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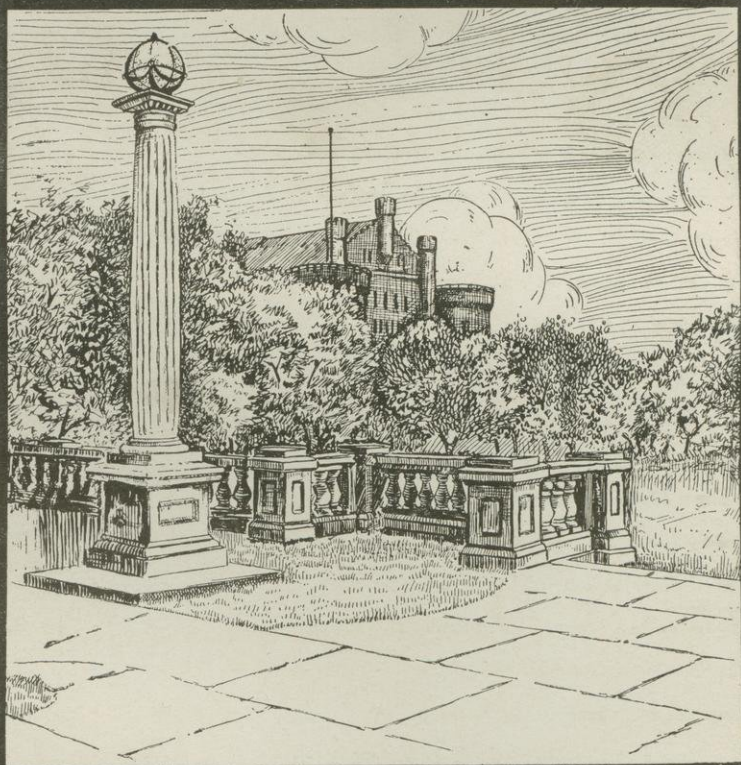
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**THE WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE**



UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. V

MARCH, 1908

No. 6

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

MARCH, 1908

Number 6

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ELUCESCEBAT

Walther Buchen

The wine is good when one is old,
A transient youth lurks in the red—
O Youth! My youth! How quick it fled—
 Old Egypt's flesh pots soon grew cold.
But then on flesh how full I fed!
 I mined each hour's subtle gold!
 The gods? They're far away and old—
The goddesses are surely dead!
Warm me, my wine, and make me bold
The love and lust of life to hold
 Some little while within my hand—
Ward me Death's clutch a little while!
 O Stars! How gay you mock the land!
O Night! You smile a bitter smile!

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE DECENT AVERAGE

Annie S. McLenogan

Dear Uppergrads and Some Others:

In your current discussion of the tendencies of student life in our own university and others, it seems to be the complaint of the idealistic observer, one complaint, at least, that our students do not desire to get the right things out of their student life, the things they ought to desire,—*if only they had been born different*. The writer of the Epistle to the Undergrads in the December issue of this magazine seems to see two kinds of students: the purely frivolous ones,—the “butterflies,” and those who come to learn the way to do something,—the “digs.” The old, old complaint is that the student butterflies do not dig enough, and that the digs have too little of the butterfly about them. It is not my purpose to write to you about the sins of the butterflies, for they have been exploited enough; but following are a few words about the digs in your midst, those contemptible digs, by one who has learned to be their friend.

I. THE PROBLEM OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

Whatever may have been his motive in the fine old days that are done and gone, it is the problem of his bread and butter for this world that brings the average student of today to your university. And from what conditions does your average student come? He comes from an average home, a middle-class home, decent, but unilluminated with any intellectuality or poetry, and generally without means to pay more than the bare expense of a university course, in many cases, none at all. We all know such young people. Skimping and clever self-help have brought them here. Perhaps the young

man has worked in a store or factory two or three years. The young woman has been teaching in a small school and has come hoping to work into a position with,—alas! something more splendid in the way of salary. Many a plain father and mother yearn to have their children profit by educational advantages that did not exist for them; and the discontent for something wider in range than their little home town has led the children on. They know, moreover, that all the good things of life they will ever enjoy, will be what they can earn.

But with what easy grace does the apostle of liberal education dismiss the bread and butter problem as a factor in student life! "Spend your time in reading plenty of books that do not teach anything,—sing, loaf, play! Do not dig, for now you should broaden. Do not insist upon commercializing your training for life by taking courses that teach you something useful. Be broad. Learn to be beautiful, symmetrical, and gay!" But ever and ever our great cities are growing larger and the huge machinery of life becomes more complicated. Each year the requirements for place in any business are more exacting. Each year any calling demands more technical knowledge, which the overworked high schools and trades schools are striving to give the rank and file, to whom a university is a closed paradise. Sensitive to the pulse of our industrial system, our universities increase their requirements in study, especially in those courses that teach "useful" things. So this is why there are so many digs studying in your great library, while the butterflies dance and play. It is not, O fellow mortals, because they would not like to be butterflies, for man is by nature a pleasure-loving being. It is because they have no time. To have inherited nothing beyond an ordinary mental capacity, to struggle to obtain his opportunity, to work that opportunity to the limit,—such is the problem of your classmate, the dig. It is so much easier to be broadminded and to be gay when father pays all the bills.

II. CULTURE AND OUR TIMES.

Whatever the functions of a university may be held to be in a monarchy which cherishes a leisured class among its other relics of the past, the production of the cultured exquisite is no part of the business of an American university. For, when made, what shall he do? He may make us pretty books a la Roycroft, but nobody of sense pretends that we need them. He may write more pretty ballades of dead ladies, but who cares? He may write us a problem play, with no real problem in it for normal people, so who will respect it? The dilettante, in all varying degrees and shades of dilettantism, has no place in the American scheme of things. The great, hoarse voice of affairs drowns out all such little futilities.

Again, it is idle for those of us who love books and the literary training to sigh for the days when Milton and Addison could be slowly matured within the shadow of Cambridge and Oxford. Men of their acumen are not living in the realm of ideas today; they are down in life. Politics and applied science hold them. In the day of Shakespeare, poetry was the voice of a whole nation's desire, and the relation of art to its time was more vital than it has ever been since. Our world is willing to be amused and diverted by its men of letters, but it does not seek them out. Nowadays the drama pays best when it is only an amusement for people who are fagged out with living. Art and music depend for a patronage upon women's clubs and millionaires. Our world seeks statesmen to settle its vast industrial evils; it seeks scientists to inquire into its mysteries, lawyers to settle its quarrels, physicians to heal its diseases, and the clergy to shrive it in the time of repentance. The men and women of the hour are those who are battling with our industrial and social questions. A man or woman of culture, as an end in itself, is as much of an anachronism as one of Alma Tadema's cool and lovely Roman interiors; quite as beautiful and as useless. No, the world does not want the humanities just now, and so our students

do not seek them. Teachers of English may congratulate themselves if their classes do not yawn openly over a lesson in the "Faerie Queene."

III. THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE.

The grandest achievement of a university is that it gives an increased power of usefulness to every human soul within its touch. To be a conservatory of the world's most accurate knowledge, not simply for the sake of that knowledge, but to pour it out in blessings on the state, this is its work. To slowly, but finally raise by intelligence the standard of living in its community, to bring the best of life into poor places,—this is its destiny. How shall a university best do this? My answer is, by teaching men and women how to work. *The culture that we Americans need is that which comes by knowing how to do something useful well,—the purification of mind and heart, not by dreaming and speculation, but by active service.* The product may not be so fine as that the world once had, but it is better adapted to the life of this age. Our times are those of the common, but not necessarily the commonplace. Ordinary people and things have souls worth regarding when one learns to know them. O you teachers that sit in the high places of teaching, what greater thing can you do than to touch the wistfulness that lies deep in the hearts of common men and women into a well-directed activity?

IV. THE WISCONSIN SPIRIT.

A university is primarily a place for work, not for play. Your prevalent dissatisfaction, dear uppergrads and others, with student life is due, in the last analysis to this, that some of you have allowed the element of play to grow beyond its proper proportions. There never was a time in all history when a university was solely a place to play, and it should not be now. But there was a time, the Homeric age, for in-

stance, when grown men and women were children at heart and acted like children—shedding tears over defeat and yelling over the falling enemy. A football game always brings this parallel to my mind. For of all pitiful absurdities, the spectacle of twentieth century men and women yelling and shedding tears over an athletic contest, is the worst. One might be induced to weep over Chicago beef, or Mormonism, but never over a lot of young men who enjoy mauling each other in the mud! To a Wisconsin spirit based solely on anything so meaningless as a football game, I have nothing to offer. But to a Wisconsin spirit founded on my alma mater's service in the common life of the state and her nation, I have an unwavering loyalty and trust to give. They say the old Wisconsin spirit is dead. May I suggest what the new Wisconsin spirit may come to be? Love and loyalty for an institution that is putting many a man and woman into the way of self-mastery and of service in the world's work. This is not religion. It is the law of human life.

V. THE DECENT AVERAGE.

No, my lords and masters, this is the day and time of the decent average. What is aristocratic, eccentric, or sentimental, ought to be swept from our reckoning of what makes for the good of all. Commercialism is with us because labor, and not privilege, is the basis of our life. The ordinary people of the world are coming in for their long-deferred day. This is not an age of gallant heroisms, but of good citizens in the making. Born with no titled heritage of either brains or money, democracy means that the average man or woman shall have an opportunity to win their title to both.

TRAPPED

F. C. Scoville

ANDREW MCFARLANE, known to his friends as "Old Mac," and to his enemies, whose name was legion, by names unprintable, had been engineer at the Badger Boat Company's works for over twenty years. John Hayslip, founder of the big plant, had hired him when the first building was erected on the shores of the Rock River, and had never regretted his choice, for in all the years of his service, Mac had been a faithful and capable worker.

That Mac was cordially hated by those who had but a superficial knowledge of the real man, was not to be wondered at, since a first impression of the old Scotchman was not at all favorable. Tall, raw-boned, with fierce blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows, and a ragged, gray streaked beard, his appearance was a true index of his character. His temper was as fierce and hard as his eyes, and his morals as ragged as his beard. The biting sarcasm of his remarks was proverbial. "As mean a talker as old MacFarlane," the men used to say. Even when sober he could provoke the meekest minded to anger, but when drunk, his caustic utterances "would make a dead man hopping mad." In addition to this faculty of seeking out a man's failings and commenting virulently thereon, Mac possessed a fearful and wonderful command of profanity, a sort of conglomerate of sailor, miner and mule driver's oaths, and when he unstoppered the vials of his wrath, the offender was forced into a precipitate retreat, except he happened to be a raw Hungarian or "Dago" and could not understand English.

The hatred inspired in the objects of Mac's wrath was not a passion that dared assert itself openly, for if he was ready to provoke offense, Mac was more than ready to back his as-

sertions with his fists, and woe to the man who attempted to resent any personal aspersion by physical requital. He generally emerged from the encounter badly damaged. The only man who had ever worsted the redoubtable Scotchman was a "Dago," and he had dropped a heavy stone upon the unsuspecting engineer's head as the latter passed under a bridge on his way home.

This then was the general feeling toward Andrew MacFarlane, engineer, bully, and moral derelict. That he had qualities that might be admired was not to be thought of, at least by his enemies. In spite of the fact that he was profane, pugnacious, and intemperate, his few friends, and among them he numbered his employer, knew him to be a man who hates a lie or dishonest act as he hated a negro, and who in a pinch, would stand by a friend until his last cent was gone. In proof of this last named quality any defamatory remark on the engineer's character that was made in the presence of his landlady, Mrs. Nolan, would bring upon the speaker a whirlwind of feminine wrath, for that worthy matron had a lively remembrance of Mac's generosity, when in the hard times of '93, he had kept her and the seven "kids" from actual starvation.

During the long years of his connection with the boat factory, Mac had had a kind employer. John Hayslip was a keen judge of human nature, and when his superintendents, exasperated by Mac's remarks, brought him varied and outrageous accounts of the engineer's doings, he would point quietly to the record of twenty years service without a day's absence, and then tell them to look at the cleanest and smoothest running engine in the city. In every case it was sufficient. Mac's loss, therefore, was a heavy one, when the cares of business life becoming too great for the aged owner, he resigned the business to his son, who, like the ancient Pharaoh, knew not his servant. From the first day of the new management, the policy of the company changed, and as Mac, who scorned to conceal his opinions, had expressed his

disapproval of the reforms in emphatic and unqualified terms, the attitude of the new manager toward his censor can easily be imagined. The fact that dismissal would undoubtedly have aroused the anger of his father was all that deterred the new manager from discharging the offender. It might also be said that in the journey from engine room to office, Mac's criticism had gained rather than lost in emphasis, for the bearer was not one of the elect, but one who had more than once gotten the rough side of the engineer's tongue. Although saved from actually being "fired," Mac's lot became far from easy. His requests for repairs and improvements were completely ignored, and he was made to feel in a thousand ways the enmity of his employers. Naturally his temper, at best far from even, did not improve at all under this treatment, and a steady diet of poor whisky only furnished fresh fuel for his smouldering resentment.

But the crowning insult, the last straw, fell in the summer of 1900. It came about in this way. The heat had proved too much for Patrick Moran, Mac's fireman, and he took to his bed, never to swing shovel again. Some said Mac had worked him to death, but the engineer, who had helped pay Patrick's doctor bills for over two years, could have confuted the implication, had he thought it worth while. The loss of a true friend was a heavy blow to the lonely man, but the consequences of Moran's death more than overshadowed his grief. Immediately upon hearing of the absence of the fireman, the company sent a big, hulking negro to take his place. If there was anything Mac hated, it was a negro, and as Goff, the new man, was also lazy, the combination of a black skin and lazy disposition was enough to drive Mac desperate. A heated altercation with the superintendent failed to remedy matters, and Mac, swallowing his rage as best he could, determined to make life so miserable to the hated negro, that he would remain but a short time.

In accordance with his resolve, he drove the unfortunate man from pillar to post, giving him no rest from morning to

night, and showering upon him all the vituperation that a practiced mind could devise. Goff took the abuse without outward sign, and refused to be driven from his job. If he made no sign of resentment, however, it was not that he was without feeling, for when the engineer's back was turned, the negro's eyes followed him with a glance that boded ill for his tormentor. His reasons for staying he did not divulge, but whatever they were, a chance for revenge was the ruling motive.

In this wise matters went on until the first days of July. The shop had been closed for the Fourth, together with the three succeeding days, and Mac declaring that he must repair the furnace grates, ordered Goff to draw the fires and report on the fifth to help with the work. The morning of the fifth dawned bright and clear, with a strong wind from the south, and a promise of a hot day. Promptly at seven o'clock, Mac was in the fire hole ready for work, but Goff, with bloodshot eyes and trembling hands, did not appear until an hour later. He made no reply to the engineer's contemptuous remarks on his ability to drink like a man, but carried out Mac's order with scowling brows and subdued curses.

His duties were simple. After cleaning out the furnace room, he was to hand in to the engineer any tools that were needed by Mac who, carrying a heavy hammer and cold chisel, had crawled inside the furnace. The cleaning was soon finished, and drawing a chair near the open furnace door, Goff seated himself and tried to forget his throbbing head, which still whirled from the preceding night's debauch.

The day, as noon drew near, became almost unbearably hot, and the strong south wind, which found its way through the great wooden structure that fronted the engine room, was also hot and dry. The heat inside the furnace was intense, and Mac's temper was strained almost to the point of breaking. Any delay on the part of the fireman provoked an irruption of profanity from the interior of the furnace that was compelling in its suggestiveness.

During a lull in the storm, as Goff walked toward the water pail, he chanced to glance through the door that opened into the big wooden erecting shed, where, surrounded by piles of lumber and shavings, stood the half-finished frameworks of yachts and pleasure craft. His eyes, roving carelessly toward the great open doors at the far end, were caught by something that caused him to stop suddenly, his eyes widening and his jaw falling. Near the open door, amid a pile of shavings, a faint curl of blue smoke twisted upward, curling and flattening in the strong wind. A forked tongue of flame gleamed for an instant against the blue swirls of smoke, then vanished only to appear again in another place. Goff's first impulse was to give the alarm, but as he turned, a devilish scheme flashed into his mind. He hesitated a moment, his thick lips drawn tightly over teeth, that showed like a slash of white paint in his dark face. Then, with soft hurried steps, he approached the furnace and gently closed the door, bracing it firmly with a crowbar. With a last look at the erecting room, he shook his fist revengefully at the imprisoned engineer, and with a low laugh that was almost a snarl, he slipped through an outside door, and was lost among the lumber piles that fringed the river.

Fanned by the rushing wind, the fire spread rapidly. Soon the interior of the building was a raging volcano of flame that swept directly toward the engine room, where MacFarlane, ignorant of his plight was working in the sweltering heat.

In the recesses of the fire-box, a single candle throwing a flickering light on his work, Mac had been toiling furiously. The heat in the confined space was intense, the dust choking. Sweat poured from his face and body, his muscles ached from his strained position, but his exertions never slackened. As the fire drew nearer, the heat increased, and faint curls of smoke found their way through the gratings. The heat grew in intensity, the smoke became thicker until at last the candle flame was surrounded by a blue halo. As his breathing

grew more and more labored, the engineer became alarmed. At last, dropping his hammer he gazed at the candle and sniffed suspiciously. The odor of smoke was plain. Suddenly a terrifying thought flashed through his mind. Fire! He turned as rapidly as the confined space would admit and crawled toward the furnace door. It was shut. A violent blow did not move it. He was trapped, caught like a rat, and from the outside came faintly the roaring of the flames.

For an instant the hopelessness of his position overcame him. What could he do? The door was closed, the heat increased every second. Soon he would die. His head was whirling already, and his eyes starting in their sockets. He made a great effort and sinking his teeth in his lower lip, he tried to think calmly. At last it came. His hammer and chisels! He crawled back, and securing the tools, attacked the hinges of the door with furious blows. The candle's rays were almost obscured in the smoke, and he gasped and coughed as the smarting of his eyes and lungs increased. His brain was reeling and his strength almost gone, when the second hinge parted. A heavy blow moved the door slightly, the crowbar slipped, and the engineer, gasping and half suffocated, plunged forward into the shriveling heat of the furnace room.

A single glance showed him his plight. Above, on nearly every side was a solid sheet of flame. It's glare almost blinded him. The heat was terrific. Already portions of the roof were falling amid clouds of sparks, while the deep roar of the flames was everywhere.

For an instant he hesitated, choosing a path. But one way seemed open. Opposite him, facing directly upon the river was a window about six feet from the floor. This the flames had not yet reached completely. Mac grasped the crowbar, and shielding his face in the hollow of his arm, dashed toward the window. Half way, a falling rafter felled him to the floor. Half dazed, with blood streaming from a cut in his forehead, and a sharp pain stabbing him in the side, Mac staggered to his feet and reeled across the intervening space.

A single blow with the crowbar shattered the frame work, and regardless of broken glass, he pulled himself through the opening. The next instant the crowd on the opposite bank was horrified to see a swaying, smoking figure, outlined for a moment against a livid wall of flame, and then plunge headlong into the glowing river. Just as he disappeared beneath the water, with a deep roar the entire building collapsed, sending a great burst of smoke and flame toward the sky. Ten second's delay and Mac would have been beneath the ruins.

The next morning, a bedraggled negro who gave his name as Bill Goff, with his face battered beyond recognition, and his arm in a sling, limped before Judge Gray, and with many fearful glances over his shoulder, swore out a warrant for one, Andrew MacFarlane, on a charge of assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Mac had evidently squared his account. The case was never tried. Goff lacked the courage to appear against his vanquisher and fled from the city.

Mac is still engineer in the boat company's new works, and by order of the "Old Man" himself, has the power to hire his own firemen. He had but one request to make when he took charge of the engines and that was granted. The furnace doors have a patent latch and can be opened from the inside.



INSPIRATION

C. B. Traver

A flame leaping up from amidst glowing embers;
A comet, dispelling the stars in its flight
Up the sky of the mind; then it fades in the Infinite,
Leaving Remembrance, a reflected light.

TEN-THIRTY P. M. ON THE THIRD FLOOR

D. '10

"Hallo, Roomy!"

"Hallo, Fusser!"

"Wrong again. Hereafter my pet name is 'Stung.'"

"You're crazy."

"I'm stung."

"Well, spit it out. Can't wait all night for any fusser's tale of woe."

"Be kind to me, Roomy—this is no comedy."

"Commence."

"Well, I don't divulge to every one, but I'm a sieve to you. Here's facts: you know, this fall, she didn't come——"

"Who?"

"Duts, you rumdum, whom else? I said she didn't come back 'til late. I was going to develope into a greasy grind if I didn't pick up a mate some place, so I draped Fred's and your clothes about my Adonis build and, wholly unbeknownst to the general meelee, increased the Pal and livery assets about five bones per week. Incidentally, I gave that little Kappa Gamma—Flo—the impression she was queen of my bountiful pa-signed contributions.

"Now, Roomy, don't be hard on me. I went too far. I told the little Kappa Gamma she was nominated to fill the vacancy. 'Course she'd heard of Duts, and I had to come strong to cancel the rumor.

"'Why, Flo,' I said, 'you musn't believe all you hear. That's a college story. Miss Dutsen 's a friend—just a friend.

"Well, Roomy, Duts dragged her four trunks of decorations into this town about two weeks ago and started trimming herself to the distraction of my Phi Beta Kappa aspirations. 'Twas your dear room-mate back to his first love; and he backed hard. Duts' sweet little frat sisters squealed.

Said I was true as a Gipsy horse dealer, hadn't been in their house since I met Flo. Duts boiled it down and inquired as to Miss Burrett's general health. I remarked that she might be dead for all I knew, and followed up that advantage with the O-so-lonely tale and gave Duts to understand that she alone had ever been elected, qualified and sworn in and was even now holding office. So the storm blew over.

'But Roomy, my four-leaf clover dropped a petal. The Kappa Gamma has a roommate. The Kappa Gamma thought she'd been nominated with no opposition and she leaked her thoughts and my "sweet nothings" to the roommate. I guess the roommate strained the news through a Wisconsin banner and sent it bouncing on its way. Anyhow it reached Dut's roommate in a highly colored condition and she almost sprained her tongue telling it to Duts.

'Tonight for the eighth time in two weeks I snuggled into the Theta Nu couch and waited for Duts to make a new dress to come down in. She took out time to sew a few buttons on some old ones, but when she came—Oh Lord!! Those square set shoulders, that straight line where her mouth used to be, and the two snappy black ones for eyes said, 'Cloudy and colder.'

'Hum, 'Hearts and Flowers' while I tell the rest.

'She spent no time on 'good evenings.' From the gong she had me up against the ropes and ducking like mad. But it didn't come off by rounds. 'Twas a continuous vaudeville with me at the wrong end of the slay stick. With one finger pointed here, she called me all a future president shouldn't be. She quit when the adjectives ran out. Taking a deep breath and leading out with 'lying hypocrite,' she told me what the reputation of your dear roommate is in these parts. I never knew what a rascal you were sleeping with. You'd better move. It's a shame for anyone to hang out with the man she told me about.

'When she got her thirteenth wind, she announced that she had some French to get and started upstairs.

“Now what do you think of that? It’ll cost me twenty-five bucks to square myself—at least. Gad! I wish the co-ed part of this institution were a deaf and dumb asylum. It would save Papá so much money.”



DO YOU REMEMBER?

D. M. B.

DO you remember, dear, that night in June
When by the river, rippling at our feet,
We said good-bye? The air was heavy, sweet,
And high above us smiled the Lady Moon.

We walked along the roadside, hand in hand.
The spring-time in your heart made itself heard
To that in mine; no need for other word,
With spring-time 'round us, over all the land.

Do you remember how the fields were white
With moonlight, and how underneath the trees
The checkered shadows shifted with the breeze,
Leaving us now in darkness, now in light?

It seems so long ago, and yet so near;
The ready promises,—our hearts were light!
The soon-forgotten vows we made that night,
The parting kiss! Do you remember, dear?

THE PROGRESSIVE PRINCESS

Dorothy Marie Burnham

THE STORY was drawing to a close. It had gone as far as "And so they were married," when a voice cried "Stop!" It was the Princess, who wore a very determined expression. All the other characters, including the Prince, were struck dumb. The Princess looked at them scornfully.

"Just because all the other stories have ended that way, 'And so they were married, and lived happily ever after,'" she said, "you think this one has to. Now, *I* object. I intend to have this story go on, and see what happens!"

There was a murmur of doubt and alarm. Such a proceeding was unheard of in Storybook Life. The Princess's Fairy-Godmother shook her head solemnly. "Better be conventional, my child," she advised, "than miserable. Remain in your proper sphere. If you try to leave it, if you don't stop here, at the proper, the *only* stopping place,—why it will not be Storybook Life at all! Such things are not done in the best families, my dear."

But the Princess would not listen to reason. She knew very well that the story could not end without its heroine's consent.

"Dearest," she cried, turning to the Prince, "say you think so, too! Do not refuse my first request!"

Of course, the Prince could not withstand his bride's entreaties, and agreed to have the story continue. Everything started out well, and the Princess was delighted with what she had done. She liked the country they went to live in, and even got along with her parents-in-law. They lived in a pink marble palace, with a fountain in front of it, and the parents-in-law lived in an agate castle opposite. It was a

very beautiful country to live in. The sky was bright blue and the grass purple, just like the illustrations in magazines. All the people were tall and slender, with either orange or dark blue hair, ivory complexions and scarlet, Burne-Jones mouths. The Prince and Princess always had honey with their bread, and they had ambrosia every single day of the week, with nectar on Sundays.

There are no months nor years in Storybook Land, so it is hard to tell just how long it was before the Princess felt any dissatisfaction with her lot. But she and the Prince had been married some time, anyway,—long enough so that they called each other "My dear" instead of "Angel" or "Dearest." The Prince seemed to have forgotten these names. The Princess never forgot them, but now she addressed them all to the Little Prince, who was altogether charming, and the image of his father.

Perhaps if the Princess had not neglected the Prince *quite* so much in her devotion to this new tyrant, and perhaps if the Prince had not seemed quite so unconcerned at being neglected, *maybe*,—but who can tell? As it was, something was wrong. The Princess felt it keenly, but could not tell just what it was.

One day at dinner she found herself gazing critically at the Prince, who had just sent the servant for a second helping of nightingale's tongues and some more ambrosia. He was growing the least bit stout. Supposing he were to be fat, and have a shiny, bald head! Horrors! The Princess shuddered and looked away. The usual Storybook Princes were always slender and graceful.

Later, sitting by the swift little stream which ran through the garden, she shed a few tears in the baby's dress, when no one could see. The Little Prince laughed and snatched at the beautiful emerald necklace which hung from his mother's neck. It broke, and the costly stones rolled into the stream, which carried them away at once. The Princess screamed, and ran to tell the Prince. He was asleep in his arm-chair with his mouth open.

"Really, my dear," he said crossly, rubbing his eyes, when he understood the trouble, "It is very thoughtless of you to disturb me for such a trifle. You know how particular I am about my after-dinner nap. The trinket can easily be replaced," and he sent a page to the treasury to bring a larger, costlier necklace.

"But I don't want another," sobbed the Princess. "That was a magic one. It kept danger from me. My Fairy-Godmother gave it to me."

The Prince snorted,—yes, actually snorted.

"Your Fairy Godmother, my dear, while no doubt a very excellent person," he replied, "is getting rather old and feeble-minded. There is no such thing as magic nowadays."

The Princess went upstairs to the royal nursery and gave the baby to his nurse. Then she went out into the garden, holding her head very high, and with a desperate resolve in her eyes.

"I will lose myself!" she decided. "Then every one will be sorry, and the Prince will search and search, and at last find me, just as he did long ago. Then he will be glad, as he was then, and we shall be happy again!" Her eyes shone with delight at the prospect.

It was a very easy matter to lose oneself in the big, black forest. The Princess hoped she would be found very soon. What if the baby were crying for her? She wandered about, starting at every sound and shivering in the evening air. It began to grow dark, but no little cottage sprung up magically to shelter her, and no tree with delicious cakes and sugar plums appeared to satisfy her hunger. The Princess was really quite vexed. She had never had such an experience, not in all her thrilling adventures before she met the Prince.

At last, when she was sure it must be midnight, the Princess saw lights far off and heard faint shouts. They came nearer and soon heard her answering calls.

When they reached home the Prince delivered a little lecture to the astonished and indignant Princess. He had been

greatly alarmed, of course, and manlike, he concealed it with reproaches. Then, too, his favorite game of solitaire had been sadly interrupted. At last the Princess realized that her adventure had been useless. She wept bitterly, and wished with all her heart that she had never refused to have the story end properly. For days she did nothing but weep, until at last she turned into a fountain; and there she stands to this day as a warning to all Storybook Princesses.



GOOD-BYE

Alice L. Webb

Good-bye!—and I smile as I say it;
Smile, with my heart in tears;
For my eyes look out on the moment,
But my heart looks forth to long years.

Years that are lonely without you—
What is there left worth the while?
But I hold up my head as I answer
“Good-bye!”—and I give you a smile.

I want you to think I am happy,
To have no regret when we part;
Your work and your pleasure lie elsewhere,
So why should you read my sore heart?

Ah, no; for I love you too truly
To pain you by even a sigh;
And that is the reason, dear comrade,
I smile as I bid you good-bye!

FROM A NOTE BOOK

G. H.

The Chicago River.

THE alley opened onto a narrow strip of worn and splintery dock. In front of us, then, was the black water of the river, moving sluggishly. The surface was streaked with coal dust from a yard upstream, while, in spots, the weak sunlight struck a greasy iridescence from patches of oily film. Soggy, hairy-looking clots of refuse floated in mid-stream. Not a ripple broke the unwholesome sheen of the water, for the mass of the buildings shut off the wind that was stirring the smoky upper air.

A dirty, dull painted tug puffed past us belching thick masses of heavy smoke. The water heaved greasily in its wake, and stirred up dank foul river odor till it sickened us. A grimy stoker tossed a beer bottle overboard. It bobbed and swayed in the troubled water astern until, at last, it was caught in some slow eddy of that torpid stream, and spun there, gesticulating drunkenly with its empty neck.

Vale, Chi.

The starting of the evening overland is a dignified proceeding, unaccompanied by fuss. There comes a scarcely perceptible cushioned shock, and very slowly, the platform begins to drop away to the rear. Our speed picks up more and more and we are rolling down the long arched tunnel of the depot and out into the great dark entry-ground of parallel tracks.

Then, abruptly, we strike into the clangor and confusion of the yards, a place of smoke and noise and moving lights, where in-bounds flit by with a scurry and roar, and swing alongside and run with us awhile so that the overland pilgrim

can look pityingly across windows at the poor tired commuting persons whose adventurings have their beginning and end in Oak Park. In the thought of which the pilgrim settles into his patrician green plush complacently, and watches the locals drop off one by one, and his great train gets down to her work and begins to throb and sway and hum till the quick vista of arc-lit streets break off into even darkness and there is nothing to see but the dim twin track beside.

In one of rightly constituted mind it is productive of a gentle soporific joy to lie and drop responsibilities behind you at forty miles an hour. Moreover, you are going away from the city of Chicago, which in itself is cause for thanksgiving.

From the Lower Berth.

If ever man made a luxury of necessity he did it when he invented the Pullman sleeper. We will not dwell on the drawbacks of disrobing contortionist-fashion, or of rising with a sepia taste and cricked neck to wash off coatings of grit at an oscillating metal bowl, elbow to elbow with a perspiring drummer in extreme negligée. For what are these to the serenity that come to one borne swiftly, stretched between smooth sheets, with pleasant low woody creakings all about him, that settle into a drone and a melody and a lullaby and so out of his consciousness.

Presently he wakes with a puzzling silence in which he hears the faint brush of the porter past the curtains and the subdued apologetic snore of the gentleman in Lower Three; and just as he gets up enough ambition to lift the shade and wonder where the dickens this is, the train starts in again on its regular job of lulling him into sweet hypnotic oblivion, to endure until the next stop. The engineer woke me up that way the second night out, and annoyed me unreasonably, because it kept me awake a long time, wondering why he stopped; generally, all there was in sight was a telegraph pole and its shadow.

Passengers.

I have been back in the observation car, mingling with the *elite*.

Noticeable, at first glance, was the circuit judge from Oakland, Cal., shapelessly bulky, like a potato, along with which his flesh was somehow unhealthy looking, curiously suggesting inward porosity and bloat. His color was the pink of the salmon as it is lithographed on the outside of the tin. His simplest conversation involved a sputter of large, foul, savourless oaths, so that he was about as pleasant to talk to as the wicked princess in the fairy tale who punctuated her remarks with toads.

From an artistic standpoint he was built for a criminal, not the civil bench. Hogarth should have painted him in dark oil, and Dickens immortalized him in ink, as "The Hanging Judge." Yet, somewhere in his gross body must have lurked a shy spark of decency, for his wife, a scornful limp woman, with a pale, brown skin, tolerated him, and even appeared to like him. So, also, his daughter, a sallow round faced girl, who made herself inconspicuous and read. One might have imagined all sorts of brutal-father romances for her if she had been beautiful and wan—unfortunately she was neither.

After the Judge, the Professor was relieving. He was an active, weakly assertive German, who moved about with a great little fuss that bothered nobody. He held his head with a bird-like forward poise, squinting nearsightedly down a half-Hebraic nose, which he puckered to keep his glasses on. Some one spoke his name: Jaques Loeb. Could this little person be the great man Loeb, godfather to chemically hatched sea-urchins, experimenter close to the springs of life?

It is so disappointing when celebrities refuse to look the part.

We have one celebrity that does—Clarence Forbes, bantam champion *pro tem*, a little pale black-haired fellow with great shoulders, very careful of the ways he moves and eats and drinks and breathes. Mostly, he sits, hands in coat-pockets, cap over eyes, saying nothing—remarkable in a prize-fighter.

His manager is otherwise. The creature is hybrid, combining low-Hebrew push with low-American blat. As an introduction to strangers he proffers cigars. His raiment is cheerful and designed to fascinate. He tried it on the daughter of the Judge. She is a good girl and kept her eyes on *Munsey*. The manager essayed a light remark. "Sir, I do not know you," said the daughter, with admirable high school decorum.

The manager went out onto the rear platform.

On either side a mile or so of precipiced mountain looked down with benign cynicism on our little train. The manager was smoking a very black cigar in savage puffs, scowling, and expectorating viciously; the serenity of the Rockies was, however, undisturbed.

A Way Station

The dull red depot, built on lines of unadorned ugliness, monopolized the foreground. A black mud street separated it from the string of seedy buildings that made the town: one general store, a blacksmith shop with saddled cow-ponies tied to a rack, the rest saloons. One of these, in a feeble attempt at respectability, bore *Restaurant and Cafe* in straggling letters across its square false front. Further on a residential district of three tar-paper huts rose from a litter of rusty tin cans, and beyond that was the dead level of the plain, rimmed only by the blue line of mountains at the horizon.

Though the air was frostily clear, the sunlight came weak and watery, and there was no warmth except where the side of the depot made a shelter from the cutting breeze. A grimy squax squatted there, a papoose muffled in her blanket. A bevy of young women, their frills draggled with travel, gathered about her, bribing her for a sight, till she lifted the blanket and showed the dirt-streaked ugliness of the child. The party dropped change into the squax's lap and she grinned, toothlessly.

"All abo-oard", droned the conductor. The ladies fluttered back. The porters swung in, as slowly the train gathered way. The passengers were waving handkerchiefs from the rear platform. The track flowed back beneath them, faster, and faster, and the squalid clump of houses dwindled till it was only a stipple of darker dots on the grey of the plain.

The Gates of Oakland, Cal.

Cities are various in their methods of welcoming the stranger within their gates. Milwaukee, for instance, greets him with Germanic openheartedness, a stein in either hand. Chicago receives him with a grimy yet seductive smile; followed by a sand-bag. Los Angeles achieves the same end more artistically, falling affectionately on the pilgrim's neck, while her left hand slips down his back to the Wells-Fargo pocket where his wallet is. Oakland, on the contrary, leaves him to stand unwelcomed in her slatternly back-yard, between the ash pile and the garbage box.

Oakland, is, really, beautiful beyond all knowledge of the transient pilgrim—a city of long wide avenues and unexpected little parks—a city to learn and love in a year of evening walks. But this does not show on the outside.

There are two ways of reaching the city gates. From the south, the railroad enters brazenly up the middle of a street, along which the Oaklanders, patient under Southern Pacific affliction, have allowed the most shabby and least moral part of their dingiest district to cluster. The train disgorges you before a cheerless depot, occupying one section of a low-browed brick block. Across the street are a shooting gallery and two saloons, uniting to support a vast bill board. At either end of this squats a gigantic, expressionless child embracing a bowl of mush, which, the sign proclaims, is GERMEA. Germea is a breakfast food peculiar to the West. It is, apparently, bird-seed, embalmed in something glutinous, and it haunts the pilgrim up and down the Pacific slope.

You take refuge, weakly, in the gloom of the station. To your left a cage confines the ticket agent—to the right are benches, apparently stolen from a razed parochial school. Directly before you is a staring printed sign, bearing in large letters the lively caption: "How to reach the Emergency Hospital."

The easterly entry follows the bay shore, whence the pilgrim might gaze reverentially on the Golden Gate into so much history and romance, were it not that packing-houses intervene; also that the porter seizes this inauspicious moment to brush him.

The pilgrim disembarks, stiff-legged with travel, with a tidal mud flat at his back and a desert before. Nearby is a factory, a grocery, and the customary two saloons. Inland, straight lines of stubby palms indicate suburban lots; far away rises a ragged clump of eucalypts, toward which stretches a single thread of hope—the track of an ancient street car line. Our vulgar figure, above, of the garbage box was only too literal—to the left, in the desolate middle distance, lies the municipal dump.

Can you wonder that the pilgrim turns from Oakland to look wistfully across the Bay where the many thousand pleasant lights of San Francisco jewel her twenty-seven hills?

* * *

That was two years ago. Today, where the lights shone thickest, spreads a great black-and-ashen smudge. Acres of tangled wreckage lie there, still untouched, out of which, very significant to the eye, rises the new construction that will eventually make the new San Francisco we read about in the magazines. But the old San Francisco, the city loved of Stevenson, and of Frank Norris, and of Jack London in his younger lucid days, and of that delectable drunkard, Joaquin Miller—"dear dirty San Francisco" has been wiped out, and will not be again.

A DOG FOR A DOG

(A Story of Missouri Farm Life)

Pinckney Freeman Smith

SOMETIME back in the early seventies, Martin Haines and Judd Wilson had each taken one of old man Parson's girls with an "eighty" of his best wood land that he generously allowed in the transaction. Perhaps the struggle to subdue their little farms to a proper state of cultivation, had kept their rather fierce natures tamed during those first years, for a piece of Missouri oak and hickory land is hard to clear and it holds to its stumps and roots with grim tenacity for almost a decade after the trees themselves are gone. Perhaps, too, old man Parson had exercised a kind of paternal control over his two sons-in-law during his life-time, for it was not until after his death that the troubles had first begun. It was then that the two sisters came into possession of the whole Parson farm, and, as there was no will, the men quarrelled over its division.

Since that time they had never been on good terms, though their pious Methodist wives had made an heroic effort to restore a right feeling. A dispute would occasionally arise over a breachy cow or an unruly hog, and during the spring rains Willow Creek would sometimes provoke a quarrel by leaving Martin's rails as a lawful deposit on Judd's bottom fields below. With one thing and another there had been so much trouble that finally the women, in despair of doing anything better, had brought them to a kind of armed truce. The memorial of this was published to the world by the erection of two high, wire fences between their farms, leaving a broad strip of neutral ground where the old boundary fence had once stood. As the years went by a thick hedge of hazel, sumach, and young oak grew up there, and had begun to

promise eventually to conceal the movements of the old enemies from each other entirely. Then something happened.

Early one July morning Martin Haines came to the kitchen door with a half-empty lard can in his hand and a very portentous frown on his face. His hand shook a little as he turned the open mouth of the can towards his wife, who was setting the breakfast-table within.

"Susie, do you see that?" he said, hoarse with pent up emotion.

Mrs. Haines came to the doorway and looked with a certain uneasy wonder in her eyes at her scowling husband and the can. She had the typical face of the central Mississippi valley farm-wife, with that peculiar expression of patient fortitude which comes from the long understanding and bearing of many responsibilities under the same conditions and in the same environment. But, evidently, she was a woman who understood her husband, for she appeared to be calculating her answer before she spoke.

"Do you suppose Tom got in the smoke-house and did that?" she said at last.

"Tom?—Tom?" he shouted, "that's just like you to accuse my own dog o' doin' somethin' he wouldn't think o' doin'."

The lank, grizzle whiskered farmer stopped and looked very hard at his wife in way of emphasis, then he added, "'Twas Judd Wilson's dog Bill that done it. I reckon I know. He ain't been sneakin' around here every other night for a year for nothin', I guess."

"Didn't you leave the smoke-house door open last night, Martin?" ventured Mrs. Haines in a soothing tone.

"Just like you, again," shouted Martin. "You'd lay it on me if you can't on my dog. Judd Wilson's Bill knows how to lift a latch, I guess."

Mrs. Haines said no more. She knew it would be useless at such a time.

"'Taint the lard that I care for," concluded Martin as he started back to the smoke-house with the can, "but it's

havin' that Wilson hound come here and breakin' into things that way."

For the remainder of the day Mrs. Haines went about her work with forebodings in her heart, and at dusk she saw Martin take his shot-gun from the hooks over the pantry door and go to an empty nail keg beside the back-yard gate to wait for Bill.

A little before ten o'clock Mrs. Haines had just turned down the sitting-room lamp, preparing to go to bed, when there came a loud report from the back-yard that was followed by the cries of a mortally wounded dog as it fled through the woods pasture in the direction of Judd Wilson's.

When Martin came in a minute after the howling had ceased, his wife had gone to bed. She was too deeply grieved even to weep, and she lay awake long after her husband was sound asleep. Nothing, she thought, could now prevent a revival of the old feud.

Soon after breakfast next morning Martin Haines strolled off into the wood's pasture, and Mrs. Haines noticed that he had his eyes toward the ground as if tracking something. He did not return to the house till noon, and then he said nothing, but Mrs. Haines observed that he looked sullen and inwardly troubled.

"Martin," she inquired at the dinner table, "do you know wher' our Tom's at? He ain't been here all day."

Martin started and looked keenly at his wife.

"Ain't seen 'im," he said hesitating,—"Not since early this mornin'."

Mrs. Haines noticed his hesitation and strange manner with surprise, but she half hoped in her heart that he was conscience-stricken. Perhaps the sight of poor Bill's bloody carcass curled up somewhere in the bushes out in the woods pasture had touched his heart.

When Bill did not appear for his breakfast next morning, Judd Wilson was alarmed, for he had heard the shot and the howling of the wounded dog the night before, and since the

noise was in the direction of Martin Haines' he was naturally suspicious.

"If he ain't here by dinner I'll know what's gone with him," he said to his wife, Martha.

"I guess, Bill's like any other hound," said Mrs. Wilson. "More'n likely he's been off all night huntin' with some pack on the river, and ain't had time to get back yit."

"Maybe," said Judd shortly, "but it sounded mighty like Bill's voice cryin' out after that shot gun went off over at Haines' last night."

Mrs. Wilson was going to say that all hounds howled very much alike, when he rose up from his seat at the breakfast table and began to walk the kitchen floor. His getting up was, in itself, of no great consequence since he was not much longer in proportion to his circumference than is an egg, but his temper was as short as his body and capable of rising considerably higher. It usually subsided quickly, however, but now as Bill failed to return it rose intermittently all day. Not even his plans for revenge could quite appease it.

After supper Judd Wilson took his shot gun, heavily loaded with number eight buckshot, to the back porch to wait for the coming of Martin Haines' Tom on one of his frequent evening visits to the Wilson premises.

Mrs. Haines at last felt constrained to speak—" 'Tain't Christian, Judd. Don't you remember what Preacher Worth said last Sunday about returnin' good for evil, and the Bible says over and over—"

She stopped in sheer fright. He had risen and raised his right hand in an indignant protest, while his body became quite spherical with pent up fury.

"I know what's Bible and what ain't Bible," he screamed. "It don't say nothin' about killin' dogs, anyhow."

Mrs. Wilson retreated to the sitting-room, where in her distress she took the book which had just been the point of discussion and turned to some of her favorite psalms.

An hour afterwards a loud report broke the stillness of the

Wilson precincts. When the good woman ran out to the back-yard she found her husband performing a kind of triumphant war-dance about a writhing, kicking, white and black something at his feet.

"I guess I fixed 'im with them buckshot," shouted the elated Judd as he saw his wife approaching.

For a minute she wrung her hands in despair, then moved by some sudden feeling, she went up to the dying animal and looked at it closely in the late twilight.

"Look, Judd," she called excitedly, "you've gone and shot our Bill. It ain't Martin Haines' dog."

Judd stopped his demonstrations of joy and knelt beside the stiffening body to examine it.

"Of course anybody might have misstook them dogs in the dark, since they were brothers and always looked so much alike," said Mrs. Wilson when he got up a minute later, humiliated and anguish-stricken. "And, I guess, anybody would have done the same thing if they had been as mad as you," she added soothingly.

Judd did not hear, his grief was too sudden and unexpected; so she wisely refrained from expressing her own relief of mind.

The next day Mrs. Haines called on Mrs. Wilson and there was an hour of mutual revelation and plotting. But none of the neighbors knew for a long time why Martin Haines and Judd Wilson suddenly began to show signs of open friendship toward each other, nor why the two boundary fences were torn away that fall and a new one built in common where the sumachs and hazels had so long been flourishing. Perhaps silence on the part of their wives was the first condition of peace, but the joke was too good to keep. Not more than a year had passed before the whole neighborhood knew the story. Probably, Judd Wilson himself was the first one to tell it, for the loss of his own dog weighed less heavily on his mind after his wife had told him what Martin Haines found that morning in his woods pasture.

THE YELLOW DRESS

Elizabeth F. Corbett

AS THE smallest Powers banged the front door and took himself off to school Mrs. Powers leaned back in her chair and sighed. Courtenay Powers set down his coffee cup and looked over his newspaper at her across the breakfast table. She was a small, fair woman without a nerve in her body; she took the cook's vagaries, the mishaps of her four small boys, and Courtenay's inequalities of temper with the same calm smile.

But this morning she was evidently disturbed about something. Her shapely head, with its heavy soft braid of fair hair, was thrown back, and her slim fingers tapped two or three letters that lay beside her plate.

"Matter, Daisy?" asked Courtenay, pushing away his cup and folding up his paper. "Cook going to leave?"

"Nothing so trifling as that," she replied, her mouth twisting into a humorous smile. "It's a dress, Court."

"I didn't suppose that you worried much about dresses," said Courtenay, smiling back. "I rather thought you one of those lucky women whose clothes seem to grow on trees, like Mother Eve's."

"It's for the Tomlinson's dinner dance," she explained.

"Well, that's the big event of the year, and you decided to have a new dress for it. Why don't you just go ahead and get one? You're bound to look nice in anything."

She spread out her hands on the table and looked hard at him, her head on one side. "It's this way, Court," she explained. "The Clarence Johnsons are going, of course, and Molly will have a handsome new dress. You know Molly and I have been going to the same parties ever since we were in the high school together. We have always set each

other off as much as possible, in a friendly feminine way; we are rather a good contrast. But now—”

“Now?” Courtenay prompted her.

“Molly’s going to have a yellow dress; she’s so dark and stately that she’ll look like a Spanish princess in it. But I want a yellow dress, too. I love yellow—it’s such a glad color. And I don’t look bad in it, though I am so light.”

“You look mighty good,” said Courtenay emphatically. “You look like a big white and gold Marguerite, or so I should say if I were a youthful poet. But why don’t you both have yellow dresses?”

“And ‘kill’ each other. No, thank you, sir!”

“Then why doesn’t Molly Johnson give up hers?” he asked. “She has as many new dresses in one winter as you have in five.”

“Well, she said slowly, “Molly isn’t that kind of woman. I like her better than any other woman I ever knew. I’ve always been in love with her. But I’ve always been the one who gave up. In any partnership one or the other always has to, even in marriage.” She smiled; Courtenay looked conscious. “I couldn’t help liking her even if I disapproved of everything she did—and she’s mighty nice, Court, you know she is. Only I get a little tired of always being the one to give up.”

When Courtenay left the house she was still a little bit troubled, but at dinner that night she was her usual serene self, with no visible care beyond the correction of the little Powers’ table manners. Two or three days later she went down town to shop and lunched with Courtenay. She told him, casually, that she had bought the material for her dress and taken it to be made.

“Is it yellow?” asked Courtenay.

“No,” she said, and changed the subject quickly.

He heard no more about it. Mrs. Powers was not the sort of woman who pours out longtales about her clothes to a bored husband. Courtenay took it for granted that the dress had been sent home and accepted.

On the evening of the Tomlinson's dinner dance he saw her only after she was dressed. Her gown was white with hints of pale green brought into it in a manner quite incomprehensible to him. Courtenay thought that no woman could have looked better than she, her boyish figure very erect, her hair beautifully dressed, her smooth skin slightly flushed with the excitement of "the big event of the year." But she did not look happy. Courtenay, who had lived with an invalid mother for the seven years previous to her death, had some idea of what it meant to "do all the giving up." He pressed her fingers sympathetically in the carriage, but her hand was perfectly passive.

As Courtenay and his wife entered the Tomlinson's drawing-room, he heard a little half-suppressed "Oh!" at his side. Before them, talking to a stout man with white hair, was Molly Johnson, her wonderful shoulders and arms set off by a new gown of plain black velvet. Her eyes met Daisy's, and they both laughed. It seemed to Courtenay that, as she went toward her hostess, Daisy's face had an almost bridal look.



REGENERATION

Pinckney Freeman Smith

Since life w s given to use, and scrimp, and wear,
 I had tossed it as a farthing in the air,
 To see which fell side up—the flesh or bone,
 If life or death beneath the life would own
 My woeful state. Lo, then an angel form
 Caught it as it fell—as lightning in a storm
 Drops down from Heaven—and raised it in his hand.
 His face as fire, his voice a rushing wind,
 I saw and heard, but could not understand—
 'Til life returned as sight unto the blind.

THE DUEL

Shirley H. Shannon.

THERE was a half-suppressed howl and subsequent commotion among the upper form boys in the far corner of St. Anne's. Hallie Wright groped frantically down the back of his neck and extracted, to his agonized gaze, the crushed remains of a giant bumble-bee but late inserted thither, after an hour's summary captivity in an ink well, by the hand of Lorado Schultz. And Lorado, quite convulsed at the success of his biological sacrifice, was grinning openly at the anguish of the angelic Hal; revenged, for the moment, on the irritating piety and devotion of the latter, whose one great fault was (as Billy Walker expressed it) that he was "too much Wright."

Sister Gertrude, the avenging fury of St. Anne's, waived, for the time being, her catechising of the first year class in church history and moved grimly for her ruler.

"Lorado! come forward."

A delighted, fiendish thrill—joy at escape mingled with the savage glee or witnessed encounter—tickled the spinal columns of the first row underlings. Here was no every day conflict, indeed! For, in sooth, had not the valiant Lorado, but two days before—when a group of us smaller boys were talking in the chapel entry—openly boasted that "no sister could make him howl like those babies down in front," and, in proof of his assertions, held forth a grimy, calloused palm as a glove of challenge. "Why, he'd take a licking any day sooner than whine like 'Holy' Wright and copy twenty verses of the New Testament to get out of it! Gee crickets, Sister Gertrude take him down a peg! He'd like to see the time, he would!"

And now had divine judgment fallen on this heretic—this scoffer. We turned to look upon him like demons on the

damned. Soon the haughty-spirited Lorado should be humbled and made one of us. Already we saw him sitting on his warm right hand, his face behind his history book to hide unmanly tears. We gloated, we exulted, we smiled openly.

Lorado smiled too, an indulgent smile, as he sidled calmly into the aisle and strode forward. And then, O daring one, as he reached the dais where Sister Gertrude stood, he turned and winked, a friendly wink, at us in front. It warmed our flinty little bosoms like "sanctifying grace." It compassed us all in a companionship with the martyrs. Here was no sinner indeed! Lorado was a hero!

"Position!" There was no mercy in that tone.

If experience had taught Lorado nothing, observation had taught much. His murky palm, with thumb and fingers bent rigidly back, was extended at right angles from the shoulder. His eyes, quizzical, smiling, roamed listlessly about, then focussed their gaze upon St. Anthony of Padua who gloomed from his little gilt frame on the wall in front.

Whack! Sister Gertrude's black head-dress quivered with the shock and Billy Walker whistled in sympathy. But the study of St. Anthony was uninterrupted.

Whack! The eyes of us first row underlings were watery and round, but Lorado's eyes were twinkling in delight.

We saw Sister Gertrude rise on her toes. The knuckles of the right hand were white as ivory.

Whack!! The splintered end of the rule described an arc in her air above us and clattered far back in the school-room. The sway of the rod in St. Anne's was ended.

Lorado's gaze had wandered from St. Anthony and, through the open window, was basking in the sunlight of the playgrounds.

The silence of that crisis was torture. Did chaos reign? Was the universe to defy authority and the fixed spheres to plunge wildly off through space?

A voice broke the quiet. Not for one moment had Sister

Gertrude allowed her rigour to relax, and her tones were harsh and cold—resonant with feinted triumph.

“There, Lorado, you are sufficiently punished. And now—that you may repent for this wicked act—that you may have time to reflect on this injury to an innocent class-mate—you may copy for me—between now and Saturday—fifty pages of your St. Thomas Aquinas.—Go.”

And Victory, who ever hovers at the conflict of great powers, toyed with her laurels in indecision.



SWEETHEART, I thought I heard thee call;
The wind was whispering in the trees,
The moonlight trembled as the breeze
Blew the dim branches back and forth,
The hush of night transfixed me there,
Ah, hallowed spot, the dear place where,
Sweetheart, I thought I heard thee call.

—W. S. B.

THE EVENT OF THE DAY

J. S. Winslow

THERE is no apparent reason why the town of Ogallala is situated where it is, this being only one of the many points where the South Platte River and the Union Pacific Railroad intersect. But if you inquire the reason from the oldest inhabitant, who used to fight Indians on that very spot fifty years ago, he will tell you that before railroads penetrated west of the Mississippi, Ogallala was a flourishing town of two thousand inhabitants. It had dance halls, saloons, gambling houses, and, in short, was prosperous in every way. It had become this "cow-boys' Paradise" from the fact that it was located at the point where the Oregon trail crossed the South Platte; and at certain times of the year hugh herds of Texas cattle were driven north along the trail and the cow-boys who were herding them stopped over for a few days in Ogallala to spend the money they had saved in the last month or two.

When the trail ceased to be used, Ogallala began to shrink until it became what it is to-day—a sunbaked little village in a waste of sand, with three hundred inhabitants, one hotel, two general stores, one saloon, a number of one story cottages and a Union Pacific depot.

The following might just as well be one summer day as another, for all the summer days there are alike.

Looking down the main street from the railroad track, the only people visible are three men in the shade of the hotel porch, with chairs tilted back, smoking and expounding their views on various questions. Across the road two cow-ponies with drooping heads are hitched in front of the little saloon, switching off the flies. Heat waves ripple up from the road, giving the low buildings farther away a shaky appearance. The road runs straight back from the track and over the row

of hills a mile away. Not a living thing is to be seen on the hills, not even fencemark divisions of property. It is open range.

The track lies east and west, and about four miles away in either direction seems to disappear in the hills. The red depot and a water tank on stilts ornament the town side of the track, and on the other side runs the river at its lowest water mark.

Suddenly this study in still life changes. Something seems to be about to happen. A man hurries out of the general store carrying a mailbag over his shoulder and starts toward the depot. As he passes the hotel the men bring their chairs down on four legs, knock the ashes out of their pipes and rise. They march across the road, following the man with the mailbag, and line up on the station platform, gazing toward the east.

"She won't make it on time today, Bill."

"Drinks are on me if she don't, Ed."

Far up the track where the rails meet appears a black dot. It seems to grow neither larger nor smaller for the first few moments. The men stand looking alternately at loud-ticking watches and the distant object. A far-away hum grows momentarily louder.

It has passed the three-mile mark; now it is at two; now one. As it passes the mile-post it gives out a long hoarse scream. The men put their watches away, back up a little and pull their hats down more firmly.

Half a mile; a quarter; and then the last hundred yards which are taken in a bound. With a deafening roar and a whirlwind of smoke and cinders, a huge locomotive and ten black cars shoot past and are lost in a cloud of dust.

The sun comes down as hot as ever as the men slouch back to the shade of the hotel porch to resume the well worn chairs, the tobacco and the international problems. But there is a certain lack of interest. The only thing they now have to look forward to is meal time. The real event of the day—the passing of the Overland Limited—is a matter of history.

SAMSON.

Walther Buchen.

If only I could lay these hands of mine
Upon the little laughing throat of her
The life should cease to beat beneath her ribs.

Blind, shorn although I am, I still could wring
That neck of hers as if it were a bird's.

She laughed when they had bound me in her house—
A laugh that rings like little silver bells
Within my ears as all day long I grind
Corn for the dogs whom once I slew in heaps.

She was so light and little, who'd have thought
That she could snare me—Me, the Bull of Dan!

—And now I'm blind and no more can I see
The fairness of white women—Lord, that hurts.
The laughter of lit eyes, the glint of hair,
The red mock of soft lips that lure and lure
And lead one into mazes of delight!

O Beauty! All my life I loved you so—
I sought you ever, risked my life for you—
As when I came to Gaza where these curs
Of Philistines set watch for me and day!

I wonder if the gate of Gaza lies
There where I left it on the Hebron hill!

I've had my loves—Oh, yes—I've had my loves,
And this great hand of mine that's now so weak
Was once the master slayer's hand. I slew
With forthright cunning in those vanished days.
Lord! How the blood rushed forth beneath my stroke
That time I smote them at En-Hakkore
With but an ass's jaw-bone for an axe.

And now I grind their corn for Philistines
Because a woman loved the silver's gleam

Better than strength, or fame, or love, or me,
I hope she lives to be as old as lies
That she may taste the bitterness of life
For years and years—I could not curse her more!
But if myself could take the life from her

That would be better than the direst curse.

Oh! well, they did me honor for they paid
Thousands and thousands of their shekels for me.

But yesterday there came a Philistine,
Some petty lordling from the brawling voice,
Came here to mock at Samson in his cage.
It seemed to me the voice of him who wed
That Timnath woman whom I burnt with fire—
I must have been a pretty sight to him
Who hates me more then dragging life itself.
He loved her, peace be to him, he's been fooled.
If ever he has loved he has been fooled.
All men are dolts and only women wise,
For only women know the mastercraft
That's greater than all other crafts of earth,
The trick of lying with a steady eye!

Well, even hair will grow again and these
Jailers of mine will never give me wine,
So some day it may be the strength may come
Back to my hands. I hope the Lord will send
The little woman with the tinkling laugh
Across my path then. It will comfort me,
To break her ribs within a bearlike hug
Before I play my last fierce tiger's trick
Upon these swine who made me grind their corn.



A STUDY

Thos. Kearney

I turned curiously towards the speaker who had uttered such hostile sentiments. He was tall and angular, with that forward tilt to the body and restlessness in repose that distinguish the successful business man whose nervous force has been exhausted in attaining success. He was clothed in sober business garb, with nothing about him to attract attention. There was none of that ostentatious display of personal adornment which marks the drummer and the traveling faker. My gaze was at once attracted to his eyes—brilliant, black, piercing, appearing to see through and beyond the things upon which he focused his attention. His face was clean shaven, and was covered with a net-work of fine wrinkles; deep-cut lines marked the corners of his compressed, thin lips; his lower jaw was square and determined; heavy white eyebrows shaded his eyes. He was the embodiment of modern business, calculating, disciplined, self-controlled.



EDITORIALY

THE Prom girl has had her brief season of triumphs and has gone. *The Sphinx* issued a special number in her honor; the Junior Class members did themselves proud in matters of entertainment. There was no student in fact but had at least a passive interest, social or sociological, in her sojourn among us. At this date, however, THE LIT is not going to rhapsodize upon what is doubtlessly (now that the livery man, the tailor and the haberdasher are growing importunate), a stale and grievous topic of discussion. Let us hark to a more homely, but not entirely irrelevant, theme.

When Milly from Middlesbury was paramount in the Langdon locality, clothed in all the linen and fine raiment of her home community; when Percy, a junior from the same town, was making cash outlays at Rentschler's and Kentzler's and Keeley's to the subsequent financial embarrassment of the Middlesbury Flour and Feed Company; when Willie Wilkinson, who used to go to high school with Milly, but is now "shoving plates" in a down town restaurant for tuition fees, took a week (and the head waitress) off and went sledding out to Eagle Heights, intoxicated with the spirit of Prom Week; when the student body was, so to speak, out spooning, the professors chaperoning—THE LIT was justifiably concerned about what Prof. Ross would term our "social ethos." The social depths may not have been perturbed but there was considerable agitation on the surface.

Salve, agricolae! Like oil upon the troubled waters—to offset social turbulency and froth—came the agricultural immigration; to serve (if such distraught symbol is conceivable) as a balance wheel to "the social whirl." While Milly was descending from the parlor-car and being handed into a hansom, four cars ahead Milly's papa was descending, with his telescope, from the red plush of the day coach, and inquiring for Agricultural Hall. We met him next morning on Lower

Campus, ornamented with a noisy colored ribbon and a gilt medallion of the agric college and the ex-dean.

And what a relief and joy he was! After life under local atmospheric pressure, after social restraints that recognize only rimmed and expansive trousers, web-footed Nettleton's, iridescent vests, and a duck-like form and grace of movement, how restful the army hat, the baggy trousers, the fur mitts, the regulated diffidence to "how I look"! There was a soothing atmosphere about him that seemed to have blown in from regions where the safety razor, dove-colored spats and the pompadour craze have not yet penetrated—where dancing pumps and football plays (as Kipling hath it) "are one with Ninevah and Pyre."

We saw our rural friend later in the day at dinner—an opportunity for some interesting observations. "Little Bohemia" (for such we style the Y. M. C. A. dining hall) has a strange appearance at Prom time. Bumping elbows over their cocoa at the dinner table, are the extremest types of college society. The pelican takes a momentary libe vacation and, as she nibbles at a wafer and surveys her table companions through her spectacles, seems to be making casual mental notes in "Child Study." The fraternity sophomore, ostracized for the nonce from hearth and home, sits very erect and looks very austere, quite contaminated, no doubt, in feeling, by a garrulous, unshingled medic at his left. (These odoriferous medics are not beyond reproach.) A young French instructor contends a point in fussing technique with a Raphaellesque freshman in a red sweater, while the excited gestures of the German instructor and the history fellow on the opposite side of the table are punctuated by exclamations on "the Louvre," "when I was in Baden-Baden," and "the Munich Museum." A blonde W man (with a restraint that is a tribute to both good breeding and good nature) is calmly discussing the Chicago basket ball team with a physics instructor from the Midway. And the farmer's course stranger, branded by the flaming badge and the tinsel medallion, is an

interested and unpretending listener from the foot of the table. The pelican alone acts friendly, but after ascertaining that Middlesbury is "no where near Whitewater nor Platteville" and "forty miles from Stevens Point" her interest drags.

Rather an uncongenial atmosphere—this college atmosphere, for one whose chief virtue is lack of affectation, and especially for our rural friend. More so, because Charles Perkins, over at the table yonder, is making clever puns on hay seed, rubber collars and short horns. Charlie is pretty well posted on rusticity, even though two years in college and two summers spent in travel (made possible by a stable wheat and hog market) have lulled him to sweet forgetfulness of the source of his prosperity.

Charlie is looking forward to graduation in two years under the pretty delusion that numerous rolling top desks are yawning in readiness. He has a distraught vision of a universe of laundered, well-groomed, affable and subservient fellow-mortals, a rather hazy idea that college training will somehow back him up and fill the void, that *alma mater* will take the place of *pater meus*. But if Charles could read the lesson that comes to him with the hay seeds (this voice from his past) his expectations would take a sudden and tearful drop. He would realize that the future—the day when bills are not paid by paternal drafts on Middlesbury Bank, but by wage checks from the Banner Town school clerk or a company's secretary—is a future more strenuous than the present. Physical endeavor, even in Middlesbury, means more than suppressing an alarm clock at eight-thirty in the forenoon, sighing through gym class at eleven, and braving the Majestic grand rush for seats at nine o'clock in the evening.

And so, to Charlie, the "reub with the Montgomery Ward trousers" might loom up with profitable suggestion of what the world has in store as his commencement surprise. And hence it is that, when the Prom fever is rife among us and we find ourselves, under the delirium of competitive expenditure,

pawning our week day clothes for a high silk hat and full dress regalia, the rural population sifts in—to obstruct the eye, possibly to mar our idealistic conceptions of well-clothed humanity, but to sober our judgments and incite the priceless “second thought.”

THE LIT would be very friendly toward these visitors but for one thing—the badge! And yet we fear Prof. Otis is responsible. It is a sad reflection upon our much heralded professors in agriculture that they should so stultify their other good influences by appealing to untrained cupidity and to a lack of artistic appreciation in these, their grandiose pupils. And right here Ames seems to offer a suggestion, for we read in Corbin's article on agricultural education in Iowa of a series of subjects discussed at a recent Ames convention—subjects which, once discussed here, might lead to a final abrogation of our offending souvenirs—“How Behave on a Railway Train,” “Conventional Garb When Traveling,” “Good and Bad Taste in Dress Coloring.”

But, like the bird in the proverb, we peck at straws! Even with the badges our short course elders are a wholesome and welcome influence. In the troubled social sea of February these foundation stones of our commonwealth become the Prom-time Rock of Ages; and it would be an interesting revelation to discover how many of our social butterflies are clinging financially to just such “rocks.” But we shall enter no further by-ways of discussion. In our desultory ramblings through various phases of the Prom season and the rural visitation we hope only to have made clear, to the student who comes to indulge in a reflective analysis of college life and college types, that, in the words of a late stage heroine, “Prom time is an occasion.”

IT GIVES us great pleasure to present to our readers in this issue Miss McLenegan's very sensible paper on *The University and the Decent Average*. Miss McLenegan is as-

sistant principal of Beloit High School and a Wisconsin alumna. We thoroughly appreciate her interest in the "dig" and, in THE LIT—terms which faculty action are tending to make synonymous.

Prof. Charles Allen has our thanks for his work in reviewing the February issue. Our March review will appear during the first days of the current month.

THE LIT wishes to approve unreservedly the movement for a new Badger Board system, the hiring of the much needed athletic assistant, the sentiment in favor of a resumption of convocation exercises and a score of other ideas, which have made her an optimist on present Wisconsin initiative. Space, however, bids editorial enthusiasm subside.





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