselves that would assist Wisconsin wonderfully in her pending battles with Minnesota and Michigan.



## THE CHICAGO TEAM

From the point of view of Chicago, victory in the game with Wisconsin seems just as vital to her as it does to Wisconsin. Chicago is out for the Western championship and Stagg is still burning to avenge himself for the defeat ad-



MELZNER

ministered to his players at Chicago in 1903. Yost in that year rolled up twenty-eight points, with fifteen minutes still to play when game was called on account of cold and darkness.

Chicago has a strong team this year. The majority of her old players are back and Eckersall is in fine fettle. But her

battle with Wisconsin will be a fierce one. Wisconsin's counsels are not divided, and, above all, Phil King is again with her. Chicago will have to work hard, indeed, if she would once more humble the Cardinal.

Wisconsin's one fear is Eckersall. Owing to his remarkable versatility Camp would place him as end on the All America. Of Eckersall he writes that he would secure a "kicker by placing that marvelous kicker and brilliant tackler and runner, Eckersall of the University of Chicago, on the other end next to Hogan. This man Eckershall can punt sixty yards, drop-kick with disconcerting accuracy, and in more than one game has actually decided the issue by drop-kicking. He is a remarkable tackler, and as for running in a broken-up field, he is a wonder."

Besides Eckersall Chicago has also the wonderful Bezdek, a tower of strength at full-back, a member of the All-Western, and Capt. Catlin at end.

In the past ten years, or since 1894, the year of the introduction of Rugby football at Wisconsin, Chicago and Wisconsin have played eleven games. Of these Chicago has won six. In these eleven games Wisconsin ran up 180 points, an average of 16 4-11 per game. Chicago ran up 102 points, or 9 3-11 points per game. If football were a mere matter of scores Wisconsin would be the leader, instead of being one game behind Chicago.

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But wings like the mind.  
    In the bliss your presence brings,  
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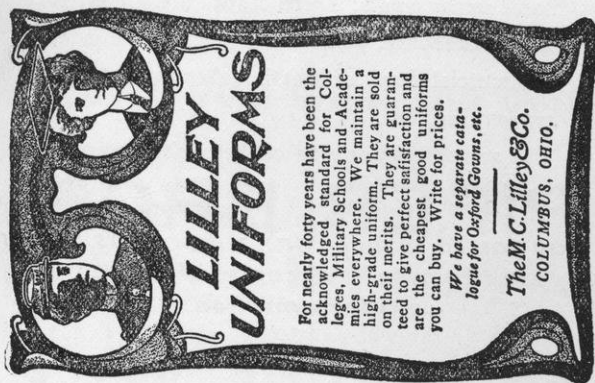
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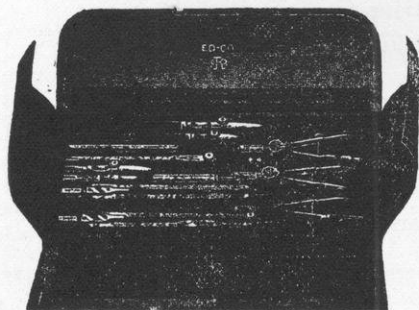
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**COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE**

**COLLEGE OF MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING**

**COLLEGE OF LAW**

**COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE**

**GRADUATE SCHOOL**

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

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

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

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

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



## SPECIAL COURSES IN THE COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**THE LIBRARIES** to which the students have access include the Library of the University of Wisconsin, the Library of the State Historical Society, the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, the State Law Library and the Madison Free Public Library, which together contain about 276,000 bound books and over 150,000 pamphlets. The State Historical Library with some 128,000 volumes and 120,000 pamphlets offers exceptional opportunities for students in history.

**MUSEUMS, LABORATORIES**, and seminary rooms for the various departments, with all the necessary equipment for special study, furnish excellent facilities to advanced students in various fields.

**THE GYMNASIUM, ATHLETIC FIELD**, boating facilities and Athletic Teams give opportunity for indoor and outdoor athletic training, and for courses in physical training under the guidance of the athletic director.

Detailed information on any subject connected with the University may be obtained by addressing **W. D. HIESTAND, Registrar, Madison, Wisconsin.**





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