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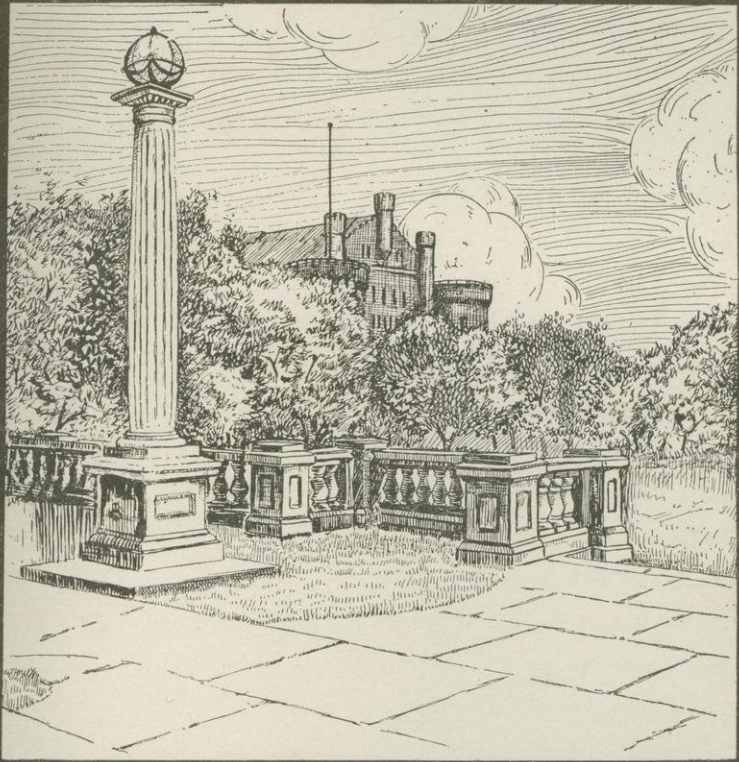
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**THE WISCONSIN
LITERARY
MAGAZINE**



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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Vol. V

MAY, 1908

No. 8

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

Volume V

MAY, 1908

Number 8

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A MEMORY

Down the green lake-marges all the afternoon
All the afternoon adrift in the shade;
You and I together heard the waters croon,
Listened to the cradle song waves and forest made.

Drifting on in silence—need of words was none,
You and I together drank the wine of June;
On the borders of the world! you and I alone,
You and I together all the afternoon.

—L. P. S.

“MR. W. H.”

F. C. Berkeley

The rain was pouring in runnels from the points of my umbrella as I splashed along East Fourteenth Street and across Stuyvesant Square. Now and then a puff of wind would wrench the umbrella almost out of my hand, spattering me with rain drops and sending a tiny chill stream down my collar. Such weather was an appropriate setting for a day of drudgery just over, and a lonely evening yet to come. This was Saturday night, at the end of my first week in a big New York “down-town” office, where I was attempting with frantic cheerfulness to learn new ways and to keep down inconvenient memories of home and the past summer. As for college and all its associations—these were receding into the past with such velocity that I sometimes wondered whether I could ever have been, for four years, a participant in that happy life of “systematic leisure.”

With these and other cheerful reflections I climbed the stoop of my boarding house, No. 29, Stuyvesant Square. The two squares of blurred light that marked the drawing room windows seemed to promise some faint cheer. But the promise was not substantiated as, a moment later, I hung up my coat in the vestibule, and inhaled the stale odor of cooked food that permeated the hall. Then I stumbled down stairs to my solitary meal at a small table in one end of the basement dining room.

Steering past two stout old ladies, and successfully avoiding a negro with a full tray in high and precarious poise on his hand, I got into my seat before perceiving that this dinner was not to be a solitary one. I had a *vis-a-vis*, a little old gentleman who, with napkin tucked in the front of his coat, was with great nicety sipping his bouillon. I was instantly charmed with his face,—the most benevolent that I had ever seen. He was clean-shaven, except for that mild form of whisker known as

"mutton-chop." His scanty hair and his whispers were both quite white, and the wrinkles about his eyes were the kindest imaginable. The old-fashioned neatness of his appearance might have suggested the church, except that, with some indescribable difference, he had not the look of a clergyman. Neither could one have taken him for an habitual student, altho he suggested subtly the scholarly life. I might have gone on to the end of the meal trying with more or less success to "place" him, had not he himself broken the silence, as the roast came on.

"I think you are a stranger, are you not?" he offered.

I replied that I was very much of a stranger, that in fact this was but the end of my first week in New York.

"Since we are neighbors, then, you must tell me your name," he continued. "Mine is Crofton."

"And mine is Vaughan," I replied, whereupon we seemed, without more ado, to know each other. We spoke of the weather, of the seasons of the year that each preferred, of the crowds in the Subway at evening, of the various things that New Yorkers habitually talk about.

"And do you go often to the play?" Mr. Crofton inquired of me presently.

I explained my fondness for the theatre, altho I had not yet seen a New York stage.

"Ah," said Mr. Crofton, "When Kyrle Bellew comes, you must go to see him. There are few actors, nowadays, Mr. Vaughan, who understand their business as he does." And with this, the conversation was over, and he bowed me a ceremonious good-night.

It happened that I usually had an early breakfast, and always lunched down town. Hence Mr. Crofton and I met only at dinner, and from this meal he was frequently absent, dining out with friends, of whom he seemed to have a great number. I grew to miss him keenly, in absence, and to like very much his conversation, with its old-fashioned and courtly preciseness. Gradually I learned something of his history. He had never been married; he had a brother and two maiden sisters

in Boston; he had spent thirty years of his life in Calcutta as agent there for a Boston shipping company; he still had a desk in the New York office, but went down only when inclination prompted him. I wondered a little that he should continue to live alone in New York, but he appeared always quite serene and cheerful. Either the routine of his life had become so fixed that it contented him from the very force of habit, or else he had some private source of interest and satisfaction. Had it not been for this inward serenity, Mr. Crofton would have been pathetic; as it was, I often found myself hoping that I too might grow old in so benignant a way. During these early days of our acquaintance I remarked, especially, his singular freedom from the characteristic eccentricities of age. The sole prejudice that he seemed to have concerned the superiority of Kyrle Bellew to other comedians. After all rhapsodies of mine upon the art of Forbes Rebertson, or William Gillette, he would always reply: "Ah, my dear boy, but you should see Kyrle Bellew; there are few actors nowadays who understand their business as he does."

It was not until a night several months later, however, that Mr. Crofton made a marked advance toward the extension of our acquaintanceship. This was merely an invitation to come around to his rooms after dinner and smoke, but I felt absurdly flattered, and accepted with alacrity. Mr. Crofton's rooms were not at 29 Stuyvsant Square, but around the corner on East Fourteenth Street, in a house which he entered with his latch-key on that evening after dinner. This house was imposing, and had once evidently been a fashionable residence in the days when Stuyvesant Square and its vicinity were the center of society life. As we ascended the stairway, I noted the mirrors, the carved balustrades, and other relics of old-time elegance in house-furnishing. At the top of the second flight of stairs, Mr. Crofton led the way thru a curtain, and I found myself in another world.

My elderly friend was, apparently, the sole tenant of this floor, for the large rooms stood open to one another in friendly

communication. From the rear room came twitterings and chirpings which led Mr. Crofton to hasten thither, exclaiming that his canaries must have their cages covered, or they would get no sleep that night. As I followed, rancous squawks announced the fat green bird that flapped out screaming "Polly! Polly!" while Mr. Crofton, laughing, tried vainly to push it from his shoulder.

The room in which I stood was richly furnished, even crowded with books and with strange and curious objects from the East. Queer designs in tapestry concealed the walls; the Turkey carpet sank soft beneath my feet. Grotesque Buddhas stared out of corners; curiously carved chairs and small tables stood thick; innumerable little ivory figures and other bizarre and characteristic objects filled every spot available for bric-a-brac.

I should have preferred to inspect the Buddhas, the bronze bulls, or the little idols, but Mr. Crofton said that I must first of all see his Shakespeare collection. I was allowed to hold in my own hands the priceless 16— folio, and was then led down thru all the most famous editions: Pope, Stevens and Malone, Halliwell-Philippis, and others that I knew equally little about.

"But here," said Mr. Crofton, "is the best of all," and he held up a musty-looking volume. "This is the 1608 edition of Shakespeare's sonnets,—these, my dear boy, are the poems that will give us the clue to Shakespeare's mystery."

I had never seen him look so interested and excited, and my embarrassment was the greater at not remembering more clearly what Shakespeare's "mystery" was. But perfect frankness seemed my only resource, and so I owned up, begging Mr. Crofton to explain the mystery. His gratification at doing this was extreme. He settled me in an easy chair and produced cigars; then as we smoked, he paced about the room and talked of the mystery.

The question is an old one in literature, and yet ever new. Of course it all depends, as Mr. Crofton said, on how far a man can dissociate himself from his own personal experiences.

Now if Shakespeare did actually have a friend who betrayed him in some way, and if there really was a "dark lady" whom Shakespeare loved, but renounced for his friend's sake, why then nothing would be more natural than that he should write sonnets about it. On the other hand, if Shakespeare merely imagined all those emotions that he expresses, then he was pretty good at pretending to feel things that he didn't feel. Mr. Crofton read aloud many of the sonnets to illustrate this view.

But strangest of all was the dedication. Mr. Crofton had had this framed; it hung over the chimney-piece. I read it so many times then and afterwards that I know it yet by heart:—"To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth. T. T." It is a queer thing that no one has ever been able to tell who Mr. W. H. really was, and whether he was the inspirer of the sonnets. I went home that night with my head full of him; and dreamed of him into the bargain.

I have never seen a man so deeply interested in anything as Mr. Crofton was in solving the mystery, as he called it, of Mr. W. H. As for the sonnets themselves, he knew them by heart, and insisted upon reading them in a different order from that in the book. This, he said, was certainly not the order in which Shakespeare had composed them; some of the last ones ought to come first, and *vice versa*. And they did make a better story when he read them in his own order.

Mr. Crofton told me a great deal more about the problem. Some people, he said, supposed Mr. W. H. to have been an Earl of Southampton; others thought him the Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Crofton, however, agreed with neither of these but believed that Mr. W. H. was, as he would often say to me, "one William Hughes, or Hewes, my dear boy, personality, character, and occupation unknown and unknowable. He was probably some petty actor and comrade of Shakespeare's." This Mr. William Hewes had been obliged to sell the sonnets, and had compounded with Thomas Thorp to print them, but to mix them up by way of disguise.

"You can see plainly, my dear Vaughan, just how such a thing could happen|" and Mr. Crofton would always end thus in a burst of enthusiastic conviction.

Many evenings we spent together during that autumn and winter. Generally we smoked; sometimes we played dominoes, of which Mr. Crofton was fond; but always—at least part of the time—we discussed Mr. W. H. and his possible or probable identity. As I look back on it now, my wonder increases at the interest I was continuously able to take in the mystery and its conceivable solution. Partly it was, I think, my sincere regard for Mr. Crofton, and partly a real persuasiveness that he possessed, a certain power of interesting one in a matter more or less remote.

The winter passed, and spring flashed into summer. With the hot weather the burden of city life grew heavier; work dragged, and I sighed for the country. I noticed, too, that Mr. Crofton looked haggard and seemed not quite himself. As a final mark of friendship, he had shown me the manuscript of a monograph that he had written,—of course upon the all-absorbing subject. The monograph proved, in a most conclusive way, the identity of Mr. W. H. with "William Hughes, or Hewes" the hypothetical comrade or fellow-actor of Shakespeare. I remember one suffocating evening in early July, when we sat, coatless and almost breathless, in Mr. Crofton's big and ordinarily cool library. On this evening he read to me the latest part of the monograph, and I, without definitely formulating the opinion to myself, knew that the sheets were neither clear nor sensible. But the weather was ample excuse for anything.

Some weeks later, Mr. Crofton went to the country. My vacation came late in August, and it was October once more before we met again over our dinner, at 29 Stuyvesant Square. That meeting depressed me, for it was at once evident that Mr. Crofton was jaded from the summer heat, and that he had, as we say, aged. Nothing could alter his gentle kindness; yet he was often *distract*; he talked less, and repeated himself with unaccustomed frequency.

During the last week in October I went out of town for a few days. On the night of my return, Mr. Crofton did not appear. I thought nothing of it, however, until the next night, when his place was again vacant. Upon this, with the purpose of seeing whether he was ill, or simply dining out two nights in succession, I strolled around to his house. Mrs. Pettee, the landlady, admitted me with the unpleasant information that Mr. Crofton had been in bed for a week. Full of forebodings, I climbed the stairs, and my presentiment was justified when I saw the nurse's grave face, under her immaculate white cap.

"Oh yes, you may come in," she said, "but I doubt whether he knows you. He has recognized Dr. Waring only once, though the doctor is an old friend."

The appearance of the room was greatly changed. The canaries and the parrot had had to go to a bird-fancier's, across the square. The Turkey carpet had disappeared in order to leave the room in its more sanitary bareness, and the Buddhas and the bronze bulls were carefully crowded into one corner of the library. "We had to get things out of our way," whispered the nurse, with a half smile.

Mr. Crofton's bed was drawn out to the middle of the room, and he was lying there very quietly with closed eyes. His face showed saffron against the white pillow, and I felt queer and choked as I looked down at him. Now and then he stirred and murmured, but the nurse described his state as, in general, one of semi-consciousness only.

When I went again the next evening, Mr. Crofton's maiden sister had come from Boston. She was a gentle little white-haired lady, immensely like him in gesture and voice. Dr. Waring was there also, and as I explained my name and errand I felt his unobtrusive scrutiny.

"Oh yes, yes," he said, "I remember hearing Crofton speak of you.—Young fellow around at the boarding house.—Glad to meet you, Mr. Vaughan." And he gripped my hand, with warmth.

Concerning Mr. Crofton's malady, however, he was most un-

communicative, and I of course hazarded no questions. But my offers of assistance were accepted by the nurses, with Dr. Waring's permission and it was agreed that I should come the next night and sit with the patient from one o'clock till four, while Miss Crofton and the night nurse rested.

The next day was, as I well recall, the second of November, and the city awoke to find rain falling steadily, and a high chill wind blowing from East River. It was a typical late autumn day in New York, and I went to work feeling the depression of the weather in addition to my sadness concerning Mr. Crofton. By this time I was, or thought I was, sure of what was in Dr. Waring's mind. When the day ended, I followed instructions by eating an early dinner and lying down to sleep immediately after. The bell of my alarm clock roused me at half-past twelve, and I sleepily set forth from the house.

Hardly had I left the front door, however, before I was wide awake and staring into the wild black night. The storm had greatly increased; the rain was rushing down in sheets, making the street lights invisible at even a short distance away, and the wind roared through the square with the noise and speed of a hurricane. I could barely stand against it, and in turning the corner into Fourteenth Street, I was actually blown into the roadway and had to exercise my utmost strength to get back again. But at last I made the front stoop of Mrs. Pettee's house, and passed up stairs as quietly as possible. Within the house all was utterly still; only the periodic swish of water against the windows in Mr. Crofton's chamber, and the muffled roar of the wind gave evidence of the tempest outside.

With a whispered direction about the medicine, a heart-stimulant to be given every half-hour, the nurse slipped away, leaving me alone in the chamber with the sick man. I opened my watch and settled back in an easy chair near the bed. Half-past one came and two; I twice administered the stimulant,¹ which Mr. Crofton took with perfect submission and apathy, not even opening his eyes to reveal the unseeing gaze that was so grievous to us all.

I had picked up, at random, a volume from one of the tables, finding when I opened it that I held Palgrave's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets. It was surely a piteous yet an appropriate chance that had put the sonnets into my hands just now, and I began to read them as a matter of course. How long I had been thus occupied, I had no idea. Suddenly, a rustling from the bed roused me to behold Mr. Crofton sitting bolt upright. In spite of my astonishment and alarm, I remember noting at once his expression, changed as it was from a glassy fixedness to the keenest excitement and interest.

"My dear Sir!" I began. He did not even glance my way, but waved me to silence with a decision that I at once respected. Curiously enough, it never even occurred to me to call the nurse.

Mr. Crofton sat there in silence a moment longer, looking beyond the foot of his bed. His bright, eager stare was so convincing that I involuntarily looked myself, in the same direction. Then he began to rub his hands gently together, his characteristic gesture of pleased recognition. "Why!" he murmured. "Why!" Then louder, "It can't be!—No—Why, yes it is! What a chance, what a chance! My dear Sir, I am your most humble servant. This is an unspeakably great honor. I hardly know how to signify my appreciation. Will you not be seated, sir?" Then his voice died away into a mumble, and he said a good deal that I failed to catch. All this time, however, his eyes were fixed upon the same viewless object, with an expression supremely ecstatic and convincing.

It may as well be confessed that I began to feel queer. My heart jerked into my throat as I waited for Mr. Crofton to speak again intelligibly. In a few moments he recommenced.—

"My dear Sir, this meeting is something that I've longed for inexpressibly. If the Elysian fields have allured me"—laughing softly—"it was that I might perhaps know you there. But now, would you—would you object to telling me the exact circumstances which led to William Hewes' sale of the sonnets? An infamous act, Sir,—most infamous!"

Some time longer he sat there, in the same attitude of strained interest. He was so obviously and intently listening that I scarcely breathed in the effort to hear also. But the stillness inside was absolute; without, the storm still shrieked and the rain slapped the windows with a monotonous rhythm. The interval was interminable; it might have been a half hour. I calculated afterwards that it could not have been more than six or eight minutes at the most. Gradually I divined that Mr. Crofton was listening to a long explanation, one which disconcerted and even distressed him. As he sat there, the bright look died out and was supplanted by such an expression of pained incredulity as I had never seen him wear. His chagrin was so keen that he shrank from it as from a blow—he winced under the revelation.

When at last the interlocutor released him, he sat up a moment or no longer.

"Most unfortunate!" he muttered, at last. "I did not think I could be mistaken." Then he said a little more but I made out only the words "Monograph" . . . "Vaughan" . . . "burn," though I was, by this time, on my knees beside him. Then he gave a little shudder and lay back quite still, with shut eyes.

* * * * * *

The rest of this story need not take long. The nurse, when I finally pulled myself together and summoned her, said that Mr. Crofton had probably died without regaining consciousness. I avoided her questions, having resolved to tell my tale only to Dr. Waring. When the doctor got there at seven the next morning, I unburdened myself completely. He listened with absorbed interest and almost no surprise, nodding at intervals as I proceeded.

"Not an extraordinary conclusion to the case, Mr. Vaughan," he commented, when I had made an end. "These forms of mild but fixed obsession frequently are accompanied by or close with strong hallucinations."

"Obsession!" I cried, thunderstruck.

"Why yes," he answered, with a keen glance at me. "I supposed you had realized it. Mr. Crofton has been a patient of mine for fifteen ears. He was quite mad, you know, on the one subject. His case will go on record as a remarkable instance of the possibility of prolonged monomania, with no perceptible effect on the daily conduct of the patient. It came on first as a result of overwork in Calcutta. His studies in Shakespeare were his recreation, and after the break-down he was completely obsessed by them. Only during the last four or five years have his family allowed him to live even ostensibly alone. Mrs. Pettee, however, has watched him constantly, and he has dined with me once each week for four winters. So you see that he has been really, if not apparently, cared for."

As I walked back to 29 Stuyvesant Square, in the dingy November dawn, many things were cleared up in my mind, but not everything. It seemed a great pity that Shakespeare couldn't have let the dear old fellow die in the fond belief that he had hit on the right solution!

After the funeral, I got my hands on the monograph and burned it, an easy task, as no one else apparently, knew of its existence. But I have not even yet forgiven Shakespeare.



A PLEA

D. F., '10

Let us sing a song of boy loves, of joy loves, of coy loves,
 Of school infatuations, of student's sweet young dreams,
 Of innocent and gay days, of May days, of play days,
 Of merry situations, of laughter's happy gleams.

For there'll be enough of grad days, of bad days, of sad days,
 Of ugly situations, of grief and toil and care,
 Of serious and plain times, of strain times, of pain times,
 Of bitter tribulations, of anguish and despair.

HORACE -- ODES -- 2-14

(Prize Translation.)

Clarence C. Tolg, 1910

Alas my Postumus, my Postumus,
The fleeting years glide by—no virtue may
To wrinkles or to age's sure advance,
Or to unconquered death e'er cause delay.

No, not if ev'ry passing day, my friend,
With triple hecatomb thou soughtest the grace
Of Pluto, him of tearless eye, who keeps
Huge Geryon with Stygian embrace.

For all of us must cross that dismal stream,
All mortal men who taste earth's joy and woe,
And whether purpled kings or peasant born,
When life's short thread is cut we all shall go.

'Tis all in vain we flee war's bloody hand,
And Adriatic's hoarse high-dashing wave,
And Auster stalking through the autumn night,
With deadly breath—from which no fear can save.

For all must look upon Cocytus' stream,
And o'er its dark and sluggish waters go,
And see the wretched maids of Danaus,
And Sisyphus condemned to endless woe.

And thou must leave thy lands, thy winsome wife,
And of the trees which thou hast planted here
But one—the cypress dread—shall go with thee,
Poor transient master—on thy wreathed bier.

A worthier heir shall drink thy Caecuban,
Which now with hundred keys is locked away,
And dye the pavement with more haughty wine
Than ever pontiffs at their feasts display.

A REASON WHY

Ralph Birchard

"I shall never marry," she said with an air of conviction.

"Certainly not," I hastened to agree.

"You need not feel so sure about it."

"Not unless you change your mind, I mean," I explained, humbly.

"Which I am not likely to do unless man is a much less stupid animal than he now appears."

"Thank you kindly, lady."

"That's a school boy's retort"

"I'm still a college boy, you know."

"But with such boundless possibilities," she mocked.

"And only lacking in the inspiration to develop them," I said, sadly.

"I suppose I am expected to volunteer that."

"Oh, *you* will never marry."

"I don't see what that has to do with it." She turned away her face; I was quite content to watch her shoulders. They are eminently worthy of consideration.

The twilight was fading in the quiet street. It was late spring. Already the shrubs were interposing their leafy screens between the adjacent porches. Fragrance of apple blossoms floated on the balmy air.

"I don't think I shall ever marry, either." I said.

"No?"

"No."

"That attitude in men of your class," she began, severely, "is the most serious menace to the future of our glorious country. Race suicide is—"

"A rather delicate topic, don't you think?"

Her little mouth opened in surprise. I was not sure but what she blushed a little. They still do—sometimes. I un-

derstand that twenty years ago it was a common weakness. Twenty years hence—

“What is a University education for, if you can’t discuss things?” she asked defiantly.

“Well, there are various opinions. Some people think it is to fit you to talk back to the great hoarse voice of human affairs. If you belong to that group of course you can discuss anything.”

“I don’t believe I do,” she said thoughtfully.

“No, I wouldn’t like to call you a Utilitarian.”

“What would you like to call me?” She was irresistible then.

“I should like better than any thing else in the world to call you”—

“Oh! Please!”

“Very well,” I said resignedly.

There was a pause. I waited patiently.

“What was it,” she inquired at last.

“I was going to say I should like to call you down occasionally.”

“Oh.”

The pause was longer this time.

“Isn’t this great weather we’re having,” I said enthusiastically.

“I suppose that’s your idea of an entertaining conversational topic,” she commented, with crushing scorn.

“It is, at least, a safe one.”

“You imply that race suicide isn’t. Why?”

“Oh, it’s safe enough for you, I dare say. My apprehension is on purely selfish grounds. You see when I get to talking on the subject, I am likely to become excited. I grow quite convincing.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. For instance if we should discuss it I would use some very powerful anti-Race suicide arguments—without result, of course. Which in view of your recent positive statements”—

"It *is* lovely weather," she cried.

"I'm glad you agree with me."

"I believe you could convince me of anything," she teased.
Some day I mean to try.



TO MONTAIGNE

G. N. Northrop

Filled with the lingering zest of holiday
Are the red-blooded grapes of famed Bordeaux,
Round treasures of sunshine after-glow
To warm the winter heart to human play.

Amid the laden slopes soft sounds the lay
The waters of the Dordogne murmur low,
As they wind past the grey, towered Chateau
Where, brooding, you lived out your yesterday.

Free have you left for us eternal wine,
The mellowed vintage of a kindly thought,
A drink with happy understanding fraught,

A frequent solace, and an anodyne
From all the violating pangs of care
That rise to thwart us in the thoroughfare.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

II.

Frances Lundquist

The Library Hall clock struck one, and Don Quixote made an abrupt and dangerous stop at the foot of the hill. He felt a curious sensation within him as if a rat were gnawing away behind the armor; a sensation which explained itself presently when the knight recollected that he had not breakfasted. He looked about for some one to direct him to a friendly castle or wayside inn, but just as he lifted his eyes, he encountered a sight which made him forget hunger: a band of brigands were approaching him, their murderous weapons in their hands. In an instant, Don's sword flashed from its scabbard; an instant more, and the group would have lain biting the dust like so many poplar trees before the ax of the wainwright. But lo! there was a gentle touch upon the old knight's arm and a voice at his side, and Don turned with uplifted sword, to see who dared thus accost him.

"Never mind, old chap," Prof. L. S. Smith was saying. "Only a band of my sophomore engineers. Quite harmless from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M."

Don sheathed his sword with some embarrassment upon hearing this, but turned to thank his informer, and at the same time, recollecting his hunger, asked to be recommended to a suitable inn. This the professor kindly did, indicating one of the eating-houses close at hand. Don Quixote again thanked him, and then wasted no time in covering the ground and entering the place. The uproarious noise of the inhabitants ceased for a moment as he took a seat. Indeed, it would have been strange if the knight could have joined any gathering without

there following a hush of expectancy, such was the great singularity of his appearance. And so upon this occasion, a low murmur of interrogation took fire upon his entrance and spread from table to table.

“Who on earth is this queer old fellow with the tin basin upon his head?”

No one knew; and the din would have arisen again with renewed volume, had not one of the students noticed that Don Quixote tucked his napkin into a slit in his armor, instead of laying it across his knees. This was too much for good manners to tolerate; the aforesaid student moved that the ill-bred stranger should leave. A rising vote was taken, the affirmative had the majority and Don Quixote, hungry and disgusted with the proceedings, was requested politely to “move on.”

The poor old knight, driven from pillar to post, at last succeeded in getting a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee at Tommy Hagan’s; not, however, without exciting the attention of a “Grand” manager, who offered him a generous salary if he would join the company. Don resented this as an indignity. His eyes shooting fire from their cavern-like sockets, he rose and disdaining to answer, quitted the place.

But Don Quixote did not permit himself to dwell long upon this incident; he had richer food for thought than even the condition of Madison theatres could afford; his hunger now appeased, he knew well in what direction his duty lay.

He retraced his steps westward until he came again to the hill factories. This time, however, instead of attempting to go directly up its steep incline, he hastened along the woodland path which embroidered the skirt of the hill; and again, leaving this, he entered upon the Lake Drive, leaving the factories and their toilers behind him.

As he walked meditatively along the road, he came upon a young person seated upon a stone, writing busily and weeping as she wrote.

“Distressed damsel,” cried the knight, stopping compassionately beside her. “Why weepst thou?”

"I am destined for a literary career," replied the distressed damsel, without lifting her head, and ceasing neither to weep nor to write.

"Ah," breathed the knight, eagerly. "Are giants involved here also?"

"Oh worse than giants," cried the young person, "words, words, words!"

The knight started involuntarily, for it was as if the damsel's words had come from his own thoughts. It had, indeed, been his conclusion, that words, words, words, were the raw-material put into the groaning machines yonder, and words, words, words, the material taken out; words were the cause of all then, the go-between of the giants.

"I will find these Messrs. Words!" cried the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in a terrible voice. "My valiant sword shall cut each several throat in twain!"

Then for the first time the young person looked up.

"Why you're the fellow!" she cried delighted, dropping her pen and extending her hand. "My dear Don Quixote, I am very glad to meet you."

The knight extricated his hand from her grasp and wrung it weakly.

"Hadst thou but a mind for mathematics and a little will-power—" he began.

But the young person became suddenly shy and looked wistfully across the misty lake to the asylum upon the opposite shore.

Don Quixote, perceiving her confusion, considerably changed the subject.

"I am surprised to find myself taken seriously," he said. "No one hitherto has done me that honor."

"I belong to your tribe, that is why," replied the damsel. "Then too, we do battle likewise,—both with windmills."

It was an unfortunate allusion. Don groaned. But as the writer stood looking at him, an idea came to her.

"Don Quixote of La Mancha," she cried, eyeing him hopefully, "you are a succor of the oppressed?"

"I am," said the knight.

"And a guardian of ladies?"

"I am," repeated the knight, thinking of Dulcinea, and bowing low.

"Then I charge you, by your valiant sword, to give us aid!"

"But pray," asked the knight suspiciously, "is it for segregation or equal suffrage?"

"No, no, do not mock me!" cried the student. "I do not ask you to enlist upon such by-path enterprises. This other must come first of all. Deliver us from the iron tyranny of the external!"

"I was thinking of that myself," said Don Quixote. Then he told the damsel of his experience upon the hill and the conclusions he had drawn therefrom. Finally he swore by his valiant sword to deliver the toilers from their giant-masters, or die.

The damsel gave him her heartfelt blessing and the two parted.

The woes of the distressed damsel had added fuel to the fires already burning fiercely in Don's chivalric heart. He had, indeed, put two and two together; the damsel's distresses and Father William's declaration pointed in one direction, and agreed, as Don Quixote saw it, in laying the fault to the giants on Olympus. He could scarcely brook delay, but deep night was necessary for the carrying out of his plan.

Time passed slowly. The darkness gathered. And now at last the hour had come.

Don Quixote approached the curve of the road where the illuminated passenger wagon turned and beheld before him what he rightly guessed to be the village on the hill.

"Here dwellest thou, evil and overbearing spirit," cried he, resting upon his sword and apostrophizing the dark houses above him, "here dwellest thou, dragon, incubus, monster, who compels the fair damsels to toil night and day in the soul-rending work in yonder fortresses. But to-night thou shalt be no more. By morning thou shalt be no more. Know that I am

Don Quixote of La Mancha, Knight of the Rueful Countenance, and woe is me if thou shalt not rue the hour that brings us face to face."

Now, as the knight ascended the slope, he heard above him a strange noise, a terrible nerve-rending creaking, which had at once an ominous and a familiar sound to his ears, being, indeed, no other than those windmills which make night hideous for casual Olimpus visitors.

"Methinks the enemy's camp is close at hand," cried Don Quixote, breathing deeply, for it was a treacherous slope, and he longed in vain for Racinante, his good steed, or even Sancho Panza's ass, old Dapple.

Our hero had scarcely spoken when he beheld two eyes before him, two great eyes which glowed like balls of fire in the darkness. Don drew himself erect, and drawing his sword, prepared to charge upon the enemy, for such he deemed, was the beast before him.

A strange murmur proceeded from the vicinity of the animal. "Meow—Me-ow," which Don interpreted into a cry for mercy.

"I have no mercy upon thee. Accomplice of my enemy!" cried he, making a valiant charge upon the huge black mass.

But upon this, the Adam's cat (for it was truly the aristocratic Wiggles) swelled to enormous proportions, and with one huge paw hit the old knight such a bat over the eye as was near the death of him. When our hero came to himself he prepared to charge again, but the enemy had vanished.

Again the knight heard the old familiar creaking, and, guided by his ears, he drew nearer and nearer the origin of it, until finally he stood directly beneath the very being whose destruction he sought. It was impossible not to recognize this grotesque and terrible figure; long and lean it stood, with rusty arms beating the night air some twenty feet from the ground; so high, indeed, that a ladder up its side was necessary in order to convey food to its yawning mouth. The valiant Don Quixote set his foot on the first round of this ladder, preparing to mount, but first called upon his gracious lady, beseeching her favor.

Now it happened that Sinbad, who lived close at hand, was still burning his midnight candle among his learned books; he heard the sound of the knight's loud address, and thinking to find some excitement abroad, he armed himself with many heavy volumes and issued forth. He stood for a moment in astonishment, for the strangest of all strange sights met his eye: an old man, fantastically garbed, with a sword in his hand, was rapidly climbing to the top of the youth's pet wind-mill.

Sinbad shouted loudly to him to desist, but the knight only answered with fierce threats, until the youth, exasperated, flung his learned weapons with all the strength he could muster upon the still, ascending knight; among them, the *Spirit of Modern Philosophy, Essays Concerning the Human Understanding, Lucretius*, and, last of all, the dreadful *Critique of Pure Reason*. Now Don Quixote would have been proof against all weapons, save those of philisophy; the *Critique* caught him in his vulnerable heel, and he fell sounding to the ground, to all appearances as dead as a door nail.

Sinbad, alarmed at the effect of his attack, immediately called in all the wise acres of the village, and they gathered rapidly, a picturesque group, clad in such divers garments as had come first to hand. A fierce debate arose among them as they surrounded the stiffened corpse of the venerable knight. One held that the knight was not actually dead.

"He approaches Death in the manner that a hyperbole approaches its asymptate," said he of the bright round blue eyes. "He's trying to die, but he will never get there."

Then another, a huge man, suggested that this was a but a criminaloid, one of those excessively dangerous members of society, and that it would be best, dead or not, to get him transported.

In the corner meanwhile Sinbad was discussing the matter with a genial-visaged sage, who looked like the personification of Benevolence, or a Quaker Oats advertisement, debating how Berkeley would have accounted for it.

Suddenly the only Mister on the Hill rushed in desiring circumstantial detail, and receiving this from Sinbad, was about to turn the luminous eye of the law upon the affair, when lo! the old knight stirred and opened his eyes.

With astonishment and a kind of fierce joy he beheld the group about him and his sanity returned. He reached for his sword, but that had already been taken from him, and seeing that all effort would be useless, he sadly turned upon his side and gave up the ghost.



SUNSET THOUGHTS

(A Dialogue)

Katharine Hall

Margaret. Look at those bits of cloud! pure rose—

Grace. Where?

Marg. To the right, above that oak;

Nests for star jewels, soft as dreams;

Sweet thoughts might hide there—but you spoke?

Grace. Oh, I was only going to say,

Speaking of jewels, that new ring

Mary is showing—emeralds

And pearls—but you aren't listening?

Marg. I?—It's the sunset, I suppose;

Always elusive to the last—

Grace. What is?

Marg. The beautiful. It mocks

Us when we strive to hold it fast.

Grace. Well, it *is* pretty, but those clouds,

Put down on canvas, we'd all groan

Were most unreal.

Marg. Ah, there it is!—

Mere shells from which the soul is flown.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF ST. GERMAINE

Shirley H. Shannon

It was gala night in St. Anne's of Elmwood. Numerous pink fingers wriggled through peep-holes in the stage curtain and querying eyes peeped out on a world transformed. The auditorium was glowing with light and heavy with floral odors. From chandelier to chandelier swung great ropes of smilax and white ribbon. The votive statue of St. Anne had been carried from the chapel to the scene of festivity and now stood draped with flowers in a corner near the stage. No object met the eye but had undergone some transformation, through painting or decorating, until, to the familiar gaze of St. Anne's proteges themselves, the hall presented an aspect of festal illusion.

The lower form boys, arrayed in best dress uniform—stiff white collars, white cravats and protruding kerchiefs—bustled officiously about, seating the guests. Not only had many a fond parent journeyed down to Elmwood on this occasion to visit the young hopeful in his boarding-school seclusion, but local town society was out as well. The feast of St. Anne was occasion for general indulgence.

Down in front, the bald, but venerable, head of August Wilmer, mayor and chief grocer of Elmwood, loomed like the dome of Peter's. Four rows back, Rev. Collins, M. E. minister, smiled a self-righteous smile. Mrs. Collins, her black-mitted hands folded stiffly in her lap, frowned stern disapproval of her husband's liberalism from his right; the grim rigour of her features defying any hint of contamination from painted saint or stone apostle. Crowding the tall chairs of the back row were the town boys of Elmwood, cracking peanuts with gleeful abandon and leering, with reckless bravado, at a little group of nuns—the St. Anne faculty—who had filed in from the side en-

trance and seated themselves in front. The craned pose of Sister Gertrude's stock, as she sat with gaze riveted on the central cherub of the proscenium arch, seemed to pantomime the expectant interest of all present.

Not all of the nuns, it should be explained, were out in front, and but a small part of St. Anne's enrollment. Down in the dressing room beneath the stage swarmed a host of small boys dressed as "supes,"—servants, rustics, cavaliers and ladies-in-waiting. Back of the curtain whence peeping eyes were bent upon the crowd in front, Sister Clothilda, teacher of music, fluttered about in the artist's pleasure-pain of suspense. Sister Jean, teacher of elocution, in that mental poise which was her chief qualification, paced calmly to and fro, her eye taking in the stage settings, actors' habiliments and the readiness of things in general.

Lorado Schultz, to whom was assigned the important office of curtain raiser, stood snickering in the wings; snickering, that is, when the placid eye of Sister Jean was not congealing him to silence. Repeated dress-rehearsals for two weeks past had not inured him to the vision of Artie Taft in girl's clothes. On "Holy" Wright they seemed quite fitting, but Artie Taft in a blue skirt and red mantle was "just too killing for anything!" Besides Artie had, what Billy Walker called, "bad knee action," a defect which in no way contributed to feminine grace of movement and detracted much from the good effects of Artie's fervid utterance and gesture.

But how could it be otherwise? If boys' schools will celebrate the close of an anniversary by a stage production, be all blame on the teachers of oratory. Sister Gertrude had, indeed, demurred against feminine roles,—against parading her young wolves in sheep's clothing, but Sister Jean had quoted Shakespeare and the whole Elizabethan stage in support of the custom and objections were overruled.

"Your production," said Sister Gertrude as an ultimatum, "must be uplifting."

And uplifting it was. From the stage mechanism of the third

act to the didactic atmosphere of the piece itself, "St. Germaine" was one mighty, moral uplift. This masterpiece of drama was from the pen of Sister Ursula:—a blending of church history and imagination in such manner as to exalt, in the eyes of gaping St. Anne's, the ineffable joys of piety and abnegation.

At exactly a quarter past eight Sister Jean tapped imperatively on the little desk bell in the wings. There was a scurry of feet down stage and, as Lorado strained valiantly at the ropes, the peep-holes gleamed blank in the rising curtain.

The courtyard of a castle is thus exposed to view, with groups of soldiers and attendants standing whispering about. A noble duke, known in private life as Billy Walker, is bidding a fond adieu to his little daughter, for Holy Wright looks much like the little daughter of romance. He has yellow curls and a white robe and looks unusually saintly, and the noble duke is embracing him with secret disgust. But those in the audience do not see the disgust. They see only a fond nobleman and his frail little daughter. They see the groups of soldiers and they learn that the noble duke is going far away on a crusade. They see the duchess enter, the haughty, cruel duchess, whose knees bump most provokingly against her blue skirt. They see her smile upon the duke and frown upon the little daughter, very covertly. Then they learn that she is little Germaine's step-mother who is to guard her till the duke returns, and chills play about the spinal columns of the boys in the back row, for they scent the cruel villainess.

The bugles sound faint in the distance; the duke is gone to the wars.

"Huzzy," cries the cruel step-mother, seizing little Germaine by the shoulder, "I'll teach you your place. To-morrow you go to the hills with the shepherds. You shall earn your bread henceforth."

And then, as poor little Germaine weeps silently in a corner of her sleeve, the curtain falls on the first act—falls amid a roar of applause that sends Sister Jean skipping like a faun in preparation for "Act Two."

It is morning among the hills. Two rustic shepherds, clad in skins and furs, yawn sleepily as they rise and shake the glistening mica frost from their rude garments. Then the two shepherds—no other people than Gordon Hatley and Stanley Wells—begin to discourse in pathetic tones on the coldness of the weather and the keenness of their appetites.

“Alas,” cries the elder shepherd in a plaintive key, “I’ve tasted naught since this time yesterday.”

At this juncture little Germaine appears, clad in the same white robe of former days, and addresses the shepherds. Her poor, bare little feet gleam with chilly suggestion upon the glittering mica dust as she moves forward. She learns that the shepherds are hungry. She draws a crust from her pocket—a small crust, a very harsh crust. Together the three fall upon it and eat to satiety.

The shepherds are just telling how refreshed and gratified they are by the “toothsome meal” when the cruel step-mother, in her flaming mantle, springs, with a mad gambol, from behind a set tree up stage and pounces upon the hapless little Germaine.

“Wretch, you have stolen my bread for charity! Turn out your pockets!”

The shepherds fall back and strike picturesque attitudes. Attendants come swarming in and fill the background. Sister Clothilda strikes up a hymn on the organ in the wings to the right. Sister Jean burns powder in a fire shovel in the wings to the left. A great flare of red light shows St. Germaine standing in clinging white garments with eyes upraised. Slowly, and with trembling hands, she turns her pockets and forth there rolls upon the ground,—not crusts of bread, O cruel step-mother,—not crusts of bread, but roses—beautiful paper roses, of yellow and red and white.

The stage fairly rocks with the applause. Persistently they call. The shepherds hold their pose. Sister Gertrude burns more powder. And then a startling thing happens. In the full glare of the illumination, St. Germaine turns a withering

look on her of the red mantle. It is a look of scorn and triumph,—uncoached by Sister Jean, unpremeditated by the principal, almost unobserved by the crowd, but in the act itself is the exultant defiance of “the worm that turned.” Before that look the cruel step-mother half draws back, sinking her nails into her palms. As the curtain bumps the floor on the second act, the red mantled villainess rages madly to the wings.

The noble duke has not gone far upon his journey. He is, in fact, sitting jauntily on a packing box in the wings near at hand. For the nonce he lapses easily back into plain Billy Walker, oblivious of golden braid and purple velvet.

“Say,” cries he of the red mantle, storming down the aisles of painted forest, “did you notice Wright? Did you see the look he gimme just now? If it wasn’t for the crowd out there I’d—”

“Pardon me, boys,” cuts in Sister Jean, appearing suddenly around a piece of stage setting, “this box, if you please.”

“O, never mind him,” says Walker, watching Sister Jean, as she makes off with his seat. “Let him have his little time of it just for to-night. There’s to-morrow coming, you know,” with a drawl of infinite suggestiveness.

“Never mind him, huh! That’s all right for you. You don’t have him getting the best of you every turn in the whole show; smiling at you like a Chessy cat—”

“I don’t, don’t I?” with some asperity. Don’t we both have to get down on our knees to him in this last act and ask his blessing?”

There was no denial to this so Walker went on. “What you going to do about it anyway? It’s only in a play after all. What can you do?”

Silence bespoke a problem.

“We can land on him with a bed slat after lights out to-night, that’s what we can do,” says the cruel duchess.

“Places all,” cries Sister Jean, a true managerial ring in her tone as she claps her hands to call attention, “places all for the last act.”

Again the castle courtyard comes to view. Attendants stand

in groups beneath the castle walls. There is a flourish of trumpets off stage and, welcomed by a loud huzza, the noble duke returns from war. The duchess stalks in, still attired in spite of passing years, in blue and crimson. Husband and wife embrace at center stage and the duke, looking anxiously about, inquires:

“Where is *she*? My daughter, my darling little Germaine; where is she?”

At these words the duchess starts back with a guilty tremor. The attendants bob their heads at one another in mysterious asides. Suddenly an old shepherd starts forward.

“My lord, Germaine is ill. She lies in my cot among the hills.”

The duke throws up his hands as if in anguish;—a wild protesting gesture of despair and, at his beck, the lights go out.

There is a scuffling sound, as couriers scamper away in the darkness, followed by the thud of moving scenery; then the lights come on, accompanied by a gasp from the onlookers. The back drop has been lifted and in the rear of the stage stands a crude wooden bed with little Germaine thereon. Little Germaine is propped up stiffly on her pallet of straw with a coarse red shawl for covering. Her fair curls hang in clusters about her temples; fever burns in roses on her cheeks; her looks say plainly, “I am dying.”

The cruel step-mother and the duke come rushing in. They drop upon their knees and begin to sob. Shepherds and attendants follow.

Bitter pill it is for Artie Taft to kneel at that bedside and beg forgiveness, to tell of the better life he is going to lead in the future, while Holy smiles upon him with his beatific smile. And, as the duke and the duchess writhe in penitence and sorrow,—poor worms of the earth!—soft music comes stealing from the wings. Little Germaine folds her hands resignedly and then, O wonder of wonders, begins to rise.

With a half-cry of alarm the uninformed among the audience see little Germaine ascend. They see the radiant upward glance, the white robe trailing back like funeral cements.

They hear the soft notes as of a chanting angel's choir. They do not see the wires. They do not see Old Michael, the janitor, winding a windlass on his rickety perch among the flies. Nor do they know the dint of suasion necessary to bring him there—sisters' smiles and pleas and adjurations. But they do observe, as they sit rigid in astonishment, that little Germaine pauses suddenly in mid-air with a look of slight alarm. They hear a crackle overhead. A stifled imprecation follows. They look to see Old Michael's legs swing wildly from above. At the same instant there is the whir of a windlass released and little Germaine strikes the bed with a thump.

It is an awful moment. The poor rejected little saint sits for some seconds dazed; then dives from view beneath the sheltering red shawl. The duke and duchess bury their faces in their hands and fairly shake with their emotion. The shepherds titter aloud; the nobles take refuge in their mantles. Sister Clothilda is gesticulating wildly from the wings at Lorado Schultz; but that official is leaning far out, in full view of the audience, and watching the scene with evident dismay. Lorado is quite resourceless,—quite unequal to the emergency. Sister Jean, however, is. She rushes to the switch-board and turns the scene to darkness.

Sister Jean sits on a property trunk in the wings, shedding tears of mortification, when there is borne in to her from beyond the curtain a thundering crash of applause. Loyal Elmwood and visiting papas are not going to allow for any irregularities and the applause rings long and loud—so long, in fact, that Father Burke comes forward from the crowd "to thank one and all, on behalf of St. Anne's, for this magnificent demonstration of pleasure and good-will."

Meanwhile two noble personages are washing the rouge from their cheeks in the dormitory bath.

"Speaking of archangels," remarks the duke,—“it was a saintly fall, wasn't it?—yet wholly right.”

"It simply showed," replies his haughty partner, casting an eye towards a frail, self-conscious figure at a nearby bowl, "there are some people that the saints themselves won't stand for." \

A SONG OF YOUTH

All Heaven's winds sing dirges,
Full half our life is night,
Dark, dark and black, life surges,
Come! Let us look at night.

The laughter of light on the waters,
The mirth of our stern men's daughters,
The sunbeams that whiten the dust!
Forget that our youth must dwindle and rust,
See only the joy of the waters.

The gods are far and cannot see,
The Furies! Oh, they live!
Come beneath the stars with me,
What can your darkness give?

The wisdom of folly, her wonders,
Are good, who cares for the thunders,
That growl so surly far afar.
Have faith in the things that truly are,
We may all be dead when it thunders!

A third of life is death, dear,
And short, so short, life's prime,
So let us show them mirth here,
We're dead a long, long time!

Come laugh at the thread that the sisters spin,
They twist in somewhat of torturing sin
But what do we care till it's snipped!
You're young and merry and laughing-lipped—
Come! Sing me a song while the old hags spin!

—W. A. B.

“ON THE RESORT TRAIN”

Elizabeth F. Corbett

One summer, about five years ago, my family were staying at a small summer resort on a branch line. I joined them every Saturday and returned to town on Monday morning, after the usual fashion of the middle-class American father.

There were several people who always took the same train Saturday noon that I did. Most of them were ordinary substantial business men. There was one woman.

It was not only her undeniable beauty that aroused my interest in her; she had the face of one who had passed through some ordeal that has left uneffaceable scars. She was a brave woman, though and she held her head high. It was a fine head, and her hair was black as night. She always wore an odd little hat, I remember; it was black, and had two white wings set on it like the wings of Mercury's cap.

One hot August day I got to the train before her. Presently, however, she entered the stuffy little coach, and sat down just ahead of me. She put her suit-case in the rack, took off her travelling-coat and hung it up, and, producing a book from her hand-bag, he began to read.

I do not know whether the heat affected her, or whether something discouraging had happened. At any rate, her head dropped on her hand, and she sat, her elbow propped on the windowsill, motionless.

The train filled up and began to move. There was only one place left, and that was beside the woman with the Mercury cap. So when a single man got on at the first station outside the city it was quite natural that he should stop beside her.

He was a strikingly handsome man, thin and dark; his face was charming but bore unmistakeable signs of long continued dissipation. Just now he looked rather weary. If it had

not been for his evident experience and poise one might almost have called him wistful.

When he asked permission to sit down beside her the woman raised her head and looked him full in the face.

They must have remained thus for almost a minute; then he picked up his suit-case.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I'll go into the smoker."

"You can't. You know how the smell of tobacco always affects you."

"There are no other coaches," he said, "and I can't leave this seat without attracting notice."

"Stay where you are until we get to the next station," she commanded, and resumed her book.

I do not know how much reading she did, but she kept her eyes on her book and turned the leaves regularly. The man scarcely took his eyes from her face.

As the train slowed down for the next station the man rose, hesitated a moment, then held out his hand to the woman. She gave him hers, but her eyelids, as she turned her head toward him were obstinately lowered.

He was the only passenger to alight at the station. Carlton Robertson got on there, and stood beside my seat to tell me a piece of metropolitan gossip in which I took little interest. "I was reminded of it," he half apologized, "by seeing David Gibson get off the train just as I got on. I wonder what he wanted in a place like that."

The woman ahead got up and went for a cup of cindery ice-water.

"By George!" said young Carlton, watching her, "there's his divorced wife. I wonder if they saw each other."

I noted with secret satisfaction that the Mercury cap was held defiantly erect.

THE ANSWER

Ralph Birchard

The March wind whipped the limbs of the maples mercilessly and sent ripple after ripple across the swelling puddles left by the fast melting, dirty remnants of the winter's snow. It was the raw disagreeable wind that heralds the dissolution of winter. The loose panes in the windows of the plain old fashioned brick house at the end of the block rattled at its violence; the chimney whined unceasingly.

The street was ankle deep in yellow mud; even the sidewalks were covered in many places. No one was in sight. It was half past three in the afternoon and until four, when the classes of the little college would be free, the street would be as deserted as at midnight.

In the parlor of the little house a young woman sat looking out upon the quiet little street with unseeing eyes. From time to time she raised her book and began reading with close attention only to drop it again listlessly, and drift once more far out upon the sea of her bewilderment; only to return once more to the relentless, torturing question.

Lillian Grantly had been a favorite in her class at the university. She was a tall, serious girl with a stately, dignified sort of beauty that harmonized perfectly with her intellectual attainments. No one had ever called her clever. Many had compared her very favorably with those to whom they did apply that adjective. Her classmates had thought a great deal of her. A few of the men had loved her or had thought they did; most of them had admired her; one and all they had respected her. She was an eminently respectable person.

Her marriage to Edward Grantly shortly after their graduation came as a surprise to many. Some bestowed the blessing usual in such cases and thought no more about it. Some congratulated her with real sincerity and hoped for the best. Not

a few were disappointed and those who were injudicious enough to say so forfeited Lillian Grantly's friendship thereby.

It would have been difficult for her to explain, even to herself, why she had made up her mind to accept Edward Grantly. Presumably she had loved him. Yes, there could be no reasonable doubt about that. But why, she was unable to understand. Edward Grantly had but one distinguishing characteristic—thoroughness. With whatever he did he took infinite pains. Lillian admired that quality very much, but after a while it grew a little tiresome. She even resented the time and care he lavished upon his work, for the work, itself, seemed to her trivial and unimportant, no matter how well done.

Grantly had graduated in the mechanical engineering course at the university. He had intended to start at the poorly paid foot of the ladder to professional success. Alone and unincumbered it would have been no hardship. He was confident that he would rise steadily, if not very fast; the future seemed reasonably well assured.

His marriage changed the situation. It was no longer possible for him to start with the apprentice details of the work he wished to follow. The fifty dollars a month opening with the International company was not to be considered. When the position of instructor in machine design at a small inland college was offered him he jumped at the chance. The salary was eighty-five dollars a month.

Undoubtedly it had been a mistake. Lillian remembered vaguely having thought so at the time. But they had been very happy then, with the future the least of their worries. Edward had fully intended to leave the college at the end of the year and start in some place in the real world where he would have a chance to apply his knowledge. But if it had been hard to do so before it was doubly difficult now. A lingering illness fell on Lillian in the late spring and the little savings bank balance dwindled to the vanishing point. Then the college offered him one hundred dollars a month for the next year and he saw no alternative but to stay. He had no doubt

but what, with the increased salary, he would be able to leave at the end of that time. When he failed to do so Lillian was more disappointed than she dared show.

She had a pride in her husband's abilities and when they seemed to come to nothing she felt that she must be largely to blame. He never would admit that he could possibly have been as happy or well off if he had not married her, yet she knew that he felt the handicap she had imposed upon him, even while he condemned himself for the feeling. He certainly had no one but himself to blame—for what? Why, for being possessed of the woman whom he loved best in all the world and who loved him equally in return. He knew this should be the greatest felicity possible. And yet he was dissatisfied; he felt that in some way he had been cheated of his due. The fact that his own act caused this feeling made it no more easy to endure.

Lillian was deadly tired of the amiable monotony of the little college town. She was tired of being told that her husband was the best man that had ever filled his position. The position itself was so little worth filling. She was tired of the endless round of teas and receptions and other social functions that came and passed, year after year, with as much regularity as if they were a part of the school itself, as indeed they were. She was even tired of the student parties and dances which she was occasionally asked to chaperone. There was a dreadful sameness, not only in the affairs themselves, but in the people who attended them. She felt sometimes that variety of almost any description would be better than this never changing round.

When the third year opened the Grantlys took rooms in the old brick house on Maple street that had been frequented of instructors and assistant professors from time immemorial. Never in her life had Lillian dreaded anything as she dreaded the return to these people and surroundings which had grown so distasteful to her. When they arrived she looked over her fellow boarders apathetically and tried to respond cheerfully to their warm greetings. They were all people she had known

and wearied of long ago—except one. The exception was Mr. Marshall, the new athletic director.

George Marshall was as different from the other members of the faculty as day from night. He was a splendidly built man with a fine, strong head set upon square, massive, shoulders, and sensitive, strangely expressive face. He cared little for the academic side of college life, but the physical side appealed to him greatly. He had studied athletic coaching with the passion that some men throw into their scientific work; that others approach their chosen art. When he graduated from college he put off the offer of his uncle of a position in his manufacturing business with the explanation that he wished to devote a year to his own hobby—athletics; after that, he said, he would be very glad to take advantage of the opportunity. His uncle deprecated the loss of a year but he was fond of his nephew and had agreed to keep the offer open for that length of time.

Marshall's success in the new position was remarkable. The football season was far and away the most successful ever known. He made friends easily and by the end of the term he was undoubtedly the most popular man in the school.

Lillian had seen very little of this phase of college activity in the last two years. The few contests she had witnessed when accompanying a joyous gathering of young people had seemed very tame and unexciting after those she had seen at the university. Perhaps the difference was not so much in the contests themselves as in the spirit with which she watched them. Edward was always too busy to pay much attention to athletics; besides, he had no natural taste for them.

During the season, however, Lillian developed a new interest in the games. George Marshall had invited her to all of them after he noticed her absence from the first one. Edward was very glad to have her go. He would have liked to accompany her himself had not his work prevented him from doing so. He thought it very kind of Marshall to take her. He noticed with pleasure that some of the lassitude had dropped from her; she

seemed to take a new interest in things. On these occasions Lillian did not stop to consider whether the pleasure she felt came from the game itself, from the crowds about her and the spirit that manifested itself in cheers and groans, or from George Marshall's presence by her side in the few moments he could spare away from his duties on the field. She was thankful to have the pleasure without questioning its source, thankful to be free for a little while from the old endless weariness without wondering how she had come to be free.

After the close of the football season Marshall had more spare time and he found that talking with Lillian Grantly was quite the most agreeable use he could make of it. Many an afternoon they spent together in the parlor of the little old house. Theirs was an ideal friendship—too ideal to last, for Platonic friendships persist only in books. Neither would admit the danger, though both felt it, and both knew that it increased steadily as the weeks went by. Gradually, from things he heard and saw, Marshall came to understand the situation. When he fully realized it a great wave of pity for Lillian, mixed with contempt and a little pity for her husband, swept over him. He began to hate the system which could bring about such a condition. The college no longer pleased him. His interest in athletics flagged. They seemed much less important than before, rather trifling, even, when compared with the real issues of life into which he now had insight for the first time. He decided that he must get away from the place. He knew he must go alone. For two days he struggled with himself; then he asked her to go with him.

Lillian heard him with apparent coldness; within, her whole nature seethed with joy, and eagerness, and desire. She had always been an eminently respectable person and the habit of respectability stood her in good stead now. He told her what the future might hold for them if she would go; he reminded her gently of what it must be for her if she refused. She yielded to his arms and permitted his caresses, outwardly cold, inwardly thrilled as she had never been before. She was too

weak, either to spurn him from her, or to give rein to her passion and follow her heart's desire. Long and vainly he pleaded with her. Finally she put him off till the next afternoon promising him an answer then. He thanked her, kissed her very gently, and left her all a-tremble from his touch.

And now the next afternoon had come and Lillian sat in the little parlor waiting, waiting. She tried, desperately, to think; tried to pit her conscience and her reason against her emotions, tried vainly to make her mind fight with her rebellious heart. It was useless. She knew terribly well that when Marshall came her answer would be yes! yes! yes! She wondered why he delayed so. She wished to have it over with and settled once for all. Subconsciously the thought of her husband was with her all the time. Her leaving him would be sin, yes; but perhaps he would be more relieved than sorrowful; perhaps, it was really best. Thus she tried to set herself right with her conscience.

In his office where he had been closing up the affairs of his department, preparatory to leaving, Marshall sat alone, watching the hands of the big wall clock. He had resolved to go for his answer at four. He feared to go at all, and knew that only some definitely set time would keep him up to it.

Lillian scarcely noticed a man who turned the corner and came rapidly down the walk. Not until he turned in towards the little house did she recognize her husband. She started guiltily and turned cold at the possibility that his coming suggested. What did he suspect? What did he know?

He came briskly up the steps and slammed the front door shut against the penetrating wind. He seldom came home before five and his manner was always very quiet. What did it mean? What could it mean, unless—Lillian rose to meet him but her knees trembled and she was afraid to speak. Her husband came quickly across the room to where she stood and, placing his hands on her shoulders, looked quizzically into her face and wondered why she turned away her eyes.

"Well, it's come at last, Lillian," he said.

"Yes," she answered faintly. !

"Then you know about it? I thought I'd surprise you. We'll get out of here as soon as possible. I take charge week after next, you know. Two hundred a month and advancement certain. Oh! what a fool I've been to envy those other fellows. I've got all they've got—and you."

"And me," she said as she hid her face on his shoulder.

Marshall opened the door softly and looked in. Presently he closed it very carefully and tiptoed down the hall. He had his answer.



THEME THOUGHTS

K. H.

I.

WHEN there are so many things to see and to hear and to feel, why is it that there are, in all the world, so few theme-subjects? The rowan-tree, before your window, dips and swings in the spring breeze. Your heart answers, but where are your words? You see a man with a canoe over his head. He walks down the road to the lake and you follow him with your eyes. For a moment, the canoe rests lightly on the edge of the water. Next you see the man paddling away; you try to follow; you bathe your whole being in a dream of warm winds and blue waters; and then you wake to realize that it is ideas you must look for. "But I could have written on that once," say you to yourself. Yes, once, perhaps; but after weary weeks of theme-writing, your mind is little better than a sucked orange. There may still be something in the orange, but the freshness of the fruit is gone.

II.

GEORGE SAND, they say, could make "copy" out of everything. Even her sweetest, her most sacred experiences, were sacrificed to her literary instincts. Time was when we might have condemned George Sand for her lack of modesty. Time was when everything in the way of public confessions, of self-revelations, was horrible to us. But we are beyond all that now. Freshmen English hardened our young hearts against even ourselves. Our instructors told us to put our own personalities into our themes. We did so. We laid bare our little souls. Though we shrank, at first, from telling each disappointment, each miserable heartache, in the end, the call for "copy" hurried us on. Modern flagellants, we grew, at last, to find a morbid pleasure in what to us at first seemed pain; yet never was it from conviction that we thus mortified the spirit. The gods of theme-shipwreck are exacting gods.

THE STRUGGLE

Agnes Mackin

When Dr. Stratton's office door closed upon David Mansard, that young man found himself looking westward on the wild Colorado country. The verdict which the doctor had withheld many months fairly stunned him. It was as relentless, as irrevocable as any sentence ever measured out to a convict.

Mansard failed to caress the doctor's great mastiff as it sprang toward him to lick his hand. The dog followed him to the street and sniffed about Trumpeter's hoofs, while Mansard mechanically swung into the saddle. The reins lay lax in his hand. Trumpeter, faithful broncho that he was, carefully picked his way along the winding hill road that led out of Broken Bow, where Doctor Stratton, Specialist in Lung Diseases, had his office. Mansard drooped forward in the saddle and stared into space. Now and then Trumpeter pricked up his ears, as he plodded on with the reins slack about his neck. When he reached the trail he broke into a jog trot. The jolting aroused Mansard to a fuller consciousness. In the throes of his misery he groaned and uttered a half cry in that lonely mountain pass.

"My old life. My old life. How it has slipped away from me!"

As sure-footed Trumpeter faithfully followed the craggy path, Mansard again lost himself in thought. The last twelve months passed before his mind like a confused series of flash-light pictures.

First there were the two hopeful eastern physicians who insisted on his going west, then the hurried preparation, the "Great Overland Limited" pulling out of the Maine coast town on that last morning, the bad business of saying good-bye to his life long friend, the hand squeeze and those last words:

"Take good care of yourself. Make the best of it, and we'll have you back in no time."

Then came thoughts of the wearisome journey, the arrival at Broken Bow, the first plodding over the hard trail, the unavoidable hardships of frontier life, and the loneliness that had nearly driven him insane. Then he remembered how hope had come to him, how the bracing western air had seemed to bring him new strength and courage, and how he had resolved to live, and to go back strong and well at the year's end. Less than an hour ago, with a light heart and a buoyant step, he had entered Doctor Stratton's office, confident of a favorable farewell. But what had the doctor told him? The truth, which he was duty bound to tell. The truth as inevitable as it was unexpected.

Terrible despair weighed upon Mansard. His anguish was keener because he had deceived himself. The country blurred before his eyes. The mountains and the sky seemed to fall upon each other. Mansard clutched the pommel of the saddle, and once again moaned insanely for his old life. No human voice was near to solace him, only the silent hills. Trumpeter paced along a few rods and stopped short. Mansard slowly realized that he had reached his own claim. As he slipped from the saddle, Trumpeter brisked past him to the low barn below the cabin.

Mansard wandered inside. He saw a letter lying on the kitchen table. Some miner had been up the trail during the day and left the letter for him. Mansard knew the writing well. The air of the room seemed to stifle him. He had eaten scarcely anything since his early breakfast. Faint, tired, and discouraged, he sat outside on the doorstep. The skin of the beaver he had killed the day before hung against the outer wall of the cabin, and some of his tools lay about on the ground. The late afternoon sun fell sidewise on his strongly cut face, and on the four little panes of the cabin window.

He began to read the letter. It was simple, genuine,

pleasing, like all her letters. Parts he read aloud in that vast solitude. Parts he read again, simple incidents of the life in the Maine coast village, a picnic, a May-pole dance, a church social, something of her own life, the last book she had read, a little ecstasy over a sonata of Nevin's she was learning, and a genuine coloring to a few trivial experiences. Then came the very last.

"You will be here—let me see how many hours. It will be forty-three hours and eighteen minutes from twelve o'clock this noon, if the train is on time. Till then,

Good-bye,

VIRGINIA."

The letter fluttered to the ground as he repeated, "Good-bye, good-bye." Suddenly he saw a face in the red gold reflection of the sun on the window pane. It was the same face that he had left behind him nearly twelve months ago, the same graceful figure in the soft gown, the same abundant hair, that indescribable color that blended into the sheen of the glorious lit pane. With one great stride he was at the window. His broad shoulders shut out the sun and left him gazing—not into the face of the girl he loved, but at the blank inner wall of the cabin.

Far down in the mountain valley, picks clicked against the rocks, as the miners wound up the trail after their day's work. A solitary eagle disturbed the quietude with a long-drawn piercing cry, as it hovered near its nest on a neighboring peak. The mountain rivulet trickled on in its rapid downward course, until the water plunged over some projecting rocks and splashed heavily into a low ravine. Mansard was oblivious to everything save the anguish that tore him soul and body. Blindly he staggered towards the cabin door, where he stumbled and fell face downward upon the threshold.

AN ALPINE VISION

William R. Kemp

Aimlessly I wandered to and fro. The barren hillside about me offered nothing to arrest the attention. Far away in three directions stretched the level, boggy marsh with its slimy surface broken only here and there by a dark, stagnant pond, and on the fourth side, behind me rose the smooth hill. I felt no interest in either and a certain ill defined repugnance of them was slowly possessing me. The solitude was almost terrible.

With startling suddenness, from the vacuous air above there rang out a clear rhythmic voice, which abruptly roused my slumbering consciousness.

“Spend thy time not thus so idly,
There is beauty near at hand,
Spread like magic panorama.
Up and on the summit stand.
Far beneath thy feet, a valley
Rich in verdure, filled with flocks
Lies between the snow topped mountains
Walled about by towering rocks.
Up, ascend, climb to the summit,
Gaze in rapture on the sight—

The song died away to a whisper and the echoes reverberated to and fro as if from invisible walls. A change crept over me. I gradually became lighter. I momentarily grew more ethereal. No longer did my feet bear all of my weight. I floated lightly up the hill scarce touching the ground. I was drawn on, enticed upward by the faint whispers of the song which now murmured quietly like the moaning of a gentle evening breeze as it filters through the heavy branches of the pines.

Sooner than I was aware, I had reached the summit, gazed about me upon the same barren, treeless waste of hill and marsh and stood marvelling at the awful stillness, for the song had

ceased and the only sounds in all this desolation were those which issued from *myself*. Even the beating of my heart produced a palpitating echo from the emptiness about. Dazed by my surroundings I closed my eyes for an instant and when again I opened them everything was changed. A jagged gorge led from my very feet down to a level meadow far below. Ragged, jutting piles of rocky cliff rose up in many colored strata. A stair was roughly hewn and piled to the grassy floor itself and two straight lofty cliffs rose steep on either hand to form a gate. Between them only could I see the pleasant plain, the distant, rocky wall beyond and scattered here and there, a herd of goats. They grazed a moment here and moved about to find some sweeter tuft to feed upon. Then while I looked two girls came tripping through the midst in Alpine garb. Their hands were full of flowers and on their heads they wore a wreath of mountain blossoms. They passed from sight once more, but soon, as if to welcome them, I heard a wave of sound come sweeping through the cliffs. Sweetly concordant were the notes as gradually they gained in volume till amid the mingled voices of a mountain chorus I heard the mellow tones of a zither in accompaniment. With throb on throb the music swelled until its volume filled the valley with a clashing flood of sound, which beat upon and bounded back from cliff to hill and hill to mountain top and lost itself upon some neighboring peak.

The singing ceased, and as the sun sank to the horizon, stretching out the shadows far across the vale, the ringing notes of Alphorn answered Alphorn from cliff to cliff and echo after echo rolled about the valley.

EDITORIALY

This is the last issue of Volume Five. Which means that THE LIT is now ready to celebrate her sixth birthday. Her days of infancy are past and, as Prof. O'Shea hath it, her days of adolescence are near at hand.

Were we to do the conventional and expected thing, we should make remarks about "laying down our pens" and "bidding our readers a fond farewell." But we chose to remain more impersonal, and to venture the wish that the pen of THE LIT be never laid down. We bid no farewells, but wish all seniors Godspeed; all others, a happy and prosperous vacation—especially a prosperous one, for the adjective appeals to us. THE LIT has always been happy; she has never been prosperous.

The personnel of next year's editorial staff has not been decided as yet. Three new members, however, have been added to the staff—Frances Lundquist, Elizabeth F. Corbett and Walther Buchen—names familiar to all of our past year's readers.

We make grateful acknowledgments for contributions to Miss Frances Berkeley, Mr. George N. Northrup and L. P. Shanks. Mr. Shanks has been our constant friend during year just past, and his last poem has a charm of association that makes it the best, in our mind, of his many contributed verses.

Our gratitude is still more all embracing. We owe much to all our friends—our readers, members of the English Department, the *Daily Cardinal*, Harvard alumni and the *State Journal*. All have been kind in one way or another, and we owe much to the attitudes that have been taken, the help that has been given.



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