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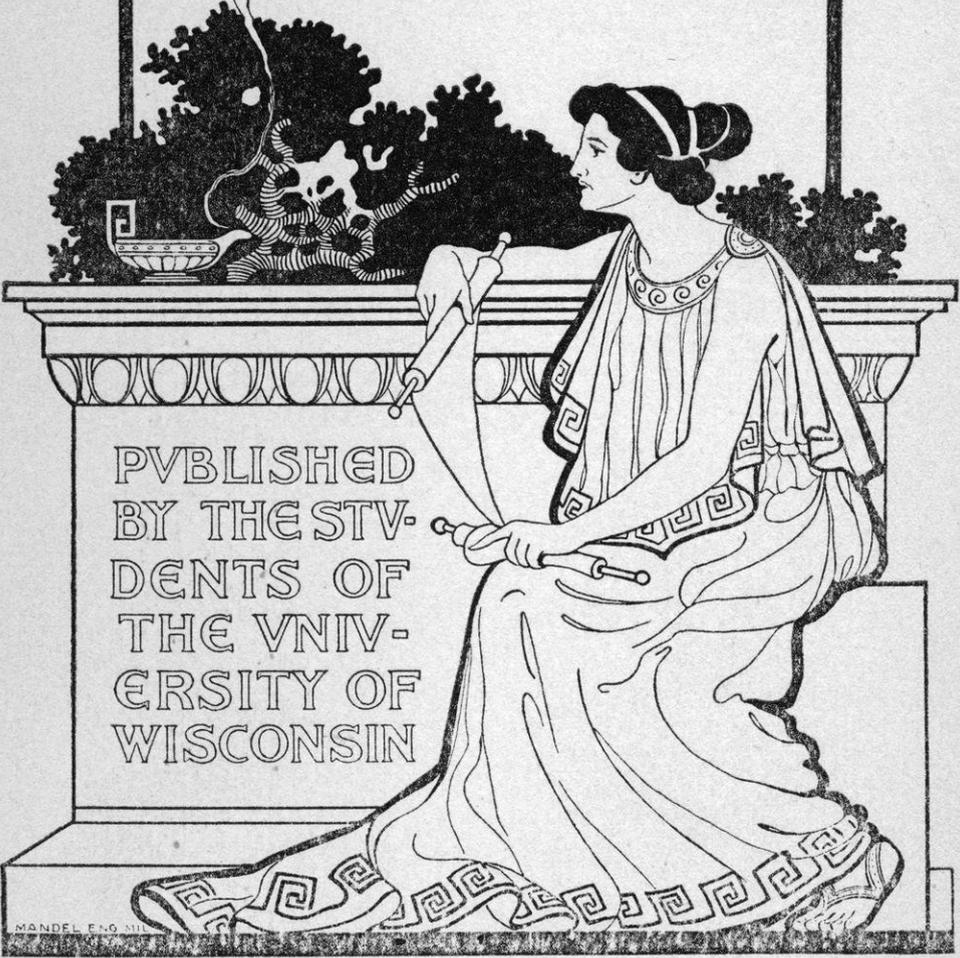
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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN

MANDEL E. G. MILLER

NOVEMBER, 1904

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

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Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1904

No. 2

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Leslie W. Quirk

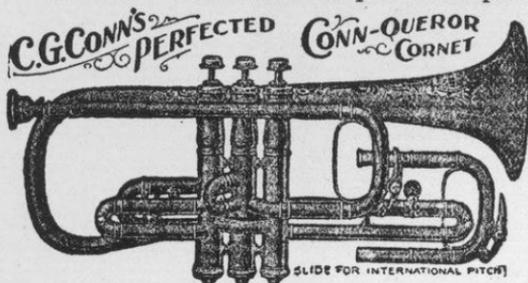
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THE
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1904

VOLUME II

NUMBER 2

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AN ARMY ROMANCE

(By Captain Charles A. Curtis, U. S. Army.)

The Army of the Potomac was passing the tediously cold winter of 1861-62 along the southern shore of the river from which it took its name, and one evening, the coldest of the long series, Lieutenant Hugh Capen, an aide-de-camp to a distinguished major general, sat crouched over his sheet-iron camp stove dreading to go to bed on account of the scantiness of his bedding. The fire was fitful, for the wood was green. A large military force camped in the same locality for many months had stripped the region of its dry wood and the men were now burning the trunks of the trees which had been felled to open a range for the artillery defences of the national capital.

On this particular evening the aide was miserably conscious that the temperature outside his canvas walls was

already considerably below that of any previous evening, and that it was still rapidly falling, and as the necessity of going to bed became more apparent, he again went over his scant wardrobe for extra undergarments, capes, coats, etc., to add to his covering. Lifting a garment from the top of a packing box in a corner he had a sudden inspiration. The box was full of woolen stockings, and why would not woolen stockings make an excellent bed?

These stockings were the contributions of mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts to the comfort of the soldiers; but the men being already abundantly supplied, this box was being held in reserve, awaiting a dearth or a march.

Tipping the contents of the case upon the earthen floor, the lieutenant smoothed them into the semblance of a bed. This enabled him to use as a covering blankets which had hitherto done service as a mattress; and soon he lay in a warm nest, indifferent to the devices of Jack Frost and confident of a "square sleep."

Before extinguishing his candle the young officer glanced along the line of gray and blue stockings which peeped from under the blankets on his left, and his eyes fell upon a pair of stray whites which had fallen a little outside his only pillow. Reaching for them he unrolled them and held them up for examination. They were of the finest, softest lambs' wool and perfectly white except for two narrow stripes of red and blue encircling the tops. Hugh drew them slowly between his thumbs and fingers, admiring their delicate texture. Something crackled in the toe of one. Reaching into it he drew out a note addressed, "To a first lieutenant of the United States Army." Opening it, he read:

“Dear Sir:—I am a little girl of fourteen, a member of an Aid Society which meets to knit stockings for the soldiers. I have knit these for a first lieutenant and I want him to write whether he would like me to knit all his stockings while the war continues.

“I live at Conewauga, state of New York. Lakeside is the name of our house, standing on the shore of a beautiful lake, looking down three terraces to a broad sandy beach.

“This note is written with my mother’s consent.

“BARBARA GWYNNE.”

“Kind little maid,” thought the sleepy aide, as he restored the little letter to the toe of one of the stockings, “her gift and note need go no farther in search of a first lieutenant. Struck him first bound. But how can I soil these pretty things in Potomac mud? They are better suited for the feet of the young knitter than for those of a soldier.” He blew out his candle and fell asleep.

The next morning the lieutenant tucked the white stockings into the corner of his portmanteau and did not see them again for five eventful years. At the end of that time, the civil war having closed, Hugh Capen found himself stationed at Fort Geronimo, Arizona. One day, in a serious affair with hostile Apaches, he was desperately wounded and borne on a litter to the fort with small prospect of recovery.

Many long and weary weeks passed before he was able to leave his bed for an invalid’s chair and many more before he was able to move about his room. He managed one morning, by persistent and exhaustive exertion, to work his way along the floor to his trunk and portmanteau and had amused himself by overhauling their

contents, bringing to light many long-forgotten articles, among them a pair of snowy stockings, jammed into a corner of the smaller receptacle. He held them up at arm's length, and, as years before, admired their texture and the bands of red and blue.

A conviction that he had been guilty of a grave discourtesy to the young knitter possessed him. He placed the stockings across his knee and gently smoothed them. Again the dainty note crackled; again he drew it forth and read it.

"Fourteen years old in 1861," he thought, "and twenty in 1866. Wonder if she would like to know what became of these. They can tell a more interesting story of adventure now than they could have done had I worn them the day after I found them. *Un campaign a pied* would have closed their career.

The lieutenant returned the stockings with the other articles to his trunk and portmanteau. Returning to his bed he opened one of his thrice-read books, but soon laid it aside and fell to planning a letter to his Barbara Gwynne. The plans matured, he fell asleep. Next morning he wrote the following letter:

"Fort Geronimo, A. T., Jan. 5, 1866.

"My Dear Miss Gwynne:

"Your very pretty white stockings, sent to the front the first year of the late war, fell into the hands of a lieutenant as you desired; but instead of wearing them, and informing you that he would be pleased to have you furnish him with others, he packed them in his portmanteau and did not again see them until yesterday—forgetting them as utterly as if they never had been made.

"However, I cannot express regret that they were not worn, for had they been, their existence would have been

brief and their army experience limited; but I do sincerely regret that I did not reply to your note. My excuse is that rapid and exciting service followed their discovery, and I forgot all about them. The Peninsular campaign and the subsequent battles, up to and including Antietam, banished all memory of your stockings, and my following service in Sherman's campaigns did not aid me in recalling them.

"I do not forget that you were but fourteen when you wrote your note to a first lieutenant, that six years have been added to your age, and that we live in 'piping times of peace,' except for inglorious skirmishes with hostile Indians. Still I offer my report.

"What is a military portmanteau? It is a cylindrical leather case, made to attach to saddles, back of the seat. During my tour as aide-de-camp mine went with me from Williamsburg to Antietam, and afterwards, when I became regimental adjutant, it accompanied me from Vicksburg to Savannah, and after the war across the plains to New Mexico and Arizona.

"The circumstances which led to the re-discovery of the stockings are these: A few months ago I was wounded in an Indian fight and have now only sufficiently recovered to be able to move about my room. Having read our few books several times each, I sought occupation in pulling over the contents of my trunk and portmanteau, and so came upon the stockings.

"I will not ask you to correspond with me, but I should like permission to write you some incidents of the 'Campaigns of the White Stockings.' Their composition will help me to pass this dreamy period of slow convalescence more cheerfully.

Respectfully yours,

HUGH CAPEN."

This letter was mailed at a time when there was no transcontinental railways between the Missouri river and the Pacific Ocean. As the lieutenant could not expect a reply in less than two months, he determined to take the risk of sending one chapter of his adventures by each weekly courier. Their composition afforded him the relief he sought from a dread of lasting infirmity and the ennui of enforced idleness.

When sixty-five days had passed an orderly brought the lieutenant one morning a handful of letters, one of them bearing the postmark of Conewaugo, New York. Opening it at once he found the crested sheet bore but a single line, "I shall be pleased to read the 'Campaigns of the White Stockings.'"

"Well," reflected the young officer, "it appears this correspondence is to be as one-sided as I proposed." From which remark it may be inferred that he had hoped his proposition might not be taken literally.

An additional chapter was dispatched the following day, and in another week he received packages of late periodicals with a few choice novels, all addressed in the handwriting of Barbara Gwynne. At the end of the succeeding fortnight a letter came from the same source. Interpreting plumpness to promise complaisance, Hugh settled back comfortably in his chair to enjoy it. After a few bright opening sentences, it read:

"I have passed three weeks considering your proposition to correspond—for that is what you mean, of course—and it seems to me a lieutenant so badly wounded that he cannot walk deserves some kindly consideration, although his wounds were inflicted by Indians and not Confederates. I will elect myself a member of a Red Cross Association and answer your letters until you recover.

I really see no harm in an epistolary conversation than in a verbal one, provided the parties have been properly introduced. The introduction is wanting, to be sure, but I am not entirely ignorant of your character. An army register bears the name of Lieutenant Hugh Capen and mentions that he was brevetted 'for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle.' I also saw in a paper that 'Lieutenant Hugh Capen had been seriously wounded in a battle with the Apaches, and that Army circles in Arizona were anxious lest the services of this brave and accomplished young officer should be lost to his regiment for a considerable period.

"Without doubt I shall read your letters with great interest. I only fear that my return letters, written amid tamer scenes and among persons unknown to you, will be of little profit. "Very sincerely,

"BARBARA GWYNNE."

In two months more a regular exchange of letters was established. The correspondence, begun not unlike a personal acquaintance, with no greater incentive than curiosity or a desire for amusement, qualified on the young lady's part by pity for a brave and lonely young fellow who was desperately wounded, soon ripened into absorbing interest. Imagination having full play, it was impossible for the lieutenant not to believe the writer of the original and interesting letters he received to be possessed of all the graces of person which constitute beauty.

Hugh Capen's recovery was exceedingly slow. A year went by with but little or no improvement beyond his becoming able to walk about the narrow limits of the stockaded post on crutches. At the end of the year the post surgeon informed him that there was danger of his becoming permanently incapacitated for active duty un-

less he went where he could receive heroic treatment with first class hospital attendance. Accordingly application to be sent east for a surgical operation was forwarded to army headquarters, and in due time the lieutenant was on his way to the Atlantic coast.

One day in August, 1869, he registered at a New York hotel, determined to devote a few weeks to visiting friends before submitting himself to the merciful torture of the surgeons. He wrote Miss Barbara Gwynne of his arrival and asked permission to visit Conewauga. By the return mail an answer arrived saying that on no account must he visit her.

The young officer belonged to a profession whose greatest achievements have resulted from aggressive action. To obey his correspondent's order was to abandon the position of a hope which had been growing with a year's intimate exchange of letters and which this sudden dictum now made fully evident. To disobey might bring a consumation of all he desired. He signalled a sudden and decisive resolution by bringing his crutches to the floor with a bang, and rising he rang for a waiter and a Central Railway time-table.

* * * * *

On a pleasant August afternoon Lieutenant Hugh Capen drove through the elm shaded streets of Conewauga to a summer hotel overlooking a handsome bay of its lake. On the rippling water rode a flotilla of yachts, launches and skiffs filled with city visitors. Assigned a room commanding this scene, he shortly afterward appeared on the broad balcony before his windows, and drawing a chair to the rail, sat down to look for Lakeside. In that first letter, contained in the toe of one of the white stockings, Barbara Gwynne had said "Lakeside is the name of our home. It stands on the shore of a lake and looks down three terraces to the beach."

Beginning with the right of the crescent-shaped bay he followed the lines of residences from one extremity to the other. Not a house with three terraces came within range of his view. Was it possible Barbara Gwynne lived in humbler quarters and had amused herself and mystified him by writing of grander and more pretentious *chateaux en Espagne*? A person of her fine literary ability might readily invent all the social and domestic coloring of her letters. He would not believe it.

Spending some time in viewing the broad expanse of water with its islands, wooded headlands and bordering heights, the moving craft in the foreground and snowy sails in the distance, he at last returned to his room and after some moments spent in arranging his belongings, glanced out of his western window and the missing Lakeside, or its counterpart, was immediately revealed to him. At the head of a little indentation of the shore line and somewhat retired from the line of other residences and nearer the hotel, so that it had not been visible from his seat on the balcony, was a handsome free stone mansion in the center of ample grounds, looking down three terraces to the shore. Giant elms shadowed it, flowers bordered well shaven lawns, graveled drives ran from street and stables to a fine *porte cochere*. At the foot of the lower embankment was a pier and a boat house, and a few yards from the shore a sloop-rigged yacht rode at a buoy.

Two ladies sat on the Lakeside veranda overlooking the bay. Through an opera glass Hugh satisfied himself that both were too old to be his correspondent.

Resuming again his seat on the balcony he reflected upon what course he had best pursue. He had been positively ordered not to come to Conewauga, and he was

here. He determined to remain a few days and permit events to shape themselves.

At the noonday lunch he was assigned a seat at a table which was rapidly filling with guests and presently two young women took places opposite him. One of these instantly attracted his attention; so much so the thought entered his mind that he was in danger of infidelity to the ideal which had drawn him to Conewauga. "If she were the knitter of the white stockings, how quickly I should surrender," he reflected. "Regular features, fine figure, golden hair, blue eyes, perfect teeth, delicate hands, musical voice, graceful manners and fine taste in dress; if Barbara Gwynne and this fair maiden were one —"

"Barbara, Barbara," called a girlish voice several seats to Hugh's right. How the poor fellow's heart leaped as he glanced at the young lady opposite and noticed the least suggestion of color mantle her beautiful face.

"Barbara Langdon," persisted the speaker.

"Yes, Bessie, I'm listening," answered his *vis a vis*.

"Will you give me a sailing lesson this afternoon, Barbara?"

"As soon as I can put on a yachting costume. Have the Ouzel at the pier when I come down.—Say in an hour from now."

"And Eva, you are to come too," added Bessie.

"Yes, I want to be made a sailor also. I'll be there in naval toggery with Barbara," said the young person beside Miss Langdon.

"Langdon," thought Capen, "that's plainly not Gwynne. Barbara and a beauty, but not Gwynne." That hope died at its birth.

(To be continued.)

THE THIRD PERSON

“Well, now, Benjamin Hull, if you ain’t been fightin’ again,” cried the exasperated Mrs. Hull, seizing her young “hopeful” by the lapel of his torn coat, and marching him vigorously to the wash dish. “Been rollin’ round in the dirt too, by the looks of them torn pants,” she added, with an energetic “swish” of the large wash rag across his smutty face. “Who you been fightin’ with?”

“Guy Hart,” sputtered the water-tortured Ben.

“Got the worst of it too, didn’t you ” said his parent, as she glanced irately at his torn clothing, and a rapidly swelling eye.

“Huh, not much,” indignantly denied the pugilist. “Ef yer think that’s anythin, (pointing to his eye), yer just orter see that Hart feller’s nose. It’s mush, that’s what it is,” and he grinned reminiscently. In the depths of the mother’s black eyes there lurked the suggestion of a twinkle.

“What ’d you fight about?” she questioned. Ben hung his head and eyed his wiggling toes.

“Come, sonny, what was it?”

The boy hesitated. Then, while the toes squirmed furiously, he faltered “Guy he — he said he was goin’ home from school with — with Jess Car an’ I — well — I said I was, an’ so — so we had a fight.”

“Well?” queried the mother, a suspicious quaver in her voice, “which one of you did go home with Jessie?” The bent head dropped still lower, until its shocky top alone was visible, as he answered haltingly “Neiver — neiver one of us.”

“How was that?”

For a whole minute, during which time Ben shifted from foot to foot in dumb agony, there was no response. Then, in words that tumbled confusedly over one another in their desire to be said once for always, he explained, “While we was a fightin’ that Jones Kid (contemptuously), he came ’long, an’ he an’ Jess they — they went off together.”

Suddenly the boy’s whole demeanor changed. The head came up; the square little chin protuded aggressively, the tanned fists clenched until the veins stood forth, and the dark eyes snapped with a vengeful fire.

“Jus’ you wait, though, till tomorrow an’ then—oh, won’t I fix Jonsie proper!”

OSMORE R. SMITH.

BARRENNESS

I had not even dreamed that there might be
An end to our dear friendship, or that thou,
So good and strong, couldst tire of me, and how
My love — I gave it all — might burden thee.
At last it bore in on my heart that we
Were not the same; the old fond names not now
Thou hast to give, nor friendship to avow
Confiding trifles — yet how much! to me.

To know that I was counted as thy friend,
And now to have it only so in name,
To know I can do nothing to amend
What’s done: the hardest this. May fate forbend
Such bitterness to thee. One hope I frame:
Thy love again to have, and to the end.

MARION E. RYAN.

WHEN THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

She was sitting in a rustic seat, near one of the columns which supported the Arkansas arch of the Terrace of States, wholly absorbed in the scene before her. At her right, an untiring stream of water sprang from the base of Festival Hall and spread itself out into a fan-shaped cascade, which broke through the quiet surface of the Grand Basin with a gentle, muffled rythm, strangely suggestive of damp, bottomless caverns. The water of the Grand Basin was dotted with boats, brilliantly decorated with pennants and flowers, and carrying crowds of people in gala dress. Silent, graceful Venetian gondolas mingled in unceasing confusion with energetic little gasoline launches, and the cries of merry boatmen gave life to the scene. Beyond the Grand Basin, where the equestrian statue of De Soto shone white in the sunlight, the Plaza of St. Louis was alive with countless multitudes of pedestrians, that in the distance seemed not unlike a large colony of ants.

With such a panorama spread out before her to hold her attention, and only a light foot-fall behind that would be likely to intrude upon her thoughts, it was not at all strange that when I came upon her from behind the colonnade she appeared entirely oblivious of my presence. I stood for some moments underneath the arch, directly back of her, and then an unaccountable feeling of fatigue seized me which made the empty seat near the other column of the arch look very inviting. I don't know why I did so, but I crept into it as stealthily as if a Japanese mine were concealed beneath it.

Safely ensconced in the roomy seat, I surveyed my

vantage ground with satisfaction. If there is an indefinable something about a girl that makes you want to observe her more closely, without appearing impertinent, you will usually find that a position back and to the side of her is a most desirable one, and if added to that, she is so deeply preoccupied in other things as to be unaware of your presence, you are indeed fortunate.

In such a position I was then placed and I proceeded to take advantage of it with the most lively interest.

I decided first of all that she was attractive. If I had been on intimate relations with her, I would doubtless have called her beautiful, and even the most casual observer would have to admit that she was pretty.

Her fine features were shaded by a mass of fluffy brown hair, and her profile, turned partly from me, showed the most alluring curves at mouth and throat. No line of vanity marred the corners of her mouth, and no trace of self-consciousness veiled the frankness of her countenance. The modest straw hat, set securely upon a wealth of hair; the spotless shirt waist, with just a hint of pink showing through the delicate lace yoke; and the shapely tan Oxfords that peeped forth from beneath a trim walking skirt; all bespoke her a woman of taste and refinement.

It was my somewhat eccentric habit to treat the various species of femininity I met at the Exposition as a part of the exhibit, and my observations had ranged from the swarthy belle of the Igorrote village to the magnate's daughter, who toured the grounds in a gilded automobile, but in these the personal equation was lacking. Here was something quite different—and refreshing.

As she sat there, half-reclining in the seat, leaning slightly forward with one hand supporting her chin and

the other lying idly across her lap, one knee thrown over the other in careless abandon, the gracefulness of her figure and the softened expression of her face—I fancied she had grown somewhat pensive—reminded me vividly of a Christy picture. This offered a suggestion which I seized upon joyfully. What a subject for a sketch! I straightway pulled forth my sketch book and pencil, hastily drew in a background, and then, with half-closed eyelids, began to study her outlines.

The moment I did that I was lost. I began to *idealize* her. I offer no excuse except that it was my nature and I cannot do otherwise, any more than a rainbow can change its colors. My good friend Swain used to tell me years ago that my chances of matrimonial felicity were a variable which approached zero as a limit. And all because of this fatal hallucination which prompts me to clothe woman in a filmy garb of idealism, and live apart with her in a Dreamworld of my own, dreading intimacy for fear it should shatter some cherished idol, and prove the beauty of character, the nobility of spirit or the rareness of intellect, with which my fancy supplied her, but creatures of the imagination, mere elusive fantasies. Well, Swain is a practical fellow. I know he thought it for my own good to remonstrate with me, but even when I promised him most sincerely to cast these things from me, I felt deep down in my innermost soul that he never could understand.

And now I was again floating off into the misty, shadowy clouds of the Dreamworld of the Idealist. The noise and glamour of the strange, foundling city grew fainter and fainter in my ears until they blended harmoniously with the indistinct murmur of the flitting ghost shapes. The dazzling white of the palaces was softened to the mel-

low, golden light in which the Dreamworld was bathed. Near me hovered the form of a maiden, radiant and ethereal as a lost Elenore. From downcast eyes glowed the fervent love of Juliet, mantling her cheeks with virgin blushes, and in her face gleamed the undying devotion of a Joan of Arc. She spoke, and her voice was sweet to the ear, breathing hope and solace and high endeavor.

Ah, these flights of idealism! Whither do they lead us, but back again to earthly reality? I became conscious of a feeling of mental discomfort, the confusion of noises in my ears separated themselves into definite sounds, and my eyes focused themselves upon the woman in the rustic seat. Her face was turned toward me and she was regarding me with evident interest, if not with amusement.

“Did you get back safely?” She spoke apparently tips of her ears and turned away her head.

without forethought, for immediately she flushed to the

Did I get back safely! How did she know that I had been away? Could the sign boards of my journey into the Dreamworld have appeared successively on my face in big display type? In that case, she, too, must be a wanderer in that land of unreality, else how could she have interpreted them?

How *natural* she was! There was no hint of the literary sense in her manner. No girl or woman in a book would have done such an unconventional thing. Her confusion was sufficient proof that it was genuine. Was it possible that such a thing still existed, outside of the Dreamworld, as a living being who approached the Ideal?

Full of rejoicing, and with no terror now of stern conventionality, I picked up my sketch book from the ground

where it had fallen, and in three or four quick steps I stood before her.

“You ask me if I got back safely,” I said eagerly. “I answer no. When I departed, I carried with me certain ideas about an Ideal,—an ideal woman, if you will, and just as I got back again I found them scattered to the four winds.”

I hesitated, fearing to go on lest this prove but another empty delusion. She looked up at me encouragingly, but did not speak.

“Tell me,” I exclaimed. “You are not a slave of conventionality with the mass of them! I don’t believe it. When you spoke to me —”

“What do you mean by conventionality?” she interrupted, with a slight apologetic gesture of the hand.

“I was referring to those customs and conventions under which society exists to-day; customs which should exist only for half-civilized or irresponsible persons; customs which blot out individuality and make mere automats of people. Why, it’s like a jack-in-the-box! You press the button and the jack bobs up, and no matter how many times you press that certain button the same jack will spring up. You say a certain thing in society — of course it’s the conventional thing — and you invariably get the same old conventional reply. Do you understand?”

“Why, yes,” she replied, with some show of enthusiasm. “It’s all so plain! And in this petty world of conventionality you seek to find an ideal—one who has such a high degree of culture and morality that she can shake off the fetters of custom and expand into the larger, nobler, simpler life, where personality has free scope for expression and —”

“That’s it!” I cried happily. “That’s it exactly. Like the lovers in the Forest of Arden!”

“Why how clever you are to think of such pleasant things!” she exclaimed.

This was her first approach at personalities, and it went to my head like old wine. I began picturing her as a goddess of liberty,—I mean the liberty of society from the tyranny of conventionality,—and I mentally endowed her with all that wealth and intellect and personality could combine to offer.

“Yes,” I repeated, “like the Forest of Arden, where formal introductions are a form of social insult not to be tolerated, and where it’s just Mary and John all the time.”

“Yes,” she assented softly.

“But,” I continued, “We can at least confide in one another what is our life work and our ambitions toward emancipating humanity from the conventionality evil. Isn’t it—well, inspiring how two persons are drawn together when they are completely in accord with so noble a mission in life?”

“Yes,” she again assented softly.

“Well, suppose we begin with the story of your vocation and of your aims.”

“I write the society column in the Chicago News,” she said simply. “And what is yours?”

“Oh, I do the illustrated joke section of the St. Louis Globe-Republican,” I replied.

“Oh!”

“Oh!”

FRED W. MACKENZIE.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD MEN'S BONES

Rotting mould and graven stones

This is the Ballad of Dead Men's Bones.

Down where the black ooze drips with slime,

Where the dead men lie till the end of time,

A Miser's bones and a Poet's lay

Side by side in the clammy clay;

Silently lay there year on year,

Till with rattling jaw and a ghoulish sneer,

The Miser's bones to the Poet's spake,

“A heap of bones is the end you make;

“A heap of bones in a muck-filled hole.

“You and I at the self same goal.

“You sought for Fame and I for Gold

“And the bed of both is the deathchilled mould.

“The loves you lilted, the Gods you hailed—

“Did they help you aught when the life light failed?

“The Clink of Gold was enough for me,

“Have you as much for Eternity?”

He ceased, and lay as the dead must lie,

And the Poet's bones made this reply:

“The Clink of Gold was your only song,

“And think you *mine* will not last as long?

“For what is the Song of Gold, in sooth,

“To the lilt of Love in the heart of Youth!

“And the songs I made; *they* are *always* mine,

“But where is your Gold with its glint and shine?

“And the Loves I loved — ah they thrill me yet,

“And my Gods live on and will not forget!

“So I think when the damp earth drips and drips,

“That ’tis but kisses from love wet lips

“And the joy of living is mine afresh

“As it was when these bones were clothed in flesh.

“As it was when the hot blood pulsed and beat,

“And the wide world whispered ‘Life is sweet.’

“I culled the best by the path I trod,

“And my resting place is the will of God.”

He spake no more and the blind worms crept,

Where the dead men’s bones in the graveyard slept.

Rotting mould and graven stones

This is the Ballad of Dead Men’s Bones.

A. B. BRALEY.

THE CONCILIATION OF SILAS HOBBS

He was the hoe-sceptered despot of the soggy acres in the Crooked Bend, and so lagged at the tail end of civilization that a part of his public waxed meddlesome and now and then risked an argument.

Silas Hobbs was never really an obnoxious man, he simply tried to hold his own. This summer he was particularly fond of shaking his fist at the new woman. For instance, he would not be convinced that the girls who summered across the road at Mike Pater's were of any real good in the world. His opinion was fixed and generally ran thus. "Cuttin' up like a wild west show and so blamed glib that—," he always withheld the rest of the thought as something unutterable.

Now the girls across the road at Mike Pater's were a merry lot of girls it is true, behaving quite up-to-date. They played hockey, discussed aquatic stunts, and coddled together on the pillow-laden hammock, chatting delightful nothings. But surely they gave Silas Hobbs no direct cause for prejudice. They even watched him reverently as he sat on his front porch after chores, the smoke from his veteran pipe curling slowly over his shaggy head. They even praised the mammoth sunflower-heads nodding over his picket-fence and literally raved over the geranium bed that bloomed and bloomed in blood-red glory. Everybody in the neighborhood agreed that Silas Hobbs had one genteel hobby, and everybody said that rare was the man or woman who ever had a sniff at those geraniums.

"He doesn't look to be quite such a bear, though," re-

proved Amy Pratts, one evening, her eye lashes flickering incredulously. Amy was the youngest of the summer girls at Mike Pater's. She was rather double-natured, at times quietly philosophical, often a match for any giddy-headed dash. For one thing she could horse-back like a jockey, and one morning took people by surprise, especially Silas. A sudden noise of crackling branches and beating hoofs and instinctively he craned his neck through his vine-curtained porch, promptly dodged the geranium bed with a dexterous leap and arrived at the fence in time to see a black speck and a cloud of dust go over the hill together.

"That Little One has grit all right," he allowed as he walked back up the path.

There was another man in the neighborhood who allowed that the Little One had grit. He could vouch for her many perfections and her sweetness besides, but that's somewhat aside from the story.

Now this man was, of course, a nice, life-enjoying young man with a certain amount of purpose. He camped in the Crooked Bend on the Hobbs' premises, and occasionally came strolling up the bridle-path evenings to wrestle with Hobbs' old-fogyism.

There was many a good-natured verbal fray, but Silas Hobbs was still Silas Hobbs of yore. If there had not been the genuine pleasure of describing the charms of Amy, or if the Hobbs' porch had not faced the Pater veranda, the young man might have found it but vapid pastime. As it was, however, the first of September found him still a jovial wrangler with Hobbs.

But the summer was very visibly drawing to a close, and the corn leaves were rasping, the fall hay lay cut and withering and the summer girls at Mike Pater's would soon depart.

“And so you think those girls’ll be a perpetual nuisance in the world,” the young man remarked, as he smoked a sort of last pipe of peace with Silas.

“I say what I say. They ain’t fit for anything, but cut up and talk glib,—the hull stampede of ’em. But this here Amy, there’s a woman who can outstrip a rough-rider.”

There was dead silence for a while, and the pipes of peace smoked on.

“Well, no offense, partner,” the young man concluded, “but I’ll wager my head that there’ll be a change in yours some day.” Then with a grinning so-long he crossed the fields.

The next day was a general exodus day for the campers. Trunks and boxes were piled up on Pater’s veranda in a home-sickly heap, and the girls rather solemnly took a farewell walk to the lake.

“Let’s cut across the field here,” suggested Amy, absently doing a stunt with her hockey club.

Most of the girls looked doubtful.

“Come on, Hobbs won’t eat us,” she urged, and almost marshaled them over the rail fence.

They were hardly in strolling order before Silas appeared round the bend on a strenuous load of hay, that swayed and lurched terribly. He came stright toward them, guiding his Percherons with a careless hand. Amy decided to give him a friendly nod, but as they neared each other, Silas deliberately turned his face sideways, and appeared to study the horizon. Simultaneously there was a grating jolt, the load hung at a threatening angle and the girls stopped short, holding their breath. One fore wheel had clapped into a hole.

“Git there,” Silas shouted down, loosening the taut reins. The horses stretched their necks and the load swayed to one side creaking ominously.

“Git,” shouted Silas again, and immediately it happened. Over went the load and under went Silas Hobbs.

Naturally there was a succession of shrieks from the girls, but they rallied admirably.

“Here’s our cue for action, girls,” Amy exclaimed, and immediately began tearing at the hay with might and main. The others followed suit, and for five minutes there was some strenuous tugging. At last they noticed a slight undulating and humping and heard a smothered, half-grateful grunt. Presently Silas Hobbs became a much tousled perpendicular. He coughed and dusted some.

“We’re awfully glad we got you out safe,” the girls said to disembarrass him. Silas silently hitched at his suspenders and began to examine the hay rack. The girls walked on with suggestive whisperings, now and then looking at their smarting hands.

At noon of that day a carryall drew up at the Pater veranda to convey the girls to the station. Amy had just come out to deliver a grip to the driver, when she noticed a beckoning hand over the picket fence. She crossed the road with a smile.

“Here’s a couple of geraniums for you,” said Silas Hobbs, stooping over and searching in the redolent circle of red and green. Amy’s eyes widened with inexpressible thanks.

Ten minutes later every girl in the carryall was cheering and babbling and sniffing at a geranium.

Twenty minutes later the young man was vigorously pump-handling farewells with Silas.

“Cutting up like a wild west show, and so blamed glib that they c’n coax you right out from under a hay load,” he bantered, patted Hobbs on the shoulder and was off.

JAKE

He wasn't the kind o' feller that you'd take to. Jake was ordinary to most people, and to tell the truth, I don't believe he had any too much common sense. But the darn fool was brave — just blind, bull-headed brave.

The first time I ever notcied him 'specially was one day—last summer, guess it was. The old tiger cat he had, had a litter o' kittens an' he was comin' down the road with four of 'em in a sack to drown 'em. He left one to home with the old one. The blamed things was already over half grown, for he hadn't had no heart to do it before, an' all the while he was hikin' along he kept a sayin' to himself, "I hadn't ought to do it."

Well, he took 'em down to the rapids—a little above 'em, an' shut his eyes and slung the felines in. O' course the sack went down, loaded with stones an' kittens as it was. Somehow or other the sack opened an' one o' the kittens came tumblin' along the whirlpools. She didn't holler nor nothin,' but jes' kep' on tumblin' and spashin.' Jake he couldn't stand it no longer an' in he duv for the blamed feline. O' course the rapids there ain't particular' dangerous for a big man like Jake was but it wasn't an easy thing to do, as we fellers all said at the time. Well, he got it an' swam back with it in his hand, but when he got ashore the cat had given up her nine lives an' was dead for sure. Well, Jake jes' stood there an' cried an' us fellers sat an' laughed at him for further orders. Finally he went home an' got on dry clothes. That night he bought some cream for the old feline an' the young kitten he hadn't drowned.

Along in the fall he was walkin' down the road near Jim Allen's place and Jim's little girl — that little curly headed youngster you see playing over there, about four years old I guess—she was runnin' after somethin' in the grass, jes' a little ways from where Jake was. He heard a kind o' rattle, a hiss, an' then the kid yelled. Jake knew what was up an' was there before you could light your pipe. He picked that young one up an' just sucked the poison out o' her wrist, where the reptile had bit her.

When he thought she was safe he carried her home an' then he hiked for Slip Anson's saloon for whisky. He got there an' took a swig or two, but it was too late an' he sickened in the awfulest agony. It was dreadful. His eyes looked as if they was goin' to bulge from their sockets an, his lower lip jes' hung down like raw beefsteak from his bitin' it through an' through. He died terribly hard, Jake did, an' us fellers standin' there helpless.

The poor devil didn't have no folks anyway, none as anyone in the village here knew of. So we all chipped in an got up the finest funeral for him this community ever seen — we imported a hearse from the city for the occasion, an' flowers galore. Everybody turned out an' the biggest monument in the county is comin' to-morrow fer Jake's grave, jes fer plain, ordinary, dum-fool, brave Jake.

R. J. NECKERMAN.

“TURN DOWN AN EMPTY GLASS”

Unwittingly I have done the seedy gentleman much wrong. For he had amused me much with tales wherein the truth and the English tongue were trampled upon ruthlessly, and I had come to regard him as a mendacious and uncultured Ulysses, a Munchausen of colossal insolence and magniloquent illiteracy. But now,—

“I’m a sort of a bloomin’ Cosmopolouse,” said the seedy man last night when he had smoked in silence for a space, “an’ I’ve run with so many diff’rent sorts of people that I ain’t rightly got no speech of my own. In bangin’ round with so many ‘tramp royals’ I’ve picked up the half hobo, half sailor lingo I’ve got, guess ’cause half the world talks bad English and it’s easier. An’ the other half? Well, I was among ’em an’ one of ’em once, but——”

He had stopped abruptly, as his glance fell upon my Rubaiyat lying open on the table. His face changed, a fervor glowed in his eyes and somehow his sharply shrewd features became imbued with a patrician purity, a rapt intellectual beauty that mocked the cheap flashiness of his clothes.

“*And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass.*”

I gazed at the man in wonderment. This was not the dry, crisp speech which was his wont, but the melodiously mellow voice of one whose heritage is gentility.

“*‘Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one; turn down an empty glass!’*”

His head drooped and I could hear the quick hiss of his breath and see the sudden cording up of his hands. He

seemed to be beating back some memory or sorrow; then he spoke again, half slumberously, while his eyes looked dreamily into the "far away."

" * * * And after I had thus wandered through many lands and across seas I do not remember, suffering hunger and thirst and weariness such as none other can conceive, I came to this land, worn and fainting."

The murmurous voice died to a mumbling indistinctness, and though I bent close to hear, I could gain no clear word for a moment, until—

"So I fell exhausted upon the King's doorstep, and a woman, whose perfect beauty seemed to diffuse through my fatigue-clouded mind like sunlight through translucent gems, bent down and looked upon me ——— Saki, how sublimely, wondrously beauteous you were; Omar must have dreamed of you in his rose laden garden; you, whose fragrant perfectness and langorous grace filtered into his lines and made them the golden glory that they are!

"Her touch upon my hair thrilled me for an instant from my trance of exhaustion, and my eyes opened; thereafter for two weeks of fever and sick-madness my lips eternally formed and repeated those lines.

*"Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The cypress-slender minister of wine;"*

while ever my fingers sought to tangle themselves in the hair of an elusive Naiad, who slipped always from me, and whose face I had seen when her touch awaked me on the palace steps.

"Through all my delirium I can remember that slender figure which fled me shyly and remember how my Omar-tinged fancy made me call constantly, 'Saki, O,

come to me,' until at last she turned, shook her hair about her face, and let me bathe my fingers in its golden cascade; I awoke from my delirium with the dream shape bending over me and my hands tangled in her hair."

Once more the voice faded to a colorless monotone, from which I gathered the sound of a whispered "Saki, Saki,"—then silence. The long minutes droned on, the light seemed to have gone from the man's eyes, when suddenly he leapt up, his face contorted in agony, and moaned as one in torture.

"And they burned her, seared her with iron, because she would not speak."

He fell back into the chair, and now his eyes burned with pain inexpressible and his hands twisted and writhed, as from livid lips his voice went on:

" * * * And the days and weeks drove on, while Saki, for so I called her from my dream, though in the speech of that land she was called 'Kumasainyah,' or 'fleeting fragrance,' Saki and I made love in delicious wise, as she stumbled with dainty clumsiness over our heavy tongue, and I sought to murmur love in their satiny, mazy, lazy, idioms. And we were most happy."

For a moment a smile flitted across his lips, as the man repeated "most happy," "most happy," in a wistful undertone; then came a pause, as his eyes glowed like fire opals in the half light.

" * * * So she bound me in that recess of a cave, and she whispered that only thus might I be saved from death or torture, and she smiled a warning as she kissed me.

" 'Dear,' said she, 'here and here only can you be safe. You must be bound, for strange things happen in this place, and gagged and blinded, lest you cry out in terror, but trust me fully, and after a little while my slave will

set you free, and then'—a strange look of fear and exultation filled her eyes—

“ ‘And then,’ I said, ‘you will come with me to my own land and people.’ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘and added with a tearful little laugh, ‘if you want me then.’

“So she kissed me again and bound the gag upon my lips, the fold upon my eyes, and I was alone.

“But in a little while there was a sound of voices in the cave, deep, hoarse, brutal voices, and the crackling of flames, the creaking of a windlass, and then a low moan of utter agony. The windlass strained and creaked again—there came a long horrible shriek, followed by a rough chuckle. Somehow, with much wrenching and distortion of my face, I worked the bandage from my eyes. About a huge timber frame, on which was stretched a woman's form, clustered a number of gray-robed men. The dim light from a sort of forge lighted up one or two faces, grim and pitiless. Fascinated, I watched the great leaping muscles of a half-naked man, who heaved mightily at the bar of the winch and cackled gleefully at the crackle of stretching tendons and the intolerable screech of the tortured woman.

I turned sick and faint for very horror and loathing; and then came a dry rasping whisper from the rack: ‘I will not speak. He shall never be betrayed by word of mine,’ and she spoke my name.

“A huge wave of blackness engulfed me for a second, an actually ponderable mass of despair. It passed, and I lay trembling and quivering, till a madness seized me and I tried to twist or fight free from my bonds, to get the gag from my mouth and speak.

“I will be free. I will speak,” I thought, and again I struggled. But I could not stir, I could not move a mus-

cle, nor spit forth or loosen the gag. And now from Saki's lips came scream after scream, each like a stab in my heart, but she would not speak.

I lay helpless and impotent, cursing the torturers and blaspheming my maker, and still the brutal tragedy went on.

Suddenly I heard a gasp of relief from the rack and hope sprung into my heart, for I believed the torture done.

“A sharp ‘hiss-ss-’ shattered my frail hope, they were burning her with hot irons, searing that soft flesh with horrible cherry-red brands, and all because she would not speak to reveal my hiding place. The screams shrilled through the hellish cavern, they chilled my tense and horrr-rigid body. I looked for some sign of relenting among those devils who tortured her; there was none. The smell of burnt flesh filled my nostrils. I made one last effort. My head glistened with strange iridescent particles; something snapped.”

* * *

“The slave loosed me from my bonds and stood me on my feet.

“‘I lead you away, there,’ he said, pointing toward the limitless marshes, ‘for Kumasainyah told me to see you safe, and for her, who is dead and whom I loved, I lead you away.’

“‘Yes,’ I mumbled. ‘Saki, she is dead. She would come with me if I wanted her now. . And now she is dead! I do not want her. She would not be pretty, but her face and her body would be warped and burned. No, I do not want her to come, now. For she is dead!’

“In time, and by ways I can not at all remember, I

came to 'mine own native shore; and

*'Under the night which covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole.'*

I wander by devious paths and in strange places, a tramp and a pariah, with only a memory and the love of Omar to bind me to the past.

*' "And when like her oh Saki, you shall pass,
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And ni your joyous errand reach the spot—'*

A smile of ineffable sweetness brightened the seedy man's face.

" 'Saki, cup bearer,' he said, 'aye, for your lips were a cup of lush dewy roses, fragrant as ever blew in Persia or Araby. Saki, Saki, O flower of Omar's garden—'

*' "And in your joyous errand reach the spot,
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass.' "*

With trembling fingers the seedy man inverted the empty goblet on the table beside him.

The smile died away and the seedy man shivered. His eyes lost their far away look. With a start he glanced about him, and noticed the clock hands pointing to eleven.

"Guess I must been sorter sleepin,'" he said, "well, ain't nothin' to do now but go home—I mean out. Good night."

A. B. BRALEY.

A KENTUCKY ROMEO AND JULIET

The Colonel was going hunting. He took down his gun from its peg on the wall and examining critically its shining lock and barrel, rubbed away an imaginary rust spot with an oiled rag. As he did so the unmistakable, musical call of the quail was borne to his ears on the calm October morning air. The Colonel smiled at the sound.

“There’s game afoot if I want it,” he said, “but I can’t get quail without a dog, and if I take a dog I’ll get no turkeys.”

Clad in boots,—for he scorned leggins,—and hunting jacket, the pockets of which were well stuffed with cartridges, the colonel left the house.

It was a rare morning, such as comes only in the Indian summer, breathing of a world mellow and subdued. A sea of mist that at sunrise overhung the vales and low-placed meadows had vanished before the sun; but on the slopes of the distant mountains a haze still clung close, giving a bluish tinge to the woodland there. Squirrels were tossing nuts and acorns to earth, chattering gayly the while, and the noisy bluejays shrieked and whistled in their quest for seeds and other food as the colonel entered the timber of the foot hills.

But one thing troubled the Colonel. Beyond those hills, in the great valley lying there, lived his enemy, the Major; and for some time he had heard reports, too incredible to be believed even for a single instant, yet perturbing, nevertheless, to the effect that his son was courting the Major’s daughter. However, he would not insult his son’s self-respect by asking the young man if common

gossip were true. He had haughtily rebuked Lawyer Johnson, when the latter had the insolence to hint to the Colonel that the rumor might have a basis in fact.

"Sir," he had replied, drawing himself up proudly, "you forget he is his father's son."

Lawyer Johnson had apologized abjectly. "Still," reflected the colonel, and shook his head ruefully, "young men are young men."

His reflections were cut short by a sound that thrilled him through and through, making the blood leap faster in his veins. At first a low note, hesitating quavering, faint—then silence for a moment. A wood-pecker pounding overhead was all that stirred. Then came the sound again, distant, yet this time clear and firm, the thick guttural cry, "gobble, gobble, gobble," of a wild turkey.

Never did bugle sounding a charge as his regiment forty years ago swept on to victory seem sweeter music to the Colonel's ears than did the cry of this wild bird on this fair October morning. He paused, while the bird throated its cry again. Then finally assured as to the whereabouts of the game, he shifted his gun to an easier position and hurried up the hill with a lengthened stride.

Half way up he paused, produced from his pocket a little whistle of bone and placed it to his lips. Drawing a deep breath and puckering his cheeks in a peculiar manner, he waited. Again borne on the light breeze came that guttural fullthroated "gobble, gobble, gobble," much nearer, apparently, than before. He blew an answering cry, wonderfully like the genuine, only perhaps, somewhat higher pitched.

The wild fowl answered it. It was some quarter of a mile away.

Up the hill side, through a tangle of underbrush and

bushes the Colonel toiled, halting now and then to fill his lungs, for the ascent was becoming more difficult, and he needed breath to answer the ever-nearing call.

Presently he came to an open glade, interspersed with hazel brushes, like a great tawny patch on the slope. He fell on his hands and knees for he was nearing the summit, and the wild turkey now sounded as though but a short distance beyond. Again he felt in an inner pocket, this time drawing forth a queer little cockade of feathers dyed red. This he fixed to his cap.

The sun shone quite warm on the thick grass over which the Colonel was creeping, and by the time he had regained a more sheltered spot, what with fatigue and heat the Colonel could blow but a broken "gob—, gobble."

He had now arrived at the crest, and could look down the western slope. It was not so steep as the slope he had ascended. Its surface, however, was more irregular. It was broken by a series of brush-grown mounds or hillocks, and an occasional isolated boulder of considerable size. Though less heavily wooded, on the whole it had a wilder aspect.

"Gob—," began the colonel, and stopped abruptly, for only ten yards away the bushes crackled. The suspicion of a false note now would lose him all the advantage of a morning's stalking.

The Colonel wiggled his body forward to bring his gun at the proper angle. He descried a sudden movement as of something red in the bushes where he heard the crackling. He raised himself a little.

Bang! bang! Bang! bang! The doubled barreled guns spoke simultaneously. The double report went rolling away up the valley and among the hills and reverberated

again and again. The colonel felt his cap plucked from his head as by a ghostly hand. Dazed for the moment with astonishment he quickly recovered, and springing to his feet found himself confronted by the Major.

The two enemies so unexpectedly brought face to face glared at each other for some little time in silence.

The Colonel was the first to recover utterance.

“You — you scoundrel,” he exclaimed, “you scoundrel,” he pronounced the word as sonorously as though it contained twice as many syllables and all the vowels. “You tried to assassinate me, sir; yes, sir, to assassinate me — your superior officer. This is insubordination, sir, this is mutiny, sir. I’ll have you court-martialed, court-martialed, shot — by heaven, the — the —”

The Major took advantage of the Colonel’s suffocation.

“All very fine, Colonel, all very fine, but your bullet grazed my ear, too. This is all nonsense; have a little sense, Colonel, will you, and listen to reason once in a while? This shooting affair is but a trifle compared with some other things. I’d like to know what that confounded son of yours means by loafing around my premises and talking to my daughter. That’s what I’d like to know.”

The Colonel’s face turned purple.

“It’s true, after all!” he gasped.

“Yes,” replied the Major in an uncompromisingly threatening tone, “and it’s got to be stopped.”

“And he’s there now, too, I’ll bet,” continued the Colonel, as if to himself.

“Do you mean to say —” began the Major fiercely.

“This is a gratuitous insult. No, sir, I did not know it. If I had only believed—”

The Colonel paused. “By Gawd, I’ll go and get him.

See here Major, I'm going straight to your place and put a stop to this; do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm going with you," replied the Major grimly.

Sullenly and without further speech the two feudists tramped down the slope the Major had ascended. After some half an hour's march they came to a small creek which led them into the valley, and presently to a road. They had followed this for some ten or fifteen minutes when, suddenly rounding the bend, they came upon a spectacle that rooted them to the spot.

In the middle of the road beneath the shade of an over-towering beech tree, stood a horse and buggy. The vehicle had two occupants.

When two men chance upon a girl of some eighteen summers, with a golden mass of hair, and a complexion fair and fresh as the morning, and a young man of some two and twenty, with finely cut features and athletic physique — and when these two are clasping hands and searching each the other's eyes as though to find a soul there, why, those two men usually laugh profanely at the spectacle. But neither the Colonel nor the Major had thought of laughter in his heart.

As they looked, the two heads so close together came still closer and their lips met.

The Colonel looked at the Major and the Major looked at the Colonel. Then moved by some mutual impulse they clasped hands.

"Come, let us go," said the Colonel, "we have found our children."

And as the two old men, arm in arm, slowly retraced their steps, the unconscious lovers were left once more with no other company save their own sweet hopes and their sweeter present happiness.

A HEALTH CRANK

Isaiah Harper of Williamstown was a member of a good-health club, a subscriber to Physical Culture and a disciple of Swoboda. He was very particular about his diet, subsisting chiefly on cheese and spaghetti, which is supposed to be excellent for the liver, and which when cooked resembles drippings from a bill-board. To guard against contagious diseases, each day he put sulphur in his shoes, gargled his throat with a patent preparation and sterilized his drinking-water. These were merely habitual precautions.

But one day a lodging-house in his town became infested with smallpox; and then his precautions were doubled. He spent entire days battling with invisible germs. He fumigated his room every four hours, and constantly inhaled germicide cigarettes.

One day—the third or fourth day after smallpox was discovered in Williamstown—Harper received a letter. It was addressed, Isaiah Harper, City. He opened it with hesitation and read the following:

DEAR SIR: Knowing that you are interested and well informed in matters relating to contagious diseases, we, the undersigned, ask your advice in regard to a question which is of the utmost importance. You probably well know that smallpox is raging in a certain ward of our town, and that for lack of proper sanitary regulations scores of citizens are exposed to contagion. Now, we, the undersigned, know what we are talking about because we are ourselves members of the ward in question; in fact, to be frank, we are inmates of one of the quaran-

tined houses. (But be not alarmed. We have been vaccinated, and hence we are quite sure that there are no germs in this letter, though it may be prudent to burn it after you have finished reading.)

This is as far as Harper read. The letter dropped from his hands. He rushed out of doors; gazed up and down the street; then leaped diagonally across, and disappeared down a cellar-way, above which in gilt letters was the sign, "Turkish Baths."

H. A. RICKEMAN.

ROAD SONG

Oh there's never a care
Will so much as dare
Whisper its plaint to our ear;
For joy is alive
As we onward strive,
And where is there thought of fear?

Our song has no end
As we forward bend
Steps that are light as air.
Cheer is our master
We'll rout disaster
And flout his kin, despair.

Then here's a warm hand
And a soul to command
If ever there be the need.
What matter the weather
So we march together,
"Forward!" our only creed.

G. N. N.

JUST GIRLS

THE HAPPY GIRL.

She is a very "ordinary" girl. She is not pretty, nor rich, nor clever. She never courts popularity nor sighs for a "sphere." She never boasts of her "ex's" nor explains why she stood "fair." She never gets put on committees nor electioneers for offices. She just jogs along and laughs as she goes. She knows how to laugh. Perhaps in her case practice has brought laughing to perfection. When you hear her, you laugh too—you can't help it. Whenever you see her she gives you a bright gleam that seems meant just for you. You may be her enemy—no, you couldn't be that, but you may have no reason to deserve her smiles, yet you get them just the same. She simply overflows with happiness—irresistible, unreasonable happiness. People turn to her like plants to the sun. Odd, isn't it? That though everyone loves joy so few people cultivate it, if only as an attraction? Indeed, now I think of it, I have never known anyone except this girl who seemed genuinely happy. We dream enviously of Midas' golden touch, that had power only over material things. Do we ever think how much more precious is the alchemy of happiness?

THE GRADUATE STUDENT.

She is the most self satisfied girl I ever knew. It never occurs to her to doubt that she lacks anything. We were talking about *The Tempest* and she said with manifest complacency that she had the book at home. One of the girls asked if she had read it and she replied candidly:

"No, I never took the Shakespeare course."

And her minor is in English!

She is pretty and she knows it better than anyone else. She has fluffy blonde hair and big China-blue eyes very like a wax doll's. She always comes down to dinner dressed for a party and says innocently:

"Oh, dear, I've got to dress, I suppose. It's so tiresome!"

Someone usually has the benevolence to make the awaited remonstrance, to which she never fails to exclaim:

"Do you honestly think this old thing would do? I hate to fix up. I'm tired out with my Seminary. But of course I have to take pains how I look, now I'm a graduate."

A little circle of Freshmen worship at her shrine. They do their hair like hers and pucker their lips and make their eyes wondering and round just like hers. For who knows? Some day they, too, may be graduates!

Fall and Winter Announcement

=====1904=====

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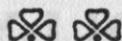
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THE GOLDEN DOZEN

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"Advertisers value this paper more for the class and quality of its circulation than for the mere number of copies printed. Among the old chemists gold was symbolically represented by the sign \circ ."

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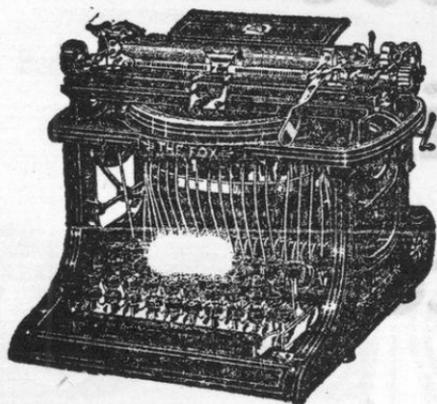
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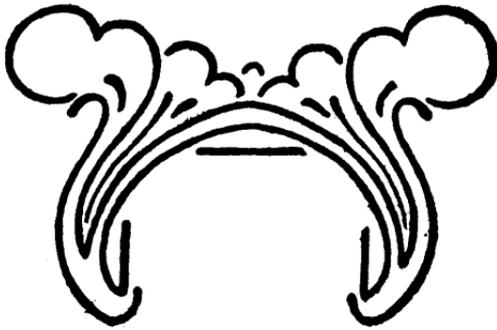
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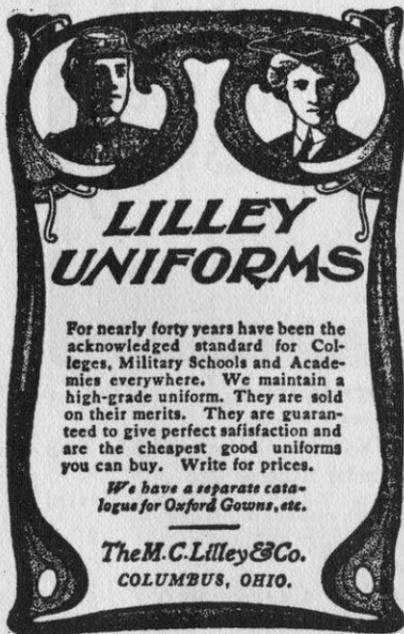
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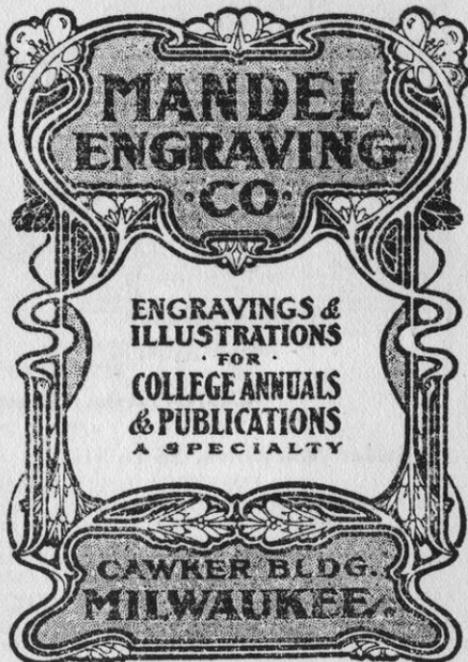


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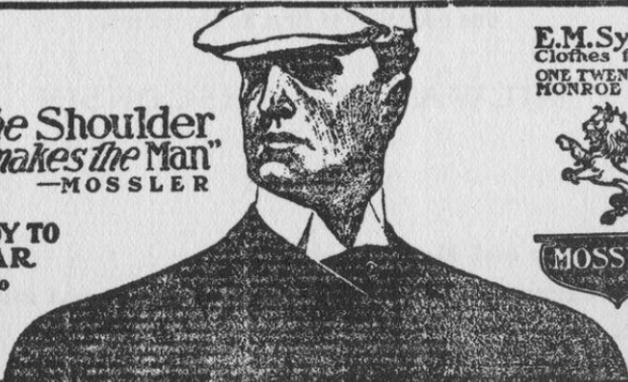
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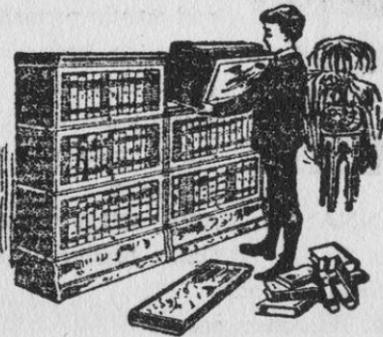
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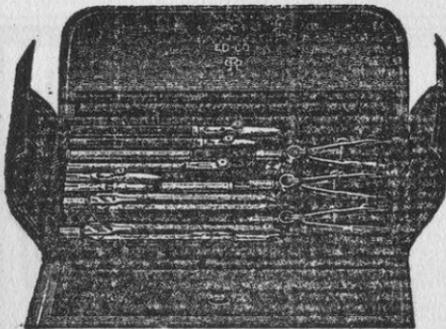
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